

1943



1972

THE BANG GANG NEWSLETTER

Published to perpetuate the memory of USS BANG (SS-385) and her Crew

PRESIDENT -

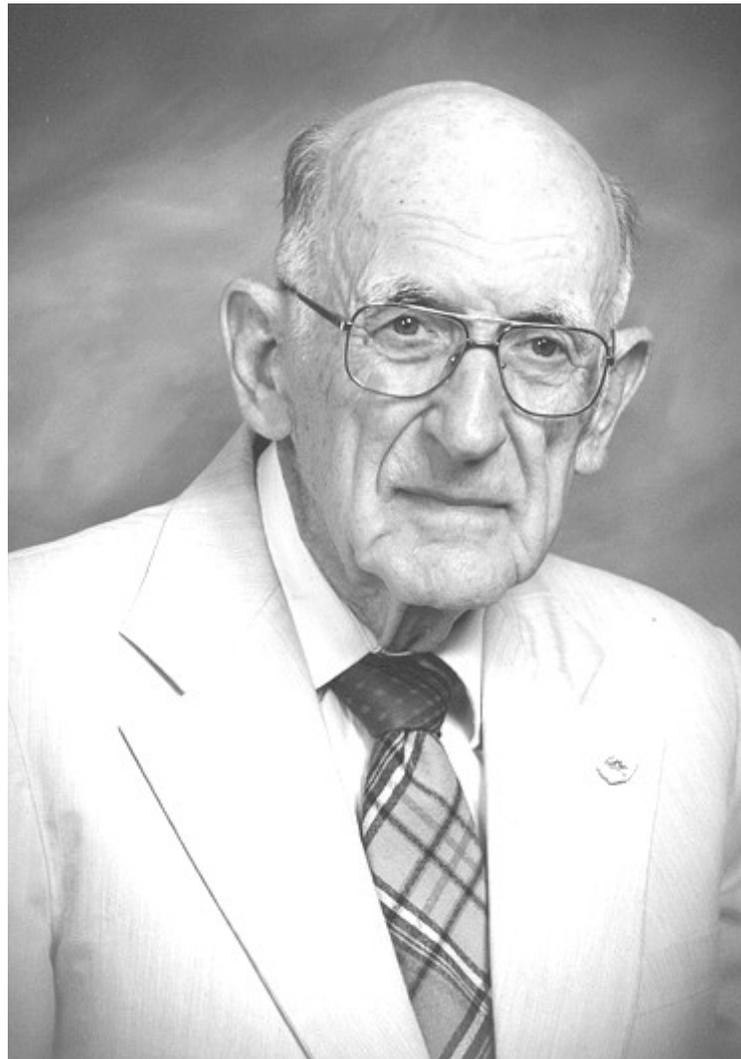
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SPRING/SUMMER 2006

WWW.USSBANG.COM

ISSUE-41

JOSEPH RAY HUTCHINS



1918 – 2006



LOST AND FOUND



This column is dedicated to informing you of any additions, deletions, or corrections to our active roster.
It has been brought to our attention that the following shipmates have passed away and will be placed on Eternal Patrol.

Joseph Ray Hutchins, MoMM (43-46) WP1,2,3,4,5,6



John Thomas Hobbes Jr., EMC (54-59)

Donald J. "Muff" Kamuf, EN (56-59)



Ralph E. Folger, MoMM (45)

SHIPMATES, REST YOUR OARS!

The following shipmates have changed their mailing address.

Please let us know when your address has changed or you may not receive the next Newsletter.

LASTNAME	FIRSTNAME	ADDRESS	CITY	ST	ZIPCODE	PHONE	Y-O-B
Biedell	Michael J	PO Box 2333	Laurinburg	NC	28353-2333		66-69
Buchanan	John	590 Queenan Ave N	Lakeland	MN	55043-9542		66
Cline	John F	2802 W 35th Ave Apt 212	Kennewick	WA	99337-2583		44-45
Gates	Ralph A	14 Ridge Circle	Storrs Mansfield	CT	06268-1612		65-67
Hollingsworth	Leland S	25770 Lk Amelia Way #101	Bonita Springs	FL	34135-3824		60-62
O'Neil	Owen B	2234 Kershaw Rd	The Villages	FL	32162-7766		59-61
Richey	Jimmie W	PO Box 69	Dawson	AL	35963-0069		63-68
Rocco, Jr	Peter P	3425 Saltee Circle	Ormond Beach	FL	32174-3084		52-55

The following shipmates are new (found) additions to our roster. Your committee is thankful for all your help in locating them and we will continue our search until we have attempted to locate everyone.

LASTNAME	FIRSTNAME	ADDRESS	CITY	ST	ZIPCODE	PHONE	Y-O-B
Buchanan	Claude M	6133 Mountain Dale Rd	Thurmont	MD	21788-2712		64-67
Vogel	Robert L	4974 N Fresno St	Fresno	CA	93726-0317		70-72



THANK YOU!

Since our last publication, the following shipmates have generously donated to our slush fund.



**Jim Adamek
Mike Biedell
Dan Casey
John Cline**

**Ken Davison
Karl Subs Evans
Ralph Folger**

**Gene Gauthier
Lee Hollingsworth
Bill McNeil**

**Bob Morrison
Gloria Nickell
Harry Ross**

**Ed Tex Schovajsa
Ralph Sheffel
Paul Skahan
Lou Ulrich**

THE INTERNET CONNECTION CHANGES SINCE LAST PUBLICATION



Jim Adamekjaadamek@lakewebs.net
John Buchananjohnbuchanan@gmail.com
Kenneth DavisonSubvetss385@optonline.net
Ralph Gatesclaire-ralph-gates@sbcglobal.net

Lee Hollingsworth leehollingsworth05@comcast.net
Leigh SalmonLOSTbigfish@aol.com
Matt SchmitzMschss566@optonline.net
Tom Steetsrsteet@verizon.net
Bill VonDerLiethbang@cbyteusa.net



MAIL CALL

FPO



This column is dedicated to all the letters we receive from you. Any info about yourself or others you want to share with your shipmates will be published here. Think of this as a combination of the bulletin board in the Crew's Mess and the 1MC.

Editor's Notes and Ramble: Hi Shipmates! I apologize for the tardiness of this Newsletter. It wasn't that long ago that I looked forward to putting together this publication. Sitting in front of the computer screen for hours on end, typing in the news bits that you sent me, so that other shipmates may be informed. The news was good, happy news. Stories about the good old days aboard BANG and the years that followed.

Lately, the news has soured and along with it my ambition. Illness and death seem to be the topic of the day as we grow older. I know that this is part of the 'cycle of life' but I find it difficult to report this type of news to you without having my mind rebel by drifting off to happier times. So, before my eye-site becomes blurred with droplets of moisturized affection, it is my sad duty to inform you of the latest issues of "Final Patrol" orders.

Joseph Ray Hutchins was a Plank Owner; an Original. All of us who boarded BANG after him are duplicates or carbon copies. We allowed mentors like Joe to clone us in their image so that the legacy of BANG, and the Submarine Force in general, would be carried on after they left. But, you can never truly duplicate an original. Originals are in a league of their own. They are the beginning and the end. The Bang Gang is blessed to still have 18 of our original 80 heroes still receiving this Newsletter.



Joe was even more unique as he was one of only 10 Plank Owners who made all six of BANG's War Patrols. (Three of those 10 still remain on the mailing list.)

After the sixth Patrol, Joe rode BANG back to Portsmouth and stay attached until he was transferred September 1946 to SubRon4 in Key West.

Joe's son, Lloyd sent the following note and

obituary:

It is with great sadness I report the May 19th death of my father and hero, Joseph R. Hutchins, who served on the submarine BANG (SS385) during WWII.

I have added more details to the printed obit re his Navy and government service. You can confirm his death by going to the Zanesville Times-Recorder website.

According to his discharge papers, he had these ratings: AS, S2c, S1c, F1c, MoMM2c, MoMM1c, CMoMM(AA)(T), CMoMM(PA)(T), CMoMM, ENC, ETC, and ETCM.

Joseph R. Hutchins, 87, of McConnelsville, OH died surrounded by his family at 1:05 a.m. Friday, May 19, 2006, at Genesis Health and Rehabilitation Center, McConnelsville.

He was born July 12, 1918, in Morgan County, OH, the first son of the late Joseph Chloral Hutchins and Jessie Lolita Elliott Hutchins.

Mr. Hutchins was a 1936 graduate of Manchester Rural High School, Reinersville, OH. In 1939, he moved to Burbank, CA to assemble fuselages at Lockheed Aircraft. He served on the U.S. Border Patrol at Calexico, CA in 1942. He enlisted in the Navy Nov. 1942, volunteered for the submarine service and was diesel trained. He was a plankowner and Machinists Mate on the SS385 BANG, participating in six war patrols in the Pacific. Thereafter, he served on other ships and at the USNTC, San Diego, CA. In 1955, he attended USNTC Great Lakes IL to learn electronics to become a communications technician, and was subsequently assigned to various ships, including the sub tender USS ORION (AS-18). In 1959, he attained the new rank of Master Chief (ETCM). He assisted in the set-up of the Hot Line between Washington D.C. and Moscow while assigned to the Defense Communications Agency, Washington, DC 1961-1964. He retired from the active Navy in 1964, but continued in the Fleet Reserve until retiring in 1972. He worked for the U.S. Department of State 1964-1975 at home and abroad in the Foreign Service, including an assignment to Canberra, Australia 1965-1969 as a Communications Officer. He visited six continents preparing communications links in advance of traveling US dignitaries, including a visit by President Johnson to Australia.

He retired back to Ohio in 1977. He was a member of Trinity United Methodist Church in McConnelsville, a life member of the Ohio Genealogical Society, a life

member of the Morgan County Historical Society, and a member of several other county genealogical societies. He and his wife were long-time volunteers at both Good Samaritan Hospital and Genesis Health and Rehabilitation Center. In 2002, they were formally recognized on Valentine's Day by the Governor's wife at Joined Hearts in Giving, honoring Ohioans married 50 years or longer and who share a commitment to volunteerism.

His hobbies included gardening, genealogy, woodworking, art, and keeping up with his three grandsons' accomplishments. He was known for his hand-crafted dulcimers and furniture.

He is survived by his wife of 60 years, Louine (Willey) Hutchins, of the home; a son, Lloyd Joseph (Ellen Marie) of Groton, CT; a sister, Janot Coe of West Carrollton, OH; a brother, Earl Hutchins of McConnelsville; a half-brother, Merlyn Hutchins of Wellington, OH; three grandsons, Edward Lloyd of Raleigh, NC, Eric Marshall of Germantown, MD, and Allan Joseph of Groton, CT; and numerous nieces, nephews, and cousins.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death recently by his brother, John Edwin Hutchins.

Funeral service was held at 1 p.m. Monday at Miller-Huck Funeral Home in McConnelsville.

Burial was at the Sharon Cemetery, Sharon, OH with military honors conducted by the Morgan County Veteran's Group.

Memorial contributions may be made to Trinity United Methodist Church, 98 N. 10th St., McConnelsville, OH 43756, or the M&M Volunteer Fire Department, 77 S. Fourth St., McConnelsville, OH 43756.



John Thomas Hobbes Jr. was another Original. He wasn't a BANG Plank Owner but, outside of O-3, he could have commissioned at least one of the other boats listed in his obituary. John arrived on BANG in December 1954 as an EMC and proceeded to spend the last years of his Naval Career aboard her until his separation in June 1959.



Most of John's Naval career was spent at sea despite his affliction with chronic seasickness. I asked him once why he never put in for shore duty. His answer was, "I can't afford it. I have a family to raise."

John and I first met when I came aboard BANG in 1956. He and other mentors immediately started to mold me into a submariner. Encouraging me to succeed by kicking my butt when I screwed up. Little did I know at the time that these mentors were also my heroes of WWII. Sometime during the next 3+ years our relationship changed from mentor/peer to peer/peer. I became his shipmate – part of the family. Maybe that same family he mentioned when questioned about his longevity at sea???

Shipmate **Lou Ulrich** and **Gloria Nickell** sent me the following copy of John's obit:

GROTON, CT - John Thomas "JT" Hobbes Jr. of 893 Pleasant Valley Road, North, Groton, died Wednesday, May 24, 2006, at the age of 86.

Born Sept. 23, 1919, in Muskegon, Mich., the oldest of the seven children born to the late John T. and Barbara Hobbes Sr.

JT retired in 1984 from Westinghouse Corp. as a field engineer. His career took him to the jungles of Nigeria, the deserts of southern Saudi Arabia, the mountains of South Korea, the coal mines of Virginia, and the oceans of the world. JT worked as an FBM weapon systems engineer for Vitro Laboratories assigned to General Dynamics, Electric Boat in Groton.

In June 1939, JT enlisted in the U.S. Navy and in 1941 became a submariner, retiring as a chief electricians mate in 1959. A veteran of World War II, he spent the war years on the USS O-3, USS Marlin, USS Picuda, and USS Sea Fox. He then served on USS Cochino, USS Bang, and as a sub school instructor.

He spent his latter years enjoying family and helping friend, Anne, with her garden. He was a member of Union Lodge No. 31 AF&AM.

JT was predeceased in 1994 by his wife of 50 years, Margaret "Peg" and sisters, Patsy, Nancy, and Josephine. He is survived by his two sons, William of Canterbury and John of Lisbon; five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren; a brother, Oscar; and sisters, Barbara and Margaret.

Funeral service was held at 11 a.m. on Tuesday at the Byles-Groton Memorial Home, 310 Thames St., Groton. Burial was in the Avery-Stoddard Cemetery, Gales Ferry. In lieu of flowers, please make donations to the American Cancer Society, 238 West Town St., Norwich CT 06360.



Donald "Muff" Kamuf – A good Shipmate and Friend. I don't remember who gave him the nickname "Muff" but I know it was bestowed upon

him shortly after his arrival aboard BANG. He and I reported aboard on the same day so we pretty much shared the "New Kids On The Block" duties. We mess cooked together, received our qualifying dolphins together and for the next 3 years we shared the same FPO address. We left Bang in August 1959, said our good-byes, and went back to civilian life – he to The Bronx and I to Albany. Our paths never crossed again until our 50th Reunion in Portsmouth, NH. It was there I learned that the transition back to civilian life didn't work for him and he decided to make the Boats his career. Last year he released a publication about that career that includes his time aboard BANG. It's named "**Tales from Da Bronx Submariner**" which I reported on two issues back (#39). I know the obit asks for donations to the Navy-Marine Corps Relief Society but I can think of no better tribute to Muff and his family than to buy his book. It has good reviews and personally I think it's a good read.

This year the two of us would have been inducted into USSVI's Holland Club being qualified 50 years.

Besides **Lou Ulrich** and **Gloria Nickell**, I was notified of Muff's passing by **Don Craig** and **Matt Schmitz**.



North Stonington - Donald J. "Muff" Kamuf, 69, of North Stonington, died on Saturday, June 4, 2006, at his home. Donald was born in the Bronx, N. Y., the son of the late John and Johanna (Sauer) Kamuf.

He joined the U.S. Navy in 1955 and was stationed at Groton. Throughout his naval career he served on USS Bang SS385, USS Sea Poacher SS406, USS Abraham Lincoln SSBN602, USS Dace SSN607, Naval Submarine

School, USS Fulton AS11 and Naval Submarine Support Facility Groton; serving his country through the Vietnam War and retired as an MMCS(SS).

After retiring from the Navy, he worked for General Dynamics as a construction engineer. He was a member of the VFW for many years, the Groton Elks, the Dirty Thirty Club, and served as a constable in East Lyme. Donald had also recently published his first book, "Tales from Da Bronx Submariner".

He is survived by his sister, Helen Althaus of Bronx, N. Y.; his brother, Rudy Kamuf and his wife, Ann Marie, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; his three children, daughter, Kristina Wegrzyn and her husband, Bill, of Springfield, Mass., son, Donald P. Kamuf and his wife, Joyce, of Plainville, and his daughter, Alexandria Kamuf of East Hartford; three grandchildren; five nieces and nephews and their

families; and many friends.

A graveside funeral service was conducted at the CT Veterans Memorial Cemetery in Middletown.

Contributions may be made to Navy-Marine Corps Relief Society, 875 N. Randolph St., Suite 225, Arlington VA 22203-1977.



WOW! There must be a great demand for Submariners in Heaven because God is calling them up there faster than I can write about them. I was just about to send this issue to the printers when the following e-mail hit my box.

Ralph E. Folger Sr. Another Original. Ralph made numerous war patrols aboard Permit before putting Springer into commission and making 3 more aboard her. He spent only 2 months aboard BANG in late 1945 but, the way he talked about her you'd think he served all his time there.

I first met Ralph at our 1993 Reunion. Our common bond was our hometowns close proximity. Saw him again at our 1995 Reunion and whenever I visited my son in NY. In 2000, I started spending full summers in NY and Ralph and I got together frequently. We attended SubVets meetings, marched in parades, assisted with Conventions and memorial services. He was a good friend – I enjoyed being with him – and I will miss him dearly.



Ralph E. Folger Sr., of Lansingburgh, NY and Naples, FL, died peacefully on June 25, 2006 at St. Mary's Hospital after a brief illness. Born in Lansingburgh on August 21, 1923, he was the son the late Homer J. Folger and Arloween Lambert Folger and husband of the late Jean House Folger for 53 years. She died on February 4, 2000. Raised and educated in

Lansingburgh, Ralph was a graduate of Lansingburgh High School, class of 1941. Ralph was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II, serving in the Pacific with the submarine fleet as a Motor Machinist Mate 2nd Class from 1942-1945. He served on board USS Permit SS178, USS Springer SS414, and USS Bang SS385. During his 39 years of naval service, he received several medals and honors, including the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal with two Battle Stars, American Theatre Submarine Combat insignia with three gold stars, World War II Victory Medal, Navy Unit Commendation, Navy Conspicuous Service Ribbon, Submarine Dolphins

and the Submarine Combat Patrol Pin. He retired from the U.S. Naval Reserve in 1983 at the rank of CWO4. Ralph worked for the New York State Canal Department from 1957 to his retirement in 1983. He retired as the floating plant supervisor in Waterford. He was a member of the Freemasons of Waterford, Elks of Cohoes, VFW of Waterford, Veterans of Lansingburgh, Lansingburgh Historical Society, New York State Canal Society, Steamship Historical Society, New York State Museum, US Naval Institute, National Subvets of World War II and Subvets, Inc. He was also a member of the United Methodist Church (St. Mark's) of Lansingburgh. Survivors include his five children, Ralph E. Folger Jr. (Vicki) of Slingerlands, Robert J. Folger (Roseanne) of Brunswick, Richard A. Folger of Titusville, Fla., Robin L. LaBrake (David) of Lansingburgh, Rahn L. Folger (Bonnie) of Orlando, Fla.; nine grandchildren, six great-grandchildren; and his beloved sister, Louise Folger of Leesburg, Fla. Also survived by several nieces and nephews.

Burial will be in Oakwood Cemetery, Troy.



**Lord these departed Shipmates with Dolphins on their chest,
Are part of an outfit known to be the best.
Please welcome them and offer them your hand,
As you no doubt know they're the best in the land.
And also heavenly Father add their names to the roll
Of our departed Shipmates who serve on Final Patrol.
Assure them that we, who still survive
Will always keep their memory alive.**

On the good news side, we continue to receive requests to receive the Newsletter via Internet mailing. We are now beyond our goal of 50 recipients which justifies buying the software. Any new additions to our list will help us offset the ongoing printing and postal service increases.

Our Treasurer, Gene Lockwood has requested that shipmates **please remember to make all checks payable to "USS BANG"**. This includes Small Stores, Slush Fund and Newsletter. He is having a difficult time depositing them when they are made payable to anything else.

The writings and material within this Newsletter are the sole responsibility of its Editor and in no way reflect the opinion of its readers, the Bang Gang.Phil Beals

Gloria Nickell, widow of **Charlie Nickell**, COB (56-59), "It will soon be four years since 'Nick' has left us. It makes me feel good to read how you felt about 'Nick'. So many of the people he met and worked with after his Navy retirement say the same good things about him. He was a real special kind of person.

I really enjoy reading the Bang Newsletter. Many people mentioned that I didn't know.

I was sorry to read that **Clint Sadler** had passed away. I was also sorry to read that **Mr. Savage** had some physical problems. I hope he keeps up with the physical therapy, it does help. I'm speaking from experience as I have had a similar problem and do my PT at home daily.

I remember **Marv Christenson** as a handsome young sailor who spent some time at our home. There was another young sailor whose last name was Wilson that came also. I think they had run out of money while on leave and weren't ready to go back to the ship. 'Nick' always enjoyed having the young sailors feel welcome at our home.

I remember when 'Nick' was COB on the Sennet, we had 3 young sailors spend Christmas Eve with us – and they insisted on accompanying me to mid-night mass. One of them was **Carl White**, who also served on BANG, and one of the others was a minister's son who found a seat in the front row. I was left standing in the back with the other two. Carl White kept insisting on holding some lady's infant while the other one began pulling buttons off his shirt to put in the collection basket. They were all good kids though. Just had one drink too many before we left the house. 'Nick' thought the whole incident was hilarious but I told him that I would be going to the next church service alone.

I could tell many stories of our experiences with some of the young men from the different subs that spent time in our home but, enough for this time.

I hate to be the bearer of sad news but as you can see from the two obits I have enclosed, BANG has lost two more men. I wasn't sure if you had already received the news so I included it anyway.

Enclosed is a check for your Slush Fund – perhaps you can all drink a toast to 'Nick' at the Reunion. Thank you again for the Newsletter."

Gloria, though Nick has left us physically he will always be with us as long as we have our memories of him. Hearing stories about him sure helps ease the pain I now feel about losing my other shipmates. Thinking about the good times shared with them and Nick makes acceptance that much easier. Please continue to share your memories of Nick with us whenever you get the urge. Thank you for the donation. Glad to hear that you are enjoying the Newsletter.

Al Cadenhead, a Seaman (44-45, WP3,4,5,6), "It was with great sadness to learn of the passing of **Joe Hutchins**. Hutch was one of my favorite mentors on board BANG. I wish to express my deepest sympathy to Hutch's family and friends and former shipmates. Another great submariner has gone on final patrol. God speed Hutch!"...*Amen to that, Al. I'm sure Hutch's family will appreciate your kind words.*

Lou Ulrich, a Fireman (59), "Here is the obituary I called you about. Also enclosed a donation to the Slush Fund.

If I ever get my email squared away, I'll let you know so you can start sending me the Newsletter electronically." *Thanks Lou for thinking of me and sending along the obits. Not the kind of news I like to receive but I guess somewhere there is one with my name on it too. Thanks for your donation.*

Rich Bartoline, a Chief ENgineman (53-58), "Thanks for making us all aware of what is happening to our former shipmates. There is going to be a special place for you in wherever we go into the hereafter.

You have my strongest appreciation of your efforts, and I know there are many others out there that feel the same way. We tend to forget the close bond we had on those pig boats.

I can vividly remember **John Hobbes** and **Don Kamuf** after you made us aware of their passing. I was a close friend of John as well as Muff."*Rich, I would prefer to bring you happy news about them but that now lies within our own memories of them.*

Wayne "Greek" Thalasinis, a TorpedoMan (57-60), "I mailed the last copy of the BANG newsletter to **Werner Bieber's** widow, Wendy. Today I received a very nice note from her thanking me for sending it to her. She asked me to thank **Owen O'neil** for the touching article he had sent in. Quote: "tell him how much it meant!!!"

Owen was right on, Bieber was one hell of a helmsman! I could not think of a better way to thank Owen than to have you put it in the Newsletter.

Hope all is well with you and Dot and I look forward to our wakes crossing again soon! (boat sailors do not cross paths)."*Thanks Greek for sending the kind words from Wendy Bieber. It is easy to say something nice about a shipmate but you and Owen did one better. Owen took the time to eulogize Werner and you made sure it got into the right hands. Couldn't ask for better shipmates than that.*

Lee Hollingsworth, an Electricians Mate (60-62), "Please send me the Newsletter and other communications by Email. I sure do like the newsletter format but, Email is the way to go. So, I'll try it.

Thank you! The staff of the Newsletter does a magnificent job producing the letter. It keeps the past fresh in our minds. I was on eleven boats. Can recall the boat, hull number etc. but the crew members are hard to keep cataloged as to date and boat; east coast, west coast; sub school, state pier, Norfolk, Charleston, Key West, San Diego, Pearl Harbor, Subic Bay, Youkuska, Sasebo, Korea, Formosa, Hong Kong, Canada, Greenland, North Pole, USSR, Portugal, Spain, Europe, Turkey, Sardinia, Madagascar, and god saw his way clear to guide us to the HORSE & COW at Mare Island. Sorry to ramble – when Werner Bieber died it was a great shock, especially to me and **the Greek**. We were the last three of our gang that were BANG people living at our snake ranch in Waterford CT. After all the confusion and sadness was over I decided that we were going to see each other more often and that I/me was going to communicate more to keep the "SUBMARINE CLUB" alive. We tend to sell ourselves short. The submarine service spawned thousands of great sub sailors and outstanding citizens. When I was working I had some great jobs, compliments of the USN. Any employment application coming across my desk with information that they were submariners, they were hired immediately. I will send my order of Bang paraphernalia by snail mail so I can send you a donation.".... *Wow! You sure got around in the Navy Lee. Me? I stayed aboard BANG with the Greek. Thanks for your donation.*

Bob Morrison, an Officer (59-60), "Here is a contribution for the Slush Fund. You continue the best newsletter of any of the ships I served in. I try to use it as an example to other reunion groups but none have come close.

Please shift me to the email version and keep up the great work. Aloha!"*Bob, Thank you for your contribution. I'm sure you will enjoy the e-mail version of the Newsletter as well – if not better.*

Bob Miller, Commanding Officer (64-66), "The electronic newsletter came through and opened without problem. Another excellent bit of editing on your part--fine memories resurfacing with each issue.

Keep up your good work--all of us do enjoy it so very much!!"*Thank you Bob for your kind words. The color version has been getting rave reviews!*

Gene Gauthier, Executive Officer (58-60), "Sorry we haven't been able to attend the recent reunions. Would love to come to Albuquerque because I attended U of New Mexico from 1945 – 1946 in the NROTC, but some health problems will prevent me from attending this year.

Here is a donation for the Slush Fund and would love to have a ball cap. Keep up the great work you are doing!" *We are sorry to hear about your health problems, Gene, and pray that they are resolved quickly so that you may once again attend the Reunions. Thank you for your donation and wear your cap proudly.*

Ralph Sheffel, an ENgineman (58-61), "I guess its time to 'surface' and let you know that I'm still snorkeling!

I enjoy the newsletter very much. As I am not on the internet, enclosed is a few bucks for postage. It's amazing how many people will ask about my 'BANG' hat. Most don't know what 'SS' stands for and 'BANG' is certainly unusual. The most common comment is – "How could you stand to be under water like that?" I tell them it was a piece of cake! Keep up the good work."*Ralph, I hope that piece of cake was one that I baked.....Thanks for the contribution.*

James Adamek, an ENgineman (57-59), "We were on board BANG at the same time. I was a FN and then EN3 in the Forward Engine room.

When I left BANG, I went to Nuclear Power school and then to USS Scamp SSN 590 in Vallejo. I was selected for NESEP in 1960 and attended the University of Oklahoma, got married (3 children), and received a degree in Engineering.

From there I went to OCS where I was commissioned an Ensign and transferred to a destroyer squadron in Yokosuka, Japan. I remained there and in and out of Vietnam for 4 years.

I then was selected to go to post graduate school in Monterey and earned my Masters Degree in Mechanical Engineering before moving to Bremerton Naval Shipyard for the next 4 years as a Repair Superintendent for nuclear vessels.

I retired from the Navy in 1977 as a LCDR. It was an experience that I will never forget and am very grateful for.

I really appreciate all the work that you do in publishing the Bang Gang Newsletter. Keep up the good work!

I hope to make the Albuquerque Reunion in October. It will be my first one and I look forward to visiting with you and the other shipmates. In the meantime, here is a check for the Slush Fund."*Jim, you would have made Danny Bodnar proud knowing that you remembered everything he taught you. Happy to*

hear that you are finally planning to attend a Reunion. What took you so long? Thanks for the Slush Fund donation and see you in Albuquerque.

Ken "Skip" Davison, a ComiSsaryman (71-72), "First of all you can sign me up for the Internet version of the Bang Gang newsletter. The pictures and graphics being in color enhances the newsletter tremendously. I recommend it to all.

The second item I want to address to you is the Bang Memorial brick here in NJ. I have recently joined the USSVI South Jersey Base which takes care of this site in South Toms River, NJ. The present bricks were made of aggregate concrete and most are no longer readable. The contractor who did the work is no longer in business. The cost of the replacement bricks which will be made of polished granite will be \$68.00.

If you will send me a BANG ball cap and a couple of jacket patches, I will take care or the \$68.00 to replace our brick and continue perpetuating the memory of the Bang Gang,

."*Skip, I see we cooks never forget our bartering days. Consider it a 'done deal'. The coffee, sugar, and tuna are on their way. THANK YOU!*

Bill Stirewalt, an Electronics Tech (52-53), "Received the last newsletter by snail mail while I was on vacation. Could have sworn that I requested it be sent via e-mail last time. Cannot find a copy of the e-mail so it ain't your fault. Must be something called a senior moment. Anyway please send the next one via e-mail.

You do a super job with the newsletter. Look forward to all the sea stories and news."*Bill, I know all about those "Senior Moments". Thanks for electing to receive the Newsletter via Internet.*

Eric Ericson, a TorpedoMan (67-68), "I just received the latest newsletter via Internet and once again you outdid yourself. I enjoy seeing everyone in color, but will miss getting something in the mail that is not a bill. So consider me converted and keep sending them by e-mail.

P.S. does anyone out there remember what our radio call sign was?"*Eric, since your getting the Newsletter electronically now you don't need snail mail any more. Just toss your mailbox away.*

In answer to your technical question, I had to refer to a higher authority – remember I was a cook and the only call letters I can remember are SOS. The Radio Shack says it was NKAM NKAM NKAM.

Voice call: ANNOUNCE!

Harry Ross, a Sonar Tech (64-66), "Just a quick note thinking if you need a fill-in for the Newsletter the attached maybe appropriate. This is my CA plate. To some I maybe going a little overboard but I'm not done yet. If I get the nerve, or get drunk enough, I am going to get



dolphins tattoo on my arm like **Dallas Dixon** has. You do such a fine job on keeping the group together that there isn't enough accolades to express how we feel. Jo Ann and I look forward to Albuquerque and have already made our Hotel reservations - just not sure yet how we are going to get there. I have sent a small donation yesterday for the slush fund, which is long overdue. Say hello to Dot for us and see you in October God willing."
Harry, my FL plate is just like that. Guess we have both coasts covered. Yes, you will have to put up with me in Albuquerque. See you there!

John Kraft, a RadioMan (68-70), "Sorry I didn't get with you sooner. Yes, please add my name to those who can receive on-line.

I can only echo **Bob Jutstrom's** comments from last issue regarding you being the glue holding us all together and it is the newsletter which does it. My old destroyer's newsletter just doesn't compare. Looking forward to Albuquerque even though I was there the end of April for my destroyer's reunion - the Indian nations had their pow-wow concurrently with that reunion. Saving my duckets for a hot air balloon ride in October. Just sorry Darlene and I missed Charleston - she just had her right hip replaced and is doing fine.

Random thoughts on "**Moose**" **Duntermann**, ENC when I was aboard, though everyone knew it was just temporary duty until the "Sublant Searaiders" season started.

Playing poker with his hat on backwards. Him challenging a skinny IC guy, **Sandy**, to a "bicycle" contest in the control room. They were holding themselves up - one hand on the control table and the other on the IC board rail. Sandy goes first, peddles like crazy. Moose, big guy, gets up and just peddles and peddles at a slower, sure pace, stays up longer and wins. Money changes hands. Moose on leave in Spain, looking natty in shades and sport coat, "on the hunt", and story I love the most but was before my time - **Cromie** could tell if true..... Moose is standing below decks watch and time to blow the crappers in after battery. Big roll of toilet

paper jammed in flapper valve. Tank can't be blown until removed. Moose cons a cook by name of "**rotten Robert**" (only name I remember) to sit on a board he placed on the stool. Moose would inject some air into the tank and the pressure would gently lift the roll out of the valve. Board would stop roll of course. After a time when only the sound of s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s, air going into the tank could be heard, Robert just started to realize possible consequences due to his position and questioned Moose: "You sure this is going to work?" I can hear Moose in his best high pitched, creaky voice assuring Robert: "Oh, yeah, yeah, it's okay, it's okay". And all of a sudden, **POW!!!!** "**Y-e-e-e-a-a-a-h**" - sound from Robert, for, of course, it was not just the wad of paper which exited the tank with terrific force. I was given to understand that Moose, all 6'2" or 6'4" something and over 200 pounds of him, set a new record for exiting from below decks followed by a cook with a cleaver also setting new record. If this story isn't true, I don't wanna know."*John, glad to hear that Darlene is up and running? Thanks for sharing your thoughts about Moose. Always thought that submariners had upper level IQ's and yet we always seemed to have at least one gullible air-head aboard for our amusement. I'll bet Robert was Blonde!*

Richard Barringer, a SONARman (52-55), "The colonoscopy was a success, but it didn't change my shitty outlook.

Leaving for California. Coming back the end of August as my granddaughter is getting married. Short term this year...next year I will be staying out there. Truck is all packed.....just have to go out to Red Lobster tonight and stuff myself so that I can handle 3 1/2 days of driving. It's a tough life.

I made it to CA safely. Left Rochester at 7:45 AM Saturday and arrived at my daughter's at 5:15 PM Monday. There was hardly any traffic coming across country.....that's why it took only 3 days instead of the usual 3 1/2 days. Sierra had a hard time due to her arthritis in her front leg. She had to be lifted into and out of truck. She is about 100# and hard to handle. I hope that she will do better here where there is less humidity. For those who don't know....Sierra is my Rottweiler.

It appears that there is still almost four feet of snow on the ground up at Meadow Lake. I guess it will be a while before I can get up there. Till then, I have found a wireless connection here in Portola, so I can be online when I want, and get my e-mails."
Richard, I thought you knew by now that there is only two seasons at Meaadow Lake - Winter, and Summer which is the second week of August if the sun is shining. Otherwise that week is called Spring or early Fall.

Karl 'Subs' Evans, an Electricians Mate (63), "Just wondering if there are any more words to the song: **"Harder, Darter, Trigger and Trout; They are in more than their out!"**. Thought maybe one of the shipmates would know.".... *That is the only verse I have heard, Karl. What do you say shipmates! Does anyone know a second verse to this floating shore duty ditty???*

Dallas Dixon, a MachinistMate (62-65), "Just finished reading the newsletter that was sent by e-mail. I enjoyed the colored pictures. You do an excellent job and we all appreciate your talent and hard work very much. The savings should supply a little more beer for the reunions. Thank you. All is well."*Dallas, glad to hear the download worked just fine. Thanks for requesting to receive the Newsletter electronically and saving us a few bucks besides.*

Lester Smith, a YoemaN (45-46), "The email Newsletter came thru with flying colors ---my thanks for the fine work you do putting it together ---it's greatly appreciated -- recently scanned the personnel list to see those who were serving during my short tour July 45 - Mar 46 -- Capt, Bagby was CO while I was onboard -- wish I could say I remembered a name or two --but guess it's been to long.

Had enlisted in Apr 42 and went to Corpus Christ NAS for 2 years, then to an Advanced Amphib Base in southern England from Feb 44 to Apr 45 --- things were shutting down in Europe -- wondering where I would be sent next -- I decided to try subs. My father had been a plank owner on the 0-4 (SS67) in WW1. Which I found out was being used as a training boat at New London in 1945??? Anyway I got to New London and got thru school and assigned to BANG. No prior shipboard duty --- not a smart move! It was a most interesting period in my life -- especially while making a deep dive after overhaul -- 450 ft.-- I guess checking for leaks -- the quietest place I have ever been. Had 2 small fires during my stay--one in the galley and one in the maneuvering room while diving -- yard workers goof! Capt. Bagby's obit most interesting. He made quite a mark during his career, and later on also. It was a good time back then -- keep up the good work and hope you're not out of work anytime soon --- best regards."*Lester, thanks for sharing your recollections of the good times with us. Yes, ol' 'One-Way' left an impression on everyone who served under him. He was a good leader.*



"This is a fictionalized story based on a true event."

The Gray Lady

By Donald Williamson (61-62)

The winter was cold. The Cold War was hot. President Kennedy's Cuban missile crisis was just around the corner. Daily reports of increasing tension between the Soviet Union and the United States were on the front pages of American newspapers. I received transfer orders to a submarine, U.S.S. Bang (SS-385) sometime in the summer of 1961. The transfer order was an unsettling change for me because I was going from a surface warship, a destroyer designed to hunt and kill submarines, to a submarine that now would be the hunted prey. The change to submarines required a different orientation: a new way of living, a new way of dying.

As a Sonarman Chief Petty Officer trained in anti-ship warfare, I was in the business of killing ships. I was an expert in acoustical signature analysis – in short, I had an ear trained for listening to marine biological noise, ship generated noise, subterranean sea noise, and could classify hundreds of these sound anomalies. This skill was used to detect, track, and kill Soviet surface ships and submarines if called upon to do so. My shipmates swore I could detect a whale breaking wind at 30,000 yards and determine the whale species by analyzing the noise spectrum of the fart.

I first glimpsed Bang at U.S. Naval Shipyard Portsmouth, NH where she lay in dry-dock undergoing an extensive ship overhaul. This gray lady of death, all 300 plus feet of her, rested peacefully at the bottom of her dry-dock coffin the length of three football fields. Lying docile in this cradle, she gave no hint as to the amount of total destruction she could unleash when provoked.

The first couple of weeks aboard the gray lady, I became aware of her inner most secrets as I roamed her compartments, stuck my head into every available empty space I could find, and asked questions of anyone who would listen to me. I felt like I was on a first date, attracted by the mystery of who she was, and nervous to find out more about her. Tucked into a space about the size of an average modern home, are living accommodations for a crew of 90 men. Only a complex blueprint could show the multiple valves, gauges, meters and operating levers the crew used to operate Bang, the maze of oil, air and water lines that are the sub's arteries and veins, the electric cables that are its nervous system.

With the ships overhaul work completed after several months, the worker ants swarmed off the submarine, up the sides of the coffin, and onto dry land. The picnic was



over. Heading out to sea, we conducted sea trials to insure that all systems and crew were in top operating condition. We were ready for action – bring it on Comrade Chairman!

Sometime in late 1961, the Captain received operational orders to sail to Europe. The crew, excited by the thought of new adventure and the chance of meeting young ladies, whose tastes favored American sailors, manned the sub's operational stations, cast off the mooring lines from the pier at New London, CT., headed down the Thames River, and broke out into the North Atlantic. The North Atlantic in winter is a subtle seductress – sometimes calm and peaceful, at other times a raging bitch.

“Permission to come topside, sir?” I squawked into the intercom box.

“Permission granted,” responded the Officer of the Deck (OOD) from the bridge platform. “Come on up Chief, the weather is fine,” Lieutenant (Lt.) Dickson, said, raising his voice above the wind noise.

I climbed up about 40 feet of dripping wet vertical ladder inside the black interior of the bridge sail that had the shape of a dorsal fin on a killer whale. The sub pitched and rolled violently in the sea. “Damn it, Don, take it easy, or you’ll fall and bust your ass,” I said to myself.

Reaching the bridge platform, I snapped a quick look at the sky, and immediately thought Lt. Dickson was tipping the bottle too much and did not know what bad weather looked like. Of course, he was pulling my leg – his form of a joke. Dark, angry, cumulus clouds arched across the sky, horizon to horizon, from all points of the compass, hiding the blue from us. The wind blew from the north at about 30 miles an hour and the wind force caused wave heights of 15-20 feet. As the waves fell into a trough and then climbed to a peak, the wind blew across the wave tops and changed the water into a stinging spray that hit your face like buckshot. The water temperature hovered at 45-50 degrees. You couldn't survive more than 20 minutes in that raging ocean - hypothermia - swift and peaceful death. The body becomes so cold you just fall into the final big sleep.

The ship pitched up and down, like a wrangler riding a bucking bronco, as it crested one wave and crashed into the next wave, and then alternately lurched from side to side. My stomach followed the same motion as the ship. I wondered where my stomach contents would end up - food for the fish? Occasionally the sub rolled over on its side and remained motionless at about 35-40 degrees list before righting itself. I was really concerned about this rolling action because I knew if the sub rolled more than 60 degrees from the horizontal, the ship could capsize. At the very least, if the ship didn't capsize, cold salt water would pour into the main induction air valve, travel through the ventilation piping system and pour into the interior of the submarine.

“Mr. Dickson, what does the Captain think of the sea state and the deteriorating conditions?” I asked, hoping

he didn't catch the tension in my voice.

“The Captains concerned - just need to keep him informed on an hourly basis about the changing conditions,” intoned the OOD with his Texas drawl.

I looked at the churning sea one more time, felt the cold wind on my face, the sting of the water, and decided it was time to go down below and get some sack time. I had a creepy feeling about the sea – turns on you when you least expect it.

“Mr. Dickson, permission to go below?” I said through teeth beginning to chatter.

“Permission granted,” he responded. We both knew the score about the sea and what the fickle lady could do when unleashed. We had spent many years at sea, learned to read the weather signs, and both of us knew Neptune and his mythical cohorts were up to no good.

“Maybe a human sacrifice would appease the gods?” I played and amused myself with the thought for a brief moment. I had several shipmates in mind that could fulfill the requirement for “human sacrifice”.

I climbed slowly down the wet ladder in the sail, dropped into the conning tower, yelled “Hey, smart ass” at the helmsman, and slid down the next ladder into the control room. All the control room white lights had been turned off and the red lights turned on. The crew called this place the “red light district”- the lights helped the eyes adapt to night vision – seeing in the dark. I passed the plotting table used for navigation, the air manifold for blowing ballast tanks, grabbed the handle over the watertight door opening and threw myself into the mess hall landing on my feet as agile as a cat.

The cook on duty in the galley yelled out “Hey, smart ass,” as I passed by the hot stoves belching out delicious smells. A thought flashed, “I wonder if he and the helmsman are on the same wavelength. He sounded like an echo of my first unsolicited comment to my buddy the helmsman.”

Passing through the mess hall, I entered the after-battery compartment with sleeping accommodations for about 40 sailors. The décor was copper piping, valves, gauges, levers, and armored electrical cable standing in bas-relief from a steel hull painted a pea green. Below our bunks, under the flooring, was a 126-cell battery, each cell weighing in at about one ton. The battery triggered an immediate thought – “salt water and battery acid do not mix – chlorine gas – death!” Now that's a comforting thought before turning in. I climbed into my middle bunk in a three-tiered section. I couldn't remember who slept in the bottom bunk, but Wingnut slept in the bunk directly above me. The kid worked for me and had large ears attached to a triangle head – don't figure the name. One advantage to sleeping in Wingnut's bunk was the cool air available to him in that hot berthing space. Directly above his head was a 24-inch ventilation opening that drew air from the main induction air system and delivered a comfortable stream of cool air over his

perspiring body. Wingnut thought he had the best bunk in the after-battery compartment. I turned over and closed my eyes.

^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^

Feels great sitting on this veranda under the columnar porch – god only knows where I am. The sun is blazing and it's hotter than hell. Damn, the humidity is killing me and sweat is running off me in buckets. I could sure use a mint julep right---wait a minute, there's one sitting on the table next to me. Drink up, Don, and beat the heat! Ah! Does that feel great? Could use another one. Hell, I could use three more – best remedy for this god-forsaken heat. Clouds are forming, thunder and lightning, it's going to rain shortly. Buckets I hope - like my sweat. Rain falls in a sheet around the porch – the cool breeze blows across my face.

^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^

Rain falls in a sheet around my bunk. The cool breeze blows across my face. My eyes pop open. I'm awake! I heard someone speak faintly, couldn't make out what he was saying. Straining to hear. Holy shit, he said FLOODING! I rolled out through the sheet of water cascading in torrents around my bunk. The compartment lights were out. "Where the hell is everybody?" talking to myself. I looked for the source of water and saw a solid stream of cold seawater pouring from the large ventilation pipe above Wingnut's bunk. "He's not there – where the hell did he go?" talking to myself again. I barely recognized Reinback, the electrician, standing in the next aisle over.

I yelled, "Let's get all unnecessary personnel the hell out of here now!"

Reinback yelled back at me, "We'll secure the compartment and try to get everyone out at the same time, if possible!"

The roar of the rushing water is so loud that yelling isn't going to help. Maybe I can use sign language? Crazy thought. I screamed at the top of my lungs, "Reinback, I'll take this bunk aisle, you take the other one. Pull the guys out of their bunks by their arms, legs - just get them out."

Some of the crew fled in their underwear looking for the nearest exit and safety. I pulled the blanket off a sailor in a bottom bunk - he pulled the blanket back, turned over, and went back to sleep. "You crazy bastard, roll out! We're flooding!" I screamed at him, and anyone and everyone who could hear me. It sounded like a locomotive racing through the compartment and this guy wasn't moving. "Oh the hell with him! Don't waste your time! I got too damn many things to do!"

"Reinback, is everyone out?" I yelled into the roaring night.

"Yeh!" he responded, seemingly exhausted.

"Shut the water tight door aft, I'll get the one forward," I yelled back at him out of breath.

After the doors were slammed shut and secured, my mind

raced through the training sessions I received during flooding exercises, at some forgotten training center, at some forgotten location. I couldn't remember. "What do I do next, what next?" I asked myself in a whisper.

"Reinback, check the battery well and see if any salt water is down there," hoping against hope that it wasn't so. The thought of salt water and battery acid mixing is not what I wanted – chlorine gas –agonizing death! Seems like I had that thought already.

While Reinback stuck his head down the battery well hatch, I heard water rushing through pipes as the drain pumps did their job pumping water out of the battery well. "Shit, I hope the salt water doesn't come in contact with the battery acid," I shouted into dark space. Reinback pulled his head out of the lower battery well with an astonished look on his face and yelled, "CHLORINE GAS! CHLORINE GAS!"

Before I could react, Reinback slammed the hatch shut, grabbed blankets from the bunks around him and stuffed them over the cracks in the battery well hatch. I snapped out of my trance and joined in with the electrician. "We've got to make sure the chlorine gas doesn't get out of the battery well," I said, sounding like a stuttering machine. The cold water poured over us, freezing us to the bone. I could hardly talk straight. Reinback wasn't talking, just doing.

"I'll secure the ventilation in the battery well, isolate the compartment, and contain the gas," he shouted louder.

I was one step behind Reinback. Gotta catch up, gotta catch up! I started my mental check list: 1) All unnecessary crewman evacuated; 2) watertight doors secured; 3) battery well air space isolated; 4) drain pumps whirring away doing their job; 5) battery isolated from the electrical load. "Oh shit, we forgot to isolate the battery electrically," I blurted out.

"Reinback, we forgot to open the battery buss and isolate the battery from the electrical load," I shouted, with a slight panic rising in my voice.

"I'm on it," he fired back, heading for the breaker above the watertight door. With the battery buss open and the last emergency task completed, we had done the job we trained for; there was nothing else we could do, except pray. I grabbed at anything I could find to hold on to – didn't want to fall into the cold water sloshing around my feet. "Cry sakes, my feet are cold," I shouted one last time at Reinback.

The flooding stopped. Somebody had taken care of that – don't know whom. The compartment was quiet as a tomb. I shivered thinking about the possibilities. I glimpsed death once before, in a serious rollover car accident, when I was seventeen. This was the second time. "I still had seven more glimpses at death left, that's if I'm lucky enough to have the nine lives of a cat." I amused myself with the thought. Seriously, I was thankful to be alive. This second brush with death convinced me even more about how precious the gift of

USS BANG (SS385) MEMORIAL SITES

"Keeping The Memory Alive"

Albacore Park - Portsmouth, NH

Tree and Engraved Ground Marker

Battleship Park - Mobile, AL

Engraved Walkway Brick

Mathis Plaza Waterfront Park - S. Toms River, NJ

Engraved Walkway Brick

Deterrent Park - Silverdale, WA

Engraved Walkway Brick

Veterans Memorial Park - Pensacola, FL

Submarine Lifeguard League Memorial Stone

Idaho Science Center - Arco, ID

Engraved Bronze Plaque @ Hawkbill Memorial

Veterans Freedom Memorial – Tampa, FL

Engraved Walkway Brick

USS Lapon Memorial Sail – Springfield, MO

Engraved Walkway Brick

Clarion Hotel – Charleston, SC

Framed Trilogy Drawing on Lobby Wall.

life was. Take nothing for granted, live each day to the fullest, and be grateful for everything. I gained years of wisdom in a short ten minutes of hell.

The after-battery watertight doors swung open, light beams stabbed into the space, a dark figure approached, grabbed me by the arm and said, "Come on, Chief, let's get you outta here." He led me out – no fight left. Tired, cold, confused, frightened – what the hell happened? I tried to put order to the random thoughts spinning in my head.

"Come on Chief, sit down here," the Captain whispered gently. Where was I? I think it's the mess hall. I sat down on a bench and began to shake violently - shock setting in. The Captain gave an order: "Doc, get the medicinal alcohol and dry blankets out of the sick bay pronto." A minute later doc shoved the medicine into my hand. I grabbed the bottle in a death grip and spun the cap off as fast as my cold fingers could move. Someone threw a blanket over my shoulders. After taking several swigs of the medicine, heat surged through my guts and the shaking subsided. I shot a quick glance at the medicine bottle label – Seagram's Seven Whiskey. "Now that's a great prescription," I said to the gathered audience, raising the bottle in a salute. No disagreement heard from anyone.

I spotted Reinback, sitting on another bench, across the mess hall. A Navy issue gray blanket was thrown over his bowed head and shoulders – for a moment I swore he looked like a nun in prayer. Both forearms and hands peeked out from the blanket. His ten fingers surrounded a white coffee mug; steam rose and caressed his face. For a brief moment, he raised his head, looked me straight in the eye, and without a word communicated his thoughts, "Chief, we did it, we did it."

"Where's Wingnut?" I asked, scanning everyone's eyes. Someone I couldn't see piped up, "Wingnut ran at top speed toward the forward torpedo room, threw himself between the torpedo tubes and scratched at the steel hull trying to get the hell out of the boat. The hospital corpsman, and some of the crew, pried him loose from his death grip on the torpedo tubes, treated him for shock, and placed him in a bunk where he's resting peacefully. He's going to be OK."

"Thank God he's safe," I said to myself. "What nightmares he's going to have – hell, what nightmares I'm going to have!"

"Hey, Chief!" someone shouted from somewhere near the after-battery watertight door. I couldn't recognize the voice – still too confused and rattled. "What do I do with the kid whose still sleeping in his bunk?"

With what remaining strength I could muster I said, "Let him sack out, he didn't miss anything."



SUMMER SALE

HOT WEATHER! HOT PRICES! ALL ON SALE!
Prices will never be lower! And, there is **NO Sales Tax!!!** These items may be purchased by mail or at the Reunion. Send your order to **Phil Beals**.
Make your check payable to USS BANG and be sure to add a few bucks extra to cover the postage. All proceeds from these sales are deposited directly into our Slush Fund.

Navy Blue Ballcap - USS BANG SS385 embroidered in gold with silver dolphins and solid or mesh top.

Please state your choice.....\$8.00

BANG Photos - 40's, 50's, 60's 8x10 black & white as shown on back page.

Please state your choice.....\$3.00

Jacket Patches - 40's, 50's, 60's 5 inch in full color as shown on back page.

Please state your choice.....\$5.00

WWII Battle Flag Patch - 3x5 inch full color.....\$5.00

1" Lapel/Hat pins - depicting above jacket patches & battle flag. **Please state your choice.....\$4.00**



REUNION UPDATE



ALBUQUERQUE, NM 2006 (What Time Does The Balloon Go Up???)



Good news! I talked with **Don Hill**, IC (68-71) and he has offered me his assistance with the reunion.

The schedule of events is set so the next thing to do is for you to fill out the Registration Form on the next page and mail it to me ASAP so that I can tally the all important "head count" which is needed to finalize the trips and banquet menu. Please do this at your earliest convenience as I have been given a cut off date of September 5th. I cannot guarantee any seats on the bus or at the banquet table after that date.

The schedule is as follows:

Thursday, 10/5: Check-in; Pick up Reunion Packet. Do your thing! Shop, visit, tour, sleep, or hang out in the Hospitality room which opens @ noon.

Friday, 10/6: Tour Santa Fe, NM **9am – 4:30pm**. Price includes Motor Coach, tour guide, admissions, Souvenir Santa Fe Plaza map & tax. A visit to New Mexico is not complete without experiencing the capital city of Santa Fe, with its unusual charm and historical significance. We'll travel the Turquoise Trail Scenic Byway through old mining towns and stop for a break in Madrid, which is now a thriving artist colony. Once in Santa Fe, the guide will lead a walking tour of Santa Fe Plaza pointing out historic churches, shops and museums. The unique community offers wonderful, eclectic shops and history is everywhere. There is such a wealth of charms that you'll find it hard to experience them all in one day. Take time to meet the people, taste the food, and explore hidden courtyards. Tour Includes Loretto Chapel Museum with the "Miraculous Staircase" and allows for 3 hours of free time in Santa Fe Plaza.

Saturday, 10/7: More Free time! Enjoy all the pleasures of New Mexico as you wish!

Sunday, 10/8: Tour Balloon Fiesta **6am – 9:30am**. Price includes: Motor coach, tour guide, admission, and tax. Rise early! Today we will go to the Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta! During the morning's mass ascension, we will see more than 750 Hot Air Balloons rise in two hours and float over Albuquerque. The Balloon Fiesta Park field is lined with 100s of vendors. They sell everything that

pertains to ballooning (be sure and buy a raffle ticket for this years quilt!) and they sell all sorts of healthy (and not so healthy) foods - breakfast burritos, funnel cakes, cinnamon rolls (YUM YUM). Make sure you bring plenty of film! This is the most photographed event in the world! After all the balloons have drifted away, we'll return to our hotel. In case of morning rain, we'll go to the Evening Balloon Glow instead. The balloons do not rise. They are tethered to the ground and you will have a chance to talk to the pilots. Listen for the countdown when all the balloons will burn at once and create a glow that is phenomenal. All the vendors will be open again at night so it is not too late to buy your quilt raffle ticket or get that Chile Relleno burrito that you've been craving! After the fireworks show, we'll return to the hotel.

Monday, 10/9: 9am Business Meeting. Important topics will be discussed!!! At **5pm** we will start gathering for photos and attitude adjustment before seating for our Banquet at **6pm**.

Banquet Menu selections are:

- ◆ **Roast Prime Rib** with Oven roasted Red Potatoes. Seasoned and slow roasted. Served in its own juices with a creamy Horseradish sauce.
- ◆ **Chicken** with rice Pilaf. Grilled and marinated Chicken Breast topped with a Cabernet wine sauce. Both meals include vegetables, Iced tea, coffee, or water to drink and a Chef's-choice dessert.

Remember, we are only guaranteed rooms until **September 5th**. After that date you are on your own so, don't hesitate, **MAKE YOUR ROOM RESERVATIONS NOW!!!** You can always cancel them without penalty up to 24 hours prior to arrival. Also, if you require shuttle transportation from the airport, please request it when you make your room reservation.

USS BANG REUNION OCT 5 - 9.
ALBUQUERQUE'S 300TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
ALBUQUERQUE BALLOON FIESTA (During Reunion.)

The three most important events in Albuquerque this year. **DON'T MISS THEM!!!**

Your Hosts – **Gary and Karen Dannenbaum**

U. S. S. BANG (SS - 385)
 63rd Anniversary Reunion
 Albuquerque, NM
 Thursday - October 5th 2006
 through
 Monday - October 9th 2006

HEADQUARTERS



6000 Pan American Freeway NE
 Albuquerque, NM 87109

For Reservations Call 1-(888) 628-4861

USS BANG Rate - \$99.00 + Tax / Night

Registration must be in by September 5, 2006

Check-In: 3:00 p.m. – Check-Out: 12:00 noon

Website - www.nativolodge.com

accommodation questions?

Call Gary Perez at Nativo Lodge

505-798-4310 or 505-321-4776

Your Host



Phone: (505) 823-2814
 E-mail: sheandee@gary.net

Gary Dannenbaum

➤ THURSDAY OCT 5th – Check In – Hospitality Room opens at 12:00 noon.

➤ FRIDAY OCT 6th – 9:00 a.m. – Tour Santa Fe, NM. – Return 4:30 p.m.

➤ SATURDAY OCT 7th – Free Time! No scheduled events.

➤ SUNDAY OCT 8th – 6:15 a.m. – Balloon Fiesta Tour – Return 9:30 a.m.

➤ MONDAY OCT 9th – 9:00 a.m. – Business Meeting.

6:00 p.m. – Banquet – Cash Bar – Casual Dress



Clip & Mail to



Gary Dannenbaum
 7508 Burke St NE
 Albuquerque, NM 87109-5432

Yes, I/we plan to attend the reunion.

RATE/RANK: _____

NAME: _____ YEARS ABOARD BANG: _____ to _____

ADDRESS: _____ PHONE NO: (____) ____ - ____

CITY: _____ ST: _____ ZIP: _____

SPOUSE'S / GUEST'S NAME(S): _____

ARRIVAL DATE: ___/___/___ DEPART DATE: ___/___/___ E-ADDR: _____

NUMBER TAKING SANTA FE TOUR: _____ @ \$40.00 per person. = _____

NUMBER TAKING BALLOON FIESTA TOUR: _____ @ \$40.00 per person. = _____

NUMBER ATTENDING BANQUET: _____ @ \$32.00 per person. = _____

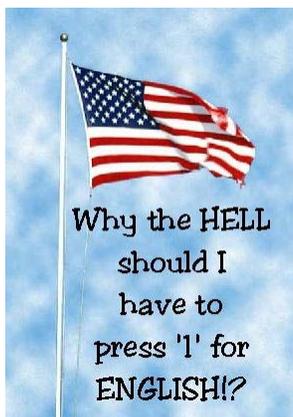
Please specify entrée choice(s): _____ - Chicken
 (Indicate how many) _____ - Beef

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