



USS HADDO NEWSLETTER



Editor – Edwin Hergert **Volume 3** **Issue 46** **April 2013** Phone: (480)814-7339
Send Submissions to: ehergert@cox.net

From the Editor:

Submitted by Jack Ferguson (Forwarded by Jack Hester USS Snook SSN 592)

People sleep peaceably in their beds at night only because rough men stand ready to do violence on their behalf. --Eric Arthur Blair (who also wrote under the pseudonym George Orwell). On-board Scorpion 18:20:44 GMT till 18:42:34 GMT had to be 22 minutes of the worst hell any of us can imagine. God Rest the souls of all who made the final dive of the 589 Boat. May they all rest in peace...

Why the Scorpion (SSN-589) Was Lost on 22 May 1968 (only those on board really know).

When the US nuclear submarine Scorpion was lost in the east central Atlantic on 22 May 1968, the event produced a series of acoustic signals detected by underwater sensors on both sides of the Atlantic. By comparing the detection times of these signals, the position of the Scorpion was determined. That position provided the basis for the search that identified the Scorpion wreckage.

The first reanalysis of these acoustic signals in 40-years, in combination with conclusions drawn in 1970 by the Scorpion Structural Analysis Group (SAG), has provided the following new information:

- The initiating events that caused the loss of Scorpion were two explosions with an energy yield of not more than 20-lbs of TNT each. These explosions, which occurred one-half second apart at 18:20:44 Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) on the 22 May 1968, were contained within the Scorpion pressure-hull,
- Based on the examination and microscopic, spectrographic and X-ray diffraction analysis of a section of the Scorpion TLX-53-A main storage battery cover recovered by the U.S. submersible, Trieste-II, the SAG determined the battery exploded before flooding of the battery well occurred.
- Collectively, the acoustic data and the physical evidence confirm Scorpion was lost because of two explosions that involved the ignition of hydrogen out gassed by the battery, i.e., these explosions were the initiating events responsible for the loss of Scorpion.
- These explosive events prevented the crew from maintaining depth-control. The Scorpion pressure-hull and all internal compartments collapsed in 0.112-seconds at 18:42:34 GMT on 22 May 1968 at a depth of 1530-feet. The energy yield of that event was equal to

the explosion of 13,200 lbs of TNT, the essentially instantaneous conversion of potential energy (680 psi sea pressure) to kinetic energy, the motion of the water-ram which entered the pressure-hull at supersonic velocity.

- The more than 15 acoustic events that occurred during the 199-second period following pressure-hull collapse were produced by the collapse of more pressure-resistant structures, including the six torpedo tubes, within the wreckage.
- Reanalysis of the acoustic data also confirmed:
 - (1) Scorpion did not reverse course to deal with a torpedo conjectured to have become active in its launch tube;
 - (2), there were no acoustic detections of either a torpedo or any other naval surface ship or submarine when Scorpion was lost,
 - (3), there were no explosive events external to the Scorpion pressure-hull.

Haddo 604 Memories

A little known incident
Kurtis Engle

I was on the passive stack holding a dozen close contacts ranging from trawlers to cruisers when Senior Chief Shankland leaned over close to my headset and said, "Stay on the submarine." I said, a bit louder, "Stay on the submarine, aye." and swung around to pick him up. Chief Shankland turned on the paper trace signal analyzer and 1" tape recorder. We already had the guy's class, now we were going to read his hull number and survey his machinery for Nastypac.

A few minutes of quiet study later I picked up a transient. "Rackety-rackety-rackety bam". This is what we in the sonar shack call 'important information'. It is fortunate to be looking at a fellow who does this. I sang out, "We have a torpedo tube door!" intending everyone in the shack heard me, headsets or no. There next came the sound of a ten ton toilet.

I sang out "We have a water slug!" As I finished speaking came a sound similar to, "Bwwawaaarrinnngggggg!" I sang out, loud this time, "HIGH SPEED SCREWS!! Torpedo in the water; bearing

286!" Chief Shankland took a moment to give the Conn what everyone in the Ops Compartment had just heard, then leaned over and said, "Give me continuous reports." I answered, just slightly louder than him, said aye and began to sing a salty old song as Battle Stations ran through the boat.

"Bearing... mark! 286!" I swung a few degrees left, then past the weapon, counting one

torpedo, then left again to center up. "Bearing... mark! 286!" I swung left, right, left.

"Bearing... mark! 286!" Left, right, left. "Bearing... mark! 286!" Left, right, left.

"Bearing... mark! 286!" Left, right, left. "Bearing... mark! 286!" Left, right, left.

"Bearing... mark! 286!" Left, right, left. "Bearing... mark! 286!" Left, right, left.

"Bearing... mark! 286!" Left, right, left. "Bearing... mark! 286!"

At this point I began to become concerned. Seafarers are a superstitious lot and submariners are seafarers, just a bit lower than most. It is thought bad luck to repeatedly call the same bearing on an incoming weapon. If anything bad happened, I was pretty sure I was going to hear about it. I wasn't looking forward to it. So I was motivated, and pleased to be able to report anything else. "Bearing... mark! 286 and a half!" My next report was 287. So I did call a half bearing. The Fire Control boys took it and ran, and as I was reporting 288, they were reporting our life expectancy.

Of course, that isn't all that was up. The Conn Officer ordered, "Left standard rudder, ahead flank, watch your bubble, Sound Battle Stations." The Stern planes-man repeated his order to put the rudder over while the Sail planes-man interrupted, then rang a Flank Bell and reported, "Engine room answers Ahead Flank, Sir." In the engine room the watch spun everything to the stops. This dropped the pressure in the secondary loop. That kicked the circulation pumps into high. The Reactor Control Operator pulled the rods all the way out. The temperature in the Primary Loop jumped, despite the high volume of coolant. The secondary loop climbed back up to 600 pounds, even though it was wide open. Steam blessed the Main Turbines. The Turbines changed force into force and applied it to the Reduction Gears. The Reduction Gears traded RPMs for Torque and blessed the Shaft. The Shaft carried 15,000 horsepower outside and passed it to the Screw. The Screw did not apply all of that power to the water. I was in the best position to hear all that extra power. It was in my way.

USS Haddo weighed 4,300 tons at neutral buoyancy. Applying maximum power at minimum speed has the same effect as on any other powerful vehicle. Slippage. On a sports car, the wheels spin. It is similar but different aboard ship and different again aboard a submarine, but not so much physically as practically. The flukes of a screw resemble an airplane wing and work the same way. Moving through a fluid medium each creates a differential of pressure. An airplane wing creates a low pressure zone on top, lifting the aircraft. A screw creates a low pressure zone in front, pulling the boat. When the pressure in front is reduced below the

vapor pressure of the water, bubbles form. This is called cavitation. All of the power the screw is not able to put into the water as thrust is absorbed making air. So, the more power, the more bubbles. The more bubbles, the more noise. This was the point behind ringing a Flank Bell.

I heard the rush of steam hitting the Turbines. I heard the Gears winding up. Most of all I heard the screw react to sudden power. Sailors often imagine their ship has something within resembling life and personality. It is occasions as this that drive such legend. I heard Haddo suddenly draw sharp breath across edged teeth. I heard start a muttering rumble from deep in her guts. I heard it steadily rise in gathering animal fury. I heard the water about the screw being torn to shreds in a simultaneous howl and shriek. It seemed to me Haddo was a little ticked off to see some dumb bastard sic a torpedo on her. I am sure the guys on the stack of that Soviet Nuke were able to hear it, though their torpedo was right in the way. I doubt many of the Soviet ships topside missed that part of the show. There was nothing subtle about it.

As Haddo swung round in a low speed high power turn, she laid a solid wall of bubbles between her and that weapon, 200 feet down. Twenty pounds of "alka-seltzer" was thrown into the middle of it. This made an excellent active and passive sonar target. I followed the weapon around behind us, through the baffles and out the other side, calling a fresh bearing every two seconds. Haddo centered her rudder and began to pick up speed, clawing for sea room and life. As we passed about twenty knots, flow noise covered everything in white sound and I had to report loss of contact. It was break time. When Haddo began her characteristic 28 knot gallop, the Fire Control team started to count down from thirty. As they passed ten, Commander Rouse got on the 1MC and sang another classic submarine hymn, "Rig for angles and dangles, rig for deep submergence, rig for silent running." With that, he put the nose down twenty degrees and ordered left standard rudder. Haddo dove through the layer and through the looking glass. For all intents, she simply vanished.

Suddenly there was a terrible crash. Startled, that I wasn't dead, I looked to my right seat man, T.N.T., who smiled and said, "Wait for it", one finger extended. The door opened, shut again. Schue was on the case. With everything under control, I pulled out a smoke and Chief Shankland lit it. I gather I did ok. I thanked him, and relaxed. Y'know! In the middle of battle. Above maximum speed, and pointed down. (With a brand new stern planes ram) A moment later Haddo flattened out at 1200 feet at some incredible speed headed back the way she had come ---> straight toward that weapon... and it's owner ...save for water over the hull, as quiet as a black cat that isn't in the dark. In another moment Schue was back with fresh coffee all around and news. Good and bad. We voted bad news first and learned half the dishes were in pieces on the galley deck. (Battle Damage) There was more bad news; E-4 and below would be emptying the pantry later to get at the replacements. That meant me. I knew there would be risk. But it always comes as a shock. The good news

turned out to be that Wild Worm had escaped the soup, which had tried to jump him when his back was turned. We agreed the good news outweighed the bad and continued our coffee, cigarette and bull session while passing under a torpedo rapidly attacking bubbles 1000 feet above. Such are the rigors of battle aboard a Nuke.

About the time we were crushing our cigarettes, Commander Rouse pulled the reins, bringing us to 800 feet and slowing to about 15 knots. So I could hear again. Yeah. The Captain does stuff like this for me, all the time. (Author buffs his nails, examines them) I looked down a bearing Fire Control provided, and there was Ivan. Six seconds later I reported his turn count. Ivan was at three knots. He had not changed course or speed. That is pretty amateurish. Our Fire Control Solution was still good. We could have launched on him right then and there. But we were not amateurs. We were American Sailors under fire in peacetime in the middle of a Soviet Task Force conducting a missile exercise we were there to see. If we had fired on Ivan, we would not complete our mission. On top of that, we would probably start a shooting match that might go nuclear and would be difficult to imagine turning out well for Haddo, even on a scale of minutes. Not wanting to kill everyone on Earth and also wanting to complete the mission and get home alive sort of narrows down ones options. As little love shared between me and The Captain, I do have to admit he knows how to drive. Without changing course Haddo passed 250 yards astern of Ivan 200 yards below. At 800 feet we could use full power on the sonar and on order; Thomas N. Trask smacked Ivan with 200,000 watts for 1 and a hundredth seconds.

This is the submarine equivalent of putting the rambunctious soup pot over Porky Pigs' head and whacking it with the spoon. Whoever was on Ivan's stacks were deaf, perhaps forever. Ivan's fuses were blown, if not his resistors. Ivan was blind what would be for several long minutes. Ivan knew we were at arms length, too close to even shoot, and that it was not accidental. Torpedo arming distance is 600 yards. So even if they did launch and even if that weapon did hit us, which would be just fantastic luck, it would not explode. And Ivan knew that we had just come from WAAAAAYYYYY over there, so we had speed. Ivan was out of options and totally dependent on mercy. The only way to get it was tip his hat. Flank Out. The alternative was get rammed. The first twenty-five feet of USS Haddo was a steel dome and a spherical sonar array, Tough, yet Expendable. Then there's a bulkhead that can stand a theoretical 1950 feet of sea pressure, over 850 pounds per square inch. The sail is completely expendable pressure hull. But we only needed to knock his screw off to make him surface if he can. In his best move of the day, Ivan tipped his hat. I tracked him all the way back to Vladivostok, two hours and sixty miles away. Later that day Haddo watched the fancy new Soviet anti-ship missile miss a stationary barge mounted with radar reflectors. Haddo promptly reported same. Mission accomplished.

Ivan had lost the battle of firepower, lost the battle of maneuver, lost the battle of inertia, lost the

battle of technology, and then lost a state secret. To a naval tactic that reached its apogee at Salamis, under Thucydides, 480 years before the one we call, ...one. Considering the number and types of Soviet vessels present, it seems to me, and I did have a good view, it could and perhaps should be said that Commander Rouse took on The Soviet Far East Squadron knowing he couldn't shoot and that they already had. Armed with no more than his experience and a nuclear powered club, he beat them up. And then he took their stuff. Considering that thirty years have passed it may even pass muster with the Navy to mention it?

More info on following picture:

Mark Gores EM2/SS on Haddo '85-88
Found an old picture from the westpac in '85 at a restaurant in Tokyo. From left to right a nuc, 2 cooks and an "A" ganger.



Got Names anyone?

Edwin – the A-Ganger on the far right is Orenthal Knox. How do I know this? I will never forget his name. Here's the story. I served on Haddo from May 85 – Dec 88 (along with Stephen Parnes, more later). As a more senior LT, one of my collateral duties was Quality Assurance Officer. During one maintenance period, I was reviewing and approving the completion of various SUBSAFE work packages, ensuring all the appropriate tests were performed and all the right initials and signatures were in place. In this one work package, a whole bunch of work steps were marked off "OK". As I was looking this package, I was getting pretty steamed because how could SUBSAFE procedures be marked off with "Okay" and not the proper initial or signature?! I then bolted out of my stateroom looking for someone who would identify the culprit. When I was finally directed to MM1 Knox, I was just about to chew some butt regarding his lackadaisical approach to properly completing SUBSAFE paperwork when he explained to me that the applicable sections required one's initials and "OK" were his initials! Boy, was I relieved and we both had a big laugh. Stephen (Big Lou!) - nice WESTPAC pictures. Thanks for not sharing any uncompromising pictures of me! I have plenty of pictures of that run as well, some with you in them for sure. I still remember diving with you on Guam. Yes, I too remember that ORSE on the surface (!) in-between San Francisco and San Diego. Boy did that ORSE turn out bad. And the lock down in port for what was like a 24/7 week-long field day. I still have a copy of the Squadron

10 SITREP, mentioning a DJ, strippers and the "boat from hell"! I bring it with me along with my photos when we go to the reunion in Charleston. See you and Sondra there!

Michael Kubiniec

Thanks for your work on the newsletter. Always interesting to hear the old stories.

The names on the photo you had from me are From the left Me, an MS named Smith aka Mouse, another MS named Smith, and the A ganger on the right is "O" Knox.

Thanks,
Mark Gores EM2/SS

Hi Edwin,

My name is Edwin as well. I was on the Haddo from 1982-86. This concerns the photo of the four sailors in Tokyo. I can help out on the two African-American sailors. The second one from the left was Smitty, so I am assuming his name was Smith. It has been a long time. The other one in the bottom right hand corner is Ormond Knox or "O". O was great. He was always upbeat and I'll never forget his huge smile. I loved it when he would say "Good googa mooga!" Hope that helped a little bit.

Also if anybody from my years on the boat wants to stop by and say hi, you can find me at my comic book store in San Diego. It is called Rising Sun Creations and is located at 1620 Camino de la Reina Suite D in Mission Valley at the Mission Valley Trolley station. If I'm not there, leave your info with one of the Japanese girls and I'll get back to you ASAP.

Also, if any Haddo sailors need any tax advice, I'll be more than happy to help. I will hopefully be an enrolled agent by November. It would be an honor to help out. Thanks for the newsletter and the time you put into it. Also, is there a Haddo Base in the San Diego area?

Edwin R Sherman STS2 SS DV



Edwin,

Thank you for continuing the Haddo newsletter. Since someone showed a patch, I thought I would toss out this one. She ain't pretty and we weren't allowed to wear it too many places if memory serves. I was an IC1/SS nuke, on board from 78-81.

Thanks again

Chris

Ralph - For the 50th reunion, count me and my wife, Michele in!

Perry Miller

I learned a lot from my time on the Haddo — most of it, thankfully, from the mistakes of others:

Electricity follows the path of least resistance. On a naval vessel, that's you.

Never try to ram a surfaced submarine with your kayak. If you're going to try to ram another vessel with your kayak, always wear a life jacket.

When repairing a valve meant to keep water out of the living spaces, always count your tools when you're done.

The Ballast Control Panel is the last line of defense and should never be left in the care of someone who has been rushed through submarine qualifications so that he can get a job on a tender.

Never test the Main Propulsion Engine while tied up at the pier by throwing the throttle valves all the way open. When operating in northern waters, the proper response to, "All I can see is white," is, "Down periscope; Back Emergency!"

Submarine periscopes are delicate — and fragile — instruments.

Never drink any fermented beverages brewed underway by Navy Machinist's Mates.

In an emergency, homemade raisin wine can be used as a powerful laxative.

Never look away from the deck when you're walking. It isn't always where it's supposed to be.

The "Roadrunner and Coyote" cartoons are wrong: when you walk off a cliff, you aren't suspended mid-air long enough to hold up a sign that says, "Oops!"

California, my ass. I wish they all could be Filipino girls.

From: Jeff Reinhart

To: Ralph Stroede

Subject: Re: USS Haddo Wanted List

Ralph

Yes, please add me. Highest rank was Lieutenant. Address is 12685 Overlook Mountain Dr., Charlotte, NC 28216. 704-430-7609. I recognized Finley Nunn, and the last I knew (several years ago), Finley was an engineer at Comanche Peak nuclear plant outside of Fort Worth. There were several other names I recognized, but haven't seen them or been in contact for years.

Thanks,

Jeff



USS Haddo SS 255

From Shirley Stough Horn Whose father served on the SS 255 Regarding fathers Journal.

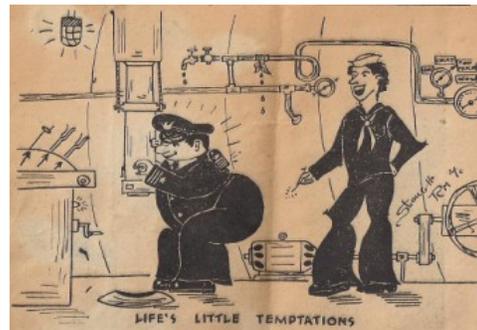
Excellent newsletter and thank you for including some of the excerpts from my dad's SS 255 journal. I found the letter from Tony Owens very interesting; I wouldn't be at all surprised if Tony's dad Cliff and my dad served together on the Haddo during WWII.

I'm hoping you will be able to download this online file which contains the photograph of my dad, Elmo L. Stough "Dancing with the One-Eyed Lady" from the US Navy magazine referred to in the current issue of the newsletter. The file is pretty big.

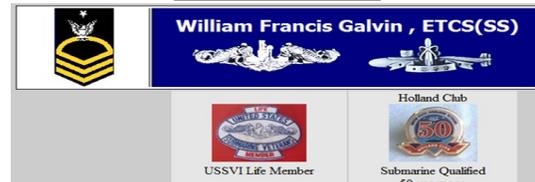
Good luck and keep up the great work.

Shirley Stough Horn
More from the Journal

This is the other magazine photo mentioned in previous newsletter.



Eternal Patrol



William Francis Galvin born Feb. 8, 1936, was called to join his Higher Power on Thursday, Oct. 18, 2012, after a long battle with cancer.

He was born to the late James and Eleanor Galvin in Jersey City, N.J., where he graduated from St.

Aloysius High School in 1953 and joined the United States Navy to become a career submarine sailor.

Willie qualified in submarines on the USS Requin (SS-481) in 1957 and was a ETCS(SS) when he left the Navy in 1977.

He was a long time resident of Newport News and very active in the 12 step community where he has helped countless people known to most as "Willie." He also had been very passionate about cycling, riding many years to support the Multiple Sclerosis Society.

He was predeceased by his son, Mark Andrew Galvin.

Willie leaves behind his beloved wife, Sandra Galvin; a devoted daughter, Cheryl Galvin; his treasured grandchildren, Patrick, Michael and Caitlin; also four very special great-grandchildren, Alexis, Nyseanah, Patrick Jr. and Cameron. He also leaves brothers, James and Walter Galvin; along with his niece, Debra Dempsey; nephews, James, Michael and Kevin Galvin.

Willie had many friends, people whose lives he touched and who touched his. Till the end he maintained his unique sense of humor, a positive attitude and outlook on the world around him; always reminding us that "God has a plan." He was deeply loved and will be sadly missed.

Dear Edwin,

It is my sad task to report that on Nov 13, 2012 my husband, Dick Byrnes (who left Haddo April 1970), died peacefully after a long illness, surrounded by his family.

Two Haddo treasurers he proudly displayed all these years is a framed set of 3 Haddo ink drawings done by W G Cummings and a 6 1/2"x4 1/2" Cigarette lighter (Yes, he sometimes used it to great amusement) engraved as follows:

TO THE BEST DAMN DIVISION OFFICER WE EVER HAD

MADDOX BUXTON
HOTTENSTEIN BURKE
BRENDL CAMP
ROEBUCK BAKER
ROEMER WEAVER
PROCHAZKA McINROY
ELAM TURNER
GARRISON

Dick loved his crew and always spoke so well of his men's intelligence and hard work. I know that crusty old sailor would have wanted me to say that.

Pat Byrnes

Cherry Hill, NJ

Today's Submarine Force



Remember how simple our dive stations were.

Are you ready to re-qualify?



Torpedo-man no more
Navy Enlisted Rating (Job) Descriptions
Machinist's Mate, Weapons (MM-WEP)

The MM-WEP is a [Machinist Mate \(MM\)](#), assigned aboard a Navy submarine, who specializes in maintenance and repair of submarine weapon systems. MM-WEPs are responsible for the shipping, unloading, loading and storage of missiles, weapons and torpedoes of all different types. They will work to coordinate and operate a variety of underwater weapons and weapons launch systems, up to and including hydraulic and compressed air launch systems. You cannot get a guarantee for this rating. You can volunteer to become a Submarine Machinist Mate, and you are assigned to either MM-AUX (Machinist Mate for submarine auxiliary equipment), or MM-WEP during the training pipeline. There are also [nuclear-trained Machinist Mates](#) aboard Navy submarines.

Submarine Electronics Computer Field (SECF)

General Info:

The Navy's Submarine Electronics / Computer Field (SECF) offers extensive training in the operation and maintenance of "Today's High Technology" advanced electronics equipment, digital systems and computers used in submarine combat control, sonar, navigation and communications systems. An individual selecting SECF will receive training in electricity, electronics, computers, digital systems, fiber optics and electronics repair.

The standards for selection for enlistment in the Navy's Submarine Electronics/Computer Field are high. Personnel interested in applying for the Submarine Electronics/ Computer Field should be seriously interested in pursuing the challenge this highly technical field offers. They must be mature, ready to take on significant responsibility and willing to apply themselves.

Job Categories.

Volunteers for the Submarine Electronics/Computer Field will specialize in one of three Submarine Ratings ([Electronics Technician – ET](#), [Fire Control Technician – FT](#), [Sonar Technician Submarines –STS](#)), working in one of four areas: combat systems, communications, navigation or underwater acoustic technologies. All three ratings/four specialty areas are heavily involved with computer and electronics systems. The combat systems specialty (FT) is responsible for all operational and

administrative aspects of the submarine's computer and control mechanisms used in weapons systems and related programs (including all Submarine LAN systems). The communications specialty (ET/RF) is responsible for all operational and administrative aspects of the submarine's radio communication equipment, systems and programs (including submarine LAN systems). The navigation specialty(ET/NAV) is responsible for all operational and administrative aspects of the submarine's navigation and radar equipment, systems and programs. The acoustic technology specialty (STS) is responsible for all operational and administrative aspects of the submarine's computer and control mechanisms used for underwater surveillance and scientific data collection. The specialty area is determined at Basic Enlisted Submarine School.

Other Emails

From: Derfler, Don
[\[mailto:Don.Derfler@daikinmcquay.com\]](mailto:Don.Derfler@daikinmcquay.com)
Sent: Wednesday, March 27, 2013 1:02 PM
To: rmnoble@hughes.net
Subject: USS Haddo

Dick, Noble, ST 1 when I came aboard as I recall;

I can still hear your voice giving the cooks a hard time saying "I ate 3 steaks and could not find a good one" and when asked how chow was your reply was "it will make a turd". To this day, I still use both of those every opportunity I get.

I have debated for years getting in touch with some of the old shipmates; I still keep in touch with a couple personally. I submitted my info as a crew member and hope to receive confirmation soon. I was there with Billy Foster & Fred Pester in "A" Gang.

"May your number of surfaces always equal your number of dives"

Thanks and regards,

Don Derfler ("Derf") MM 1 (SS) when I got out.
Technical Service Training Instructor
Daikin McQuay Learning Institute
Daikin McQuay
PO Box 2510
Staunton, VA 24402-2510
540.248.9496 (Office)
763.509.7663 (Fax)

From: r Noble [<mailto:rmnoble@hughes.net>]
Sent: Friday, March 29, 2013 5:24 PM
To: 'Derfler, Don'
Subject: RE: USS Haddo
Don,

Dick Noble here. My memory is somewhat fuzzy on remembering you, please forgive me. On another note however I would like to suggest that you may be interested in joining the USS HADDO Base in Cleveland TN. a Base within USSVI. Since you have joined USSVI the base annual dues are only \$15.00. You can send a

check to me if you want made out to the USS HADDO Base and I will forward your information to the membership Chairman. We would gladly welcome you to our Base as we have approximately 40 members from the crew as members.

My address is P.O.Box 375, Charleston TN. 37310.

I am forwarding your information to the USS HADDO Reunion Committee Chairman (Ralph Stroede) so you will be placed on the Newsletter. In addition the Crew of the Haddo will celebrate the 50th anniversary of the year it was commissioned with a reunion in Charleston SC in September 2014.

Let me hear what your intentions are if you please.

From: Ralph Stroede

Hi Don,

Would you rather have your personal email rather than your company? Please send it to me. I have added this one to the Crew List but can always change it. What years did you serve on Haddo? Will you send me your physical address and phone number so that we can add you to our Master Mailing List? We have also added you to our Newsletter list, it comes out twice a year, April and Oct. You can go on the web site and see all the old Newsletters. Would you please send Ed Hergert, our Newsletter Editor, some sea stories from your time on the Haddo, ehergert@cox.net.

I was on the Commissioning Crew and got off in Sept. 1968. I'm sorry but I don't remember you. I do know Foster, Pester and Romero. We are trying to find Foster, do have a contact with him? You can get in touch with Pester on the Crew List, he comes to the Haddo reunions. I was MM1 aft, I was Section Leader 3.

Ralph Stroede

MM1(SS)N

Plank Owner

1964-1968

USS Haddo 50th Year Reunion News

Planning is moving along nicely, but since it is still a year and a half away, we haven't been able to finalize all the plans just yet. In the last newsletter we asked you to send an email to rstroede@hughes.net if you are planning on attending, but it is not a commitment. We received several responses, but we are hopeful to receive more as a result of this newsletter to enable us to get a better feel for how many folks we will be accommodating for activities.

As a reminder:

You can make your reservations with the Radisson Hotel, Charleston Airport any time now. They request that you call them at 1-843-744-2501 – **ask for in-house reservations**, then give them our group code which is **/SMERF**. Room rates have been negotiated in advance at \$85.00 per night - with tax coming to \$97.47/night.

We have also negotiated our banquet main course selection and pricing - listed as follows:

8oz Rib-eye – \$31.00

Chicken Marsala - \$27.00

Vegetarian - \$24.00

Charleston Crab Cakes - \$32.00

These prices include tax and tip.

We hope you are all making your plans for this historic occasion. We expect to have a much more comprehensive agenda for the next newsletter in October.

Please send submissions for the News letter

To: Edwin Hergert – ehergert@cox.net

or 1440 W. Gail Dr., Chandler, AZ 85224

(480)814-7339