



USS HADDO NEWSLETTER



Volume 2 Issue 34 February 2007

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FROM THE EDITOR

What a reunion!!!

Seeing Fred (the “Saint”) Santillanes brought back 40-year-old memories like they were yesterday. I can remember walking into the Seven and a Quarter (or whatever the address was of that bar just outside the main gate in Charleston) and hearing Fred’s welcome call – Arriba, Arriba.

I got a chance to thank Lantz Andretta for keeping me out of the Brig. I was alone in a little bar in St. Thomas, minding my own business, when my division officer walked in and started expounding on his godliness and how the sonar gang would be rendered useless without him. Just about the time I started to get off my stool to take a couple full-power pings at his face, this young seaman grabbed me by the arm and forcibly ushered me out the door. Thanks Andy.

I don’t know why I was so glad to see Mike Lintner. He gave me such a hard time when I had to sleep in the Goat Locker as a First Class. Everybody probably thought I just loved staying in Sonar, but the fact was I didn’t want to have to knock on the door to the Chief’s quarters to ask if I could come in to go to bed. Still, I was really glad to see Mike after all these years.

We had a lot of first-time attendees from the time I was aboard Haddo. Each new face renewing its own set of memories within me; some of those memories were biting at their synaptic gaps waiting to be released while others needed to be pried out like trying to get the last bit of walnut out of its shell with one of those little picks. All of those memories were full body emotional experiences. My head held the picture albums or the movie clips, but I felt the warm, ageless, happy feelings throughout my body. I don’t advocate living in the

past, but I sure think that a periodic touch with our past stimulates the youth genes in our bodies.

We had a lot of younger Haddo sailors there too, and that was terrific. I’ll have some of those willing and not so willing memories of them at our next reunion.

THANKS

I thought, and I know others share my feelings, that our 2006 Haddo Reunion was another highly successful reunion. I would like to thank Ken Brenner and his crew for all the hard work they put into making this reunion such a success. And, I would like to thank Sandra Brenner; she did all the cooking for the banquet. The food was great Sandra. So, thanks Ken, Sandra, and your team that made the 2006 Haddo Reunion a great reunion.

There is another group that I would like to thank. That group is the women in our lives. During our stints aboard the Boats, we learned to stuff emotions. A fire in the galley had no use for emotions. None of our casualties; flooding, steam leak, stern planes jam, reactor scram, emergency blow, none of them had any use for emotions. We drilled for more casualties than we ever had because we had to be prepared for that real casualty that could happen at any time. And a cool head could mean pass or fail. Spec Ops were another time for level headed thinking. Times when Battle Stations were for real and a lack of control could end in disaster. Not just personal disaster; I mean total disaster. So, keeping our emotions at bay became a way of life. Here’s a little story that pokes a little fun at what I’m saying: The Bugara was tied up at Broadway pier in San Diego and a lady on the pier asked a group of us topside to stand together so she could take a picture. We obliged the woman, but when she said “Smile” our cook said “We can’t smile lady, we’re Steely-Eyed Killers of the Deep”. We all stood there,

stone faced, while she took the picture and then promptly left. We had been Steely-Eyed Killers of the Deep for so long, that displays of emotion were on the endangered species list. But at these reunions I see a lot of hugging, misty eyes, and moments of silence while gripping emotions pass. Yes, I'm talking about our Steely-Eyed Killers of the Deep. And, I credit the women in our lives for sounding the klaxon three times on the emotions we've held submerged and on patrol for many years. Thanks gals, Thanks Susie.

ABOUT THE REUNION

Ken Brenner wanted me to pass on his thanks to everyone who attended the reunion. The host sets up the opportunity to have a good time, but it's the attendees that make it great.

Who Was There? I was able to get a 'posed' picture of most of the Haddo crew that attended the reunion. Those pictures are on the following pages. I didn't get a picture of Dan Cooper, Bill Hays, Governor Joy, Mike Lintner, or Fern Wagner. They may have come in late or I just missed them; it couldn't have had anything to do with the 24 oz. Haddo mug from which I was drinking my Maker's Mark. Additionally, I didn't get a picture of Jeff Funkhouser, Ron Graff, Dave Gronbeck, Bill Murphy, Bill Taylor, Kip VanAken, Dale Ward, or Ken Wilshire. It may be because they were supposed to be there but weren't. Or, maybe it was the Maker's Mark.

Video: I bought a video camera to record the reunion, mainly for those shipmates who would liked to have attended, but for medical reasons, couldn't. And I did record it. But I have to tell you, I have never even held one of these things in my hands before. Consequently, it's a bit amateurish. A bit? Except for the 15 or 20 minute that Dick Noble took before the banquet, it's a **lot** amateurish. Another expression of those missing-in-action brain cells. I had tried to overcome some of my mistakes in the editing process, but it is still amateurish. I figured out, with the help of a neighbor, how to get the video, and my still shots, from the camera to my computer and actually burn a DVD. If you would like a copy, send me five bucks to cover materials and mailing, and I will get a DVD in the mail to you. As you can tell, I'm not much of a salesman either.

Guest Speaker: I had said that I didn't get a picture of Dan Cooper, but VADM Dan Cooper USN Retired was definitely there. If that wasn't Mr. Cooper who spoke at the reunion then the COB introduced the wrong person, and I have never known the COB to make a mistake; at least none that we can talk about.

The COB's introduction painted a pretty clear picture of Dan. He is at real submariner, a tireless achiever, and a heck of a nice guy. And, by the sounds of it, the Navy community gets more of his time than his wife does.

Mr. Cooper spoke about the early days of the Haddo, most of which revolved around "Captain Jack's" leadership. Dan pointed out that your first skipper is probably the primary person who will motivate you to stay in or get out of the Navy.

Before reporting to the Haddo, Dan had a tour of duty on a 'Target'. He said that if you have never served aboard a surface vessel you can't realize the vast difference between the quality, dedication, and professionalism of the submarine sailor and the surface fleet sailor. I had always thought we were pretty hot stuff, but never having served as a skimmer myself, maybe we were hotter than I thought. He went on to describe the role that Haddo and our sister Fast Attacks played in the Cold War and how they were the major factor in us good guys winning the Cold War.

Then he shifted to current times and a subject that affects all of us veterans. Dan Cooper has served as the Under Secretary for Benefits, in the Department of Veterans Affairs for a few years now and gave us a real good outline of what benefits are available to the veteran. I hope I get this right, but I believe he said that there are five benefit programs that the VA operates: Life and Disability Insurance, Home Loans, Education (GI Bill), Disability Compensation, and Location Rehabilitation. He talked more in detail about what each program provided and actual dollar amounts that was available for the veteran. Now I know more about the 10% disability that I get for all those brain cells that died due to alcohol poisoning. (If you're laughing it's because you're reading this narrative and you see that it's true.) One of the neatest things he said, however, and it says more about Dan Cooper than it does about the VA, but he said "We take care of disabled Veterans. It can't get much better than that".

He also eased our concerns about the VA data base that was stolen. The guy that screwed up was a well respected guy. He was an analyst with 32 years with the VA, had a PhD from Harvard, and was just taking work home. Of course it was against the rules, so he really did screw up, but he wasn't trying to sell the data or something foolish like that. He had downloaded about 26 million names to his home computer and then went out for a while. While he was gone, a bunch of kids had broken into five different houses in the area, including his, taking anything that was of value on the street. When the authorities found the disks, the

computer, and the memory, forensic tests indicated that the data had not been compromised.

Since then, the VA has looked pretty hard at themselves and consequently have made a lot of changes in, and the enforcement of, their day-to-day operations. They are probably now one of the best and safest operating departments in the Government.

THANKS!

I can't tell you how many Haddo sailors came up to me at the reunion and told me how much they enjoy the newsletter. It's not that I am not allowed to tell you; it's just that there were too many of them for me to remember. A lot of them even stuffed a few bucks in my hand, wouldn't accept my refusals, and asked to be anonymous. To say it was heartwarming is not even close. So, to all of you, I am just going to shout a great big collective

THANK YOU !!!

THE NEXT HADDO REUNION

Yes! We are going to have another reunion. We have already seen that forces of nature can't stop us. The questions are, however, *Where* do you want to have the next reunion and *When* do you when do you want to have it? We had gotten some complaints after the 2003 reunion that only a small group of people were making the decisions for the next reunion. So we tried a ballot system this time and only one person sent in a ballot. Lots of guys submitted their ballots at this reunion, but we still have not heard from the silent majority. So, here is one more chance. Another ballot is on the back of this page. **Please let us know what you want.** What would it take to get you to a reunion? **Get your ballots into the mail to Ken by 31 March.** By-the-way, Ken is retaining all ballots so if you have already turned one in don't submit another one (unless of course you have changed your mind).

Here is a quasi summary of the ballots turned in at the 2006 reunion. This isn't an accurate picture because there was no weighting factor applied in regards to 1st, 2nd, or 3rd choice. Ken will get down to the nitty-gritty after he gets all the votes in.

Location: San Diego was the most popular with 16 votes. Biloxi/Pascagoula came in next with 8 votes and Charleston followed with 6. Groton eased out the 4 votes for Las Vegas and Bremerton with 5 votes. And

then 17 other places around the country, from north to south and east to west, got one or two votes.

Time Frame: This vote was a lot closer. Only one person voted for 2007, but the rest of the votes were split equally for 2008 and 2009. Oct/Nov was the most popular in both years, followed by July/Sept for both years.

FROM THE CREW

I received a story from Geoff Warnock that was forwarded to him by a good buddy, of diesel boat beginnings. I had copied it into this newsletter, partly because I thought was pretty funny and that most of you would like reading it, but mostly because it reminded me of my diesel boat days and conjured up some long forgotten feelings. It's pretty long, but since I thought this newsletter would be pretty short, I proceeded to litter our upstanding nuclear navy minds with this diesel boat stupor. Then, I saw this newsletter begin to grow. So,,, I made a command decision. I omitted it in the paper copy but left the story in the electronic version.

The Goat on the Boat (*Not to be confused with "The Cat in the Hat"*) As told by several participants

This to a select few who either remember similar stuff or simply need a smile..

This is the true story of the Famous Goat and his brief tour of duty on ARCHERFISH and you thought they only dreamed stuff like this up in Hollywood!

January 18, 1961 - Topped off with 7300 gallons of marine diesel fuel during the morning watch and put in a normal battery charge at night. We are ready to leave the cold of New London and head for the west coast. All that is left to do is say goodbye to the bar maids, taxi drivers, cops and shore patrol. We will do that tonight. *Kenneth C. (Pig Pen) Henry*

Speedy and I were wandering down Bank Street when we ran into Nick Ross. He told us he knew a farmer that wanted to sell a rooster and a Billy goat. We jumped in his pickup truck and headed for Groton. We bought both of them for \$15.00 and took them back to New London *Galen O. (Turkey Neck) Steck.*

What prompted us to want a goat, God only knows. Maybe we were looking for a little loving, and after striking out with every barmaid on Bank Street, decided to try our luck with something really wild. Anyway, we bought the damn thing. The rooster was a bonus, and I think it was included because it and the goat were stable mates, and the farmer didn't want to separate the two.

We got back to New London with both of them, and paraded up and down Bank Street until the Shore Patrol stopped us (we were in dress blues). The conversation between the wagon driver (WD) and Shore Patrol Headquarters (HQ) went something like this:

WD: "Hey, we've got two drunk sailors with a goat and a rooster. What do you want us to do with them?"

HQ: (after a long pause) "You've got what!"

WD: repeats transmission; another long pause.

HQ: "Are they together?"

WD: "Best I can tell. One says they're all shipmates, and refuses to be parted."

HQ: "How drunk are they?"

WD: "The goat and rooster are sober, I think, but the other two...well...let me put it this way; they're under their own power as long as the goat holds them up. You want us to bring them in?"

HQ: "Hell no! Just tell them to get off the street. And to stay off it!"

Not long after we got back to the Dolphin, a group of us decided we were hungry and we all ended up in the Hygienic Restaurant to get something to eat. The goat acted like he was really hungry, and we figured a salad would taste just right. We ordered a bowl of cereal for the rooster. *John D. (Speedy) Gonzales*

Speedy took the goat and I took the rooster into the restaurant. By this time there were four or five other Archerfish sailors with us. We ordered the goat an extra large bowl of lettuce salad and Loony Stevens broke some cigarettes up in the bowl to add flavor. The goat ate the whole thing and was looking for more. At the same time I got the rooster a bowl of corn flakes; he liked them! *Galen O. (Turkey Neck) Steck*

My son and I traveled from Norfolk to New London to meet my husband when Archerfish returned. Rick had been transferred to COMSUBRON SIX for shore duty a couple of weeks prior to this incident. I'm sorry to say we were still hanging around New London. It was a Wednesday evening and the three of us were in the Hygienic Restaurant for a late evening meal. We had taken our coats off and hung them on the hooks on the ends of our booth while we were eating. Along with everyone else in the place, we stopped eating to watch a bunch of loud, drunken sailors come through the door and sit on most of the seats at the previously empty counter. To make things worse they had a goat and a rooster with them! I couldn't believe what I was seeing,

and then my husband Rick went over to talk to them. They were his old shipmate's off of Archerfish. I stared in disbelief. Those guys were the mangiest group of people I had ever seen. They looked and acted like the dregs of society. I was shocked when the waitress not only served them, but fed the goat and the rooster without protest. So much for the name "Hygienic." The final straw for me was when I looked around and saw that damn goat trying to eat the sleeve of my fur coat! *Candace Hardin*

When everyone was finished eating it was time to head back to Submarine Base. The rooster and the goat went with us in the trunk of a taxi. When we got to the base the Marines on the gate checked our I.D. cards and then waved us through. They survived the cab ride and we took them both back to the boat. *Galen O. (Turkey Neck) Steck*

It took two cabs to get us all there. When the Marine on the gate leaned over to check our I.D. cards, he could hear the goat banging his horns on the inside of the trunk trying to get out. He asked "What's that noise?" Speedy was sitting closest to the Marine and, as soon as the noise started, he started bouncing up and down on the seat. He was making his head hit the head liner of the cab in time to the goat's horns hitting the trunk lid. He was yelling "It's me; It's me!" The rest of us were stomping our feet on the floor of the cab to further confuse the sound. After a pause to consider the situation, the Marine must have decided it wasn't worth the trouble, and he waved us through the gate. The topside watch just shook his head as we led the goat across the brow and back to the after battery hatch. There was a battery charge in progress and we had a hell of a time getting the goat down the ladder. We finally yelled "Look out below," held it over the hole by its horns and dropped it. The guys that were playing poker in the mess hall got a shock when they looked around to see what had hit the deck! *Kenneth C. (Pig) Henry*

January 19, 1961 - I had the duty the night the goat came aboard. I was scheduled for the 04-08 topside watch so I had hit my rack in the after battery early the evening before. Shortly after midnight I awoke to a horrible racket coming from the after battery Goat Locker (CPO's berthing). Soon the noise, and the cause of the noise, disappeared into the crews mess. My curiosity got the best of me and I got up to see what was going on. When I got to the crews mess there was a rooster on one of the tables and a goat by the deep sink. Red Dog was kneeling next to the goat comparing beards. Considering I had only been on board for a

couple of weeks, I kept my mouth shut and headed for a corner table to watch some real pros in action. Man, were they bombed! Nasty Ness was saying that he could take care of the rooster, which he did. He took it into the galley and I never saw it again. God, I hope he didn't feed it to us later! The goat's buddies were all laughing about how they had taken the goat and the rooster into the Chief's quarters (Goat Locker). They put the rooster on the chest of a sleeping chief that had just come back from leave and was in bad need of both sleep and sobriety. It must have been the aftermath of the chief being awakened by the rooster scratching his chest and the goat eating his blanket that woke me up earlier. It wasn't long before the goat and his buddies headed aft for a tour of the boat. *Garrett T. Kelley*

I didn't cook the damn rooster! In fact, I don't think the rooster even made it back to the boat. The only time I even remember seeing the rooster was in the Dolphin. Pig and I were sleeping on the floor in the kitchen when the noise out in the bar woke us up. About that time the goat wandered in the kitchen and looked around. We got up to see what we were missing and when we got to the bar Speedy and Turkey Neck were telling the story about where they got the goat and the rooster. At that point the goat was running loose on the dance floor and the rooster was sitting on the bar. I remember a woman in a booth raising hell about the goat and rooster being in the bar, but I have no idea who she was or who she was with. I do remember that the dress she had on was the same color as the rooster and, since they matched, I thought we should give her the rooster. When we all got back to the boat I lost interest in everything except the poker game that was in progress in the mess hall. Pig and I bought-in and I forgot all about the goat. Jim Blackburn was the below decks watch at the time. Maybe he remembers something about the rooster. *Dale A. (Nasty) Ness*

There wasn't room to keep the goat in the after battery, but there was lots of room in the after torpedo room, so we headed aft. When we got to the forward engine room door the goat really put up a fight as he didn't like the noise of the charging engine. Dachenhausen had the charge and said he would watch him. We tied him to the ladder in the after engine room and went back to the mess hall to watch the poker game. *Kenneth C. (Pig) Henry*

On Archerfish, the engines in the forward engine room were reversed to what they were on most other Fairbanks boats. The throttles for #1 and #2 main engines were in the aft part of the compartment and the blowers faced forward. We were on the finishing rate

of the battery charge, with #2 main engine on line as the charging engine. I was sitting on a bench locker, leaning against the side of #1 main engine doing what all good throttlemen do at that time of the morning when charging batteries in port (you figure it out). My back was towards the water tight door to the after battery, as I was facing the gauge boards. When I felt the pressure change as the door from the after battery was opened, I turned my head expecting to see the below decks watch, or the electrician that was hopping gravities, step into the compartment. Before I realized what was going on, a wild-eyed goat jumped through the door! He had a collar around his neck and there was a long chain attached. As the goat scurried to get away from whoever had the other end of the chain, he finally pulled Jim Moran through the door. My first fear was that the goat's chain would become caught on a fuel line, kick drain, or anything else that would force us to secure the charge. When he got next to the blower intake and felt his hair starting to stand on end he really panicked. I was finally able to pull the goat, and push the line of drunks that were following him, into the after engine room. That's where I left them. The last thing I saw was Turkey Neck Steck feeding the goat lettuce and giving him water as they tied him to the ladder in the after engine room. After they all left him, the goat actually looked relieved that his buddies had gone. *Lawrence A. (Doc) Dachenhausen*

I was the charging electrician in maneuvering room. It was a little after midnight when I heard a strange noise coming from the after engine room. We were on the one-engine rate and I could hear what sounded like chains dragging across the deck plates. The last time I had looked up, the throttlemen in the forward engine room was somewhere between reading a book and taking a nap, so I knew no work was in progress. Out of curiosity, or boredom, or both, I walked around the cubicle and looked through the watertight door to see what was making the noise. There in the middle of the engine room was a goat! At first I thought it was one of the chiefs, and then I realized it was a real live goat. It even had horns and a beard. The only thing that was keeping it in there was that it was chained to the ladder. I could tell right away that the goat didn't like the noise or vibration. I didn't know a goat could shit that much! *William E. (Robby) Roberts*

One of the duty engineman was leaning against the deep sink talking with us when Duke Durgin, who was the duty officer, came through on his way aft. He saw him and asked "Who has the charge in the engine room?" The engineman answered with a straight face "The goat." Assuming this was another nickname for one of

the crew, Mr. Durgin said "Okay," and continued aft. It wasn't long before he was back yelling "There's a goat in the engine room!" The engineman told him "Of course there is; I told you, he has the charge." That was my cue to go topside and relieve the watch before it got any worse. *Garrett T. Kelley*

Duke told us to get the goat out of the engine room and off the boat. We tried to convince Duke that he should let us keep the goat as a mascot. Duke presented sound reasons for getting rid of the goat to each of our arguments, except for one. When he tried to reason with us by asking "What about the smell?" One of the troops shot right back "The goat will get used to the smell, we all did." At that point Duke said we could keep him in the after torpedo room for the rest of the night, but we had to get rid of him in the morning. *Kenneth C. (Pig) Henry*

I arrived at the boat and realized that we had a beast in one of the engine rooms. All of this was shortly prior to getting underway. A goat had sneaked onto the base by hiding itself in the trunk of a taxi full of our engineers. It was a very funny sight, indeed, but caused me a bit of stress. Stress is often caused when one wants to buckle over with laughter, but must, as a duty, show sincere anger. It was particularly stressful for me as the XO when, as ordered, the engineers were forcing the goat to leave. There was a pair of arms stretched through the hatch from above and a couple of guys trying to push a goat upward with the goat's butt in somebody's face. It was like trying to stuff a live cobra up a tiger's ass. None were happy about the situation, particularly the goat. As I said, I found it quite stressful and am still receiving therapy for goat trauma. *David K. (XO) Dimmick*

We found it was a lot harder to get a goat out of a submarine than it was to get one in. After several unsuccessful attempts we tied a line around the goat's horns and a couple of guys went up the after room ladder to pull. We got the goat under the hatch and lifted it as far as we could while the guys topside pulled. Greasy Joe got the goat's ass on his shoulder to support him and we got his head and front quarters in the trunk heading in the right direction. The guys topside pulled, Joe pushed, the goat bellowed and shit all down Joe's back. Joe didn't like it, but then neither did the goat. After a lot of pulling, a lot of pushing, and a lot of shitting, the goat was finally on deck. Once we got him topside, we had to figure out what to do with him. *Kenneth C. (Pig) Henry*

Soon after the XO came aboard in the morning, someone from the after room came topside to find the

line that we used to raise and lower the GDU cans up and down the after battery hatch. I followed him back to the after room hatch and watched as he dropped one end into the room and yelled to "tie it around his horns." The two of us pulled the line, while others in the room pushed, and still others reached down the hatch and pulled on the goat's horns. Finally he was topside. I don't know who was the happiest, us or the goat. I know he got sick on the after deck as they led him forward to the brow. Not knowing what else to do with him, they tied him to the dumpster at the head of Pier 9 and left him there. It wasn't long before I saw a couple of marines making their way along the head of the piers checking for illegally parked cars. They checked this car, then that one, then this goat, then that car, then another car. Suddenly they slammed on their brakes, backed up, and stared in disbelief at the goat. The goat stared back. They drove down the pier and talked to the topside watch on the boat on the south side of the pier for a couple of minutes, then they came over to talk to me. They wanted to know who the goat belonged to and I told them "I don't know who he belongs to. He was there when I came on watch." I guess the topside watch on the other boat must have told them the same thing, as the sped off to get instructions on what to do next. Thankfully I got relieved before anything abnormal happened. *Garrett T. Kelley*

Soon after the marines left the area somebody suggested that the goat was probably hungry, so we took him over in front of Building One and tied him to the fire hydrant with a heaving line. That gave him plenty of room to graze on the lawn, the shrubs, and the flowers in the gardens. There was quite a traffic jam on the lower base that morning as people slowed to stare. A couple of careless drivers even mashed fenders. It wasn't long before some guys in a Navy truck arrived on the scene and took him away. It wasn't fair, we wanted to take him to WESTPAC with us! *Kenneth C. (Pig) Henry*

The goat soon became a member of COMSUBLANTMEDGRU staff.; Commander George Bond accepted the goat. I last saw the goat while it was working at the Submarine Escape Training Tank with Bond's researchers. I was told that the goat had served well in the field of medical research. He was in a project that involved filling his lungs with a special liquid that allowed him to actually breath underwater for a couple of days. The goat later died of pneumonia while in the line of duty. Someone said that the goat had its former residence somewhere on Bank Street and had shared a co-op, or coop, with the infamous Chicken of Bank Street. *David K. (XO) Dimmick*

As an addendum to the story, after returning to the Navy and to New London years later, I was assigned to the Corporal (SS-346). One day I was sitting in a gin mill telling the goat story to a couple of guys at the bar that obviously didn't believe me. You can imagine my surprise when an old guy down the bar a couple of stools broke in and said "That's no sea story guys; he's telling the truth. I was the cab driver!" He continued his story by telling how just as he stopped at the main gate the goat started to kick in the trunk, and at the same time the sailors in the taxi started singing and stomping their feet to cover up the noise the goat was making. It worked and he delivered his passengers, goat and all, to the lower base without further incident. *Tom Wright, ICC(SS) USN(RET)*

ROSTER UPDATE

Roster Changes: As always, changes are in **red** and losses are in **blue**. If you want to get in touch with a shipmate that has no e-mail address listed, send me an e-mail and I'll have them get in touch with you.

MISCELLANEOUS

Newsletters via the Internet – Hal and Liz Clark have taken a large load off my back by volunteering to get the newsletter to a bunch of you by e-mail. I could always use more of you, however, to volunteer to receive the newsletter this way. Right now, about 100 shipmates (out of 275) have let go of that need to have a paper copy. If you specifically want a paper, I am more than happy to send you one. But if it doesn't make any difference to you to get it electronically, please let the Clarks know so they can e-mail you, and let me know too, so I won't send you a paper copy.

The amount of time it takes me to write the newsletter varies from issue to issue and costs me nothing more than the time invested. The printing, folding, stuffing, labeling and stamping takes five or six days and costs about a buck and a quarter for each one I send. I tell you this to give you a little understanding as to why I am even asking you to go electronic. Thanks.

Next Haddo Reunion Suggestion Form

Your reunion suggestion form must be submitted to Ken Brenner by 31 March 2007

- This is the first submission of my suggestions for the Next Haddo Reunion.
- I have previously submitted my suggestions for the Next Haddo Reunion, but disregard that form and enter these suggestions into your tabulations.

Name: _____

My suggestions for the location of the Next Haddo Reunion, in the order of my preference:

1. _____ Why _____

2. _____ Why _____

3. _____ Why _____

4. _____ Why _____

Year: 2007 2008 2009 2010

Month: Jan – Mar Apr – Jun Jul – Sep Oct – Nov

Year / Month write-in _____ Why _____

Your Next Haddo Reunion requests must get to Ken Brenner by 1 March to be tabulated with all other requests. You may mail or E-Mail your requests to:

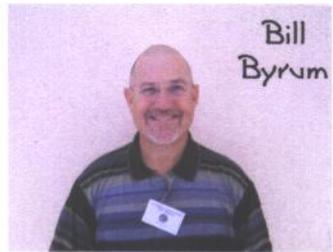
Ken Brenner
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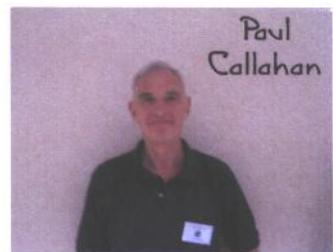
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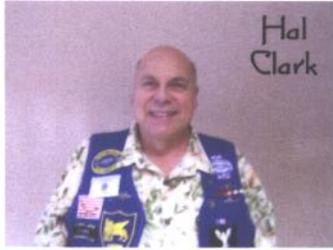
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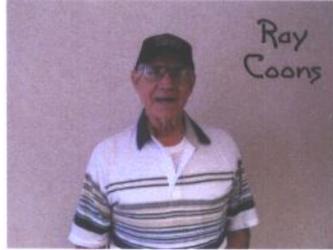
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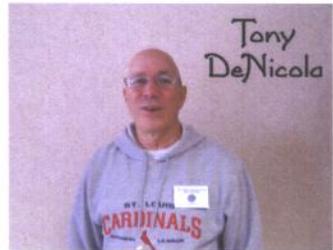
Paul
Callahan



Hal
Clark



Ray
Coons



Tony
DeNicola



Steve
Dibbins



Ken
Dundon



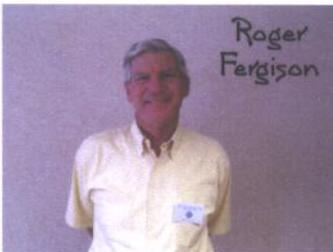
Terry
Elkins



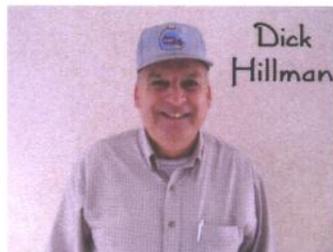
John
Farro



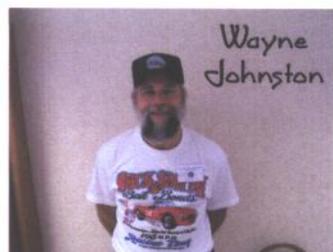
Bob
Fehre



Roger
Ferguson



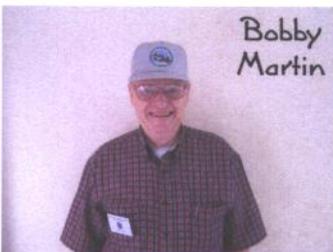
Dick
Hillman



Wayne
Johnston



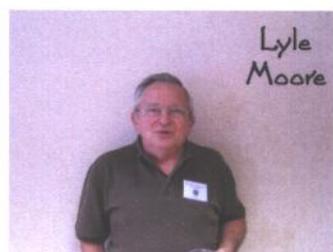
Mark
Kirkner



Bobby
Martin



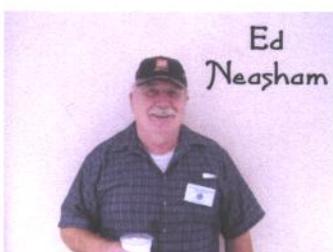
Pat
McGovern



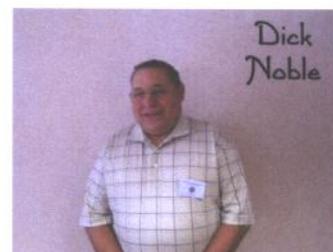
Lyle
Moore



Ed
Max



Ed
Neasham



Dick
Noble



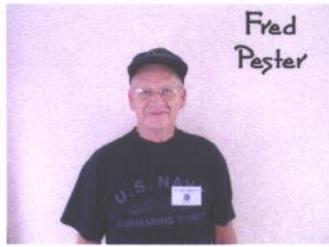
Joe
O'Hara



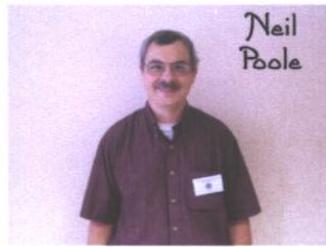
Jim
Parker



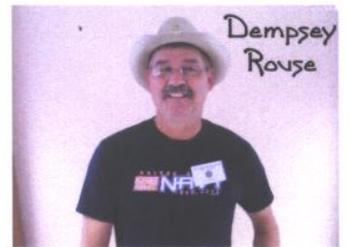
Donald Payne



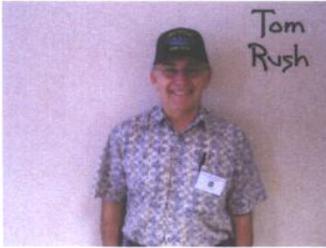
Fred Pester



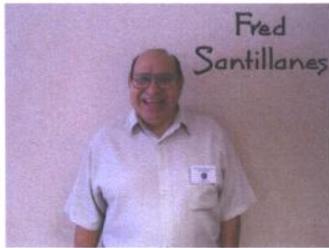
Neil Poole



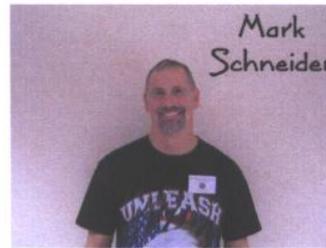
Dempsey Rouse



Tom Rush



Fred Santillanes



Mark Schneider



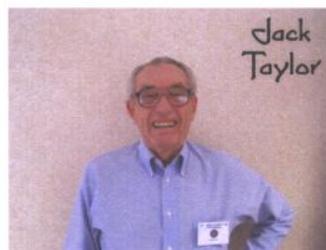
Roy Shipp



Mike Spozeto



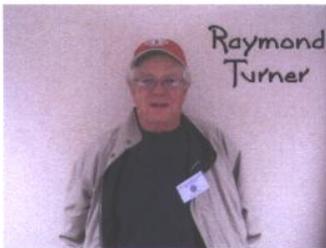
Ralph Stroede



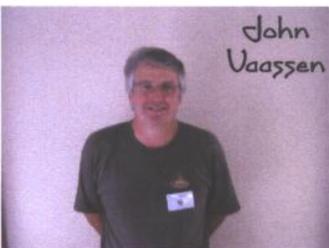
Jack Taylor



Mike Teberg



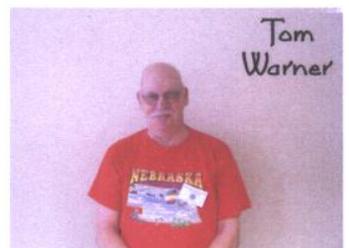
Raymond Turner



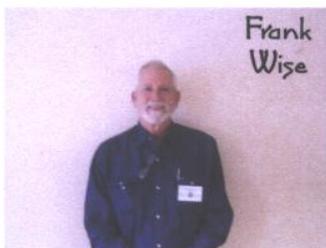
John Vaassen



John Viney



Tom Warner



Frank Wise

Commissioning Crew behind Haddo model provided by Fred Pester



Page 6 of 16

Left to Right
Front Row - Lance Andretta, Raymond Turner
Mike Lintner, Joe O'Hara, Ray Coons,
Lyle Moore

Middle Row - Fred Santillanes, Bill Hayes,
Bob Fehre, Jack Taylor, Ralph Stroede

Back Row - Fred Pester, Paul Callahan,
John Viney, Ray Butters, Bobby Martin,
Dick Noble



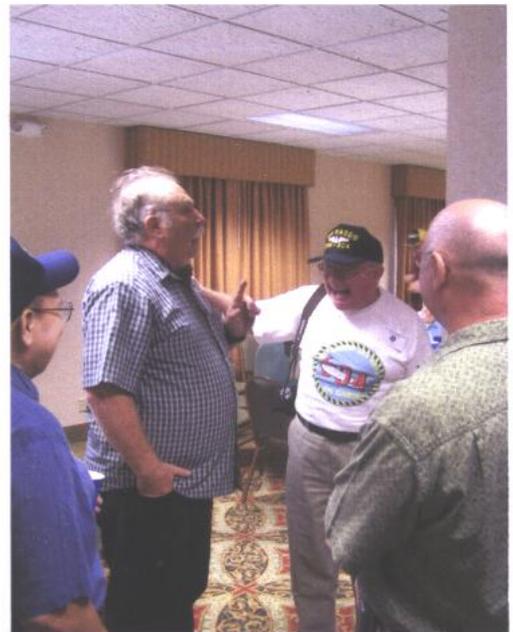
Strategy Planning for Next Reunion
Mr & Mrs Shipp, Mr & Mrs Dibbins,
Mark Schneider, Mark Kirkner



L to R - Part of Sandy Fehre, Judy DeNicola,
Harriette Owenby, Betty Viney, Marie Noble,
Muriel Moore and Lyle's back to us



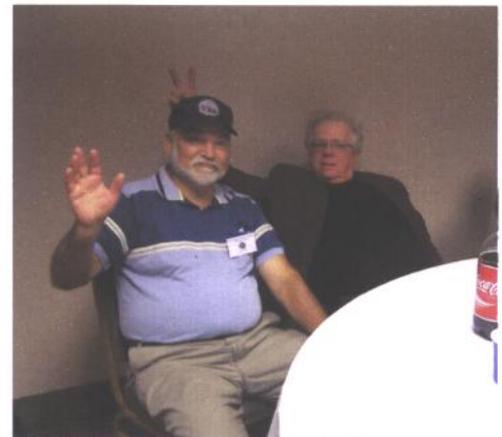
L to R - R. Ferguson, K. Brenner, B. Byrum, J. Parker, D.
Rouse, B. Hillman, K. Dundon, J. Vaassen



L to R - F. Santillanes, E. Neasham,
J. O'Hara, L. Andretta's back



Group watching a slide presentation
of Roger Ferguson's visit to Russia



R. Turner playing Devils Advocate
over J. Farro's head



Ken Getting the Banquet underway



Joe telling how Forest Gump got into Heaven



Tony presenting Dan with a HADD0 Base hat



Ken Presenting Dick an Appreciation Plaque for 2003 Reunion



Dick asking Joe to explain again how Forest Gump got into Heaven, while Marie, John, and 'Saint' look on



Dick with Boomer shipmates David Tobin and David Jr. (and my 24 oz mug of Maker's Mark)



MAIL SACK

Fern Wagner

Dear Ray, I delivered Admiral Cooper's gift to his wife Betty on Saturday morning. She hopes to spend some time with him next Saturday at a Pen State football game. He hasn't been home in two months! Some retired life, huh?

Thanks again to both you and Susie, and Ken and Dick. It was another great reunion. And what can you say about the COB? It was good to see everyone again.

I was going thru some more Haddo stuff and came upon an extra Commissioning and Inactivation pamphlet as well as the original letter of expulsion from the Goat Locker. I thought you might get a laugh out of the enclosed copy. I haven't forgotten about the Haddo picture, just haven't gotten around to it yet. Warmest regards to you and Susie, Fern Wagner

USS HADDO (SSN - 604)

C/O FLEET POST OFFICE
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

1 October 1964

From: Chief Petty Officers, U.S.S. HADDO (SSN604)
To: Wagner, Fernley R., Jr., 333 06 77 MMCA (SS), USN
Subj: Eviction; notice of
Ref: (a) BUPERS ltr Pers-B6131(F6a-55)-eml of 24 Sep 1964

1. Due to circumstances beyond our control, it has become necessary to take immediate and forceful action in evicting you from the Chief's Quarters of USS HADDO (SSN604).
2. It was always our wish to keep you with us as a brother CPO; but you have seen fit to seek out a new life, with greater responsibilities and demands.
3. In the past we could always rely on you to maintain an aura of peace and serenity in the CPO Quarters, but now with your new found position, we do not feel you could in all honesty "Float It".
4. We thought of asking you to leave, but knowing how much time would be wasted in the ensuing "BS" session; decided to tell you to "Get Out".
5. It is our sincere wish that you have "Smooth Sailing" in you new career, Mr. WAGNER. Good Luck.

Sincerely,

Chief Petty Officers

<i>J. W. Taylor</i>	<i>Joseph Francis O'Hara</i>	<i>James R. Jamison</i>
<i>Robert L. Banister</i>	<i>Donald W. Hogg</i>	<i>Raymond E. Coons</i>
<i>J. L. Conrad</i>	<i>D. R. Moriarty</i>	<i>Erseneo A. Ingarra</i>
<i>Michael F. Lintner</i>	<i>Theodore F. Boswell</i>	<i>Haron P. Graff</i>
<i>Charles D. Pittman</i>	<i>William O. King</i>	<i>Harold C. Pope</i>
<i>John W. Stoffel</i>	<i>Maurice M. Godfrey</i>	<i>Theodore J. Zernhelt, Jr.</i>

Mark Bedilion

I have read about the reunion, but I can not make it this year. I was the Ship's only SK3 from 1982-1986 when the SK4 took an assignment in Europe soon after I got aboard! It was fun and quite an experience, but we won many "E" awards while I was on board

Hal Clark

Hi Ray, It sure was fun at the reunion! It was great to see you and the others again. I just received an e-mail from shipmate John DeWitt who was on the boat in San Diego. He has a website with some Haddo pictures on it and it would be good to post the site in the newsletter. His site is: <http://www.johndewitt.com/ssn604>. Thanks Ray. Best regards and smooth sailing to you, Hal (Harold) Clark

Steven Clary

Hi Ray, my name is Steven Clary and I'm currently on active duty in the US Coast Guard and would like to purchase some items for my father for Christmas. He served a tour on the SSN Haddo back in the late 60s. I'm interested in a blue hat, coffee mug, and submarine service sticker, and possibly a plaque. I will have to attempt to secretly get the info from my mother as to the exact dates to be engraved. His name was ET2 Arnold Glenn Clary. Thanks. Steven ET1 Steven Clary

Since Christmas is over I'm sure the cat is out of the bag. Since I am out of those items, with the exception of the plaques, I directed Steven to the Submarine Store. I hope he was able to get what he wanted since I have not heard back from him.

Dan Cooper

Dear Ray, Thanks for all your help in getting to the reunion. And, especially, thank you four the superb picture of Haddo. It is now hanging in my office in Washington. It was most thoughtful of you to give it to me and I am most appreciative.

Sorry for the delay in writing but I can think of no excuse which is appropriate. It is important to note I returned to the correct airport alone the next morning – very early. Thanks again – hello to Susie. Sincerely, Dan Cooper

Don Cronin

Ray, Just rereading the May Haddo Newsletter and realized you had the wrong e-mail address. I was on Haddo 1970-71 as QM1(SS). Went on to make chief and LDO and retired in 1991 as LCDR with 28 years. Later became a South Carolina cop and retired in 2004 as Chief of Police and Director of Public Safety at the College of Charleston. Retirement is great.

Thanks for a great newsletter, I always enjoy reading it. Will send you a check to help with the costs. Regards, Don Cronin

Pat McGovern

Hi Ray – Enclosed is a donation for the newsletter and I want to thank you for keeping it going. I will see you in Branson. I have to represent the original QM Gang since (Matey) Brian Levegard is ill and is too weak to make the trip. Dale Liggett's wife is ill, so he wont make it. Ken Pitman is a possibility and Zernhelt is unknown. I can't wait to see some new faces in Branson that have missed our other reunions. I hope Jolly, Graff, and Farro show up.

I heard from Dick Noble that Tiny Tim will be in Branson. I hope he brings his banjo. His old boss, Lintner, I'm sure will listen. I talked to Lou Slaughter a few years ago and he said he would be there. He had a heart transplant and got an 18-year old's heart. His house burnt down and he moved to senior housing in Philly.

I had a wonderful career with the Illinois State Police (30 yrs) and Associate Professor at a Junior College (25 yrs). I built a couple homes and invested wisely. A lot different than the \$80 a month I got when I joined the Navy in '57 and more than the \$550 a month with 10 years in (thank God for Sub Pay). But the experience I gained and the quality of people I was around can't be bought. Captain Jack and Walt Sullivan set the tone and leadership for the Haddo and it reflects in the amount of Command Officers who came off the Boat. May God bless and protect their families for all they have done, leading and looking out for us. Respectfully, Seabag – Pat McGovern Plankowner 1963 - 1967

Ed Mox

Ray, I finally bought a computer. I hope all is well with you and your wife, Susie. Have you decided to go on line with the news letter rather than mail them out? That would be fine with me if you are looking for a vote. I'm looking forward to seeing you in October. It has been 38 years since we last talked in person. By the way, Baker has passed away, several years ago. Dave Hottenstein would have the details. I believe he had Sugar Diabetes. He was the guy who went on a diet one patrol. The guys kept cutting a little off his webb belt every so often, and he kept weighting himself and couldn't figure out why the scales showed weight loss but his belt was so tight. Looking forward to seeing you and many others in Oct. Ed Mox

Ken Pitman

Ray, I've changed my e-mail address. So, how did the reunion go? I e-mailed Pat McGovern but he didn't get back to me. I just wasn't able to make it. I do plan on the next one; when? and where? Hope all of your holidays went well. Got Snow? Ken

Jack Taylor

Dear Ray, For a long time I have been meaning to send you're a few dollars and to thank you for the fine job you are doing with the newsletter. I have really enjoyed reading them. Great work!!! I have been totally out of touch with anyone from the Haddo for many years and I am really looking forward to this reunion. Sincerely, Jack Taylor

Geoff Warnock

Hello Ray!! I know you won't get this for quite some time, but I have been trying to update my email address with Hal & Liz a halnliz@jps.net (address given in the newsletter). When I send an email to that address, I get back 'User Unknown'. I will try to email anyone else I see that may be handling email addresses, but I would like to get on the email list for the newsletter. I will NOT be at Branson this year – hope you guys all have a GREAT time!!!! See ya around the pond shipmate. Geoff Warnock

USS Haddo Newsletter Roster

(Blue indicates Lost Contact and will be deleted from next roster)

(Red indicates new/ change since the last newsletter)

Robert Aboud
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Lance Andretta

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Thomas Bichsel

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Dale DeCoursey dale.decoursey@verizon.net	Timothy France rtfrance@aol.com	Frank Hausen	Will Jordan nrotcco@purdue.edu
Anthony DeNicola tonyjudydenicola@earthlink.net	Bill Frantz	James Hay	Governor C. Joy
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Rick DiSalvo rjdisalvo@aol.com	Barry Friedel odax@msn.com	Mrs. Ola F. Heflin olie.heflin@charter.net	Dave Kittelson ealk@yahoo.com
Ken Ditto	John Frye	Clifford Herbst cliff@stapletonco.com	Mark Kirkner
Alfred (Al) H. Dow	Jeff Funkhouser	James Higgins	Arthur Kneuer akneuer@aol.com
George Dreyer gdreyer@dmv.com	William Galvin	William Hildebrandt bhild8@adelphia.net	Don Koeppen
Ken Dundon kdundon@kjdundon.net	Michael Gann mgann@nycap.rr.com	Dick Hillman rhillman@adelphia.net	Larry Krause
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Terry Elkins bubz46@yahoo.com	Steven Genstil	Ron James	Brian C. Levgard matey604@sbcglobal.net
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	Walt Grant	Norm Johnson johnson@ca.metsci.com	Jerry Lundquist
	Skip Greiner skipgrei@cox.net	Wayne L. Johnston wayne65@tiadon.com	

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Ed Polz

Neil Poole

Allan Precht

Frank Prochazka

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Stephen Sass

Fred Schiemann, Jr.

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Jon Spencer

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Mike Sposeto

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Doyle Stevenson

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Gary True

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Kipp Van Aken

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Frank Wise
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Ted Zernhelt

Mike Zielinski

Keith Zimmer
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Mike Teberg wants to
take your picture at the
NEXT REUNION