



USS HADDO Newsletter

Volume 2, Issue 21

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Editor - Ray Butters

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FROM THE EDITOR

REUNION UPDATE

Date I must have had a senior's moment. That's the only thing I can think of that would have made me overlook something as significant as telling you the date of the reunion. If you haven't figured it out, even though there were some good clues, it is the 10th, 11th, and 12th of November. Thanks Andrew, for pointing out my oversight.

Continental Breakfast I really blew it on this one. I had sent a Reunion Supplement to Bitsi Crawford, Holiday Inn's Sales Manager, to make sure I had gotten everything right for the hotel. She, very nicely, told me that the hotel has a Continental Breakfast and a full service breakfast, but neither are free. When I had initially reviewed all the hotel proposals, I recorded the specifics of each hotel in a spreadsheet. That way I could easily compare all the benefits and make a wise choice. Well, I put an X in a box for *Free Continental Breakfast* for the Holiday Inn when I should have put it in the box for the Hilton. If this is enough to make anybody change their minds about attending, plan on attending anyway and I'll buy you a continental breakfast. Bitsi also said that the distance from the hotel to Patriots Point is a walkable distance, but more than a **short walk**.

Golf Dick Noble is coordinating the golf event. He is checking on some other places and may be able to reduce the costs. If you have any ideas, contact Dick at (423) 336-9196.

Pictures Tom Warner gave me a good idea. When you send me your registration, include a picture taken of you during the time you were on the Haddo (preferably a close-up). I have some fun ideas for them, plus they will help for

identification. We did this at my 40th High School reunion and it helped lots. I promise to get it back to you.

THANKS!

I am sincerely grateful to those who help me keep this newsletter alive. As you can see by the Mail Sack, I have gotten a lot of support for the content of this newsletter. And as you can see from the list below, I have also gotten a lot of support for the costs of getting this newsletter to you.

Thanks All!!!!

John Bailey, Paul Callahan, Tony DeNicola, Richard DiSalvo, Ellis Dusenbury, Michael Gann, Jack Garrison, Robert Gould, Brian Levgard, Donald Miller, Bill Neff, and Louis Storm

ROSTER UPDATE

Confused? I guess my last roster update was the cause of a lot of confusion. I'll make an effort for future updates to be more straight forward. For now, to get everybody back on track, I have included a complete and up-to-date roster.

New Contacts I am happy to report that we have added seven new shipmates to the roster. You can easily identify them in the roster because both their addresses and names are all in red.

Welcome aboard the Haddo Newsletter.

Moving? I had eight newsletters returned from the last issue and one from the Reunion Supplement. Fortunately, when the 6-month forwarding period expires, the post office puts the new address on the return notice. So I was able to readdress six of them and put them back in the mail. In the roster you'll see theirs and other bearing changes in **red**. As a Sonarman, I really hate to report a lost contact, but that's

what the other three are now; lost contacts. They are painted blue in this roster and assuming I don't hear from them before the next issue, I will delete them from the roster. If you're moving, drop me a line to let me know. It would help me maintain a semblance of professional excellence by not having to file these *Lost Contact Reports*.

CURRENT EVENTS

Watch for a new book!! Our very own Bill Reed has written a book, due for publication this summer, that describes his years on the Haddo and later as a diver. The book is called *I Crazy Ivan*. Info on the book can be found at www.reedwriting.com.

Submarine Birthday Ball ¶ This is a year for celebrations. Not only is it the year of the millennium (which actually doesn't occur until 1 Jan 2001), but it is the 100th birthday of the US Submarine Force (which doesn't occur until 11 April). San Diego's celebration is going to be a spectacular event that will include movie stars from the upcoming movie U-571. What ever area you're in (except places like Boulder, Colorado) you ought to be having a special Submarine Birthday Ball this year. If you're in San Diego, contact Isaac Cenerally for tickets. (619) 553-9849

MISCELLANEOUS

CWSM Fund Raiser:

I know, I know, I know. In the Reunion Supplement I said to check the Registration Form if you would like to contribute to the CWSM fund as a group effort. Then I didn't put anything on the form for you to check (I have a good proofer – my wife, but no QA). So here's the scoop. If you'd like to join me in contributing in the name of the Haddo, send your contributions directly to the CWSM (see the back page of the enclosed brochure). On the Contribution Slip that you cut off and send in, write (**HADDO**) after your name. Rusty will keep track of our combined contributions and recognize "USS Haddo Shipmates" for the total at the dedication. I have already received a couple donations that I will just include with mine with a itemized list to Rusty.

FEATURE ARTICLE

Haddo Remembered, (7th War Patrol)

by RADM C. W. Nimitz, Jr., USN (Ret)

From the Spring 1995 issue of **The Klaxon**

But our 7th patrol made up for a lot!

We were assigned as part of a wolfpack consisting of HADDO, HAKE, and HARDER, with HARDER's skipper, CDR Sam Dealey, as wolfpack commander. Our operating area was to be off Manila in the South China Sea. We each left Fremantle. On different days, me last, with a plan to

rendezvous at 0400 at a specified position in Mindoro Strait, about 100 miles south of Manila and about 300 miles north of Fremantle. Being last, I had to hump it to get there on time, and except for diving for airplanes or an occasional trim, we raced north on three engines, making about 17 ½ knots up through the Indian Ocean, across the Java Sea, up Makassar Strait, across the Sulu Sea, and finally, about a week later, into the southern reaches of Mindoro Strait.

About Midnight, while still plowing north for the rendezvous position, we got a message to rendezvous with the HAKE, HARDER, and RASHER at a point six miles off Cape Matapan at the northern end of Mindoro on our starboard hand, at 0330. RASHER, on her way home from patrol in the South China Sea, had, early that evening, seen a very large, very heavily escorted convoy hole up in a shallow bay right under the Cape. At this stage of the war the Japanese frequently did that sort of thing to avoid devastating night attacks. We all met at the appointed rendezvous, and Sam Dealey, the senior officer present, assigned us each a sector from which to approach and attack when the enemy sortied at daybreak.

Long before daylight we were forced to submerge by lines of escorts and patrol craft that began sweeping back and forth across the approaches to the bay; and as day began to break, these vessels began almost continuous depth charging, creating such a cacophony that I had to shout in the conning tower during the approach. We simply kept boring in toward the anchorage at quite high speed, there being no danger of being heard in that din. It was glassy smooth, so periscope exposures had to be a matter of seconds, with but an inch or two of scope exposed at dead slow speed. That meant literally backing the screws to lose headway each time we needed a look. We finally attained a position abeam and about 2400 yards away from three large engines-aft cargo vessels, which overlapped each other. We fired two torpedoes at each from the bow tubes, simultaneously slinking down below the thermo layer and turning away. We got five explosions at the expected times, and a Filipino coast watcher in the lighthouse above the anchorage reported that we sank two ships and damaged a third. More frantic depth charging, none close.

That afternoon, still at the northern end of Mindoro Strait, we made a submerged attack on a large engines-aft vessel escorted by two destroyers. We fired four torpedoes forward at the near escort and four from aft at the cargo ship, recording one hit on the destroyer and two on the merchantman, the hits coming at the correct run time and the target screw noises ceasing. We were prevented from staying at periscope depth by the other destroyer who was turning toward us even as we were still firing. Following a brief depth charging, with us under a sharp gradient temperature layer, we came to periscope depth in time to see our assailant disappearing over the horizon at high speed.

Later that night, about thirty miles north of Manila Bay off the Luzon coast, HARDER and I were able to get together. Within minutes, we made radar contact on three destroyer-size pips some six miles to seaward. We lay together, tracking them for a few minutes and found that they seemed to be just milling about, possibly waiting for some convoy expected at Manila. Since our radars showed nothing else, Dealey ordered me to attack the southernmost target. He'd take the northern one, and the middle one was fair game for us both. We raced away from each other and then turned toward our prey, which soon could be seen from the bridge. They looked like cut down destroyers and were subsequently identified as fleet minesweepers, pressed into service as ASW escorts. I sank mine with a three torpedo salvo from forward at almost the same time that explosions from Dealey's target showed he'd done the same. Using the same target data, I immediately fired three torpedoes at the remaining vessel, only to hear from Sam that he'd just done the same. Number three disappeared amid a brilliant series of bright flashes and explosions, and we were each credited with half of her.

After perhaps half an hour, Sam and I were on the surface in sight of one another and closing slowly for a side by side chat, when HARDER suddenly disappeared diving for some unknown reason. I wasn't going to wait around to be attacked by whatever HARDER dove to avoid. I hauled away to the north on the surface, planning to close the land and spend the day patrolling submerged and, possibly, resting. With dawn breaking, we dove.

I went to my stateroom to get some sleep after a long busy day and night. We'd all been up for some forty hours or more. About half an hour later, the Exec stuck his head in my room and said they had a large tanker up to the northeast, close to the coast and heading south. He estimated that the tanker was about twelve miles away, with us some six or seven miles off his track. There appeared to be no escorts. Mindful that the only torpedoes we had left were four Mk 18 electric aft, I doubted we could attain a reasonable firing position. I told the Exec to continue on a normal approach course, ninety degrees to the target's track, making as much speed as he could, and to call me if the possibility of an attack appeared likely. I drifted off but was rudely awakened by the general alarm and an excited messenger who yelled into my room, "Captain to the conning tower on the double!" As I dashed through the control room, I could feel the ship shudder as it went ahead full speed with the rudder hard over, and I heard the order to make ready the after tubes. When I gained the conning tower, a very white faced Exec quickly filled me in. He'd been running at five or six knots, making periscope exposures without slowing, believing himself to be alone in the ocean except for the tanker which was still some distance away. As he was lowering the scope on his last look, sound reported loud, high speed screws and echo ranging closing fast from the north. He had whirled around

for a look, and a destroyer almost filled his scope field in high power. We were still turning at high speed to bring our stern tubes to bear. I ordered, "All stop!" In low power, I got a quick look and bearing on our assailant. He was coming hell-bent for election and obviously saw the scope. Without lowering the scope, I told the TDC operator to give the helmsman a course opposite the target's bearing so we could point our stern dead at the destroyer. With the TDC operator calling off the torpedo run ("450-400-350"), I started firing, first at the enemy's prow (and the white uniformed sailors on it pointing at us) and then just outside each tangent, simultaneously going each tangent, firing as fast as I could mark the bearings, without waiting for the normal five second interval. We proceeded ahead full speed, flooding negative, rigging for depth charge, and grabbing something to hang onto in dire apprehension. Just as we were passing 90 feet and going down fast, the boat was rocked by a quick series of violent explosions, seemingly directly overhead. But we weren't flooding, and except for broken lights and flying cork insulation, nothing worse happened. Blowing negative at 300 feet, we commenced a slow wide turn to the right in eerie silence, settling down at 400 feet at dead slow speed. Pretty soon everybody in the boat heard over the battle telephones that sound could hear nothing anywhere, and all through the boat, men clapped and shouted in their shut off compartments.

When we got back to periscope depth, there was our tormentor, listing, with the forward third of his ship missing. Our fourth and last torpedo was fired from about 600 yards abreast the apparently stopped target but unaccountably failed to hit or explode. This proved horribly unfortunate because HARDER, with Sam Dealey, was lost closing the point on the beach to which the target had been towed. We went back to DIAK, got more torpedoes and returned to the area to rescue an aviator and to sink an enemy minelayer before retiring to Fremantle. RADM C.W. Nimitz, Jr., USN (Ret)

MAIL SACK

Since the mail sack for this newsletter was so full, I apologize, but I omitted the messages that just said Hi, Thanks, and Great Job. I like getting those messages, it helps keep me motivated, so please don't stop. I just needed to cut down a little on the space this time.

And while I'm apologizing, I apologize for making you break out the cheaters. In an effort to hold the number of pages to a minimum, and do my part to save the rain forest, I have reduced the point size of the type in the mail sack to a point just above the threshold of human visual acquisition. Of course you could always get your kids to read it to you if you're having difficulty. Call it quality time with the family.

Can you believe I was going to try to combine the Reunion Supplement with this Newsletter? I guess it was just too many years on Submarines, trying to cram 10 pounds of stuff into a 5-pound space.

E-MAIL

Jim Adams

My name is Jim Adams I served on board Haddo from 6/71-6/76. I received a copy of your newsletter from John Briquet. I really enjoyed reading about your plans to try and put together a reunion. You can count me in wherever the guys decide on but I like the idea of November in Charleston. I would appreciate being added to your mailing list along with another a-gang member from Haddo. If you have a minute I would appreciate a short response as I'm new at this computer game. Also both of us are interested in any ships items you have made. Keep up the great work.

Jim Adams	Jim Simpson
27 Cedar St.	1116 Northfield Blvd.
Cranston, RI 02910	Murphysboro, TN 37130-1251

John Bailey

Your efforts regarding the Haddo newsletter are very impressive. This is a significant effort and costly both financially and time wise. I appreciate your efforts. Keep up the good work.

I reported to Haddo during new construction in late July of 1963. I left the boat in August, 1966. There are many stories that I recall from those days. One, during construction that I remember was the hydrostatic testing of the RCFW manifold in the tunnel. The shipyard attempted to hydro it several times and it continued to fail the hydro because of leaks. As I recall the last time it was tested several of us reported to the test wearing rain gear. The construction workers did not appreciate our humor. Another was when we had completed dock trials and Mr. Hay called us together and told us that if we thought things had been tough up till that time it was going to be a "triple ply, non skid, red and white, rotating son of a bitch" in the future. I have many recollections of that time, President Kennedy's assassination, the ship yard strike, the produce peddlers out in front of the shipyard, dock trials, sea trials, etc. There are several recollections of our first Med cruise, one that I recall involved you.

Well I will close this note for now. I will be sending you a check to help defray some to the costs of the newsletter. Again keep up the good work and a well done. John Bailey

Harold Clark

Just got the latest newsletter--GREAT JOB. I'm sorry you didn't get my interest card from your last news letter-- sent it to you just two days after I received it and figured it would be the first one you received! YES!!!!!!!!!!!!-- we will go to a reunion no matter where it is held providing we can arrange vacation time off, etc.! I will send the interest card this weekend! Another option is to hold the reunion in the Chicago area and tour the WW II German U-boat at the Museum of Science and Industry. (Just a thought)

Plan on making you a tape over the Xmas holidays and sending it to you. Have done that in the past for Mike Gann and he enjoyed it. Can fit lots of sea stories and Haddo songs on it. My wife wants to vote for Atlantic City so she can gamble-- I tell her I'm the biggest gamble of her life so why push her luck.. You sound like a typical fun and wonderful Haddo kinda guy and hope if you are ever in the Sacramento, Ca. area you stop and see us.

Before I forget-- my address is: Hal Clark 9233 Cerrolinda Circle, Elk Grove, CA. 95758 and my e-mail: halnliz@jps.net. Everyone on the boat knew me as "Dirty Harold".

Yes, I will buy lots of cups, hats, etc with the boat logo on it. Any thought of photos? I was on the boat from about early '71 til '75 with Kirk Davis and appreciated hearing from him in the newsletter and especially his thoughts on Alex Johnson. What a great man Alex was-- a giant among the wonderful people I knew and grew to love on the boat. He was an E-9, which was like a God, but he treated you as a peer and always gave you the respect a fellow human being deserved. He didn't expect you to prove you were entitled to that respect but gave it free gratis as a fellow human. His treatment of you naturally caused you to live up to a higher standard. Here is my story of the first time I met him:

I was transferred from the boomer Stonewall Jackson to Haddo. Took 45 days leave because I knew Haddo was going on a long deployment so hadn't been paid in a month and was very poor and short of food, etc. Reported aboard one late Friday afternoon and went down to the ship's office-- there was Alex-- very warm and cordial-- I was not used to being treated nice by the Navy. He answered all my questions and got me settled in. Before sending me home for the weekend he asked me if there was any thing else or anything he could do for me. I asked him if it was too late to be paid up on the tender and he said "Yes" the disbursing office was closed for the day. I said I asked because I hadn't been paid in a month and because of unexpected car repairs I was really short of money but could wait 'til Monday. He insisted I take "a couple of bucks". I didn't want to take it but he insisted over and over and said I could pay him on Monday. His "couple of bucks" was \$50!!!!!!!!!!!! He just took it out of his pocket and handed it to me-- him an E-9 and me a lowly enlisted man. That was a shitpot full of money in those days!!!! Buying power of about \$150-\$200 today! It meant the world to me for someone in the Navy to be nice to me instead of screwing me over continually like I had been. What a wonderful and giving man. I had found a home on the Haddo and a part of the Navy that I loved--everyone on the Haddo had something in common- they hated the Navy and being at sea, so we all became comrades. The subject of money reminds me of

this story:

Every time before we went on deployment Joe Long (ET) would always make sure he borrowed \$20 from the Jewish Chaplain when the Chaplain would come down from the tender to wish us a safe voyage. We would always ask him: "Now Joe, why is it you borrowed that money from the Chaplain?". And Joe would always say: " You don't really think God is not gonna let me come back when I owe twenty bucks to a Jewish Chaplain do ya?". So, when we returned, Joe would always get someone to give him two fives and a ten for the twenty and, as soon as the brow was over, go up to the Chaplain's office to pay back the money!

That's all for now Ray, will send more soon. Please send me an e-mail back so I know I have your e-mail address correct.

Best regards and smooth sailing, Harold Clark EM1(SS)

Bill Cook

Just a quick note to say thanks for the newsletter and to respond to the "would you attend a reunion" survey. Unfortunately, at this point in time and for the foreseeable future, I am not likely to get to a reunion no matter the location. Three kids in different elementary/middle schools, more-than-full-time job, after school activities for the kids, and membership on the local Board of Education, plus long-distance vacations to grandparents, etc., just about rule out most non-essential trips that cannot be combined with either work or family vacation. Did I mention that I also consult in Project Management on the side?

Knowing that the newsletter costs a few bucks to mail, I will be sending a few bucks your way for supplies and postage, etc.

I'd be happy to receive a text-only version by e-mail if it is practical, to keep costs down a bit. Perhaps others would also find this an acceptable alternative??

It is always fun to read the memorable "HADD0 Moments" recalled by others and included in the newsletter. Mention of Joe Long was appropriate - if you knew him, then no further explanation was necessary. I recall hearing that, after Joe left the HADD0, he was stationed somewhere in either New Zealand or Australia. How did he like it there? Reports indicated that he had a stack of paychecks building up because there were not many places to spend money in style, or whatever. Those who knew Joe Long will need no further explanation. Joe left the boat not long after I arrived; I wish he had been around longer.

Regards, Bill Cook (the mailing list is still correct)

Ray Coons

I received your news letter and you are to be congratulated on an outstanding job. I know that setting up a reunion is a big job and there is no way that you will be able to please everyone. Personally I would rather have a Haddo reunion along with the Sub-Vets reunion in Atlantic City in October 2000. Many of the boats have their reunions along with the Sub Vets because they served on more than one boat. I have friends in Sub Vets and the Scorpion as well as the Haddo. Having the reunion in Norfolk the week before the Sub Vets would become very expensive. These reunions don't come cheap if you end up spending under five hundred dollars you are lucky and if you have to fly it would be a lot more. Many of our shipmates are on a fixed income.

My Wife and I have been planing on attending the Sub Vets reunion in October but if the Haddo reunion is at another time and place we will cancel and attend the one for the Haddo. The crew of the Haddo has a special memory for us for other than instructor duty at EMB school in Great Lakes we were with them the longer period of time.

Send me an E-Mail on what you decide as we will be there no matter where or when. Ray Coons

I received this message last night and if that is what they are going to do I for one don't think we will be going. Your idea of Norfolk is looking better all the time. Ray Coons

From: Gil Shaddock <shaddock@digital.net>
To: John Fredricks <jhfss478@swbell.net>
Subject: 2000 Convention
Date: Sunday, November 28, 1999 5:33 PM

Hi John, I just received the NJ South newsletter and in it is a registration form for the convention in Atlantic City. I'm not sure if you have seen it yet, but the prices they are charging for the various activities is ridiculous. A couple of tours at \$35 per person, a couple of tours at \$50 per person and the banquet is \$65 per person. There ain't no way to justify charging \$130 a couple for a meal. I guess it will be in the American Submariner which I understand is in the mail. I don't know if you agree with what NJ South is doing but I'm afraid that you are not going to get a very good turn out for Atlantic City. Is there anything you can do to change or stop this before it goes too far?
Thanks. Gil Shaddock, Snug Harbor Base Commander

Tony DeNicola

I don't know what your status is on postage, paper and envelopes but thought I'd just send a check to you now for future expenses.

Sent an e-mail to Jim but haven't heard from him yet. I think Judy is still trying to get him on line but he may still be balking. He is a real case. Wish I had thought to look at your address this past June. We were in Sierra Vista where we were camped at Ft. Huachuca for a week while visiting a friend. We drove over to the Tucson airport to drop off our friends sister. Great Exchange there. We were surprised at how large it was and well stocked too. We live in our motor home so will more then likely be out that way the year after next (2001). We are going on a cruise to

Alaska for our 15th anniversary this next July. By the way, congratulations on your marriage of a year and a half ago. This time around has been great for me and I'm sure it will be for you also.

If you would, drop me an e-mail when you get the check, in the event you don't cash it right away. Tony

Glad to hear you got the check. I also want to tell you that you are a great help to me in putting together the first newsletter for the unit I was with in Viet Nam. I have been looking at your letter and have plagiarized some of your ideas. I guess I'd better put a footnote in for credits.

My Battalion Commander, XO and several Officers and NCOs have maintained pretty close contact over the past 31 years and he (CO) kept talking about having another get together since it has been years since we had one. I told him I would be happy to take on the task of contacting all those on our current mailing list and starting a newsletter for the 159th. We were a headquarters outfit so we are including all attached units that served with the 159th in Viet Nam.

Like you have experienced, I have received responses from about 20% of all those I wrote to. I sent out two questionnaire mailings and will go with what I have to date for the first newsletter. I hope I will get more new responses from the second mailing. I know people lay stuff aside with good intentions of responding, but then time passes and it falls through the cracks.

One of the things I plan to do is interview one of the group for each newsletter. Talked to Charlie Sunder (CO) and told him I thought I'd start with the SgtMaj (army type of a COB) since he lives in Orlando and I see him on occasion. I will do a sketch of his military career and also what he has done since retirement from the military. I want to do the CO but he didn't want to be first so I suggested the SGM.

Hope you have a great holiday season. By your e-mail I take it you are fully retired now. It's a great life but not enough hours in the day. Regards, Tony De

John Farro

My name is John Farro. I remember you came out to our house on isle of palms once or twice. Pat MCGovern, myself and Matey always had a house on the beach and we always played host to the poor married guys and their family for a day at the beach. Anyway Ray I would like to be put on the mailing list for the news letter. I just recently talked to Ray Coons who told me he looked into the prices at Atlantic City and they were pretty expensive. Looking forward to a Haddo reunion where ever it is.

I served aboard Haddo from Feb. 1965 to Aug 1968, I was an EM1SS I lived on shore with Pat MCGovern and Brian Levgard. I will talk to you again about stories later. John

Tim France

Another GREAT newsletter. Thank you for your efforts. I enjoyed the account from Dick Noble about the Seaman's conversation with Captain Chewing. What a story! By the way, the dime he mentioned was still there when I left the boat in 1972, it was taken care of during the SubSafe Overhaul from 1969 to 1971 at Charleston Naval Shipyard.

Another note: HADDO changed homeport from Charleston in 1971, when we moved to Squadron 10 at State Pier, New London. CDR Walt Sullivan was our DivCom (Division Commander) in Division 101, and he gave me my interview and walk-through for submarine qualification on the transit into New London for the first time. I saw the notice of his death in the last Sub League Review. He was a real gentleman!

I read Blind Man's Bluff early this year, after getting it as a present last Christmas. Interesting book. One of the "Northern Runs" that I went on in HADDO was right after one of the deployments mentioned in the book. I may have to get the paperback for the additional information.

I'll send in the card, but my thoughts on Reunion are pretty much like yours. Charleston in mid-November sounds good to me.

Well, I'll close here. I am still "seeking a suitable position" while working on an MBA at Miami University (of Ohio). Staying busy. Didn't make it to Charleston this year, but I keep up with a few friends down there and regularly read the Charleston Post and Courier on the web. If Charleston ends up being the place, there is a reporter that handles military affairs on the P & C, his name is Terry Joyce. I am sure he would publicize the event in his weekly (on Sundays) column. His e-mail address is tjoyce@postandcourier.com

Had a wedding invite in the mail the other day for Dale McQuinn's #2 son. We still hear from him and Marna at Christmas. Take care, Tim France

Ron Graff

Got the super newsletter today and it took me forever to go over it. 12 pages and all of it just great. Will have a check in the mail by the first of the year, wouldn't want to lose a good thing. Will have the card in the mail soon also. I really want to see a reunion, any place on the east coast is good for me (coming from Hawaii) because we have family in New Jersey, Virginia, Columbia SC. May have a son at Ft. Bragg by then too. Some time I would like to have the list of the 178 names you have, I have some but not all. Always wondered what happened to Fred Santalanes (spelling), the radioman. He and I served again, but can't remember where. It's a big world. You sure had some good web site information and I thank you for that. Do you have Jim Jamison's E-Mail? jjamison@cablenet-va.com I know he is always interested in what is going on with old friends. More later, keep up the good work if you can, it is a real tough job. Ron Graff

Decoded the roster with no problem, all 5 pages. If you aren't aware, O.L. Smith has a new e-mail, it's SmithOLS@aol.com and we trade mail about once a week or so. Sent you Jamie's new one, the one on the list is for his wife Judy. His is jjamison@cablenet-va.com and the list goes on and on. Just great to see so many names and some people I have tried to find over the years with out success. I guess you will be updating the list "in your spare time" because some of the names like Pat McGovern, and me, are not on the list. Pat was on the last news letter and I'm glad for that. He is our youngest son's Godfather, and we had no idea where he was. I am not nit-pickin nor complaining, just trying to help. At least that's what I think I'm trying to do. Nothing like some body proof reading your work from far away that had nothing to do with the job in the first place. Any way, thanks a lot, I really appreciate it and will "talk" to you soon. Ron

David Hotenstein

Here are some e mail addresses of HADDO people. I don't know if I sent them to you already. If not, here they are. Hope you have a great Thanksgiving. Dave H.

"Jack & Martha Bently" k4imk@amsat.org	"Ed & Rose Mox" emox@mhsnr.org
"Bruce & Kathie Moran" cascadesig@aol.com	"Bill Cook Haddo Communications" wjcool@aol.com
"Ed & Renae Neasham" eneasham@3-cities.com	"Bob & Sherri Cato" okcato@pldi.net
"Frank & Corrine Wise" f.wise@mail.utexas.edu	"Vic & Cheral Lowrimore" pacepvc@pompano.pcola.gulf.net
"Betty - Glenn Clary" bgclary@sprintmail.com	"Bruce & Kathie Moran" csc@aa.net

Brian Levgard

Yeah this email stuff is great. I just got into it, here and at work, a couple of years ago. At work, I'm on a network with about a thousand other employees, and my modus operandi at work has me sending and receiving hundreds of emails a month. The joke of it all is that I can't type, so it makes me feel uncomfortable if someone is watching.

Ah the picture of a shipmate in the grass skirt will take some digging to find, and it may not be available for this news letter. It's in a bag in a box somewhere in the basement, and I will endeavor to produce it in time for the April publication. I have some newspaper clips from our commissioning ceremony in '64 that could be sent your way at the same time if you would be interested.

Roger, 10-4, OK to print my address, phones and email info for all to see. Do you have a list of names of crew member's info that you could send my way? Funny you should mention O'Hara. He was a good influence on me during my hitch, and I would really like to drop him a line. I'm glad that he is still around. The last I knew was that he got a JCS billet in DC. One of the newspaper clips that I have is a pix of us on the port sail plane.

It's almost time for my annual Veterans Day drunk. I like to put on my old raggedy-ass tattered Haddo work jacket, fill up my Haddo beer mug with 24 ounces of beer, light up a fag and start toasting ship, captain, and crew as well as fallen comrades. Years ago, I would get into my cups and try to call the boat for a Veterans Day salute. The last time that I talked to the boat, the tender was the Dixon, the Haddo Captain's name was Larson, and when I asked the person on the phone how the "old bucket of bolts" was doing, he became indignant while informing me that the Haddo was not an "old bucket of bolts." He also told me that the boat just had a big buck retrofit with all kinds of bells and whistles. I also asked him, if he had the watch, why wasn't the phone answered by the second ring? This was toward the end for the Haddo, and I wasn't able to establish contact again. Speaking for myself and others, to be sure, it hurt my feelings that there was no Plank Owner ceremony for the decommissioning of our boat. That thought alone is good for a few beers on Nov 11.

Ray, stay in touch and hang in there. If you are ever looking for some crew member humor for copy we (Kahuna, Sea Bag and myself) may be able to come up with something. Down scope, Matey

Sea Bag finally passed his short arm inspection, Bill has got his 80mm shining like a whore's ass, Kahuna just finished giving some guy a push start with his car, and Captain Waldo has given the bright work on his gun boat the last touch for the winter, so we're off to the Hawaiian Fruit Company to get a buddy loan and then head for Kelly's saloon for some 10 cent beers.

We walk in on the creaking wooden floors and the smoke filled bar is packed with familiar faces. The din of laughter, toasting, bar stools scraping on the floor and the boom boom boom of the bass on the juke box is almost deafening as we all elbow our way into places at the bar. Today is in our honor and we are glad to be together in spirit for remembrance of the good, the bad and the ugly. We give our fallen comrades proper toasts and salutes, and although the ceremony is joyous, in our hearts we reflect some of the pain and suffering that the fallen and their families had gone through in sacrifice for their country. So, we drink ourselves silly and sick and then part for home where we will put away our medals and pins and nostalgic artifacts for another year, and in the back of our minds we are appreciative that we are still alive to do these things. Salute, Matey

Pat McGovern

Last night I slept in the closet and after 6 hours I had my wife pull back the curtain, shine a flash light in my eyes and say "SORRY" wrong rack. - For 24 hours I only ate out of a can or anything that you have to add water to. I repeated everything said to me. Had the paper-boy give me a haircut for .25 cents. Read the Electric, Water, and Gas meters every hour. Vented the toilet into the closet where I was sleeping. And read the UCMJ, but could not get passed "PENETRATION HOWEVER SLIGHT". Then I called up 85 people I could not stand to stay overnight.--CANT WAIT FOR THE REUNION-LIFER-SEABAG

Don Miller

Much to my surprise, the US Postal service forwarded the Nov 99 HADDO newsletter to my new address. And I'm glad they did, because you have done an excellent job. It was great recognizing some familiar names. It was especially good to read Dick Scales' letter. He was my first CO and the man to whom I contribute my decision to stay in the Navy. I'm glad he was there to provide sage advise. I've included my new address and will be sending a contribution to assist in the newsletter continuation. Thanks

Ed Neasham

Really appreciate your work on the newsletter. I've been meaning to write you, but you know how it goes. I am at home recuperating from cancer surgery (everything came out OK, with a real good prognosis) so have time to set down and write you. A little background, so's people can remember who the hell I am. I was (I believe) the last plank owner to come aboard the Haddo. I arrived in the middle of November 1964 as an EM2. I rode her till August of '68 when I transferred. I spent the rest of my time either in shipyards as Naval Reactors (EB '68-'71, Charleston '72-'76 or Puget '78-'82) or Vietnam (71-'72) - where I ran across Fern Wagner and Chick Sorenson or Collage (Idaho State University '76-'78). I retired as Assistant Squadron 17 Engineer in May '82. Went to work for Bechtel as a startup engineer at Limerick (Pennsylvania), Turkey Point (Florida) and Hatch (Georgia). In '87 I got tired of moving around and took a job with Washington Public Power Supply System (the infamous WOOPS) where I licensed as an SRO. Stayed there till this August when I quit and went to work for a Consulting firm at Hanford. Enough of that.

Really enjoy reading the "Sea Stories" (even though they don't start with "Once-upon-a-time" or "Now this ain't no S---". Several of them I remember. It's interesting how your memory fades a little. I recall the one you told about Litner and Doc. I was on watch that night and witnessed it when I came forward. Basically, that's how I remember it too, with a few details different. As to Dave Hottenstien's sea story, it's basically correct, except I actually said "It looks like rubber, but feels like plastic". Mr. Carter said "let me see" and rolled it around in his fingers and said "where'd you get it". The touching to the lips actually didn't happen.

I'm interested in the Reunion and will make every effort to attend. My better half votes for Charleston. By the way, I've got a souvenir to bring. It is a piece of the Haddo's pressure hull. Seems my son-in-law is a RadCon tech at Hanford. He has a buddy at Puget who collects pieces of the boats as the reactor Compartment is cut up and saves them. When Bruce told the guy I was a plank owner, he gave me the piece of the 604 he had. The Reactor Compartment is buried out here (I didn't hear when it was shipped, so didn't get a chance to see it go by).

When I worked at WPPSS (WOOPS) I ran across two Haddo sailors (from later times). Don't have their home mailing address, but do have their work address and phone numbers. One was a rag hat (believe he was an RO) named Mark Blake and I think the other was a Lt. (Don Feldman). Don't know the years they served on, but it was probably in the early to mid '70's. Work address would be:

Name
Mail Drop 9270
P.O. Box 968
Richland, Washington 99352-0968

Their home phone numbers and possibly their home addresses (it's from the phone book, so am not sure it's correct): Keep up the good work, and hope to see you at the Reunion.

Mark Blake	Don Feldman
2103 Trippe	1601 S Dawes
Richland, WA 99352	Kennewick, WA 99337
(509) 943-2886	(509) 783-4680

In response to my query about the two Haddo sailors, I don't work with them anymore, but when Mike had the newsletter, I asked them if they'd like to get it. They both expressed interest. But, I didn't get around to sending it in and they never asked me about it again. Didn't seem like they had quite the fond memories of the ol' Haddo Maru that we did, were mildly interested.

Know what you mean about the memory part. The wife was reading the newsletter and asking me about names. Some I had no problem recognizing, while others I had to ponder for a while to dredge up a picture in my mind. For example, the little story about Tim Turner's playing the banjo that Dick Noble related reminded me of him. I remember when we pulled into Rota at the end of the Med Cruise to change out the starboard boot. We went up to the club, where they had a band playing and they invited Tim to play. I thought he played a pretty mean banjo, of course the 5 or 6 rum and Cokes might have had a little to do with it. Ed

Bill Neff

Great job on the news letter. Count me in for the reunion, I don't have a preference on where its held. If it's decided to have it here in Charleston, I'll be glad to help. Regards, Bill Neff

Dean Nyffeller

Regret that with two daughters in college I would probably not be able to attend a reunion except in Los Vegas. Keep up the good work. We have a boomer sailor here and they have nothing going for them. Frank Davis looks forward to each letter. I loaned him my copy of Blind Mans Bluff. By the time I got to the Haddo she was making those copacetic med runs. I only remember one crazy Ivan and a tangle with the Moskva near Greece. It was a little exciting to sit in the Straights and hear a freighter go

through the bunk above me.
Please note the change in my e-mail address. We've upgraded to lotus notes.

Fernly Wagner

Thoroughly enjoyed the newsletter, as usual. I was shocked to hear that XO Walt Sullivan had passed away. CO and XO gone!

As before, if there is a reunion my wife and I will be there. I especially like your Charleston, SC in November option. As regards Haddo items I would be interested in a cap. Keep up the good work. Warmest regards, Fern

Geoff Warnock

I found an old USS Haddo (SSN-604) shipmate and he told me that you can put me on a list to receive a newsletter regarding the USS Haddo. Looking at your email address, I guess you have the diesel boat members as well. I was on the nuke Haddo, but remember seeing the USS Haddo (SS-254?) battle flag in the sub museum in Pearl in 1977. Let me know if there are any dues or fees for this, and I will get them off to you directly. Thanks very much. It's good to be in touch with at least one of the guys, hope this will let me get in touch with more.
Geoff Warnock, Ex ETCS/SS, CWO3/USN (Retired)

Thanks for the prompt reply and the newsletter offer. I can take it by email or by snail mail, makes no difference to me. I have WORD for a word processor and can use that to read your email file if you think it will work. If you think it will go by email, could you send me the last several newsletters? I am looking for several of my shipmates and thought they may be listed there. I really do appreciate this Ray!!

Received the newsletters you sent. Thank you very much. They arrived just before Thanksgiving and gave me an opportunity to remember fond, and not so fond events about Haddo. Through another sub site, I had contacted Denny Weaver and he gave me your email address. Denny, an ex-nuke MM2/SS now a pilot for Delta airlines, and my family met in Orlando during one of his layovers. We hadn't seen each other since 1978. It was a great reunion with many stories (tales?) exchanged. Reading through the newsletters, I am getting a glimpse of Haddo life before, and after my time aboard - and nothing seemed to have changed except the names and the dates. Denny and I had laugh after laugh, remembering several of the trials and tribulations that were experienced by many of us. It is indeed a young mans game and we all played it well. I also found out that another shipmate, Edwin Tomlin (Laddeau of the Haddo) lives here in Gainesville, small world isn't it? Denny called Ladd from his cell phone in Orlando for a quick reunion. I'll be doing the follow-up with Ladd when I get back from a business trip this week. To jog everyone's memory, I reported aboard Haddo in February 1977 as an ETR2 (nuke type). The CO was Cdr. Carter, the XO was Cdr. Oliver. The Engineer was LCdr. Hubert Hopkins, who I found out many years later became the CO of the Sandlance out of Charleston. My RC Div LPO was "Eric the Red" Jensen. Others in the division at the time were Jerry Parchman, who was ready to leave before the first Spec Op of the '77 West Pac, "Real Cool" Neil Poole, Jeff Pierce, Kenny Pierce, and Russell "Ernie" Ernfield. My reporting aboard routine can be best described as "shocking". I found the boat at Ballast Point, San Diego sitting inside the San Anofre, the local floating drydock. Something about a stuck throttle, an inexperienced EM3 Roger "RamJet" Renkin as throttleman, and the Haddo getting underway on nuclear power for about 20 yards. That's where the Snook was moored. Anyway, I walked aboard, saluted the ensign, gave my orders to the topside watch who promptly called the Yeoman to come get me. YN2 Griffiths(?) - "Griff" took charge of me and I immediately figured something was amiss. For the Haddo sailors that knew about "Griff" - you understand. I was taken back aft to meet my LPO ET1/SS Jensen, who was standing SRO (Shutdown Reactor Operator) at the time. I was introduced, I requested permission to enter the maneuvering room area and was told "You're DINK - Get out of here." It got better - sort of, well it actually got different, not better.

Here is a couple of Haddo sailors I know and I actually have good addresses for.

CDR Phillip LeBas (ex-nuke MM2/SS) 14152 Woodcrest Loop, Silverdale, WA. 98383
Russell "Ernie" Ernfield (ex-nuke ET1/SS) 134 Forest Drive, Darlington, PA. 16115

I have stories that may or may not be 100% accurate, either time has faded them or my brain has tried to protect me from the truth. I will write to you for inclusion in the newsletter. Being the editor, copyrighter, writer, collator, envelope stuffer and mailer for a newsletter I take care of for another organization has taught me to submit stuff - it's usually appreciated.

Thank you again for the mailing - "there will be a little something extra in your paycheck" - honest!! (A quote I first heard from a DK3 on the USS Sperry as he was trying to get my pay straightened out one week before deploying). I'll send you some funds to help cover costs - let me know if you need more, I'll have you talk with my wife, some things never change.

Regarding the reunion - count me in - East coast is good with me, middle of the country is alright too, west coast would give me a chance to take the family to see the 'other part of the country'. Time of year - doesn't really matter, but would like enough time to do some planning. How's that for flexibility.

As I sent your email out, I remembered another Haddo sailor had written. Here's an email address for Mark Gray an ST that left in late 1977.

----- Original Message -----
From: Gray, Mark <MGRAY@smpsn.com>
To: <gwarnock@atlantic.net>
Sent: Tuesday, November 23, 1999 3:31 PM

Subject: FW: USS Haddo SSN-604

Geoff,

Hi--howya doing? I do remember you from the Haddo days, although I left just 4-5 months after you got there. I remember Shakey Jake as well, though Wright and Bowden don't ring a bell. I'm e-mailing you from my work address, in case you were wondering.

Paul Tracy: an ET3 that hung with the 'Big Boys' like me and Ernie (Russell Ernfield). Paul couldn't hold liquor too well, but drank anyway to keep up. I'm surprised that any of us are alive after the amount of stuff we drank. Probably why all these stories are fuzzy at best. Paul went into 'town' when we were in Subic Bay. He had the duty next day and didn't show up to relieve me as SRO. I got someone to relieve me for chow and I went looking for Paul. He was crashed in his rack and I woke him up, rather violently and told him to come aft and relieve me. 30 minutes later I went looking for him again, he wasn't in his rack and his clothes were gone. I looked all over and couldn't find him and finally went back to the bow compartment and heard someone say Paul was topside. I went up the forward escape hatch and Paul was asleep against the hatch. I wasn't out of the hatch but maybe half way, so I reached over and grabbed his shirt to shake him. He woke up, didn't know where he was, I yelled at him, he got up really fast and ran right. It's a sub, you can only go front or back and stay dry. I saw the splash, heard topside announce "Man Overboard" and I went below and aft to wait for Paul. He seemed pretty awake when he finally got back there. Of course he was worried sick about what he was going to catch in that bay since we had seen a dead pig float by a couple of days earlier.

Ernie: A nuke ET like me who I got along with great. Ernie should have been a comedian. He was ALWAYS telling jokes, cracking everyone up and sang every '50's early 60's song there was from memory. Best memory I have of Ernie was when we were in SRA at Bremerton in 1978. There was a little tavern just outside the gate that served beer, 3 schooners for a buck, chili, and chicken gizzards all night. There were pool tables and plenty of women - well, we were in Bremerton and we called them "Brem-a-lo's", like 'buffalo'. They were nice and all looked great after \$5.00 worth of beer and a couple dozen chicken gizzards. This was "The White Pig", or as we nukes called it "The Albino Swino". Well Ernie and I got pretty well hammered and were walking back to the barracks. It was January and cold, and we were watching where we were walking so as not to slip on the ice. We were having enough problems keeping our balance. Ernie was in front of me about 10 feet and turned to talk to me as he kept going. There was a big old pine tree with low branches and he walked into it. It scared him and I don't know what he thought had got him, but he started swinging and cussing and yelling like crazy. Ernie was engaged in mortal combat with a pine tree. I sat on the hood of a car and watched while the Marine guards from the nearby gate came over a little to see what was going on and had a really good laugh. Ernie got out alive and I had to crawl as I was laughing so hard I couldn't walk. We got in the barracks and found our racks. 6:00 a.m. came early as usual and I got up and got ready to go to the boat and went over to get Ernie. His face was all cut up and there was pine needles in his hair and all over his rack. I got him up, he cleaned up and couldn't recall anything that happened.

"The Unknown MM2" - for the life of me I cannot remember this guy's name. He stood the AMSLL watch with me in the AMSUL. He was a really pleasant guy and helped me with quals. We were eating breakfast before watch and they had the cans of fruit juice sitting out on the tables. About the only thing there was APPLE Juice. Well, this guy told me that he wanted juice but not APPLE. I said "Why not, it's good". He told me he had never had it before, but didn't like the sound of juice from apples in a can. I convinced him to try it and he really liked it. He drank a couple of cups full. I told him he may want to go easy on it, but he didn't listen and basically drank the can. We get on watch and a few minutes later, he's calling for the ERS or EWS to relieve him. - too late - I thought the ventilation system would NEVER get that smell out and by the end of watch I thought that poor guy was going to turn inside out.

STS1/SS Bowden - He was onboard later in my tour. Nice guy, liked to party and have a good time. He had an enormous mouth though. Physically I mean. When he opened his mouth wide, you could see everything, it was amazing. One night in a bar in San Diego (not Darby's but the bar that took over the old Darby's spot on Rosecranz Blvd.) Bowden pulls one of his great tricks. He could put a pool ball in his mouth, all the way and partially shut his mouth, amazing stuff to us at the time. Well, he did it a couple of times and the crowd was going wild and buying him beers. On the third attempt, he grabbed the cue ball and pops that in. It went in a little slower and when he locked down on it, he started having problems. The truth be known, the cue ball on pay tables is a little bit larger than the rest of the balls - that's why the cue ball comes back out and the rest stay in the table. Well, the cue ball was a little larger, and Bowden's jaw muscles decide enough is enough and they spasm and lock tight. He's howling, we're falling on the floor laughing and don't realize he is in real pain. After it all settles down, Bowden is off to the dispensary on NTC to get some shots in his face and the cue ball pulled out. I don't know if he had to leave a deposit or not.

Just finished typing out a letter to a Haddo shipmate, "Corky" Corcoran. He was one of 3 of the XO's I had while there, but by far the best. He worked with the CO of the boat at the time to keep me IN the Navy. While that statement in itself can cause laughter and argument, it's a done deal now and too late anyway. Hell, it was 21 years ago, so who cares?

I got the newsletters, as I said before, but wanted to tell you again that I am very grateful for you putting the thing together. The list of names alone, has brought back many, many memories. Based on the years, and the fact that my brain has buried all the bad memories, all I am left with is good times and funny things that happened. Maybe you could print some of this stuff. If you want more, let me know, if you don't, well humor me and just hit the 'delete' button. Again, I want a disclaimer that this was 22 years ago and some of the facts may have changed from their original version

During the 1977 WestPac, we were between SpecOps and in GUAM for refit. It was night and everyone was gone except the duty section. Well, we got word that something had gone terribly wrong topside and those of us that could went up there. Seems a certain "A-Ganger" had decided to take the ships van to the "LARGEST McDONALDS" in the world with the duty sections money and get some burgers. For whatever reason, no keys could be found or obtained. The truth is that the duty officer probably had them and wouldn't give them to the guy because we

weren't supposed to go into town in a Navy van. Well, this "A-Ganger", whose name I won't mention because I think I saw it on the newsletter distribution list, decides to take the van anyway. He crawls under the van with the intention of hot-wiring it. Well, the van had a manual transmission and was in gear. Our boy jumps the starter and off goes the van, and rolls right over his head. Now this would probably have killed a normal human being, that's why this person survived. Well after all the flopping and twitching is over, he comes back down and his head is really hurting, but more importantly, there is a huge red welt across his head with a very distinct tread pattern. So on this night was born to the USS Haddo - MM2/SS "Treadhead". My memory may be failing me, but I believe this is the same MM2 that was used as a battering ram by a Samoan bouncer in a bar in Hawaii that required several stitches AND the same MM2 that took a monkey fist to the forehead on the forward deck during a line throwing gun practice shot from a tug. Before sitting down abruptly, he was heard to say "I got it, I got it."

Ray, I also have in my possession copies of the "Waterlog". These were our underground (underwater?) newsletters that were done by enterprising individuals during our WestPacs. I have issues for March 23rd, 1977 (the FIRST issue as far as I know), 11 April 1977, May 1st, 1977 and May 15th, 1977. I have only ONE issue from the 1979 WestPac - 8 March. I also have a circa 1977 Welcome Aboard pamphlet, and a POD from "Fridurday the Twelve-Teenth". That was the Friday / Saturday, January 12th and 13th when we crossed the 180 and the Equator at the same time to become "Golden Shellbacks" on our way to Auckland, New Zealand - man, talk about a great place! Had Haddo ever done that before? For the information of everyone, the movie list didn't get any better throughout Haddo's life as the POD for the 12th / 13th of January 1979 reads:

"0030 Movie in the Crew's Dinette - "GODZILLA vs. THE COSMIC MONSTER" Honest Ray, that's what it says. Anyway, if you want to, put the list out to everyone and I will be glad to send copies to those that want them. There are a LOT of articles about things that happened to us in port, on liberty and during our underway periods. Guaranteed to bring back memories. Geoff Warnock, ETR2/SS and ET1/SS (nuke type) Feb 1977- Oct 1980

Letters

Denton E. Snider (Denny)

Sorry that I haven't written prior to now, but I want you to know that I enjoy the newsletter that you are now publishing.

Just for the record, I was only on the Haddo for six months. I was transferred to the Haddo, early in my career, when the Haddo was in the Med., and only had four or five sonar operators on board. If you don't remember, it might be because after being transferred to the Haddo, I spent my first month mess cooking, and then split the remainder of my time on the planes and standing sonar watches with Dick Noble.

Approximately six months later, I was transferred from the Haddo, while she was in the Charleston S.C. Shipyard, as I had shipped over under the Star program. I did get my dolphins just prior to my transfer to Key West.

The only lasting memories that I have was one of our midnight raids to the electronic shop where we traded our broken BQA-8 with one from another SSN. After swapping serial numbers, the shipyard was certain that we had done the dirty trick, but they had no hard proof. The other memory was not so great, and it concerned one hard-luck first class sonarman (can't remember his name [*Charlie Goldbach*]). Several times he came back from liberty black and blue, shot and killed a used car salesman who was screwing his wife, and was on watch, topside, when a trainee fell overboard, and was back on watch, three days later when the sailor came back to the surface.

Ray, please correct my name and address on the Roster. Keep up the good work as it is great hearing all the stories. When I have more time, time seems to be harder to come by now that I'm fully retired, I'll write more. I'm looking forward to a Haddo reunion. Just let us know where, and we will try to be there. Denton E. Snider

FINAL WORD:

Please, if you plan on attending the reunion, send me your registration form (last page of the Reunion Supplement) so that I can keep on top of our reunion needs. If we are going to have more attendees than I have committed for, then I want to make sure we can get additional resources. Obviously, if we have fewer attendees than I have committed for, then I want to be able to change our commitments before there are penalties. Normally I'm not such a worrier, but this is going to be a memorable event and I want to do everything I can do, so that you guys can make it a success.

Thanks,

