



# USS HADDO Newsletter

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## FROM THE EDITOR

**Excuses, excuses, excuses!!** The newsletter is late, it's weak, and I have probably missed a load of e-mails. But! I have excuses. And, as excuses go, they're pretty good ones. I know they're good because I tried them out on a bartender at the local pub in town and he said they sounded good to him.

In the last newsletter I said that we would be out of touch for awhile starting in April and not have phone service for most of the summer. Well, nothing about that forecast was even close to accurate.

The sale of our house went into escrow in March and finally closed at the end of May. This means that just about everything we owned was packed for almost two months (this includes my computer).

We moved to Colorado over the Memorial Day holiday weekend expecting to move into our new home, only find that the foundation was all that was done. Our contractor promised that he would have enough of the house done so that we could move into the bottom floor in four weeks. So, we set up our tent and pretended we were on a camping vacation. This is now October and the only thing that has happened is that we now have walls for the bottom floor.

We spent June, July and August in that tent. During those three months we went through an electrical storm that raised the hair on our bodies and flooded our tent with light for a solid half hour, a hail storm that caved in part of our tent and left it's signature on almost anything that was stationary, rain so heavy and so often that we watched new washes created down our side of the mountain, winds in excess of those named after that girl (who was Gail Force anyway?) with gusts so strong that inside the tent it felt like we were inside a punching bag beaten around by a rhythmless neophyte, and

bear attacks that got so frequent that we thought we could claim it for support on our income taxes.

The bear seemed to sit off behind a tree somewhere and just wait for us to leave the campsite. About one in three times that we would leave the campsite, the bear would tear up the tent and scatter our belongings over the area. He would chew up books, puncture water bottles, claw and chew his way into the trash can, and rip things off the car. One time he even broke the front window of our RAV 4. The most threatening encounter was the one when we were in the tent in bed. We decided at that point that the tent wasn't sufficient for our needs anymore. We bought a motor home and have been fixing it up for what looks like some long-term living.

So, here are my excuses:

- I haven't had access to my computer for over six months. We have a laptop, but since we thought we would be without our computer for just a short period I only transferred a few files related to the newsletter. One of the projects for the motor home was to remove the passenger seat and make a computer station.
- We have a cell phone, but don't get very good reception down here on the side of our mountain. This means that we don't have access to the Internet. We go to the library to get on line, but I can't download messages. Whenever we would go to a motel for a sanity break I would download all the files that have not been deleted due to age. Consequently, I am sure I have missed some e-mails.
- I have been out of touch with all my submarine buddies and therefore have not gotten any neat tidbits of submarine related information.

I had mentioned to Denny Snider that this newsletter wouldn't be up to my standards and he reminded me that it isn't always necessary for the newsletter to be great, but that it is necessary to put one out so that everyone knows it's still

there. ----- Thanks Denny -----  
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**Header:** Do you like the look of this header for the newsletter? Kipp Van Aken sent me a copy of the 255 patch and I thought I would try it out. If you have any ideas, or a better copy of the insignia, I'm open for suggestions. Does anyone know the commissioning and decommissioning dates of the 255? I would like to add the commissioning dates for both boats below the insignias.

**Reunion:** I apologize, to all of you (and to Dick Hillman), but I have not been in contact with Dick about the 2003 reunion. As I understand it, though, the date for the reunion (via my last e-mail from Dick) will be over the Memorial Day weekend, in 2003. And, Dick Noble did such a good job of organizing the last golf tourney that he will be doing it again. If you have questions or ideas about the reunion, please contact Dick Hillman.

**Memorabilia:** I still have some memorabilia left from the reunion: hats, cups, mugs, patches, plaques, and decals. I know I have been hard to get a hold of, but if you want to order any of these, please be persistent. Even though I only get to check it a couple times a week, e-mail is better than my cell phone. Reception on this mountain is poor at best.

## FROM THE CREW

As with all new members, I ask for stories that I can pass on to our Haddo family. Well, Ken Brenner is new to our roster and has volunteered to take the watch. *Thanks Ken.*

### Reflections

by Ken Brenner, ETR3(SS)

Let's answer the first question most of you have – who is Ken Brenner? Well, I served on the Haddo as a “forward” ET from April, 1972 until July 1, 1976. Those of you who served on the boat during that time would remember me as Ken Booty. The name change is somewhat of a complicated story, but it's basically this: In the mid-1980's, I found out some important information about my past, my mother's divorce from my father, her subsequent remarriage, and the adoption of my sister and myself by her new husband (we never saw our father again, nor ever knew the details pertaining to the divorce and adoption). The information I obtained, and its subsequent analysis, led me to legally restore my birth name in 1988. Unfortunately, I could not restore my relationship with my father, as he'd died a few years earlier.

To summarize my current status, I'm a programmer/analyst for Accenture (formerly Andersen Consulting) working at BellSouth in Atlanta. I have a wonderful wife, three children, and 4 grandchildren (with one on the way). I'm a member of Bethany Primitive Baptist Church in Atlanta, and am so thankful to have such a good church. My hobbies are personal fitness (weight lifting, aerobic walking), hiking, and traveling. After the Navy, I used the old GI Bill and got two degrees: BA in Communications (Radio, TV, and Public Relations) and a BS in Computer Science. I later earned a

Master's Degree in Business Administration using my company's tuition refund program (at night). I worked as a radio sports announcer for 5 years, before getting my BS in Computer Science and starting in that career field (around 19 years ago).

Several years ago, I contacted a former shipmate (Jack Nobbs, nuc MM) who sent me several copies of a paper newsletter distributed by Mike Gann in the early-1990's. When I learned he had stopped publishing the newsletter, I started thinking about keeping this effort going. Then, last year, I discovered the usshaddo.com web site and read about Ray Butters' efforts to keep up the communications with everyone. This got me thinking again about at least contributing to this work. So, I developed the idea of a series of articles in the newsletter called “Reflections”.

My goal with this and future articles is to:

- Explain who I am.
- List those names/persons I remember from each division on the boat (this will probably take a few issues to complete).
- Describe all I remember from the years I was on the boat (where we went, things that happened, etc. in chronological order).
- Finally, describe my life since I got out and some of the philosophies I've developed.

To begin remembering those who served during this period (1972-1976), I'll start with my unit – forward ET's:

**Chief Galvin:** Chief Galvin was the COB when I reported aboard. He was also an E-8 ET. He was a great help to me (as a young, new submarine sailor), being good to look after me and straighten me out when needed. It seems he left the boat sometime before we went to Pascagoula and the 2-year overhaul.

**Earl Keopcke:** Earl was an ETR2 when I came aboard. He and I became friends and even shared an apartment for a while, prior to his leaving the boat. Earl was from a town in the suburbs of Buffalo, New York. He loved to ride motorcycles (he had two) and taught me how to ride one. He left the boat right after arriving in Pascagoula, going to ET “B” school in Treasure Island, Ca. He later transferred to the sub base in Groton where I saw him again in mid-1974 (while I was there for some training). I lost track of him after that, and have not been able to find him since (doing an Internet search). *Can anyone help with this search?*

**Ken Zink:** Ken was an ETR3 when I reported aboard and also was a great help to me in the early going. Ken was from Kansas (as I was) and we became good friends. He went to the shipyard in Pascagoula with the boat and got out there. He was one of the ushers in my wedding. Ken is the only person I've met (yet) who could recite the lyrics to the song/poem “Alice's Restaurant”. He later worked there for several years, before moving to the West Coast. I saw him a few times after I got out (once in Kansas, once in Pascagoula). A few years ago I called him at his home in

northern California. He and his wife were both working in Silicon Valley. They have a son in Kansas, and a daughter in California, and at least one grandchild that I know of.

**Roy Price:** Roy came aboard during the shipyard period in Pascagoula. He used to pal around with a member of the IC team (Jeff Horner, see future issue talking about the IC team). Roy was from Erie, Pennsylvania and always had a “jovial” attitude. He married a girl whose dad was career Navy (I believe Aviation) and stationed in Corpus Christi, Texas. When I talk about my memories of the Haddo years, I’ll need to tell you about how he got to his wedding.

**George Klein:** George was temporarily assigned to the sub base (I believe) when I joined the boat in April 1972 in the Med (I believe he had a family emergency of some sort). He returned when we got back from the Med and stayed on board until we went to the shipyard in August 1973. He was the senior enlisted in our team after we came back from the Med. He transferred to the SINS “C” school at the sub base and I saw him there in 1974 while I was attending a class.

**Bob Hofmann:** Bob and I started in the Navy at the same time (Sept. 1970), went to “A” school at the same time, sub school at the same time, and joined the Haddo at the same time. Bob was from Des Moines, Iowa (if I remember right) and left the boat sometime right before we left the shipyard (Dec. 1975). He married a girl from Connecticut and did a swap with an ET on a Connecticut-based boat who wanted to go to California (where we were heading after the shipyard). He was one of the ushers in my wedding. We often played golf and tennis together. I talked to him once after that, while his boat was in the Med. I’ve tried to locate him since and cannot find him. *Can anyone help with this search?*

**Brian Vawter:** Brian was from northern California (San Francisco area, I believe) and joined the Haddo the same time Bob Hofmann and I did. He went to the shipyard with the boat, was badly injured in a car/bike accident (car ran into his bicycle as he was riding from his apartment to the shipyard). After recovering, he went to California (don’t remember if he got out on a disability or transferred to a naval facility there).

**John Sullivan:** John was an ETR1 when he joined the Haddo, sometime in 1972. He was from the Boston area and had served on several diesel boats out of the Key West sub base. He replaced George Klein as the senior enlisted in the ET gang. He was later promoted to ETC and left the boat, sometime in 1975 before it the shipyard. I really liked working for John, and felt he was a very fair leader. I’d like to contact him but have no idea how to find him (there’s probably lots of John Sullivans in the Boston area). *Can anyone help with this search?*

**John Vaassen:** John reported aboard a few months after I did (sometime in the summer of 1972). He and his wife (Jane) were from southern Wisconsin. He was a very devoted family man and they had 3-4 children. A few years ago, I found him on the web and called. His oldest child (Joe) is in the service. I always enjoyed John’s company and

frequently visited their apartment to visit and see the children.

**Kevin Brown:** Kevin was from New Jersey and came on board in 1975 to replace John Sullivan as top enlisted in the ET gang. He was very technology-oriented and was one of the first people I met who had a hand-held calculator (one with many functions and cost several hundred dollars). He married a girl (with children) from Pascagoula right before we left the shipyard. They moved to San Diego (our new homeport after the shipyard) and I often visited in their home.

**Art Hemmingway:** Art joined the boat sometime towards the end of our time in the shipyard. We often hiked together in the mountains near San Diego. Art was from Louisiana. He called me a year after I got out (he had just gotten out himself), he was in college in northern Louisiana.

**“Belt Buckle”:** I can’t remember this guy’s name. He got out 3-4 months after I joined the boat. He had a reputation as being a “rebel”, and possessed a belt buckle from a naval ship (USS Cascade I believe) which was some symbol of that sort of attitude. He got it from someone before him, and he gave it to me when he left. *Does anyone remember who I’m talking about?*

Well, that’s about all I remember about my team (forward ETs). In the next edition, I’ll talk about those I remember from the other “forward” teams/gangs.

**Disclaimer:** If I’ve left anyone off of the team listing, please forgive me. It’s been a long time.

God Bless!

I want to thank Ken Brenner again for his contribution to the newsletter. This should shame a lot of you ‘cus I know there are a lot of you out there that could add to this effort. How about sending me your stories. Your stories could put smiles on a few hundred faces, tug on lots of emotional strings, and conjure untold memories of shipmates well remembered.

## ROSTER UPDATE

**New Contacts:** Thanks to Ralph Stroede’s efforts on the Web site, we have some solid new contacts to add to our roster. To all our new guys I would like to offer a resounding

*Welcomes aboard the Haddo Newsletter.*

I also have several possible new contacts; people I only have e-mail addresses for. Before I left San Diego these people were either forwarded to me or they contacted me via the web site. In all cases I responded to them and in some cases I received one reply. In all cases, I was not given an address and I was the last to correspond. Maybe my four-hour underarm deodorant wore out, so I would sure appreciate it if someone would peruse these names to see if we can develop them into solid contacts.

**Bearing Change:** I have gotten several changes to our roster, and, as usual, they (along with the new contacts) are in red. I think I got all the changes, but no promises this time.

**Lost Contact:** I only had one returned newsletter that could not be forwarded but last week I got the change of address card. So, I am happy to announce that we have no lost contacts this time.

## FEATURE ARTICLE

Susie had suggested that for this issue I chronicize our wilderness experiences with the bears, the weather, and non-responsive building people, as a feature article. At first I thought this was a good idea. With a little stretch of the imagination it could relate to submarining. Arduous duty, loss of contact to with the rest of the world, living in close quarters, periodic casualty drills, water rationing, no milk or fresh vegetables after 2 days, and blowing (dumping) sanitariums (and all the mishaps that entails). Not to mention the great sea stories the experience has provided for us. After considerable thought, however, I think the newsletter should be about our collective experiences aboard the great ship Haddo and our seafaring days. So I have taken the liberty to include a little article by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong (provided by Harold Clark via Jim Parker). This may jog some of you old timer's memories (of course, I only know about these things through books that I have read).

### *J-50, A Little Piece of Heaven*

In the old days when the boats pulled in, there wasn't any place for single guys to go. No place to haul off to for a hot shower, clean sheets and a real pillow, and ten hours of uninterrupted sleep in peace and quiet.

The late 50s were the days when an E-3 could blow his bi-weekly pay on two pitchers of beer, six Slim Jims, a long distance phone call, and his laundry and a shoe shine. They were the days when a bluejacket Seaman First spent a helluva lot of time broke. Big time busted. Short of part-time bank robbery or selling the wardroom silver, there was no way he could bankroll a room at the Cavalier Hotel (Or even a cheap flea bag motel out at Ocean View).

Sailors today would never believe what a smokeboat non-qualified, non-rated bluejacket lived on. Or that the United States Navy paid less than the minimum wage of Polish potato diggers.

So when diesel boats in Submarine Squadron Six put their lines over and the married animals went bouncing across the brow for a hot shower, clean sheets and an armload of momma, the single idiots changed their mattress covers and went up to "T" Division on the Orion to catch a hot shower. A 45-minute shower, after a sixty-five cent tender haircut.

But in the summer, with the sun beating down on the boat all day, the inside of a fleet snorkeler got hot enough to forge horseshoes. There was no way to sleep inside one of those rascals; you could drown in your own sweat. So after the sun went down we would drag our mattresses topside and rack out aft of the sail. The topside watch would keep guys returning from the beach with 'a load on' from stepping on you. And when the Krispie-Creme truck showed up the next morning, he'd get the below decks watch to pass up hot

coffee and wake you up so you could sit up and have breakfast in bed, wrapped in a dew-soaked blanket.

After a couple of cups of coffee and four or five doughnuts, we engaged in a little known evolution known to E-3s as 'tampon drill'. This is where you folded up your mattress like a hot dog bun and poked it down the after battery hatch. The morning mess cooks would return them to the bunks. It was a little sloppy, but, unless it rained, it worked.

Rickover would have had cardiac arrest if he had ever come waltzing down Pier 22 after dark. Hell, if he had, he would probably have built us a Howard Johnson out in the parking lot. Yeah, you bet.

One night Admiral Elton W. Grenfell, SubLant (The Big Kahoonaa), came down after dark. He came aboard the inboard boat in the forward nest and spoke to the topside watch.

"Good evening son."

"Good evening sir."

"Why are those men sleeping on deck?"

"With all due respect sir, it's hotter'n two mice screwin' in a wool sock, down below."

"Why don't they go to their barracks?"

"Barracks? What barracks sir?"

"Your Squadron barracks."

"Squadron barracks? We've got a Squadron barracks? Where? No one ever told anyone in the Squadron about it. I've been riding boats in SubRonSix for damn near five years and I've never heard about any barracks, sir."

And that was it. I have no idea if this is true. (Not that THAT has been a major obstacle to the writing in any other part of this literary masterpiece.) But, scuttlebutt had it that the Navy appropriated a wagonload of money to build barracks for each Submarine Squadron. When the money reached Norfolk, it was intercepted by DesLant and used to build a honking big tin can rec-center.

It didn't take Admiral Grenfell long to Dick Tracy out the situation. According to what we heard, Admiral Grenfell went into DesLant and told him that either he came up with some quality barracks space for his lads, or he was going to form the damndest working party Norfolk had ever seen. Tossing pool tables, Ping-Pong tables, pinball machines, coke machines and any other inappropriate furniture out the windows of his gahdam tin can playpen and fill the sonuvabitch with racks for the men that he or his predecessor had shortchanged.

Grenfell was a salty World War II submarine skipper, tough as nails. A no bullshit guy who wasn't going to play 'Mother-May-I' with any tinhorn can sailor. And DesLant knew it.

The next day we were given the top floor of a modern, brand new barracks on the Main Naval Operating Base; J-50.

The first night, Admiral Grenfell came up to the top deck with the Chief Master At Arms in charge of the lower decks.

"Gather' round. For those of you who don't know me, I am Vice Admiral Grenfell, Submarine Force, Atlantic. On

behalf of the Force, I would like to apologize for the delay in providing this barracks space. From here on out you'll have a place for your ashore gear, so you can get your civilian clothes out of the locker clubs. I will expect you to police this space and change these racks regularly. And turn in your dirty linen and draw fresh changes at least once a week. I will hold your senior petty officers responsible for maintaining order up here. Any nonsense and your skippers will get a personal call from me and have to make a detailed report on the action taken. Believe me, you don't want that. When I light up a three-striper, he isn't very happy and adverse consequences usually run down hill. Am I fully understood?"

"Yessir..."

"Yessir, yessir..."

"Yessir..."

"My advice would be to settle differences somewhere other than here, take care of your drunks, hold down the grab-ass and racket, and keep your chippies out of here. Use common sense lads. You're all grown men; act like it. And one last thing, from here on in don't let me catch any of you men dragging mattresses topside. Looks like hell. Carry on gentlemen."

I was there. Hemming was there. Stuke was there. When the old girl put her lines over we had a place to go. Place to drown our fleas in 45-minute sessions under water two degrees below live steam. A place to listen to a radio. Play records. Lose money in all-night poker games. Tell lies half the night. Read and catch up on sleep.

J-50 was as close to heaven that a raghat could get without dying.

## CURRENT EVENTS

**Decals:** Darrel Brown forwarded a DoD message that documented some incidences (before and after 11 September) where people with Middle Eastern heritages had made attempts to buy automobiles with base stickers on them. Some were in response to ads, but others were unsolicited high cash offers. So remember, if you are going to sell your car make sure that if you have a base sticker on it that you remove it before selling the car.

When the bear tried to get into our car and broke the front window, we took the sticker off before having the window replaced. This was out of habit, but in retrospect I feel good about having done it.

**Stange:** I just received an order for a Haddo hat from someone in Auckland New Zealand. It's a 50th birthday present for a friend who was on the Haddo when she was in Auckland in the late 70s. This friend wasn't ship's company, he was an environmental protester. He got a free ride into the harbor on the Haddo and a tour below decks. The requester emphasized that the protest was not anti-US. I sent the hat.

**Kursk:** Did you know they raised the Kursk? They are taking it into port before they open it up. If you want to keep up with what's happening with the raising and inspection of the Kursk, here's the web site to follow:

[www.kursk141.com](http://www.kursk141.com).

## MAIL SACK

**Wiley Allen** - Ray, just joined the computer world and discovered the Haddo website. Have read all of your newsletters. Talk about memories! Well done. Maybe I will be able to communicate with some old shipmates if you would get me on the crew list and on the mailing list for the newsletter. Thanks, Wiley

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**Rick Current** - Just found the site, Please add me to the list. I've got invested about 10 years of my life in HADDO, including being the overhaul engineer from 82-85. Then was the XO following Kevin Leahy from about 88-90. There isn't much about HADDO during that period that I don't know or didn't contribute to.... I'd be honored to be added to your site. My J.O. tour was with POLLACK. So, if you have any connection with them I would be interested to be info'd on.

I learned about your site cuz I was the last CO of USS SEAHORSE and they had a link to HADDO. My heart is buried on SEAHORSE, but all the flesh and blood was poured out on POLLACK and HADDO. I'd love to participate in your activities. Thanks, CAPT Rick Current COMSUBLANT N7

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**Kenneth Dundon** - Ray, I have lost the latest newsletter and would like to send Craig a note saying how many memories his book Crazy Ivan brought back to me. If you don't mind sending me the email address I would appreciate it. Thanks Ken

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**Don Hale** - Ray, Do you have any gray twill Haddo hats left from the last reunion? I lost mine at the airport in Ft. Lauderdale and would like to purchase a new one. I have been busy researching motel and banquet facilities for Dick Hillman for our 2003 reunion. I finished today and Dick will come down here at the end of the month or early next month to do site checks with me. He is thinking about Memorial Day weekend, but I think we can get much cheaper room rates any other weekend in May. Also that weekend is the Coast Guard and Conn. College graduation ceremonies which will bring thousands of people into the area besides our normal influx of tourists. I will also be researching golf courses for a golf tournament, which Dick Noble has graciously agreed to run again. I am slowing down a bit because I was recently diagnosed with a progressive kidney disease, which eventually will put me on dialysis for the rest of my life. Oh, well, you have to play with the cards you are dealt and I am trying to stay optimistic but it can be difficult at times. Best Regards, Your Old Shipmate, Don

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Ray, Thanks for the information and good luck with your house. I was recently diagnosed with the progressive kidney disease and presently am on 70mg of predisone a day. That is supposed to make it go into remission if the disease reacts to the medication. If it doesn't then there are 3 additional forms of treatment that get progressively more stringent and involve chemotherapy of some kind. I also have to monitor my blood sugar twice a day before meals because the medication raises your blood sugar level rather rapidly. The Doctor also has me on a low protein and diabetic diet. I can only have 1 to 2 beers a day at the most and I love my beer. Thanks in advance, Your old shipmate and friend, Don

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**Dick Hillman** - Don/Ray, I think I'm just going to make a decision based on the success of a recent reunion I attended on a Memorial day weekend in the New London area. This will take into consideration the working portion of the group and will allow us to take advantage of a veterans orientated holiday. Ray please advertise that a date has been set for the Memorial day weekend 2003. We shall be developing details as we progress. Don, I would like to visit the area after we get some hotels identified so we can get one on the hook. Perhaps we can tie up and arrange a meeting with the candidate hotels. I would like to confirm a hotel no later than late spring 2001. Let me know what you think. I appreciate your help. Glad to see Dick Noble will be organizing the golf tournament. Is Dick on the Internet? If he is, would you send me his e-mail address. Dick Hillman

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**Larry Kelley** - Ray. We've been offline for a couple of months; however, we're back in business. Do hope all is well with you and your family. Looking forward to the next Haddo reunion in New London. Keep in touch. Larry Kelley

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**Brian Levgard** - Ahoy Mates, Nancy and I are in town for a doctor appointment today and then back to the beach house for some serious loafing.

On 7-13, I had a CAT scan, and this was compared with my 3-23 CAT scan. The size of the pancreatic mass remained the same, but there was an increase in the amount of blood vessels surrounding the mass. It is not clear what the new blood vessels indicate.

One more torture chamber. On 8-1, I will be at the University Of Illinois at Chicago for an endoscopic ultrasound with fine needle aspiration. They are going down my throat, through my stomach and into my intestine where they will punch needles through to the pancreas for tissue samples. My specialist recommended this procedure in the event that the mass could be identified as a lymphoma, which is not treated surgically. My sister in law said that now a guy is going to find out what deep throat is like.

If the needle biopsy is once again inconclusive, as was the CAT scan biopsy, my plan will be to contact my surgeon, Dr. Lynch, in order to schedule the pancreatic surgery during the month of August.

My general health remains much improved from last March when the doctors informed me that I was dying. There are times of weakness, but I make the best of it one way or another and am looking forward to better days. I am trying to enjoy the summer and hope that you are all doing the same. I have the inclination but not the time right now for communicating with each one of you personally. Down scope, Matey...BTAR

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We have been at the beach house a lot, and that takes me away from the computer until we move it out there. We are in Oak Park for two days in order to take care of some business, so here's an update.

8-1 University Of Illinois - They went down my throat with a hose gizmo and made some observations before taking some needle biopsy samples from my pancreas. Nothing abnormal was observed in my esophagus, stomach and duodenum. No malignancy was detected in the tissue samples. One of the doctors there took interest in my story about a possible rupture of the spleen resulting from a serious handle bar accident back in the 1940s. He told me that spleen cells can attach to things in the abdomen and begin to grow. Anyway, the bottom line from that institution was "multiple endocrine tumors of the pancreas."

8-8 West Suburban Hosp. - They went down my throat again and injected dye into the pancreas to check for blockage. My specialist found blockage, so that limits my options to surgery.

Presently, I am planning on seeing a Doctor Aranha at Loyola next week for a second opinion on the surgery. Dr. Aranha is the one who operated on Cardinal Bernardin's pancreas. My specialist told me that they wouldn't just let anyone operate on a Cardinal.

I have been told that after two different needle biopsies that couldn't detect any malignancy my status is one of 5%. If the surgery doesn't reveal any malignancy, my status will be one of 1%. My specialist told me that if the surgery goes well it could get me 10 to 30 more years.

My general condition is good enough to get around and do some things. There certainly are times that I don't feel well, but I don't think it is a good idea to dwell on negativity. I have become an expert at loafing. My favorite exercise is washing cars. Thanks for your thoughts and prayers.

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No more doctors scheduled until December when I report to my new primary care physician at Loyola. A visit with my new oncologist at Loyola, this guy is hooked up with Mayo, provided me with a prescription, my first, for pancreatic enzymes to aid with digestion and help alleviate cramping and nausea that I was experiencing with food. The medicine seems to work pretty good. The oncologist wants me to get a cat scan in December for comparison with my other cats. I assume that a chemo regimen will be devised for me based on the new cat scan. I have been told that "neuro endocrine tumors" of the pancreas is an extremely rare condition. This type of tumor is more common to the lung where there is a good success rate for elimination with chemo and surgery. It will be interesting to see if chemo can diminish the tumors in the pancreas with a different type of tissue involved here.

Anyway, the surgeon that I want, Dr. G. Aranha, proposed that the oncologist diminish the size of the tumors in order to make them more operable. Let's hope that it works. We'll see which way the wind blows in December.

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**Jim Niemann** - My name is Jim Niemann I was an R.O. (ET1SS) and served onboard the Haddo from Oct. 1967 to Mar. 1969. I just wanted to say I am sorry that I could not make it to the reunion in Charleston. I would have loved to have seen some of the old shipmates and the Charleston area again. It sounds like everyone had a great time. I will definitely try to make it to the one in 2003 in New London. I just wanted to thank you for the names to go with the faces. It's amazing how most of us change over the years. The only person I could identify without help from your list was Dave Hottenstein. With the list's help I recognized John Viney, for whom I worked when I first reported onboard. The only other shipmates in attendance that I remembered from my time onboard were Jack Bentley, Ed Bowe, Ed Neasham, and Ralph Stroede. Whether they remember me or not I don't know.

I want to commend you on the great job you are doing with the newsletters. You'll be a tough act to follow. I was looking at the roster you sent with the latest newsletter and discovered that there appears to be a typographical error in my e-mail address. You have it listed as jniemann@alo.com. It should be jniemann@aol.com.

Also, I would like to order a khaki baseball hat and one 25 Oz. glass mug. I assume the price is \$10.25 and not \$1025. Again, keep up the good work. I look forward to hearing from you.

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John was definitely something else. I made the mistake of standing next to him during an all-hands stores handling party. Or should I say since I was new onboard everybody else managed not to be next to him. He was a good man as I'm sure he still is. I learned a lot from him.

I agree with you about trying to keep a family together while in the nuclear submarine service. I think that's why I waited until just before I got out of the Navy to get married. After I was discharged, I attended Ball State University in Indiana, which is where I was from, on the GI Bill. After I graduated from college my wife and I moved to New York City, where she was from, and got a job with American International Group, which is a large international insurance company, as an actuary. I've been with them for almost 29 years.

I look forward to receiving the stuff you sent me.

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#### **Jim Parker**

If you are ever passing through Phoenix maybe we can get together. My sister lives in a remote area of California and they do not have a land line; however, she is having a satellite dish put in that will hook her up to the Internet. I have one of the installations as part of a pilot and I know that they work quite well - very speedy download and you can get TV reception from the same dish. Actually I think they have two guns installed on the same dish somehow. You should check it out for your new place. Hope you enjoy the wide open spaces. Best Regards

P.S. If you ever need any help putting things together let me know and I will do what I can. I am in contact with the son of one of the plank owners of SS255 here in Phoenix. I spent about a half-hour on the phone with him. He takes his mother to an annual reunion of SS255 sailors that coincides with the annual sub get together. I got his name and vitals to Ralph Strode so that other SS255 sailors could be hooked up through the 604. It would be great if we could get a few of those guys to the next reunion. Apparently, more than one lives near Groton.

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**Tom Rush** - I would like to purchase the Haddo cap (blue). What's the next step? I am a plank owner and was overjoyed to find the Haddo web site. Regards, Thomas G. Rush

I reported to the Haddo May 1963, ETN3 (SS), reactor plant operator, and went to Idaho Falls (S5G project) January 1966, ET1 (SS). I left the Navy the following year, went to work with IBM and retired after 33 years on February 2000.

In the 1964 crew photo I am on the second row from the bottom, to the left of Banister and to the right (behind) of LCDR Carter. I used to pal around with Mike Ross.

Hope your residency in the tent is short lived. Thanks for getting back to me so soon given the circumstances. Let me know where the money should get sent for the hat and newsletter.

I have some additional photos of the Haddo, Mrs. Jackson Christening the Haddo, Haddo sliding down the ramp into the Delaware River, and the Haddo in the river. I was not there for the Christening. If you would like I'll email them to you as soon as I get them scanned. Tom

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**Christopher Seebald** - Hope all is well with you and your wife. I served on the 604 from 87-91. My rank/rate ET2(SS). I live in the New London area with my wife Sharon. I have searched high and low on the Internet and Navy Times and Proceedings for last 3 years, and today just found your site. Must be the search engines' fault. You may want to publish in Navy Times and Naval Institute's Proceedings Reunions for more coverage.

I've had contact with a Haddo COB, John McMichaels (MMCM ret.) who lives in Galveston and is in the process of restoring the USS Cavalla. I've forwarded your website to him; perhaps he will be receptive.

Stories, hmmm. I've got a few and arranged categorically in the Good, the Bad and the Ugly. I've gone through the list, Wally Macomber, Mike Encinia and Jimmy Culbertson are former shipmates.

You have put together a great web site. Thanks and hope to hear from you soon, Chris Seebald

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**Gary Semler (to Don Hale)** - Don, Sorry I haven't gotten back to you sooner, but it seems like we are always busy with some appointment or something and then I try to check the mail most days but don't always feel like staying on the computer very long. Wow, that's a long sentence. Well I have been doing well with the chemo and stuff, the Doc is always pleased with the results but now the real crunch time is coming with the bone marrow transplant procedures. We were all set to get it done here at the Med University; all the tests were complete and the procedure approved. Then we found out that the insurance would limit the coverage here because it wasn't a plan-designated transplant center. We couldn't take the chance on a monetary limit so

they are sending me to Duke up in Durham, NC where there are no restrictions on coverage plus they pay transportation costs, lodging, etc. Went up there for an initial meeting with them Monday and it looks like I'll have to go back to get some of the tests MUSC did rerun because there is a time limit on some of them. Also will go back and forth to them for a while for various prep stuff and then get admitted probably in about 3-4 weeks to start the actual transplant procedure. Supposed to be about 7-9 days in patient and then 2-3 weeks outpatient where they put us up nearby and return to the clinic each day for monitoring. All this is supposed to put the melanoma into remission while they try to find things to actually cure it. We are all holding up well and know what has to be done and are anxious to get on with it.

Hope that gives you a clue where we stand and also let you know we are hoping you guys get things under control and get well. There are too many of us out here with problems and we need to get well. Again, thanks for checking and caring,

Later shipmate, Gary

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**Denny Snider** - This is the best way I know of letting you get my email address. It sure was nice talking to you last night. If you get in touch with Dick Noble, tell him I said hi, and I hope that none of his mines blow up on him!!!! Denny

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**John Tittman** - Ray, I had a great time at the reunion. It inspired me to buy a monster PC so it would be easy to keep in contact with all of you.

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**Ladd Tomlin** - Ladd Tomlin here. You show my name as "Edwin Tomlin" in the directory, but my middle name is Ladeau and my friends call me "Ladd", so please correct that item in the next newsletter/directory. As a matter of fact, I wore a belt buckle when I was on the ship that said "Ladeau of the Haddo". After I left the ship, I signed my letters "Laddo no Haddo". By the way, have you noticed how many of the email addresses include submarine references: Haddo604@aol.com (Bill Frantz), darrell604@msn.com (Darrell Brown), runindeep@earthlink.net (Bill D'Amato). I happen to know those three guys weren't career Navy, so the effect of their time on the Haddo must have made a deep impression. Same with me--I use submarine references in account passwords, and I still have Haddo photos on the wall--20+ years after leaving the Navy. Incidentally, I was on the boat Sep '74 thru May '78. Communications Officer, DCA, MPA, SLJO, etc.--the usual junior officer list. My best, Ladd Tomlin

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**Kipp Van Aken** - Ray: put a check in the mail yesterday for the Haddo stuff. I'm very pleased with the plaque. Also included some memorabilia without a letter of explanation because my home computer is down - maybe you can find some "stories" in them for a newsletter. Your recent reunion article was very well done: 1) newspaper article from early 70's concerning the Haddo and a "fishing" incident (thankful somewhat humorous and not like Greenville incident). 2) 2 copies of "Haddo Harkings" from Pascagoula era - originals were mimeographed and didn't copy well. Note that SS-255 insignia is included in heading. 3) copy of a SS qualification from the Haddo (mine) with "famous" signatures from one of Haddo's finest and; most notorious crews from the early 70's. 4) a rough picture of me and some "nuclear" buddies topside (rare) off Eleuthera - should have scanned 5) a captain's "policy letter" from Haddo Was planning to attend the reunion, but backed out at last minute - been working 12-hour nights here at San Onofre for back-to-back refueling outages and recent fire recovery since last September. I had my best time in the Navy in Charleston, mostly though, when stationed aboard the USS Orion, AS-18 a few years before the Haddo. Best wishes, Kipp Van Aken

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