



USS HADDO NEWSLETTER



Editor – Edwin Hergert **Volume 5 Issue 54** April 2017 Phone: (480)814-7339
Send Submissions to: ehergert@cox.net

From the Editor:

Still need more input from the Haddo community.

Kudos to the following who did submit their stories.
Michael Lintner, Ken Brenner, Slaman Dean, Ray Butters

I am sure there are many stories left to tell and not just about Haddo, please relate your experiences with other submarines as well. Let the newsletter carry the history of you to your friends and relatives as it is important to hand down to other generations the experience of submarine service and what it was like to serve.

As of March 31 2017 I am fully retired from the work force.

Go here if you want to see many pictures of submarines.
Submitted by Bob Martin

Some pretty interesting pictures of submarines.
Enjoy!
Bob

<https://m.imgur.com/gallery/lxSb>

A document containing a narrative history submitted by Robert T. France will be included in the next letter if not sent as a second document addendum to this letter. It is a scanned document of six pages which precludes the ability to copy and paste the text.

Recommended

I received this email after last letter was posted. Since the deadline for a response has passed there is nothing we can do to help. I believe it is important to know that the government is intent on removing some of our long standing traditions.

From: Marlin Helms <marlinehelms@gmail.com>

Date: October 22, 2016 at 10:19:06 CDT

To: marlinehelms@smokymountainbase.com

Subject: Restore the Traditional Navy Rating Petition

Hi Shipmates,

Alan Syler of the USSVI Carbonero Base made me aware of this petition. I am passing it along for anyone else who may feel removing the ratings is a bad idea." For 241 Years Navy personnel have been identified by their Job specialty, known as a "Rating". The oldest rates such as Boatswain Mates, and Gunners Mate predate the founding of this country. Being known by your job title was a sense of pride. A sign of accomplishment. The Secretary of the Navy and Chief of Naval Operations just senselessly erased this tradition. One only has to visit Navy social media pages to see the disgust and outrage of current and former personnel. One by one current leadership continues to erode the very things that set the Navy apart from the other services. Mr. President, I and the others signing this petition request you use your authority to restore to our Sailors what they have earned."

<https://petitions.whitehouse.gov/petition/restore-traditional-navy-rating-specialty-titles-disestablished-9292016>

The petition requires 100,000 signatures to get a response from the White House it needs 17,056 signatures by October 30, 2016 it has 82,944 currently. Please pass this on to anyone you believe would support this effort. It may be jousting at windmills but lets not let it go out with a whimper.

Fraternally,

Marlin Helms

Smoky Mountain Submarine Veterans Base

Commander

USSVI Central Region District Five Commander

Haddo 604 Memories

"The Thousand Foot Club"

I am a member of "The Thousand Foot Club".I've been in deep waters in a nuclear sub.

Beyond the realms of where men normally go. Its an experience that only a few sailors know. With pressures exceeding what the body can stand. It takes boats made of iron and steel fortified men.

Nerves that are steady and fears that are calm. A focus on duty no matter what the alarm.

We were never to tell when, where, how fast, nor how deep. But we've been in excess of a thousand feet, [wink ;-) ;-) wink].

We've cruised the world's oceans, and sailed ore her seas. We've skimmed on the surface, and we've challenged the deep.

Yes, we've all been in deep waters in a nuclear sub. We are the members of "The Thousand Foot Club".

Daniel Cartwright.
cdcartwright, jr - 2013.
USS Haddo SSN 604, '71-72.

DOWN ON THE HADDO

Sung to the Tune "Under the Boardwalk"

1st Verse

Oh when the sun beats down and everybody's on the beach
Oh well the seaman are busy breaking heavies out and riggin' cleats
Down on the Haddo, down by the sea.
Yea beddin' down by a nuclear weapon is where I'll be.

Chorus

Down on the Haddo, we're not qualifying,
Down on the Haddo, no partakamus five,
Down on the Haddo, shaft is turning around,
Down on the Haddo, liberty don't go down
Down on the Haddo, Haddo

2nd verse

Oh when the chief of the boat is really throwin' some field days down,
And the crew would just give a weeks pay to get to go to the Crown,
Down on the Haddo, down by the sea, yea,
On the Haddo just doesn't believe in liberty.

Chorus

Down on the Haddo, working sure can get rough,

Down on the Haddo, I'm fed up with this stuff,
Down on the Haddo, with the sun in sky,
Down on the Haddo, I sure need my Bali Hai,
Down on the Haddo, Haddo

Written and played on 'Halfway Night by George Campbell (better known as "Hairball"IC3) during the patrol in 1968, North Atlantic Run.

Submitted by George Osborn

You have probably heard this one before, but the only time I ever saw every off- watch officer in the Control Room at the same time, was during one of our 1967 patrols when Nobel said, "Icon, sonar, don't want anyone to get to excited, but I think I hear a torpedo in the water." OF course he failed to say if it was approaching, or going away. And the whole wardroom wanted to know. I had the Dive at the time, and I and my team were kind of interested, also.

Michael F. Lintner, TMCS(SS).

Haddo Memories – Med Run 2: 1972The Haddo made two trips to the Med in 1972. The first one, 6 months in duration, started in late-1971 and ended in early May, 1972. That Summer, we went into dry-dock at the Groton sub base to scrape barnacles and paint the hull. We were scheduled to return to the Med in late-September, but problems back aft delayed our departure until mid-October.The entire squadron, including our sub tender (USS Fulton) had been sent to the Med, with a "home base" at La Maddalena, Sardinia. The word was this was the first long voyage for the Fulton in many years. I always thought the men on the Fulton considered it "shore duty".

My maneuvering watch was forward line handler which I always enjoyed (especially when coming into port). The morning we left it was very rainy and somewhat slippery topside. We remained submerged or at periscope depth for 10 days, including the time it took to cross the Atlantic, go through the Straits of Gibraltar, and make our way to La Maddalena. The night before we pulled into port, we surfaced and navigated through a series of small islands. I manned the radar that evening and reported many contacts, mostly small, fishing boats. The next morning, we stationed maneuvering watch for a fairly long surface navigation to the squadron's temporary home. I was fortunate to come topside early to enjoy the sights as the sun rose over the barren hills that surrounded our passage into port.

The Fulton, and most of the other boats of our squadron, had been in Sardinia for over a month before we arrived. Just enough time to fairly "spoil" the

locals for our arrival. Case-in-point: Mark Haney (FN) and I both loved photography, and we went into town one afternoon to sightsee and take pictures. The few residents we encountered didn't seem too happy to have us there. Regardless, it was neat to be in this small Mediterranean town, surrounded by the "stark" beauty of the town and landscape.

We tied up next to the Fulton for a few days before heading out for maneuvers with the Italian Navy. During our transit from Sardinia, we surfaced as we made our way through the Straits of Messina, the narrow body of water that separated Sicily to the west, and Italy to the east. I was fortunate to come up into the bridge for a nice, 15-minute visit. I have some interesting pictures from that time, including one of a small volcanic island with a slight plume of smoke coming out of the cone.

Our time with the Italian Navy lasted a few days. It was fun to conduct these "trials", which included evading the Italian destroyers, sometimes at test depth. Captain Scales shared a story with several of us in the control room, how we went deep, then came up behind a group of ships, and simulated firing torpedoes into the back of our "opponents".

The Italians invited us into their home port for a few days. Taranto, Italy has been an Italian navy base since Roman times, and is located in the "boot" of Italy. It has an unprotected outer harbor, and an inner harbor, located inside the narrow straits that separated the old and newer parts of town. Because (I guess) of our nuclear reactor, and perhaps due to our deep draft, we were forced to anchor in the outer harbor, tied via a long line to a harbor buoy. Our Italian allies ferried us back and forth into town via a WWII-vintage landing craft. It was a bit choppy out in the open harbor, so it required the topside watch to provide some assistance as the crew embarked and returned. This was done via the canvas ladder rolled down the port side, and the topside watch acting as a "railing" - wearing a safety harness which was attached via a line and "claw" to the runner in the deck. On my off day, I went into town with a few of the guys, including my pal, fellow forward ET - Earl Koepcke. We were dropped off in the inner harbor at the Italian Navy base, and walked or used a cab from there. We were advised to stay in the newer part of town, as the old city was mostly Communist (implying not friendly to American sailors!). We did venture to the older part for a short visit, but took a cab back.

I was on duty the evening we left, standing the last topside watch in port. Another buddy - Jay Echols (FT2), was below decks watch. He and I talked a good bit to pass the day along. Being topside allowed me to enjoy an unusual experience. First, I had to get the last load of shipmates back into the boat ("pour down the hatch" was perhaps an appropriate term as well).

Being early December, it got dark around 5 pm, and the last boatload came from town about that time. The duty officer yelled up the hatch to ask me to have the pilot of the landing craft wait around to untie us from the buoy when we were ready to leave. It was supposed to take 30-45 minutes, which eventually led to 2 hours. The Italian sailor came aboard and sat with me, wondering why it was taking so long. The early December wind off the water in the open harbor made for some cool temperatures. I'd taken French and Spanish in high school, and tried communicating with him in Spanish - to no avail. I then tried French - and that worked! His mother was from Italy, but his father was from France. We sat in the hatch, catching the warm air rising from below decks, talking for nearly two hours, drinking some hot chocolate, until we finally got the word to untie and get underway. I've always thought it was an interesting situation: an American in Italy, talking to an Italian sailor, in French!

We spent some more time patrolling the Med before returning to La Maddalena for a short visit. I believe the Fulton, and most of the squadron had already left. Finally, we were given the word to head for home. As a forward ET, I spent part of my 6-hour watch underway (when submerged) in the sonar shack, standing at least one hour on the stack. I and one other ST (I think it was Ron Nadeau) were on watch as we went through the Straits of Gibraltar submerged. It was a very busy place!

Something else interesting happened after we left the Med and entered the open waters of the Atlantic. Not too many hours west of the Straits, I was in the control room and someone mentioned that we had just come to within a few hundred feet of the top of an uncharted, underwater mountain. One of the quartermasters (from New York City, whose name I've forgotten) made a note of it on our charts to be reported to an appropriate agency back home.

About a day later, we surfaced for a short time. I again came up into the bridge to have a look around. I was really surprised at what I saw, the water was completely calm and placid - in the middle of the Atlantic! It was almost like we were in a big pond, undisturbed by anything except our slow movement. I've been on four cruises in the past 10 years, and have never seen water like that.

On our return transit across the Atlantic, someone (I think it was Chief Johnson) put a chart up in the crew's mess showing the Atlantic, and our progress towards home. It was a nice way to keep up with where we were.

As I reflect on this trip, I consider it the highlight of my Navy time. It was my first, full patrol (I'd come aboard towards the end of the first Med trip). And in November, Captain Scales pinned my dolphins on in the crew's mess. It took me around 6 months to

become qualified, and I owe some of that to my shipmates who took their personal time to help me. We pulled into home port around December 15, tying up at the State Pier near the recently-arrived Fulton. It was a very cool maneuvering watch for us topside line handlers as we entered the mouth of the Thames River, but I enjoyed it anyway! We were all glad to be back home in time for the holidays. About a week later, fellow ET Bob Hofmann drove me to the Hartford airport for my flight back to Kansas City and Christmas leave. It was an enjoyable leave after an 8-month absence and a successful Med trip. We were greeted upon our return by some of the staff officers from the squadron, including an Admiral. That visit would prove to be a deciding factor for what was to happen to us that winter....

Submitted by Ken Brenner

I remember a lot of stories, but most of them pertain mainly to the nuclear plant. Here is a story I remember:

Most of the crew were keeping short time calendars, Every day we would cross a day off even if we had a thousand days left. When someone was getting out of the navy, they would rub it in everyone's face. One day we were standing outside Maneuvering and Jack Garrison and Fred Shiemann(I may have spelled his name wrong) were giving us a hard time. They were laughing and said, " we are going to Three Mile Island Nuclear plant to be Reactor Operators". A few years later, Three Mile Island had a bad nuclear accident. Fred was the lead operator in the control room when the accident happened and Jack was coming in to relieve him. It was unfortunate, but you never know what is going to happen. Fred and Jack were both good guys. They were both electricians on the Haddo. I tell people that Fred weighed about 130 pounds soaking wet, had a scruffy beard, and was always eating hard candy. I know that Fred traveled around after that as a training Instructor in different Nuclear plants and I heard he passed away. I don't know what happened to Jack. Just by chance, In the last few years, I have run into Kirk Davis and Dave Bronson, who both were on the Haddo with me.

I don't know if you can use that one, But that is a true story.

Slaman Dean(Reactor Operator on USS HADDO)
1972-1976

I went aboard Haddo during new construction and had been there for about seven or eight months when my mother's liver surgery went bad. I took emergency

leave and spent a couple weeks visiting with her ten minutes at a time every hour while in the Intensive Care Unit. Occasionally, she was fully cognizant, but most of the time she was in that grey area between sleep and awake. The doctor said that this could go on for weeks and that I should get back to my command. He reassured me that they would contact me if she tended one way or another.

I got back to Camden Friday evening, went back to the Boat Monday morning, and got the call from my dad by noon that her condition turned for the worse. We left that day, but my mother died before we got to Denver. After the funeral, I asked my dad if he and my 12-year old sister could like to come and stay with us in New Jersey; he said that they were okay.

A couple months later, I received another call from my dad, asking if the offer was still open. Of course I said yes and asked when they would be coming. He said that in a drunken state of anger he had burnt the house down and had no place to stay and no money. I told him I would call him back in a couple hours.

I wasn't sure what I was going to do. I was still recovering from two trips to Colorado, so I was broke. I guess I had mentioned something to my Division Officer, Mr. Callahan, and on the spot, he lent me \$250 dollars for air fair to get them out to Camden. I'm sure I must have thanked Mr. Callahan when he lent me the money and when I paid him back. But I don't think I ever really told him how much that meant to me. He hadn't been aboard very long and really didn't know me from Adam. So, fifty some years later – Paul – thank you so very much for reaching out to me purely as a submariner. At that time, that was probably the nicest thing that anyone had done for me.

Ray Butters

I took over the Haddo newsletter in November of 1998. I had retired the year before, so I had some time on my hands. In 2001, we moved to Colorado expecting to move into our new home. Well, that expectation collapsed upon our arrival when we saw that all that had been done were the frost footers. We fired our contractor and became an owner/builder. There went all my free time. It was a struggle to squeeze enough time out of building our house to do the newsletter, so in June of 2002 I made a plea in the newsletter for help. I said that I can't ask anyone to come to Colorado to help build my house, but you could help by sending me content for the newsletter so I don't have to spend as much time creating content. Well, I got an e-mail saying that "I am good with

electrical and plumbing and would love to come to CO to help you"; signed "the COB".

I thought it was a joke at first. When we were on the Boat together, he was already one of the "Old Farts". In the summer of 2002 I was 63 and he had to be at least 10 years older than me. Going on the premise that someone was indeed toying with me (I don't know why I would think that one submariner would do that to another submariner), I called their bluff in an e-mail response. I asked what kind of experience they had and said I would love the help. I suggested that he give me a call and we could make plans. Well, needless to say, I was certainly surprised when it turned out to be Joe O'Hara; the COB. I was also a bit embarrassed. Had I known that it was really the COB, I would have been hesitant to have him come out to help me. Mainly due to my presumption of his age; I could just see him climbing a ladder and having a heart attack. And all of that was confirmed the moment I said "hello" and he said "hi Ray". Actually, it was h i i i R a a y y y, with a littler jerk in between each letter. My immediate thought was that his "old fart" had climbed out of the grave to call me. Now, I had already said in the e-mail that I would like his help, so how do I tell him now that I don't need his help? Well, I didn't figure out how, so we made plans for him to come out to Colorado from Hobby, PA.

When he arrived, I found out that he was, in fact, 72 years old, but easily as healthy as I. He said that the doctor had offered him a prescription that would take care of his shaky voice, but figured it didn't bother him enough to take a pill for it. And in the two months that he was here, he worked my ass off. My hero.

Those two months were quite memorable. Susie and I were living in a motor home at the time, so we set up a bedroom for him in the loft of the house. We ran a 100 foot extension cord from the temporary power box to the loft so that he had lights and could listen to his radio. Every morning, he made his way to the motor home (which was earlier than we normally got up) to shower while Susie made breakfast. During breakfast, he and I would talk about things that old submarine sailors talk about, and then we would go to work. All day long was a kick working with him. He was climbing the ladder one time and farted. Without a pause he said, "Well, that's another system that still works".

Since I was not an electrical contractor, I couldn't find any electrical supply shop to sell me a 300 amp main breaker box. So, while I was in town talking to the State Electrical inspector about my dilemma and my plan to use two 200 amp boxes, and, of course,

listening to him suggest a way to wire them up, Joe went to Pueblo. He sweet-talked the female manager of a big electrical supply company (who had already turned me down), into selling him a 300 amp box. You just couldn't say no to the guy.

Early on, we started a routine that adhered until the time he left. The early morning shower, breakfast, sea stories, then work till noon. He wanted that hour for his noon prayers. Then, back to work until about 1630. This was during the summer, so by 1630 we were hot and tired. When all this started, Susie and I had had some Klondike Ice Cream Bars, so at our 1630 stop time we started having a Klondike. In fact, that's how we signaled the end of the work day – "Time for a Klondike". After a nominal time to consume the Klondike, we would clean up for supper. While Susie cooked, and through supper, Joe and I would talk about old times. He was quite a story teller. Around 2000, Joe would mossy over to the house for his quiet time, leaving Susie and me to ours.

I want to copy a paragraph that I wrote in the December 2002 issue of the newsletter, about this time spent with Joe. *Joe, at 72 years young, shamed me with his stamina, impressed me with his skills, humbled me with his faith, and humored me with his stories. He did what all COBs do. He set the example, he took me under his arm and gave me confidence, he made me think, and he extended his hand as a true shipmate.*

Every experience that I have ever had throughout my life has made me who I am today. But I believe that my experience as a submariner contributed to my best traits. I wouldn't trade those experiences for anything.

Ray Butters

Emails

Subject: addition to the USS Haddo crew list
From: Michael Harrison
<michael.harrison40@aol.com>
Date: Tue, November 29, 2016 7:47 pm
To: rstroede@usshaddo.com

Ralph, am requesting to be added to the crew list for the 604. I just found the Haddo website on my computer and was pleased to see there is an active organization of Haddo vets, though a bit disconcerted to find my name on the eternal patrol list. Have not yet graduated to that glorious Home port. I served on Haddo from late '70 to March or April '73; from the

Charleston shipyard sub-safe overhaul through two Med patrols, under CDRS Muench and Scales. Started as Aweps for Tim France, left as M-Div officer under Lcdr James Davis in early '73 for the USS L. Mendel Rivers, SSN 686 precommissioning crew. Then 35 years in commercial nuclear and Dept of Energy Oak Ridge & Livermore subcontracting. Now on permanent shore leave. Thanks for considering this request. You have a good-looking website. Keep up the good work.--mike

(Lieutenant) Michael Harrison
michael.harrison40@aol.com

From: rstroede <rstroede@usshaddo.com>
To: Michael Harrison
<michael.harrison40@aol.com>
Sent: Thu, Dec 1, 2016 1:08 pm
Subject: RE: addition to the USS Haddo crew list

Hi Mike, I'm glad to hear that your early demise was grossly exaggerated! I don't know how or when it happened but when someone sends me notice, I usually enter it. I have removed you from the Eternal Patrol. I have added your name to the Crew List. Please check it and make sure I did it correctly. Can you send me your physical address and phone number so that we can add you to the Master Mailing List? Thank you. Welcome Aboard and Welcome Home!

Ralph Stroede

MM1(SS)N
64-68
Plank Owner

Subject: Re: addition to the USS Haddo crew list

From: Michael Harrison
<michael.harrison40@aol.com>
Date: Thu, December 01, 2016 7:12 pm
To: rstroede@usshaddo.com

Ralph, thanks for responding so quickly. You're the 1st/only 604 plank owner I've ever communicated with, my honor. It had to take special courage to operate a Thresher class boat before the subsafe overhaul. The day we left Charleston shipyard for initial sea trials *after* subsafe overhaul, I vaguely recall we had a dozen

or so men muster on the pier, but refuse to embark for the first dive. The Yard did a good job. A shame it was shut down. Social Security reported my premature end a year or 2 ago. Your website may have gotten erroneous info from that occasion. I checked the website; good to be accurately reported among the living again. Saddened to learn both my Haddo CO's no longer so. They were both excellent SS Captains, May their souls rest in our Savior's arms, with all other departed shipmates. Current contact info:

Michael Harrison
michael.harrison40@aol.com
2931 Little Dug Gap Rd
Louisville TN 37777
865-977-8884
regards, & thanks for your service,

Attached to previous email; Donna Heck
Honorary Submariner



Other:

I received this framed poster from one of my students, He found it in a salvation army store. Haddo Patch represented.



The poster was designed by David Bishop.

If still true the poster can be ordered from

email – ctcars@msn.com

\$7.50 per order, plus 3.50 priority shipping

David Bishop
68 Masons Island Road
Mystic, CT 06355-2943
Write for Quantity prices

More pictures from last reunion



