



1943



1972



THE BANG GANG NEWSLETTER

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

SUMMER/FALL 2014

WWW.USSBANG.COM

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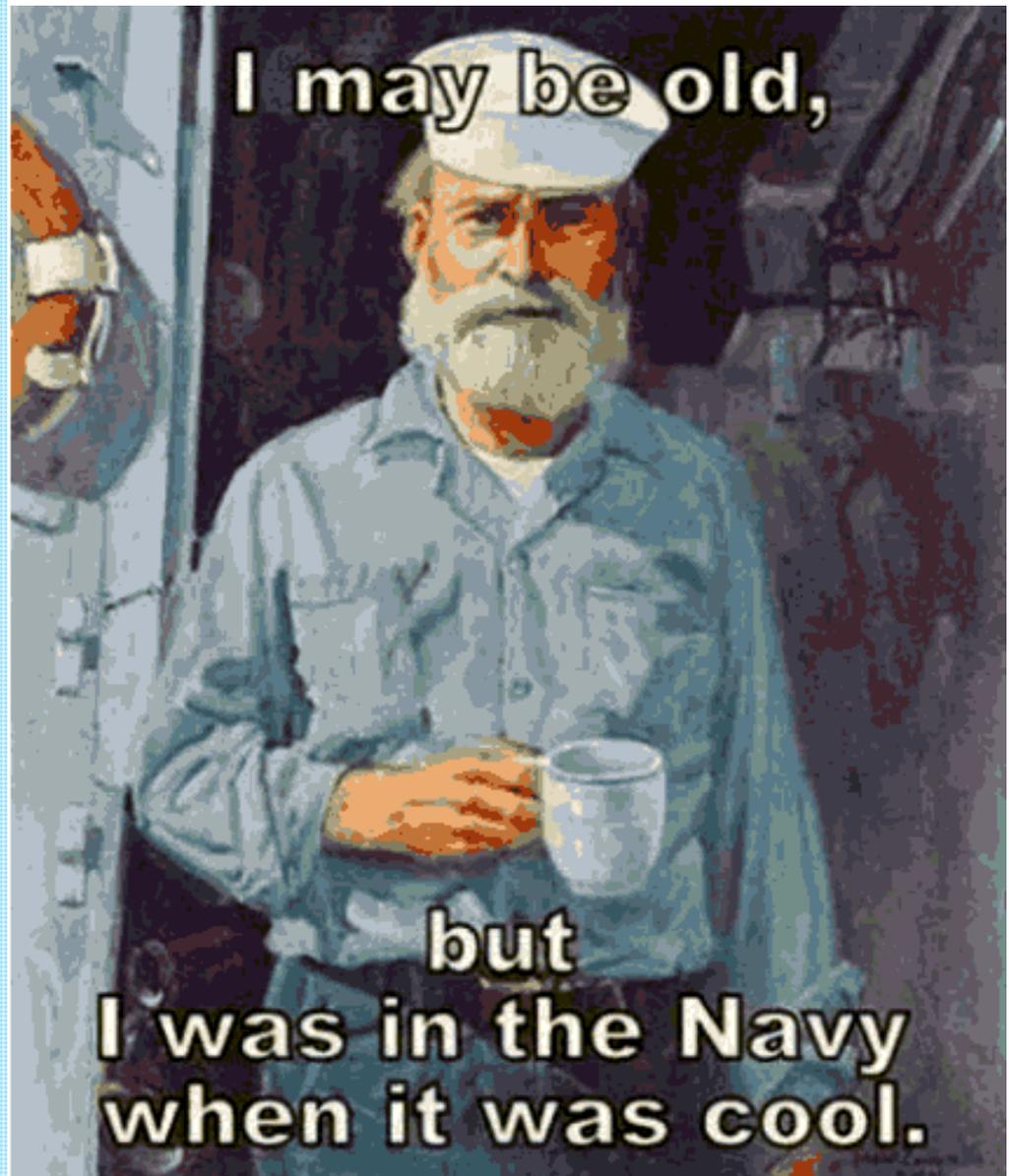
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SMOKEBOAT SAILOR



Please join us in Cleveland for
a trip down memory lane.



LOST AND FOUND



This page 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.

None To Report — AMEN!

SHIPMATES, REST YOUR OARS!

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
Hopkins	William C	706 E St	Taft	CA	93268-4424		64-67

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
Fedyna	George E	N2020 County Rd H Lot 570	Lake Geneva	WI	53147-4732	(847) 702-7753	66-69
O'Brien	Denis J	3034 Raintree Dr	Dover	DE	19901-7920		67-68



THANK YOU!

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



**Jim Brooks
Martin Wilson**



**THE INTERNET CONNECTION
CHANGES SINCE LAST PUBLICATION**



George Fedyna.....gfedyna@gmail.com





FPO



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

Editor's Notes and Ramble: Hi Shipmates!

WOW! After complaining about the quantity of shipmate obituaries in the last issue, I find myself with nary a one to report in this Newsletter. Add to that the contribution of a few sea stories from shipmates who answered my plea and we have the makings of a Newsletter of yore.

Thanks to all who have contributed a sea story thus far and I hope your involvement continues like that proverbial snowball rolling downhill. Remember, incidents and photos can be of when you were aboard BANG or later on in your life. If you haven't attended a Reunion lately, then a current photo would be nice. Facial recognition tends to jog the memory.

Those attending this year's Reunion in Cleveland will have a great chance to jog their memory by signing up for Tuesday's activity.

First, the tour aboard Cod should dust off many a fond memory you have about your time aboard BANG. For you "Old Timers" the firing of the 5" gun should give your memory a booster shot. The rest of us will have to rely on the firing up of the Fairbanks-Morse diesels and an occasional bump on the noggin as we travel below decks through the water-tight doors separating each compartment.

Next, at the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame listening to the music that was popular (for most of us) when we were aboard BANG will surely put an equalizer charge on your memory cells.

Finally, a fine Italian meal with lots of garlic will fine tune your memory to perfection. But, beware of the Chianti. Too much of that and you won't remember anything at all.

I would be remiss not to mention the passing of one of the best "Smoke Boat" yarn spinners of all time - **Robert "DEX" Armstrong.**

He was a larger than life character with a remarkable talent for writing thoughts and actions that all diesel boat sailors could relate to and say with a smile, "That was me when I was just young squid too!"

Though most of his tales related to his time spent at Norfolk's destroyer piers, Orion, Requin, and Bell's in the 50's and 60's, it could very well have been New London's State Pier, Fulton, BANG and The Dolphin.

His stories have been published in submarine newsletters throughout the Submarine Community that knew him best as "The Mark Twain of USSVI". The hundreds of sea tales he has left behind are humorous at most but tend to have a more serious tone whenever he gives praise and honor to WWII shipmates - his heroes who preceded him. These stories are still accessible on-line at **www.olgoat.com**

When once asked if he thought his tales were worth anything, Dex resoundingly replied, "If the going rate for bullshit ever gets to a dime a pound, all diesel boat sailors will become zillionaires!"



The following shipmates and wives are currently in need of our well wishes and prayers.

Marge Heater - Dementia - Nothing to report.

Ron Gecks - an ElectriciansMate (66-70) "I am finally on my way for treatments to cure my prostate cancer. After a Cat Scan of the area and some X-rays, I had my 1st of 42 Radiation treatments today and will be going every day, 5 days a week, until mid September. I have to tell you that the worst part is having a balloon put up my butt and then filled with water. But, I guess I will survive. Will keep you all posted on my progress.

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



George LeBlanc, a MachinistMate (66-68), "I reported, aboard BANG on a Friday, May, 21, 1966: in New London Connecticut. She was tied up at State Pier, outboard of the sub tender. I dropped off my orders, and went to the forward engine room, where I found **Woody Herward** and, as I recall, **Warner (Animal Andy) Anderson**, working on #1 engine. I believe they were rebuilding the main engine blower. Being a new guy, and unfamiliar with the task at hand, I was told there was nothing for me to do, so I was allowed to leave, and come back Monday. When I reported aboard on Monday, I soon discovered, that even as a MM 3RD Class, I would still have to mess-cook since all the other eligible junior personnel had already done their tour of that position - on some occasions more than one time. Well, I proceeded to work at that position for the next 12 weeks or so.

Once I had completed my tour as mess cook, I was assigned to the after engine room gang, as an oiler. As usual I began the ordeal of qualification. This was interrupted after a short period of time when we entered Philadelphia Navy shipyard to replace our battery, which lasted approximately three months. This occurred during the summer months, and Liberty was great. Some of the hangouts I frequented were: Your Father's Mustache, The Red Garter, The Thirteenth Street Pub, and Packers Bar which we frequented on occasion while doing our laundry across the street. On one of my future trips to Philly, for a Navy school at the Navy Yard, I tried to revisit Packers, only to discover that it no longer existed along with most of my other hangouts.

I soon became qualified as topside watch; and my first experience in that position was fundamentally a Baptism of fire, to say the least. I had just taken over the watch when I heard the fire alarm go off. All of a sudden all you could see was yard bird, "assholes and elbows", as they proceeded to get off of BANG through any and all openings in the pressure hull. There I was, all of a sudden the world had fallen in on me and I was not quite sure what to do. Well, to my rescue came SM1 **Roy Chamberlain**, probably the saltiest sailor you ever laid your eyes on. He suggested I call the Captain and inform him what was taking place. I am sure the people in the office knew, since every fire-truck on the base was making a beeline for the pier

we were secured to. It turned out to be a minor accident where someone had shorted a battery cable to the pressure hull or something like that. It was during this Yard time that I was sent to Movie Operator's School in Norfolk, VA on July 18, 66, for one week.

After the yards we returned to New London, CT and proceeded to do daily ops, and occasionally, perform some special operations. Some of the ports I have been to in my Navy career, are: Bermuda, 2x, St. Thomas, and Puerto Rico.

The following year we were sent to the yards again for complete overhaul, which interrupted my qualification program for another six months. It was just a very few weeks before this yard period that the surprise of my two years' experience occurred. We were submerged and I experienced nature's call. I proceeded to the after head in the After Battery and was performing nature's function when, I looked down at the compensating water line that passed thru the After Battery bulkhead into the Forward Engine Room. What I saw was five miniature geysers spurting up through the top of it. They were squirting up about 2 to 3 inches. All of a sudden, I recalled that we had recently been down to our maximum allowable diving depth. I then, realized that if that pipe had carried away at that time, I would not be here typing this tale. A line that size, would have let in more water than we would know what to do with. Well, I immediately went to my department head and told him about my discovery. You should have seen his expression when he saw the leaks. If his eyes were not connected I am sure they would have popped out of his head.

The reason we were able to discover this corroded pipe, was that the XO, had gotten on a cleaning kick. He wanted the CRES removed from the back of the heads, so that we could clean up behind them. This situation, also explained why we almost always had water in the water ways, behind the After Battery bunks, on the starboard side. When we got to the shipyard for our overhaul all lines on the boat were ultrasonically tested to determine if any other similar situations existed and the offending line was removed and replaced.

When we arrived at the yards, I was assigned to barracks duty. This entailed cleaning the

barracks and any other tasks thought of by the chief in charge. One of his tasks was to replace the mattresses, and obtain some more bunks. As it turns out there was a warehouse that was stacked to the ceiling with mattresses on main side. **Ron Milici** and myself, had the task of rummaging through them to select the best ones. During this process we got quite dirty and sweaty and before we were finished we needed to go to the main office to ask for something. This office was in officer's country. Well, we found the MAA's Office and proceeded to enter. When we opened the door we saw about ten or twelve spiffed up sailors, and a couple of chiefs. When they took a look at us in our attire a dead silence pervaded the room. This did not phase us, we just entered the room and proceeded to ask the person in charge the questions we needed answers to and thanked them for their assistance. As we were leaving, I took a good look at the disarray our attire. Both of us were oilers for the engine rooms, and our dungarees looked like they had been washed in diesel oil. Besides that Ron was not wearing a tee shirt, and some of his shirt buttons were being held in place with a piece of cardboard that had been slit with a knife, and had a button sticking through it. Ron also was carrying a 4 inch sheath knife on his belt. Our white-hats were less than white and never mind the lack of a spit shine on our Boon Dockers. Needless to say, to this day I don't know why we were not put on report

In order to get some new bunks, we obtained a Navy truck, took a trip to New Jersey, and visited the dirigible Naval Air Station at Lakehurst where the Hindenburg crashed. When we got there, we went to one of the hangars they used to store the airships. What a mammoth building that was. They had all kinds of material stored there. We obtained our bunks and returned back to Philly.

I eventually joined the rest of the engine room gang in the Foundry building where they were completely rebuilding one of the Fairbanks Morse diesels, that had been removed from BANG."... *George, thank you for sharing your recollections of time aboard BANG. Things would have definitely been different for the "Gang" today if that leak had gone undetected. The MAA Office probably didn't detain you for being out of uniform because they were happy to get rid of the stench. We did have an aroma about us - even in uniform.*

Lois Miner, Bill Cromie's sister, "Thank you so much for keeping me in the loop via the Bang Newsletter. Even though it makes me very lonesome for Billy, I do enjoy reading all the activities. I still miss him so much and this Memorial Day was especially sad. He was born on Memorial Day when it was still celebrated on May 30th and when he was little, he always thought the parade was for him. I still walk at the cemetery every morning where Billy is at rest with our parents and my husband (who will be gone four years in July). I didn't think about it at the time, but Billy is the fourth William Nicholson Cromie buried in that cemetery - our dad, grandfather and great-grandfather and now, Billy. I know he is where he wanted to be and also how happy that would make our parents. Our dad died when Billy was only three, but he always insisted that he remembered a lot of things about him and knowing how smart Billy was, I believe he did. Thank you again and hope you are all doing well." ...*Thank you Lois for writing. You will always be on our mailing list for as long as you wish.*

Bill Hopkins, a Commissaryman (64-67) "I was surprised when your Newsletters arrived. My buddy, Denis, really caught me! Good to hear from former Bang-a-roo sailors.

I saw a couple of guys I served with in the Newsletters, **Harry Lahti** and **Ralph Gates**...how cool! I shared them with my wife, Darlene, and my sister, Peggy. We were all a part of the BANG family back then (64-67).

Interesting your next Reunion is in Cleveland, OH and featuring a tour of the USS Cod. My dad served aboard the Cod and he was featured by a local Cleveland TV news crew when he visited a few years ago. He was Charles C. Hopkins, CPO, Engineman.

My uncle "Tex" Hyatt was also a sub cook in WWII and was one of 3 or 4 men who went ashore on the Philippines to rescue their gold from the Japanese. Lot of military in our family. Anyway, I really enjoy the Newsletters and once I save the money I will order a few mementos from the Ship's Store.

I have no computer so writing is my means of communications. Good to hear from you."...*Bill, welcome aboard! You must be very proud of your family's history. Please don't hesitate to write me with any questions you have. Also, maybe you can talk Denis into connecting you with our Web Site.*

Bob Gunny, a TorpedoMan (44-45, WP2,3,4,5,6), “Your mentioning something



about needing input for the newsletter other than obituaries caused me to reflect a little to see if I could come up with something Bang related that might make for interesting reading.

That being said and upon placing a heavy strain on my memory banks, I was able to recall several events that took place at a couple of wonderful rest camps we were fortunate to attend. I am speaking of the picturesque island of Midway and Camp Dealey on Guam, two places in the middle of nowhere.

Take Midway for instance, the major attraction there was watching the Gooney birds try to land on dry land after spending much time at sea. One had to chuckle a little after watching them tumble over and over upon landing and then get up and shake their feathers while looking around to see if anyone observed their poor landing. Other thought-provoking activities included attending the perennial beer parties, playing cards or just sitting back and staring at the sand speckled landscape while pondering on what to do next.

The most exciting event, leastways in my mind, that took place on the island occurred when **Pete Bates** decided to liven things up by collecting a bunch of birds and turning them loose in our barracks in the middle of one night. Pete's actions that night might have been the result of a little overindulgence in some of the gilly that seemed to be in abundance on the island.

Life at Camp Dealey situated on that hot and humid paradise island of Guam was pretty much the same as at Midway except maybe for the lack of Gooney birds. There was a great deal of card playing like at Midway which was something that I was never able to enjoy. **JP Jones, Tony DiBella** and I, tired of drinking beer and just goofing off, went souvenir hunting one day in the forested area adjacent to the

camp at JP's insistence. After we were well into the underbrush we suddenly remembered stories about the guys that got ambushed at a banana plantation by Jap stragglers that remained on the island. After staring at each other for a few nanoseconds we took off for the safety of the camp. Arriving there, we gave a collective sigh of relief as we now felt secure among the camp security guards who were stationed there to provide some sort of protection for camp attendees or to maintain order among the drunks, I don't remember which. Anyway, there was no need to worry about them being alert and ready to answer the call of duty as we soon found out. This was unmistakably demonstrated when **Russ Pankey** test fired a Jap pistol behind our barracks that resulted in a number of them dashing to the site. Some of these guys had been part of Spritz's support personnel at the sub base in New London and consequently suffered harassment by personnel who had less than fond memories of time spent in Spritz's navy.

Getting back to the subject of camp life, JP Jones and I found it to be so invigorating that we took off one day just to escape the daily boredom and hitch hiked to the harbor to visit the Boat in order to see how things were going with the refit. It was during this trip that we encountered Admiral Lockwood who was kind enough to give us a ride to the harbor and even went so far as to have his barge take us out to BANG which was tied to a buoy in the harbor.

I could continue to ramble on since my memory banks are not completely empty but it's too close to nap time for that to happen. So in closing, I do need to add that BANG did make it to Pearl Harbor several times and we were able to stay at the Royal Hawaiian where all were able to enjoy some quality time.

Additionally, a certain amount of euphoria always seemed to flow throughout the boat upon departing from station. This might or might not have been due to the reality that the rigors of patrol were about to end. One thing for sure though, I was always happy to be heading back to port no matter the locale."...*Thanks Bob for answering the call and relating the exciting R&R you guys had. About as exciting as the topside watch after seeing the Admiral's barge approaching only to find just you and JP aboard. But, as you said, when you think of the alternative, you were happy to be there. Say "Hi" to Betty for me.*

Martin Wilson, an Officer (70-71) "Just a note to purchase a ball cap and contribute to the Slush Fund.

Unfortunately, Karen and I will not be able to attend the Reunion, and we will miss it very much. Hopefully, the next one."... *Martin, thank you for the Small Stores order and your contribution. Sorry to hear that you and Karen will not be attending the Reunion. I hope everything is well with the both of you.*

Bill Powell, a RadioMan (69-70) "Hope you are doing well. I have several more "BANG" cover envelopes to bring with me to Cleveland.

I was at one time the Editor of a newsletter for an antique car club (AACCA). I similarly had difficulty getting anyone to contribute. Anyway, here is my contribution.

BANG PLAYS HIDE AND SEEK... AND WINS.

It was the Summer of '69 and I was on the helm, which I seemed to be quite often. I am not sure if I was good at it, or just terrible at the other assignments common to the Seaman Gang. BANG was on one of her many training exercises, common for that time. We met up with a couple of planes from a squadron from Newport, RI As I understood it, the exercise was more for the planes than it was for us - would they keep track of us and not "lose" sight of a long black submarine. For "BANG", we could do whatever we chose to do - dive, turn, ? We were on the surface and the plane or planes flew low over "BANG", signaling the start of the exercise. We dove immediately to around 150 feet (I think). Our next move was to do nothing. We leveled off, came to a stop (shut down just about everything) and for the next 20 to 30 minutes we were as still as we could be.

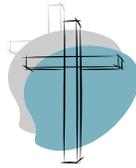
At the scheduled time we came up to periscope depth and looked for our "flying" friends. They were far off in the distance, circling around and apparently had no clue where we were.

We contacted them and shared our position (pretty close to where we started).

Score: BANG 1 FLYERS 0 - at least that is the way I remember it after 45 years.

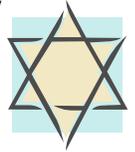
Maybe in a future Newsletter I can bring back memories of BANG damaging the fuel tank of another submarine with a dummy torpedo - or so I was told." ...*Bill, thank you for your contribution. BANG always was the most stealth Boat in Squadron 10. That included the Nukes.*

George Fedyna, a Commissaryman (66-69), "Hope all is well. Just wanted to update my address and say "Hi" to all my shipmates."...*Thanks George for updating your address and please continue to stay in touch.*



The Chaplain's Corner

Len Sciuto
QMC(SS), USNR
CDR, USCG, retired



Good Day,

Carl was a quiet man. He didn't talk much. He would always greet you with a big smile and a firm handshake. Even after living in our neighborhood for over 50 years, no one could really say they knew him very well.

Before his retirement, he took the bus to work each morning. The lone sight of him walking down the street often worried us. He had a slight limp from a bullet wound received in WWII. Watching him, we worried that although he had survived WWII, he may not make it through our changing uptown neighborhood with its ever-increasing random violence, gangs, and drug activity.

When he saw the flyer at our local church asking for volunteers for caring for the gardens behind the minister's residence, he responded in his characteristically unassuming manner. Without fanfare, he just signed up.

He was well into his 87th year when the very thing we had always feared finally happened. He was just finishing his watering for the day when three gang members approached him. Ignoring their attempt to intimidate him, he simply asked, "Would you like a drink from the hose?" The tallest and toughest-looking of the three said, "Yeah, sure," with a malevolent little smile. As Carl offered the hose to him, the other two grabbed Carl's arm, throwing him down. As the hose snaked crazily over the ground, dousing everything in its way, Carl's assailants stole his retirement watch and his wallet, and then fled. Carl tried to get himself up, but he had been thrown down on his bad leg, He lay there trying to gather himself as the minister came running to help him. Although the minister had witnessed the attack from his window, he couldn't get there fast enough to stop it. "Carl, are you okay? Are you hurt?" the

minister kept asking as he helped Carl to his feet. Carl just passed a hand over his brow and sighed, shaking his head. "Just some punk kids. I hope they'll wise-up someday."

A few weeks later, the three returned. Just as before their threat was unchallenged. Carl again offered them a drink from his hose. This time they didn't rob him. They wrenched the hose from his hand and drenched him head to foot in the icy water. When they had finished their humiliation of him, they sauntered off down the street, throwing catcalls and curses, falling over one another laughing at the hilarity of what they had just done. Carl just watched them. Then he turned toward the warmth giving sun, picked up his hose, and went on with his watering.

The summer was quickly fading into fall Carl was doing some tilling when he was startled by the sudden approach of someone behind him. He stumbled and fell into some evergreen branches. As he struggled to regain his footing, he turned to see the tall leader of his summer tormentors reaching down for him. He braced himself for the expected attack. "Don't worry old man, I'm not gonna hurt you this time." The young man spoke softly, still offering the tattooed and scarred hand to Carl. As he helped Carl get up, the man pulled a crumpled bag from his pocket and handed it to Carl. "What's this?" Carl asked. "It's your stuff," the man explained. "It's your stuff back. Even the money in your wallet." "I don't understand," Carl said. "Why would you help me now?"

The man shifted his feet, seeming embarrassed and ill at ease. "I learned something from you," he said. "I ran with that gang and hurt people like you." We picked you because you were old and we knew we could do it. But, every time we came and did something to you, instead of yelling and fighting back, you tried to give us a drink. You didn't hate us for hating you. You kept showing love and caring against our hate." He stopped for a moment. "I couldn't sleep after we stole your stuff, so here it is back." He paused for another awkward moment, not knowing what more there was to say. "That bag's my way of saying thanks for straightening me out, I guess." And with that, he walked off down the street. Carl looked down at the sack in his hands and gingerly opened it. He took out his retirement watch and put it back on his wrist. Opening his wallet, he checked for his wedding photo. He gazed for a moment at the young bride that still smiled back at him from all those years ago.

He died one cold day after Christmas that winter. Many people attended his funeral in spite of the weather. In particular the minister noticed a tall young man that he didn't know sitting quietly in a distant corner of the church. The minister spoke of

Carl's garden as a lesson in life. In a voice made thick with unshed tears, he said, "Do your best and make your garden as beautiful as you can, not only for yourself, but for others as well. We will never forget Carl and his garden."

The following spring another flyer went up. It read: "Person needed to care for Carl's garden." The flyer went unnoticed by the busy parishioners until one day when a knock was heard at the minister's office door. Opening the door, the minister saw a pair of scarred and tattooed hands holding the flyer. "I believe this is my job, if you'll have me," the young man said. The minister recognized him as the same young man who had returned the stolen watch and wallet to Carl. He knew that Carl's kindness had turned this man's life around. As the minister handed him the keys to the garden shed, he said, "Yes, go take care of Carl's garden and honor him." The man went to work and, over the next several years, he tended the flowers and vegetables just as Carl had done.

During that time, he went to college, got married, and became a prominent member of the community. But he never forgot his promise to Carl's memory and kept the garden as beautiful as he thought Carl would have kept it.

One day he approached the new minister and told him that he couldn't care for the garden any longer. He explained with a shy and happy smile, "My wife just had a baby boy last night, and she's bringing him home on Saturday." "Well, congratulations!" said the minister, as he was handed the garden shed keys. "That's wonderful! What's the baby's name?" "Carl," the man replied.

This story depicts all of the qualities that we look for and hope for in every human being: love, compassion, honor and respect as well as setting and projecting a good example for others to follow. "God, Country, Duty, Honor and Family" are the hallmarks of our "Bang Gang" garden. May there always be many others that follow our example and care for our garden.

Kindly remember that Good Friends are like Angels. You don't have to see them to know they are always there.

See you at the USS BANG (SS-385) reunion in September.

Take care and God Bless. *Len*



USS BANG (SS385) MEMORIAL SITES

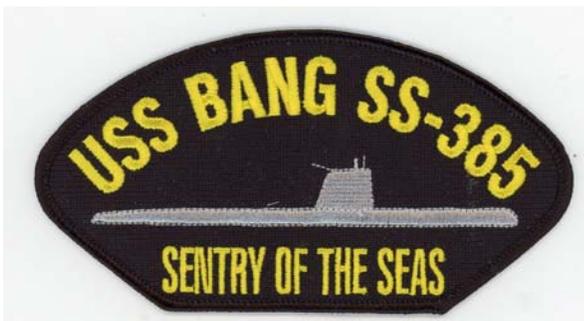
"Keeping The Memory Alive"

- Albacore Park - Portsmouth, NH - Red Maple 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
- Submarine Library & Museum - Groton, CT - Engraved Walkway Brick



NEW SMALL STORE ITEMS

We have now added two more items to our fine array of "Made In USA" merchandise for sale at our regular, every day, low prices. First, we have a new design Ball Cap with solid or mesh top for \$8.00 and a 6 inch BANG trilogy window decal for \$5.00. As usual, they will be sold at Reunions or mail orders.



ILLEGAL ALIEN DAY SALE!!



Don't laugh - its coming.....

All items are sold at our Reunions or shipped PBW. 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.

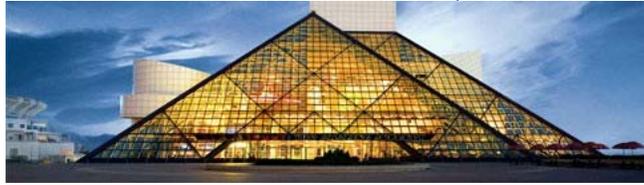
Please state your choice.....\$5.00

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 2014 CLEVELAND, OH



Hi Shipmates!

If you plan on attending the Reunion and have yet to make your room reservation, please do so NOW as rooms are filling fast and the hotel will no longer guarantee that rooms will be available past our deadline of August 16th.

Our Headquarters is **Holiday Inn Cleveland South** and our room rate for Single, Double, or King room is **\$88.00 plus taxes** and is valid 3 days before and 3 days after the Reunion dates. To make your reservation, call **(216) 524-8050**, extension **298** and mention BANG Reunion.

Also, please send your Registration Form to our host, **Domenic Iammarino**, ASAP so he can prepare for your arrival.

Please note the following Tour information:

The Tuesday and Wednesday tours have a **midday** departure time and no food stops are in the scheduling so you may want to eat brunch or an early lunch those days.

Cod's below-decks tour requires visitors to use the same vertical access hatches and ladders that were used by her crew in WWII. Those not wishing to make this tour may stay on the bus and be taken directly to the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame.

Seating capacity for Tuesday night's dinner at **Primo Vino's** is nearing a sell-out and late registrations may have to be directed to several other restaurants close by.

The Wednesday Tour of the First Ladies Library is completely **SOLD OUT** and tickets are no longer available for our date and times.

Please contact Domenic with any questions you may have pertaining to the Reunion agenda.

Domenic Iammarino
2641 Doug Ave
Hudson, OH 44236-3206
(330) 656-2000
iammarino@windstream.net

SAILING LIST AS OF 08/13/2014

- Ed & June Kracker 43-45
- Albert & Kurt Cadenhead 44-45
- John Murray 46 & 56-59
- Bill VonDerLieth & Lola Brower 52-57
- Charles Kimball 53-55
- Henry & Teresa Kozloski 54-57
- Marvin & JoAnn Christenson 56-58
- Phil & Dot Beals 56-59
- Wayne & Elaine Thalasinis 57-60
- Gary Dannenbaum 58-59
- Larry Buckmaster 58-61
- Dick & Beth Gahan 58-62
- Raymond & Nancy Moore 59-60
- Lamarr & Kathy Seader 62-65
- Len Fagotti & Marilyn Barratt 63-66
- Ed & Jane DeLong 63-66
- James & Yolanda Klein 64-66
- Jim & Laura Klein (Guests)
- Jennifer Wilson & Ernie Hallman (Guests)
- John & Diane O'Connor 64-67
- Frank & Claudia Steinmetz (Guests)
- Harry & Jo Ann Ross 64-67
- Ralph & Claire Gates 65-67
- Gabe Lewis 66-68
- Alan Forry 66-69
- Charles Dougherty 66-69
- James Schultz 67-68
- Eric & Sally Ericson 67-68
- Denis & Maureen O'Brien 67-68
- Robert & Bette Bridle 67-70
- John & Darlene Kraft 68-70
- Bill & Joan Fenton 68-71
- William & Kathy Powell 68-70
- Lenny Sciuto & Teri Saran 69-71
- Hal Wilkins 69-72
- Paul Schramm 70-71
- Ike Cohen 70
- Domenic & Virginia Iammarino 71-72

SEE Y'ALL IN CLEVELAND!!!



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

71st Anniversary Reunion

Cleveland, OH

Monday - September 15th 2014

through

Thursday - September 18th 2014

HEADQUARTERS

ROOM RATE \$88 + tax
(Must mention USS Bang Reunion)



Holiday Inn Cleveland South

6001 Rockside Road

Independence, OH 44131

(216) 524-8050 x298 www.hirockside.com



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Domenic & Virginia Iammarino

- MONDAY SEPTEMBER 15th - Check-In - Get "Welcome" envelope - Hospitality Rooms open at 11:30.
- TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 16th - 12:00 p.m. - Bus departs for USS Cod and Rock & Roll Hall of Fame Tours.
05:30 p.m. - Bus departs for dinner at Primo Vino's
- WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 17th - 12:30 p.m. - Bus departs for NFL Hall and 1st Ladies Library Tours.
- THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 18th - 09:00 a.m. - Business Meeting - Ladies Bingo.
06:00 p.m. - Cocktails & Banquet - Guest Speaker - Live Entertainment.

✂️ ----- Clip Here and Mail To: ----- ✂️

Domenic Iammarino - 2641 Doug Ave - Hudson, OH 44236-3206

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 USS COD/ROCK & ROLL HALL OF FAME TOUR: ____ @ \$35.00 per person. = ____

NUMBER DINING AT PRIMO VINO in LITTLE ITALY: ____ @ \$5.00 per person. (Bus Fare Only) = ____

NUMBER TAKING NFL HALL OF FAME TOUR: ____ @ \$45.00 per person. = ____

PLEASE NOTE: 1ST LADIES LIBRARY TOURS ARE FILLED.

NUMBER ATTENDING BANQUET BUFFET: @ \$50.00 per person. = ____

Please specify any DIETARY NEEDS: _____

HOSPITALITY ROOM STIPEND: @ \$10.00 per adult. = ____

Make check payable to **DOMENIC IAMMARINO**

TOTAL _____

PHIL BEALS, EDITOR
BANG GANG NEWSLETTER
PO BOX 385
NIVERVILLE, NY 12130-0385



GOD and Country!

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PRAISE OUR MILITARY! - AND PRAY FOR THEM TOO.

