



USS HADDO NEWSLETTER



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From the Editor:

Still need more input from the Haddo community. Apparently the USSVI publication "American Submariner" has the same problem receiving input from the submarine community.

Emails

Ed,

I just got a Christmas card back that I had sent to Joe O'Hara. He was the Haddo commissioning crew COB. I wonder if you could solicit some of your older Haddo shipmates to see if anyone has any info on the COB. He's probably 7 or 8 years older than me and I know his health was beginning to deteriorate, so I am worried that he may no longer be with us. I would sure appreciate any info you can get.

Ray Butters

This is written by Dexter Armstrong, who use to sail on the USS Requin.

Ralph

I recently attended a Basic Enlisted Submarine School graduation. Like everything else in both life and our military forces today, all the presentations and graduation speeches were temperate, colorless, gentle admonitions to go forth and do good stuff... Keep your fly zipped and don't piss on the petunias.

I sat there and mentally composed what I would have said to these fine young men poised on the threshold of the finest experience of their lives. John Kill asked me to put into words what I felt being a submariner was all about from a raghat point of view.

A Submarine School graduation talk should ignite a raging fire in a young man's heart.

"Gentlemen, you represent the top 2% of The United States Navy and to be here with your butts planted in folding steel chairs in this magic carpet ride launching pad, you had to volunteer not once, but twice. Once to join the finest navy that there ever was or ever will be and next, to sign up for

one of the most respected fraternal organizations in the history of naval warfare - The United States Subma-rine Service.

"The course completion certificate you will be given here today will serve as your adoption papers in a family that will embrace you for a lifetime and define you as a citizen of this fair republic who earned his rights by unselfish arduous service in a universally recognized tough, elite outfit. A man... A very wise man, once told me to look on the back of my Dolphins...

"Dex, you see an expiration date on your Dolphins?"

"No, sure don't."

"You know why?"

"Don't have a clue."

"Because you are just as much a member of this community today as you were the day they pinned those Dolphins on your wet dungaree shirt."

"Think about that a second... Let that sink in. The United States Submarine Force is a commitment you have made voluntarily, and have proven, through rigorous selection and the successful completion of this course, worthy of acceptance in an organization of special men having lifetime benefits.

"You are the latest, bright, shiny link in a continuous chain of American Submariners who have established a worldwide, fully justified reputation as the world's toughest saltwater meateaters riding the finest steel sharks ever made.

"You stand on the threshold of an adventure... An unparalleled magic carpet ride that will exceed anything you can conjure up in your finest fantasy. What you are about to embark on, is a trip that would make Jules' Verne's eyes pop out. I envy you. I am so damn jealous of your youthful enthusiasm, your evident pride in your accomplishment and the amazing journey you begin here today

"Ah, the yellow brick road.

"Fathers will point you out in bus stations..."

"Son, you see that sailor over there?"

"Yessir."

"He's a submarine sailor. He rides submarines."

"He rides submarines. Can you think of a prouder title? I saw a little kid riding a tricycle on the sidewalk in Groton. The kid was wearing a T-shirt that read, 'My dad is a submariner'. I can only think of one kid's T-shirt that would top that... 'My dad checks Meg Ryan for ticks.' 5

"Your voluntary selection of the Sub Force as your way to serve your nation has given you access to the seaports of the globe and a life where you will be able to fit all your worldly possessions in a seabag.

"You will go places in the oceans of the globe where damn few men have ever been... Where you will hear sounds and experience sensations known only to a minute fraction of the world's population.

"You will serve in the most advanced technical submersible platforms known to man. Craft that serve as the farthest extended invisible bulwark of American de-fense.

"You will go from here to earn your Dolphins, representing your qualification and acceptance as a United States Submariner.

"I have previously mentioned how I envy you. I have had my opportunity to dance the saltwater fandango with the Goddess of the Main Induction. I have experienced the camaraderie that you will soon experience. I have heard the creak and groan of steel at depth, but nowhere near the depths the modern marvels you will ride, will achieve.

"You have opened the magic oyster that will change your life forever and that will serve as your ticket to adventure. You have achieved a status that will provide the only credentials required to sit at tables covered with beer glass rings and swap bullshit and sea stories with your undersea fraternity brothers while the sail-ors not associated with the life below sunshine penetration look on in wonder and envy.

"And, you will be forever embraced by the elite Sub Force family up to the point that the Great Commander issues you your pine peacoat and assigns you to a boat moored at the Big Silver Pier in the Sky.

"A hand salute to the mothers who bore you. The parents who put the steel of honor and conviction in your spine and the patriotic values in your hearts You are, by the road you have chosen to travel, a credit to, not only your family, hometown, state and nation but to yourselves.

"Let me assure you that your name will be listed alongside the best of the best. It will appear on a list containing both long ago legends and giants of the force and the names of the pioneers of nuclear propulsion. Lads, that is a damn fine group of men to be associated with.

"In conclusion, as you sit here today, there are lads in your hometown whose greatest thrill in life will be making a three cushion shot at the local pool hall. They will never travel more than 300 miles from the hospital where they were they were born and end up marrying some sweetheart whose ambition will begin and end with accumulating grocery store discount coupons and attending PTA spaghetti dinners.

"The closest those jaybirds will get to exotic faraway lands will be thumbing through the pages of a barbershop National Geographic.

"While your uncle Ralph is back home guarding his hen house with a rusty

20-gauge, you will be cruising the seas of the planet, hauling ordinance capable of causing urban renewal with a 500-mile radius. You will be standing watch over weap-ons, capable of sending entire populations off to Hell in a firey flash.

"The American submariner is the principle reason the bad guys rarely get to peek under Lady Liberty's nightie and your kids don't eat sushi at school.

"You have joined the family of America's undersea warriors.

"Tomorrow when you shave, take a good look in the mirror, smile and say to yourself...

"Mothers, lock up your daughters, there's a new boatsailor in town."

"WELCOME ABOARD, SAILOR."

Haddo 604 Memories

Received from Ray Butters:

I was surprised when I started writing this that I would write so much. So, use what you want, in any fashion you want. As I was reading the newsletter (and by-the-way, you put out a very nice newsletter), specifically the Narrative History of USS Haddo (SSN 604). Lots of memories popped into my head, some worth repeating. Most of this is on a personal level, so if it's not what you're looking for, I won't be offended if you don't use it.

I have some experiences that I can still remember about when I was aboard Haddo that range from 1963 to 1967, as seen through my eyes, clouded by my perceptions, and mangled by my memory. I will try to make this an ongoing thing for as long as my memories last, and I will follow the time line of the October 2017 Haddo Newsletter: Narrative History of USS Haddo (SSN 604) I shipped over on the USS Bugara (SS 331) [in the Vietnam War Zone] and requested AN/BQS 6 School. Usually you would request something that you didn't want, just to make sure that you didn't get it. Well, I asked for something I wanted and I got it. So, after returning from West Pack I got orders to Key West. Sometime during the schooling we filled out our Dream' sheets and again, I asked for something I wanted. I wanted any Fast Attack going to or in San Diego. We found out from the class in front of us that everybody was getting assigned to Boomers; that was the fleet number one manning priority. I did not want a Boomer! So, for the first of two times in my 20 years I called my detailer. I pleaded to "Please do not send me to a Boomer! I'm a sonarman; I belong on a Fast Attack". One of my classmates and me were the only two to get Fast Attacks. I got orders to the USS Guardfish (SSN 612). I didn't know this until latter, but the Guardfish wasn't ready to call the crew, so I also got orders to SSSA School (Submarine Sonar Subjective Analysis) there at Key West to delay me three more months. In mid-1963 (a year after leaving the "Bug") I reported in at SupShip's for the Guardfish and the

secretary said that no one was there for the Guardfish yet and that she didn't know what to do with me. Then she had an epiphany. "I know a sailor I can call", she said as she picked up the phone. She dialed the number, waited for someone to answer, and then said "May I speak to Commander Sullivan please"? Some sailor! She explained my situation to him and then gave me the phone. He explained that he was the XO aboard Haddo and asked what I wanted to do. I told him the only reasons I wanted the Guardfish were that it was a Fast Attack and it was supposed to go to San Diego. He said he would do some checking around and to call him back at the end of the week. When I called him back, he said he could do one of three things for me. He could get me no-cost orders to San Diego; he could get me assigned to a boat over in Philly until the Guardfish was ready to call their crew, or he would love to have me aboard Haddo, and Haddo was supposed to go to San Diego. Well, in that short week I had spent enough time in Camden to know I didn't want to stay in the area any longer than I had to. I also knew that I couldn't afford no-cost orders to San Diego. So, I made the best decision of my entire career; I chose Haddo. Of course, they didn't go to San Diego until many years later. I reported aboard and drew a month's advance Per Diem. We used that money to get moved into an apartment and get set up for the long haul in Camden, NJ. Two weeks later all the Sonarman were sent to New Port, RI for the Raytheon BQS-6 factory school. While we were at that school we stayed in Motel 69 on Purgatory Rd. There were two bunkbeds in each room (4 of us to a room). I have a lot of memories from that experience but I am afraid that most of them are locked in my secret room. They tickle my senses once in a while but I just can't seem to articulate them. I do remember some of them. Like the time I was sitting in a bar after school, and saw that there was a song on the juke box by the Kinston Trio called "Ballad Of The Thresher". After listening to it, I went down the block to a record store (do I need to explain what a record store is?) to buy that 45 rpm record. The sales person said that it had been taken off the market; apparently the record came out too soon after Thresher sank and a lot of the families complained. So I got the phone number of the company that took care of the juke box and told them that I was a Submariner and would like to have that record when they get done with it, since I can't buy one. The next day, the Raytheon secretary came into the classroom and told the instructor that I had a visitor in the lobby. It was a guy from the juke box company with a new record. I have it framed and hanging on my wall today. I'm not saying that I was the dumbest one in our class when we stated, or the smartest when we graduated, but at the end of the course I got a nice letter of appreciation for being the most improved. When we all got back to the Boat the crew had moved onto a barge and, of course, Per Diem stopped and I had to pay back half of that Per Diem that I drew before we left. Apparently, the shipyard had bid low to get the contract to build Haddo. So, to make sure we got the Boat that the Navy wanted, at the price that the shipyard bid, we all became "Inspectors for the Navy". That meant a lot of hours and even some Port and Starboard. I think the Nucs got hit the hardest. Keep in mind that I came from an old Diesel Boat; one level, one passageway. Initially, there was no Weapons Shipping Hatch, just a big square hole in the pressure hull with a

wooden ladder that went all the way down to the torpedo room. I can't tell you how many times I got lost. I tried to stay in the Sonar Shack as much as I could, because if I had to leave, it was going to take me half an hour to get back. One time I was in the Bow Compartment at the time when the shipyard was checking an air system. I don't remember what I was doing there (probably trying to find my way back to Sonar from the Sonar Equipment Space), but I was near the water tight door when I heard an explosion. As it turned out, it was an explosion, but not from combustible material. Apparently, one of the valves in that air system had been removed and the opening in the line was capped with high pressure tape. I don't think it was called high pressure tape because it could contain high pressure air, because the air pressure applied to the system for that test blew that tape off with a thunderous "POW". Our leading Chief was Chief Conrad, but our real leader was Chief Jamison. I had no respect for Chief Conrad; I know, it's the rate you respect, and I tried but I don't think I was too successful. Anyway, on the way into work one day, I had a weird experience. About a block away from the front gate the street went from two lanes down to a single lane. The right lane became a turn lane. Well, I was running a little late so as I approached the red light at that intersection I noticed that there were no cars in the right lane. Knowing my Pontiac was pretty quick off the line, I decided to move into that lane and when the light turned green I could out in front of the car to my left before he would even start to move. When the light turned green I floored the accelerator as planned. What wasn't planned was my gearshift dropping down into low all by itself. And, after I was well ahead of that car I jumped in front of it let off the gas, but the pedal stayed on the floor. I am now screaming by the guys who had pulled up onto the curb so that they can get out and let their wives take the car. Conrad's car was at the head of the line. He had gotten out, closed the driver's door, and bent down to stick his head back into the window to kiss his wife goodbye. When he heard me coming, he had to stand back up and squeeze himself up tight to the door so that I would miss him. And here I come. As I pass him, I'm bent over trying to pull the gas pedal off the floor. That wasn't successful, so I turned off the ignition and the car backfired. I put on the brakes and my tires squealed going around the next corner towards the parking lots. When I got to the Boat he just knew that I tried to kill him. He pretty much avoided me after that. I think it was Tim Turner who had bet that he and some shipmates could beat some school teacher at a game of basketball. I hadn't played basketball since high school but signed up to play. Needless to say, we lost. It wasn't the other guys fault, however; it was all mine. You can't expect anyone to be at their best while suffering from oxygen deprivation. After one trip down that court, I had sucked all the oxygen out of that gym. The only oxygen the other guys had was what little bit that seeping in under the doors. We honored our debt at Kelly's; we had to buy the beer. After a few beers, Montgomery asked me, from across the bar, what I normally drank and I told him bourbon and 7. So, he ordered me one. Of course, I wanted to return the favor and bought his drink of choice. We traded drinks for quite a while and I knew I was going to win this game because I normally drank Old Granddad bottled in bond (100 proof). Well, truthfully, I don't know who won. I don't remember leaving Kelly's, or driving home, or going to bed.

The next morning, when I went to my car to go back to the Boat, there was about 6 inches between and the cars in front and behind me. And I had put '69 Cadillac bullet tail lights in my '62 Pontiac's tail lights. And they were still intact. It was a miracle. I remember our first dive on sea trials. Everyone had a station to inspect for leaks. At every 100 feet we had to report the condition of our assigned spaces. My area was Frame 52. The diving alarm sounded, the boat assumed a down angle, and we're headed into the deep. Everybody was quiet on the sound powered phones, so when I figured we had gone about 100 feet, I made my rounds at frame 52. I had no leaks and report so to Conn. I got a Conn Eye, and then silence. Again, after an appropriate time of decent, I made my rounds and another "frame 52 secure" report. This went on until just before I made my 500 foot rounds. One of the shipyard nuclear engineers opened the tunnel water tight door, with an arm load of coffee cups. Just as he stepped through into the Midships Compartment, our angle went from about 5 down to about 20 down. Here's this shipyard guy straddling the hatch combing, his right arm balancing a dozen coffee cups, and his left arm trying to hold back that hefty hatch. I hollered at him to drop the cups, let go of the hatch, and jump. By this time, visions of Thresher are drifting through my mind. I'm trying to calculate how deep we are, or wondering if I should make my rounds or just pray. After, what seemed an eternity, we started to level out. My guess, we had passed a thousand feet. As it turned out, when we leveled out we were around 100 feet. I think MBT 4 or 5 vent valve opened up enough to give an open indicator on the BCP but was not flooding very fast. So, figuring that we had just calculated our compensation too light, we were flooding water into the trim system. I don't remember how the problem got corrected, but I'm here to tell the story and that's what counts. Next time, I'll recall a few memories from the time of commissioning to early 67 when I left. In the newsletter, the article ended this period of time with the wrong date. It stated that "On 17 October 1966, Haddo departed for an Atlantic submarine exercise for the remainder of the year, returning to Charleston on 5 January 1957. It was really 1967. Trust me.

Ray

Other Submarine Stories

Submitted by Ray Butters

Important Lessons Learned within the first three months of reporting aboard my first submarine; the USS Bugara (SS331).

I reported aboard the "Bug" late on a Friday evening. The Duty Chief set me up with a rack and I crashed for the night. The next morning, I got up, dressed in a clean set of dungarees, and headed for the Crew's Mess. The cook, Charlie Carr, said they were serving bacon and eggs, and asked how I wanted my eggs. Up to this point, as you well know, the mess halls in Boot Camp, Sonar School, and Sub School, were all cafeteria style with someone tossing spoons full of food on your tray. So, not exposed to having choices, I replied that I would take a couple. He then asked how I wanted them and I said, "any ol' way". Well, Charlie picked up a two eggs, cracked them open, and poured them out

onto a plate. Raw! I really didn't quite know what to do. This was my indoctrination into the Submarine Navy. Timidly, I smiled and said, 'maybe you ought to cook them over medium'. That was an important lesson to me; **ask for what you want.**

My next lesson came a couple weeks later. I was in the Crew's Mess and someone said something about being cold and had goose pimples. I had acne very bad and was dreadfully self-conscious about it. Before I had left home my mom and sister had agreed that we would say goose bumps instead of goose pimples, so I made that suggestion that day in the Crew's Mess. Well, by the end of the day, almost everyone was calling me "Shotgun Face". One of the guys, at the evening meal, said "Look, I'm a pimple". He put a bite of mashed potatoes in his mouth and then pressed on his cheeks to force some of the potatoes out. I'm a quick leaner (at times) and I learned lesson number two immediately; **nobody else cares about your little personal sensitivities – get over them and move on.**

My third lesson was earned at the cost of being put on report and having to go to Captains Mast (I don't remember if that's mast or mass). I reported aboard on the 9th of October and we were on weekly ops. We would go out Monday morning, and return Thursday evening. We stood three-section duty import with duty weekends. Well, on about the first of November, we went into Holliday Routine. Basically, if you didn't have the duty you didn't have to be onboard. And, on Thursday evening when we pulled into port, if you had the weekend duty, you could go home and not have to be back aboard until Saturday morning for duty. This lasted until January and I got real used to it. So, the first time we went to see in January I just assumed when we pulled in Thursday that I didn't have to report back in until Saturday for my weekend duty. Let me tell you, it was quite a shock to have one of my shipmates drop by the apartment Friday morning to tell me that I was AWOL. I had not read the Plan Of the Day before I left the boat, so I didn't know that we had gone off Holiday Routine and was supposed to be back on aboard Friday morning, regardless of my having duty weekend.

I made it to the boat just after lunch, immediately was put on report by the COB, and was standing in front of the Captain by 1400 for mast. He listened while I was pleading my case, then gave me a week's restriction with these words of wisdom: **Read the POD every day;** that's why we post it. For the next 19 years, you can bet I read the POD every day. Clear up until the night before my retirement ceremony; but then that's a story for later

Eternal Patrol

Men,

Just so you know, THIS is an "old salt", he served on 12 boats! Buck's first was his qual. boat, the USS Requin, 1945-1949 (I was 2 years old). I am a member of that USSVI base in Pittsburgh as well as Haddo base. He served on the USS Thresher 1960-1962 (looks like he got out of "Dodge" just in time). He served on the USS Haddo 1962-1963 as ENC(SS) and her sister boat USS Pollack as COB 1964-1965. May he rest in peace.

Ralph

From: r Noble [mailto:rmnoble@hughes.net]
Sent: Friday, March 23, 2018 4:47 PM
To: Ralph & Trudy Stroede <rstroede@hughes.net>
Subject: George "Buck" Warner

Hi Ron,

This is Linda, George's daughter. I am sorry to inform you that George Warner has passed today at 11:30am. He has been fighting with heart problems since November 2017. He had a heart procedure (Tav-R) done in November and came out of that great. He had to go to a rehab center and had pneumonia which really spiraled him down. He was unable to do physical therapy and could no longer walk. We brought Dad home January 15, 2018 and he has been home with his family ever since. He was confined to bed during his time home. It took the family to move him to a chair and we did that as much as possible. March 10th Dad sat with the whole family to celebrate his granddaughters birthday and it was a wonderful night. He continued to decline since that night and fought a hard fight but is now finally at peace. The men from the submarines always give it their all till the bitter end and Dad just proved that.

Thank you for all you have done for USVVI.

Linda W Maney
302-562-1296

2018 USS Haddo Reunion – Planned Events
September 10 – 13, 2018
San Antonio, TX

MONDAY

ROOMS: El Tropicano Riverwalk Hotel. Room Rate will be \$99.00 plus 16.75% taxes which comes to \$115.58 per room. **Two full breakfast buffets will be included with each room daily.** You are responsible for making your own hotel reservations. **Call the Reservation's Coordinator, Lupe Hernandez directly at 1-210-277-4043 between 9:00 AM and 5:00PM Monday-Friday** and tell them you are with the **USS Haddo 604** to ensure our group rate. Reservations must be made by **August 11th, 2018** to secure this special rate. Reservations made after that date will be subject to an increase of \$20.00 per night. **Cancellations must be made 72 hours prior to the day of arrival in order to avoid a cancellation charge equal to the first night room rate plus taxes. These special room rates are available for 3 days prior to and 3 days after the reunion for anyone wishing to extend their stay. Go to www.eltropicanohotel.com to view pictures of the hotel, lobby, pool and other amenities offered here.**

AIRPORT TRANSPORTATION: San Antonio offers a shared ride shuttle service to and from the airport. You can make your reservations for pick up once you know your flight number and arrival time at the airport. Go online at <https://www.supershuttle.com/locations/sanantioniosat>. Here you can choose between several options. Price will vary depending on the option. You will be able to reserve your ride both arriving and departing and pay ahead of time. The website also has a number you can call to make reservations instead of making them online.

SELF PARKING: Available to our group at a special rate of \$16.00 per night plus tax.

Registration: begins at noon (12:00 hours) in the Hospitality Room. Hospitality Room will be open from 10:00AM till ????? daily. Snacks, beer, wine and soft drinks will be provided.

EVENTS

San Antonio offers a unique opportunity to participate in seeing all of the sites in and around San Antonio with double decker buses which run throughout the day, has 19 stops and each stop location has a pick up/ drop off every 20 minutes. It is called HOHO which means Hop On Hop Off at any time at any of the stops. We have negotiated a special price for our group which includes 3 days of Hop On Hop Off availability, entry fee tickets for the Tower of America Space Needle, the Texas Ranger Museum which is inside the Buckhorn Saloon and the Riverboat Cruise.

Monday, Tuesday, & Wednesday.

Grab your group and decide where you would like to go and what you would like to see. Some attractions are free and some have an admission price. As part of our deal we negotiated a couple of the spots as listed above. So be sure to include in your travels the Alamo (free admission) but you can pick up an audio accompaniment for a nominal fee if you so desire. The Tower of America (tickets included). Plan on having lunch at the Buckhorn Saloon and take in the Ranger Museum (tickets included). The pre-purchased tickets are good anytime, but can only be used once. And don't forget to take the River Boat Cruise which is also included in this package. The price for the entire package is \$65.00.

Please refer to the attached map and listing of attraction stops along the route to make the most of your San Antonio experience.

Our hotel is located right on the River Walk for you to enjoy at any time. Our hotel is located at No. 7 on the map. The other prepaid attractions are included in your packet are No. 10 – Buckhorn Saloon and Texas Ranger Museum and No. 18 – Tower of the Americas Space Needle.

Wednesday Evening

Group photos will be taken at 5:00 pm followed by our banquet.

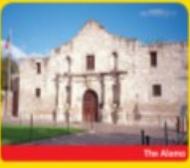
Banquet meal choices are: (Pricing inclusive of tip and taxes)

New York Strip 8 oz. topped with sautéed mushrooms and caramelized onions served with loaded mashed potatoes. Price is \$55.00

Chicken Cordon Bleu stuffed with baby spinach, mushrooms and parmesan cheese, topped with a garlic cream sauce served with wild rice pilaf. Price is \$45.00

Vegetarian Entrée. Price is \$37.00

All meals also come with El Tropicano Salad, Vegetable Medley, Rolls and Butter, Ice Tea and Coffee. Dessert is Dulce de Leche Cheesecake.

Hop-On Hop-Off Tour Stops		First Bus	Last Bus	
1	The Alamo Once home to Spanish missionaries, as Mission de Valero, it acquired its sobriquet and name for being the fortress in the battle of the Alamo in 1836. (Bus stop is at our Visitor Center near to The Alamo at 216 East Crockett, in The Village Market)	8:40am	5:30pm	
2	Pearl Entertainment Complex A cultural and culinary destination along the banks of the river. Shops, restaurants, cafes and bars. (Bus stop is Pearl Parkway and Avenue A, except during weekend Farmers' Markets)	8:50am	Then every 20 mins approx until 4:40pm	
3	Museum of Art An iconic San Antonio landmark housing the largest and most comprehensive collection of ancient Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Asian art in southern USA. An unforgettable experience!	8:52am	4:42pm	
4	Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 76 VFW Post 76 is 'the oldest post in Texas'.	8:54am	4:44pm	
5	Augie's BBQ Restaurant A San Antonio favorite with down-home Texas atmosphere and live music.	8:56am	4:46pm	
6	Museum Reach The southern segment of the River Walk, with beautiful landscapes, hiking and bike trails.	8:58am	4:48pm	
7	Tobin Center Home to resident performing art groups, the San Antonio Ballet, and Symphony. (Bus stop directly in front of Progresso Hotel)	9:00am	4:50pm	
8	Veterans Memorial Park Home of the Korean War and Vietnam War Memorials.	9:02am	4:52pm	
9	Travis Park and St. Anthony Hotel Visit the first fully air-conditioned hotel in the world. The elite clientele has included Presidents Eisenhower and Johnson, as well as Eleanor Roosevelt, Judy Garland, Rosalind Wiseman and, more recently, George Clooney. (Bus stop on the southeast corner of Travis Park)	9:04am	4:54pm	
10	Buckhorn Saloon and Texas Ranger Museum An immersive Texas experience, explore hundreds of animal species, the Ranger Gallery and Ranger Town. (Convenient for Transpacific Suites, Hyatt Regency, Homewood Suites, and St. Anthony Hotel)	9:06am	4:56pm	
11	River Walk Restaurants & Bars One stroll along the river, visit St. Mary's Catholic Church, the Mexican Theater, Empire Theater or Aztec Theater. Convenient for guests of many hotels to hop on: The Victoria, Drury Inn, Drury Plaza, Omni La Mansion, Sheraton Garden, Courtyard Marriott, and Embassy Suites. (Bus stop in front of Holiday Inn at N. St. Marco and College St)	9:08am	4:58pm	
12	San Fernando Cathedral San Fernando Cathedral was founded in 1751 and is the oldest continuously functioning religious church in Texas.	9:10am	5:00pm	
	Spanish Governor's Palace Constructed in the early 18th century as "Real San Antonio de Bajar", a marked Spanish settlement under King Ferdinand VI.			
13	Market Square-El Mercado Visitors and residents alike visit 'El Mercado' for authentic Mexican dining, music and traditions. Alameda Theater also. Located in the Zona Cultural. (Bus stop is South Santa Rosa and Produce Road)	9:15am	5:05pm	
14	Hotels on Cesar E. Chavez Blvd. Tour Bus Stop Located between La Quinta Inn and The Courtyard by Marriott. Also very convenient to Hampton Inn, Fairfield Inn, Holiday Inn, Residence Inn, and W.I.B.	9:20am	5:10pm	
15	King William Historic District Blue Star Arts Complex, Guenther House, The King William District and Southtown. An area known for its diverse community, art galleries, restaurants and Victorian era homes. Two Victorian homes are available for tours: Villa Finkle and Stone Homestead.	9:25am	5:15pm	
16	Southtown A local favorite. Southtown has been described as a vibrant neighborhood just blocks from the city's touristy epicenter, but it's much further away in spirit. (Bus stop in front of The Friendly Spot)	9:28am	5:18pm	
17	Yanaguana Garden Public art display, children's splash pool and playground.	9:34am	5:20pm	
18	Tower of the Americas Space Needle The 750-foot tall Tower of the Americas provides the most spectacular view of the Alamo City. Enjoy the gorgeous panorama from the Tower's Observation Deck and experience the thrilling 4D Theater Ride. (Bus stop at South Alamo and Normo)	9:35am	5:20pm	
	La Villita Historic art village and one of San Antonio's first neighborhoods. (Also, the Convention Center and Grand Hyatt Hotel stop. Bus stop convenient for InterContinental and The Alamo. Opposite the Hilton Palacio del Rio Hotel)			
19	Shops At River Center Mall STAYED The Price of Freedom in IMAX, cafes, movie theaters, restaurants, bars, boutiques for Texas! The Experience and the beautiful River Center Lagoon area. (Bus stop convenient for Marriott River Center & Marriott River Walk)	9:40am	5:30pm	

USS Haddo SSN-604 Reunion

2018 Registration Form

Please submit no later than August 11, 2018

The 2018 USS Haddo Reunion will be held at the El Tropicano Riverwalk Hotel in San Antonio, TX. from September 10th through September 13th, 2018.

ROOMS: Room Rate will be \$99.00 per room plus taxes which comes to \$115.58 per night. Room rate also includes 2 full breakfast buffets daily per room. You are responsible for making your own hotel reservations. **Call the Reservation Coordinator, Lupe Hernandez directly at 1-210-277-4043 Monday-Friday between 9:00AM and 5:00PM Central time** and tell them you are with the **USS Haddo 604 Submarine Reunion** to ensure our group rate. Reservations must be made by **August 11rd, 2018** to secure this special rate. Reservations made after this date will be subject to an increase of \$20.00 per room per night.

Cancellations must be made by 72 hours prior to the day of arrival in order to avoid cancellation charges equal to one nights' rate plus taxes. This special rate can be used 3 days before and after reunion dates for extended stays.

For those who will be driving, parking at the Tropicano will be \$16.00 per night plus tax, which is a special rate for our group.

Registration Fee for the reunion will be \$30.00 per person. If you have more than 2 people in your party, please make copies of this form. No registration fee charge for children under 12.

Airport Transportation: Please refer to the attached schedule of events for more information.

Name: _____ Reg Fee _____ **\$30.00**

Banquet Dinner Choice:	New York Strip _____	Chicken Cordon Bleu _____	Vegetarian _____	
(Check One)	\$55.00	\$45.00	\$37.00	Price _____

Name: _____ Reg Fee _____

Banquet Dinner Choice:	New York Strip _____	Chicken Cordon Bleu _____	Vegetarian _____	
(Check One)	\$55.00	\$45.00	\$37.00	Price _____

Total \$ _____

NOTE: Please enter your names above as you would like them to appear on your name badges – First and Last Name.

_____ **HOHO – Hop On Hop Off Double Decker Tour Bus** – 3 day pass. This includes admission tickets to the following attractions: (Price is \$65.00 per person),

Tower of the Americas Space Needle
Texas Ranger Museum inside the Buckhorn Saloon
River Cruise

You may also hop on the bus to visit any of the other 19 locations along the route at any time during the 3 days. Some of these other attractions may require an admissions fee, not included with our package, some are free of charge. Please see attachment showing all the attractions.

Please check the line above if you are participating in the tour. Number of people attending. _____

Total \$ for the HOHO \$ _____

Total remittance for the USS Haddo Reunion: Registration, and all Events Indicated \$ _____

Please make your check payable to the **USS Haddo Reunion**. Mail the check and this registration form to

Ralph Stroede 41517 Alderlick Road Wellsville, OH 43968	Please feel free to contact Ralph with any questions email: rstroede@hughes.net Phone: 330-532-4238
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Your Address: _____ City: _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone: _____ email address _____

Emergency contact during reunion: _____ Phone: _____