



1943



1972



THE BANG GANG NEWSLETTER

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

| | | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------|----------------|---------------------|
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1927 Paul J. Skahan 2008



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.

Leroy W. Messick, MoMM (45) WP6

Leo B. Cervelli, TMC (54-56)

Paul J. Skahan, RMC (58-60)

Bert R. Watts, CS (52-54)



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 |
|----------|-----------|---------------------------|---------------|----|------------|-------|-------|
| Byrum | James | 1011 Highway 179A | Westville | FL | 32464-3049 | | 61-62 |
| Romig | David | 72750 Country Club Dr 111 | Rancho Mirage | CA | 92270-4084 | | 45 |
| Shepard | Joe | 52 South St | Windsor Locks | CT | 06096-2518 | | 59-62 |
| Vincent | Donald | 511 Shadetree Ct | Moore | SC | 29369-8945 | | 63-65 |

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 |
|------------|-----------|--------------------|---------------|----|------------|----------------|-------|
| Anderson | William A | 11995 W Ida Dr | Littleton | CO | 80127-3103 | (303) 972-8167 | 68 |
| Lawton | John H | 142 Bell St | Reno | NV | 89503-5618 | (775) 742-3181 | 60-63 |
| Robinson | Del F | 609 Acacia Ave | Manteca | CA | 95336-3641 | (209) 481-0116 | 62 |
| Robustelli | Thomas | 1652 S Aurora St | Stockton | CA | 95206-1646 | (209) 463-0276 | 66-69 |
| Rousseau | Art W | 3012 Rock Ridge Pl | Oklahoma City | OK | 73120-5714 | | 68 |
| Savage | Paul M | 119 Watch Hill Rd | Westerly | RI | 02891-3560 | (860) 218-5251 | 58 |
| Schutter | Wayne J | 35 Columbine Ln | Ridgway | CO | 81432-9703 | (970) 626-5769 | 69-70 |

THANK YOU!

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



**Walter Bushfield
John Caldwell**

**Don Corzine
William Furnholm
Ed Gandy**

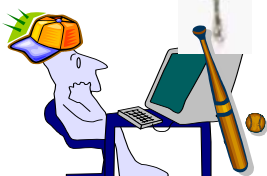
**Bob Herzog
Dale Larson
Dan Rosenfeld**

**Ralph Scheffel
Ed Schovajsa
Lee Sivil**

Ed Walker



THE INTERNET CONNECTION CHANGES SINCE LAST PUBLICATION

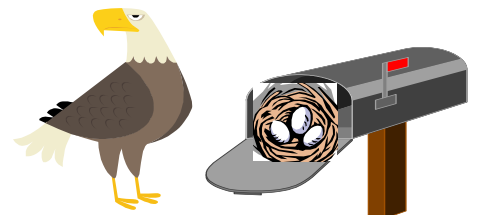


Bill Anderson bilandy@comcast.net
Ed Cataldo edzplaceusa@yahoo.com
Bob Herzog aladdinRBH@alltel.net
Larry Hull lhull00@ca.rr.com
John Lawton..... smg@charter.net

Del Robinson delrobinson@msn.com
Art Rousseau artmd@aol.com
Paul Savage psavage2@csc.com
Wayne Schutter wjschutter@msn.com



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 IMC.

Editor's Notes and Ramble: Hi Shipmates!

Well, it finally happened. I am no longer that invincible snotty-nosed young kid I was aboard BANG. Guess you could say that I lost my virginity. First time I've been to sick bay for an operation. Had to have a stint inserted in one of my arteries to open it back up again. Must have plugged up because it hasn't been flushed out with gilly in quite some time. Feeling fine now. My mind still thinks I'm invincible but, I've started listening more to what my body has to say. Only fear I have now is that I'm going to set off every metal detector within a half mile radius.

Most of my correspondence with shipmates is either via e-mail or snail mail. But, recently I found that some of them have discovered the telephone—again.

Daniel "Rosie" Rosenfeld, MoMM (43-46), called me after receiving a copy of BANG's first four War Patrol reports which were sent to him by St. Mary's Submarine Museum. Rosie stated that he would rather talk on the phone than write letters.

Since he already had copies, he offered to send them to me for addition to our BANG memorabilia—I accepted. After viewing the sheets I found that they were more legible than what we currently had in our book so, our War Patrol reports have been updated. Thank you Rosie for thinking of the "Gang" and, as a reminder to the rest of you, our memorabilia books are never too full to add more BANG related items.

Ed Gandy, TM (55-58), and **Anthony "Babe" Mangini**, CS (55-57), also checked in recently by telephone.

Ed is still recovering from a mishap that occurred last year and caused him to spend some time in rehab. He reports that he has now traded in the walker for a cane but long distance travel is still out of the question for now. Ed does plan on driving to Maine for the summer and spending some time with his neighbor, George W. Bush, Sr.

Babe says even though he is getting up in the years, he nevertheless has his health and is still doing the 'snowbird' thing—but his trips back and forth between CT and FL are now lonelier since the recent passing of his wife, Janice. He had a big part in getting me to become a Navy Chef and I was his

striker up until he became chief and left BANG. We haven't seen each other since—though a couple of times we came close.

Margaret Cervelli sent me a brief note stating that **Leo Cervelli**, TMC (54-56) passed away on October 23, 2005 after a battle with prostate cancer.

Leo was in charge of the seaman gang when I came aboard BANG and was transferred to Becuna a few months later. About the only thing I can remember about Leo was that his wife was killed in a car accident while BANG was on its way to Bermuda and Leo was flown back to the States.

I also received a brief note from **John Caldwell**, SC (43-44), requesting a BANG ballcap. He has difficulty in writing but did manage to send a "Hello" to all his shipmates.

The following was sent to me by Denise Bourgoine, **Bob Cellupica's** daughter:

"The family of Robert V. Cellupica wishes to thank you for your sincere and heartfelt condolences and for sharing the "Final Patrol".

We also wish to express our condolences to you and Dad's sub-veteran friends and family, too. We understand that you folks shared a lifetime of experiences and formed deep friendships with each other. We are thankful to you for sharing this life with him. Dad so loved the men he shared his young adulthood with as a submariner. And he was extremely proud to be a part of The Bang Gang!

What a wonderful surprise to see Dad's picture on the cover of The Bang Gang Newsletter and his memorial and obituary on the inside pages. I am extremely pleased with this one!

I have sent your email on to my brothers and to Robert's brothers and grandchildren. Thank you again for your service to our country, for your friendship with our father and your continued work on behalf of the Sub Veterans."

William Furnholm, EN (51) sent a note wanting to know why there is no mention of the 2nd Commissioning Crew in the Newsletter.

Sorry to say, Bill, but there are only nine of you left on our mailing roster. Ironically, one of your shipmates, **Tom Stewart**, is mentioned in this publication. We would love to hear from the rest of your shipmates. Maybe after reading your request they will send something in to share with you.

Tom Stewart, SN (51-52) also recently called to let me know that he and Nancy are both doing fine healthwise and is sorry that they missed the past couple Reunions but scheduled family events conflicted with our Reunion agenda. They hope that they will be able to attend another one soon.

Harry Ross, ST (64-66) recently forwarded the following to me regarding **Len Fagotti** EN (63-66).

"Just wanted to let you know that we almost lost Len on 4/18 due to a dissecting aorta. He underwent 12 hours of emergency surgery to repair it.

He spent a few days in intensive care and is now home after only one week in the hospital. He has a lot of recuperating to do but the doctor and nurses are amazed at how fast he is getting better. That doesn't mean he's able to run a marathon but he can walk in the house and has been able to shower, shave, etc."

Len, I know the whole "Gang" joins me in wishing you a speedy and permanent recovery.

John Regish, YN (56-58), sent the following reply to my inquiry about his absence at recent Reunions:

"Yeah, everything is O.K. It seems every year when it is time to go to the reunion something comes up. The year before last, we had a purchase/sale agreement to buy the house next to ours, which was to close in September. Because of defects in the title it was delayed until October, then again until November, then again until December.

Last year our ten-bent barn burned down. We lost a truck, car, and about \$200,000 of other items including a tractor, cultivator, plow, wheel-harrow, snow blower, riding lawn mowers etc. The good thing is that we are alive and well.

Terri does not see much of me this time of the year, although I am trying to retire. I start work at 7:00 AM and quit at 9:00 PM, six days a week. Sundays I quit at 7:00 PM.

Thank you for your interest, I hope to see you soon."

Bob Gunny, TM (44-45) informs me that shipmate **Pete Bates**, GM (43-46) is having health problems and could use some cheering up. Anyone wishing to do so can send their get well wishes to Pete at 1092 Gasman Rd; Port Angeles, WA 98362-9190.

Leroy Messick was a MotorMachinistMate who served aboard BANG during 1945 and was aboard for War Patrol 6. His daughter, Dee mailed me the following notification:

"I am writing to sadly inform you of my father Leroy W. Messick's passing. He was taken ill in early March and passed away March 26, 2008.

As is the custom, the last thing I said to Dad was "Sailor, Rest Your Oars".

I am enclosing his obituary in hopes that you can use some of it in an upcoming Bang Gang Newsletter. Dad always enjoyed the Newsletter and

the nice job you did with it.

He is now at peace with his best friend and shipmate, **Bob Cellupica**.

Leroy W. Messick of Easton, MD died on Wednesday, March 26, 2008 at Memorial Hospital at Easton. He was 88.

Born November 23, 1919 on Sunset Farm near Kirkham, MD, he was the son of the late Walter and Lottie Smith Messick. After graduating from St. Michaels High School, he worked at the Glenn L. Martin plant in Baltimore. He then enlisted in the U.S. Navy where he was appointed to submarine school in New London, CT, and then attended the University of Missouri diesel engineering school for submarines. He served in the Pacific on the USS Bang #385 during World War II. He was a motor machinist mate from 1944 to 1946 and took part in the Iwo Jima and Okinawa campaigns. Following his honorable discharge from active duty, he began his own auto mechanic business in Easton, known as Technical Industries, where he remained until retirement.

Mr. Messick was a loving husband, father, father-in-law, brother, loyal friend and gentleman. He loved hunting and fishing and was a naturalist and conservationist who was featured in the Sports Afield Hunting Annual 1968 edition titled "Chesapeake Quail Hunt". He was loyal to his country and very patriotic. He was a charter member of St. Mark's United Methodist Church, E. E. Streets Memorial Post 5118 V.F.W and the Talbot Rod and Gun Club where he was Past President and developed the first NRA Hunter Safety Course for Talbot County where he was also an instructor. Other memberships include the U. S. Submarine Veterans of World War II, B.P.O. Easton Elks Lodge 1622, and Ducks Unlimited.

Mr. Messick is survived by his wife of 64 years, the former Barbara Beacham, whom he married February 19, 1943; his daughter, Dee Mitchell of Denton, MD; a sister, Margaret M. Pope of Easton; two brothers, Jack S. Messick of Royal Oak and Joseph P. Messick of Mechanicsville, MD; and numerous nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by one sister, Ann Stansburg; three brothers, Charles Messick, Robert Messick and James Messick; and a very special son-in-law, Steven D. Mitchell.

Memorial donations may be made to Memorial Hospital Palliative Care Unit, c/o Memorial Hospital Foundation, PO Box 1846, Easton, MD 21601 or the Dolphin Scholarship Foundation, 5040 Virginia Beach Blvd, Suite 104A, Virginia Beach, VA 23462.

Frank Walker sent me notification of the passing of **Bert Watts**.

Bert helped commission BANG for the third time in 1952 and continued to serve aboard her as a Chef until his transfer to Portsmouth Naval Shipyard June 1954. And, to quote Frank, "*One of the best damn stewburners I ever served with.*"

KITTERY, Maine — Bert R. Watts, 87, of 12 Armour Drive, died Sunday, Feb. 3, 2008, at Portsmouth Regional Hospital. He was born on Feb. 16, 1920, in Denver, Colo., the son of Louis and Rebecca (Hawkins) Watts.

He graduated from James A. Garfield High School in Los Angeles in 1940. He was a World War II veteran and served in the U.S. Navy submarine service. He retired on April 4, 1962, on the USS Albacore, after 22 years of serving on a total of 17 submarines. He then began working at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard before retiring in 1983.

He leaves his wife of 67 years, Anna (Blake) Watts; a son, Glenn A. Watts and his wife, Rosemary Watts of Eliot; a daughter, Nancy L. Mabey of Groveland, Mass.; three grandchildren, William Mabey III, Cheryl Cleary and Susan Heroux; eight great-grandchildren, William Mabey IV, Jeffrey Mabey, John Cleary, James Cleary, Peter Cleary, Melina Heroux, Eve Heroux and Pierre Heroux. He was predeceased by a son, David Russell Watts, and two brothers, Walter W. Watts and George Watts.

He was a member of the Naval Lodge 184 A.F. and A.M. in Kittery. He was a loving husband, father, and "Gramps" and will be sadly missed by all his loving family.

Burial will be in the First Parish Cemetery, York, Maine. Memorial contributions may be made to a charity of one's choice.

Paul Skahan and I served about a year and a half together aboard BANG. He came aboard as a RM1 in May 58 and very shortly thereafter he made RMC. Because of his small stature and youthful appearance, he took quite a ribbing when he first donned the chief's uniform. Senior chiefs would tell him he looked like a little boy dressed for Sunday school in his little sailor suit. Paul just



laughed it off but you just knew he would get even someday.

Paul stayed aboard BANG until January 60 when he transferred to the Amphibbase in Little Creek, VA. A couple years after that he wound up on Thomas Jefferson SSBN618 as COB. And, knowing Paul, he made a damn good one.

It pleased me to see him in attendance at last year's Reunion and I'm also glad he got to see his daughter preside over a trial.

Paul J. Skahan, 81, of East Windsor, beloved husband of Geraldine (Reardon) Skahan for 53-plus years, died Monday, April 21, 2008, at Caleb Hitchcock-Duncaster of Bloomfield.

Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on March 26, 1927, son of the late Elmer and Mary (Block) Skahan, he had lived

in Navarre, Fla., before moving to East Windsor. Paul was a U.S. Navy Veteran of World War II and the Korean War. Paul enlisted in the Navy at 17 "to fight the Nips." He qualified on and made war patrols on USS Bugara SS331. During his Navy career, Paul also served on Greenfish, Amberjack, Caiman, Pompon, Corporal, Bang, and as Chief of the Boat on Thomas Jefferson, retiring as a Senior Chief Radioman after 22 years of service. He was a parishioner of St. Francis of Assisi Church, South Windsor, enjoyed reading history, and was an avid New York Mets baseball fan. He was an active and avid bridge player and would often be found at the South Windsor Community Center. Among his memberships he was a member of the Submarine Veterans of World War II and Subvets, Inc.

In addition to his wife, he leaves their children, Patrick in Maine, Kevin in Tennessee, Thomas of South Windsor, Gerald in Tennessee, Kathleen Schumann of Suffield, and Paula Skahan in Tennessee; two sisters, Carol Mir and Celeste DeBono, both in Florida; and 16 grandchildren.

Burial will be in St. Catherine Cemetery, Broad Brook, with military honors.

In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to the Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research at: michaeljfox.org

TOLL THE BELL

By Bob Harrison

Toll the bell you submariners, for your brethern of the deep,
Who went to sea so long ago and still their constant vigil keep.
Tell the nation who they are and where they lie beneath the sea,
Keep the faith with those brave comrades who patrol eternally.
While you strive to save Cavalla and the Torsk in Baltimore,
Ever mindful of the sailors who will plumb the depths no more.
Inform the world of all our losses and the sacrifices made,
By the men who manned the warships and the awful price they paid.
Toll the bell for Shark and Grunion, gallant warriors of the sea,
Toll the bell for brave Pompano, Grenadier, and Tullibee.
Toll the bell for Skate and Runner, Argonaut and Albacore,
Tell the story of Robalo; she was lost in forty-four.
Sing your praises for the Thresher, Grayling and Amberjack,
For all the men who perished, mother's sons who won't come back.
Oft times we must be reminded to look deep within our souls,
To proclaim to all the people for whom it is the death bell tolls.

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*

**"If It Weren't For The United States Military,
There Would Be NO United States of America."
"Home of The Free, Because of the Brave."**

Don Corzine, a WWII Hellcat Pilot rescued on BANG's 6th Patrol, "I was picked up by BANG on 4/21/45 after my Hellcat fighter was shot down by Japanese ack ack. For this I will always be grateful. Thanks much for sending the newsletter. Here is a contribution to the Slush Fund to keep it coming.".... *Thank you Don for your generous Slush Fund donation. I recall an old saying—"One Good Turn Deserves Another". BANG indeed came to your rescue but only after the completion of your heroic deed.*

Bob Herzog, a RadioMan (43-45, WP1,2,3,4,5), "Sorry to hear about **Bob Cellupica**. I always enjoyed seeing him at the Reunions. Eleanor and I were unable to make the last reunion in Branson but I would like to make the next one in Green Bay. I would like to sign up to start receiving the Newsletter by e-mail. I have also enclosed a check for the Slush Fund."....*Looking forward to seeing both you and Eleanor this year in Wisconsin, Bob. I hope the e-mail version of the Newsletter works out for you. Thanks for helping to keep our Slush Fund solvent.*

Walter Bushfield, a GunnersMate (44, WP1,2,3,4), "Its been so long since I made contact, you probably don't remember me. As you can tell, my writing and spelling have all gone CAPUT but I still prefer snail-mail because I don't understand that internet stuff. I was aboard BANG for her first four War Patrols. I caught her in Pearl just before she left on her first—and away we went. I remember **Rosie Rosenfeld** and **Tony Augliaro** from the Auxiliary Room. **Joe Champ** was the quartermaster in the Conn when I stood watches on the wheel. Was Joe the one who went overboard to rescue **J P Jones** when he got left topside? **Jim Littler** was our Yoeman and **Jack Crenshaw** was the acting Doc. He did a great job sewing up my hand after I got it cut open during a bombing raid. I haven't even got a scar left to show for it. Anyway, it was a wonderful time to remember. I can't remember too much any more but, I sure remember that whole crew. For something to do, I work at Wal-Mart as a people greeter. They say I am the oldest one they have in this area—84—and no medicine yet. Your Newsletters have been the best. I read every word. I have enclosed something for the Slush Fund to keep them coming. *Walter, You got the rating correct. Pearce Duffy was the one who pulled Jonesy out of the drink.. It is always a pleasure to receive correspondence from one of my WWII Heroes. Glad to hear that you are keeping active and are staying away from the meds. Age is just a way of keeping tract of time. Accidents excluded, it is*

your health that dictates your life span. Thank you for your generous donation.

Eric Ericson, a TorpedoMan (67-68), "I just got the latest Bang Gang Newsletter, again a great job! I am sending along a form that may be helpful for all the plank owners out there.

Submarine Memorabilia out of Washington State has transferred the war patrol logs of the WWII boats onto CD/DVD's. It may be of interest to anyone who is interested in the Pacific War.

I also am sending on a blurb from the latest issue of the 1MC, the newstetter of the Marblehead Base of Subvets Inc. They recently established the Past Commander's award. It is to be awarded annually to the shipmate who has demonstrated the desire to go above and beyond the call of duty in serving the base.

I am pleased to announce that the first recipient is none other than our shipmate **George LeBlanc**. George has not only been the base Treasurer since its inception, he also runs the monthly raffle, orders flowers and wreaths whenever the occasion calls for them, takes the pictures for the Newsletter and makes sure the Newsletter gets printed, folded, stuffed, and mailed out each month. I heartily agree with the decision to give him the award.

By the way, with three shipmates in attendance, George, myself, and **Ray Comeau**, I think Bang has the most members from one boat at the Marblehead Base, which of course is the way it should be.

Hope to see you at the Green Bay reunion. Missed the last two due to the unfortunate passing of Sally's two bothers, who died almost one year apart. Hopefully, we won't have any more such problems and we'll be able to join everyone in Green Bay this year." *Eric, Sorry to hear about the unfortunate deaths in Sally's family. Hope nothing keeps you from showing up in Green Bay. Marblehead Base is well represented with BANG shipmates. We have three in Tang Base as well. Myself, **Dave Harriss**, and **Charlie Miles**. San Diego Base did have three but I only know of two now—**Frank Walker** and **Bob Swank**. Since its inception, BANG shipmates have been prominent at all levels of position at USSVI.*

Ray Olszewski, a Yoeman (65-66), "After many years of receiving "The Bang Gang Newsletter", I feel compelled and honored to share with you some personal memories. I hope you enjoy this meager contribution.

I was the "boat yeoman" for about 6 months in late 1965 (or so) assigned from my previous assignment in the Naval Attaché office in Djakarta, Indonesia.

I've never written this before, but one thing for certain is that the BANG crew welcomed me in the traditional submarine spirit.

Roger Betts was the XO and unfortunately can't remember the CO's name at the time, but they were great guys. As the previous boat yeoman aboard the USS TUNNY (SSG-282) from 1958 – 1962, I "ran the boat." I tried doing that with Roger Betts as the XO, but that didn't seem to work. CDR Betts was a stickler for detail, as I remember. Too difficult to get anything over him!

I do remember a couple of experiences which I would like to share with your readership.

There were a whole bunch of us who had a 'snake ranch' in Westport Connecticut. We paid \$60.00 a month for the pleasure of hanging out, to include parties, parties, parties –oh, yes there were 'parties' at this awesome beach house. We fished for flounder, cooked and ate that which we caught. We supported the local economy of Westport by frequenting a local bar "can't remember the name." The community loved the twelve or so of us – I think! Then there was this mansion we stayed in which reportedly was rented out during the summer months by a bunch of nuns. Wow, if the walls could talk. I digress as the place could sleep 12 people as it had 6 bedrooms and a fireplace and mantel as long as the After Battery. We were in heaven. Somehow, someone arranged a party inviting a bunch of student nurses from Hartford. I remember meeting Tracy Bekasi, also from Hartford, who I did visit her home in Hartford, met the family, cut the hedges for them, got myself really sunburned, and in a way tried to become a worthy suitor of their daughter, Tracy. Well, the rest is history and the memory of it all still lasts in my 68th year of age.

Billy Cromie, if I can remember, was a scrappy fighter! (I'm hoping I'm correct in my recollection). There was a bar in New London which a number of us frequented. (no, I can't remember the name). One time, I was there with my fellow BANG shipmates, and one dude, civilian I think, approached me and said something on the order of "I don't like your looks!" I said: "That's your problem!" and the next thing I know, he punched me in the face, I was on the floor falling from my bar stool, and when I got up ready to take him on, there wasn't anyone around? I said to myself, where did the SOB go? Well, the barkeep pointed to the outside street, and I looked out there and Cromie and pals had already been all over this dude yelling "nobody, but nobody, touches our yeoman."

I didn't stay long on BANG cause of the fact that my secondary NEC was an intelligence type so, the needs of the service called me to go to COMSUBLANT in Norfolk and work in the intel center.

People ask me today what boats have you been on? I quickly respond that I proudly served on the Diesels and that included BANG and TUNNY and then I always think of the "snake ranch", the New London bar incident, and Bill Cromie.

Regards to all former BANG Crew members, I salute you all." *Ray, I thank you for enlightening us as to what a Boat sailor's life was like in the 60's. It always amazes me how synonymous the words—Bars, Booze, Broads, Brawls, and Billy Bang are.*

Larry Hull, a StoreKeeper (66-68), "I really enjoy your news magazine of the Bang, you do a great job & service validating that we actually served aboard the Boats.

I came aboard with a group of about 10 from Sub School in late 66 just in time to go to Philly for overhaul in early 67. That was a time. I learned then that the distance from Philly to New London was 1 ½ cases of Rolling Rock. We had great times then as I am sure all of the Bang crews remember their service time.

I transferred to new construction, USS Grayling SSN646 in June of 68. Spent the next 2 years in Portsmouth NH at the base in Kittery. E2 and above got \$\$ for living off base so some friends & I rented a place up in Short Sands Maine. It was rough but someone had to do it. The boat went to Charleston in December 69 & separations in January 70.

The best part of being in Charleston was meeting up with some of the guys I came aboard the Bang with at the base bar one night. The Bang was in Charleston being overhauled. I remember **John Maritch & Lew McCullough** at the end of the bar. What a surprise and a great finish to 4 years in the Navy.

I have included in the E-mail some pictures from 1967 of life on the Bang. I also have a Bang sentry of the seas plaque I made from resin in 68. I came across three plaque's – Bang; Sub Squadron 8 & Sub Squadron 2. Anyone interested in copying them? I found the molds up in one of the lofts on the lower base. I should have purloined the molds.

My stepson is retiring at the end of this month from a 21 year career in the Marine Corp; Master Sergeant Richard Roumimper – 7 tours in the Gulf & Bronze Star recipient. Retirement ceremony will be at Pendleton 3/28/08. The coolest part; his 90 year old grandfather attended his boot camp graduation & will attend his retirement also. His grandfather has a special closeness with Rick, they both have been to war. We are all happy Rick is home – Finally."

Larry, thanks for your bio and photos. I'm sure your shipmates will enjoy them as much as I have. Also, give Rick a big THANK YOU from me for helping make my family's life so worry free these past 21 years.

SEMPER FI!

Just Doing My Job!

By: Dex Armstrong

They returned, thousands of them. No, they numbered in the hundreds of thousands. Faces weather beaten, tanned. Smiling as they stepped down from trains all over America. Smiling that smile, universally recognized as that 'Damn!! It's great to be home!' smile.

They were home again... Those that were left. The survivors of a generation who left their homes and families to undertake the obligation of freedom-loving men to go into combat and ultimately defeat some of the vilest proponents of evil. They wore the story of their deeds and where they had been in rows of multi-colored, mute reminders above their pockets. What they had seen, what they had done and the personal losses they had suffered, would forever be in their minds when they looked up at their national colors floating gently in the breeze.

They are rapidly passing into the cold pages of history. The awesome respect in which they were held a half-century ago has given way to the gentle view point of the Monday Morning Quarterbacking of those who have grown up in a world of safety and extravagance, of promiscuity and excess made possible because of their self-sacrifice.

Men who fought wars that lasted years, rather than days and ended with a clear-cut result. For those of us who rode boats that went below the surface, there were men who rode our boats when the close aboard sound of fifty pounds of TNT detonating would be clearly heard through several inches of steel. That 'steel' was U.S. built pressure hull and audible public prayer could be heard in every compartment. And when it was over, hardened men could hug each other, secure in the knowledge that no one would feel that they might be gender-confused.

These same men knew the sound of torpedo hits and the telltale sound of the result of such hits as the bulkheads of an enemy target collapsed while the enemy vessel made its way to the bottom. Pressure-folding steel is a sound most of us will never hear, thanks to what these men did.

They had executed their war way beyond the established battle lines. Deep within the home waters of the Jap Empire. At a time when the Jap emperor and his militaristic toadies were assuring their easily duped people that they were secure, the people of Japan witnessed their merchant ships burning all along their coastal horizons. Ships, whose burning hulks were disappearing nightly, compliments of our Undersea Warriors.

So they returned. What was left of them. They crossed the brow of boats that wore freshly painted

enemy flags... Flags that chronicled their kills... A silent statement of their contribution to our victorious effort in the Pacific. It may have been a Silent Service, but little Jap flags painted on the sides of conning towers made it clear that the presence of our submarine force had been felt.

And above the jumper pockets of the men crossing to the pier, could be found the sterling silver representation of a submarine. The pin itself and each star worn below it, represented a war patrol which resulted in excess of ten thousand tons of enemy shipping sent to the bottom. The man or men who wrote the requirements for the awarding of that insignia wrote those requirements in such rigid and specific terms that the pin has never been watered down and reduced to the 'Crackerjack' prize that so many other military badges have become.

Today, the U.S. Submarine Combat Patrol Pin remains a symbol of men who have gone to sea and have drawn blood in defense of their country and way of life at the risk of their personal safety, If not the sacrifice of their futures.

Someday, the powers that decide such things, will come to their senses and will stop naming our submarines after geographical locations and hack politicians and start naming our undersea warships after the heroes who wore 'The Pin'. Why they feel compelled to look elsewhere when we have such towering heroes of our own makes no sense to this old E-3.

They named a whole class of tin cans after Admiral Arliegh Burke, proving that they can do it right... At times.

But, the men who parked torpedoes in the sides of so many enemy ships, held no inflated sense of their own importance. When you try to thank the old meat-eaters, they always reply with, "Hell, I was young, scared and just doing my job."

Volunteering for submarine duty in wartime has never been routinely expected of U.S. Sailors. Volunteering has never been an exercise in goat-roping the timid and reluctant. The Draft Board never forced any citizen to fill the ranks of the Submarine Service. Any man, who found wartime employment inside a pressure hull, was there because he put himself there. "Just doing my job" Right.

Who in their right mind would choose a line of work that included sitting, sweat-soaked in darkness, 400 feet below fresh air and sunshine listening to canisters of high explosive detonate and shatter gauge faces and incandescent bulbs? No, can't buy, "Just doing my job."

To buy that, would mean that our Submarine Force was comprised of the world's largest collection of complete raving lunatics. The last idiot who called a World War II submariner a complete lunatic is still

trying to get used to his new glass eye, figuring out how to talk with his new teeth and walk upright.

They are ours. They handed us an unblemished record of service 'faithfully performed'. A gallant record of deeds performed by incredibly brave and dedicated men.

Their ranks thin daily. We do not have a lot of time left to buy them a beer! Listen to their amazing stories and thank them for what they gave us and left in the pages of the history of The United States Navy.



Generational Difference

By: Dex Armstrong

We speak of generational differences between the old boats and the new. Each generation... Each crew forges its memories, recollections, loyalty and love of the force based on the sum total of their experiences. It has always been that way... Most likely, always will.

We are linked... Each generation to each preceding and each following generation by the twin fish, silver and gold we wear or once wore over the pride in our hearts. We earned a designation that forever sets us apart... We are U.S. Submariners.

I have my memories... And each of you has yours. Collectively, they are our history... The human history of the boats we rode, the squadrons we served in and the force we represented.

Submarines have evolved into giant technological wonders that roam the ocean depths at a range below the surface that many of us, the older coots, find damn near beyond comprehension.

As I sit here, I wonder what memories a modern day boat sailor will have. Will he hear the gentle slap, slap, slap of signal light shutters in his dreams? Will he remember the sound of chipping hammers and paint scrapers battling ever-present rust? The pride a young kid had in repainting the hull numbers of the boat he loved? Is there a modern day equivalent of the first night in battery charge? Does the crew stay up half the night playing hearts, watching movies, sorting laundry, telling lies and running hot coffee to Enginemen and Electricians?

Do COBs still cuss like creatures formed in the womb of Hell and then take time to come see if you are okay in sickbay?

Do they still want to know if you can stand a little closer to your razor as their way of telling you that you look like shit and need a shave?

Do they still meet the boats with fresh milk, mail sacks and guard mail?

Do barmaids still know your names and what boat you are off of? Does cheap perfume still hang in a pea coat and dress canvas long enough to get you in trouble with your true love? Does your neckerchief still dangle in a bowl of chili, your soup or your beer glass? Do you still own thirteen button blues and a jumper so damn tight it takes two of your mates to pull it on you? Do boat sailors still procure clean white hats from unsuspecting spark-shufflers who live in surface craft radio shacks?

Can you still get great scrambled eggs, bacon and hot toast at 0600 on the rescue vessel for a couple of boxes of fresh doughnuts and a worn out, dog-eared copy of last months *Playboy*?

What benefit did Hyman and his boys, trade you for hijacking your sunsets... Sunrises, coffee on the bridge... Watching sea birds, passing merchant ships, riding heavy seas in lousy weather and filling your lungs with diesel exhaust?

What has the world economy, inflation and the change in sensitivity done to the commercial affection market? It can't still be two tens and a five and you pay for the room, can it?

What has the force substituted for junior officers taking morning sextant observations to figure out where in the hell you are?

Do guys still hang around the galley like vultures waiting for the night baker to pull a load of whatever you've been smelling for the last hour, out of his magic oven? Is ragging the cooks still the cheapest 'best game in town'? Is a smiling, big mouth messcook still the best thing you've ever seen in the morning?

Can you still calculate how long you've been out by the diameter of the salt stains in the armpits of your last dungaree shirt and whether your socks stick when you throw them at the door of the medical locker?

Do they still produce independent duty Corpsman that can fix anything, cure anything, identify small crotch critters from every exotic location, make tight stitches in a state five sea and clean your clock playing Gin Rummy?

Do skippers still wear steaming hats that look like Noah sent them to the lucky bag? Is green cap brass and a torn visor still a mark of distinction? Do cats still try to cover up deck force foul weather jackets?

Are there still mail buoy watches and goofy Non-Quals roaming around trying to locate the main engine ignition key?

Do topside watches still pee on the screw guards on the 12 to 4? Does the geedunk truck hit the pier around 2200? The Krispie-Crème truck at 0400? The laundry truck at 0800? And the skipper five

minutes before morning quarters?
 Do boats still maintain illegal slush funds and hold non-reg anchor pools?
 Are E-3s still the lads who know everything about every subject ever discussed, except their qual cards?
 Do the boys from the forward nest still rob the tender slugs, blind? Can you still hijack anything that will fit in a mailbag?
 Do folks in any squadron outside of Norfolk yell "Oh God, no!" when they see a boat come sliding into the slip with a SUBRON SIX pennant flying aft of the sail?
 Can you still buy 'Sly Fox' wine? What in the hell does it cost now? Are Beer Nuts, Slim Jims, pickled hard-boiled eggs and pool queue dust in your beer still the 'Breakfast of Champions'?
 Do barmaids still let you pin a set of Dolphins on the seat of their panties the night you qualify?
 Do you still have to drink for your Dolphins?
 Memories... Collect them... Remember... Remember the little things. They will form the composite of your old man's memories. They will connect you with whatever comes after you.
 One day, you will be parked in your old easy chair saying..."These gahdam sailors today have no idea how damn tough we had it. In the old days we had to haul all those neutrons and protons in buckets and pour the damn things into our hydro super nuke-a-lator and polish all those gahdam magic wands... Stack the pixie dust... And rewind the Stairmasters... Jeezus, we sure had it rough."
 But most of all, be sure to visit the old folk's home and help old smoke-boat sailors find their gahdam teeth.



SHINGLES UPDATE 06: Shingles is a painful condition caused by the same virus that causes chickenpox. It's recommended for adults over age 60, but just 1.9% have had it. The vaccine, tested by the VA and Merck in trials, "was approved in May 2006 for people 60 and up," but Merck "has sold a modest 2 million doses." Infectious disease specialist Michael N. Oxman of the VA San Diego Healthcare System said this may be so because

doctors are not focused on vaccines, but internist Chester Good at the VA Medical Center in Pittsburgh argued that until more data comes in, "there's no rush" to get the vaccine. "Many people describe shingles pain as the worst pain they've ever endured," says Oxman. The pain starts as the varicella zoster virus re-emerges in someone who has had chickenpox. The virus travels down nerve cells to the skin, where it typically causes a one-sided rash on the face or trunk. Then chronic, often debilitating pain can develop. Most patients are over age 60. The lifetime risk of shingles for anyone who has had chickenpox is about 30%; once afflicted, up to 30% have pain lasting at least four to six months, says Kenneth Schmader of the American Geriatrics Society and a physician at the Durham VA Medical Center in North Carolina. The vaccine doesn't offer total protection, but it cuts the risk of shingles in half, reduces pain intensity and lowers the risk of lingering pain by two-thirds, Schmader says. The vaccine, priced around \$150 by the manufacturer, is covered by the part of Medicare that pays for prescriptions, not doctor visits. That means doctors are not automatically paid for shots given in their offices. Some send patients to pharmacies to get the shots or pick up prescription vials, adding steps that may reduce use, Oxman says. Others stock and give the vaccine, but require patients to pay upfront and seek their own reimbursement. Veterans enrolled in the VA medical system can request their primary care physicians for the shot and if approved receive it. I did and received it 26 FEB. [Source: USA Today Kim Painter article 18 Feb 08 ++]

Walter Bushfield, a GunnersMate (44), recently had a vendor design and print some checkbook covers for him and he was so pleased with the result that he requested the vendor to offer his services to all shipmates of BANG. The vendor agreed and asked me to publish his offer.

The total cost for the checkbook cover is \$5.00. This includes the cost of the clear check covers, photo paper, postage and the mailing envelope.

Walter had his made up with a picture of BANG on one side and the Battle Flag on the other but the vendor say he will use any photo you would like to display.

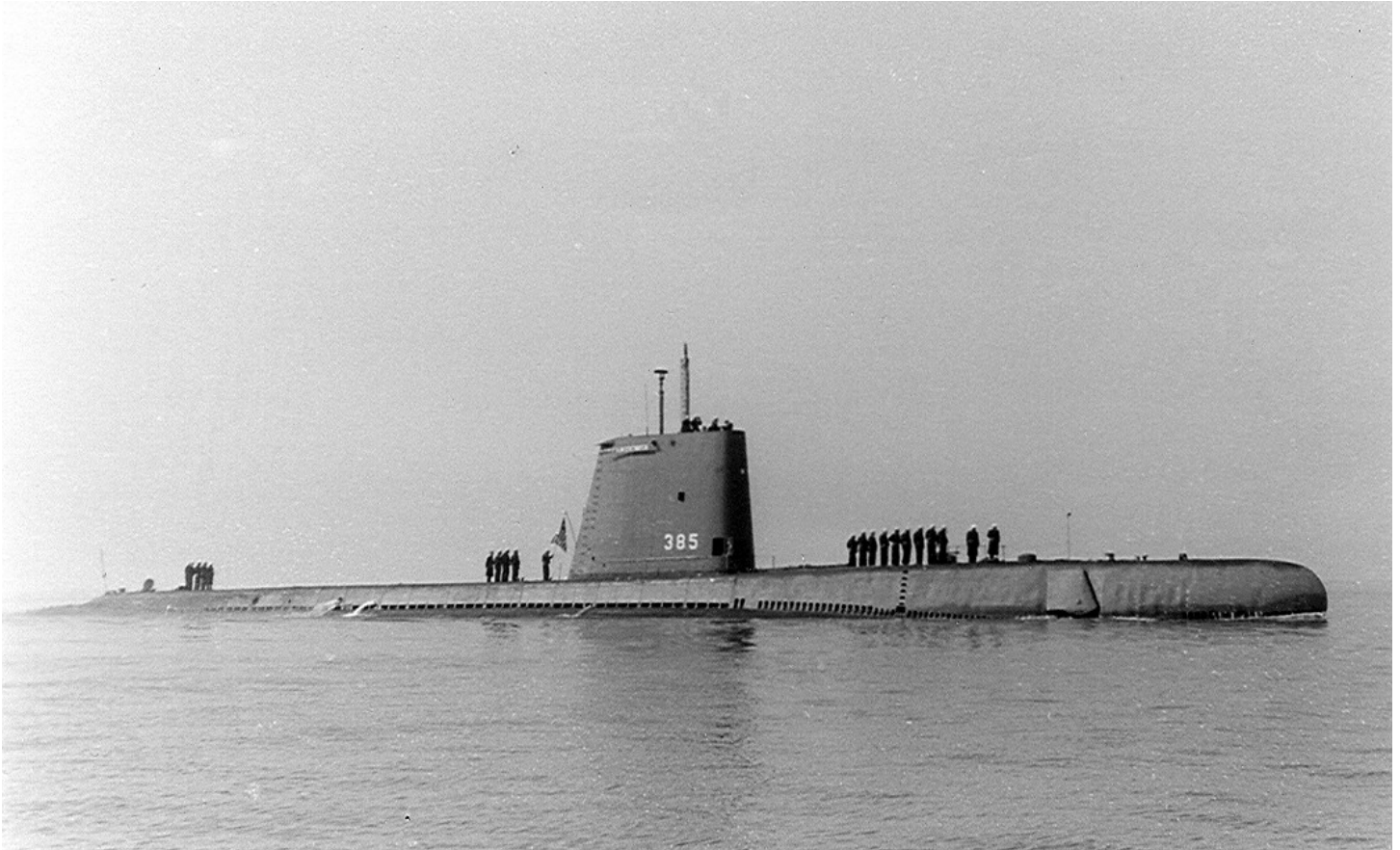
For more information you may contact the vendor at:

Email: Crew9Boss@Verizon.Net

or snail-mail: Jay Holland

144.12th ST NE

East Wenatchee, WA. 98802.



I found this photo of BANG being offered for sale on the Internet by someone from the "Mother-land". Seeing that the maneuvering watch is set and the foggy background, I would guess that they were pulling into Scotland. Can any of you 60's shipmates date and place this for me?

COMPUTER AIDES

Need an online Dictionary/Thesaurus?

Go to: <http://www.wordweb.co.uk>

It is a free download and once loaded, it puts itself in the task tray with a "W". The neat feature is you put your cursor on a word you want to check then hold down the CTRL key and RIGHT CLICK your mouse. A pop up screen not only gives you the correct spelling but also the meaning of the word, antonyms, synonyms, and more. This program is a must for spell checking or finding word alternatives.

Need for an on-line conversion chart?

Go to: <http://joshmadison.com/software/convert/>

Convert is another free download and easy to use unit conversion program that will convert the most popular units of distance, temperature, volume, time, speed, mass, power, density, pressure, energy and many others, including the ability to create custom conversions!

Need a word translated to another language?

Go to: <http://www.freetranslation.com/>

Just type in the word or sentence you need translated and then select the language for translation from a drop down menu.

GOOD MORNING!

A new retiree greeter at Wal-Mart just couldn't seem to get to work on time. Every day 5, 10, 15 minutes late. But he was a good worker, real sharp, good with people so the Boss was in a quandary about how to deal with it.

Finally, one day he called him into the office for a talk.

"Charley, I have to tell you, I like your work ethic, you do a bang-up job, but your being late so often is quite bothersome."

"Yes, I know Boss, and I am working on it."

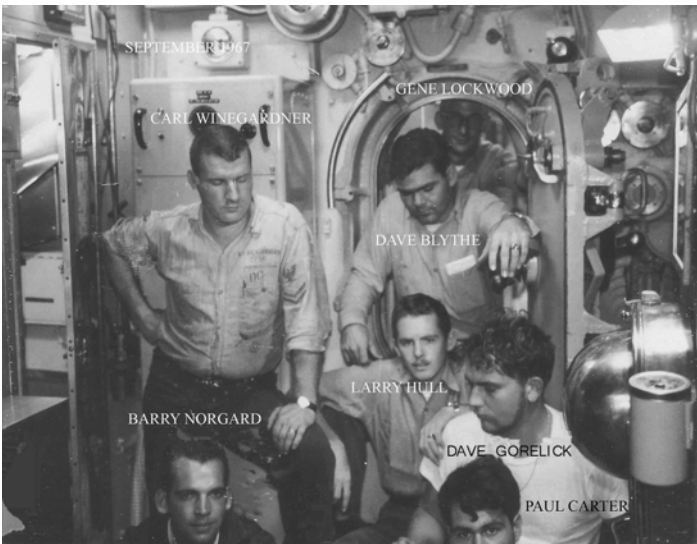
"Well good, you are a team player. That's what I like to hear. It's odd though, your coming in late. I know you're retired from the Navy. What did they say if you came in late there?"

"They said, "Good morning, Admiral."



Compliments of Larry Harjehausen

Photos Compliments of Larry Hull—1967



Norgard, Winegardner, Hull, Blythe, Lockwood, Gorelick, Carter



Barry Norgard Larry Hull Dave Blythe



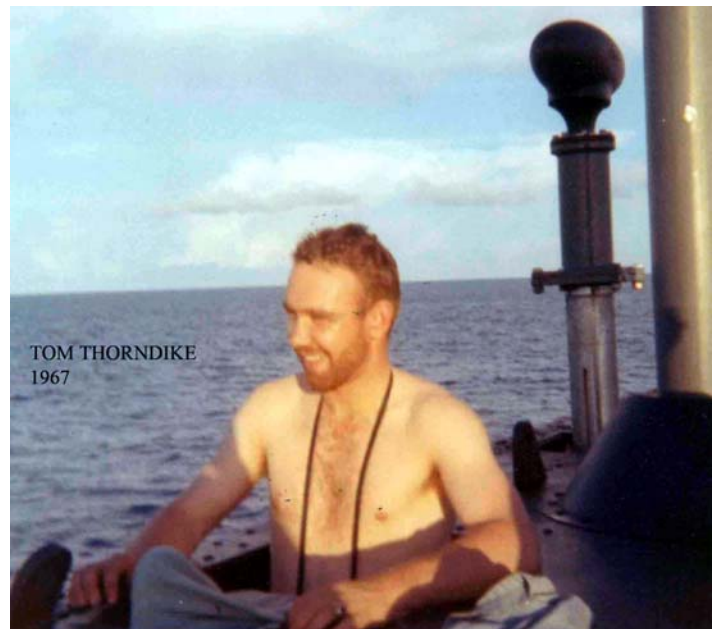
Tom Robustelli Larry Hull



Larry Hull Bill Thornton Rick Terry



George LeBlanc



Tom Thorndike

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

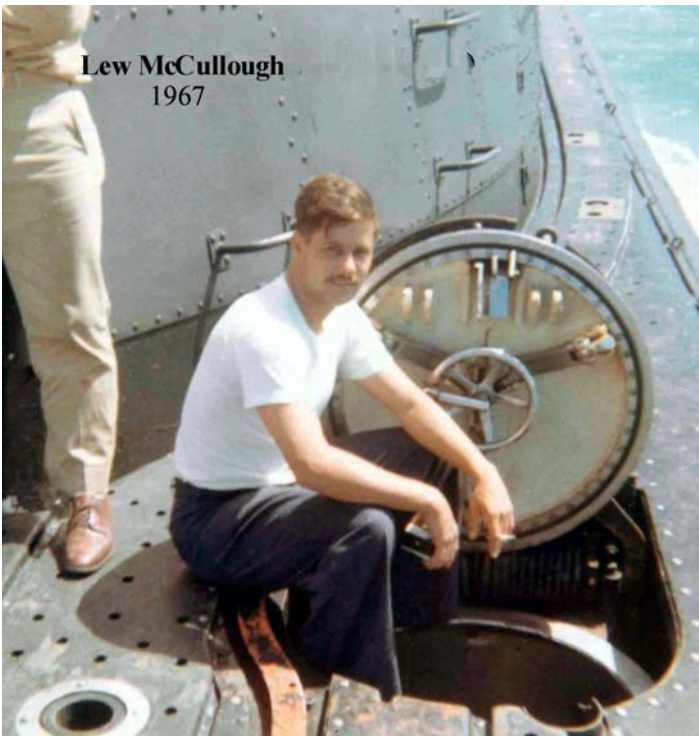
Engraved Walkway Brick

Clarion Hotel – Charleston, SC

Framed Trilogy Drawing on Lobby Wall

New Mexico Veterans Memorial – Albuquerque

Engraved Walkway Brick



Lew McCullough
1967

Lew McCullough

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...either you're qualified or you're not!

SPRING SALE NOW ON!



TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE BLOOMING PRICES BEFORE THEY WILT IN THE SUMMER HEAT. You may purchase these items by mail or at our Reunions. Send mail orders 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.

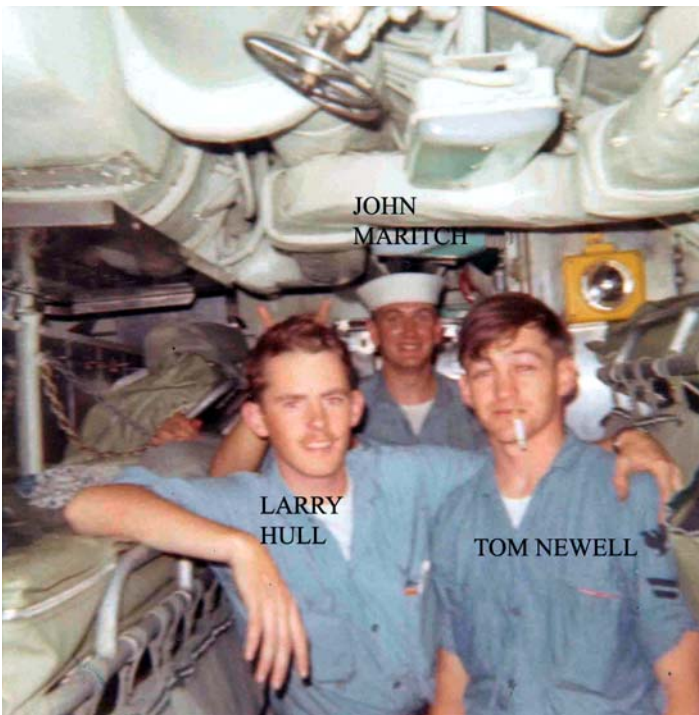
Please state your choice.....\$3.00

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**



JOHN
MARITCH

LARRY
HULL

TOM NEWELL

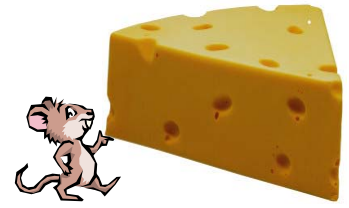
Larry Hull John Maritch Tom Newell



GREEN BAY

REUNION UPDATE

Green Bay 2008



WISCONSIN

Hi! First of all, I would like to clarify a discrepancy with the room rates that was pointed out to me. It seems that some shipmates have gone on-line to book their room reservations and found the daily rate to be considerably less than the \$79.00-\$89.00 that was quoted by the owner to me.

It is normal for hotels in the area to raise their rates during air show week and Packer weekend. Someone didn't do their job and the on-line rates stayed the same as they were in February or March. I have since sat down with the owner to try and get some sort of uniform rates for our group. She told me that there was a discount (\$10.00) if your stay was a minimum of 4 nights. Anything less than that the higher rate prevailed. She then told me that everyone's rate for Friday night would be \$129.00. I hit the roof! And had to wait a few minutes for my blood pressure to come back down to a reasonable level so I could speak calmly. I then proceeded to explain to her that we had already moved our Reunion back one day in order to avoid the scalpers room rate for Saturday night and by doing so, we had an agreement that the rate for Monday thru Friday would all be the same.

Long story short, An agreement has been made that **the room rate for USS BANG attendees will be \$75.00 for a single (one queen bed) and \$85.00 for a double (two double beds).** This rate is guaranteed with no minimum length of stay and that includes Friday night.

Please note that this new rate is \$4.00 less than the previous published rate so, if you have already made your hotel reservations, you might want to check to make sure your reservation has been changed to the new rate. And, for those of you who are able to make your reservations at a lesser rate, I say "Go for it" and with my blessing.

Please, please call 920-435-4484 ASAP to make your room reservations and mention "Bang Reunion". The hotel states they are holding 40 rooms for us until June 15th but don't wait until then. Make your reservation today! They do have a 24 hour room cancellation policy. After June 15th there is no guarantee of room availability and I'm sure the hotel would rather rent our rooms for \$129.00.

Check-In: 3:00 p.m. – Check-Out: noon

I truly apologize for any confusion or inconvenience this may have caused you and I hope it hasn't discouraged you in any way from attending the Reunion. As an incentive, I will buy you a drink when you get here. In Fact, I'll buy you two.

The three trips that we have planned are pretty much all set. The only thing missing is the number of you who will be signing up for each one.

The cutoff date for registering for the trips is also June 15th. This is so I have plenty of time to secure the buses needed to transport us. Because of the Air Show, buses are in great demand also.

Please note that I need at least 30 passengers per bus or I will have to cancel the trip. Therefore, please send your registration form to me before June 15th so I will know if I have enough riders to reserve the bus for each trip.

Darlene is just coming home from a hospital stay. Her hip replacement of two years ago didn't take and infection set in. (slow simmering kind that ate into her bone and loosened the socket). So, they've opened her back up and she will be bed ridden with me as care giver. She can't really move except from bed to commode and back for six weeks while she's on antibiotics.

Then she goes back for another total hip replacement and then rehab. We're both hopeful that by the end of July she'll be walking, at least to a degree.

My company's been great. I will be working out of my home with phone calls and e-mails instead of pounding the pavement.

Please contact me for answers to any questions you may have about this Reunion. Thank you.

John Kraft RM (68-70)
N49 W28619 Chardon Dr
Hartland, WI 53029-9161
(262) 538-4218 (Home)
(414) 975-5951 (Cell)
jkraft1@wi.rr.com

U. S. S. BANG (SS - 385)

65th Anniversary Reunion

Green Bay, WI

Monday - July 28th 2008

through

Friday - August 1st 2008



Your Hosts

John & Darlene Kraft

HEADQUARTERS



Days Inn City Centre

406 N Washington St

Green Bay, WI 54301






\$75.00


\$85.00

For Reservations Call 1-(920) 435-4484

Room Registration must be made by

June 15, 2008

-  **MONDAY** JULY 28th - Check In – Hospitality Room opens at 12:00 noon.
-  **TUESDAY** JULY 29th - 8:15 - 6:00 Experimental Aircrafts Convention - Air Show.
-  **WEDNESDAY** JULY 30th - 9:00 - 4:00 Door County State Park - Lighthouse Tour - Lunch.
-  **THURSDAY** JULY 31st - 8:30 - 4:00 Wisconsin Maritime Museum - Memorial Service - Lunch.
-  **FRIDAY** AUGUST 1st - TBA a.m. – Business Meeting.
6:00 p.m. – Banquet – Cash Bar – Casual Dress

 _____ **Clip & Mail to** _____ 

John Kraft—N49 W28619 Chardon Dr—Hartland, WI 53029-9161

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 AIR SHOW TOUR: _____ @ \$53.00 per person. = _____

NUMBER TAKING DOOR COUNTY TOUR: _____ @ \$47.00 per person. = _____

NUMBER TAKING MARITIME MUSEUM TOUR: _____ @ \$47.00 per person. = _____

NUMBER ATTENDING BANQUET: _____ @ \$29.00 per person. = _____

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

HOSPITALITY ROOM STIPEND PER SHIPMATE + **10.00**

Make check payable to John Kraft

TOTAL

=====

PHIL BEALS, EDITOR
BANG GANG NEWSLETTER
2127 OAHU DRIVE
HOLIDAY, FL 34691-3625



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