



USS HADDO NEWSLETTER



Volume 2 Issue 36 March 2008

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FROM THE EDITOR

Okay, so I didn't make my arbitrary February issue date: but I haven't gotten any content from you guys either. I ask and ask and ask. One time I even got down on my knees and begged, but you'll have to take my wife's word for that.

I know it's not convenient to sit down at the computer and dredge up some of those old memories, convert them into a written expression, and then send them off to me. Maybe you think that nobody else will care about your memories, or maybe you worry that some of those memories aren't accurate anymore and someone will call you on it. Or, maybe, it just isn't fun anymore, remembering days gone by. I know, for me, my forty-five year-old memories have blurred into emotional feelings. I feel like I have a load of memories from those pre- and post-commissioning days aboard Haddo, but when I try to grab hold of them they're as elusive as a snow flake in a blizzard (yes, it really is snowing outside right now).

The problem I am having is that we have over 250 Haddo shipmates on our newsletter roster and I can't keep the newsletter interesting for all of you without input from you. So, my conclusion is – we need someone new (and probably younger) to breath new life and interest into this newsletter. This particular newsletter ends a ten-year tour of duty for me and it is probably time to go to shore duty (or in Susie's words, Home duty). If you feel moved to take on the challenge, please contact me.

If you aren't moved in that direction, send me some fodder for this rag. It can start out as "Once Upon A Time" or the more familiar "Now This Aint No Shit". Just don't give away any top military secrets (personal or otherwise).

NEXT HADDO REUNION

The next Haddo reunion will be in the fall of 2009 at San Diego, CA. About the only firm detail that I have right now is who is going to host that reunion.

Kurt Greiner and **Robert Aboud** have taken the helm and are off and running. They both live in the San Diego area and I'm confident that they will put together a spectacular event. If you have ideas, suggestions, or an urge to help, contact them:

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Start planning now! If you have not made any of the other three reunions, there are shipmates that you could have visited with that you will never be able to see again. I can't tell you how glad I am that I was able to tell Jim Jamison, at our 2003 reunion, how much of an influence he has had on my life. Don't let another reunion slip by without re-connecting with some old shipmates.

THANKS

Once again, I would like to thank all of you that are getting this newsletter via e-mail. This has really cut down my expenses and printing, stuffing, and mailing efforts. Susie thanks you too!

I never thought of this before, but maybe the reason I have stopped getting input from you guys is that I have

never given thanks to those who have sent me stories. So, I would like to give a very big THANK YOU to the following shipmates that in the last ten years have taken the time to clear the cobwebs and turn those memories into words, sentences, and paragraphs, that others could read and turn back into mental pictures.

John Balogh, Ken Brenner, Dan Cartwright, Hal Clark, William Cook, Tony DeNicola, Mike Gary, Ron Graff, Dick Gill, Carl Haines (with Billy Foster), Dave Hinkle, Mike Lintner, Dick Noble, Joe O'Hara, Joe Rustin, Chris Seebold, Al Vibranz, Fernly Wagner, and Geoff Warnock.

And not to leave out those scores of you who have sent e-mails with mini-memories or just plain information to keep the Haddo family updated. I thank you too.

Another big Thank You goes to those who have helped with the finances of getting this newsletter out to everyone. Thanks!!

**Paul Callahan, Mike Lintner,
Dick Noble,**

And thanks to those bashful ones who asked to remain anonymous.

FROM THE CREW

Lou Storm has some thoughts on our next reunion:

In our last newsletter, Lou Storm had suggested starting up a “*Scholarship Fun*” to help get some shipmates to the reunions who may not be able to attend due to finances. Of course, guidelines would have to be developed, a scholarship committee formed, and someone to lead the effort. If you have any Ideas about this, contact Lou. Being a CPA, Lou is confident that applications and decisions could be kept in complete confidence.

Some Fading Memories:

by: Ray butters

Dick Noble was a very good technician, but he had a habit the simply irritated me. Instead of holding the whole roll of solder to do a soldering job, he would pull off a long strand; 18 inches or so. As you might expect, he would only use maybe a quarter of an inch off of that long strand for the solder job. Well, after one of these solder jobs, I had assumed the sonar watch and saw that Dick had left his unused strand of solder on the BQQ-3 desk top. Being sort of a neat-nik about these kinds of things, I coiled that strand of solder around a pencil and then set the coil back on the desk top.

Later, I was cleaning my fingernails with my handy TL-29 when Dick came into the sonar room and sat down in front of the BQQ-3. As we were talking, me still cleaning my fingernails, Dick picked up that coil of solder, stretched it out between his hands, and started twirling it like a couple kids twirling a jump-rope waiting for the third kid to run in and start jumping.

You know how sometimes you do something spontaneously and after you do it you have no idea why you did it? Well, when Dick started spinning that solder, I made a slice at it with my TL-29. I meant to cut it in half. But I didn't count on Dick's involuntary reflexes to move his hand right into the path of my slicing blade. The first thing that registered in my mind was the thud of my knife's blade contacting the bone in Dick's finger. The next thing that went through my mind was 'why in the hell did I do that'.

The corpsman sewed up Dick's finger; fortunately nothing serious was damaged. The corpsman spoke with me later, in a confidential voice, saying that he wasn't going to make out an Incident Report.

Douglas Foncree was our leading Chief when we went to the Med. When we pulled into Naples, Italy, and Doug found out I was hitting the beach, he asked if I would pick up some hair cream for him. Doug had more important things to do on liberty than shop for toiletries. So, being the person I am, I wanted to get him some special hair cream. It took me a while, partly due to the language barrier, and partly due to what I was looking for. But, I finally bought a tube of diaphragm gel. Of course, the label was in Italian so Doug never knew what it was. He just thought it was really great stuff.

He never knew what it was until we where pulling into Charleston. Doug was in the head cleaning up getting ready for liberty. His stuff was lying on the sink and Chief Ingarra noticed the tube of gel. Naturally, this caused a chuckle from Ingarra, who speaks fluent Italian, which caused Foncree to question the source of this humor. When Ingarra told him what was in the tube, Doug when ballistic. After he re-washed his hair, he came looking for me. To this day, I still can't understand why he was so pissed.

I think it was in St. Thomas where I lost my wallet. Lance Andretta had just pulled me out of a bar that kept me from making an ass of myself with my division officer, and we were walking on the beach headed for our pier. There was a small rowboat lying on it's gunwales on the beach and Lance decided to right it and get underway. During Lance's struggle to get this craft waterborne, I tried to return his earlier favor to me by

talking him out of this criminal action. By the time Andretta got the boat into the water, a couple other shipmates showed up (I think one was Mike Fridley). Shortly there after the cops showed up, yelling Italian commands, threats, and who knows what else. I was trying to talk to them, in broken English of course for better comprehension, trying to calm them down. They agreed that they wouldn't take any action if Andretta would just put the boat back where he got it. After lots of yelling on our part, we finally got Lance to bring the boat back; we got it in place and headed for the pier where home-away-from-home awaited.

Oh, yeah, my wallet. Here is another one of those stupid decisions that I made for which I will never be able to support with rational thought. I think it was based on something said between the four of us as we were walking down the pier, but for what ever reason, I decided to jump over the side of the pier into the water. I really hadn't planned on going into the water though. There were some pipes that ran down the under side of the pier and I was going to grab a hold of them. After the joke was over, I would just climb back up onto the pier. Well, Mike Fridley became heroic and jumped over the side to save me. When he surfaced and saw my feet dangling a foot or so above the water, I guess he decided that the only way he could save me was to pull me down into the water.

Somehow, we both go out of the water and all four of us finally made it to the boat and into bed (not the same bed of course – how could you even think of that?).

Anyway, the next day I notice my wallet was gone. Typical of those days, I would tuck one side of the fold of my wallet between me and the waist band of my 'thirteen button' dress blues, and the other half would dangle between the outside of my pants and my jumper. If you can remember that far back, that monkey suit didn't have pockets that would hold more than an ID card. Since, carrying a wallet like this is less secure than snugly tucked into a pocket, I figured I lost it in the water. Therefore, I walked down the pier looking over the side to see if I could find it. There was probably at least a fifty-foot visibility in the water, so I felt confident that if it was there I would see it. And I did.

I figured it was in about thirty feet of water, so I got mask, snorkel, and flippers out of the Man Overboard Bag, and embarked on my wallet recovery mission.

At about ten or fifteen feet, my right ear was in pain and I couldn't clear the pressure. I had to descend slowly in order to keep ahead of the pressure. My slow descent, however, would only get me to about twenty feet before I ran out of air. I must have gotten down to twenty feet

about four times and had to return to the surface for air. In the midst of my frustration, I decided – Damn the pain; I'm going to get my wallet. So I pushed. I had one hand over my ear trying to hold back the pain and the other hand stretch out in front of me reaching for my wallet. I was within inches. My arm stretch as far as I could reach, my finger tips almost there, and that's when I recognized it. It wasn't my wallet after all. It was the black developer paper that you rip off the back of a Polaroid picture.

I didn't find my wallet, but because I told the cop that I had lost my wallet 'overseas' and hadn't yet had time to get another one, I got out of a speeding ticket shortly after we got back to Charleston.

ROSTER UPDATE

Roster Changes: We've lost contact with a couple shipmates and several have new addresses. We also have a bunch of bad e-mail addresses. As usual, losses are in **blue** and changes are in **red**.

Taps: We have two other heartfelt losses. These are permanent losses from our roster, but definitely not from our memories.

James Richard (Jim) Jamison, 72 Passed away Friday, November 23, 2007. Jim retired from the Navy in 1973, after 20 years, as a Senior Chief Sonar Technician in the submarine service. Jim put the USS Haddo in commission. Survivors include sons, Craig Jamison and wife Sara, Edward Jamison and wife Emily; grandchildren Kymberly, Taylor and Hayden; brothers, Joe Ben and wife Joyce Ann, Jerry and wife Sandra, and Charles and wife Gay. Funeral services were held Monday, November 26, followed by an interment with military honors.

Theodore (Ted) Zernhelt: (from Ted's son-in-law) It is my sad duty to inform you that my father-in-law, Ted Zernhelt, passed away Thursday morning, 13 December. He died peacefully in a hospice house, surrounded by his loving family of pancreatic cancer. I know that the HADDO was very important to him, and that he would want me to let those who served with him know. A military funeral service was held Tuesday, 18 December at O'Donnell's funeral home in Allentown Pennsylvania. He is survived by his wife of 60 years, Gloria, 10 children, 24 grandchildren, and many great-grandchildren (we're still trying to count them all). David A. Banko - dab6@rcn.com

MISCELLANEOUS

From an article in the *Hartford Courant* newspaper, dated Friday, June 29, 1973, sent to me from Dick Noble. Some of you may remember this.

STONINGTON - "The Navy doesn't have squatter's rights on Long Island Sound," said two irate lobster fishermen Thursday after they took on the 550-foot submarine USS Haddo and forced her to surface because she tore through their fishing equipment.

Joseph F. Rendeiro and Douglas Riley, both of Stonington, challenged the gray leviathan Tuesday afternoon when Riley spotted the Haddo periscope cruising among his lobster pots and buoys.

When Riley, aboard his 34-foot **Donna R**, couldn't make it get out of the area, he radioed his friend Rendeiro aboard his 39-foot **Quiambaug Queen**, who raced to the scene.

The two ran parallel to the sub gesturing toward the periscope. "Between the two of us you could have dropped a bucket down the thing," said Rendeiro.

Both gave the periscope the thumbs up sign, meaning it should surface.

Periscope Stares

The periscope would first turn to look at Rendeiro, then at Riley, and back again. For about an hour, starting at 1 p.m., the huge vessel refused to budge or surface.

The two fishermen grew madder. The Haddo would travel back and forth and they would follow close enough to touch the periscope.

After an hour, the two fishermen stopped and looked west about a quarter mile and saw the vessel slowly surfacing about a mile north of Gull Island off the eastern end of Long Island.

A few men came out on the sail (conning tower). "Don't you know you're running through our lobster pots?" the two fishermen shouted. Riley came alongside the Haddo. But the submariners refused to talk to the lobstermen. One man had a number 604 on his cap, later identified as the Haddo.

Exchange Formalities

"You're worse than the Russians," yelled Riley.

The man with the 604 cap gave them a wave and turned his binoculars elsewhere.

"We figured we had a piece of information with the 604," said Rendeiro, so after a brief conference with

Riley they decided to head to Noank where they deliver fresh lobster to Abbott's Lobster Restaurant.

Ernie Abbott listened. Rendeiro estimated his losses at about \$280 and Riley placed his losses at 12 trawls, including pots, lines and buoys.

Abbott obtained the name of the admiral in charge of the flotilla and the name of the vessel skipper, Cmdr. Richard H. Scales, from the sub base. That's all he could get.

Several phone calls and one day later they reached "someone of importance" the legal officer at the base.

He sounded unconvinced," said Rendeiro. "We told him we wouldn't forget it and we were really shook."

The legal officer called back Wednesday night to say he had been in touch with an admiral and wanted to explain how to claim damages.

"You can put a price on your equipment, but who can put a price on the earning capacity of those pots," said Rendeiro.

Rendeiro, who usually fishes in the Block Island area but decided to try the Race this year, said Thursday the Haddo lobster incident was not an isolated case.

Wednesday there were two more submarines in the area, marked on the charts as a submarine operating spot, he said. Old-timers had an agreement that the Navy would stay out of the area during the summer lobstering season.

Meanwhile, the submarine base announced that the alleged damage was being investigated and the fishermen would be invited to meet with officers of Submarine Flotilla Two. No date was set.

Rendeiro has a solution to the lobster-submarine conflict.

"Why don't they build themselves a great big pool at the submarine base," he said.

MAIL SACK

Bill Byrum

To all: It appears someone has stolen my email account and is using it to spam the world. It seems the only way to resolve the problem is to create a new email account. My new email account is: byrumchp@charter.net. Please update my address in your information.

Jack Garrison

Ray, I was saddened to see in the November Newsletter the passing of Fred Schiemann, Jr. Fred was an Electrician in my gang while I was LPO of E Division. I worked with Fred at Three Mile Island after we both were discharged. I doubt that most people know it but Fred was the Control Room supervisor on duty at Three Mile Island Unit 2 the night of the accident. Fred was out of the Control Room working on a problem with the Condensate Polishing Units when the plant tripped and started a series of events that lead to the now famous "TMI Accident". Months of hearings and interrogations took their toll on Fred and I watched as he slipped professionally. Fred had become a contracted training instructor for the nuclear industry and when I last spoke to him (approximately 2 years ago) he seemed to be doing fine. If anyone knows the details of his passing, would they please share them with me?

I have one sea story to relate about Fred. Harold Clark will remember this perfectly. Haddo was preparing for deployment to the Med for an extended period. I had a medical problem that was going to require surgery and was unable to make ship's movement. Lt Mike Harrison, E Div Officer, was furious. He called the hospital at Newport, RI and confirmed with my doctor. Fred was the senior EM2 and was assigned as LPO in my absence. I had my surgery and caught up with the Haddo in Rota, Spain. Harold and the other electricians were so excited that I was back. They said Fred was a terrible "slave master". He actually made them clean the battery well!! Of course, Fred had a different opinion. Fred's only advice to me was "watch out for the guys with the machine guns at the local bars." Rest in peace Fred. Jack Garrison, EM1, 1969 - 1973

Harold Clark

Thanks Jack for reliving that for me. You made my day-- heck you made my month with that story. Remember we used to call him the human skull because he lived off cokes and snicker bars at sea? He hated navy chow and would subsist on cokes until he wasted away to nothing. Hence, the "human skull" look. -- Harold

Andy Little

Ray, I served on the good ship USS HADDO from 1978 to 1980, and was on board during the West Pac that included Auckland New Zealand. She was a great boat, and my memories of those days are full of fun times. I was a Nuc MM, and when we were in Chinhae, South Korea the diesel generator cracked a liner. I had recently completed Engineman "C" school and was pulled off the watch bill aft to work with A Gang to repair the diesel! What a job - but we got her fixed and snorkeling before my Nuc buddies could lynch us!!! Anyway, add me to your mailing list if you are still putting one out. Thanks, Andy Little

Dennis Panek

Ray I live in S.D. and we're looking forward to the reunion.

We travel a lot but we might be able to help. We are travel agents and we could help with travel. Our site is WWW.tripsynergy.com. Check it out pass on to others. Thanks for news letters. Respectfully Dennis Panek

Mike 'Chingas' (I forget his last name)

Just a short note to let you know that we will be going 'Deep' on 26 Feb 2008. As you know I cannot let you know when we will surface. It is not my call; it's ComBernieBanderaTex who give the orders as you all know. Yes we have sold the single wide. They box us up Thursday and loadout Friday and we will be in the Submersible (RV fifth wheel) till we get our new home in. We will be up on voice comms about three days after we submerge, but still have passive (Sat Dish) so will be able to see what the nation is doing. Bernie is very excited; it is the closest I can get her to Camp. Had the RV serviced and all systems tested Sat. So, my friends, keep us in your prayers, as we do you always.

Also, Bernie used her charm and got a Jeep Commander. God I do not know how she does it. It has three rows of seats; she sits in back and lets me drive her around. Like driving miss Bernie - not really - but most of you think she is in charge when you really know who is: THE CHIEF. We'll let you know when we come up. Mike (Chingas)

USS Haddo Newsletter Roster

*For addresses, please contact the Web Master or Ray Butters
(Blue indicates Lost Contact and will be deleted from next roster)
(Red indicates new/ change since the last newsletter)*

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