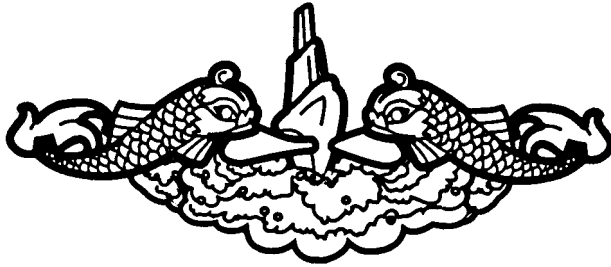


USS HADDO (SSN 604)



Volume 1, Issue 5

November 1991

Well, it's time once again for another Haddo newsletter. Greetings to all of you for whom we have addresses - and PLEASE, if you know addresses for any of those we don't yet have, take a moment and send them on to either:

Bill Cook
10 Eagleton Drive
Windsor, CT 06095
(203) 688-1005

Mike Gann
1468 Via Del Mar Rd.
Schenectady, NY 12309
(518) 377-2560

The Fourth Edition prompted a number of responses as follows:

A letter was received from Tom Miletich (TMC(SS) and former C.O.B. ('74 - '75). Following departure from Haddo while still in Pascagoula, Tom went on to a highly successful career in law enforcement, and is presently serving as Captain and Shirt Supervisor with the City of Pasgoula Police Department. One of Tom's sons, Jim, followed in dad's footsteps and is currently serving in the submarine service assigned to deep submergence research vessels in San Diego. Tom passes along his support for the newsletter, and would love to hear from former crewmembers, especially from his era.

A phone call was received from Dempsey Rouse (QMC(SS) ('73 - '78), who passed along addresses for three more former Haddo crewmembers, Steve Suden, Don Smith, and Walt Fontaine. Dempsey is still in the Navy and currently serving as a recruiter in Arlington, Texas.

A letter was received from Bill Cook (Lt), who has taken on the managing of the master list of addresses of former Haddo crew as we obtain them. Bill reports obtaining an address for Bill Byrum, through a co-worker at Combustion Engineering. Bill's also heard from Dempsey Rouse, John Almon, and Jeff Summy since the last newsletter. Finally, Bill tells me he's working on a way to include xeroxable photographs as a part of the newsletter - so the next edition may be a little more "illuminating."

Lastly, and perhaps most interesting, a letter and two boxes of Haddo memorabilia were received from the final CC., Captain Greg Larson. Rather than try and excerpt the letter, it's included in its entirety. Along with the letter came a copy of the "official" ship's history, some photos, decals, and a half-dozen plaques with the ship's logo affixed. The plaques are in pretty bad shape, dinged and scratched up, but restorable. If anyone wants a memorabilia-packet, let me know - there's only six sets, first come-first served.

And now as promised, a very brief account of war patrol #6. Patrol #5 resulted in one Japanese AK on the bottom, and two others damaged. Patrol #6 was, apparently, to be a quiet one with the exception of the night of June 11, 1944. Patrolling (presumably on the surface) at 2100 hours at 07-13'N/123-13'E, Haddo encountered two Japanese trawlers, of 200 and 300 tons, sinking both with her deck gun. So ended the action of Patrol #6. The 7th patrol was to be Haddo's most aggressive, but we'll save that for next time.

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Envelopes and postage paid for in part by the generous donations of the following former U.S.S. Haddo SSN-604 crewmembers:

Tom Miletich (C.O.B. 1974 - 1975)
Bill Cook (Lt)

Computerized name and address database managed and maintained by Bill Cook (Lt.)

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Switching to silent-running 'till next-time, (probably Spring 1992 - April perhaps?).

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Well, Haddo shipmates, here we are again joined by the J.S. mail. Seems like a good time to call to mind stories of fun and adventure we had on the boat.

My particular story started just before the first Med Run. You remember, right after the boat was overhauled in South Carolina. I was transferred from a Boomer because of my "bad attitude" and because I was farthest behind in qualifications - this came about due to my old ship being over complemented with electricians. Well, the old adage "Bid and black and never comes back" is true enough about attack boats, so I was real thrilled about being transferred to the Haddo.

I stepped across the brow that first day and there was Willie P. Murr with a warm Haddo welcome of "Who the hell did you piss off to get transferred to this boat?" He then tried to cheer me up by telling me we were leaving for 6 mos. in the Med in a couple of weeks. I tried real hard to find some positive things about the boat and didn't have to look around very long to find a few things I liked! First thing I noticed was, compared to a Boomer, everybody was real close to each other, including the officers and enlisted men. This was because everybody hated the Navy with a passion - our common enemy. Another thing - as bad as my attitude was, it was so much better than everybody else's that I was looked on as a gung-ho lifer! Wow:!

The first thing I began to hear was all the stories about the recent run to St. Croix, P.R. (I'd love to hear the details of these stories if any of you want to write me or call and leave a message for me to call you back. I'll include these stories in the next issue. 209-835-9019) Stealing the crane on the pier and dunking (deathly-afraid-of-water) Elkins in the harbor, the shore patrol taking the crew (C.O. included) back to the ship after tearing up a bar, the doc taking everybody for a swim under a destroyer into a school of jellyfish, the "Flying Machingos" and their scooter accident and lots of other fun stories.

I was able to take part in a few stories myself. How about all those hours of polishing the ship's screw prior to deployment? Christmas in Naples and the Hotweels cars and race set the wives got us to pass the time with? Nearly running aground on the coast of Libya? Following that crippled Juliette class russkie to Egypt? And of course chasing all over the Med trying to pick up those Charlie-Victor boats as they came through the Straits of Gibraltar! And let's now forget the Camp Fire girls and our parties on the molo under our Med lights we worked so hard to put up. I also remember pushing our 1 hour limit on a fast scram recovery when a reactor electronics drawer fell out of a panel and scrambled the reactor. You forward types will remember this as the time we tried to use the diesel to snorkel at 300 ft. Didn't work very well, did it? Everytime the diesel started we either broached or slid down to 300 ft! We just had to scram the reactor and try to snorkel in the middle of a tropical storm didn't we?

Another memorable time that jumps out of my memory is the time we dove with snorkel head valve open. On of the two electrodes in the snorkel safety circuit that closes the head valve on a dive was inoperative. The circuit was selected to dual vice single due to a snafu, and the valve didn't shut when we dove. Instant seawater in every compartment from the overhead - we thought we were going down and were going to die. This meant lots of work for us electricians for a long time due to ground from the seawater in every receptacle and light fixture.

Well, there are lots of stories I would like to swap with you. If there are some you'd like to pass on, jot 'em down and pass'em along to me or Mike and we'll try to include them next time.

Smooth Sailing -

Harold Clark, EM1(SS)

P.S. How many of you Nukes remember Skip Fish's robot in AMRLL along with Don Koeppen's mail box and letters to God? How about the time Mr. Perry went on his diet prior to mustering out (he lost a lot of weight). Well, every couple of days his roommate (Mr. Able, I believe) would snip a little off the end of his web belt, giving the illusion he was gaining rather than losing. Poor Mr. Perry almost went insane.