



USS HADDO NEWSLETTER



Editor – Edwin Hergert **Volume 5 Issue 59** Nov 2019 Phone: (480)814-7339
Send Submissions to: ehergert@cox.net or ehergert@aol.com

From the Editor:

Video – USS Navy Destroyers off Vietnam

Very good 4 minute video with music by the Rolling Stones

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pFgBjU9t8>

Emails

From: Jak Cranney<jdcranney@gmail.com>

Sent: Sun, Apr 7, 2019 8:42 pm

Subject: Haddo News Letter

Ralph, Trudy

Il am unable to pick up the newsletter... But I have shared pieces of stories so many times with so many friends and acquaintances... I thought this might be fun to share in your up coming newsletter.

Haddo Daze – By J Cranney 1972-1082 HADDO Sailor

Every submariner has his/her stories. Every fish is a foot longer than it really was, a week after it was caught. Here is my story... and the fish was really that long (and no longer). Fact sometime better than fiction.

1979. Pt Loma. Maybe September 28th. It was a Friday. Reported aboard, 15 days earlier than ordered, filled with anticipation. Six foot two, 170 lbs, skinny, naïve bordering on foolishly ignorant, smile a mile wide. Oh ... to become a submariner! XO says "*what the f... are you doing reporting early?*" Shakes his head and walks off.

Monday. 08:00. Colors. Waking, in bed, in BOQ room ... startled to realize I am missing movement! Dressed in 60 seconds. Running the ¼ mile to the pier, down 100 yds to the USS HADDO SSN 604 brow. Brow being lifted off. Standing on the pier looking at lines singling up. XO standing topside, looks at me. Signals. Brow comes back

into place. I run aboard, salute, report to the XO "*Sir, I report myself Unauthorized Absence*".

Shakes his head. Growls "*Get Below*".

Below decks, newby drill. Life Vest, Harness, report to the bridge. Underway!!

Three days on-board. Have Goofed up my 'first impression' something fierce and now ... here I am, ... standing on the bridge as CAPT Norman Mims, the OOD (Lt William Hand Allen), and a scout (& me) take her out of San Diego Harbor. Headed southwest, pass the Coronado Islands. Prepare to dive. Dive Dive Dive.

Below decks. ... so, where are the windows? No Windows? What ... NO WINDOWS?

Chow. Wow! Good eats in this little space. Transit to our OPAREA. Cat and Mouse. Periscope Depth. Scope time! Cool!! Am a "Real submariner" now (non-qual, ... whew ... but my own scope time!?!).

I see something. "*uh, ... What's that periscope doing, there at 180° relative?*" Shoved against bulkhead by OOD/Navigator. "*Holy Sh... !!, Down scope! Emergency Deep! Ahead Full! Make your depth 300 ft.*"

More Cat and Mouse. Get Division Head assignment as 1st Lt./Deck Division. Start doing the job, and qualifying aft. Back in port. Deck Division advises ... are unable to clean latrines. Investigate. Unable to get a sufficient tool into the trench to move s... into Sanitary Tank. Rubber gloves. Answer obvious guys. Put your hand in there like this and shove. Stand up to see if they "get it". They're all smiling, plus about 10 other guys looking in the door.

Working quals. Eighty Days. Qualified EOOW. Almost the last time I ever stand an assigned underway watch forward. Reassigned. Main Propulsion Assistant. Walking into the engine room.

Chief Herbst, "*What the f... you smiling at, you ain't got no f...ing friends back here.*"

That was the beginning. ... and ... THEN ... after many adventures, including:

- A new CAPT, sad to see that stalwart commander CAPT Norman Mims depart.

- learning that a division officer is unable to 'fix it' ... so that sailors can do their job without complaining, because sailors live to complain, it's part of smack, of loving life as a sailor, ...

- realizing I probably should have "enlisted" in the Army's 10th Mountain Division ... but ... nooo!

- had two boss's (Engineers) '*relieved for cause*' and one boss almost (but he entered ARP to avoid getting relieved for cause),

- restricted on-board for 4 months '*for quals*', being black-listed by XO/CO, breaking restriction, DUI, Accident, and almost being one of very few '*1st tour officers*' whom would have been '*relieved for cause*', ... as one:

-
- unable to Qualify and
- unable to stand watch without making serious mistakes and breaking stuff.

- finally, qualify submarines, after 2 years, 2 months – determined to leave on a good note,

Yes. My 3-yr career was pretty much a mess. Mostly because I was unable to mature into wisdom, thinking I was smarter than the other guys, including my boss, even though my own actions and the words of those I worked for, kept hitting me in the head with a 2x4 that I wasn't that smart. I was just too dumb to "get it".

Three years after my arrival, we departed San Diego late, headed north to Oakland, then Vallejo for overhaul. Night watch. Pea soup fog. No Moon. OOD Surfaced. Myself and one lookout. Scanning horizon, false lights, turn to clear baffles, keep on going. We're getting behind to clear tides and Navigator is worried.

Dawn. Approaching entrance to San Francisco in the South Traffic Lane approach. Ahead Full, heading 000°. Farallon Islands to port and ahead. Maersk Freighter to port, between us and the Islands, in the West Traffic Lane approach steaming on a northeasterly heading, constant bearing. Golden Gate dead ahead of us, and dead ahead for him.

Navigator advises "*take the right of way*". We argue. I lose (or surrender... I forget).

"*Maersk, this is HADD0. Maersk, this is HADD0.*" No answer. Repeat.

"*Maersk, this is HADD0. Maersk, this is HADD0.*" ... wait...

"*HADD0, Dis is Maersk, Vat is it?*" ...

"*Maersk, this is USS HADD0, I am a US ship of the line, I am taking the right of way. Back Down.*" ...

... pause... 20-30 seconds...

"*Vell, DAT's not QVITE KOSHER, but OKAAY?*"

Nav advises to turn to starboard. Head 030° to close the gap. I do so.

Miles ahead there is a line of white in the ocean. What? A line of White? What the H... is that? Scan the chart. Shoal water? looks to be 40 ft on my chart and then drops to deep (in memory, it seemed to be 600 ft deep just south of 40 ft, but don't see that in today's charts... but I do see a symbol for waves). Rapids!!

Never seen rapids in the ocean before and as the tide was ebbing full. Rapids!! Son of a gun! Called Nav...

"I am turning to port, coming back into Channel, and then approach"

Nav responds. We argue. I lose (or surrender... I forget).

Steaming ahead, on a heading of 030, watching the line of white come closer. Checking, rechecking the charts.

"*CO to the Bridge*" ('*oh crap... I am going to run aground, ruin the Captain's career, get thrown overboard, ... oh s... oh s... oh s... !!*')

AS the bow crests the rapids, CAPT's head emerges in the hatch. He steps onto the bridge as the rapid (singular, one rapid) passes underneath. His second foot lifts out of the hatch, and, as the boat shimmies just a touch, his left foot comes down solid. Checking to see if he felt anything. Seeing he didn't, I point out Stinson Beach, where Sausalito is, the sun bursting out under the Golden Gate, Coit Tower. As he is looking forward, I look behind. In our seafoam gray green tide, we are trailing a brown streak.

CAPT looks to me, "*John, how would you like the maneuvering watch.*" Knowing I am supposed to wake the Weapons Officer and have him take the maneuvering watch. Wondering what strange blessing is this turn of events, I jump at it... "*Yes Sir!!*"

We make way for Oakland Pier, wave off tug, "*Half Ahead!*", "*Ahead Slow*", "*Back 1/3*" "*All Stop*" "*Send over Line 1*" ...

We're tied up. Weapons Officer comes to me. "*Hey, you were supposed to wake me up.*" Normally, I would have deferred when the CAPT asked me, honored my shipmate obligation, woken my shipmate and given him the maneuvering watch, the glory of submarining, because he was suppose

to get it. ... but.... NO. It was my last underway, I was honored by the same CAPT that had blacklisted me for so long and today... I know basically that whether he was a good Captain, mediocre or worse, he only blacklisted me because I was such a stray gun, and because of that, he couldn't trust me. Today, looking back, I was angry a lot, patient a lot less, wise not an iota.

(I have worked on that part of me for some time... & ...still working it).

"*I know Weps, sorry...*" (Even so, the Weps still gets to get underway from Oakland, pilot up to Vallejo and dock there, so he still gets plenty of glory that day.)

Left the boat at the dock in Oakland, cab or bussed to UC Berkeley, took a pre-arranged GSAT, BART'd over to South San Francisco, got my Harley, rode to Stanford, look around campus I would start at in two months, rode to my mom's in

San Jose, had a few ice cold beers and fixed stuff for mom ... best day of my life.

Monday morning. Vallejo dry dock. XO talking about the strange thing with the rudder. Went to take a look. Bottom 12" sanded clean to steel.

I don't remember if the tips of the prop were shiny.

From: Jim Mangold<jmangold48@gmail.com>

Sent: Sun, Apr 7, 2019 10:21 am

Subject: Update Haddo Crew

I can't believe how time has gone by. It seems not too long ago that I boarded the Haddo (1971) and here we are...old retired navy guys! But time since has been kind, mixed with unbelievable blessings as well as heartbreaks.

These past 48 years have given me 2 beautiful daughters and a son Adam who is terribly talented at the piano in spite of his autism. My lovely wife Debbie passed away 5 years ago but I've kept going (you can't keep a good submariner down) and since my retirement from architecture, I've opened up an art gallery in Rogers, AR. Does anyone remember the sub painting I did for Cdr Scales or the jacket patch with a sub and 2 mermaids?

Send me your news at:

Jmangold48@gmail.com

Sent from my iPhone=

Dear Shipmates,

REUNIONS:

In the last newsletter, I gave a recap history of our USS Haddo reunions over the past 19 years and then asked for volunteers to chair the next reunion which would likely be in the fall of 2020 if we maintained our every 2 year schedule. I am officially resigning as chairmen for the reunion committee. We finally received a volunteer to host one more at least. Ray Butters has volunteered and will be updating you with plans as they develop.

NEWSLETTERS:

When Ray Butters asked to resign as Newsletter Editor, I solicited volunteers and Edwin Hergert was kind enough to step in. As you read in the last newsletter, he is not receiving any stories about time on the Haddo so it has been very difficult to keep a newsletter going. We will keep the newsletter going at least to bring you reunion information, but beyond that, it will probably be a think of the past.

WEBSITE:

I will continue to maintain the USS Haddo website for a crew list, an eternal patrol as I receive information and for a place where Haddo members can go to get contact information about their shipmates. This will be done at least through November 2020.

It has truly been my pleasure to serve as reunion chair, but I feel it is time for me to pass the baton.

Respectfully,

Ralph W. Stroede

MM1(SS) N

64-68 Plank Owner

2020 Reunion Ray Butters

I reported aboard Haddo in the fall of 1963. I was 29 years old; nowhere near the oldest (the COB was about 36) and certainly not the youngest. I left Haddo in January 1967, after having been extended in the Northern Atlantic. My Haddo experience is over 50 years old, which means that the bulk of the guys that I served with then are now 70 to 90 years old. Even the guys that were in the Decom Crew are in the 50 to 70 year old bracket now. And just because it's the way life is, we've lost a lot of good friends in those ensuing years.

But we also share some great memories. A lot of those memories have been kept alive from personal letters, phone calls, and visits and a great deal more through the various reunions we've had. It looks like, however, that those reunions are coming to an end. Partly because a lot of us are getting old. And maybe because the reunions just don't have the meaning that they used to. Our reunions would probably have stopped several years ago had it not been for our reunion committee headed by Ralph and Trudy Stroede. I did the newsletter for about a dozen years and finally got burned out, so I can understand Ralph wanting to hang it up. He has asked for someone to take over the helm, but as of yet no one has volunteered. So, I have an idea.

Susie and I hosted the first reunion in Charleston, SC in 2000. My call to arms was "200 in 2000"; 200 shipmates at the reunion in the year 2000. We didn't quite make 200, but it was a great reunion. Well, Susie and I have decided to try it again. "200 in 2020". We hosted the first, why not host the last. (That's not a prediction that this will be the last, but the indicators are...) But if it is, let's go out with a bang.

It's always been hard for me to ask for help, but for this to be a success, we need some help. Let me know where you would like the reunion to be held. I think it should be somewhat central so that shipmates on both coasts can get there. When would you like to have the reunion? In the past, September has been popular. If you want to have it earlier, keep in mind that Susie and I need time to make all the arrangements. It should probably be in an area that has historical sites or sites of beauty, or fun or entertaining activities, or just plain things of interest. We would like to have it at our house, but the most that we have housed at one time was over Thanksgiving two years ago and that was 15 people, not counting Susie and me. And about half of them were stackable. So, please, give us an idea of what your thoughts are on location and time frame.

Not only would we like some input on the 'where' and 'when', we would like physical help too. Once we know the 'where' and 'when' Susie and I will get more organized and then I will be looking for some helpers for specific tasks. Susie and I got this thing rolling, but a lot of people since then have set some pretty high standards; we have a pretty high mark to shoot for.

Ray and Susie Butters
SnRonBHR@Yahoo.com
(719) 989-3056
PO Box 833
Walsenburg, CO 81089