



# USS HADDO NEWSLETTER

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## USS San Francisco (SSN 711)

The submarine community is a pretty close knit group so most of you have probably heard about the grounding accident of the USS San Francisco. For those who have not, here is a brief summary from the half dozen e-mails I received.

On 8 January, while the USS San Francisco was transiting submerged between Guam and Australia at flank speed, she hit an uncharted submerged sea mount. The crew did an emergency blow, saving the ship, but there were extensive damages to the front end. At least fifteen crewmen needed serious medical attention and another forty or more were injured. One crewmember, Joseph A. Ashley from Akron, Ohio, was fatally injured. Joseph, an MM2 (SS) (Auxiliaryman), was in the Aft Main Seawater Bay and was thrown forward approximately 20 feet into the Propulsion Lube Oil Bay. He suffered a severe blow to his forehead and never regained consciousness.

Emergency medical personnel rendezvoused with San Francisco by helicopter on the morning of 9 January. They provided immediate medical care and prepared MM2 (SS) Ashley for medical evacuation. Unfortunately, Ashley's condition deteriorated and he died onboard while under the care of the embarked physicians. For the remainder of the transit, the medical trauma team administered medical care to the other injured personnel, augmenting the ship's Corpsman's heroic efforts since the grounding.

On the afternoon of 10 January, San Francisco hobbled into Guam with the LP Blower running continuously on the leaking forward ballast tanks. She tied alongside the pier with a 1 degree down bubble and a .8 degree starboard list.

Crewmembers from the USS Corpus Christi, USS Sam Houston, and USS Frank Cable assisted in line handling and various return-to-port evolutions. A full complement of watch standers comprised of Corpus Christi personnel and San Francisco crewmembers that stayed behind were standing by to satisfy all watch standing requirements for reactor plant shutdown and follow-on in-port forward and aft watch sections.

The entire Navy community in Guam has come to the assistance of the crew and families of the USS San Francisco. Counselors, medical personnel, and Navy Chaplains met with the entire crew to provide immediate grief counseling and assistance and will be available for long term assistance.

The survival of the ship after such an incredibly hard grounding (nearly instantaneous deceleration from Flank Speed to 4 Knots) is a credit to the ship's design and the day-to-day engineering and watch standing practices.

For those of us who have long since left the boats, we seldom remember the day-to-day, moment-to-moment, dangers we faced. San Francisco's grounding is a harsh reminder. For over a hundred years now, submarine sailors have made the ultimate sacrifice to protect our way of life. We must never forget those who have made that sacrifice, may their souls rest in peace. And I want to thank all of you for serving or having served our country. I am proud to be associated with such a fine group of people!

## THANKS!

I would also like to thank all our shipmates that have helped me with the cost of getting this newsletter out to everyone. When I assumed the newsletter watch from Mike Gann, I just figured that paying for it was part of

the deal. It would be a small payback for all that the Submarine Force has given to me. Well, this is the beginning of my seventh year and with every issue I have received contributions that pretty much cover the production costs. Even though I was willing to bear the load alone, I really want to thank you guys for all the help!

*Paul Callahan, Jim Johnston, Leroy Kreider,  
Bobby Martin, Robert Noonan, Louis Storm,  
John Viney, Fernley Wagner, and a couple  
shipmates that wish to remain anonymous*

Of course, finances are not the only help I have gotten. Just look at the rest of the newsletter! You don't think I make up all these sea stories do you? Keep those e-mails and letters coming! Your input is what makes this newsletter worth reading. And all those words of encouragement? Well, they just make the effort a lot easier. Thanks.

I also want to thank my wonderful wife. Not only does she put a lot of work into helping me get this newsletter up to the standards of quality that you expect, but she retyped all 17 issues that Mike Gann generated so that Ralph Stroede could put them on the Web. Sometimes I just can't believe how lucky I am.

**Thanks to everyone for  
all your support!!!!**

## 2006 HADDO REUNION

We're about midway between reunions. Is it just me, or is time moving faster than it used to? I'm thoroughly convinced that time doesn't move linearly, however. Now that we are getting closer to the next reunion and my anticipation escalates, time will slow down. And since this is still my paragraph, let me throw out some words to ponder. If you enjoy reading stories and experiences from other Haddo shipmates, you've got to experience a reunion. Sea Stories abound. And the intensity of emotions and camaraderie literally charge the air. And it stays with you long after the reunion is over.

Here's Ken Brenner's report. He has been laying the ground work for our next reunion so that all we have to do is attend and enjoy.

✍ Even though it's less than 2 years away, I'm already getting excited about our November, 2006 reunion! As you know, the reunion will be held at or near

Pascagoula, Mississippi. This was our home port after Groton.

The potential reunion location will be between Pascagoula and Gulfport. This includes Pascagoula, Ocean Springs, Biloxi, and Gulfport. As many of you might know, the Mississippi Gulf Coast has changed since we were there (August, 1973 through December, 1975). Biloxi and Gulfport have many very nice casinos/hotels. So, we should have a lot of good opportunities for a nice place to stay, play and renew old friendships.

Sometime this year I will visit this area to finalize decisions for the reunion location. My wife's family lives in Laurel, Mississippi (about 90 miles north of the coast) so it will be easy for me to do this work. I hope to have this info ready for the next newsletter. I will also post it on our web site.

Lou Storm has already started gathering information about golf courses for the reunion's golf tournament. Other potential activities while at the reunion include:

- A trip to Ship Island (several miles off the coast, administered by the National Park Service, a part of the Gulf Islands National Seashore)
- A trip to Mobile and the Battleship Park
- A golf tournament
- Casinos

Of course, we'll have a hospitality room that will be open for the duration of the reunion and a banquet on Saturday night. I will have a pre-registration form in next year's newsletter with choices of food for the banquet.

Those involved with reunion planning include:

- Ken and Sandra Brenner (overall reunion planning and site location)
- Jim and Marla VanWyk (overall reunion planning and site location)
- Lou Storm (reunion golf tournament)
- Jocko Adams and Dave Gronbeck (assistance with the hospitality room and whatever else I need them to do!)
- Ray Butters and Dick Hillman (sage advice from veteran reunion planners)

Between now and the reunion, I hope to contact several other shipmates about our "alumni" association, web site, and reunions. I know of some that are not on our master "crew" list and I feel they would attend. We are also working on an idea for the "business meeting" which we will have finalized for a latter newsletter. Our idea is to give the entire crew a chance to provide

input for the next reunion (after 2006), regardless of whether they attend or not.

Dick Hillman sent me the remaining funds from the last reunion, and they are now in a bank account designated for our 2006 reunion. Feel free to contact me with questions about the reunion bank account or any feedback/questions you may have about the reunion planning. My home phone number is 770-205-6083, and my e-mail address is: [kwsg0913@bellsouth.net](mailto:kwsg0913@bellsouth.net).

Please start making your plans now to attend our next reunion. The more that attend, the better it will be!

## **MEMORIAL LIST**

At the 2003 reunion, I started a memorial list of our shipmates that have passed on. That list was read at the banquet on Saturday night of the reunion. I plan to continue this at our next reunion. In the meantime, I've worked with our webmaster - Ralph Strode, on getting this onto our web site ([www.usshaddo.com](http://www.usshaddo.com)). The initial list, plus two additions, can now be seen from the home page of our web site by clicking on the "Eternal Patrol" link.

And this brings up an important point - please contact me if you know of a shipmate that dies. I will be keeping the master list and providing updates to Ralph for the web site. You can e-mail me at [kwsg0913@bellsouth.net](mailto:kwsg0913@bellsouth.net) or call me at 770-205-6083.

I have many digital pictures from our last reunion. If you'd like a copy of any, please call or e-mail me and I'll be glad to send them to you.

I also have several pictures (printed from my slides) of the men and the boat from my days on board (May, 1972 thru July 1, 1976). I will also be glad to scan and e-mail any to you. Just let me know.

God Bless - Ken

## **FROM THE CREW**

### **Some 1971 Haddo Memories**

*by Dan Cartwright*

**Newsflash: "Tugs screw Haddo"** In the August 2004 issue George Dreyer wrote about the tugboat and screw incident in Bermuda Harbor and immediately I recalled a similar occurrence in New London when another tug got onto the screw. We had just returned from some "angles and dangles", and equipment testing and were being shadowed by tugs into the pier when one of them ran over the screw. All this happened just prior to the first Mediterranean cruise. It put the boat into dry dock for a quick screw replacement (the boat actually got a "speed" screw), and a fresh paint job. Hull painting,

you all know the Navy considers it the thing to do when any opportunity permits it. As I read George's comments I couldn't help but wonder how many times the Haddo got "screwed" by tugs? I know of these two. Any others?

**Haddo bears the "Peace"** Just before departing for that first Med cruise the topside gang was busy finishing the top-coating, non-skid and repainting the hull and sail planes. Somehow, a large peace symbol was painted on the starboard side of the sail during one of the base coat applications. Someone coated it over with the black but it wouldn't cover up very well and it all was clearly visible from the base commander's tower. Were they ever "hot" about that??? The gang all pleaded ignorance - of course. The skipper caught an ear full, I heard. Days after that the Haddo put to sea to do its part; bearing the "Peace" in the Med. And the symbol was still visible. Few spoke of it openly, but many laughed silently finding a bit of humor in it, a stressful time.

I suggested having the boat "chromed" instead of black on black. Besides, the Ruskie's wouldn't believe it if they saw it. [Humorous I thought]. By the way: the artist of the symbol? Well, honestly I can't accept the credit for it but it was rumored that I "knew who".

**Equipment Overboard** Somehow prior to that same first Med cruise (by the way - it was the longest Med cruise of any US fast attack boat ever - to that date), some sensitive ET/CT equipment disappeared off topside. (I wonder if this is still classified?) Why it was left on the topside unattended by the CT/ETs is anyone's guess. Divers went down in search for it. NSA appeared very concerned, even NCSA got into the investigation, but the equipment was never found that I know of. What rumors flew around at that time. "Spies", "Traitors", "Dis-Information". All the topside watches were interrogated and psycho-analyzed while the Navy looked for clues. To this date, I still don't know whatever became of that.

There were many other incidences prior to that cruise...to be shared later on. Its a small wonder that Capt. Scales had hair. We were somewhat a rowdy bunch and seemingly took great pride in all of our antics. I hope we were not the end of his career.

**Wild and Crazy Naples, Italy** Some enterprising Marines serving with the fleet had begun selling "no tax" cigarettes (for an incredible profit no doubt), to some of the local black marketers. As it so happened an exchange turned bad and as the scuttle-butt claimed - the Italian drew a pistol - thinking it was cheaper to take the goods than to pay for them. A scuffle ensued and

the Italian was critically wounded during the fight. As word spread back to town, the Italian city went crazy. We watched from the periscope as the people rioted in the streets, turning over cars, buses, starting fires and in general turning the whole area into a "time bomb". I'm a witness to the truth of this story. It was suspected and reported that communist dissidents were taking advantage of the incident to incite the Italians.

Tied along side of a pier in Naples Italy, in the midst of the "Cold War", after an extended submerged cruise (a record length I believe), with high intensity lamps shining directly down into the topside's eyes, we were "privileged" to remain ready for emergency diplomat evacuations. The roads to the airports and airbases were blocked due to the wild and crazy behavior of the populace. Shore leave was cancelled. Those on shore were rounded up and brought back as quickly as possible. The fleet was pulled out, but the Haddo remained. Our security was upgraded. Topside watch was increased to three and sometimes four persons. The rifles were broken out, extra clips were issued, and instructions were given to shoot anything that seemed threatening and moved on the pier. If it came down to it, my first choice of target was going to be those damn lights. You couldn't see much looking over and down the pier. My next option was to dive down a hatch or get behind the sail. What chance would bullets have against the hull?

Now, that wasn't the only endangered experience we had during that Med cruise and certainly it wasn't the only exciting time either. Looking back on it I guess we considered that the Haddo ruled the day while there in the Med.

As things turned out, the Italians settled down somewhat, and after being assured of the diplomats' safety, we were given orders to sail to La Spazia, Italy - a quaint and beautiful port on the northern Italy coast at the base of the Alps - for the Christmas/New Year holidays.

What a time!

## **Getting to the Haddo**

*by Ken Brenner*

When I finished sub school (Groton) in April, 1972, I did not have orders to my first boat. So, I flew home to Kansas on leave to visit family and await my assignment. I gave the Navy my maternal grandparents' phone number as a contact since I had planned to go on a short trip to Houston, Texas with my parents. Sure enough, my grandma got a call while I was in Texas telling me I was to be assigned to the Haddo (already in the Med), and I was to report to McGuire AFB in New

Jersey around May 1, 1972 to fly over and catch the boat.

I first flew to Rota, Spain where I expected to see my new submarine. Wrong - it had departed Rota some time ago and I was told it was in Naples, Italy. So, I caught a few hours sleep and flew 4 hours in a military cargo plane to Naples. It was a very uncomfortable trip - could hardly stretch my legs out in front of me, etc. Oh - I was accompanied by three others that were also heading for the Haddo: Bob Hoffman (ET), Brian Vawter (ET), and Jesse (Rock) Sturdivant (TM).

When we arrived in Naples, we were picked up by a YN attached to the NATO base in Naples (known as AFSOUTH, I think). He took us to the NATO base and the Navy "liaison" office where we found out - the Haddo wasn't there. It had pulled out some time back and was currently out to sea! (Do you get the impression somebody in Navy personnel didn't know where the Haddo was??)

So, we stayed at the NATO base for 3 weeks, doing odd jobs around the office and barracks, waiting for the Haddo to return to Naples.

During that time, we took two trips via the USO office in Naples. The first was a day bus trip down to Pompeii, over to Salerno, then up the coast highway to Sorrento and back to Naples. I was fascinated by the ruins of Pompeii, and the very scenic coast ride (which I later found out was considered one of the best in Europe!). I took lots of pictures.

The second trip was a weekend excursion (via train) to Rome. The USO office (not far from the Vatican) helped us again, telling us the best hotel to stay at, restaurants at which to eat, etc. We took two USO-sponsored tours, one through the Vatican, the other around Rome (Coliseum, Forum, etc.) I took LOTS of pictures.

Well, finally the Haddo returned to port - in ATHENS, GREECE! So, we got on another military cargo plane (just as uncomfortable as the first one) and flew 2 hours to Athens. Took the long bus ride from the airport to the port where we encountered the entire Mediterranean fleet! From the pier, we took a small boat out to an ammo ship, up the gang plank, across the ship, where I finally got to look down on my new submarine! As we boarded the boat (late afternoon), we were herded down to the torpedo room where we were given our "bunks" - a mattress with a sheet metal frame, and a wooden locker near by - all sitting in/on empty torpedo skids. The next day, got into our civvies, went back to the pier landing, caught a bus into town and the USO. There, we got directions to the Acropolis, and we hoofed it

through the narrow streets and climbed up this commanding hill that overlooked the city (and the centuries). The Parthenon temple was on top as well as a magnificent view of the city and surrounding area. Returned to the boat that night, just in time for a storm to come up and cause the boat to start rocking and pounding the stern planes into the side of the ammo ship. Apparently, we put a hole in the side of the ship, and we were "asked" to depart, anchoring out by ourselves in the bay.

We were minus our captain and many members of the crew. That night, I enjoyed looking through the periscope at the Acropolis, all lit up with multi-colored lights. The next day, most of us sat on the deck enjoying the bright sunlight, blue (and now calm) water, awaiting the rest of the crew.

I was excited to be aboard my first submarine, and finally truly serving my country on a "front-line" duty assignment.

I was to serve on the Haddo from that time until July 1, 1976. And, while there many "adventures" to come, that first month was very memorable, just "Getting to the Haddo"!

### **More Haddo Memories**

*By Geoff Warnock*

Ray, here is some stuff I think I remember happening while I was onboard the USS Haddo --- Names were removed to protect the guilty, there wasn't anyone innocent when I was there.

**My first underway** on the Haddo lasted about 3 minutes, I think. It was late 1976, maybe early 1977. Roger 'Ramjet' was the throttleman and I was a non-qual, air-breathing, water-wasting, food consuming puke. I had not been onboard a week and we were 'underway on nuclear power'! Wow --- I could see all my nuke training being put to work as I sat outside of Maneuvering watching what was going on. The clutch was engaged and the main engines were tested by Roger in the astern direction after the bridge called down and told them to do so and 'not to put way on the ship'. Sounds good, looked good, worked good in the 'go back' direction. Roger opened the Ahead Throttles to test the shaft and when it started rolling, it just kept going. Roger shut the throttles, and actually attempted astern steam. Things got pretty hectic after that. I remember the bridge calling down and rather emphatically stating that there was way on the ship. Yeah, no kidding, they were scattering topside as the Number 1 line was banjo tight and the remaining lines had been slacked as the tug was alongside. Things happened all at once it seemed; the main steam room

valves going shut, the reactor scrambled, the collision alarm went off and we were 'underway' as the retractable cleat holding Line 1 came out of the hull and the taught line shot the cleat across the pier into the San Onofre which was the floating dry-dock. It put a BIG dent in the side of her hull! I think it was the Snook (one of the "S"-girls anyway) whose topside watch saw us coming and hit their collision alarm and went for the pier. We made a rather quick stop, as our sonar dome wrapped itself around the screw of the S-Girl. Not bad for my first underway on a real submarine. I went to see the Yeoman later that day to make sure my SGLI was in effect and there weren't any discrepancies in my Emergency Notification Form (Page 2??).

We spent 'some time' in that same floating dry-dock that we had earlier launched a retractable cleat at, fixing the sonar dome - I can't recall exactly, but I think the old steel dome had a 15 mph collision rating on it. Good thing we didn't have the 5 mph plastic domes then, or the damage would have been worse.

**Emergency Blow** We had some other 'sea trials and tribulations' but finally got underway for WESTPAC in February (March?) of 1977. So I am finally 'underway' for real (and actually at sea) and was really looking forward to my first 'dive' on a submarine. Again, I am outside maneuvering watching what was going on and trying to get some signatures when the diving klaxon sounded. I could feel the angle on the boat --- pretty cool!! Then I heard the maneuvering 4MC go "SSSSSHHHHHHHH --- GARBLE --- GARBLE ---- SSSSSHHHHHHHH" and the boat started going back up as the Emergency Ballast Tank Blow took effect. Man, I was REALLY glad I got that SGLI issue all settled! So there we are bobbing around the surface at the dive point off San Diego on my first at sea run on this boat. There had been a High Pressure air leak in the Air Regeneration Room and the Auxiliaryman of the Watch had called it in on the 4MC from the Air Regen Room. It's awfully hard to make yourself understood with all that rushing air noise. I guess it almost sounds like flooding or something, and you know those OOD's get nervous about stuff like that, so up you go. The only bad deal about this story is that we only had one High Pressure Air Compressor that worked; the other was 'being worked on'. This meant that we stayed on the surface for another day or so while banging air on one HPAC.

The Pacific rollers were apparently pretty substantial, so I got to see people that were actually GREEN! You hear about it, you read about it, but you really cannot believe it until you see someone that really has a green pallor to their skin. I actually went to Control to just

watch and listen, and saw the QMOW – a hereunto unnamed Chief QM - crawling around on his hands and knees with a bucket tied off around his neck --- now THAT is seasick!!

**Lessons In Life** We actually made it to Pearl Harbor. I got to see Hawaii for the first time and thought it was great. We loaded equipment that the CT's brought with them and we were off for a 'training mission'. I never had to sign anything for a 'training mission' before so I knew that this was going to be fun. During that particular WESTPAC, I learned the following things:

- CT equipment will slide off the side of a round submarine hull if you don't keep an eye on it.
- CT equipment gets recovered pretty quickly by divers should it slide off the side of the hull.
- Women in Hawaii sometimes aren't ---- we'll leave it at that.
- When the Lithium Bromide plant 'rocks up' – you can tell right away, if you are sitting under a ventilation exhaust vent. 'Rocking Up' is not like 'Pumping Up' ---- it's bad.
- The USS Haddo had two R-12 mechanical AC units. The USS Haddo needed two R-12 mechanical AC units to keep the ship cool.
- Life aboard the USS Haddo really sucked when only one R-12 mechanical AC unit worked.
- The C.O. of the USS Haddo could walk around the engineroom with his poopy suit buttoned all the way to the top and not sweat – even if only one R-12 unit was running.
- The crew of the USS Haddo would wear the same uniform of the day as the CO even if only one R-12 AC unit was running.
- The X.O. of the USS Haddo thought that it would be better to wear tee-shirts and shorts with only one R-12 AC unit running
- The Philippine Islands are a pretty place - when you are pulling into port.
- The Philippine Islands need something OTHER than 'natural drainage' to take care of sewage issues.
- To see a dead, bloated pig float by the hull when entering port is a good motivator for not falling overboard.
- If you go a couple of weeks with only one R-12 AC unit running, you smell pretty nasty when you pop the hatch --- and your civilian clothes smell bad forever!
- "BRUT" and "OLD SPICE" will not overcome the effects of only one R-12 AC unit on your clothes. It just makes it smell worse.

- 28 degrees is the ideal temperature to serve San Miguel beer!!
- San Miguel beer will give you one hell of a headache – what is in that stuff, formaldehyde?? Oh yeah --- right --- there is / was.....
- Haley's Milk of Magnesia has NOTHING on San Miguel beer for treating constipation.
- San Miguel beer diets can result in HUGE weight loss, lack of ability to concentrate, work, sleep AND produces artificial beauty in members of the opposite sex --- Pearl City Hawaii notwithstanding.
- GUAM – god what can you say about GUAM???? Yeah – me too!

**Tread Head** GUAM – home of the world's largest McDonald's (at that time). Good too – so good as a matter of fact that the forward duty section was going to make a run to 'Mickey D's and included the nukes in the order for late night grub – the duty officer wasn't buying into it though and didn't want the duty section going to McDonalds in uniform or in a govt. vehicle – permission denied!!! Sooooo – the duty A-Ganger being mechanically inclined (or possibly a paroled felon) decides to jump start the duty van and go anyway. Being mechanically inclined toward these things (is this taught in some sort of A, B, C-School or remedial training?) he crawls under the van to hotwire it. Everything seems to be going very well indeed!! --- hmmm, let's see, wire here, wire there, touch this to that and we should have ignition!! YES – we have ignition!! We also have a van with a manual transmission!! The van goes 'Forward' and the tire goes right over the head of the A-Ganger. If it had been anyone else, it would have killed them, but as it was 'this particular guy' was just dazed and had a hell of a headache. He also had what appeared to be at first a nasty bruise --- no check that, it's a welt ----- check that too --- it's a contusion and IT'S IN THE SHAPE OF THE TIRE TREAD. And, to the USS Haddo on that evening was born the nickname for that guy – "Tread Head". Damned embarrassing, but still funny as hell after all these years.

### **Story Time**

*By Fernley Wagner*

It's October 1<sup>st</sup>, 1964, forty years ago to day, and the 604 boat was underway enroute back to Camden from initial sea trials. I was an MMC(SS) asleep in the "Goat Locker" when I was awakened and told to report to the MPA (Powell Carter) in the crews mess. There were words said about a feed pump failure. I joined the MPA at the after starboard table and we began to discuss the casualty and preparations for shipyard repair. I noticed



that the mess hall was slowly filling with crewmembers but that was not unusual since it was "Soup Call". It was unusual however to have the CO and the rest of the Wardroom and Chiefs crowd in. I was called front and center and the "Old Man" (J. G. Williams, JR.) read my promotion to LDO and took off the anchors and pinned on the gold Ensign bars. Immediately if not sooner, the COB (Joe O'Hara) read an eviction notice to the effect that I was to get my ass out of the Chief's Quarters and was never to enter that space again without knocking and being given permission to do so! This was followed by presentation of a sword which was engraved with my name and the sheath engraved "From CPO's Haddo". To this day, a most cherished possession! The XO (Walt Sullivan) then laid down the rules for his stateroom which was where I was to live after my eviction from the Chief's Quarters. I would sleep in the dropdown rack overtop of his bunk. I would not lower that rack until he was ready to retire and I would not arise before he did. I was given a small drawer over the desk and a small locker. Same sort of rules: if he was at the desk I couldn't get to the drawer or the locker. All was done in great taste and spirit to fit the occasion. The sword was used to cut the cake and thus began my initiation into the ways of the Wardroom. Thank heaven for guys like Louis Slaughter who gave me guidance in this foreign land. Thanks too to a great wardroom of officers.

The evening meal was spaghetti and I had been placed at the "guest" position for that meal. This meant that I was served first! I had been given sound advice early in my naval career with words to the effect of; if you're not sure, watch and see what others do. But, I was the first to be served! After all it was only spaghetti. At home, my Mother always served spaghetti with the meat sauce already mixed in. In the navy, spaghetti was served plain and the meat sauce in a separated dish and that became the way I preferred it. So there was no problem here. Take a serving of spaghetti and take sauce and ladle it over the noodles. The problem was that I always cut up my spaghetti and ate it that way. I was much relieved to see the CO, after spooning sauce over his spaghetti, commence to cut it up. I mentioned that I was glad to see that cutting up spaghetti was proper wardroom etiquette. J.G. Williams replied that he didn't know nor did he care if cutting up spaghetti was proper etiquette, that was the way he liked to eat spaghetti and that was that. He was a prince!

My lessons were not over. The next morning I declined breakfast in the wardroom and went over to the crews mess and got a donut and coffee and headed for the engineer room. As I passed by Maneuvering the Engineer

(Jim Hay) said, "Good Morning Fernley". I cringed as I sensed the snickers from the EPCP, RPCP, and SPCP! I hated to be called by my first name. Anyway I responded with a "Good morning, Mr. Hay". Whereupon he asked if I had eaten breakfast. I told him no, that I just had gotten coffee. Of course he had to notice that I held a real mess hall cup and not the little things they called cups in officer country. "Where did you get your coffee"? "In the crews mess, sir". "Goldsmith, you stay out of the crews mess. You get your coffee in the wardroom"! "Yes sir." I learned fast because I had great mentors.

Although I made LDO (loud, dumb and obnoxious) October 64, the command requested that my orders to knife and fork school be delayed and that I be retained on board until after shakedown. The request was approved and my orders to Newport, RI were changed from the January 65 class to the June 65 class. Thus I got to be referred to as Fernley and to eat in the wardroom and to room with the XO for six more months. Fortunately the majority of that time was not at sea.

Walt Sullivan was a great XO and a fine gentleman, but he did have his ways. He and I both smoked Marlboros and I kept mine in that little drawer over the desk which he had so graciously allowed me to use. One day I opened the drawer and inside was a note that read "one of the drawbacks to sharing my stateroom is that I occasionally steal cigarettes. I owe you one pack", signed XO. I don't believe I ever got repaid.

Although I was listed as being the Assistant "M" Division Officer I was also the SLJO (shitty little jobs officer) and sometimes got other assignments. One worthy of mention was my appointment as United Way Coordinator. In this capacity I worked for the XO. Mr. Sullivan told me that he expected an all out effort on my part to see that Haddo had maximum participation in the United Way campaign. Let me tell you that I was determined to have 100% of the crew contribute. At the end of a time limit, I can't recall the exact limit imposed, but at the end I was to turn over a list of the names of the contributors with the amount donated by each and all the money to the XO. I showed no mercy! I badgered and cajoled everyone. Toward the end I stooped to accepting a donation of whatever pocket change a sailor had. As I recall the minimum contribution was thirty-eight cents. Finally! I went to the XO's (our) stateroom and reported that I had gotten contributions from everyone in the crew except him and that with his donation we would have 100%. Would you believe, he looked at me with this grin on his face and said, "Oh! I forgot to tell you Fernley, I don't

believe in these fund raisers and I don't contribute to them". And do you know what? He never did! Bless his soul he was a great guy.

## ROSTER UPDATE

**Taps:** This is an e-mail from a friend of a Haddo sailor.

👉 Greetings! I have had, over the last 15 years or so, the privilege of knowing one of the former crewmen of the SS-255, Robert Matthew Lochen. He served aboard Haddo on at least two war patrols out of Freemantle--the 8th and 9th patrols, I believe. Bob also sang professionally after his Navy service with the Frankie Carle orchestra in '46 and '47. He passed away on 22 Oct 2004 in Minneapolis at the age of 81. I pass this information on to you on the chance that someone out there might remember Bob and pause a moment to remember him. Robert in Seattle

**Roster Changes:** : Check 'The Running Roster' for the current list of active names. As always, new names are in **red** and losses are in **blue**.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### *The Hunt is Over*

Remember the book/movie *The Hunt for Red October*? Well, according to the Russian newspaper Izvestia, the real Red October is to be decommissioned and sold for scrap. The world's largest submarine, capable of launching 20 ICBMs, has been quietly resting in a Barents Sea port waiting for the decommissioning because Russia's post-Soviet military is too poor to foot the bill. They would like the U.S. to pay for it like Japan is paying Russia to turn into metal shreds the nuclear subs stationed near its shores in the Pacific.

Despite its massive size and power, it was not well liked by the Russian Navy. It was too bulky, too expensive, and too difficult to maintain. Former naval Commander Gennady Suchkov said "Right now, our navy needs new, smaller vessels". Red October's demise will leave Russia with only 3 Typhoon class submarines and the Severstall is the only one still equipped with ICBMs.

### **HADDO COIN**

Here is an interesting e-mail I received recently. I purchased one of her coins, and they are very nice.

👉 Hello - My name is Shelly Saxton, proud daughter of RMCS(SS) Curtiss Gardner (6/79-5/82), and I am contacting you to show you a coin that I designed and had made to commemorate my dad's submarine service. After several years of trying to find challenge coins of the boats my dad served on I decided I would make them myself! I am contacting you to offer you the coin as well since you also have served on the Haddo. I am sending you a picture of it. Please keep in mind that the coin is MUCH better looking than the picture shows.



The other coins I had made are the Trumpetfish, Pollack, Jallao and Nathanael Greene. I can send you pictures of them as well if you're interested. I only had 100 coins of each boat made so they will be a "Limited Edition" if you would like to purchase one please email me at [shellwe@grm.net](mailto:shellwe@grm.net) with "USS Haddo Challenge Coin" in the subject area. I am selling them outright for \$16.50 each (s/h included in the price) or you can take your chance on eBay.

I accept the following forms of payment: PayPal ([shellwe@grm.net](mailto:shellwe@grm.net)), Money Order, Personal Check and BidPay ([shellwe@grm.net](mailto:shellwe@grm.net)). My address is: Shelly Saxton, PO Box 24, Graham, MO 64455.

Thanks and Smooth Sailing  
Shelly Saxton (Proud Daughter of a Submariner!)

### **WEB SITES**

Here's a real neat web site. As my son would say, the pix are cool. <http://antwrp.gsfc/apod/archivepix.html>  
The pictures really haven't got anything to do with submarines, but there are some phenomenal shots of earth and outer space.

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## MAIL SACK

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### **John Almon**

Ray, We had every intention of attending last year's reunion... had hotel reservations with airline pending. However, John decided to accept a two-year contract in England. He arrived last August and I followed in November... after I sold the house, packed everything



up and drove across country. Anyway, we know we missed a good time. It just couldn't be helped. Thanks for being the glue for the last six years. Roni Almon

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**Tom Bichsel**

Ray, I'm interested in Haddo T shirts, Haddo decals and possibly the picture of the Haddo against the New Mexico sky. I was on the Haddo from 11-74-08-76. David Oliver was the XO. He later went on to command the sub base at Point Loma. There are some who I would like to look up. Tom Bichsel MS1(ss)

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**Ken Brenner**

Hi Ray. I just got the newsletter in the mail yesterday (Thursday, 08-26), and started reading it this morning on the train to work. As usual, you did a great job! I'm really enjoying it.

Your Appeal: I like the way the stories are organized and titled. It is interesting to hear those stories. I will start sending you two articles for each newsletter: 1. Reunion 2006 info, 2. Memories from my time on the boat. Article # 2 will be my remembrances of the many things that happened in the 4+ years I was on the Haddo, somewhat similar to those mentioned in this edition of the newsletter. My first will be "Getting to the Haddo" - what it was like for me and 3 others that were trying to report to the Haddo while it was on its early-1972 Med cruise. Future articles will continue chronologically from there. I agree, there's lots of stories from lots of folks that would enhance the newsletter and give you more material. I'll do my share.

I'll be talking to Ralph Stroede soon about the web site and the memorial section. If you need help transferring some of Mike Gann's paper copies (of the old newsletter) to Word, let me know. I have some of them and I'll be glad to type into some Word files. Hope things continue to progress for you at the house. I enjoyed talking to you a few weeks ago.  
God Bless. Ken

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**Paul Callahan**

Dear Ray, I'm still working for the Applied Research Laboratory Penn State University. They have me detailed to the Naval Sea Systems Command, Undersea Technology Directorate (SEA 073) as an IPA. SEA 073 funds generic submarine hull, mechanical, and electrical projects, and many other things.

Enjoyed Ron Graff's recollection about being stuck in MBT 3 (3B I think). It was a difficult one to navigate. At one time I was told I was the only officer who could get to the top. In the Nov. 64 docking when we found a rusting (wire?) union nut on an air system at the top I found that all the officers could indeed get to the top if they wanted to. Put me in good practice for climbing into the conical housing of MBT4 on SSN695 years later after a leaking cavity drain pipe. Oh well, the glories of the shipyard. Happy Holidays!  
Paul

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**Dan Cartwright**

Ray, My apologies for not having paid any dues and making contributions to the effort in the past. It is on the way! From the sound of your "From The Editor" article in the August 2004 V2 Issue 29 newsletter, it sounds like you are seeking a change of watch - or at least a cry for an extended "head call". Is that a fair assessment? In my opinion, You and Susie (if I may) have both done an excellent job with the newsletter. Obviously you have writing/publishing/journalism talents and I wanted to say so and commend you both on a job well done and continued success for as long as you desire to hold the position. I view it as an honorable undertaking by you both and all others involved. It makes for a quality read that I look forward to with interesting articles, stories, and comments -all evoking good memories of my own times on the Haddo. Thanks for doing so. I've included a few contributions for the newsletter from times on the Haddo. If I can remember to put words to memories - since my wife has diagnosed me with CRS disease (Can't Remember Sh\_t), upcoming installments should include: "The Knuckle Ball" and later "The Booze Cruise", "Dolphins on a surface puke...", "The Taking of The Commissioning Plaque", and other Haddo adventures.

Down Periscope. Dive The Boat. (Gee, I remember some things.) Thanks for the opportunity to share memories. D. Cartwright

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**Larry Fraley**

Hi Ray, Thanks for the Newsletter. Please add me to your roster. You have my address and e-mail address.

I picked up the Haddo May, 1975 in Pascagoula as a 'Nose-coner' IC1. Took her through the canal to San Diego where I was initiated as Chief. Left in Oct, 1976 for TRITRAFAC Bangor. I retired Dec, 1986. Dick Hillman was the COB while I was aboard and totally abused me during my initiation, HA!

I attended the USSVI Convention last month and the only shipmate I ran into was Dick and then we didn't meet until we found ourselves sitting at the same table at the banquet. What a hoot! I do have a couple of sea-tales for you and will send them later. Thanks, Larry

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**Tim France**

Ray, I had one of those "out of the blue" experiences today when I had a phone call from Andy Andrews, HADDO shipmate from the late 60's/early 70's. He lives in New Jersey now and got my phone number from Military.com. He retired as a TMC back in '87. He became disabled a couple of years ago, so is retired, but it sounds like he's doing OK. I sent him a link to the latest HADDO Newsletter -- not sure he's on your list. He was at the last reunion, which I unfortunately had to forego. Hopefully I can make the next one. He and I remembered some of the same things as we reminisced -- and even remembered them the same way! It was good to talk with him. Hope all is well with you and yours. Have a great Christmas! Regards, Tim

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**Jeff Funkhouser**

Ray, Just to let everyone know, I just returned from Bremerton WA on 09/22/04. The Haddo is still alive, they may have taken her heart out, but she's still there. My nephew just made Chief, and I was out there for the ceremony. He works in the area where she is at. I tried to get down and see her but, since 9/11, it is impossible. The Haddo is sitting along with about 4 or 5 other sub's waiting to be cut up. He saw her and said that, she is gray, chalky, and green, but has the number 604 on her side. Like myself, I do and am sure everyone else misses the old girl. If I had seen her, I would have wanted to touch her and would have cried for her. To my friends and shipmates before, during, and afterwards, silent running. Jeff

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**Mike Gann**

Dear Ray, Just got the latest copy of the Haddo Newsletter - terrific, as usual! In answer to your question, no, it's not "time for a change." You're doing a great job with the Newsletter - it couldn't be in better hands since I dropped it. Toward the end, I had a lot of difficulty getting folks to send me stuff too, but that's really not an indicator of when it's time to quit. It's time to quit only when you just can't sustain the effort any more. It takes a LOT of work, and time - time you might rather spend on something else. I know your work is appreciated by many, whether they take the time to say so, or not. I was really afraid the whole thing would die after I gave it up, but then you came along and rescued it. If you do give it up, I hope someone will take up where you leave off.

I have a couple of quick items here I want to share with you and other readers of the Newsletter. First, my E-mail address on the crew roster is incorrect. My correct E-mail is: [mgann@nycap.rr.com](mailto:mgann@nycap.rr.com). I noticed that someone questioned the merits of having a reunion in Pascagoula - there's not much to do there? I would respectfully disagree. There may not be a lot to do in Pascagoula itself, but in the 26 mile stretch of Mississippi's coast there's PLENTY of things to do. A very nice tourist booklet for the entire Mississippi coast is obtainable from: [www.gulfcoast.org](http://www.gulfcoast.org). My wife and I are already planning a "mini-vacation" around the Haddo Reunion. Perhaps if others knew how much there really is to do in the area, they might consider doing likewise. I'm going to do a little Internet research on Pascagoula itself, to see what things there might be of interest to do right in Town. I for one, would enjoy a shipyard tour if that were possible. I'll write again when/if I come up with some ideas. Regards, Mike

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**Fred Holmes**

Dear Ray, I always enjoy your newsletter. Please do not stop them. We moved and I thought I had sent you our new address, but probably not; got a bad case of the old age disease, CRS. Our street name is spelled Leicester and pronounced Lester. You figure. We have one son in his second year of college and a 17-year old in high school. Remember those days? Our move was to upscale for grand kids (in Texas). Anyways, keeps me really busy. Thanks again - keep it up. Take care, Fred

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**Jim Johnston**

Hi Ray, The QMCS that relieved Joe was Ozzie Osterman. He was my boss as I was a QM3 at the time. My first intro to Ozzie was at about midnight on a Sat. I was sound asleep on the boat and my rack was on top when I felt a hand on my shoulder shaking me. When I woke I was at eye level with him. He had a cigarette in his mouth and had been partying at the bar outside the South Gate. He didn't wait for me to be fully awake, but said "are you Johnston"? I replied yes. His response was "I'm your new chief - lend me \$20!!" Ozzie was quite colorful to say the least.

I recall you as a Fire control tech and a lot of fun. You may remember me as the QM who shared in the spirits prior to ship movement at midnight from Port Everglades and ended up napping behind the fire control panel. With permission of course. I hope all is well with you and your family. Jim Johnston

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**Brian Levgard**

Ahoy Ray, Thanks for the Christmas card. It went to my old address. You do a great job with the newsletter and should be proud of yourself. I drove to Bolder last May and had an experimental treatment with a new invention called the CYBERKNIFE. They aimed at the main part of the tumor in the pancreas. It knocked the living crap out of me, but so far, it seems to have helped for the time being. I'm trying to shape up enough to attend the next reunion. Dick Noble and Sea Bag sent me videos of the last reunion. I appreciate that. Do you have any deals left? Best regards, Matey

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**Juice Madai**

Ray - Saw a name (Brian Dawson) in the last letter of an old friend from the boat. Turns out he lives in the same small town in Illinois where another of my really good friends lives. It was fun talking with him - It's been about 18 years!!!! Juice

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**Mike Medina**

Ray I was aboard Haddo in 78, qualified on her. I was skimmer for 18 years till they let me in. She was a great old boat and will be in my heart for ever. I will make the next reunion....Love the net.... RMC(SS) CHINGAS

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**Robert Noonan**

Ray, It was a great pleasure to meet you at the HADDO reunion and want to thank you for a great time. Best wishes for continued success with the newsletter and good luck with the house. Bob

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**Chris Seebald**

Good morning Ray, Glad to have talked to you last night, Sharon says hello to you both. Sharon and I do sincerely hope your hand does get better. The following is the March letter you asked for that apparently got lost in the ether.

Sharon and I received the latest newsletter and were very impressed. We enjoyed viewing all the reunion pics. So, you want to know the sailor's truth of the Retroperitoneal Lymph Node Dissection (RPLND)? I had prepped for the surgery starting December 3. Starting at noon, I had to drink 4 liters of Golytely. I became one with the porcelain from 2:30pm to the time to go for surgery. They lie, says on the jug the laxative effect would be over by bedtime (Whose bedtime? Third shift?).

Surgery went very well. I had the top RPLND surgeon and urology cancer doc, Dr. Ritchie, and his five urology residents performed outstandingly. I also had one of the top anesthesiologists, Dr. Mallampati, a pleasant surprise, as all of the anesthesiologists I met with prior to surgery looked fresh out of high school. Seems Dr. Mallampati developed an Airway Assessment which is currently used worldwide. The junior anesthesiologist was impressed to be working with him. I felt comfortable, I was in the best hands, I thought if Dr. Mallampati couldn't put me out and bring me back, it just wasn't meant to be.

Then the surgical technique. A 20" centerline opening from zyphoid to pubic bone, 6 pairs of hands moving the small and large intestines, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder, aorta, and nerves this way and that. The team removed about 10 lymph nodes and one diseased lymph node containing a 1.9-cm tumor. The surgery lasted about 2.5 hours and I was stapled shut (about 65 of them). I came out and awake right after. Fortunately, I didn't have any PACU or ICU time and went straight to the urology floor. Very nice accommodations; private room and great nurses and staff.

My parents and Sharon visited and sat with me during my stay. After about 5 hours in bed, the time came to try to get up and walk; did well even with the catheter and bag, IV and IV stand, and Morphine pump. I'm glad to say they now give the patient control over pain management. Then for 7 days I watched the Nor'easter, waited for my bowels to return to work, and sipped (very small sips), of clear liquids. I didn't eat anything solid until my last night. Flatulence is the milestone. Once accomplished, you are eligible for discharge. Never thought passing gas was a celebratory occasion, and I'm sure my HMO was happy, too.

The pathology report took weeks to get back. The ten lymph nodes were all negative, but the tumor had active Yolk Sac carcinoma. Everyone expected a benign or Teratoma growth, no tumor markers were elevated to indicate otherwise. The first round of chemo the year before didn't fully clean the slate. Dr. Richie recommended to do salvage chemotherapy, an aggressive and riskier regimen. We consulted my local oncologist who wanted a consensus of opinion from several of his colleagues and Dr. Einhorn (the TC Oncology Specialist and Lance Johnson's oncologist). Dr. Einhorn studied my case history and recommended to just monitor and do CT scans and test for tumor markers. I decided to go with Dr. Einhorn's opinion and forgo any additional chemo. Now that I have been through all of that, everything seems to be working right and feel everything in the right locations. Doing well. I went back to work Jan. 12 full time. Take care and hope you and yours also are doing well, Have a great Labor Day holiday, Chris Seebald

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**Rod Taft**

I was just reading through some newsletters and it dawned on me that I still get them in the mail. If you still have me on the hard copy mailing list, please take me off. No need to spend the \$\$ when it's right here. By the way, looking forward to the November reunion in Pascagoula. Thanks, Rod Taft

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**Jack Taylor**

Please add me to your newsletter list. Thanks, The Haddo website is some website!!!

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**John Viney**

Hi Ray, Just a note to let you know that we appreciate the job that you're doing with the newsletter. I know it's for John, but I enjoy reading it too. Enclosed is a small check to help with postage. Keep up the good work and we hope to see you at the next reunion. John & Betty Viney

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**Fernley Wagner**

So good to hear from you and as always enjoyed reading all the latest and greatest. I am really looking forward to Pascagoula. Gives me an excuse to drive down the Natchez Trace which I've been wanting to do for years. Speaking of reunions I can't thank enough, those who put the last Haddo reunion together at Groton. Thanks anyway to Dick Hillman and family and others including you and Susie, Ray. It was great to see everyone from our years and to meet new faces from later on.

We just returned from the USSVI Nation Convention in Saratoga Springs, NY. It was in my opinion, the best convention yet! I saw a vest with Haddo SSN 604 and quickly cornered the wearer. A new name – Larry Frayley. He is a former ICCS(SS) Retired but I failed to get the years he was on Haddo. Got another one for you – Ted Zernhelt. The COB will get a kick out of that one. Old drinking buddies from Camden days! I got to see a list of WWII Submarine Vets from Allentown Chapter and lo and behold Zernhelt's name was there. I wouldn't have been sure but the list included the boats the guys had been on. Good old "Zippy" as the COB called him.

Speaking of USSVI and conventions, for those that don't belong I urge you to check it out. The dues are reasonable and our creed says it all, "to perpetuate the memory of our shipmates who gave their lives in the pursuit of their duties while serving their country. That their dedication, deeds and supreme sacrifice to be a constant source of motivation toward greater accomplishments. Pledge loyalty and patriotism to the United States Government". Fern

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**Geoff Warnock**

Ray --- thought I would toss something your way for the newsletter and inform you of my email address change. I read, re-read and read again the newsletter and saw your plea for assistance with material. I got lots of stories, some of which may even be true, I'm not too sure anymore. I fully understand what they mean by the phrase 'legend has it'. The episodes usually happened so fast, or there was uncertainty surrounding the 'facts' that folks have different opinions of what really happened and I don't want to take the chance of irritating someone - naw, I take that back - we're sub-sailors. What would happen if we didn't irritate anyone anymore?? I'll have a few and sit back and see if I can't jog the old brain cells loose and see what else comes out. Take care. I for one REALLY appreciate all that you have done with the newsletter. Just seeing the names in the roster brings back memories - mostly good. They were harder times than I live now and it was definitely a game for younger men. My idea of 'partying' now is staying up past 10 o'clock on work nights :). Hope all is well and that the house is complete. Cheers!! Geoff

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I would like to give one more **GREAT BIG THANKS** for all the e-mails, cards, and letters. Your life stories and Haddo experiences fill me with warm fuzzies and I'm sure you have that same feeling right now. So, PLEASE, keep the stories coming. The best time to convert your memories into words is right now, while those warm fuzzies still have a smile on your face and an urge in your heart.