



1943



1972



THE BANG GANG NEWSLETTER

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

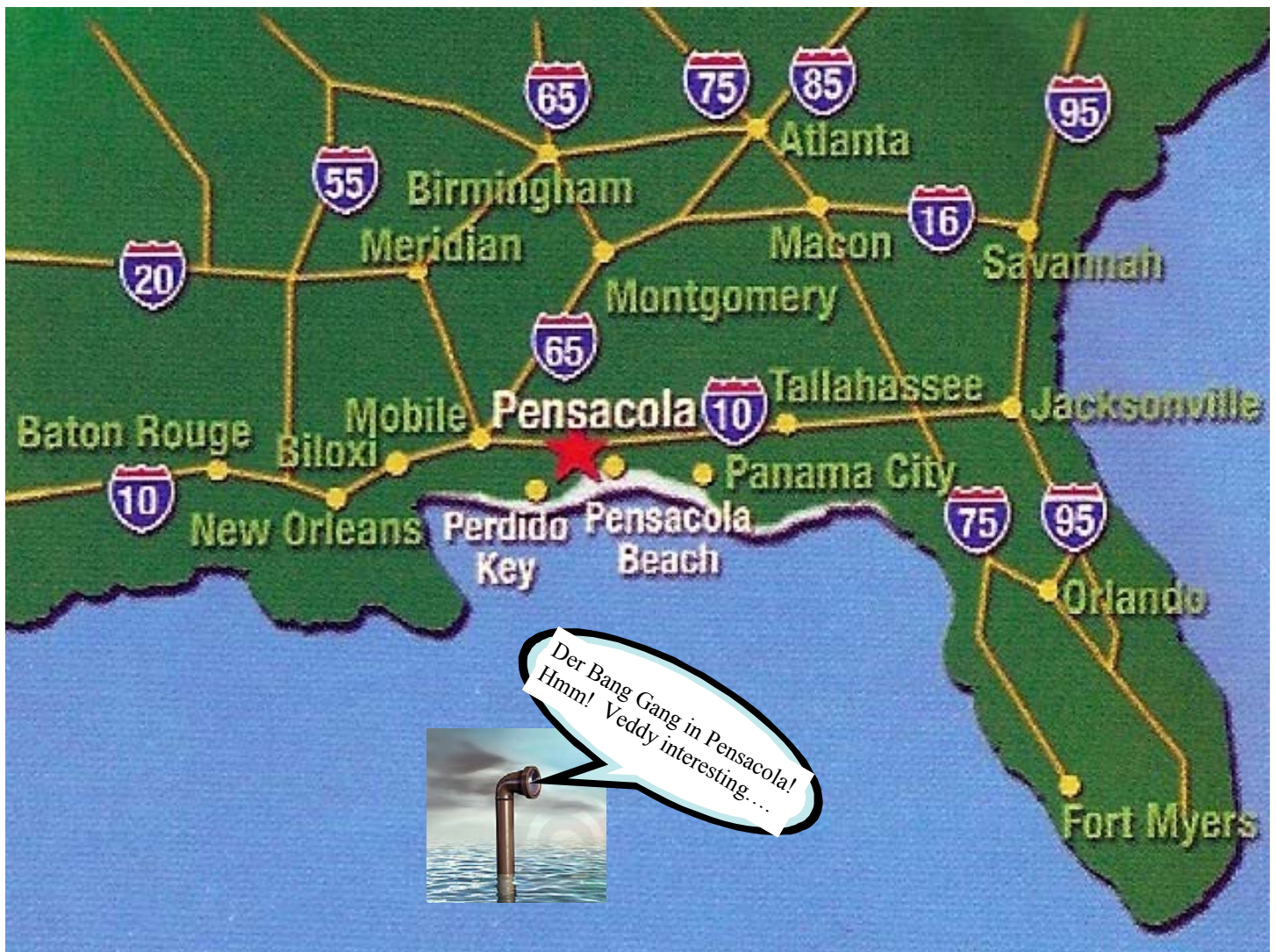
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OCTOBER 10—13



HOPE TO SEE Y'ALL THERE!!!



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.



William J. McNeil, EN (66-68)
Larry K. Wizeman, ETR (68-70)
George W. Smith, ET (56-59)
Samuel P. Jernigan, EM (61-62)



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
Clark	Loring W	2416 Rogue Valley Manor Rd	Medford	OR	97504-4513		45
Morgana	Richard J	200 West Rd	Elington	CT	06029-3731		62-64

The following shipmate is a new (found) addition to our roster. Your committee is thankful for all who helped in locating him and we will continue our search until we have attempted to locate everyone.

LASTNAME	FIRSTNAME	ADDRESS	CITY	ST	ZIPCODE	PHONE	Y-O-B
Bush	Kenneth R	14050 Andrew Scott Rd	Spring Hill	FL	34609-0853	(352) 686-4940	61-62



THANK YOU!

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



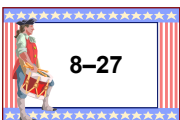
George Bailey
Mike Biedell

E. Paul Carter
Loring Clark

Eloise Clarke
Richard Gahan

John Kraft

George Schmid

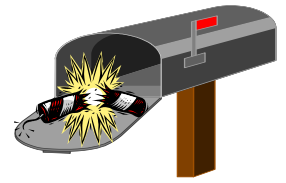


**THE INTERNET CONNECTION
CHANGES SINCE LAST PUBLICATION**

Ken Bush ... gmgpbush@stratos.net
Mike Chiarito ... terp1984@verizon.net
Loring Clark loringclark@charter.net
Mark Heimsch mark116@newnorth.net
George LeBlanc ... gleblanc385@comcast.net
Gene Lockwood ... gvlockwood@verizon.net
Bruce Pierson ... brucep571@hotmail.com



HAPPY 4TH!!



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!

I certainly hope that this Newsletter finds all of you safe and sound from all of the inclement weather we have been experiencing lately throughout the country. First, tape measuring snow accumulations in the North followed by record breaking flooding and killer tornadoes throughout the mid-West and East. And now, for those of us on the Atlantic coast, hurricane season has arrived. All to end next Fall—just in time for the snows to start falling again. A never ending cycle of death and destruction that seems to be coming the “norm” rather than the exception these days. Enough to try men's souls and, that doesn't include what's going on in Washington, DC. Stay safe, Shipmates! And remember, protect you and your loved ones first as everything else is meaningless without you.



Sam Jernigan's death was reported to us by his wife, Margie. She sent a short note stating that he died of bone cancer on 1/6/2011. I was not able to locate an obituary for him.



Lamarr Seader sent us notification of **Bill McNeil's** passing. Bill attended our first Reunion in Portsmouth, NH and had signed up to attend our 2009 Virginia Beach and 2010 New London Reunions but cancelled at the last minute giving health reasons.

William J. McNeil, U.S.N. Retired Chief Petty Officer, age 76, of Buzzards Bay, formerly of Brighton, died March 12, 2011, in Cape Cod Hospital, Barnstable. He was the loving husband of Barbara (Figliolini) McNeil, and the brother of Margaret Small and her husband Alexander of Burlington. He is survived by many loving nieces and nephews. He was the son of the late Donald and Mary (Tobin) McNeil.

Born in Boston and raised in Brighton. He lived in Plymouth for 18 years and moved to Buzzards Bay 11 years ago. He and his wife enjoyed traveling and attending ship reunions, and occasionally spent

winters in Englewood, FL. He was an avid reader and history buff. He attended Boston State College and the University of Massachusetts, Boston. He enlisted in the Navy at age 17 and spent 18 years serving on submarines. He qualified submarines in 1952 onboard the USS CHOPPER (SS 342). Bill also served aboard the USS CATFISH (SS 339), USS BILLFISH (SS 286), USS BANG (SS 385), and USS BLENNY(SS 324). He also served two tours in Vietnam with the U.S. Naval Advisory Group Vietnam, as Advisor to the Vietnamese Patrol Craft. He left the Navy as an ENC(SS).

He was active in the V.F.W. Post 5988 in Bourne, and was Past District 17 Commander for the Cape and Islands. He was a life member of the United States Submarine Veterans, the Knights of Columbus Council 2911 in Buzzards Bay, the Wareham Lodge of Elks #1548, the American Legion Post 40, Plymouth, and a member of the Catholic League.

Burial with Military Honors was in the Massachusetts National Cemetery, Bourne. Donations in his memory may be made to the American Cancer Society, 5 Manley St., W. Bridgewater, MA, 02379.



Betty Wizeman, widow of **Larry Wizeman** sent us the following as notification of Larry's death: I regretfully need to inform you that Larry, my husband, has passed on November 19, 2010. I had 40 wonderful years with an honorable and loving man, I truly miss him.

One of Larry's true loves was serving on four boats, USS Hammerhead (SSN-663), USS Requin (SS-481), USS Sea Leopard (SS-483), and USS Bang (SS-385).

I have included the obituary sent to the newspaper by the funeral director. I did not go into detail. It was very simple as you will see.

WIZEMAN, Larry K.—On Nov. 19, 2010, age 65, of Cherry Hill, NJ, beloved husband of Betty (nee Rodack), loving father of Paul G. (Zuzana) of Cherry Hill and William J. (Jennifer) of Mountain View, CA, devoted grandfather of Gia & Max and brother of Paul (Nancy) of Pleasant Valley, NY.

Interment, Washington Crossing Nat'l Cem., Newtown, PA. Memorial donations may be made in Mr. Wizeman's name to Samaritan Hospice, 5 Eves Dr., Suite 300, Marlton, NJ 08053.



Leigh Salmon, SO (55-57), notified us of the death of his Brother-In-Law, **George Smith** who passed away at his home in Groesbeck, TX on April 27th. George and I served aboard BANG during the same time period and though I was unsuccessful in getting him to attend a reunion, I did get to see him a few years back while visiting my daughter in Dallas. A 'mini'

reunion of sort.

While Leigh and George were serving aboard BANG, George went home with Leigh to Rome, NY one week-end and there he met Leigh's sister, Sandy. Soon after, Sandy and 'Smitty' were wed. I mentioned this because this wasn't the only time that a BANG shipmate married into another shipmate's family. Shows you just how close knit the "Bang Gang" really is.



*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 name to the roll
Of our departed shipmates who serve on Final Patrol.
Assure them all that we, who still survive
Will always keep their memory alive.*



SICK BAY

Marge Heater - Charlie called recently with some sad news. Seems that after Marge's bout with breast cancer, her health has been steadily declining to the point where she now is fighting Dementia (Alzheimers) and may have to be moved to an Assisted Living facility.

Her health being what it is, I think all of us should take the time to send her a card. Hopefully, we can brighten her day the way she brightened so many of our Reunions that she attended.

Marge's address is:

**Marjorie Heater
221 Holly Hill Rd.
Urbanna, VA 23175-9326**

John Monroe (69-72) - I have nothing new to report about John since the last issue. Hopefully all is well and he is just too busy enjoying his honeymoon.



Our Web Master **Bill Fenton** says that he was contacted recently by Tom DeRosa, who is married to **Don Corzine's** niece. His mother-in-law (Don's sister) recently brought him a VHS tape that contains a very short (about 1 1/2 to 2 minutes) piece of film of the rescue of Don by USS BANG in April 1945. He plans to have a professional make some DVD copies of the film and wants to donate a copy to our website. This will make a fine addition to our ever growing Video Section of our website.

Bill currently has two videos up and running. One is an interview of **Dan "Rosie" Rosenfeld** that he sent us and the other is an interview of **Al Cadenhead** that **Lenny Sciuto** recorded recently. Len did such a great job with Al's interview that we have commissioned him to interview **Dick Taylor** next and, hopefully, more to follow.

And, as long as I'm giving kudos out, we are lucky to have Bill Fenton in charge of our website. It is hard work and very time consuming to keep a website running and, especially, current. Bill does an excellent job maintaining ours.

For those of you that do not have internet connection at home, stop by your local library some day and sign on to www.ussbang.com to see for yourself why our website is one of the best Boat sites on the Web.



Frank Walker sent an email stating that he and Lyn got the opportunity to tour the new virginia class USS North Carolina (SSN777) while it was docked at the San Diego Base.



This year's SubVets Inc and SubVets WWII joint National Convention is being held in the Branson, MO area and the Chairman of the event is our own **Ron Athey**. Ron got his feet wet hosting our

Reunion in Branson a few years back and, as long as he keeps within the same guidelines, the National will be a big success this year. Good Luck, Ron!
Next year the National moves to Virginia Beach where **Gene Lockwood** is busily assisting in this endeavor. After hosting two of our Reunions, I guess Gene wants a taste of the 'Big Time' also.
Over the years, BANG shipmates have been steadily involved in the SubVets Organization. From its early planning stages to holding multiple Offices— both nationally and locally. And, they continue to do so making us proud to be a member of the Bang Gang.

Our Reunion Hosts, **Lamarr and Kathy Seader**, are busily preparing for our arrival in Pensacola this Fall. Check out the planned activity they have scheduled for us on the Reunion Page. Also, be sure to take advantage of the 'early bird special' they are offering by mailing in your Registration Form before August 1st. I have counted over 60 shipmates on our Mailing List who live in the FL, GA, AL area. Wouldn't it be nice if they all came to Pensacola....

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



George Bailey, XO (62-64), "Enclosed is a much overdue contribution to the Bang Gang "Slush" Fund. Have just finished reading the latest Newsletter. You are to be commended for doing such a great job.
It looks like I will make the October Reunion since it is only 6 miles from where I live. I look forward to seeing all my shipmates there."....*George, I am very happy to hear that you plan on attending this year's Reunion. It is always a pleasure to have members of the Forward Battery in attendance. I hope many more of the shipmates you served with on BANG will be there beside the one whom is hosting it. Thank you for your donation.*

Ken Colby, a Seaman (52-54, ComCrew3), "I was reading the latest edition of the Bang Gang and read about the death of Leah and Ray Asselin. I was on BANG in 1952, 1953 and January 1954.
Ray and Leah were very good friends of ours while I was on BANG, and at their home.
When our oldest son turned one year old, they invited my wife Dottie, me, and our one year old son, Ken Jr. to their home where we celebrated our son's one year old birthday. Leah had made a large chocolate cupcake with one candle in the middle of

it. After our son, Ken, blew out the candle, he started to grab a hold of the cupcake. Of course, we tried to stop him from making a mess of the cupcake in the Asselin's home. Leah said to Dottie and I, "Look this is Ken's birthday, and we want him to enjoy himself! Therefore, let him go at it!" Well that's all our son needed and he went at the cupcake with great fervor. As I remember it, Ken made quite a mess (we thought) all over their home, but they thoroughly enjoyed the one year party for him! Cupcake on the floor--No problem! Ken had an incredible birthday party that night!." ... *Ken, thank you for the heartwarming story about the Asselins. Throughout BANG's history, her shipmates were family on and off the Boat.*

Paul Anderson, a FirecontrolTech (62-63), "This morning I had to go to the market to pick up a few things for June. It proved to be an experience.
When I got to the check out counter there was a tiny, very elderly, frail lady ahead of me. She slowly put her items on the counter; three cans of something, a bag of white beans and bread. The clerk rang them up and told the lady it would be nine dollars and some cents. The lady took what money she had in her purse, then went through her pockets trying to find more money as the clerk waited. When it was obvious the lady did not have enough money the clerk said she could leave an item or two to bring the purchase price down to the money available. The lady was short just under a dollar. Then the lady said to the clerk: "but we need these" in a voice that was sincere and sad. At that point I told the clerk to put all of the items in a bag for the lady as I gave the clerk a buck to cover the shortage. That little lady turned, looked up at me, and said "Thank you kindly, sir, you are a fine veteran." I was wearing my GW cap. The lady took her two bags and walked slowly to the door but before exiting she turned and nodded back to me.

While driving home it struck me and pissed me off to think that here this little, old, American Lady is struggling to survive and likely used to doing without while the snakes in Washington send billions of our tax dollars to foreigners in other countries, waste trillions on needless wars, and allow their corrupt cronies to rip off billions more. I truly hope there is an Almighty and Just God and that he strikes down these Snakes in Washington and Wall Street who have and are causing so much grief and pain to such Americans as that little lady and our Nation. You vets are welcome to add your own prayers."*AMEN!*



Eloise Clarke, widow of **George Perren**, an ENgineman (51-52, ComCrew2), “Just a short note to let you know that I have moved from Wildwood, FL to Ocala, FL.

My home in Wildwood was getting too much for me to handle alone. I now have a nice place much closer to my son and daughter-in-law so they can now look in on me more often.

Enclosed is a check for the Slush Fund in memory of George.”*Thanks, Eloise, for your donation and address change. I hope your new home brings you much happiness.*

Loring Clark, an Officer (45, WP6), “The first thing I would like to do is thank you for the years you have served for the benefit of the gang.

I am sorry that I have not had the pleasure of meeting you personally. It has only been about 15 or 20 years since you “found” me, but I have been so grateful to receive the “BANG GANG” with all the news of the active members.

I was just a green kid on WP-6 and was about to sign on for a Navy career when I contracted Polio right after the war. Zingo went the career.

Mary and I have now signed on with a wonderful continuous care organization called “Rogue Valley Manor” in OR.

Please keep my issues of the newsletter coming. I am sending a check to Ed DeLong for the fund.” ...

Thank you Loring for the contribution. I'm sorry that your Naval career was cut short but your alternate career seems to have carried you through the years. I hope you and Mary enjoy many more years at your new home.

Accident leaves Canada without operational submarines

By Erin McCracken - Victoria News

Published: **June 06, 2011 11:00 AM**

Canada’s only fully operational submarine hobbled back to CFB Esquimalt after hitting the ocean floor Saturday.

The accident means all four of Canada’s subs are not in any shape to sail: **HMCS Victoria** is back in the water but is undergoing extensive testing, **HMCS Windsor** is undergoing repair and maintenance in Halifax, and **HMCS Chicoutimi**, which suffered a fatal fire in 2004, is at Victoria Shipyards.

Officers on board the **HMCS Corner Brook**, which was alone deep in the waters of Nootka Sound off the central east coast of Vancouver Island, were being put through their paces during advanced submarine officer training.

The 12-day exercise, scheduled to wrap up Friday, abruptly ended around noon last Saturday following the grounding.

“They brought it to the surface right away, did some safety checks and after discussions they started heading home,” said Gerry Pash, Canadian Navy spokesperson. Two of the 60 sailors on board suffered minor bruising in the accident.

“It’s like being in a car and you don’t have your seat belt done up. It doesn’t take much to get bumped,” Pash explained.

Typically a sub carries up to 53 personnel, but **HMCS Victoria** personnel were on board for refresher training.

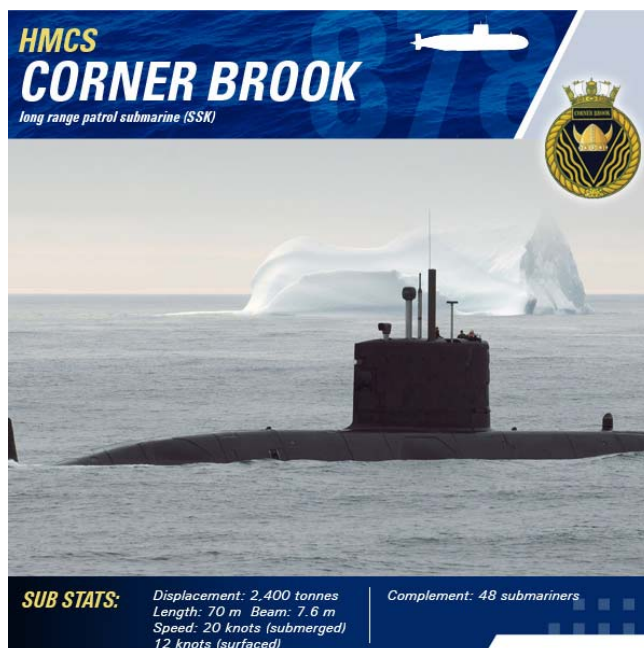
The boat arrived back at the base late Sunday night, and Monday morning navy divers entered the water to assess the damage to the sub’s hull, said Pash, adding that no diesel fuel leaked out and no water leaked into the vessel. Still, an investigation will follow.

“That’s all going to be part of the (military’s) Board of Inquiry,” Pash explained.

Corner Brook arrived from CFB Halifax in early May to help prepare **Victoria** personnel for their upcoming return to sea in the fall, before it was to begin an extensive maintenance period at Victoria Shipyards.

It’s too soon to tell if **Corner Brook** will begin that session earlier than planned because of the accident.

“An assessment will be made, decisions will be made as to whether the damage can be repaired,” Pash explained, adding that important questions now need answers: “Can she go back and do the training we wanted to do while she was still available to do it?”



The Pregnant Whale

SERVICE ABOARD USS GUAVINA SSO 362

(The First and Only Submarine Tanker)

Author: Ray Tierney, ENC(SSO-Qualified)

Now during the war submarines were used for many missions, not just for sinking ships. So some bright individuals convinced the Bureau of Ships that what was needed for fueling remote Islands and other Submarines was a submarine Oilier. It was conceived up in Mare Island shipyard. So after decommissioning the Capitaine I got transferred to this project and little did I know what I was getting into.

I am still a 2C MOMM and of course very familiar with how a navy yard runs. That was a plus, but nobody who was selected for this duty had any idea how a submarine converted to a tanker would operate. Now you need some technical input here. This boat was the typical fleet type and originally built in Manitowoc, WI in 1943, and had several war patrols to its record. It was assigned to be scrapped and had been in dry dock about eight months. Some of the superstructure had been removed and then funds ran out. Voila, the brains said this would make an ideal candidate to convert to an oilier. The designers said all we needed to do is add saddle tanks over the pressure hull and connect them into some kind of piping system allowing flexibility to transfer oil and/or aviation gas to a beach head or another submarine submerged.

Sounds easy and the price is right. Now the normal beam (widest cross section) of the fleet boat is 25 feet. However we were adding tanks so our beam would be 38 feet. No big deal, except we were never allowed to tie up with the other boats alongside the tenders in a nest because the spread we created would cause the adjacent boats gang planks to fall in the drink. So we became known in the fleet as the pregnant whale.

Lets talk about our super crew put together for this whale. Because it was all experimental, the Communications Officer was assigned the duty to film our entire shake down testing and deck activities. Now he was a young Ensign and I think he enjoyed smoking pot or was on some drug because he never stood still or stopped talking. The Chief of the Boat (COB) was also a boozier and so were most of the crew. Now you also must understand that line handling and deck seamanship are not of great importance in running a normal sub. You throw off lines, store them and that's it until you return to port. Splicing and knowing how to rig blocks and tackle or special riggings or using a line-throwing gun were never done. The surface ratings that do know about deck seamanship are boson. However there is no quota for that rate on this boat so it was going to be done by an all hands working party headed up by the COB.

Our shake down operations included towing and fueling other submarines, make a three-point anchor mooring, and submerge while towing and all sorts of fun topside

deck handling activities. Also the XO assigned was a little Frenchman who walked up and down in front of the crew at quarters, yelling that he would not put up with any folderol (his slang word, meaning no screw ups).

Now back to black gang assignments and work loads. I and another 2nd class were selected to be what are called the "Fuel Oil Kings". Of course that's an additional work assignment on top of your normal duties. What it means is we were, along with the chief engineer, responsible for all the ships fuel systems. Now remember this is going to be a tanker. So along with the ships normal fuel storage system of about 120,000 gallons we would also have another storage tank system with about 150,000 gallons. And to add a little interest to that it could also be all aviation gas (not jet fuel as there were no jets yet), but 110-octane aviation gas. Our yard workload was horrendous because now you have the political effects involved to see who is going to get the credit for developing the first and only submarine oilier in the world. In hindsight I can see the Russians laughing their heads off at this project.

Anyway for relaxation we had the beautiful navy yard city of Vallejo. Now for you young readers, and any one else not acquainted with this region of California, I recommend you research the U.S. Navy's shore patrol archive files. I feel sure that this little town would be rated off limits the most of any town in the history of keeping such records. I cannot spend too much time explaining what off limits means, but to all young single sailors (or married but home base is far away) it meant plenty of night life and don't take your shoes off.

As was normal on most boats, the cooks were usually the ones that screwed up the most, both on the beach as well as at sea. The Guavina was no exception. We had two super cooks and one was just starting out his career on boats. Did he get broken in right? The senior cook was a first Class with about 16 years service time. The new guy was a 2nd class. The old timer of course liked to drink and his specialty was to shack up with married women. Well it was going well until someone came home unexpectedly and found him in a position that rightfully belonged to the husband.

This all took place in a two story building and leaving by the shortest way led to several bruises especially when the body is naked. Of course his 2nd class buddy, who was about half his size, shared half his uniform so that they could both get back on the base.

Lets get back to work. One of the highlights of the yard work for the black gang was that we had to overhaul all four main engines, including the small eight cylinder auxiliary diesel, commonly called the dinky. Now of course I have had all the liner change out experience put me in a good position as far as knowing some shortcuts and making points with the chief and chief engineer. This undertaking of doing all four mains, and the dinky at one time had never been done by any crew on any boat. Of course the yard civilian work force wanted this job but the

Bureau of Ships and the Submarine Command Force did not want anyone else to do this project except the operating crew. This has always been the rule on diesel boats since submarines have been in the navy. In fact, at the Sub Base in New London, they have a diesel school for that purpose. Well we had an open-end budget for parts, so we stripped down the engines and left only the block and crankcases in place. However, our one major problem was not known until we were done - it is called a crank web stress alignment test. I don't want to get too technical here, but it means that after all reassembly is done you must check the alignment of the crankshaft to the prime mover (generator). Well we were following the book and could not get good readings.

Now of course everything in a yard project is scheduled, especially when in dry dock. Our date was nearing to undock and we were scrambling for answers from anybody. The risk of running the engine out of alignment is that it could break the crankshaft, and now were talking major problems. Adding to our problem of course was the "folderol" (XO). His preaching and raving at quarters about no screw-ups and safety concerns were the talk of the yard. Well we were leaving the dock on schedule and would be moved by tug to the fitting out dock. The schedule was set for the high tide, which was around midnight.

Well about two hours before that the "folderol" XO had all hands at quarters and ran up and down in front of the troops hollering about how it will be dark during the move and don't screw up and fall or get tangled up in the lines etc, etc. Voila, the dock is flooded and we are getting hooked to a tug. Who do you think fell down thru the forward torpedo room deck hatch? Right, the XO... and they had to take him off by a stretcher hanging from a crane. The good thing however was we found out why we could not get good web readings. Voila, the engine and generator are mounted to common rails that are mounted to the hull. When the hull is mounted on blocks in the dry dock it distorts that alignment. When we became water born everything went back into alignment. Live and learn as the saying goes. Now lets move away from all this yard talk and get this beauty on the line.

My buddy oil king and I were of course very busy learning the fuel systems and pumps, manifolds, gauges, diagrams and all the other equipment installed to move the cargo fuel as well as the normal ship's fuel. As you can guess this system was of course never prototype tested anywhere, and in fact my buddy and I did most of the research on how to line it up so that we could draft procedures on operating it.

I now must get you on board on what was involved here. We had a large drum hose reel located in the superstructure at the stern. We had a large 1000-gallon per minute electric pump in the forward torpedo room. There were tank level monitoring gauges, a schematic board with all connections shown, and throughout the inside hull, external plug valves for each tank. All fuel

lines were located outside the pressure hull; therefore reach rods connected all operating inside hull valves. Back to the hose reel. This was a combination fuel hose and towing line reel. Here is how it was supposed to work. When you made your towline connection to the other submarine, you fed this collapsed four-inch fueling hose across that line on special clamps connected to the fuel hose. Now we're talking a two inch steel line and four inch fuel hose about 1000 feet long. It would take too much computer memory to try and explain why none of this worked; so lets get underway and I will hit a few of the screw ups.

Remember our "folderol" XO? Well, after returning from the hospital, he got back into his walking, warning talks again. By this time we are on sea trials. Now don't forget all fuel tanks on submarines must be open to sea pressure because they would collapse from deep diving pressure if not. So anytime you move fuel out of a tank it must be replace with seawater. As before, the Engineering Officer is diving and compensating officer. You talk about a nightmare to compensate; the pregnant whale topped the list.

One other little item I should make you knowledgeable about is the keel bars that are placed along side the keel when submarines are built. Now you say, "what the hell are they for"? Well, when the boat is originally designed for its displacement weight, when launched it should draw so much water. Well sometimes the designers are off a few tons so they add lead bars to the keel. What all this means to the compensating officer is a load weight number he must have. Voila, this boat was going to be scrapped so no number was available. So here we go on our first trim dive and shakedown cruise. For some strange reason, all of the yard workers that converted this boat and were invited to go, stayed home.

Anyway two blasts on the diving alarm and passing the word "don't shut the hatch we won't be down that long" and the XO is in the conning tower. We took about a 25-degree down angle and the next thing was a report from maneuvering, "screws are cavitating". By then, the Runt attempts to descend to the control room via the ladder, but because of the down angle, he missed the first step. Back to the hospital, two torn kneecaps.

Well we had just a slight bit too much weight forward. Too bad someone did not take a picture of a submarine stern in the air and the screws pumping air. Back to the yard. In case you don't know, any boat's unusual or screwed up operation stories travel thru the squadrons like wildfire. Now we were already known as the pregnant whale. This little screw up gave everyone in the flotilla another story to talk about, and by now some crewmembers wanted off this jinxed boat. Now we were back in dry dock replacing ballast bars. More liberty of course and most of it was done in beautiful downtown San Francisco. Of course every sub port has a sub hang out and this place was no different. The owner of the Frolic Room was a true blue submarine sailors friend and

had been owner of this place all thru the war. If you had money to pay for your drinks, fine. If not, you ran a tab. George (owner) would show all his customers the unpaid tabs he kept. Some were over eight years old. The reason he kept them is because each one had a story and George loved to tell stories. Of course this was just a meeting place and from there you would hit some of the other clubs. Lets get back to sea.

By now we were finished with sea trials and made all the necessary test dives off of San Francisco coast. We were deployed to San Diego and had topped off all the fuel storage tanks. Now this boat of course was no quick diving machine and handling depth changes was slow to respond. Forget all that, our primary mission is to fuel beachheads and other submerged submarines. In fact if all went according to plan the XO said we would become qualified Submarine Oiler and get a special dolphin insignia. Now you know everyone was jumping with joy over that remark. (By now some guys were even considering a court marshal just to get off).

Our first beachhead fueling exercise was off the coast of one of the Catalina Islands. Now the communication officer had dry run this planned activity on paper with the COB. I was involved of course as the fuel oil king. Topside aft is where most of the events took place. First the skipper needed to make a three-point anchor mooring. So we dropped the bow hook and backed down. Two men were put in a rubber life raft that had a four by four across the middle. On each end of the 4x4, secured by marlin (light line), were two 500lb mushroom anchors. These anchors were line fed from the stern. The cameras were rolling and away they paddled, being directed by the COB with a megaphone. When in position he told them to cut one of the anchors free. Now the law of balance comes into play here. The other secured anchor flipped the raft, and two white hats flew thru the air with the communications officer taking pictures of them flying thru the air. Back to the drawing board.

Of course, during all this in and out of San Diego harbor, we had to anchor out on a mooring because we could not tie up in the nest alongside the sub tender. So, what you say? Well submarines do not carry a shore motor launch and it's hard walking on water to get to the beach. We were at the mercy of any passing motor launch to thumb a ride or hire the water taxi. This also meant of course that all our provisions had to be launched to us from the tender. So not only were the boat sailors laughing at us but we now had the tender crew pissed off at us because of the extra work load for them. Needless to say, when any one from our boat did get to town, we denied that we were on the Guavina. Lets try our next specialty, fueling submerged submarines.

Some poor boat skipper got selected to perform this maneuver with us and I can only guess that the Squadron commander was mad at this guy. Of course in this kind of operation only one Captain can be in charge. So you guessed it, we were designated the command center. All

communications would be via the light, radio and megaphones. First thing was to get a towline over running on the surface at about 10 knots. Now you need a little updating here. To pass a two inch steel tow cable across to another boat about 200 feet away you must first get a smaller line over. Now Sub sailors are not that strong so we had what is commonly known as a line-throwing gun. What it has is a barrel that lets you put in the monkeys fist (that's a lead ball wrapped with line similar to clothesline and attached to that is a coil of back up line about 300 feet long) inside and a charge fires this lead ball over to the other boat. Now the aim is supposed to be forward of the bridge so that the ball goes over the hull and allows the deck hands to capture it. The COB had selected a torpedo man to fire the gun. However this guy had a super hangover and standing on a rolling deck aiming for the other boat I guess his vision was not up to 20/20. Voila, the monkey fist hit just behind the bridge and this boat had the sheers covered with aluminum plating (guppy conversion). Well we soon found out that this plating is no match for the velocity of the lead monkey fist, and it went thru one side and out the other. Anyway after much vocalization we made the connection and now all these activities are at the stern for us, and the bow for the boat soon to be in tow, "maybe".

If I did not mention it before the cable/hose reel in our superstructure is not powered. This is a mule hauling operation. Next over was a two-inch flax mooring line and then we connected the cable wire. Now during these activities of course the camera is filming and we also have someone reading a step-by-step procedure. This deck work involves a lot of lines, some running thru a sheave that's hanging on a davit (that's a portable boom stuck in a hole on deck).

Voila, the feed line is running out fast and for some reason it kinks into another line that was hanging in the block on the davit. Part of that line had a loop on deck that the guy who was reading the procedure had a foot in. It wrapped around his ankle and up he went feet first hanging upside down from the davit still reading the procedure and being filmed by the camera. Here you need some more technical information. Because this activity had never been attempted, two submarines submerged and one towing the other, the Bur Ships in their wisdom decided it might be wise to have a safety feature. So what they came up with is an explosive cutting system, which is supposed to cut thru both the tow cable and the hose. Now that sounds neat. However it was a little flawed. It was only on our end of the towline. Well let's let that lie for a while and get the fuel line over. Now by this time the seas have picked up a little and our towline is sagging and tightening. Of course to get the hose over we again need our super shooter because the hose must be manually hauled across the towline on our super duper cable sliding hose holding hooks. Before this shot the Skipper of the boat in tow had all hands go below decks and he even cleared the bridge and operated thru

the periscope. What's the matter with this crew, are they afraid of a little lead monkey fist? Anyway we got that line over and now we start feeding our four-inch collapsible, floatable fuel hose over.

Now the trick here is to have a fairly straight pull on the line connected to the hose because the sister hooks used to hang it on the tow cable will bind if not. Now by this time we're in about a state two sea, swells about 3 to 5 feet. Also keep in mind this operation is supposed to be done in wartime scenario conditions, so any contacts sighted by visual or radar must be confirmed as friend or foe. Well we get about half the hose out and you guessed it, it got hung up on the tow cable. Now after much ship handling to try and free it up, including almost wrapping the cable and hose around our screw, it finally freed itself. So here we go. Everything is connected and our skipper gives the order "Dive and Level Off at 60 feet".

It took us better than twenty minutes to get the decks awash. In the meantime, the boat in tow has submerged and was pulling our stern down. Now, to keep control, it was decided to use only the stern planes and rig in the bow planes. We of course established fuel transfer before diving.

Well everything was going according to plan until we (the fuel kings) reported that the next storage tank should be put on service. More info here. As I said, all the valves for this system were thru hull operated plug valves. The design was such that a torque wrench was required to rotate a worm gear system. The limits set by the designer were not supposed to be exceeded. We had of course operated these valves during the test programs and initial filling, and they worked fine. However that was all done on the surface. When we started trying to shift tanks, meaning to take the empty tank off and put on a new full tank, no way in hell could we get the valves to operate. Now of course by this time we are pumping seawater to the other boat. The other fuel king and I are running thru the boat with big breakdown bars trying to open valves and the XO is screaming over the speaker system, "no screw ups, lets get them valves open". No luck, and we had to shut down the pump and notify the other boat that they better check the fuel oil for water before using.

About this time we lost trim angle and broached causing the other boat to get a big down angle and things were not looking too good control wise. The other boat said to cut them loose, so our skipper decided to fire the emergency cutting rig. Now as I said this was a super design for us because it got us free and clear of all that hose tow line and everything else. However, unknown to us but very much known to the other boat, was that our loss was his pain. He sure did a great job of wrapping this mess around his twin screws. Back to the drawing board. By this time the morale was so low, and the XO of course is also responsible for morale.

He knew that all of the enlisted wanted off, so here was his reply at quarters: "Anyone can request a transfer and I will approve it as long as you find a replacement from

another "qualified sub oiler." That really boosted the guys up for sure because we were the "only sub oiler".

Now lets get on with the best story for this well run perfectly designed sub oiler. After some additional yard work to upgrade the valves on the cargo fuel system that included adding an under the ice feature. Yes my friends, we had plans to do North Pole training and to keep from freezing the lines, we needed this additional feature.

But first before we head north, lets do the super exercise of fueling a P5M patrol plane at sea. Now of course this plane does not use diesel fuel. So off we go to load up with 120,000 gallons of aviation gas. Now, submarines are used to operating with the smoking lamp out when battery gas hydrogen exceeds three percent during charging. However with aviation gas it's out all the time, another morale builder. Keep in mind now that this operation is to meet at a secret location. That means we approach submerged and send up a flare to let the aircraft know where to land.

Voila, here we go. Out of San Pedro harbor (we fueled up there) and the word is passed, "rig ship for dive". Well that's lining up several valves and other equipment and making sure all watertight hatches are secured etc, etc in preparation for our trim dive. The diving alarm sounds some time later and everyone mans their diving stations, the Chief pulls the vents open and the bridge is cleared. The depth gauge starts reading seventeen feet, eighteen feet, twenty feet, and twenty-five feet.

By this time everyone looks at the diving officer and he looks again at the depth gauge and says to the chief, "Open the vents". The chief says, "They're open and have been since the diving alarm sounded". Now the skipper is on the scope of course and keeps saying, "decks awash, decks awash". So now the trim manifold operator is instructed to pump water from sea to auxiliary tanks. After about five minutes of that and no change in depth it was decided that there is a serious problem with the trim and compensation calculations. Back to surface operation and all officers report to the wardroom. What I am about to tell you now, and if I am asked if it's true, I will take the Fifth Amendment. We had 120,000 gallons of aviation gas. The weight of this liquid is not the same as diesel fuel. Our ballast was based on diesel fuel cargo storage, not aviation gas. We now had what is termed in submarine compensation, "positive buoyancy". There was no way in hell this boat could submerge with this cargo on board. Another feather in our dolphins and this puts the end to the Bur Ships evaluation of having a submarine oilier. Now you readers must be saying, how in hell could the submarine force make so many screw up's on one boat? So lets have a little hindsight history here. At this time of course there was no Bur Ships Submarine Division. Also realize we were not dealing with rocket scientists and for sure any one with knowledge of submarine design. All that talent was at Electric Boat in CT. It was not until some years later that a fellow by the name of Hyman Rickover established

what was to be known as code 1500 that dealt strictly with submarine construction and designs.

Here we also should give the black gang a pat on the back. Why you say? Well don't forget that our power plant was originally designed to push about 2100 tons. Then we added another five or six hundred more in converting to a tanker. All our efforts paid off in doing the major overhauling because we had no mechanical main propulsion problems during all the exercises. In fact we received the operational readiness award from the flotilla because we never had an out of commission status during our term of assignment.

Now for some history review. There was at this time a concern about Russia and our northern borders defenses. Now some of you readers may recall a military term called the DEW line. That was a radar tracking system established up in no mans land and included in that were a lot of aircraft and support systems. This was what the submarine oilier was going to support after completing its evaluation.

Next calamity: Converted to a bottom mapping boat at Underwater Sound Labs in Washington, D.C. Assignments and Operational areas. Any place away from all other submarines and any other navel ship at sea. Voila, east coast here we come. Because our classification was changed, it now meant that anyone who wanted to get off could put in for a transfer. But now we were heading east and some of the guys wanted to go and of course the die-hard west guys did not. Anyway it worked out to everyone's choice, and we now had some crew changes as well as officers, but still the XO was with us.

Passing thru the canal was interesting, mostly from the big cooks point of view. At the Balboa side (West end) we tied up and he went on liberty with several others. Our overnight stay of course took us over the full tide change at the pier. That side of the world's water level at low tide is about fourteen feet lower. So our little boat disappeared below the dock at low tide. Well the cook comes back and of course he can't see too well by this time. He looks to the end of the pier and doesn't see the boat. Voila, he heads back ashore for the completion of his party. Now next morning at muster the XO is ranting and raving, asking anyone if they have seen the cook? Little note here, this cook had a good friend on the boat, the Captain. He loved his style of cooking.

Underway for the locks and transit through the canal. In the middle of this transit is a large fresh water lake. Speed limits are restrictive here so we are making slow ahead. Off in the distance the aft lookout reports a small boat approaching with a sailor waving his arms. The skipper orders all stop, and who pulls up but the cook who hired this banana boat to catch up with the submarine. The skipper of the banana boat was all eyes and teeth smiling from ear to ear. He said "I find captain and bring him back to his submarine". Cookie jumps aboard and away we went. He was restricted to the ship

for ten days, which we spent at sea heading for the Key West Sub base.

Our deployment to the Underwater Sound Laboratory included a stop over at the Key West Submarine Base.

Now, Truman was President and he used the Commandants Quarters for his vacation house, which of course was called the Little White House. Upon arriving at the base we were called to quarters by the XO and given our normal walking, talking and jumping up and down warning instructions about liberty in this area and no folderol. He especially covered the local police routine here because non-english speaking Cubans ran it, and the Navy had a curfew in place, no one in uniform allowed on the streets after 2100 (9PM).

Voila, liberty starts for the liberty section, which included the XO. Now about 0300 (3AM) in the morning the topside watch sees a naked guy running toward the brow (gangplank) and calls the sleeping duty officer. Behind this naked runner was the Shore Patrol, also running. Who do you think it was, running naked (out of uniform) and drunk as a skunk? Your right, the XO. Now, by Navy regulations, once he sets foot on the boat he is out of the jurisdiction of the local Shore Patrol. By this time the Duty Officer was topside and he hollered for the XO to run faster. He made it on board and the topside watch and Duty Officer got him below decks. It seems there was a little dispute at one of the hotels regarding his liquor tab and room service charge that required him to leave a deposit, which was his clothing. Then the cab driver wanted his fare and that's when he decided to run.

Now not long after that, whom do you think walked by the head of all the piers at about 0530? You're right! The President and his bodyguard. He made a special attempt to raise his cane in salute form, and for sure the topside watches better return his salute. Our stay was interesting but not to long thankfully.

The town at that time was so bad that the Commandant of the base had threatened to move the flotilla out altogether. If a sailor ever wound up in the city jail, he was relieved of all his personal belongings. In addition, he may find some bruises he did not have before he went in. Don't forget that Key West is the southern most city of this country and only ninety miles from Cuba.

In conclusion, in my over twenty years of sub service, the pregnant whale made my day. Fortunately I was single and had no next of kin or family responsibilities. Best of all however, as a black gang member I did learn how to tie a bowline.





REUNION UPDATE 2011



PENSACOLA, FL



Hello Shipmates!

We're making plans to see you all at the 2011 USS Bang SS-385 Assn Reunion at Pensacola Beach, FL. Your hosts are Lamarr Seader QM1 (SS) 62-65 and wife Kathy. Reunion dates are Monday, October 10 through Thursday October 13. There are a lot of events scheduled at Pensacola Beach in October and the reunion headquarters hotel is the Spring Hill Suites located at 24 Via De Luna, Pensacola Beach, FL (**on the beachfront**).

IMPORTANT !!! You need to book your room as soon as possible. All blocked rooms not booked by Friday, September 2nd will be released into the general inventory. Friday, Sat & Sun following our reunion there is a large music festival scheduled on the beach so all hotel rooms available after Friday, Sept 2nd will probably go fast.

We have 50 suites blocked off for us at the following guaranteed rates. Eighteen of the suites are at the rate of \$99.00 + tax per night. These face the inland side and do not have balconies. The other 32 suites are at the rate of \$129.00 + tax and they have either Santa Rosa Sound or Gulf of Mexico views and are with balconies.

As of Monday, 6 June only twelve room reservations have been made for the USS BANG Reunion!

To encourage early registration for the hotel, all of you who make your suite reservation with the hotel (1-800-406-7885 please mention USS Bang Reunion) AND mail me your reunion registration form and check postmarked no later than 1 August will receive one entry into a drawing for a free upgrade to a premium \$149.00 Gulf front suite for the length of your stay.

We are offering two tours. Tuesday's tour to Battleship Park in Mobile, AL includes park admission and lunch. You can tour the USS Drum (SS-228) and USS Alabama (BB-60).

Wednesday's tour to the National Naval Aviation Museum on Naval Air Station Pensacola, home to the Blue Angels Flight Demonstration Team will be enjoyed by all. Admission to the museum is free and you will buy your own lunch at the infamous "Cubi Point Bar" inside the museum. You can also see a choice of several IMAX films at a group discount rate of \$7.50 each. On the way back from the museum we will stop at Pensacola's Bay Front Veteran's Park for a photo-op at the WWII Lifesaving Memorial where USS Bang is memorialized along with other submarines that rescued aviators during WWII

Wednesday evening we will have a new feature. "The USS Bang Olympic Games" from 8:00 to 9:30 PM. Teams will compete for prizes and recognition as top Olympians. Be sure and eat a good dinner Wed evening to build up your stamina for the games.

Thursday evening's banquet will feature Steamship round of roast beef or roasted chicken and all the fixings'.

If you have special dietary needs write them on the back of the registration form.

Please feel free to contact Kathy and I if you have any questions about the reunion. Thank you.

**Lamarr & Kathy Seader
3855 Windsor Castle Blvd
Milton, FL 32583-5005
(850) 623-0502
e-mail: seaderl@bellsouth.net**

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

68th Anniversary Reunion

Pensacola Beach, FL

Monday - October 10th 2011

through

Thursday - October 14th 2011



Your Hosts

Lamarr & Kathy Seader

HEADQUARTERS



24 Via DeLuna Pensacola, FL 32561

Reservations: 800-406-7885

www.springhillsuitespensacolabeach.com



MONDAY **OCTOBER 10th - Check In - Hospitality Room opens at 12:00 noon.**



TUESDAY **OCTOBER 11th - ??? a.m. - Battleship Park Tour. Mobile, AL**



WEDNESDAY **OCTOBER 12th - ??? a.m. - Naval Aviation Museum Tour.**



THURSDAY **OCTOBER 13th - 8:30 a.m. - Business Meeting - Election of Officers.
5:30 p.m. - Cocktails – Cash Bar – & Banquet.**



FRIDAY **OCTOBER 14th - Check Out.**

----- **Clip Here and Mail To:** -----

Lamarr Seader —3855 Windsor Castle Blvd—Milton, FL 32583-5005 by **AUGUST 1ST**

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-MAIL:** _____

NUMBER TAKING BATTLESHIP PARK TOUR:..... @ \$45.00 per person. = _____

NUMBER TAKING AVIATION MUSEUM TOUR:..... @ \$25.00 per person. = _____

NUMBER ATTENDING BANQUET:..... @ \$40.00 per person. = _____

PLEASE SPECIFY ENTRÉE CHOICE(S)

INDICATE HOW MANY?: - Chicken ____ - Beef

HOSPITALITY ROOM STIPEND:@ \$10.00 per person. = _____

Make check payable to **Lamarr Seader**

TOTAL _____

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