



USS HADDO NEWSLETTER

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FROM THE EDITOR

Is It Time For A Change?

I just recently read a bunch of Mike Gann's old newsletters and I can safely say, he generated a lot of interest in reuniting Haddo sailors. At first, Mike and Harold Clark were just trying to reestablish contact with the crew that they had served with. The newsletter, however, had a life of its own and attracted the attention of shipmates old and new. The roster grew along and so did the level of interest. After more than eight years, however, interest seemed to wane. And that's when I took over.

I didn't mean that to sound like I was the Newsletter Doctor that was going to jump in and resuscitate life into the old girl. I was just the next guy on watch. I would guess that I was also new blood, and that attracted attention. The roster began to grow and we seemed to have newfound interest. As my tour approaches six years now, I am concerned about being able to maintain a high level of interest. I know that I can't do it by myself; I need your help. The newsletter needs your help.

I know you don't want to hear about our on-going escapades of building our house. And my experiences aboard Haddo only cover her first years. I would guess that collectively we could probably write a book that would make "Blow Negative" and "Pink Petticoat" look like documentaries. I also know there is some serious stuff crouched in the dark corners of your minds, dodging recall orders. In one of Mike Gann's first newsletters, he refers to several incidents in the three years that followed SUBSAFE modifications that sound like great story material. Sea trials are always an exciting adventure, but he listed more. Like, the big angle in the Med, the electronics-rack roll-out SCRAM

on an Atlantic Crossing, the diesel drawing a vacuum in the closed bow compartment, or the hydraulic system casualty in the ERUL when everyone thought it was going to be a repeat of "the big angle" - in the opposite direction? Anyone care to elaborate from a personal perspective?

There are several of you, I'm sure, that have had evaluation comments like, "Has an excellent command of the English language and expresses himself well both aurally and in writing". Why do I say that? Because I have read copies of "The Water Log". Where are you guys now? Why haven't I heard from you?

And then there is that select group of you that spent quite a bit of time with Haddo in her last days. That experience had to be a mixed bag of emotions. I know we've all been *steely-eyed killers of the deep* for many a year, so now may be a good time to let some of those emotions leak out. And if you don't want anyone to know you have emotions, I'll respect your desire for anonymity.

I know you can't see me, but I'm on my knees - begging for input (I have also been doing tile work so being on my knees has become a pretty natural position for me lately). I feel like *Number 5* in the movie "*Short Circuit*". "Input! Input! Stephanie, Number 5 needs input!"

THE COBS CORNER

1963 - 1967	QMCS (SS) Joseph O'Hara
1967 - 1969	FTC (SS) Joseph Rustin
1969 - 1971	STCS (SS) J. H. Clark
1971 - 1973	ETCS (SS) William Galvan
1974 - 1975	TMC (SS) Tom Miletich
- 1990	MMCM (SS) Dave Waddell (Haddo's last Chief of the Boat)

Well, it looks like The COBS Corner took on water and is headed down. I was hopping that one of the COBs would reach up and push the Emergency Blow actuators, but I think we are passing test depth. I want to thank Joe O'Hara and Joe Rustin for their terrific support and Dave Hinkle for filling in when I needed it.

THANKS!

There is someone to whom I haven't said thanks often enough and that's Ralph Stroede. He has been maintaining the Haddo Web page for several years now and deserves a big hand. He also deserves a little financial support in that endeavor. Ralph has recently put together a major update. So, hit the web site and have fun. Just type in www.usshaddo.com. Make sure you have your sound on and turned up. If you like what you see, make sure you let Ralph know.

Another person who deserves recognition is Susie, my wife. I had a little confrontation with my table saw and needless to say, I came out on the short end of the deal. Short is a bad term to use; all of my fingers are still their same length, it's just that they don't operate like they used to. Consequently, I have gone from a don't-look-at-the-keyboard typing speed of about 60 wpm down to a two-fingered hunt & pecker of about 10 wpm. So, Susie has been doing a lot of my typing. In fact, she typed all of Mike Gann's newsletters into Word files so that Ralph could post them on the web.

I can't give a big enough THANKS to those that help with the cost of getting this newsletter out to you. With our growing roster, the cost of the newsletter keeps going up. So, I would like to give a special thanks to these guys:

Ken Brenner, Mike Gann, Dave Hinkle,
Ron Larsen, and Dick Noble

**Thanks to everyone for
all your support!!!!**

2006 HADDO REUNION

It's a little too early to have any details firmed up about our next reunion. The only firm things are that it will be in Pascagoula, Mississippi and that you will have a great time. It will probably be in November and Ken Brenner is already doing some ground work. He should have lots of info for you by the next newsletter.

I have gotten some negative feedback about the way we decide on the 'next' reunion. Basically, there are two complaints; too few people made the decision, and

giving the wives a vote gave two votes for couples and one vote for singles. I have talked with Ken about this and he has talked to a couple others. Our collective opinion is that we need to change the process before the 2006 reunion, but the decision for Pascagoula should stand. We'll keep you informed as we go.

FROM THE CREW

Torpedo Shipping Hatch

by Ron Graff

New construction. An experience that will be with you always! In a Navy career, making chief is truly a memorable highlight. Part of being a CPO is that more responsibility is placed on you and being duty chief is one of them. In the yards, the duty chief is asked for permission to pass lines through water tight doors, shift ballast, make sure that all the work being done by the yard is safe and that they won't sink the boat.

One night as the duty chief, having only been chief for a couple of months, a yard inspector came to me and said that they were pressure testing the torpedo shipping hatch and needed someone to sign off on it. No sweat, I'll come and watch the test and sign off if it passes. There it is; upper and lower hatches shut and dogged, a line with 225 lb. air connected to the fitting, a pressure gauge on the drain, and 25 lb. pressure applied. Looks good. I watch it for an hour and the inspector says, "that's more time than we need, any questions?" It looked good to me; the air hose had been removed when we started the test so they couldn't have cheated and applied more pressure to cover any leaks. So I tell them it looks good. Months later, we are off on sea trials, down the river, into the open sea, all preparations for the first dive are made, and here we go. Not bad, pretty smooth, no apparent problems. Wait a minute! There is water seeping from the torpedo shipping hatch! Looks like there's a leak in the outer hatch! Only solution is to connect a hose and drain it to the bilges in the TR. Pretty good leak too. We'll have to check that out in port and have them fix it. Guess what? Those idiots put a single seal gasket on the upper hatch; it sealed from the inside, not the outside. Easy to fix, but who signed off on that thing anyway? You're right, it was me. Try to convince yourself it isn't your fault when you're at 200 feet with a leak in a hatch you signed off on. It really wasn't my fault either. The hatch held the pressure as specified by the test; it just wouldn't hold pressure from sea because that test they didn't do in port. Oh well, we made it ok, could have been worse.

The Ballast Tank

by Ron Graff

As construction progressed, the drive for noise reduction reached a hectic pace. We were all tasked with turning in so many slips of paper with an area of possible noise source for the yard to fix. There were Xeroxed forms made out and we all carried reams of them in our pockets.

This was a time when a young man (I was then) could do things he may never have the opportunity to do again. Way up at the top of ballast tank 3B was a hydrophone that, if not tightened properly, would vibrate, create noise, and of course, not accept sound properly from the ocean. I knew this was my chance to find a noise source, but climbing into the tank was a challenge. I had the sense to let someone know that I was going up there, so I told my illustrious division officer where I was going. Being a good leader and new at this job, he milled around smartly in the bottom of the dry dock while I started this adventure.

Into the tank at the flood grate, no problem. You have to start up the hull a short distance, then climb through a hole in the frame to get into the next section. Good progress so far, but the space is getting narrower and the hull is pretty round and kind of slippery. Another frame hole to get through - sure is dark in here. Finally at the top. Where is that thing? OK, use the light in your pocket that you couldn't use on the way up because you had to use both hands to climb. Ah! There it is! Reach out there and shake it. RATS! Tight as it can possibly be, no loose connections. Oh well, down the hull and out. No problem, just don't slip and end up in a maze at the bottom. Through the hole in the frame - seems a little tighter than on the way up. Almost to the last hole, through it and down and out the grate. Hmm, seems a little tighter, how did I get through this one on the way up? Ah, Oh, I can't get through this. Turn this way. No, that doesn't work, try this. Man, I'm stuck; I'll never get out of here.

"Hey down there in the dock, I'm stuck, I can't get out!!" The response is just what you would expect, Paul Callahan, in a calm voice, saying "OK, just relax, I'll go get some help, just calm down and breathe slowly, you'll be OK." So, I laid there and my life passed before my eyes, my breathing slowed down and I finally started to relax. The minutes passed, I got more relaxed, but where was the help he was going to get? Seemed he was gone forever. So, don't just lie here, get through that hole and get out. So I started and a little wiggle here, almost, YES! I'm out! Why didn't I do that before? Out of the bottom and into the bright light. That sludgy dry dock bottom looks pretty good.

Mr. Callahan walked over and quietly said "You made it? Couldn't find any body, figured you would be ok and get out." Ballast tanks! They are for seawater, not sailors.

Keeping In Touch

by Ken Brenner

Have you ever seen the bumper sticker "Let me tell you about my grandchildren?" Well, after the November, 2003 Haddo reunion, I have an idea for a new one: **"Let me tell you about my Haddo reunion!"** Was it ever a success! Before I offer my thoughts, I must join Ray (from the Jan. 2004 newsletter) and give a huge thanks to Dick and Liz Hillman, their sons, Rich and Bill, and their girlfriends, Rebecca and Cindy. Jocko Adams did a great job with the raffle, and John and Marion Sullivan hosted the "Victorian Lady".

Thank you all!!!!

I missed the first reunion in Charleston, so this was the first time I'd seen any of the crew since I got out (27 to 30 years!). It was so good to see everyone. It was also a special treat to meet so many of the men from the original crew.

During the reunion, we started gathering names of crewmembers that have passed on. As a result of that work, I have a pretty good list of names and I think we should keep it updated. I'm going to work with Ralph Streode to see if we can add a feature to the Haddo web site called "Memorial" that would list these deceased shipmates. I hope we can all work together so these men will not be forgotten.

Speaking of reunion, I had a nice surprise on June 14. Jocko Adams and Dave Gronbeck came by my house (Cumming, Georgia) for a very nice visit. It was great to see them again. Jocko was on his way to Arizona for a vacation and stopped by Georgia to see Dave and me.

I've heard from Jim and Marla Van Wyk. They moved from Austin, Texas to Little Rock, Arkansas earlier this summer - Jim was transferred with his job.

Tom and Sally Rush (retired - Phoenix area) have had a lot going on. They're new grandparents, and they've been to Europe on a big vacation.

How small of a world is it? Well, sometimes, very small. On Saturday, August 7, my wife, Sandra, and I were sitting at a table in the food court of the Vancouver, Canada, airport waiting to fly home after a 7-day Alaska cruise (that's another wonderful story). A couple sat down at a table next to us. We got to talking and guess what - he's a former Haddo sailor! Adam Black retired as an SKCS (I think I have that right - storekeeper, senior chief) and served on the Haddo from July, 1981 through October 1984. He and his wife,

Frieda, now live in Hawaii where Adam works as a consultant for the Navy on attack boats. I'm sending Ray his address information so Adam can keep up with the crew's newsletter and activities.

As Ray mentioned in the January, 2004 newsletter, during a business meeting at the end of the last reunion and we decided to have the next reunion in Pascagoula, Mississippi (Mississippi Gulf Coast) in November, 2006. I volunteered to be the "coordinator/planner" for this reunion, assisted by Jim and Marla Van Wyk. Lou Storm has offered to plan the golf outing, Jocko Adams and Dave Gronbeck will be helping as well (in fact, they told me they plan to go down to visit the coast for a preliminary look at the facilities). I have a lot of ideas for this reunion, but will welcome any and all comments and feedback. Please contact me via e-mail at ksbren@bellsouth.net or by phone at 770-205-6083.

In closing I must tell you - I'm really excited about re-establishing contact and relationships with my old shipmates, and making new friends with those that served at other times. I consider it a great blessing and am so thankful we're such an active "boat." I let 27 or so years go by where I had NO contact with men I served with during an important time of my life, and I won't let that happen again.

God Bless - look forward to hearing from you.

Joe Mudd

By Ray Butters

When I first reported aboard Haddo, new construction - 1963, my Leading Chief was Joe Conrad. I didn't much care for Chief Conrad. I didn't think he knew much about our sonar, I didn't think much of his leadership skills, and worst of all, I didn't think he gave a hoot about any of it. I had heard someone say that if you sounded a diving alarm on his street, that his house would submerge. Although I thought it was a funny comment, it certainly didn't improve my respect for the man. And his story about having to change his last name from Mudd to Conrad because of some trouble in the past sure didn't impress me either. I tried not to let my lack of respect show; after all, he was a Chief Petty Officer in the United States Navy. But to me, as a person, he was still Joe Mudd. And I think he knew.

But that's not the story; that's just background. And here is some more background.

Again, when I first reported aboard Haddo, I had a 1960 Pontiac Catalina convertible. She was a screamer. I had pretty much always had a lead foot, but this car just made it more of an every moment thing. If a lady wants to scream, who am I to restrain her? (I think that last

comment was more digression than background.) Anyway, on to the story.

I was running a little late going into the boat one morning, so I was sort of lead-footing it to work. I forget the names of any of the streets, but the street that fronted the shipyard was two lanes until the block just before the entrance to the shipyard where it narrowed to one lane. Just across the street from the shipyard entrance was the Post Office and it was not uncommon to see someone drive the passenger side of their car up the small little curb in front of the Post Office, onto the cemented area, to let hubby out to go to work.

So, on this morning that I was running late, I got a break. The stoplight, at the intersection where this street went from two lanes to one, turned red and nobody was in the right-hand lane. Seeing this, I immediately jog from the long line of cars in the left lane and sped up to that red light. Today, that lane would have been marked as a right-turn only lane. But then, that was 1963 and you were expected to figure things out for yourselves. My intent was to leap across the intersection and jog back into that left lane, which was now the only lane, before the guy in the car next to me could translate the visual signal in his brain of the green light to a muscle movement in his foot to press on the gas pedal. That lane, by the way, was the fastest path to where I wanted to park. So there I am, waiting for the green flag at the Indianapolis 500. I'm watching the sunshade of the middle light for the cross traffic to turn yellow because that means that within moments my light will turn green and my baby is gona scream.

Well, all of that happened just as I expected. The guy hadn't even moved and I'm screaming down that single lane. But, along with the expected came the unexpected. You're going to think I'm just making this up, but I swear this is exactly the way it happened. When I floored the gas pedal, the gearshift of my automatic transmission dropped into low gear, and when I let off the gas, the pedal stayed on the floor. So there I am, streaking down this narrow street, leaning down in my seat with one hand on the steering wheel and the other groping around for the gas pedal and my eyes just high enough to see over the dashboard.

And here is where I quickly tie all of this together. Chief Conrad's car was partially off the street and parked on the concrete pad in front of the Post Office. Chief Conrad was standing outside the car bent over with his head in the driver's window, kissing his wife goodbye, with his butt sticking out into the traffic lane. He must have heard the roar of my Pontiac coming down the street because he looked up just in time to see

his life pass before his eyes. His reactions were at the survival level so they were obviously quick. He sucked his pelvis into his car door so hard his voice was an octave higher for the rest of the day. Even fear and pain couldn't keep him from wanting to get a look at his would-be assailant. I think at that moment, and probably to this day, he thought that I had tried to kill him. There I was, approaching the speed of sound, passing within molecules of his body, and I'm crouched down under the steering wheel as if in hiding.

He never came out and accused me of attempted manslaughter, but if you thought our relationship was distant before, the gap was now wide enough to drive planet earth between us.

Oh, the car? As it turned out, the engine had so much torque that it had broken all of the motor mounts. So, when I would give it more than about half the gas peddle, the torque of the engine would literally lift the engine up off the broken mounts. The engine would twist, with the driver's side the high side, forcing the gearshift into low and pulling the gas peddle the rest of the way to the floor. It was a self-compounding condition that could only be stopped by turning the key off. And if I would had thought of that the first time that it happened, I wouldn't have this story to tell, and fondly remember.

Initial Sea Trials

By Ray Butters

Like Mike Gann said, a lot of skiivy changing goes on during sea trials. I know I made at least one unscheduled change.

Figuring the 'compensation' for the first time ever, can't be more than just an educated guess. So naturally you guess on the positive side. On our first dive, my monitoring station was frame 52. I was to make my rounds on all three levels at frame 52 and report to Control at every 100 feet.

The klaxon sounded and the word was passed to dive the boat. I had reported aboard Haddo from an old diesel boat and let me tell you, that electronically generated sound didn't have the same robust authority that those real klaxons had. Never the less, the boat (and crew) obeyed and we started down.

We had about a 5-degree down angle and after a few minutes I started my rounds. I made my first report of 'no leaks' and got an acknowledgment from the Conn. Although the Conn hadn't said anything, after enough time elapsed to pass another 100 feet, I made my rounds again. And, again, I reported 'no leaks'.

After several more rounds and several more reports and several more acknowledgements, thinking we were

passed 500 feet, a nuke shipyard worker opened the tunnel hatch, and put one leg through. One hand held that heavy hatch open while the other cradled several empty coffee cups. He was straddling the hatch, sort of sitting on the combing, juggling the cups, so I moved toward him to help.

Just then, we took a sudden nosedive. In moments we were pointed down with at least a 30-degree down angle. As I was trying to keep from sliding down the passageway, thoughts of the Thresher started going through my mind. Intermingled with those thoughts were visions of that sand crab loosing a leg to that hatch. I yelled at him to drop the cups and jump towards me. The cups tumbled down the passageway, some going down the ladder to the mess hall and a couple making their way into Control. The shipyard worker did several unrehearsed summersaults passed me and careened into the stanchion at the head of the ladder. That hatch closed with a shudder that could have been mistaken for the hull collapsing. Fortunately, being an experienced sonarman able to recognize many sounds and my eyes seeing the hatch close, I did not think of that at the time.

Before I had too much time to dwell on our fate, however, the boat started leveling out. As it turned out, we leveled out at about 150 feet. One of the after ballast tank vents apparently failed closed, but indicated open. This gave the false indication that the compensation was light (as planned) and we pumped in lots of water. Enough that the bow sank into the water leaving the stern exposed. Or, something like that. The relief of finding out that we were at 150 feet took all the importance out of why we were dangling like a buoy and not stuck in the mud.

ROSTER UPDATE

Taps: This is the hard part of doing this newsletter; reporting the loss of some very fine shipmates. Loosing a part of our extended family is sad for us all. But, to that shipmate's personal family, the lose is a tragedy. So, please, take a moment in your prayers, your meditations, or just in the quiet of your mind, and remember those who suffer the loss so close to their hearts.

Michael J. Gary, Jr. passed away on 28 March 2004. Mike server aboard Haddo from 1966 to 1968.

John Bailey passed away on 24 July 2004. John was a Haddo plank owner.

Roster Changes: Check 'The Running Roster' for the current list of active names. As always, new names are in **red** and losses are in **blue**.

I have a complaint. I had 10 newsletters returned because the addressee had moved. I feel like the unwanted stepchild whose parents moved and didn't tell him the new address. If you're not interested in the newsletter, just let me know and I will stop spending money on something you don't want. I'll cry for a while, but I'll get over it.

MISCELLANEOUS

Dick Noble and Ralph Stroede organized an effort to take the reunion to those whose health prevented them from attending in person. Ralph took up a collection at the reunion to buy reunion videos and then Dick sent them to those they knew had health problems. Of the calls and cards Dick got he thought you would enjoy these two letters.

O.L. Smith

Dear Dick:

Hope this email finds you and yours doing well. As for me, it is about the same, just stay around home and do ancillary housework and go to the grocery store once in a while for groceries and entertainment.

The reason I am writing this to say thanks a MILLION for the tape! It came this past Monday and I had to immediately start looking to buy a VCR and learn how to make it work. I finally got around to watching it last Friday, only twice though. I'll run it again this weekend. Really enjoyed the heck out of it and will probably wear it out shortly.

It was really nice to see your, Ray's, Jim Jamison's, the COB's, Paul Calahan's, Dave Hinkle's and Tony DeNicola's face again and see that you are all doing so well. There were a lot of

faces that I recognized, and enjoyed seeing them also. Extremely sorry I had to miss that one but will try harder to make the next one.

If all goes well I will be passing through your area in May or June. I am going to try and drive to Massachusetts this year to see my youngest daughter. She and her husband came down to spend the weekend with me and even though it was difficult for me to get around, we enjoyed ourselves immensely and before she and Paul left they made me promise to come up this spring. So I am in the process of planning and readying for a trip that I haven't made in 14 years.

I would like to tell you again how much I enjoyed watching the tape, the memories it brought back more than covered my years on Haddo and the fun I had there. I lived in the New London, Groton area for a total of 30 years and still love the area.

Well, I will go ahead and close this off, I really did not mean to write a book and it seems that my typing finger spends more hunting time than pecking time. Take care and I will correspond with you again soon.

BE GOOD SHIPMATE! O.L.

Paul Wiltberger

Dick

I want to say thank you for the video of the "Haddo" reunion. Needless to say some faces never change, only our weight. Your words were greatly appreciated and my thanks to all that sent there best wishes.

Wish I had been there.

Regards, Paul

MAIL SACK

Ken Brenner

Hi. As you may remember, Dick Hillman went into the hospital on 03-01 to have 4-bypass surgery. The surgery went very well, and he went into his own room that night (quite early for that sort of surgery). He came home last Friday, 03-05. I talked to him that day and he sounded like he was doing well. Sometime early this week, he had to go back into the hospital. It seems he has a blood clot in one of his lungs. The resulting fluid build-up in his lungs has caused him to have a lot of coughing, which is quite painful (stitches from his heart surgery). I talked to Liz (his wife) on Thursday evening and she provided this update. It has negatively affected his eating and ability to sleep. I talked to the family this morning (Saturday) and he seems to be doing a bit better. They are supposed to be giving him some medicine to help with the coughing and fluid in his lungs.

I'll keep you updated, please remember Dick and his family in your prayers. God Bless. Ken

Ronald Darnell

Hello Ray, Just got your newsletter from the reunion, sounded like a nice time was had by all. Yes, the pictures were deceiving, but a name and a face, well putting the two together made ID some what possible. I am just sorry I missed out, but maybe next time. Also I want to tell you of my address change, the Armed Forces Retirement Home in Gulfport is slowly going to the dogs, so I moved again, this time to Texas, San Angelo to be exact, so if you would enter my address change it would be appreciated.

Do you still have a supply of the plaques left ?

George Dreyer

Ray, Got the Haddo Newsletter today. SUPERB JOB! I truly enjoyed reading it. The pictures were great. Although we did not serve Haddo at the same time, I have known Jimmy Jamison since 1962. I did not recognize him. Like you said, the pictures make a person look old. The wives got to know each other from us being stationed in the same ports and we have kept in touch thru the years.

The same was true with Jimmy Clark and I (mentioned in the COB's Corner of the newsletter). Jimmy Clark passed away approximately two years ago. His wife lives in South Carolina. If you would like to contact her, e-mail me of such and I will check if it is ok to give you her address.

It seems to me that you and I crossed paths somewhere after I left the Haddo. I can't for my damndest remember where it was (my recall has been recalled also). Were you ever an instructor at FSS, Key West?

A little Haddo story brought to mind with the last newsletter. When Haddo and the tugboat fell in love at Bermuda Harbor, Joe Rustin was the ship's diver. He was tasked to dive on the screw to inspect for damage. I went over with him as his safety-man. It was rather chilly that day so Joe O'Hara, the COB at the time, had the Chief Corpsman (can't remember the name, but can picture the face) break out some medicinal brandy. This was done in the Goat Locker and the four of us were the only ones there. I did not care to drink my ration so the COB drank it - "to keep it from going to waste". Of course the COB had to have a ration because he was topside. The doc also had to have a sample to verify that it was not rancid. See ya, George

Terry Elkins

Hi Ray, I just received you newsletter and as usual it was great. Any way I am Terry Elkins and was a MM1(SS) from May 1969 till April 1974 aboard the Haddo. I would like you to know that my address has changed a little because we have been incorporated.

Gerald Joachim also has a new e-mail address. I know he would like his address put on the Roster also. We write to each other on several occasions me mainly sending jokes, but he writes about the Haddo a lot and for some reason he has pictures of us on the Haddo. In fact I still have the movie of us in Athens when we had to snorkel because the Med was a little mean and we had to untie from a ship because we were tearing up its hull. I wish I knew how to put it on disk from my old super 8 mm film. You also state that the next reunion would be in Pascagoula MS. But didn't say when it was going to be. Well until next time thank you and keep up the good work. Terry

Jeff Funkhouser

Ray, Pls send the latest copy of the newsletter to me. Ref, picture number 23, the two are Darrel Brown and Jeff Funkhouser, Jeff is the good looking one. Tks.

Mike Gann

Dear Ray, I just received your latest Haddo Newsletter a couple of days ago and I must say it is most impressive! You've done so much with it since you took over, and I for one know full well how much work it takes. My compliments!

I was thrilled to read that Pascagoula, Miss has been selected for the next reunion - in 3 years? That would be 2007? Anyway, I'm very embarrassed about not attending the recent one in Groton. I had the best of intentions, but just never got down to making the arrangements and going. I really regret it now, especially when I noticed Larry Kelly and Dwayne Capps were there. Those two guys were my principal "teachers" when I came aboard Haddo in 1970 and I have the greatest respect for the both of them. I'm really sorry to have missed them. I will DEFINITELY attend the reunion in Pascagoula. I enjoyed that "home port" more than any of the others I was stationed at during my service. I have a story to tell about Pascagoula that everyone who was a part of the crew when we arrived there will remember.

I believe it was August when we arrived in Pascagoula for refit and a refueling. I remember it being scorching hot, and humid. I thought to myself "Oh my God, how am I gonna survive this?" We had only been there a day or two when the word got passed around that the City of Pascagoula was putting on a "Welcome to Town" picnic and information session for the entire crew! I was dumbfounded, as this sort of welcome had never happened anywhere else that I'd been. My wife and 3-year old daughter and I attended. It turned out to be a wonderful affair. The Town Fathers, Service people and Business people were all there to welcome us. They gave all the families info about all the services available in Town and they put on a "Southern-style" picnic for the entire crew. I have never forgotten that kindness. It meant a lot to a bunch of displaced families, many of whom weren't very happy to have been posted to Mississippi in the first place. Our "attitudes" about Mississippi changed right then and there. They really were wonderful to us. So, I am very happy at the prospect of "going back" and have no reservation about traveling from NY to be there. I would like to say "Thank you" to the current Town fathers for the way their predecessors welcomed us 30 years ago, if that were possible.

Ray, please keep up the fine work on the Newsletter. I don't know if you're responsible for the Website as well, but it's great. I log onto it fairly often.

Warmest regards, Mike Gann

PS - I will mail you a "donation" in support of your efforts very soon. I'm long "overdue" for that.

Mike Gary

I wished we could have made the Reunion, but we had another obligation at the same time, but as things go, we didn't get to make it either because Lynda had a grease fire and really made a mess!!

I saw where Pascagoula, MS was selected for the next Reunion - how did that come about? There isn't anything there but the shipyard. If anyone wants to do anything, they will have to travel to Biloxi (where most of the casinos are) or drive to Mobile. I live 42 miles from Pascagoula in Gulfport so people coming to the reunion will probably fly into Mobile, or Gulfport and rent a car. I will send Ken Brenner an E-mail to see if I can help him with the next one. There are four of us in the area, so we should be able to assist him with the BIG job of scheduling the next one. I wish it wasn't so long between Reunions because we are going to start losing more "shipmates". Again you did a really good job on the newsletter!! BZBZ. Mike Gary

Lynda Gary

(Forwarded by Dick Hillman)

Dear Richard, I did not know who to contact to let them know my sad news, but I did have yours from the registration form from the last reunion. Please pass this on to whomever it needs to go to.

With a very heavy heart I have to inform you that my husband, Michael J. Gary, Jr. passed away in his sleep Sunday, March 28, 2004. He served on the Haddo 66-68 and we had come to the first reunion. He had just turned 62 years old on March 20.

Thank you for any help in passing this on. I could not find an e-mail address for the newsletter editor on the newsletter.

Thank You again, Lynda Gary

Ron Graff

Hope this gets to you, Bonnie sent me the latest newsletter, it was forwarded and I am still here. I will retire Fed service Mar 31 and take up a civilian job the next week. I have 4 more shifts and then I am retired civ service. Now all I have to do is get through the orientation at the new job and I'm back where I started. I see the light at the end of the tunnel but every time I get there it's a mirage. We are moving to Albuquerque and will build a new house--have it built. So far they have not even poured the slab, waiting for the inspector for what is in the ground to be covered with the slab. It is 7 doors down the street from Aaron our oldest son. He wants us on the mainland. We have sold our house here and I am staying with friends. Bonnie is staying with our daughter-in-law there. I fly the 31st.

Thanks for the newsletter, it keeps growing. Now that I will be on the mainland, I may be able to get to the next reunion. May get to see some of the old shipmates in other times too. I gather the next one is scheduled for 2006 in Pascagoula. That should be a "go". Aaron goes to Korea for a year in May, so we will be on the mainland but he won't be. He is either going to 8th Army in Seoul or 2 ID at the 38th. He wants 2 ID and is senior enough but the guy there may extend so he will end up in Seoul. Best to you and Susie, the pictures were great!! Are you still camping or have you moved into your house? Mark my words, it never ends. Don't throw away any nails, wire or tools. Good luck and keep the shinny side up--

Skip Greiner

Good Morning Ray, Got your newsletter yesterday, Good Read! I haven't paid my dues yet if any, and like to know where I can send it. I have also found and purchased a USS HADDO (SS 255) patch. It's just a 5" round new issue copy of the HADDO BATTLE FLAG. I'll send you pic of it maybe something we can stock in the ship's store. Thanks, Skip

Martha Hale

Ray, yes please continue to send me the newsletter. I would like to be able to keep up with his old shipmates and the news. I will probably not go to the next reunion, but my heart will be there with everyone. Don really enjoyed the reunions and being with the best shipmates he ever had, in his opinion.

(When I asked if there was anything that we could do for Martha, this was her reply)

Ray, just one thing that I want you and your wife to do, that is LOVE each other. I never expected Don to die that night. It sounds like I didn't love him, I did very very much, but now I am lost and feel like I didn't love him enough. Stay healthy. Martha

Ray, just a quick note. I don't know when you had planned on sending the next newsletter, but please don't forget me. Thanks. It is still very rough without Don around. Shipmates wife, Martha

Dave Hinkle

Dear Ray, just a note to thank you again for all you do to make having been on Haddo very special. Your last mailing was exceptional. You have a nice way with words. The reunion was well done and I enjoyed talking with a lot of old friends. My best, Dave H

Ron Larsen

Hi Ray, Thanks for the newsletters, there's something in the mail to you to help with the publishing costs. If my little gray cells haven't gone awry, the COB after Joe Rustin was a QMCS that came on board when Matey & McGovern got out (late '67, early '68?). Give me a couple centuries & I may be able to come up with his name. Remember the drawings Bill Cummings made of the Haddo? I bought a set & have them hanging in my library. I'll send you some photos for the newsletter when I get my camera back from my daughter. Thanks again, Ron

Dean Neffeler

My wife has moved me to a new house in Price. The new address is 321 North 700 East. Enjoy the newsletter. Dan Oliver's reiteration of what really won the "cold war" is worth telling to anyone who will listen. It is good to know that our services were not unnoticed, just classified. The Discovery Channel and the books with the stories about what was really happened are enlightening. I know they have put a lot of the pieces together for me about what we were doing in the Mediterranean from 71-73.

Dick Noble

Ray, Here is a small donation for the Haddo newsletter. How are you both doing? I talked to O.L. Smith today and he will be having lung surgery in the very near future, probably before the end of July. He may have cancer of the lung. Will keep you informed. Dick Noble

Buck Warner

Hi Ray: Just received the Haddo newsletter and really enjoyed it. Brought back a lot of memories. The pictures were great but couldn't recognize many people. Time takes its toll! I was in the pre-commissioning crew from OCT 62 until JUN 64 when I went to the Calhoun with Cap't Axene from Thresher. Retired in JAN 67 after 22 years and worked in the Engineering Department of a major medical center in Wilmington, DE for 7 years.

In 1974 I started my own company, Construction Safety Consultant's Inc. and am still running it on a much reduced basis. We live in Wilmington, DE and spend our summers at our beach house in Bethany Beach, DE and our winters in Key West. Life has been kind to me. Have had a quintuple by-pass in 98 and a new knee in Nov. Other then that I am alive and still kicking.

Again, thanks for the informative and entertaining newsletter, Buck Warner

I have just a few Haddo plaques left. They are brass relief, laser engraved on walnut. Send me \$47.50 and I will get one in the mail to you.

I also have a half dozen 25-oz. Mugs and several 3" patches. The mugs are \$13 and the patches are \$5.

These are left over from the 2000 reunion and I would sure like to get rid of them!

