



1943



1972



THE BANG GANG NEWSLETTER

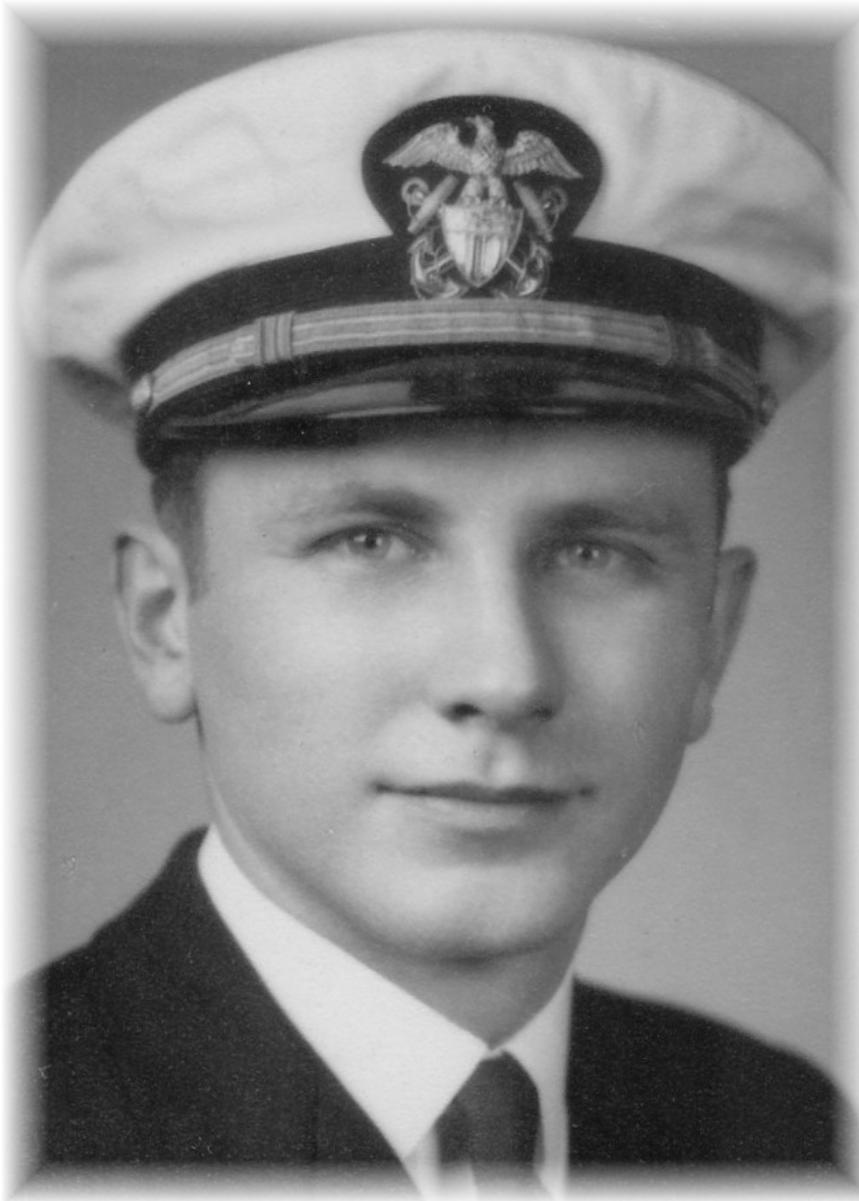
Published to perpetuate the memory of USS BANG (SS-385) and her Crew

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FALL/WINTER 2011

WWW.USSBANG.COM

ISSUE-62



William Ernest Spengler, 91, passed away peacefully on August 30, 2011 at Hospice of Northwest Ohio. Bill was born on July 27, 1920 in Toledo, Ohio to Ruth K. (Zentmyer) and Otto H. Spengler. He was a 1938 graduate of DeVilbiss High School and attended Denison University before graduating in 1942 from Purdue University with a Bachelor's degree in Chemical Engineering.

He served as an Officer on U.S.S. Bang, a submarine, and participated in four war patrols in the South China Sea during World War II for which he received the Submarine Combat Pin with two stars.

Bill and Ruth Virginia Sperry were married on September 13, 1947.

He was the founder of Tolco Corporation, an international business involved with dispensing devices for the sanitary supply and specialty chemical industries. The company is celebrating its 50th anniversary this year and continues to be family run.

A former resident of Ottawa Hills and Perrysburg, Bill was a board member of YMCA Storer Camps, a former Chairman of the Board of the Toledo Area Humane Society, a member of Sigma Chi Fraternity, the Scottish Rite, Maumee Valley Zenobia Shrine, and Royal Court of Jesters. Bill was a former member of Collingwood Presbyterian Church and a member of Epworth United Methodist Church. He belonged to the U.S. Submarine Veteran's Association, The Toledo

(continued on Page 4)

William E. Spengler 1920 - 2011



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.



Don A. Foster, TM (58-60)



Mindaugis Bacey, SA (51-52) ComCrew2

William E. Spengler, Officer (44-46) WP3,4,5,6

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
Hagenkotter	Carl H	11300 Beauvoir Ln	Lumberton	TX	77657-5202	(409) 227-4149	52-54
Hansen	Philip E	29893 Howe Rd	Wilder	ID	83676-5001	(208) 482-6460	43-45



THANK YOU!

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



Rich Bartoline
Al Cadenhead
Kurt Cadenhead

Ike Cohen
Charles Dougherty
Bob Gunny

Barbara Jutstrom
Charlie Kimball
Ed Kracker

Joe Leonardi
Barbara McNeil
Ray Moore

Bill Powell
Len Sciuto
Bill VonDerLieth



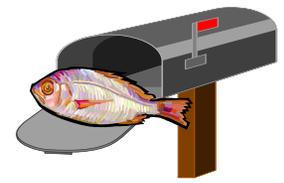
THE INTERNET CONNECTION CHANGES SINCE LAST PUBLICATION

Don Corzine don89@comcast.net
Richard Provenzano ... richardaprovenzano@gmail.com
Cornelius Tierney ... cetneil34@gmail.com



Thank GOD and our military
for the freedoms we enjoy...





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!

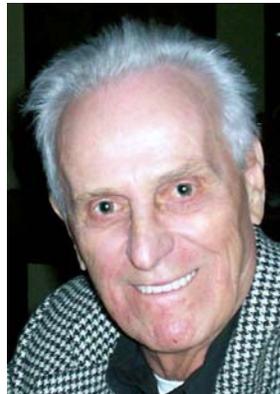
By now, we have all heard about BANG rescuing a downed Hellcat pilot, **Don Corzine**, during WP6 and Don got the chance to reunite with some of his shipmates at our San Diego Reunion in 1999. Now, as Paul Harvey says, "the rest of the story".

Let us now fast forward to 2011 when **Bill Fenton** receives an email from Don's nephew that he has filmed footage of Don's rescue and would like to donate a copy to our Web Site. Bill jumped at the offer and within weeks had the film up and running on our site. And, because of this posting tagged with Don's name, the son of another WWII Hellcat pilot was able to fulfill his father's wishes.

Glenn Haley tells us that he had been unsuccessful for some time in his search for Don until he finally got the "hit" when Don's video was posted. Glenn relates that his father, Ed "Stump" Haley and Don were flying together the day Don got shot down and after calling in Don's co-ordinates, he hung around to observe Don being rescued by BANG. That was the last he saw of Don in 66 years. Sometimes the Internet does what it is supposed to do...

As a footnote to this heartwarming story, our Reunion was held in Pensacola this year where a memorial site resides honoring all US Submarines that rescued downed flyers during WWII. We were able to visit this site during one of our field trips and later, at the Hospitality Room, heard a first hand account of the rescue from **AL Cadenhead** who observed it through a periscope because he was on watch in the Conning Tower at the time.

to another hotelier who decided to start over anew. Thanks to some quick thinking by a local Vets group, our framed trilogy drawing that was hanging on the lobby wall was salvaged and is now back in our possession.



Mindaugis S. Bacey was a member of the short-lived second commissioning crew who brought BANG back to life for a short period of time before decommissioning her again to apply a face-lift that would designate her a Guppy IIA for the next two decades. His son, Chris, sent us the following e-mail after his father's demise.

It is with sad news that I inform you that my Dad, Mindaugis Bacey, of Brooklyn, New York, passed away on Sept. 2, 2011, after complications from abdominal surgery. He was affectionately known as "Manny."

His DOB was 09-17-1931. He received a burial with full Naval honors at Long Island National Cemetery (Pinelawn). As the honor guard folded the flag draped over his coffin and presented it to me, taps was played and two US Navy sailors saluted his memory. I was never so proud.

He worked for more than 17 years as a school bus driver for the Brooklyn Board of Education, Varsity Transit and Lonero Transit.

He is survived by his son, Christopher Bacey of Edison, N.J.; daughter Susan Bacey of Dix Hills, N.Y.; and granddaughter Anne Rita Douglas of Manhattan. He also was the father of Lorraine Douglas (deceased).

He was loved by many and a great friend to all. He loved nothing more than to have his family around and enjoyed life and sports.

According to what I know, he served on the USS Bang and USS Sarda submarines during the Korean War based in New London, Conn and, from what he told me when we visited the Pearl Harbor Memorial during a trip to Hawaii a few years ago, he had worked in the engine room and slept most of the time in a bunk next to the torpedoes.

I just wanted to express my sincere thanks to you for reconnecting him to his Navy past with your newsletter.



While we are discussing memorial sites, our site at the Clarion Hotel in Charleston, SC has been lost to the wreckers ball. It seems that the Clarion sold out



Bill Spengler's daughter-in-law, **Christine**, sent us notification of Bill's death along with his obit and the nice photo on the front page of Bill as some of us knew him so many years ago. This photo here is more recent and how he looked to those of us who attended our Reunion in Groton, CT in 2001.

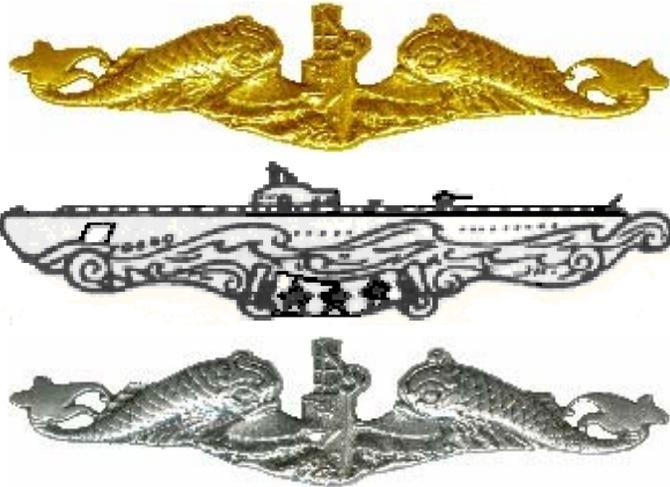
William E. Spengler—(continued from Front Page)

Club, Toledo Rotary, where he could count 35 years of perfect attendance, and both The Walloon Lake Association and Bay View Association in Petoskey, Michigan where the family has a summer home.

In addition to his parents, William is predeceased by his wife, Ruth, and his sister, Marjorie Lumm. He is survived by his children, William J. (Chris) Spengler, Susan (George) Notarianni, Peggy (John) Lewis, and Amy (William) Wolff and grandchildren, Molly Notarianni, John Notarianni, William (Amy) Lewis, Betsy Lewis, Caroline Lewis, Patrick Wolff, Michael Wolff, and Jack Wolff. He is also survived by his brother, Dr. John R. Spengler.



Don Foster's wife, **Nancy** sent us a brief email requesting us to "inform anyone who needs to know" that Don passed away on Sept 29, 2011. He was 72 and death was the result of a massive stroke. He was buried in the Alabama National Cemetery on Oct 3, 2011 with full military honors.



*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



I have received word that the following shipmates and wives are currently in need of our well wishes and prayers:

Marge Heater and **Betty Gunny** - both are diagnosed with dementia and their awareness continues to digress over time.

Charlie last reported that Marge is now in an Assisted Living Facility and Bob reports that "Betty and I fully expect to attend the reunion in San Diego barring any serious deterioration's in our health."

John Monroe (69-72) - last reported in need of a liver transplant. John, if you are able to, please drop us a line or two and update us on your health.

Larry Harjehausen (57-60) - reports that he has postponed treatment to his left knee and lower back pain until after the Holidays so he can spend more time with his grandchildren rather than in rehab.

Dick Major (61-65) - See email from wife, Laurel elsewhere in this Newsletter.

John Kraft (68-70) - It was reported at the Reunion that John experienced a severe stroke and may have some damage. I do not know whether it is permanent or not. Anyone who is in contact with John or Darlene please send me an update for the next Newsletter.

"JT" Murray (56-59) - John is going through his 2nd? bout with Mesothelioma and currently taking chemo treatment again to rid himself of this cancer.

Stu Savage (56-59) - Stu has reported that his left knee replacement was a success and he is making plans for San Diego.

Diane Oconnor - It was reported that Diane also had knee replacement surgery but no updates have been received as yet.

Dick Flanagan (56-58) - I haven't received any update from Dick since he last reported that he was diagnosed with Giillian-Barre syndrome, a nervous system disorder that is caused by the immune system acting improperly and slowly destroying the nervous system. Though there is no known cure, approximately 80% of patients have a complete recovery within a few months to a year.



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

Laurel Major, wife of **Dick Major**, an IC Electrician (61-65), sent us this in September. "Unfortunately, we will not be able to come to the Sub Reunion as we had planned.

While we were up North for the summer, a week or so after we got there, I noticed Dick was not his usual self. Seemed to have issues with reasoning, blank stares, unable to walk properly and other symptoms that seemed so minor. Most wouldn't give it a second glance.

However, I thought he might have had a TIA (minor stroke). So I said I wanted to head back to Florida where all of our current doctors are in Fort Myers. Any doctors we had up North are either dead or retired. Made an appointment for the day after we arrived back in FL and our family doctor sent us immediately for an MRI.

After the MRI (around 6pm), we were asked to come by our family doctor's office. I suspected the news may not have been good...it wasn't. Dick has 3 tumors (all malignant). The next day he went for a CAT scan of the whole body (pelvis, abdomen and chest) and no masses have shown up. So, he was admitted to the hospital; shaved head and all (smile). He has such beautiful hair, now he looks like me. At any rate, we have found a great neurosurgeon, neurologist, radiologist, oncologist and we have an appointment to see each one of them next week, including physical therapy.

I can't believe all this is happening in less than a month. The surgeon indicated this may have been in his system for weeks (not months, etc.) I didn't notice anything until we were up North. We still don't know what type of cancer he has, but will be heading back to the doc and he will have the results. The last tumor will be taken care of by radiology.

He never complains and still doesn't except when he wants to get moving around. He will be getting into physical therapy after his home care.

I didn't know this many doctors existed and all seemed to be very sincere and focusing their talents on Dick. We are so thankful. His voice is back to normal and he is walking much better.

I wanted you all to know why we aren't coming to the reunion. He loves to sit around and "sub" talk with all the guys...even if he doesn't keep in contact.

Take care and if you get a chance, give him a call. House number is **(239) 267-2200**. Or cell phone **(302) 540-5718**.

Thanks to all of you in advance for your prayers and good wishes."*Laurel, Thank you for informing us about Dick. We hope that his body is rid of the cancer by now and that he is well on his way toward complete recovery. Please keep us informed.*

Neil Tierney, a QuarterMaster (54-56), "I have

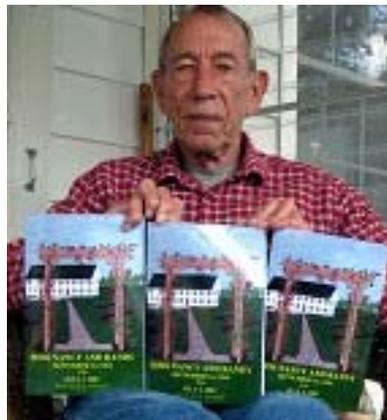
changed my e-mail address a month or so ago. So, I am sending you my new one.

Also, with a new computer and changed software, I think I am now better able to handle the e-mail version of the Bang Gang Newsletter. In the past you mentioned that e-mailing our letter is considerably cheaper than hard copy."....*Thanks Neil for switching over to the email version of the Newsletter. I'm sure you will enjoy it as much as the printed version.*

Carl Hagenkotter, a YoemaN (52-54 ComCrew3), "My loving wife Bonnie finally succumb to Pancreatic Cancer after an eight year battle. Fortunately, I have two wonderful daughters who have helped me get thru these very trying times.

I am now located in Lumberton, TX with my daughter Debra, son-in-law Tim and grandson Kyle Zygula. Please change my mailing address.

Guess you can understand my absence at the reunions. I will try to make the next one that's close by. All my regards to my shipmates." ... *Carl, we offer our deepest condolences on the passing of Bonnie and hope you enjoy your stay with your daughter and her family. We would be very happy to see you at a Reunion.*



Dallas Dixon, a MachinistMate (62-65), sends us an announcement of the publishing of his second book—a sequel to the first one. The name of it is "Miss Nancy and Randy: September 14, 1964 to July 1, 2007" and it is now available to order by

calling Rose Dog Books at 1-800-834-1803. Or you can view and order on-line at **www.rosedogbookstore.com**.

Good Luck with the book, Dallas.....

Loring Clark, an Officer (45, WP6), "Thank you so much for sending me **Bill Spengler's** obituary. It makes me regret spending all the time I did building up my own business when I could have been keeping up with my Bang buddies.

Barring unforeseen health problems I will plan on making the 2012 Oct reunion and I can probably scrape together some pictures of the WP6 patrol, crew, officers, and parties.

And, thank you again for your commitment to the Bang Gang." ... *Loring, it would be an honor and a pleasure to have you and Mary in attendance at our reunion in San Diego. Hope you can make it.*



Philip Hansen, a Motor MachinistMate (43-45, WP1,2,3), “Just a few lines to let you know we moved to Idaho a few months ago. My son and his wife have built a new home on 2 acres of land and it’s beautiful. The climate is nice and right now we have fall weather. I feel fine and I walk for about a hour every day. I am looking forward to

getting the Newsletter again. Hope all is well with you and the rest of the “Gang.” ... *Phil, thanks so much for making contact with us again. I apologize for not requesting your new address when you told me you were moving last year. By now you should have received the back issues of the Newsletter and this one will bring you up to date. Please thank Pam for me for the photos and I hope you’ll be able to attend our reunion in San Diego next October.*

Barbara Jutstrom, widow of **Bob Jutstrom**, a Motor MachinistMate (43-46, WP1,2,3,4,6), “After a year and a half I have started to clear out Bob’s bureau and desk. The enclosed papers are the results of my efforts. I thought that they might be of interest you and the Gang and newsworthy for the Newsletter.

I also included a check for the Slush Fund in Bob’s memory.”*Barbara, thanks for your donation and the items of memorabilia that Bob kept. I plan to publish some of the photos in future Newsletters for all to see.*

Stu Savage, CO (56-59), “I had signed up, bought airline tickets, made reservations, and planned to attend the reunion this year in Pensacola Beach.

I personally wanted to thank the many Bang Gang members who had responded to the notice of Sidney's passing on January 5, 2011 and for dedicating the Winter/Spring Bang Gang Newsletter to Sidney. She did consider herself a member of the Gang during my tour and during the years that we have been invited to the reunions. She missed the Charleston reunion when my lower back failed and I couldn't attend, but she looked forward to and attended all the others.

I was unable to attend this reunion because I had my left knee replaced on 15 September. I thought that I would recover in time to attend and that I could limp through everything, but the doctor said that I could not fly for fear of a blood clot.

So with sadness I was not with you all, but I wish you well and will make every effort to attend next year's reunion, wherever it is.”*Stu, your absence at this year's Reunion was evident by the numerous*

inquiries to your whereabouts. By now, we can only hope that you are now in training for next year's NY and Boston marathons or, at least, the 2nd Annual BANG Olympics which will be held in San Diego on October 22nd thru 25th. I wish you well, Captain.

Barbara McNeil , widow of **Bill McNeil**, an ENgineman (66-68), “I have enclosed a check for the Slush Fund in memory of Bill. He would speak of the “Gang” often. He and Billy Cromie had some wild stories to tell.”*Thank you, Barbara, for your donation. We hope everything is well with you.*

Oni Sioson files papers to run for East Haven mayor as write-in

Former Board of Education member **Oni Sioson** filed papers for a write-in candidacy to challenge both Democratic and Republican hopefuls for the job of Mayor of East Haven, CT.

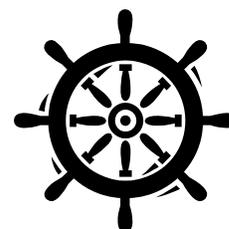


Sioson, a U.S. Navy Vietnam veteran and onetime BANG submariner serving as a Commissary Specialist (70-71), served on the school board from 1993 to 1995 as well as on the East Haven Housing Authority, the Civil Service Commission — which he chaired — and on the Democratic Town Committee.

Sioson said he is running “because in this year’s election more than at any time, the taxpayers of this town ‘must’ have a real choice — a choice between more-of-the-same politics represented by the candidates of both parties or a new direction guided by rational ideas. I believe the level of dissatisfaction among the residents is much greater this time, unlike in the past and I might just ride the wave of that disenchantment. At least that’s what I’m hoping for.”

Sioson previously ran unsuccessfully for the Democratic nominee for mayor three times in 1997, 1999 and 2001.

Good Luck! Oni on November 8th...



Submarine History 101

An A ganger's Account

Barry Danforth MMC(SS), USN, (RET)

The question of how we A gangers came into being is as old as J.P. Holland's first submarine. It has been rumored that David Bushnell's Turtle was manned by a revolutionary war outhouse builder who was used to making chicken salad out of chicken shit.

The continental Navy brass had this new fangled thing-a-ma-jig that was supposed to deliberately sink itself, travel under the water, attach a bomb to the enemy vessels hull and then bag ass out of the area and return to the surface. No one really knew how to make it work. Enter the outhouse builder who's name was Aux Lary Man.

Aux Lary Man made the dam thing work, but the weapons designers at BuOrd didn't take into account that the Limey's covered their ship's hulls below the water line with copper. Thus he experienced the first broach ever recorded by a submarine diving officer. Although he didn't blow up the Limey vessel, he scared the living crap out of them causing them to haul ass out of New York harbor.

When he returned to shore he grabbed a 1770's version of a crescent wrench (the weapon of choice for most A gangers) and went looking for the weaponeer who designed the system.

Aux Lary Man headed down to one of his favorite taverns, Ernie's on the Thames, for a few pints and to see his true love, Bea Tru Toyou, a former Wave Smithy.

They eventually married and in between sea duty and a couple of tours of recruiting duty had an offspring, Eng N. Man.

The son grew up, joined the Navy, and was on the precom crews for the Alligator and the Hunley. Fortunately, he never made any patrols and went on to serve on the Holland.

The CO of the Holland had served with Eng N. Man's father when he was a young ensign and credited the elder Man for keeping his boats running. He wasn't great with names and always called the senior Man Auxillaryman. Rather than try and correct the CO, the younger Man assumed the name Auxillaryman and to this day all descendents of this legendary Naval Hero have proudly kept the name Auxillaryman.

To quote an old Naval saying "This is a No Shitter".



Secrets We Keep and Lines We Have Crossed

by Sid Harrison ETCM(SS) USN(Ret)

SECRETS.....

Where are you going?.... Out!

When will you be back?.... Later!

Those years of being vague and changing the subject, of disappearing in the middle of the night only to show up months later, sometimes parked in an isolated area with tarps draped over the sail and superstructure. To this day in the fourth decade after these events, I am still reluctant to talk. A career associated with an organization that has the handle "The Silent Service" is no small thing.

In the "haze gray and underway Navy" departures and arrivals are done with great fanfare and make the six o'clock news. We who have driven the black boats into secret places have never known that level of scrutiny - nor did we want it. A few last minute hugs and tears, the holding of confused kids. Then single up, cast off, slide away from a pier or tender and rig ship for dive. That was our fanfare.

Still today when I think I'm telling too much - something that may be very old news to the world but is still fresh in my mind - I almost expect a black Ford with US Government plates to pull in the driveway the next day. Keeping secrets is a hard habit to break.

Ten years after the following event, I filled out a form giving dates and boat. Six months later the XO unceremoniously handed me the Navy Expeditionary Medal. Worth a point or two on a promotion profile - I think.

LINES WE HAVE CROSSED.....

There are lines we cross in our lives. Some are clearly defined and we know when they are crossed. Some lines mark off national claims to territorial waters and they define hemispheres. Other lines we are aware of only in retrospect: such as moving from naiveté to healthy skepticism; from adolescence to manhood; from innocence to worldliness.

Many rituals of society provide very clear lines - and for good purpose. For example, when we marry, the line is clear: to one side of a few words in time and space we are single - the next instant we are married. Military people know one important line well: on one side civilian - the other side, military. Historically ships have held elaborate rituals to celebrate the crossing of certain circular measurement lines on the earth.

The following is about lines crossed by one submarine and her crew in 1963. Some were

measurable on a map - others marked by events such as that precise time in Dallas. That date - November 22, 1963 - neither created nor was it the cause of what was to follow. Rather, it served as a line, a marker placed between two eras. A portent of things to come.

I will leave it to the reader to ponder the lines we were to cross that year of 1963 as we left behind Race Rock and a golden New England fall. We the crew of the USS BLENNY SS-324. We looked not much beyond a good liberty call in England, pick up the intel spooks; make a routine operation and a smooth return home.

THE END OF THE NORTHERN RUN.....

Over the Barents Trough we ran, sliding past Iceland; past the Rockwall Rise then a straight line for New London. Like thieves slipping out of a dark building, we ran looking over our shoulder to see what followed in the shadows. We were going away from this place. Going home.

Our World war II vintage submarine had not fared well during that stormy December crossing of the North Atlantic. The strain had begun to take a toll on old equipment after week upon week of sucking vacuums with a head valve held shut by green water as we restarted those engines over and over. We had lost the snorkel diffuser plate weeks earlier in our Op area and our presence there became harder to conceal. Cold sweat from the hull ran into electrical connections as we chased ground after ground and two of the four diesel engines were out of commission. With one of the remaining two unable to run at full power the Engineer kept revising his fuel consumption graphs as our true speed-of-advance was further reduced by a relentlessly stormy sea pushing against us. Now those Op area conditions no longer mattered. We faced every sailor's greatest challenge, the angry winter sea. One that seemed to sense our inadequate propulsion and vulnerability.

After long days of our wallowing through the troughs the sea finally succeeded in driving the Officer of the Deck and lookouts into the barrel. Safely away from those mountains of green water and the threat of broken bones or worse.

Day after day we watched those graphs pessimistically repeating their predictions. Finally, facing the fact that low on fuel and with increasing certainty we could never hold out for the remainder of the Down East run to New London --- we reluctantly turned for Argentia, Newfoundland.

With major sections of her superstructure long torn away leaving the pressure hull exposed, our old boat had bucked sea and wind for thousands of miles. Now she lay quietly "starboard side to" alongside a

black wooden pier in Argentia.

Going topside, the first thing we noticed was the dark. Not just dark in the usual sense of no sun, but the very surroundings seemed set in varying shades of dark - even the snow looked gray. But for us, as we popped up to grab another five gallon can of milk, a case of vegetables or ice cream - all lowered down the after battery hatch with whoops of "look at that!" or "gahdamn! - fresh milk!" and other unoriginal but enthusiastic expletives - this was Miami Beach, Rio and Cannes all rolled into one. It may not have been recruiting poster liberty, but we took it.

We had not showered in weeks and tonight was no exception. Shower stalls as usual full of garbage were ignored as we made do with our normal two quart sink bath. Finally, having dried off with clean rags from the Forward Engine Room our bodies half clean, our stomachs tight and growling from too much fresh milk, tossed salad and ice cream, we pulled on our moldy smelling blues. Ready for the evening, in uniforms that had been wadded into lockers for three months, we climbed topside.

After the continuous roll and pitch of the boat and with our senses unable to adjust to stationary surroundings we tried to regain our shore legs and overcome movement no longer there as we walked down the dark pier to a waiting bus. We left that cold, windy dock for an area that if it was a town instead of a military base would be called "downtown".

There we found the Enlisted Club. It was the social center of activity for the married and their families and it was a warm place. It didn't move, and under it's low ceilings we felt safe and welcome. It was a good early Saturday night crowd with one omission - no single available girls. But judging from our appearance it was just as well as the twenty or so of us crowded around a cluster of tables and settled in for the evening.

Much later in the evening, and only vaguely aware of the dancing and laughter of those around us, in our smelly blues, wild hair and beards, we sat huddled around those tables. Time passed and the number of couples dwindled. The night wore on as we sat in our sweat and our diesel stink. We sat and drank together. We sang and lied and laughed and drank. We had been together inside that small submarine for three months and now we were aliens in a strange land. We were hairy sailors from an expendable diesel submarine who had carried out the peace-time mission no one ever spoke of off the boats - the northern-run.

We had been isolated from a nation that would never know, nor later with the distance of time, after

the cold war much care. Alone in our submarine and far from a familiar world we had been pounded by winter seas, haunted by the specter of Soviet depth charges and plagued with equipment problems. Removed from one President's assassination and another's swearing in we had relied only upon our skills, our luck and shared efforts. Now even here among the laughter and gaiety of strangers in this northern land, we still remained oddly separate from those around us.

Around midnight Sparky, one of our rider intel spooks who had been quietly sipping his beer, cleared his throat and began reciting Kipling. The place was empty now except for a few of the married hangers-on, two bartenders and us. The slot machines occasionally whirred, the glasses clinked and a few couples kept on dancing. Quietly we sat with our bleary eyes fixed on Sparky, as he in his best imitation British accent, flawlessly gave us line after line of "Gunga Din", "The Hanging of Danny Deever" and "The Sinking of the Mary Gloucester". Except for Big Dog and Warshot who were asleep in the corner, we listened intently as each drew into his own thoughts.

TURNING FOR HOME....

The following morning illuminated by a pale northern sun laying just above the horizon, as sea birds called and circled above us, we backed away from the pier. Our submarine now loaded with fuel, it's two remaining engines pounded and echoed between rocky shores; their exhaust clouds floating slowly across the icy water and around the line handlers shivering on the battered superstructure. Then, with our boat in the stream, topside rigged for dive and the last man down, we turned and made for the open sea.

Later with the maneuvering watch secured and all gear stowed, the skipper, red faced and shaky from his night ashore, went to his quarters. Meanwhile underway watches were adjusted to allow time for healing as hangovers were silently nursed in the crew's mess. We breathed the familiar stale diesel laden air and stared into our coffee and the long, cold winter seas rolled our black boat easily as we turned south. South for New London and into the waning hours of 1963.

We had left one time in America. A time now lost forever and had crossed into a strange new world. Unaware of what that future held nor how that turmoil and fire to come in our country would touch each of our lives in different ways. Ways we young submariners were yet to learn. The old would give way to the new as it always does and the twilight of the old warrior diesel boats would slowly fade, replaced by fast boats far more powerful and more deadly then we could imagine.

The old steel veterans of battles fought long ago in lonely oceans from what many now call "the good war" was typified by the BLENNY. Most of our proud boats from that time would end their lives under foreign flags, or cut for scrap. Our old warrior boat, with it's proud history, now lies off the Maryland shore lost to view except in the memories of those who first took her into harm's way and those of us who came after. Lost save for the memories of a few submariners from that middle time of the twentieth century.

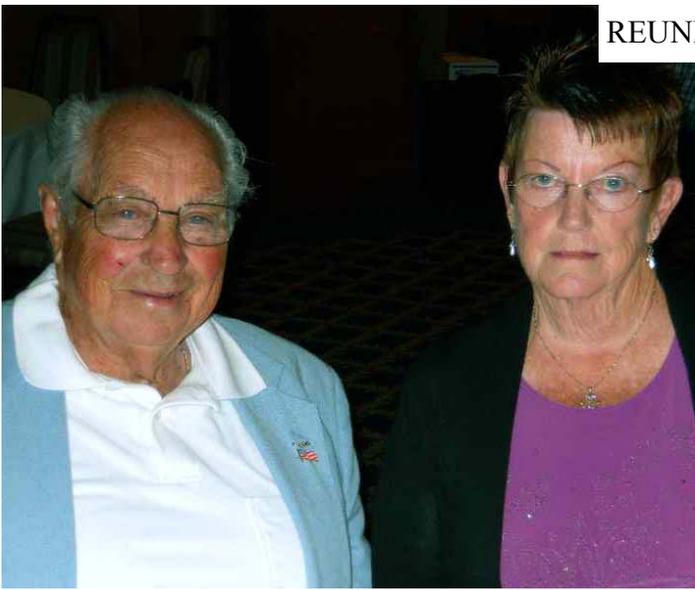
Except for a few museum displays, the old boats are now gone along with the young men who drove them. Now with aging memories - we who live the civilian life - we who remember the dreams of youth and all its promise - we who have crossed those lines - we linger now on porches in America. We stand under summer star-spread night skies and look beyond the vague horizon's line. Slowly finishing our warm beer and quietly shutting the screen door we go in.

While in dark secret seas younger brothers still drive the hard black boats.....



**FROM YOUR BOARD MEMBERS
BILL, GENE, HARRY, ED, PHIL, LEN**

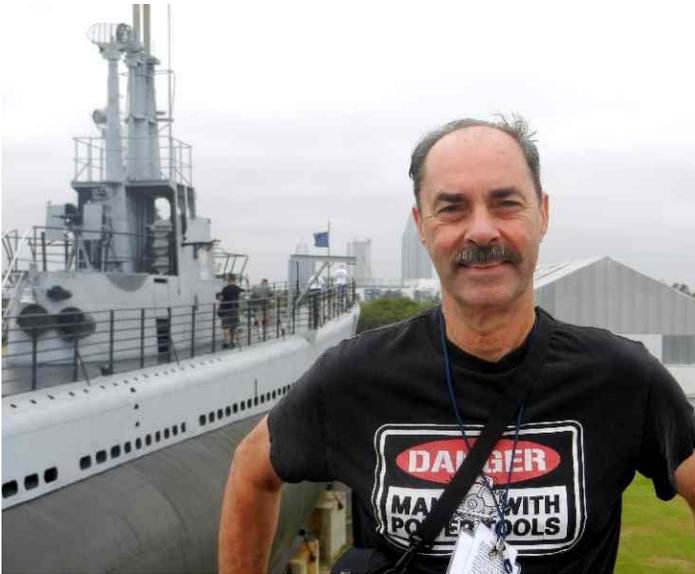




Bill VonDerLieth & Lola Brower



Lockwoods 50th Anniversary



Denis OBrien



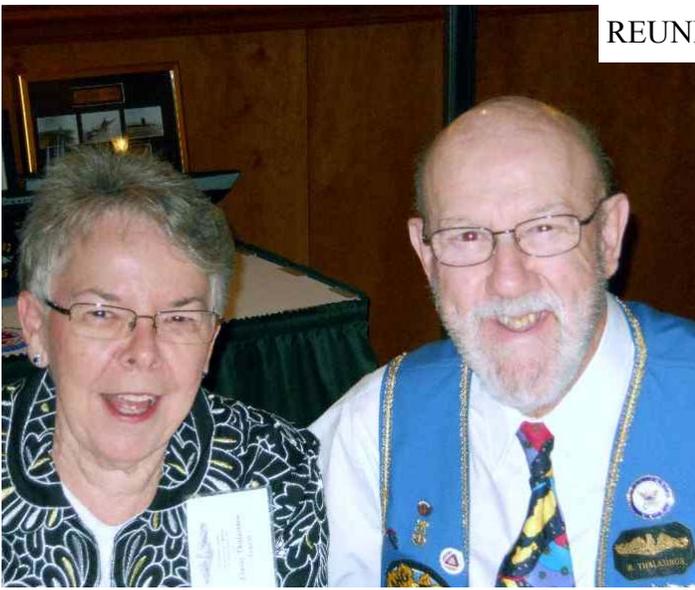
Bill Fenton & Joe Leonardi



Bill Powell



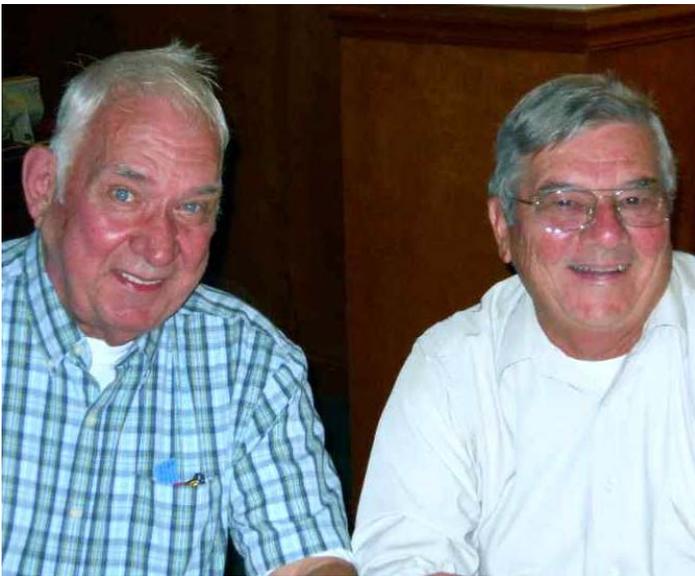
Charlie Kimball & Kurt Cadenhead



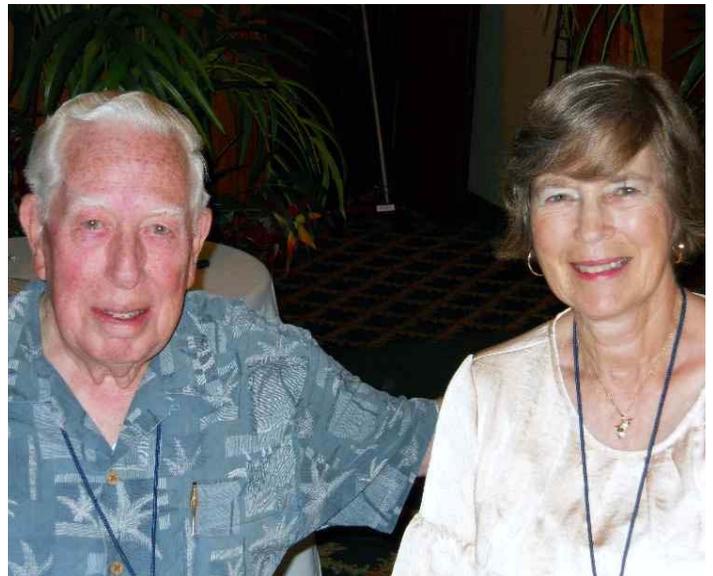
Elaine & Wayne Thalasinios



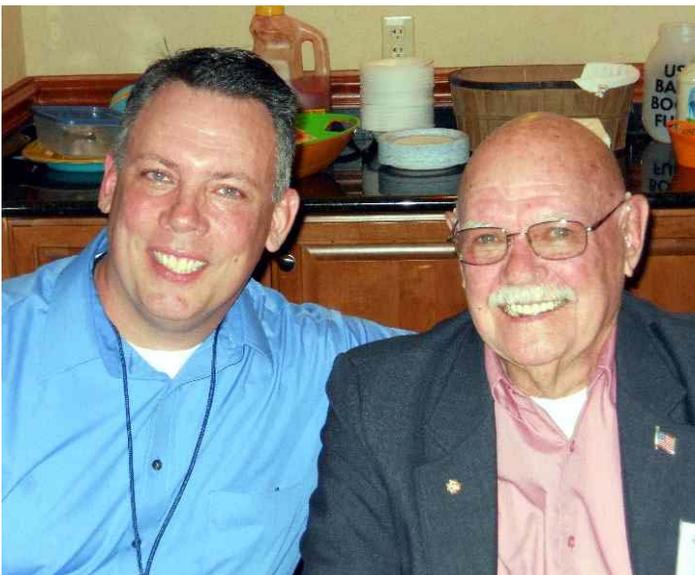
Ray & Nancy Moore



Dick Gahan & Ben LaPorte



George & Annette Bailey



Kurt & Al Cadenhead



June & Ed Kracker

REUNION 2011



Marion & Joe Leonardi



Ronnie & Gene Lockwood



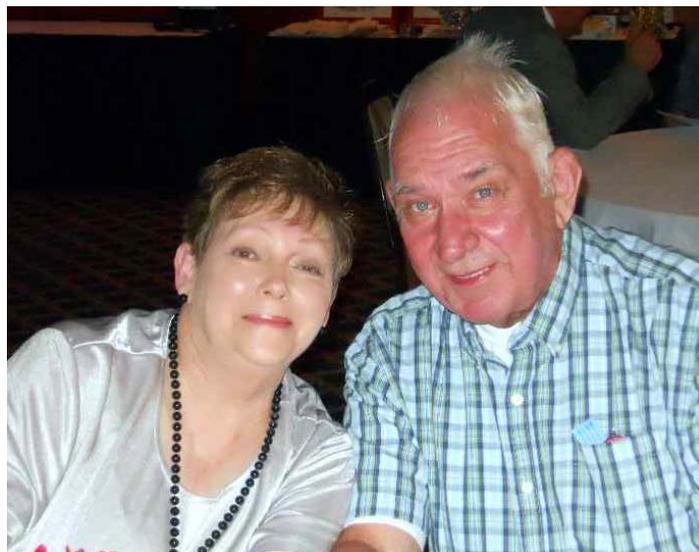
Bill Cromie & Jim Herward



Len Scuito & Dom Iammarino



Dave & Mary Harriss



Elizabeth & Dick Gahan

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
- New Mexico Vets Memorial - Albuquerque, NM** - Engraved Walkway Brick
- Nimitz WWII Museum-Fredericksburg, TX** - Brass Plaque on Memorial Courtyard Wall
- USSVI San Diego Base-CA** - Parade Float carrying model of BANG sail



Shift Colors—One Last Time

For those of you who were receiving Shift Colors in your postal mailbox prior to 2008, you can expect to receive a hard copy in your mailbox by the end of September / early November.

With budgets dwindling throughout the military, the Navy made the tough choice to put its retiree publication, *Shift Colors*, "online only" in 2008. However, many long-time readers did not know of the change so funding has been secured to publish this one final issue.

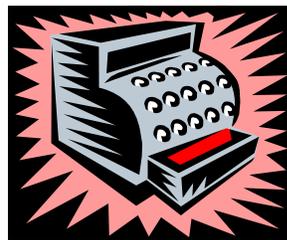
"Ever since *Shift Colors* initially went online only, we've been fighting to get it back in print. Failing that, we fought to at least get one last issue out to let people know that the newsletter is still out there and can be accessed on the Internet," said Todd Pike, head, Navy Retired Activities. "This printed issue is our chance to let our entire audience know of the change. It may be the last issue we print."

Shift Colors can be accessed online at

www.shiftcolors.navy.mil.

There you will find the same newsletter you used to get in the mail available for downloading and also the availability of signing up for email delivery.

For more information, visit the *Shift Colors* website, the Navy Retired Activities website at www.npc.navy.mil/support/retired_activities/, or call the Navy Customer Service Center at 1-866-827-5672.



**WE'RE STILL
IN BUSINESS
SALE!!**

Like the economy, our prices are rock bottom!!!!

All items will be sold 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 11x14 black & white as shown on back page.

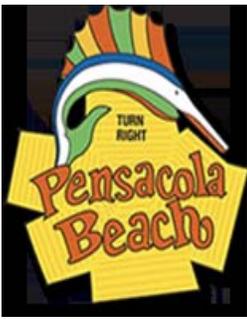
Please state your choice.....\$3.00

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**.....\$5.00

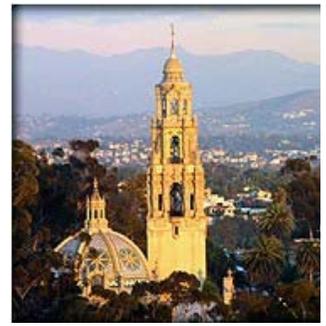


REUNION UPDATE

2011

2012

PENSACOLA, FL—SAN DIEGO, CA



The old adage “*Time flies when you are having fun!*” certainly holds true when describing our Reunion in Pensacola this year. We indeed had **fun** and the time flew by. It seemed like we just arrived when it was time to pack up and leave.

We have our hosts, **Lamarr and Kathy Seader** to thank for providing all the **fun**. They did a great job in selecting our Headquarters—the staff couldn’t do enough for you and went out of their way to make sure you had **fun**. Having breakfast ready for us every morning was **fun**.

Both of our planned trips were also **fun**. The military museums’ display was more than adequate. In fact, too much **fun** to see in just one trip and well deserving of a return trip in the future. A visit to two of BANG’s memorial sites added to the **fun**.

And, just when you think you had enough **fun** for one day—out comes the 1st BANG OLYMPICS. Light physical games to test your motor skills. **Fun** for participants and spectators alike.

And, guess what? The banquet was **fun**.

Fun! Fun! Fun! With all the **fun** we were having, we were lucky to have time to say Hello! and Goodbye! to all of the other attendees.

Thanks again Kathy and Lamarr for all the **FUN!**

Our Reunion next year will be in San Diego, CA from October 22nd through October 25th. Our hosts **Harry and JoAnn Ross** have already secured our Headquarters at the Holiday Inn Bayside which is located right on the bay in downtown San Diego. www.holidayinn.com/san-baysideca (619) 224-3621. The quoted room rate of \$108.00 single and \$111.00 double includes a continental breakfast.

Harry reports that he and JoAnn have acquired the help of shipmates **Frank Walker** and **Bob Swank** to assist in setting up the agenda. Harry is hoping to set up a tour of the Sub Base with the possibility of boarding a nuke Boat. This, of course, depends on in port availability and what our Nation’s security level is at the time. More info on this Reunion will be published in the next Newsletter and on our web site at www.ussbang.com

Pensacola Reunion Sailing List

George & Annette Bailey
Phil & Dot Beals
Robert & Bette Bridle
Ken & Ruth Bush
Charles Bunkley
Al & Kurt Cadenhead
Fritz & Marlene Carlson
Marvin & Jo Ann Christenson
Isaac Cohen
William Cromie
Rocco & Nancy De Leo
Ed & Jane Delong
Charles Dougherty
Mary Francis Reach
Eric & Sally Ericson
Len Fagotti & Marilyn Barratt
Bill & Joan Fenton
Richard & Elizabeth Gahan
Dave & Mary Harriss
James Herward
Domenic Iammarino
Charles Kimball
James & Yolanda Klein
Ed & June Kracker
Ben LaPorte
Joseph & Marion Leonardi
Gene & Ronnie Lockwood
Andrew & Jean McKaye
Raymond & Nancy Moore
Edward & Sandra Moran
Byron & Sue Murray
Denis & Maureen O’Brien
William & Kathy Powell
John Regish & Terri Delaney
Harry & JoAnn Ross
J. Lenny Sciuto
Edward Schovajsa
Paul Schramm
Lamarr & Kathy Seader
Lee & Alida Sivil
Wayne & Elaine Thalasinis
Bill Von Der Lieth & Lola Brower
Steve & Kathleen Webster

SEE YOU NEXT YEAR???

BANG GANG BUSINESS MEETING

Pensacola Beach, FL—13 October 2011

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

The diving alarm was sounded and President BILL FENTON called the meeting to order at 0833 hours and requested all present to stand and pledge their allegiance to our flag.

Bill then asked everyone present to introduce themselves by standing and giving their name and years aboard BANG.

MOMENT OF SILENCE

Tolling the Bell ceremony will be held at the Banquet to allow the ladies to participate.

ROLL CALL OF OFFICERS

PRESIDENT: Bill Fenton - **PRESENT**

VICE PRES: Gene Lockwood - **PRESENT**

SECRETARY: Harry Ross - **PRESENT**

TREASURER: Ed DeLong - **PRESENT**

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Harry Ross read the minutes of the previous meeting held at New London, CT on 28 September 2010.

A motion was made and seconded to accept the minutes as read; **MOTION CARRIED.**

TREASURER'S REPORT

Ed DeLong gave a detailed report on the organization's income and expenses as of 1 Oct 2011.

Ed reminded that ALL shipmates should not lose sight of the concept that our funds and all the donations we receive, have but only one (1) goal, which is to continue to perpetuate the BANG GANG.

Ed also reminded when making a donation by check, "please make it payable to the USS BANG".

A motion was made and seconded to approve the Treasurer's Report; **MOTION CARRIED.**

OLD BUSINESS

1. Lenny Sciuto will continue to conduct video interviews with elder and extraordinary Bang shipmates.
At this reunion, Lenny plans to interview Ed Kracker, Dave Harriss, Bill Cromie, and Bill VonDerLieth.
2. Next year, the Bang Reunion will be held in San Diego, CA at the Holiday Inn Bayside from Oct 22 through Oct 25.
The hotel rate is \$108.00 for a single and \$111.00 for a double which includes a continental breakfast.
Discussed a submarine base tour and visiting a Sub, based on availability. Itinerary will be finalized by the 2nd quarter of 2012. Jo Ann and Harry Ross will be hosting with assistance from Bob Swank and Frank Walker.

NEW BUSINESS

1. Bob Bridle and Lenny Sciuto agreed to host the 2013 reunion in the Boston area.
Lenny requested input from the Gang on ideas, attractions, and eateries we might like to visit.
2. The need for a new board position (CHAPLAIN) was presented to the membership for their approval.
MOTION CARRIED. Lenny Sciuto was nominated and elected to this two (2) year position.
3. Election of Board members was held for a new two (2) year term.
It was requested by the body that the present board be carried over for another term. **MOTION CARRIED.**
4. It was requested that everyone sign the get well cards to be mailed to our ailing shipmates and wives.
5. Reminder that a 50-50 raffle will be held at the Banquet this PM and tickets are presently on sale.
6. The membership thanked Lamarr and Kathy Seader for their work in putting together a most enjoyable and unforgettable Reunion in Pensacola Beach and the bar has been reset to a higher standard by their work.
7. Motion was made to post the Business Meeting Minutes on the Web site and include them in the Newsletter.
MOTION CARRIED.
8. It was reminded to all in attendance that we continue to seek out missing shipmates and need the support and HELP from all with leads. The Board will do the follow up.
9. It was noted that the original USS Bang Battle Flag was in the old San Diego Officer's Club.
I will attempt to locate it and see if Bang can get possession of it.

GOOD OF THE ORDER

1. Pictures from last year's reunion in New London were made available to us for the taking, by Charlie Dougherty, Bang Official Photographer.
2. At tonight's Banquet we will be drinking our own alcohol and will need help in restocking the bar.
3. Recognized first time Reunion attendees and put a call out to everyone to help us find new shipmates and a special appeal for Officers.
4. Bill Fenton announced that the 2011 USS BANG BUSINESS MEETING was adjourned at 0918 hours and will be reconvened in San Diego, CA in 2012.

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



FIRST – CLASS MAIL
FORWARDING SERVICE
REQUESTED



PRAISE OUR MILITARY! - AND PRAY FOR THEM TOO.

