

U.S. Navy Seabee Cruise book

CEC/Seabee Historical Foundation
Civil Engineer Corps and Seabee Museum
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This CD was made possible by the following Foundation volunteers:

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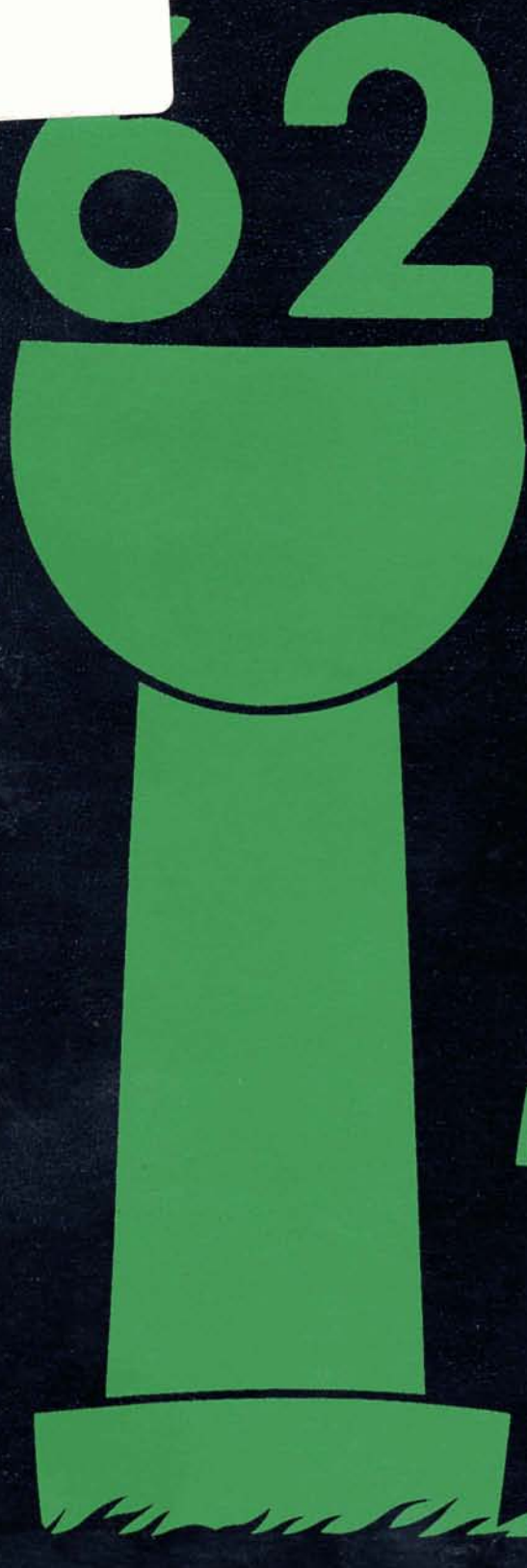
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- MCB-8 Association.
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In memory of Ronald Harrison MCB-4, Equipment Operator Third Class, KIA Vietnam.
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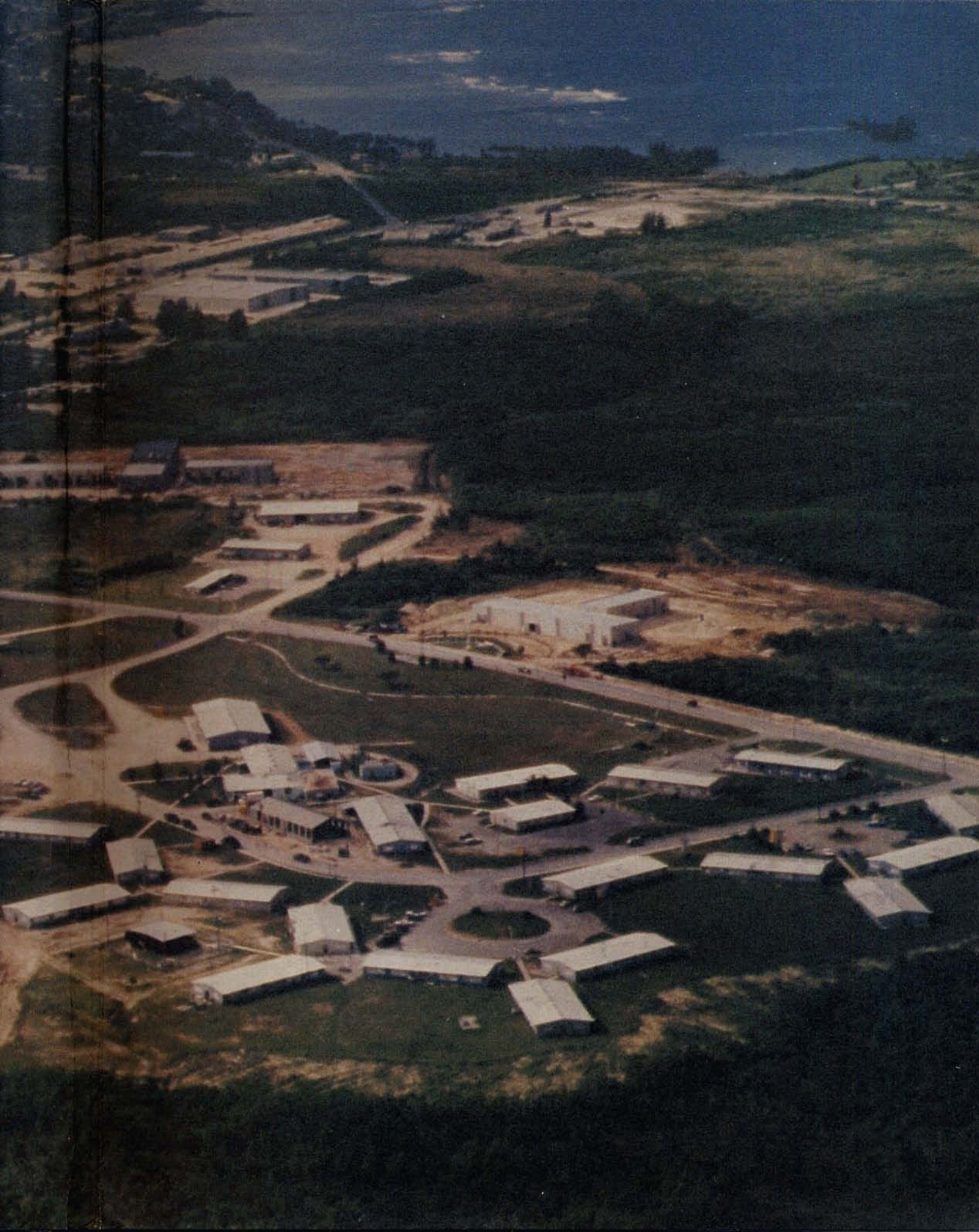


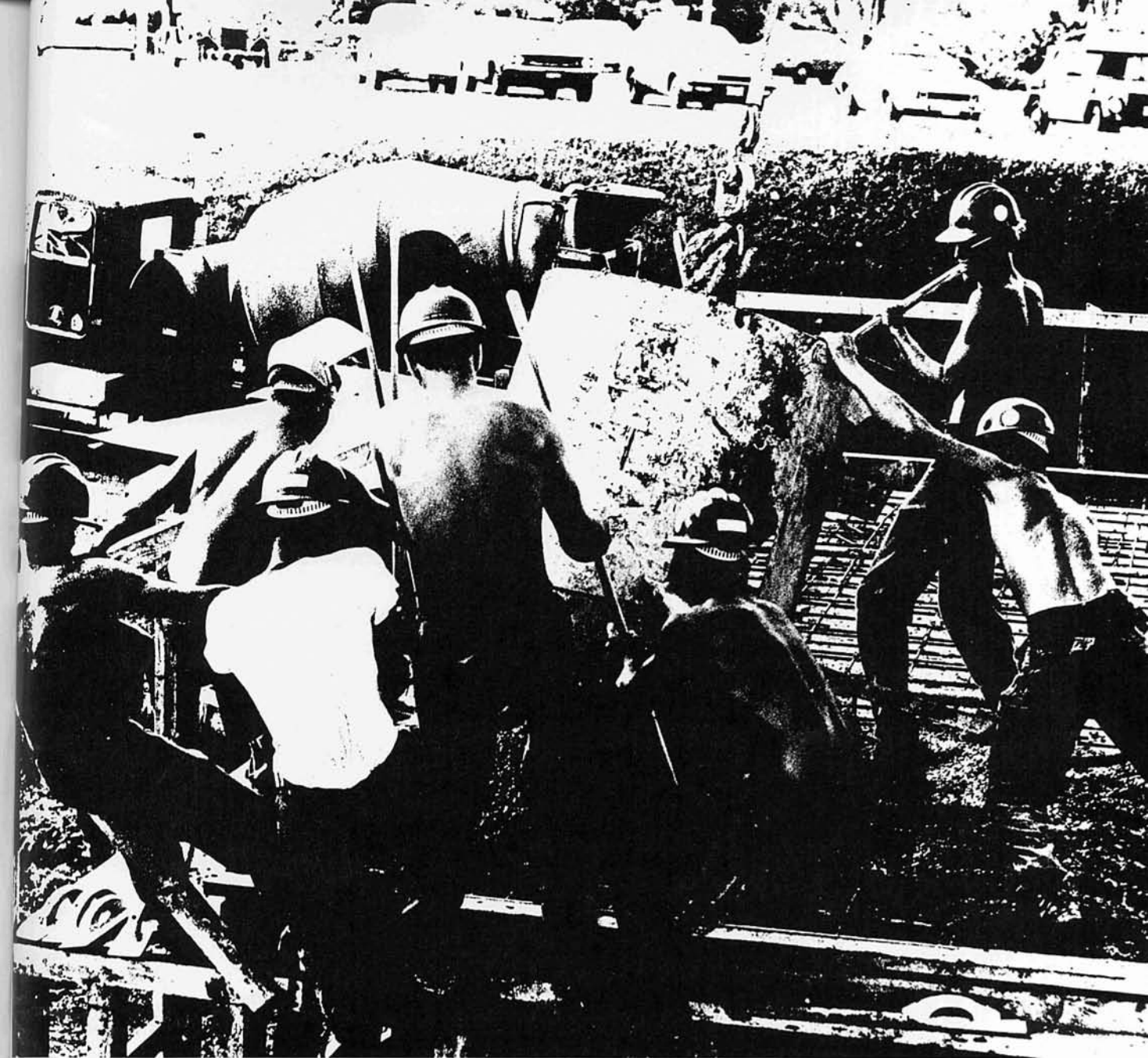
The Minutemen

Guam and
Pacflt Sites

May 1978 -
Jan 1979



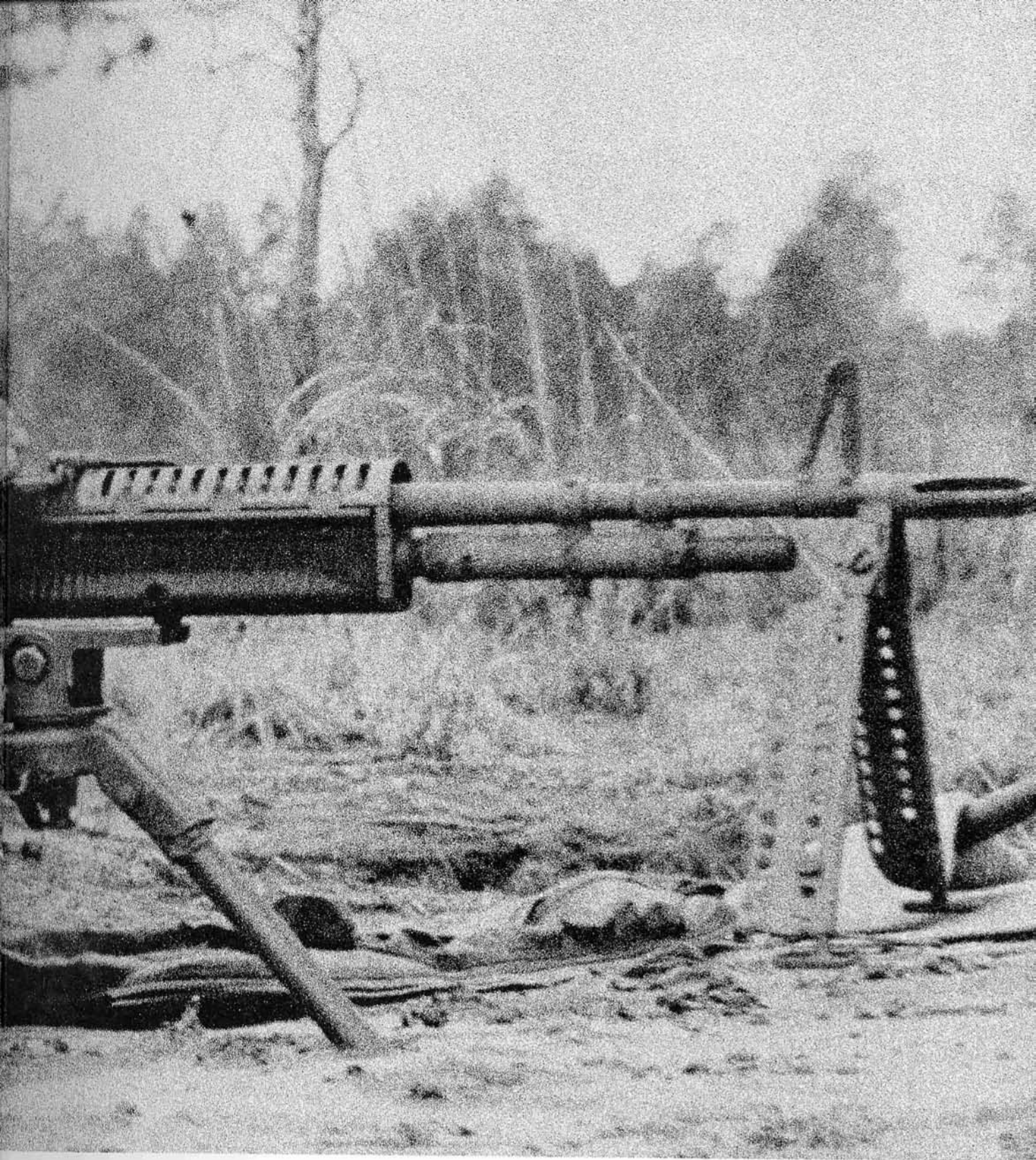




this cruisebook is dedicated
to each man in 62
who did his job; did it well
and never appreciated
mediocrity
as a way of life



**in the beginning...
there was homeport**



After recuperating from an all-too-exciting eight months spent on the "no man's land" of the Indian Ocean—Diego Garcia—we found ourselves settled peacefully into a routine cycle of homeport training.

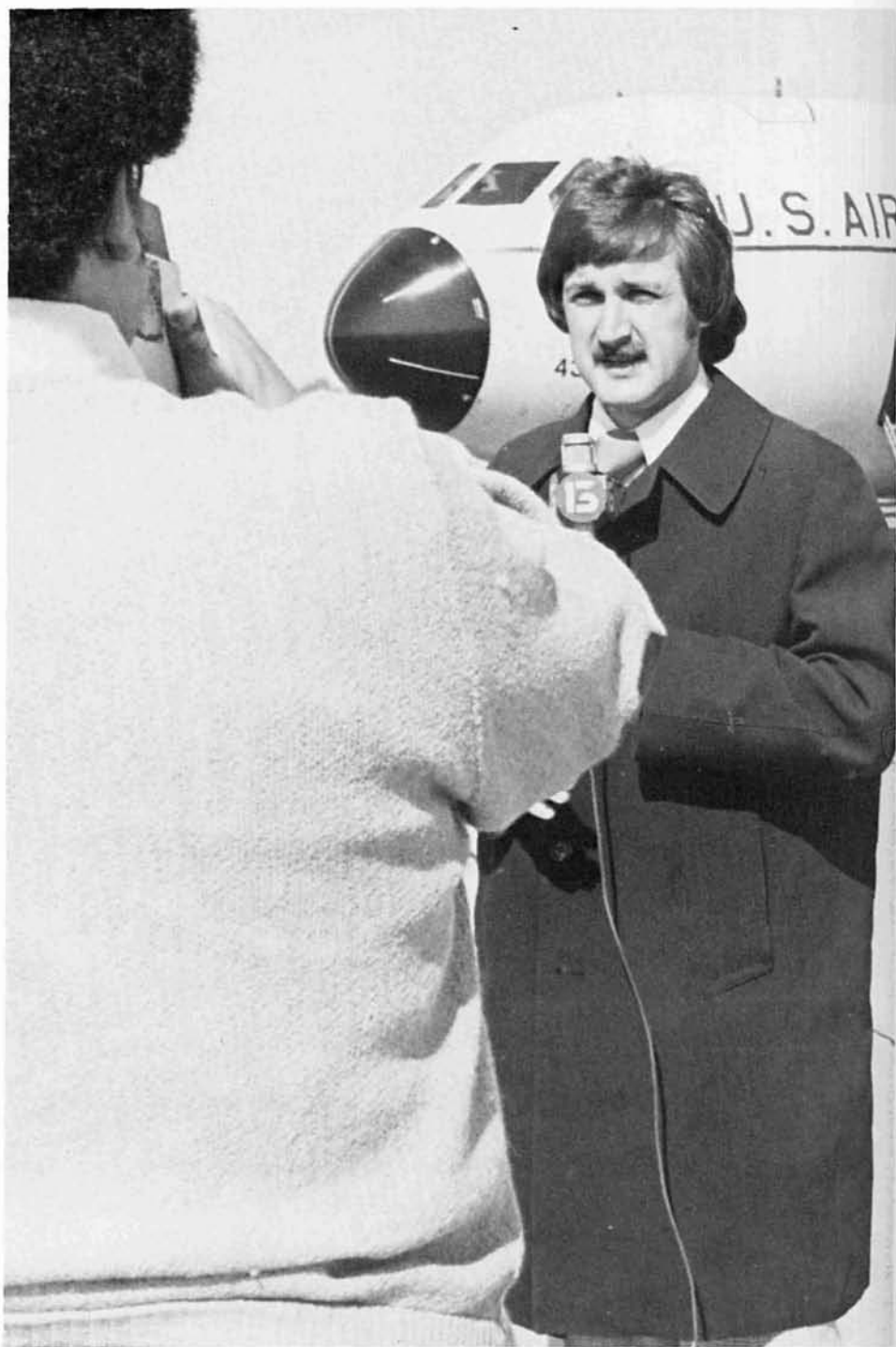
As soon as we'd cracked open our rate training manuals, something happened in Rhode Island. Something to do with snow.

Lots of snow. More snow than you ever wanted to see in your life. In the capital city of Providence, streets, houses and cars disappeared beneath a wintry blanket of white. No one remembered what actual ground looked like. Most of the northeast was proclaimed a disaster area, and most of us down in Gulfport, Miss. wondered what the commotion was about. No snow down here.

Our answer came when the governor of Rhode Island sent out a call for emergency snow removal assistance. The call came to us, c/o Department of Defense.

In the middle of the night, 75 Minutemen of NMCB 62 woke up to the tune of "Get your seabag packed. We're gonna go shovel some snow for the folks in Rhode Island."

About 12 hours later, our detail boarded a C-141 at the municipal airport. WLOX-TV was there on the spot, putting us on the six o'clock news. We gawked at the cameras, and listened to some guy with a microphone say, "Apparently, a great deal of snow has fallen upon Rhode Island, marking one of the worst winter storms in eastern seaboard history." Well, I guess. They don't spend all this money for nothin', ya know. And don't worry about bring-color film; everything up there is in black and white.



Digging out a snowbound city

Above: Television newscaster fills in Gulfport/Biloxi viewers on NMCB 62's 75-man snow removal detail to Providence. Top right: Minutemen grin on bus at the airport, anticipating some heavy snowball fights. Right: A last-moment farewell as Seabees board a C-141 Starlifter plane.



and remembering
how we prayed
for winter on a
tropical island





A Seabee driving a front-end loader removes snow and ice from one of the Providence, Rhode Island streets. Drifts more than six feet high were removed by heavy equipment drawn from storage at Davisville.



For the first time in more than a week, residents are able to leave their homes thanks to work of the Seabees.



It's not an easy task to operate heavy construction equipment in narrow city streets, but a 75-man team of Minutemen ended up clearing almost 150 lane-miles of streets.



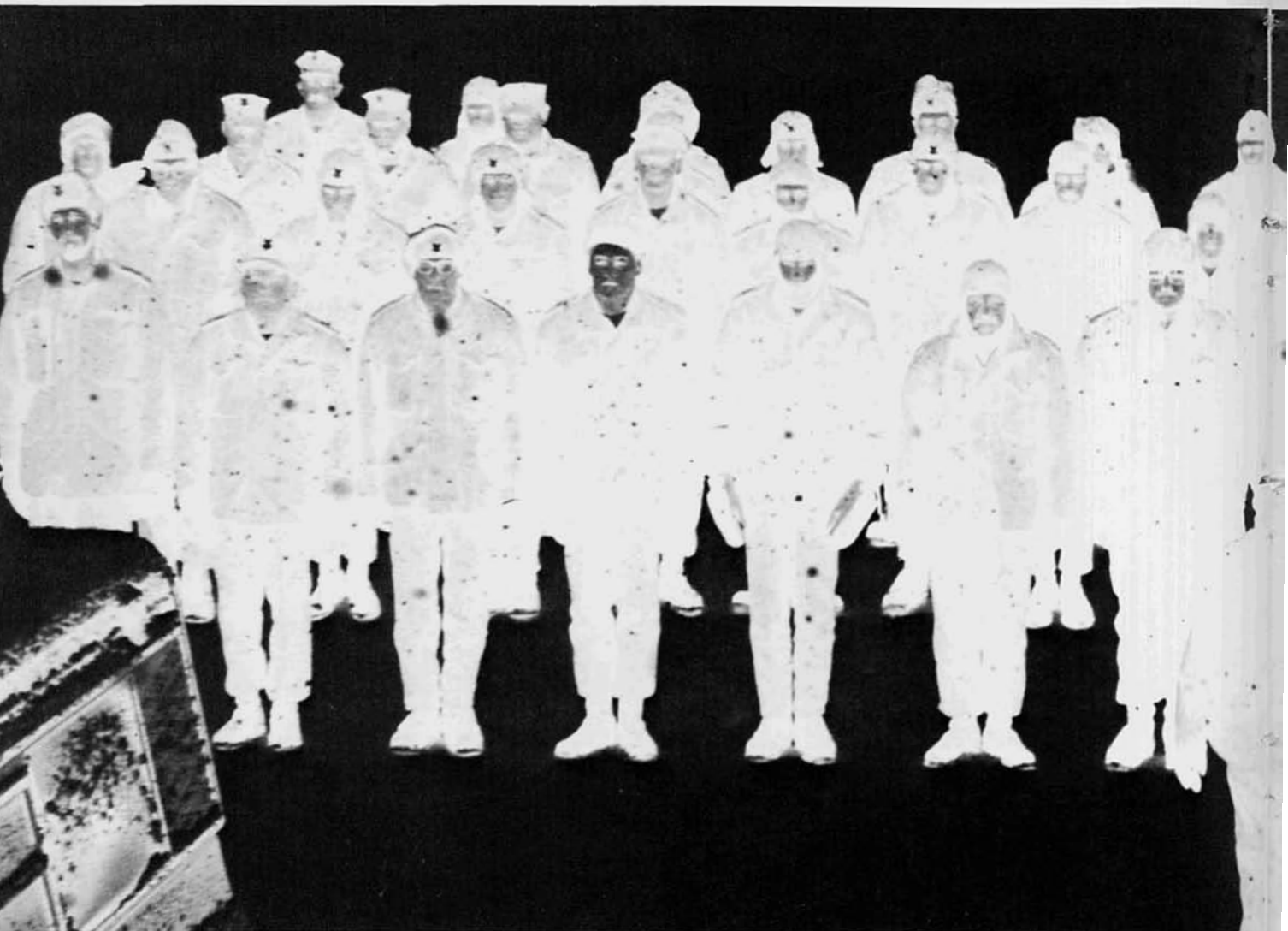
Snow removal was hampered in downtown Providence by abandoned cars. The vehicles were left by their owners when caught in a 35-inch snowfall, accompanied by winds of up to 80 miles per hour.

**We've seen snow
come and go
but the biggest
freeze
I've ever seen . . .**

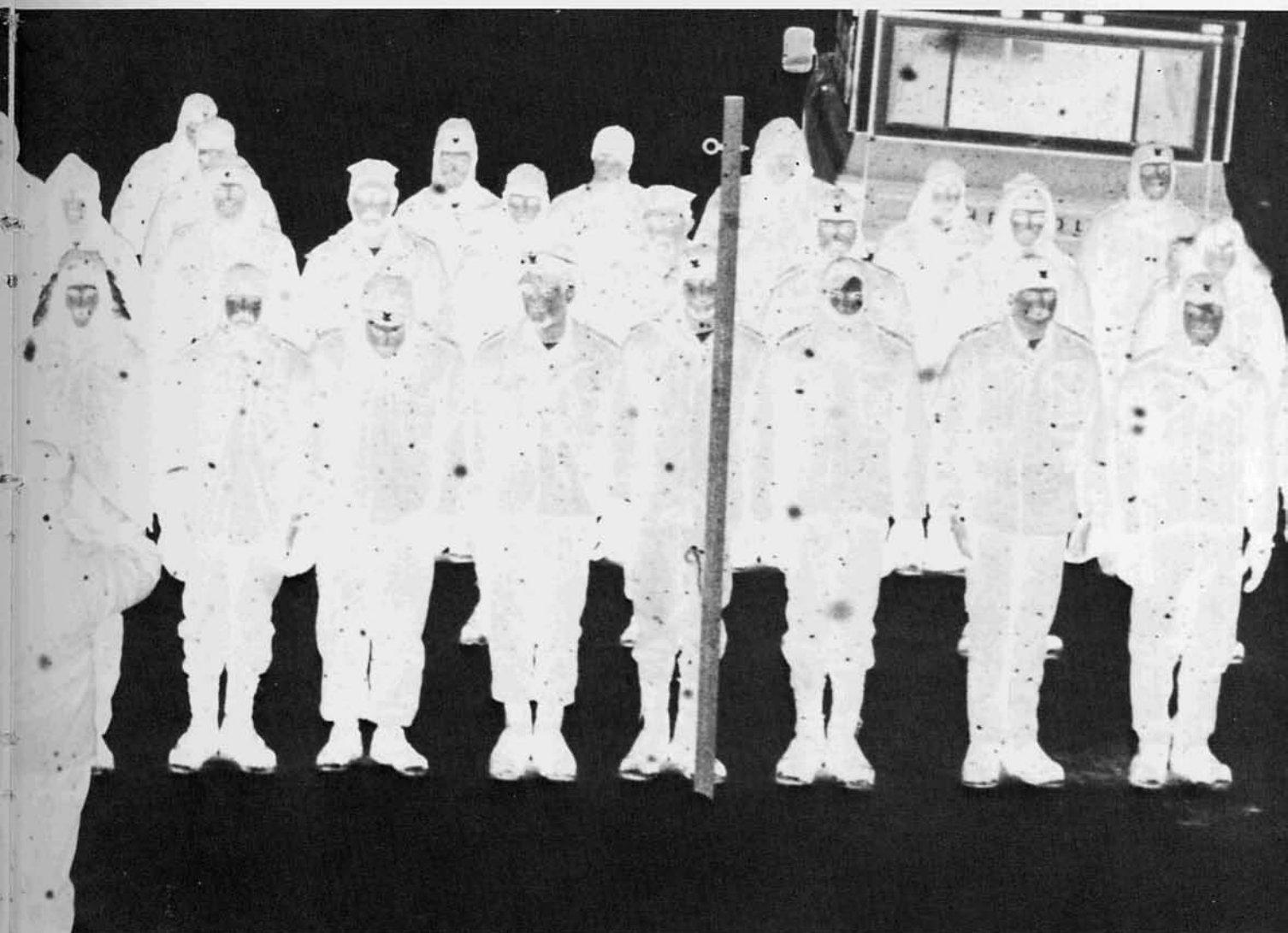




**was with the 'Bees
in Providence, Rho'**



After experiencing the *real*
thing, we decided that some
cold weather *training* might
be somewhat interesting



You might call our technique out of the fire and into the frying pan."

We got back to blizzardless Gulfport with visions of the Providence rescue fresh in our minds. People climbing over hills of snow from their homes, carrying coffee and sandwiches to Seabees high atop snow-eating machines of steel.

"You boys're doin' a fine job," said an old man from the doorway of his half-buried home. Dressed in a Stetson hat and tremendously large gray scarf, he looked down the road at a line of heavy equipment clearing snow. "Just a fine job," he said. Not to mention kudos from the city's major and Department of Defense.

Then someone else somewhere else said this: "I believe it's time those men in 62 learned what it feels like to oper-

ate under cold weather conditions."

Hmmmm. Sounds like a refresher course on the definition of irony.

So off we flew again. This time to knock icicles from our beards at Fort Drum, New York, and get a taste of Army life and Army chow.

Fifty-five Minutemen dealt with snow and ice in their construction and military activities for three weeks. Dealt with snow and ice in their tools, living quarters, weapons, food, gloves, coats, faces, feet and coffee pots.

Shivered behind the sights of M16s and M60 machine guns. Put on skis or snowshoes and stumbled around until they got the hang of it.

Then took a five-mile hike into parts unknown, set up tents devoured freeze-dried combat rations and three-dimensional water, then went to sleep.

Getting up was more fun. If you ever get bored with life, try standing out in the middle of the woods with nothing on but your longjohns, and get dressed in full battle gear while a seven-inch snowfall is in progress. We did. And ever since then, not a one of us has been bored with life; thermostats have taken on a new meaning—one of endearment.

Yeah, that was Ft. Drum, all right. Not like Providence at all. In Providence, we had coffee and sandwiches offered to us; we had old men in scarves smiling in front of half-buried homes. Icicles turning purple and gold in the sunset.

At Ft. Drum, all we got was this: making damn sure we could handle another Providence without freezing up.



TOTAL FORCE
ACTIVE ARMY
ARMY NATIONAL GUARD
ARMY RESERVE

WELCOME TO
FORT DRUM NY



Top left: Cold weather detachment of 55 men from NMCB 62 boards a C-130 Hercules transport plane bound for the snowy regions of Fort Drum, New York. Note the quaint six-foot scale model of an Army helicopter some prankster glued onto one of the propellers.

Left: Welcome sign extends an austere and literally chilly greeting to the Minutemen upon their arrival.

Above: Checking out local entertainment on post, Seabees meander into the Mohawk Theatre (formally known as Building Tee-Two-One-Seven-Zero), hoping the popcorn is warm.

Right: Part of BUCN David Descoteaux's winter training involved hopping down the street laced up in a sleeping bag. After a few slips and slides, he ended up mastering the technique.





"Okay, men, you've gotta remember that skis are only as good as the feet on top of 'em. So let's be sure to use our heads."



**Snowbound days
where an old stove
is man's best friend**



Left: Cold weather det takes a hike on snowshoes and sees its shadow on the ground; no matter, Groundhog's Day was already over.

Above: Seabee takes aim at target with M60 machine gun.

Right: One of the more interesting items at Ft. Drum was this "Cannon Heater", a technological advance in central heating from days gone by—probably the days when British troops were fighting Andrew Jackson in New Orleans.





"No kidding? You saw an abominable snowman walking down the road? Say, that's interesting, because I just saw a couple of them at the Mohawk Theatre last night catching a double feature. You don't think they're trying to infiltrate our camp, do you? Maybe we'd better go tell the chief about this."



Left: This is one of the tents which the Minutemen slept in during an overnight bivouac in the woods. Top right: EOCN Foster, E03 O'Donnell and CE3 Flaherty catch a few winks on the flight back home. They're probably dreaming about thermostats.

Right: A riverbank shows off its wintertime jewelry in upstate New York.

Icicle
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Icicles
 hanging down
 remind me of the days as kids
 when we used to flash them
 as swords
 battling make-believe dragons
 in the ragged alleyways of Chicago
 until the sun appeared and reclaimed
 the glinting spears
 turning them to water
 in our disappointed hands
 icicles
 hanging down
 remind me of Christmas carols
 sung with steamy breath
 and evening walks
 past the firehouse downtown
 remind me of what it's like
 inside a crystal cave
 icicles
 hanging down
 from the end of my nose
 make me pause
 to think
 these frozen sculptures
 never get a chance
 to fight dragons
 in the springtime
 never get a chance
 to be broken off
 from firehouse eaves
 in the warmth
 of summertime.

—PMC



in the event of open conflict...





... we knew exactly what was in store for us. No nights of liberty out on the town. Forget about dining on local cuisine and wearing out the heels of your two-tones on the dance floor. Never whistle in the dark and keep your mouth shut unless there's something important to be said.

In the event of open conflict with an enemy unnamed in a location unguessed, time would lose its continuity, drowning in the staccato rhythm of gunfire. Bursting mortar rounds. Flares on the perimeter. Death's final surprise.

Relaxation would become a commodity, bought with nervous tension at inflated prices; used sparingly and bottled up for storage in our minds.

Trying to rest our eyes from the strain of perceiving darker shades of black moving in the night. Trying to rest our feet that stood knee-deep in mud the night before, supporting our bodies and weapons in a vigil against annihilation.

We are builders, yes. And are we fighters? Yes. All those construction sites out there—someone's gotta defend them; someone like us. So each homeport period, we pack up our kit bags and set up camp in the woods for a week. Dig foxholes. Place weapons. Load bullets. Wear camouflage. Go on patrol. March for 12 miles and then some. Eat delectable combat rations and count the number of leaks in our canvas tents.

In a sense, we go to war. But only in a sense. The "enemy" is merely functional, and not hateful. We know we aren't going to be killed by that burst of automatic fire coming in on the left flank. All the bullets are blank. We know the mortar shells won't decimate our ranks. Those shells are really just flares.

We know that without the field exercise, the Minutemen might not know what the hell was going on in a genuine battle zone in a genuine war... in the event of open conflict.





Top left: Members of Headquarters Company gather to hear Lt. (jg) Richard McAfee (far right) address them on the subject of tree trunks as useful cover. Center left: The weather was basically wet during our field exercise at Camp Shelby, Miss. The line of drying clothes waving in the breeze attests to this fact. Bottom left: Master Sergeant Bal-
 lew of the Marine Corps shows EOCN Barker the fine art of face camouflage. Above: Due to the acute shortage of picnic tables in the area, Seabees made use of any surface available; hoods of 2½-ton trucks were just dandy. Right: "Don't worry about me, mom. I've been keeping a real sharp eye out for poison ivy. What's that? Oh, uh . . . yes! The, ummm . . . apartments they've put us up in are real nice . . . in fact, I might just try to see if I can't get a tour of duty out here when I come up for transfer."

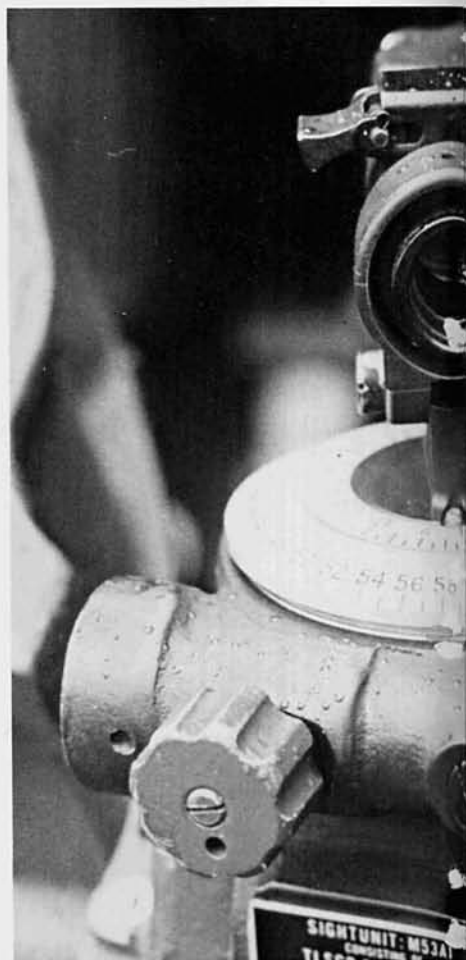


Right: Cold water on the face—once in the morning does it. Below: Warming up to the friendly heat of a fire are HM3 Smith, PC2 Moore, EO2 Turner and UT3 Williams. Top, opposite page: YN3 Skip Dowers sticks his tongue out at the ever-present rain, capsulizing sentiments held by everyone concerning the weather. Bottom, opposite page: Two Seabees with M16 rifles chase aggressors through the woods.





**five days
of warfare . . .**





Center: Closeup of the precision aiming device attached to the 81mm mortar. Clockwise, from top: Fightsoldiers of the Navy capture an infiltrator who swears his name is "Guacamole Guacamole"; CE2 Fesperman loads his 20-shot clip with blanks; two men prepare to ambush an enemy patrol; sighting in on targets with light anti-armor weapons; PC1 Wright displays his camouflaged headgear—one oak leaf and a red ski cap; getting a lesson in using the NOD (night observational device).



**and
simulated
casualties
to boot . . .**



Above: DT3 Griego treats man in the battlefield with a simulated face wound. Below: SK3 Clayton, DK2 Delos Santos and DK2 Rodriguez on patrol

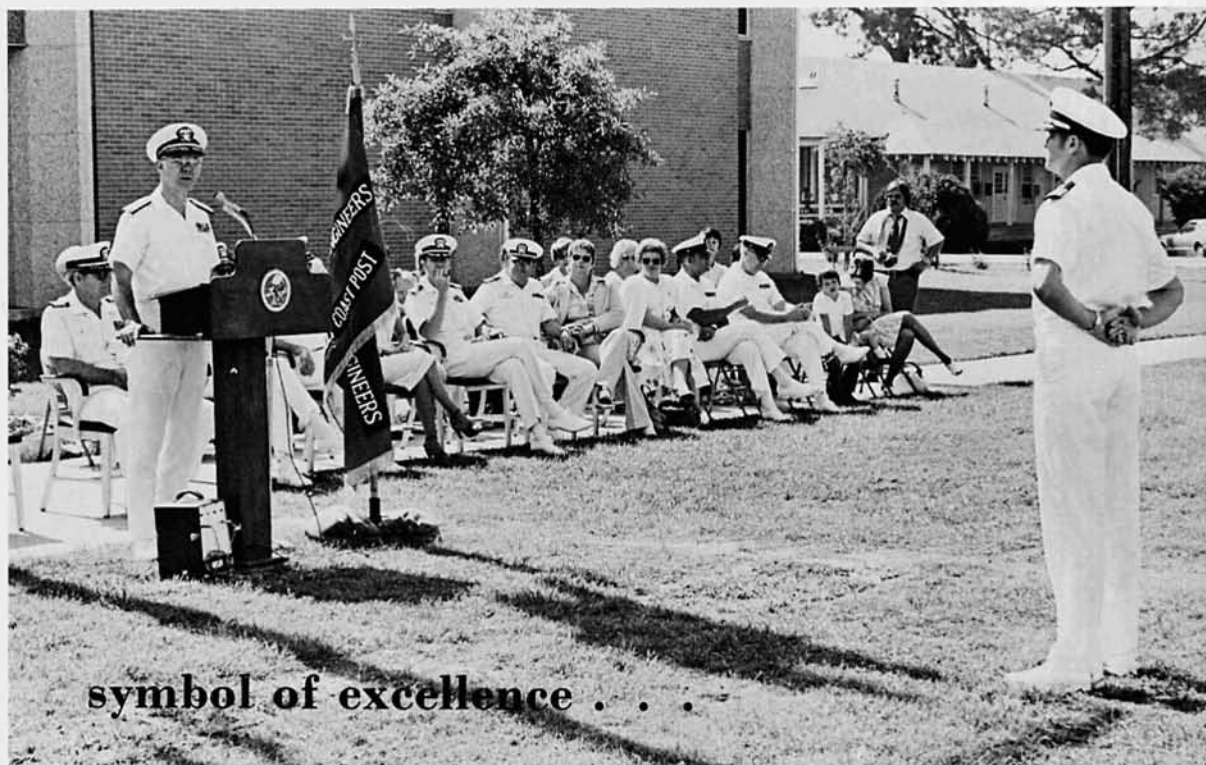


While marching with his men along a road during the field exercise in late February, Cdr. Fegley received a message from Washington, D.C. NMCB 62 had been chosen to receive the Society of American Military Engineers' Peltier Award, recognizing the Minutemen as best construction battalion in the United States Navy for Fiscal Year 1977. In April, Rear Admiral Donald Iselin presented the award to us at the Construction Battalion Center in Gulfport.

the Peltier Award . . .



The Minutemen stand at parade rest during the Peltier Award presentation.



symbol of excellence . . .

Rear Admiral Donald Iselin, commander of the Naval Facilities Engineering Command and Chief of Civil Engineers, speaks to the battalion.



From left: Cdr. Charles E. Fegley, commanding officer of NMCB 62; LCdr. James Rispoli, operations officer and UTCM William Sweeney, command master chief.



NMCB 62 has won the Peltier Award three times in the last nine years.

**NMCB 62—
the “Minutemen”—
best in the
Atlantic Fleet,
best battalion
in the U.S. Navy**

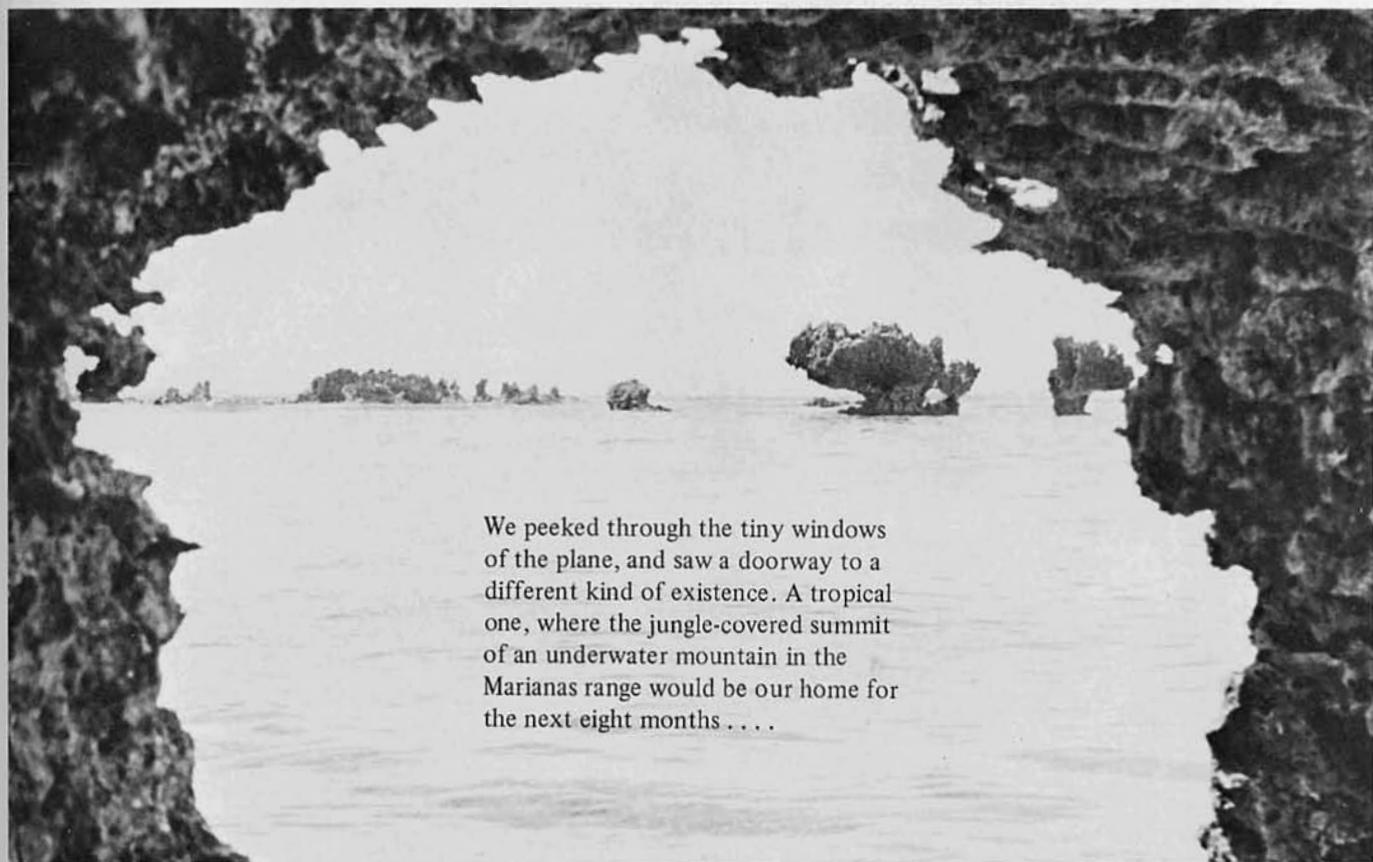
**One month later,
we danced our way to Guam**



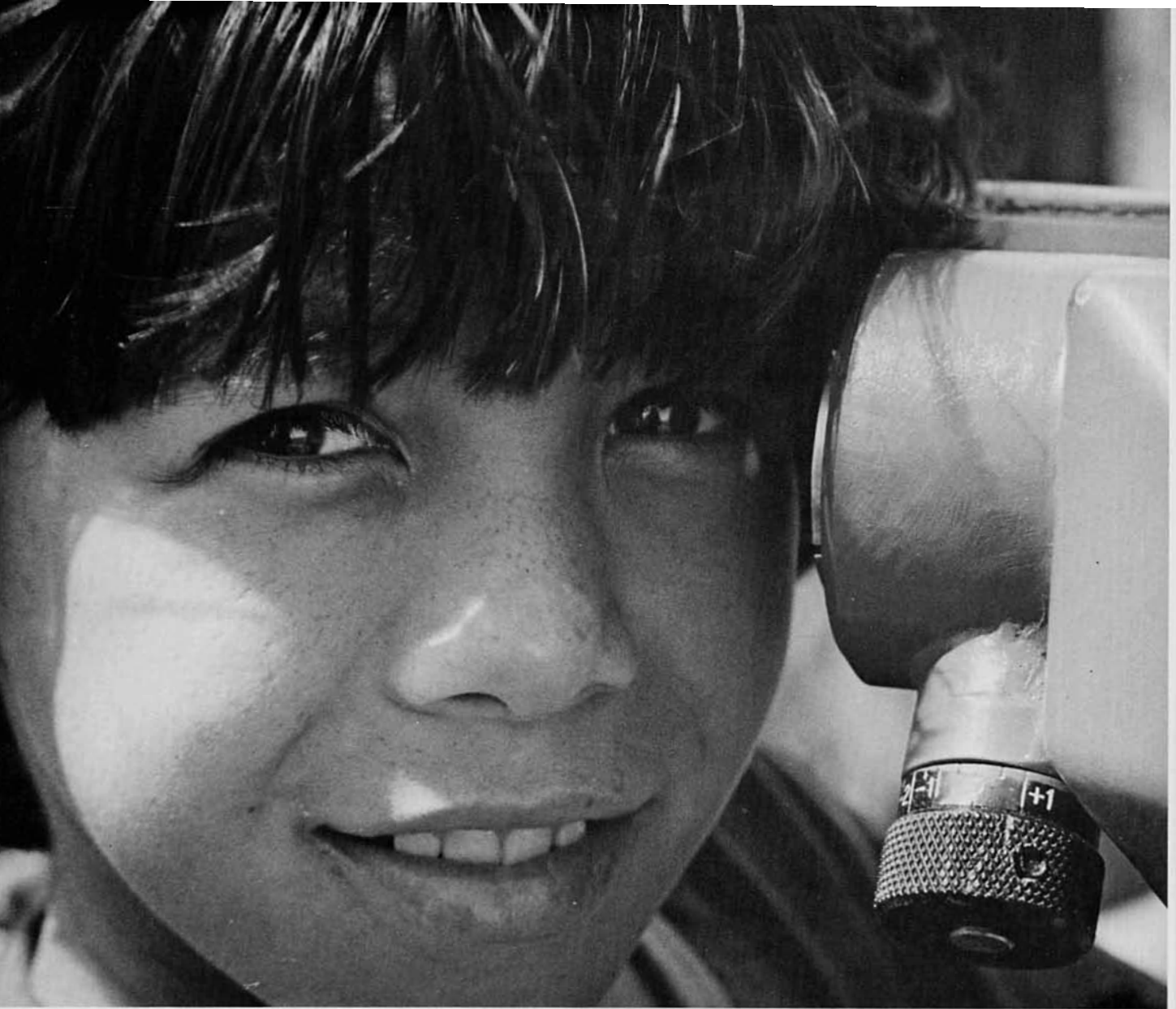


and stepped into an eight-month work experience in the Pacific

Opposite page: While reboarding our jetliner at Honolulu Airport, BU3 Hawkins performs an impromptu rendition of the "Seabee Shuffle"; a ceiling decoration reveals the presence of Chinese culture on Hawaii; several Munutemen pose for posterity in a Honolulu park. Bottom row: CE3 Boyles, BUCN Dantzler, BUCN Yon. Top row: BU2 Buckley, SN Bowman, BU3 Hawkins and YNSN Williams. Left: After a 22-hour flight, NMCB 62 takes one giant step for construction at Andersen Air Base, Guam. Below: Coral formations at Tarague Beach, on the island's northern shore.



We peeked through the tiny windows of the plane, and saw a doorway to a different kind of existence. A tropical one, where the jungle-covered summit of an underwater mountain in the Marianas range would be our home for the next eight months . . .



**Guam in the Marianas,
island home for thousands
who take pride in being
citizens of the U.S.A.**



Guam was a possession of Spain for hundreds of years; this old building embodies Spanish influence in its architecture.



Two sightseers stand at the location of Fort Soledad. The small stone turret is the only significant structure that remains of the Spanish stronghold.



A church in the town of Inarajan, built two years before the attack on Pearl Harbor.



Two children help their father at his gas station on Marine Drive in Agana, capital city of Guam.







Above: When Guam celebrated its Liberation Day, we provided drivers and heavy equipment to move some of the parade floats. Left: After cleaning his plate, this youngster gets ready to go for a second helping during Thanksgiving Day dinner. Throughout the deployment, Seabees were invited to dinners and fiestas by local people they befriended. Below: Civilian cafeteria workers at the Camp Covington dining facility have a few laughs with Cdr. Fegley. Mrs. Olsen steals the limelight with her cigarette, defying several "No Smoking" signs on the walls, which were heard to gasp their indignation. Above right: A youth is lost in reverie while gazing at the ocean waves during a dependents' cruise aboard U.S.S. Hull. Several Minutemen were also invited along for the ride, and became seagoing sailors for one day. Below right: The capital city of Agana.







**Just when we'd gotten settled in,
someone decided it was time for us
to pack ourselves up and get ready
to move (again)**

MOUNT - OUT



Pacific Alert Battalion in the tropics. That's what we were on Guam. In other words, if any kind of emergency happened anywhere in the Pacific area which required the talents of a construction battalion, we were the guys sent in to plug it up—whatever "it" turned out to be.

And how do we stay prepared for such emergencies? Well, you see, there's this thing called a "mount-out." Only Seabees have to worry about it. Basically, the definition of "mount-out" is: "Stop-what-you're-doing-and-pack-up-everything-you-can-find-while-you're-at-it-shove-all-your-stuff-in-a-seabag-get-dressed-in-full-battle-gear-and-stand-by-because-we're-moving-out-and-don't-ask-me-where-just-do-it."

So in June—one month after landing on the island—someone somewhere said the magic word and Camp Covington was hurled into a breakneck schedule of emergency operations. Liberty was cancelled. Musters were held and everyone accounted for. Loading assignments were handed out. Civilian traffic through the camp was halted and turned away: Mount-out had begun with a bang.

Forty-eight hours later, 89 Minutemen stood at Andersen Air Base dressed in full battle gear (including M60 machine guns and 81mm mortars).

Ninety-six hours later, the rest of our command (over 400 men) stood at pierside of the Naval Station—and they weren't getting ready for a swim. They were ready to load themselves and 62's bulk of equipment and supplies onto a transport ship. A transport ship that never came. Because after all, this was just an exercise.

Had it been a real emergency, the planes would have taken off—loaded with Seabees. The ship would have been there—loaded with Seabees. And Camp Covington would be left on Guam to cool its heels—empty of Seabees.

It seems a little absurd to pack every stitch of battalion equipment, lug it off to an air base and naval station, prepare about 500 men for movement, then stand around for a few hours before taking it all back home.

A little absurd until someone else needs our help (somewhere else).

Personnel inspection of the air detail; starring Maj. P.J. McCann, USMC



Both our air detail and main body went through a meticulous personnel inspection, carried out by Marine Major P.J. McCann of CBPAC. We knew the Marines take inspections very seriously, and if a man had a piece of lint inside the barrel of his rifle, the man's status would be quite unsatisfactory.

"We take a lot of pains to keep our weapons clean in the Marines," said the major. "A small speck of foreign matter in the barrel could mean the difference between hitting a target or not hitting it."

So we paid a great deal of attention to our weapons and ourselves. Seriously speaking, it was one heck of a long

inspection. Seabees don't particularly like long inspections, but they do like to look sharp in front of a Marine major. Which happened to be the case during mount-out. Center: Major McCann discusses the cleanliness of M60 machine gun barrels with UT3 Pennington as Ensign Silas of Bravo Company looks on. Clockwise, starting with top photo: Checking SW2 McCurry's identification; the major takes a long look through a small barrel; shadows, boots and rifles of Munutemen line the ground; BU2 Bouley holds his pistol at "inspection arms"; Maj. McCann snaps BU2 Toney's rifle from his grasp before inspecting the weapon.

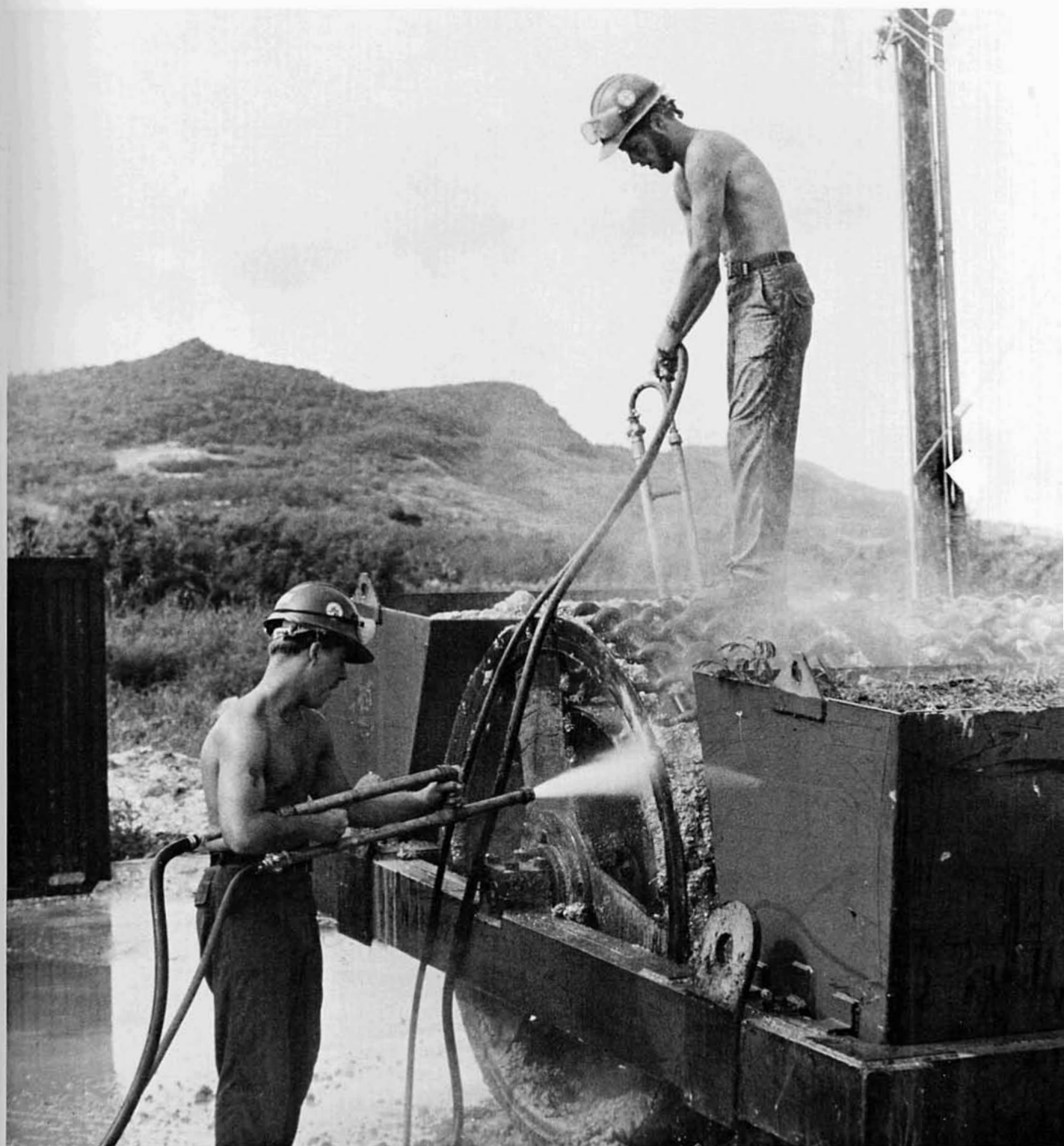




**Equipment:
mount-out's
bigger half**



EO3 Barton washes down a scraper (above), while EOCN Lemoine (on ground) and EO3 Moonan steam clean a grid roller.



Men do not an entire construction battalion make. In the Seabees, two elements are indispensable: One is made of flesh, bones, thoughts and emotions; the other is composed of steel, gears, turn signals and straining horsepower.

Heavy equipment. Without it, we'd be somewhat less efficient and cost effective than the Egyptian slaves who built the pyramids.

So when we go anywhere, we take our equipment with us. Five-ton trucks, transmixers, scrapers, graders, front-end load-

ers and the dependable 'dozer. Shove them into the holds of Air Force craft; into the holds of Navy ships.

And supplies. Everything from paper clips to hydraulic fluid goes with the men and machines of NMCB 62. Everything necessary to do the job expected from us. And that's a lot of stuff, folks. Ask the guys who clean, lubricate, stage, lift, turn, stack, pack, and account for it. They're bound to say that a lot of things are easier to move—like pushing a block of granite up an oil-covered mountain.



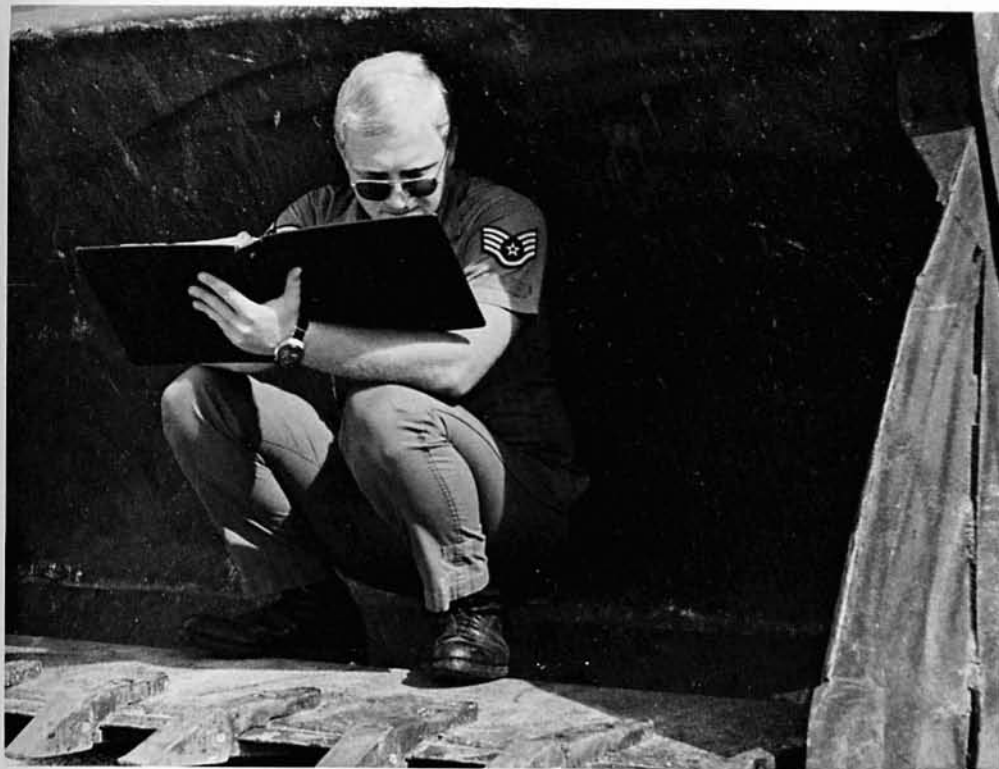
SWC Weaver uses the principles of Archimedes against a stubborn foot stand of a trailer. Helping out are Lt. (jg) Jencks and UT2 Vanstrander.



Air Force loadmaster directs CM3 Wilkinson on the forklift as he loads cargo.

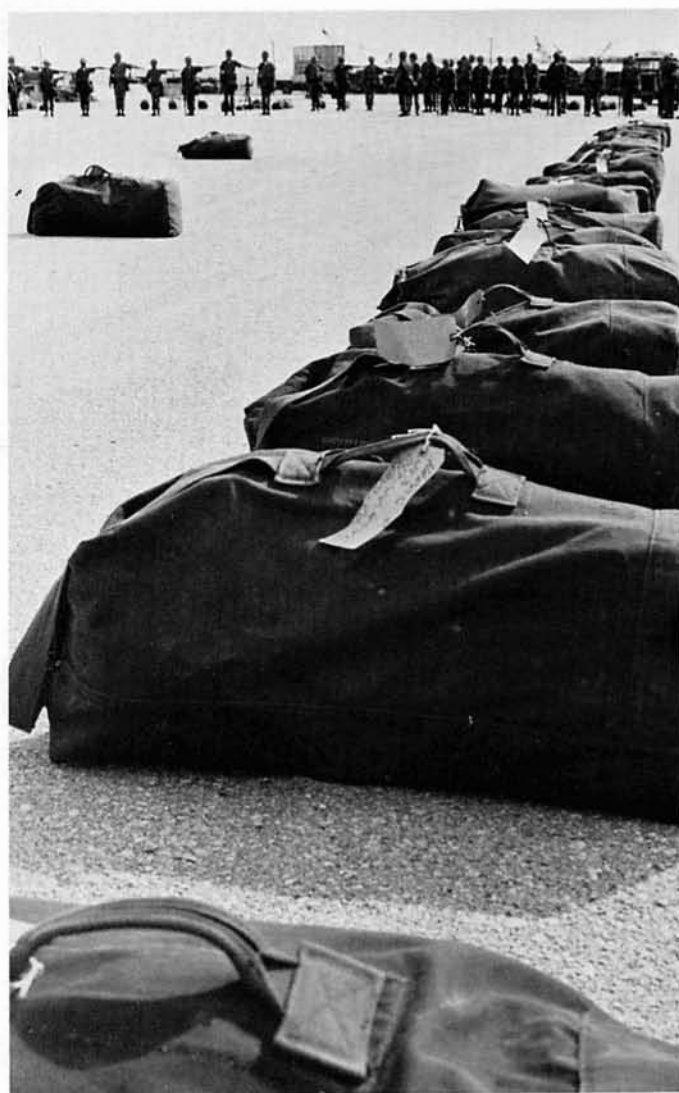


Row upon row of supplies are staged at the Naval Station during mount-out, as was 62's entire complement of heavy equipment.



Air Force staff sergeant takes notes inside the shovel of a front-end loader during equipment inspection at Andersen Air Base.

Right: Everyone in line gets someone else's back to use as a desk except EA1 Jennison up front. Behind him are HM1 Kutzner, GMG2 Hubble, MS1 Valerio, EO3 Boyd and EO2 Anderson. These members of the mount-out air detail are filling out next-of-kin notification forms. Below: Seabags line the landing apron, ready for loading. Below right: Framed by their weaponry, the Minutemen gather around their officer-in-charge (Ens. Silas) for a final briefing before getting on the plane. Opposite page: Air Force pilot and Seabee chief gaze into the empty hold of a Military Airlift Command C-141 "Starlifter."



**Just when
we were
all set to go . . .**

**someone
told us
to stop**

**and
mount-out
was over.**





**change of command
5 August 1978**

Commander Fegley

Commander Charles Ellsworth Fegley III took charge of the Minutemen during our deployment to Okinawa in 1976. He stuck with us through our eight-month stint on Diego Garcia the following year. His drive and determination rubbed off on everyone else in the command.

We ended up winning the Atlantic Fleet's Battle Efficiency/Best of Type "E" Award, and later took the Society of American Military Engineers' coveted Peltier Award. We proved ourselves the best construction battalion in the Navy-Cdr. Fegley led the way.

Two of his favorite phrases were: "Attention to details," and "If you're going to do a job, take the time to do it right." The commander did right by us for over two years, until the day he left Guam as a captain to become officer in charge of construction at Madrid. We'll remember your example, captain. You showed us what we were capable of doing.



**Farewell presents given,
farewell parties thrown,
and Commander Fegley
becomes Captain Fegley.
And Commander Kau
becomes CO of NMCB 62.**





Commander Kau

A certain Greek philosopher named Heraclitus (what a name to hang on a kid) spoke of change as being the only continuous reality.

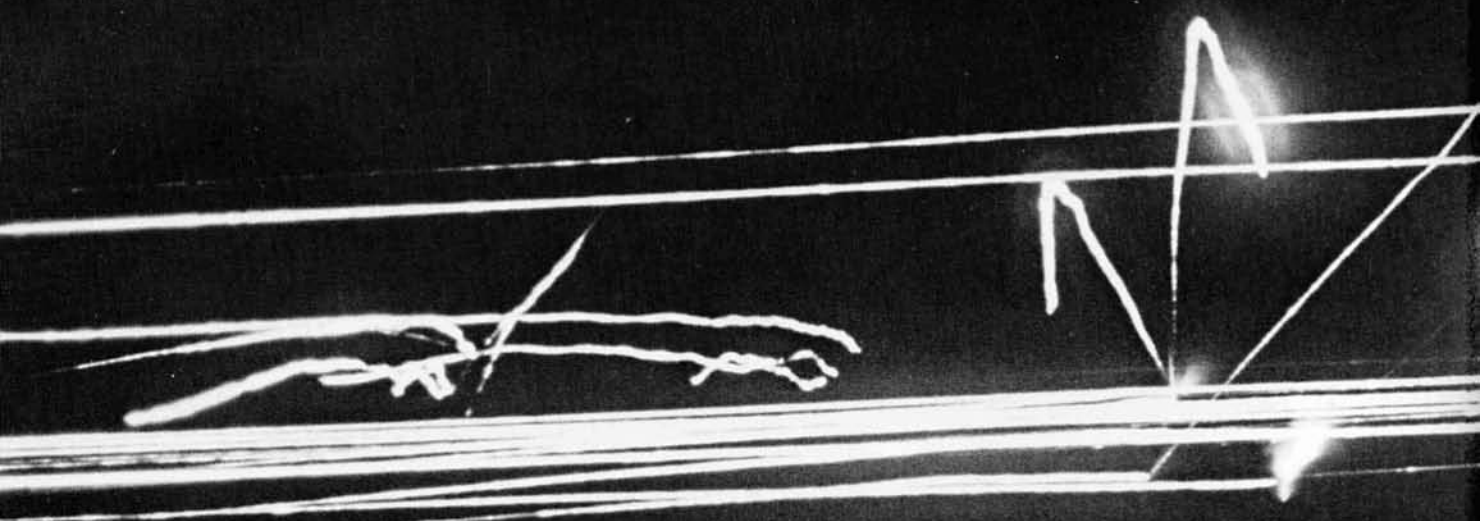
Maybe so. We didn't know too much about "continuing reality," but had seen the change of command happen right before our eyes. What it meant to us was that we were working for Cdr. Kau now instead of Cdr. Fegley—and we'd better not let him down.

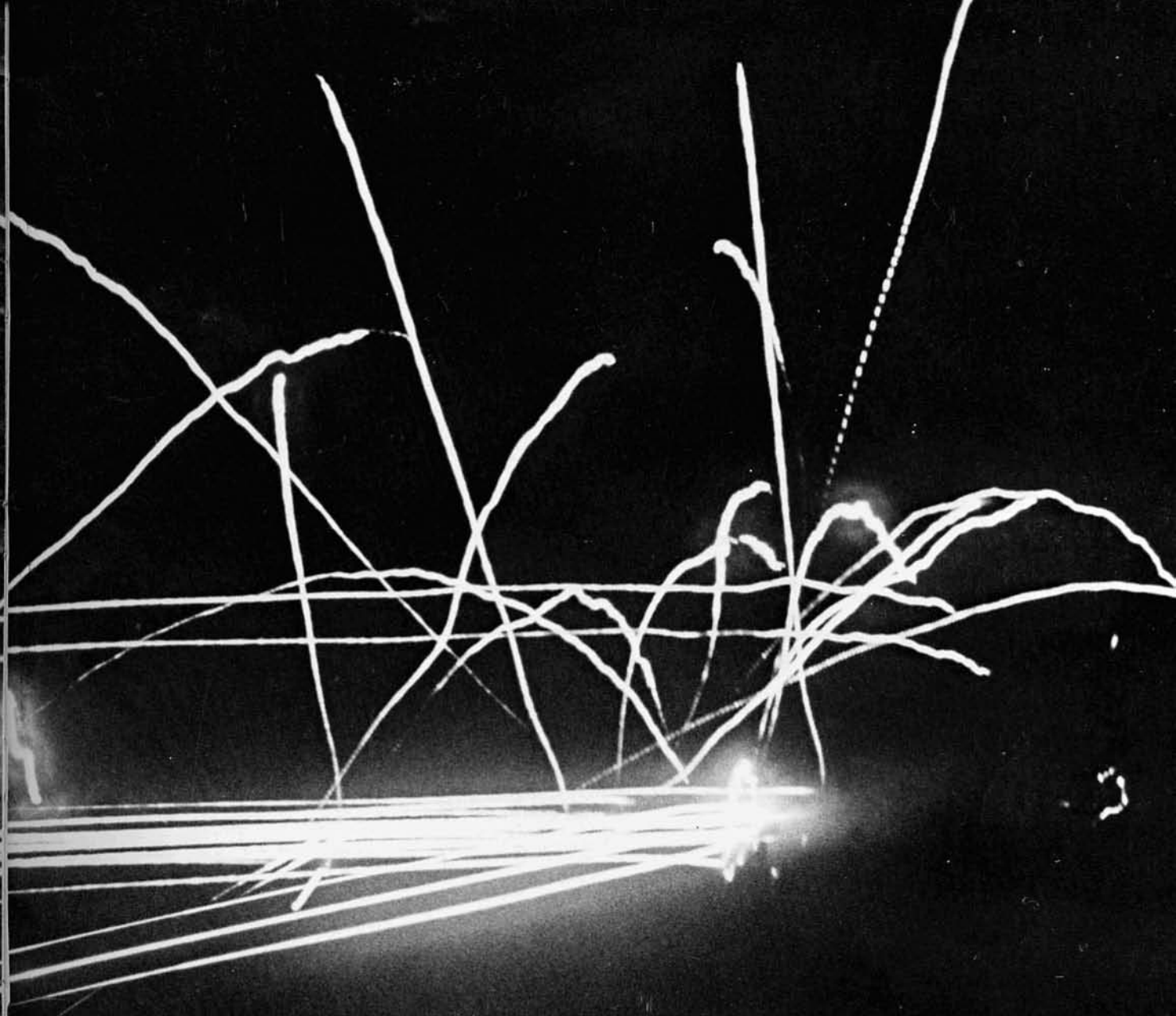
At the ceremony, Cdr. Kau gave a speech in which he said, "It's my intention to know everyone in this command personally."

We were pleased to hear that. Sea-bees and machines aren't really the same thing. We like the idea of our CO knowing us personally. You get to know us, commander, and we'll get to know you. Together, we'll build the world (or at least part of it).



Military training





**On Guam,
it was more of the same . . .**

Gas warfare training (was a gas)



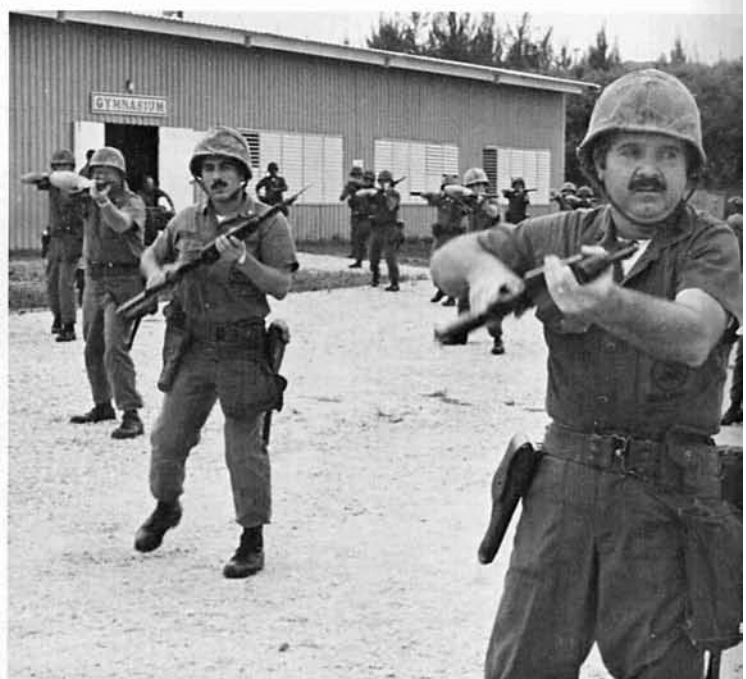


"Now, gentlemen, I want to make it perfectly clear that this gas mask is not to be utilized as snorkeling gear."



The race is on: each man learned to don his mask in nine seconds or less.

Fix bayonets!



and straighten
your helmet,
too (sailor)



Instruction in the use of the bayonet. "The bayonet always makes your enemy think twice before deciding to attack," said Gy/Sgt. John Smith, 62's military advisor. As he showed us how to use them, we realized he was right. Clockwise, from far left: PN3 O'Connor stabs a blanket at close quarters; YNC Dominick leads the troops in their jabbing movements; as PNC Geis looks on, YNSN Kopp annihilates a tire; SK3 Thompson storms a trench; Minutemen in an aggressive posture; NC1 Beaver renders a basketball unconscious with a well-executed butt stroke.





**Our
survival
hike . . .**



And a Well-Deserved Rest



Lt. Doyle, our plans and training officer, was kind enough to map out a grueling five-mile trail through dense Guamanian terrain to see if we learned everything he taught us about jungle survival. We forded rivers, climbed slippery hillsides and lived off the land. Actually, it was rather interesting. The mosquitos also thought it was interesting.

Far left: CECS Brower steps lightly through the jungle foliage, searching in vain for a plugged-in coffee pot.

Top left: Bravo Company gang on the long road back to camp.

Bottom left: CECN Hicks shows off his handcrafted fishing gear, with which he managed to snag a 6½-ounce can of boneless chicken.

Above: The "Ohio Kid" catches a few "Zs" from beneath his helmet.

Right: Gunny Smith watched us like a hawk the whole deployment when it came to military training.



A lady named Rita came calling

We'd been listening to KUAM radio for the past couple of days, and knew the cause of massive cloud formations over the island. It was a certain lady's way of announcing her arrival. The lady's name was Rita—Supertyphoon Rita—with a calling card of winds close to 200 mph.

Emergency conditions once again. Memories of Typhoon Pamela two years before were still fresh in Guam's mind. Extra precautions would be taken, and the Seabees of 62 bent their backs to the chore. Camp Covington was boarded, taped, sandbagged and wrapped inside of plastic.

Then 42 Minutemen drove 15 trucks loaded with plywood to several military housing areas. They spent the rest of the day boarding up plate glass windows. Two hours after the last Seabee returned to camp, the sun went out over Guam.

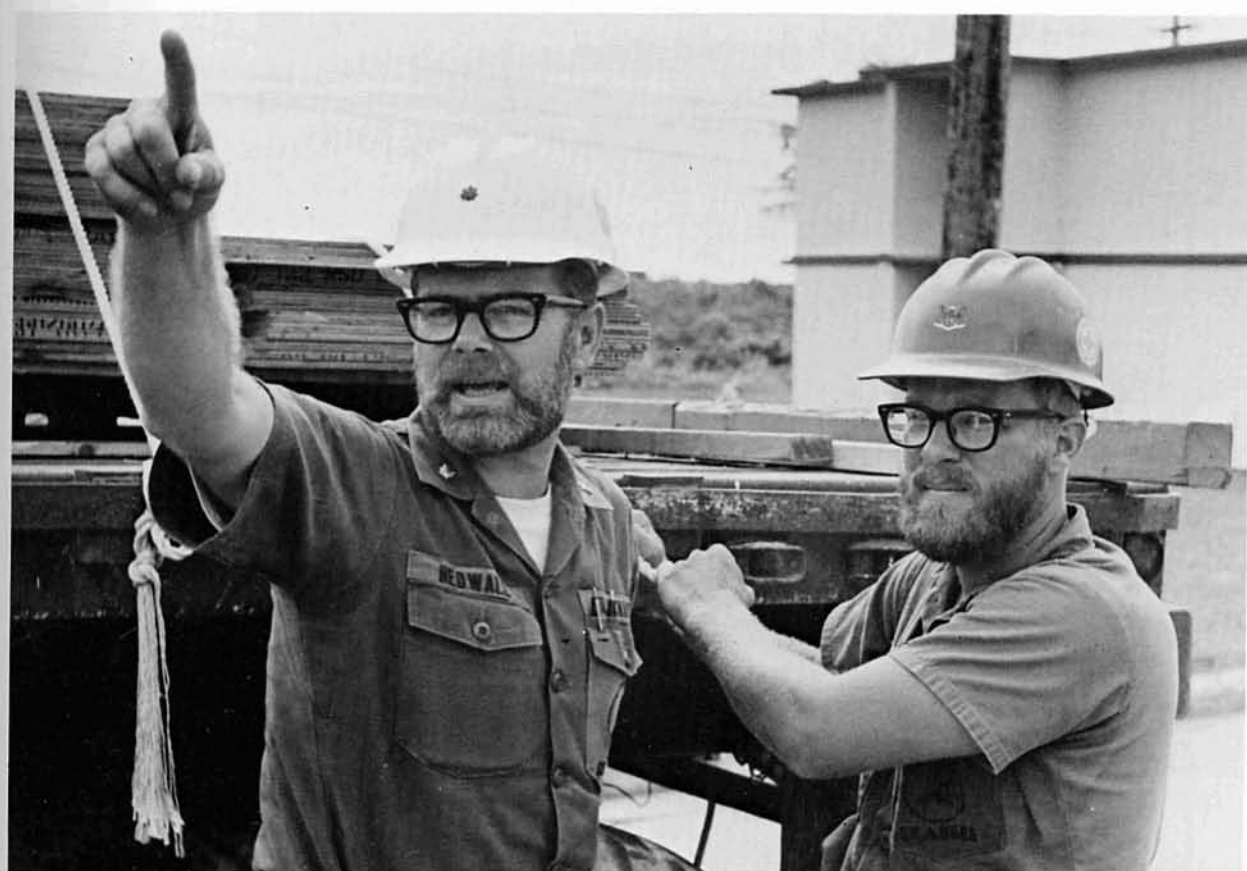
Right: BUCA Richards helps secure Naval housing.

Below: BU3 Moss secures building at camp.

Top right: BU3 Redfield, BU1 Brannon and BUCA Browne take a break to fill up on some combat rations.

Bottom right: Chaplain Hedwall assists in the emergency operations, working alongside BU3 Post.







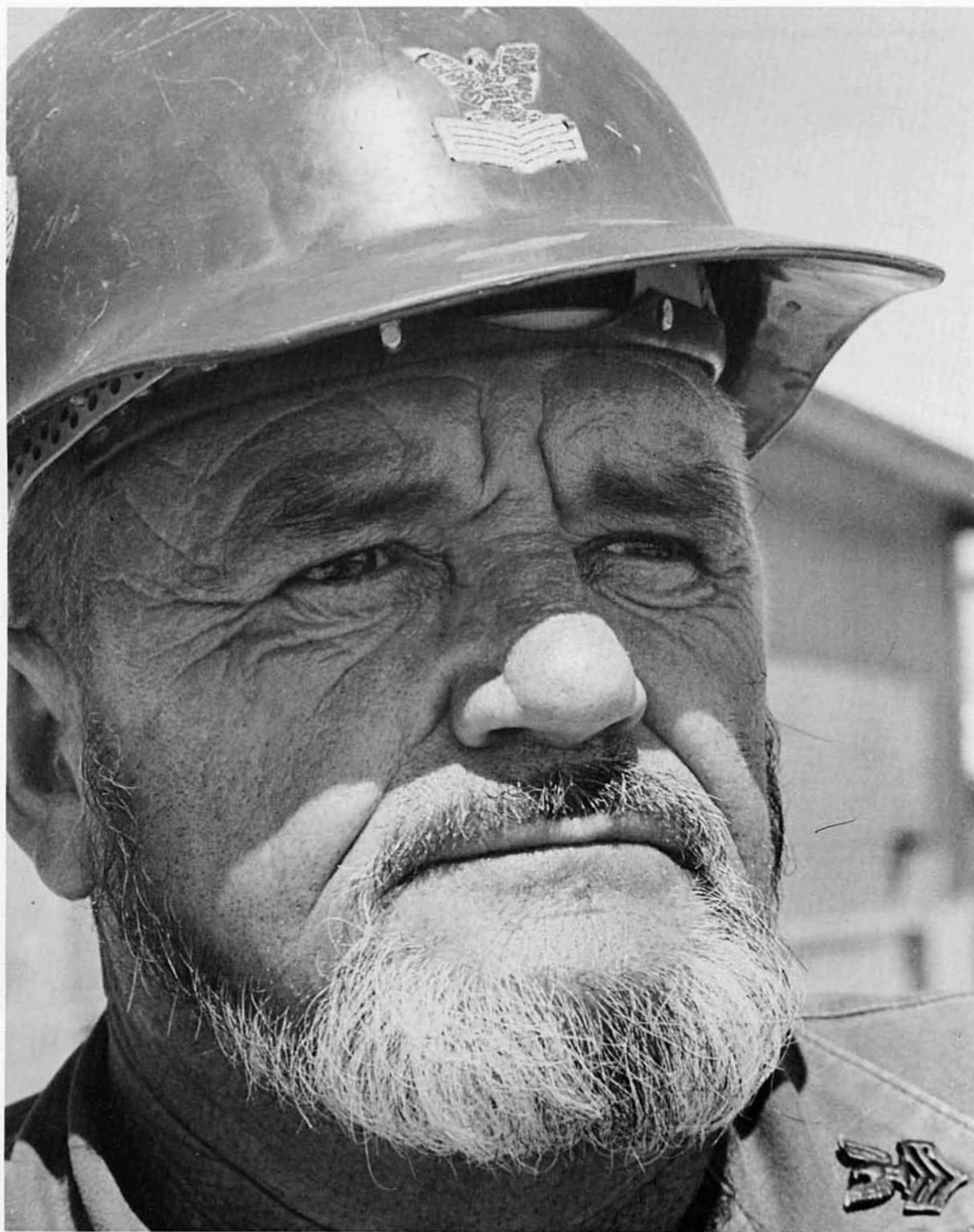
BU2 Etienne watches two children play in their front yard with a safe home.



Their work finished, Minutemen head for camp. From left: SWCR Lizardi, BUCN Vanhouwe, BUCN Sevegny, BUCA Maxwell, BU1 Henson and SW2 McCurry.



The eye of Rita passed 70 miles south of Guam, and left little damage to the island. No one in our command was harmed. This wasn't the case with two Seabees who were electrocuted while securing a radio antenna against the typhoon. We remembered their sacrifice with a guard of honor. From left: SWCA Fowler, BU2 Bouley, CE3 Getgen and SA Bowman.



A DAY IN THE LIFE **(starring nmcb 62)**

Sing me a song of the Seabees
a song of a day in their life
when we read in the news
about their work on a foreign shore
full of sweat and full of laughs
judging by the photographs
(we'll be home again soon, my friend)

Sing me a song of the sailors in green
about eight months spent away on Guam
fill it with sounds of grinding metal
and broken concrete
with gripes in the chow hall
jokes in the club
and prayers in the chapel
raising beams and paving roads
at times it must have felt
like an overload
(we'll be home again soon, my friend)

Sing me a song of the men of 62
as the vague light of dawn
filters through a silent barracks room
an unreliable alarm clock shudders
and breaks the day open
with an obnoxious buzz
get up, get out of bed
brush your teeth, shine the brass
it's a quarter past
time to step outside into
a working man's dream
(we'll be home again soon, my friend)

I want to know
(and sing the song well)
I want to know about the Minutemen
and a day in their life
on the island of Guam

—PMC

“Good morning, sir. The battalion is formed with all present and accounted for.”



The plan of the day began when I rolled out of bed and planted one heel into an overfilled ashtray someone had left for me to empty the night before. Well, I emptied it—all over the deck. My roommates cracked their eyes open at the sound of my early-morning clumsiness, then drifted back into

their individual worlds of semi-dream.

The plan of the day began when I couldn't find my other blousing strap so I used a rubber band instead. Bill discovered the inside of his hardhat was missing and loped down the passageway in search of it. Meanwhile, Hank almost brushed his teeth with a tube of hair cream, and Charlie looked in vain for a stamp to put on the letter he wrote to his wife last night.

The plan of the day began when the four of us finally woke up over coffee, eggs, bacon and toast at the galley.

“What’s goin’ on at your jobsite, today?” said Bill.

“Work,” I replied. “What usually



“Very Well. Take Charge And Carry Out the Plan of the Day.”

goes on at a jobsite? Do ya think the Navy would send us all the way to Guam just so we can goof off in the sun?”

“Sun’s one thing we got plenty of over here,” added Charlie. “But it sure don’t seem like a vacation to me.”

The plan of the day began when we stepped outside into a Guamanian dawn, stood in lines of Seabee green and waited. Someone called us to attention, at which point my eyes decided to snap open all the way.

After morning quarters was finished, we broke off into our separate work crews and hopped into buses and trucks and jeeps parked in front of the

gym. My destination was the helicopter landing pad being built at the hospital.

Hank jumped into the driver’s seat next to me, and after the use of a few well-chosen phrases, got the engine to kick over. His foot hit the gas pedal, and we were off in a cloud of coral dust. “Hi-yo, Silver!” roared Bill from the back, waving his hat in the air.

By this time, the sun was peeking over the hills, turning Guam into the gleaming green diamond that it was. Something about the dense jungle foliage that lined either side of the road. Something that had both a wariness and a freshness. So undisturbed at

present, but how many men must have died in that greenery 34 years ago?

Charlie, bouncing around in the back of our truck, was examining the cliffs, and shouted, “Hey! Didn’t they find some Japanese guy a few years ago who still thought the war was on?”

“Yeah,” I said. “They had to bring his commanding officer all the way from Japan to convince him that World War Two was over.”

It was true. A Japanese infantryman named Yokoi holed up in the jungle for about 28 years. He looked pretty frazzled when they found him. Talk about culture shock. I’d heard stories from some of the locals that



there were still some other Japanese hiding out. Communicated with notes they'd leave at farmhouses. Strange.

I considered what might happen if a Japanese soldier strolled out of the jungle while we worked at the helo pad. Talk about bizarre. I had enough trouble tying my shoes in the morning.

We drove past the salt water ballast line project. Our guys were already digging into the edge of Marine Drive, Guam's version of the Sunset Strip. The operations officer was out there with them, talking things over. He always seemed to be everywhere at once; people like that never seem to get any rest, and yet they're always full of energy. Thank heaven for persons who never worry about how much overtime they've put in.

Hank put on his sunglasses. "Boy, that ocean is BRIGHT when the sun

shines on it—you know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean. Why don't you fork those shades over to me? I lost mine yesterday when I was checking out a sea turtle at Lima Wharf. Leaned over too far. I asked the diver to go after 'em, but he said he only did that kind of thing for captains and above—you know what I mean?"

So the sun's reflection drilled my eyes as the city of Agana came into view. The capital of Guam, an interesting mixture of Oriental and American culture. A place where you could have dinner in a traditional Korean restaurant, surrounded by persons conversing in various Asian dialects, then hit MacDonald's for an order of fries and compare your vanilla milk-shake to the ones you used to drink in Valparaiso, Indiana. A strange brew, this island.

I looked to my left and saw a Datsun pickup truck slipping past. In the back stood eight Oriental sailors, divided into two rows of four. They were holding onto each other's shoulders with one hand, and hanging onto their caps with the other.

"Say, Hank, I think we've got a mini-mount-out going on next to us over here." Hank looked and quipped, "Hope they don't make any sudden stops. Must be those guys from the two Korean destroyers that pulled in yesterday."

Now we were driving up the hill, almost to the hospital where the helo pad waited.

"What's that thing in the road, Hank?" I was more observant than usual this particular morning.

"I don't know—nothing important." Then there was a bump and a small

explosion sounded in my right ear. The truck wobbled and Hank let loose a string of expletives. Subtlety was not his strong point.

"Wow, Hank!" yelled Charlie from the back. "You went and blew out our tire on that old fender laying across the road!" Nothing important, the man had said. I stared at a water buffalo eating grass at the roadside, and muttered something about fate being the hunter.

We pulled over and examined the heap of slashed and blown-out rubber wrapped around the front right wheel. Bill broke the silence: "Uh, gentlemen. Having scrutinized the empirical data available to my visual senses, I've come to the conclusion that our vehicle has incurred a dysfunctional tire."

"Why don't you speak English?" said Charlie, and lit a cigarette.

"Well, that is THAT," summed up Hank; he had a way with words. This event had not been covered in the plan of the day.

Guam has jungles and Guam has cliffs. Guam has shores of coral sand, and waterfalls of great beauty. Guam has an oil refinery that spits fire in the night, and lots and lots of bars. This morning, Guam had four despondent Seabees standing at the side of the road, their thumbs stuck into the wind.

A Datsun pickup truck came zipping by, and screeched to a halt. The driver waved and said, "Get in. You can fit if everybody stands up."

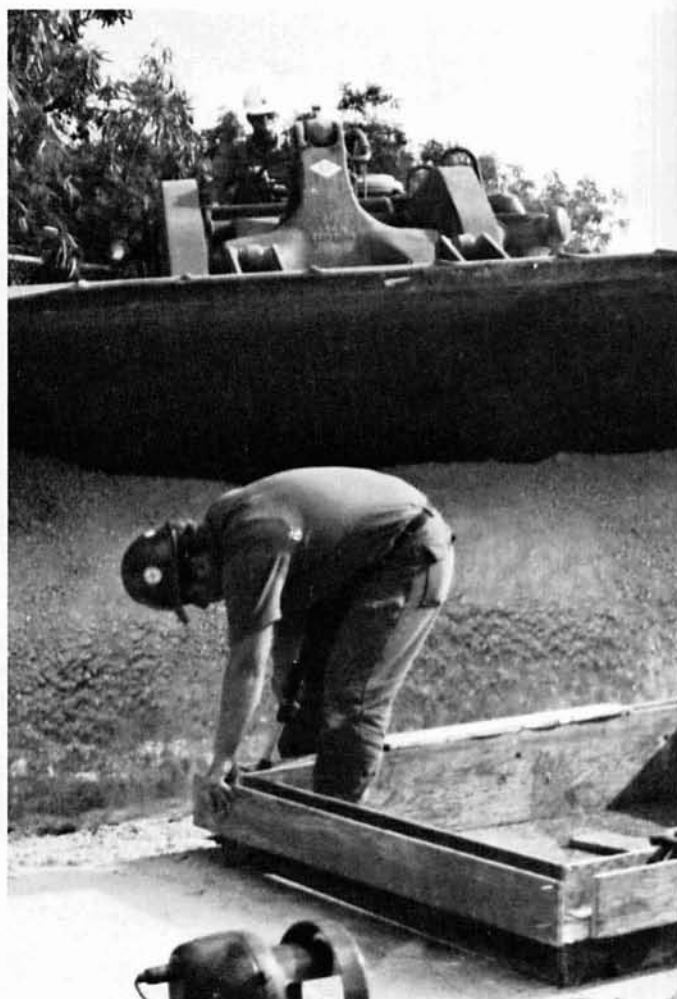
So there we were; Hank, Bill, Charlie and me. Going to work for Uncle Sam, hanging onto each other in the back of a pickup.

It was nothing important, just another day. That's what I'll tell the chief, I thought, when he asks us where our truck is and have we decided that hitchhiking is more fun.

"It's just another day, chief. Just another day in the life."



At the helo pad, Chief Rogers was running his front-end loader, sneaking up behind an unsuspecting BU3 Snodgrass. CE3 Hinshaw and CN Journey were trading jokes with each other while tightening conduit for the landing pad lighting system. EO1 Elston had his hands full working with a reluctant trenching machine; one of its treads had somehow managed to slip off. In the background, EA2 Lista took measurements with his transit, making sure the pad was going to be a level one. He packed up his gear and started walking. "Hey, Nestor, where you goin'?" "I got more work to do at the theater project. You thought maybe I was going to a surveyor's convention?"

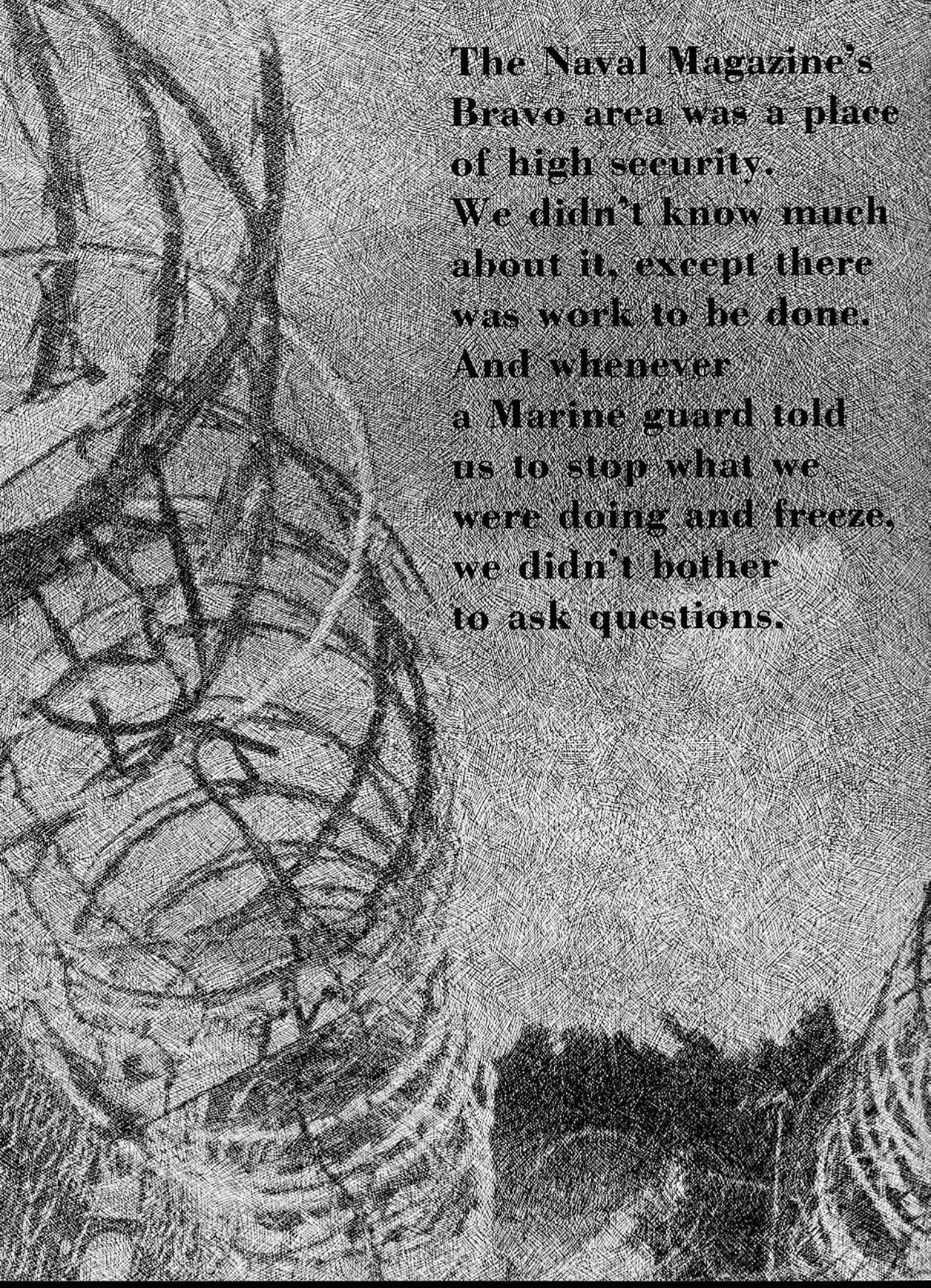






Things were hopping at the Naval Magazine theater project. There was a roof pour going on and that meant the crane and bucket from Alfa Company were being used. Nice change of pace. BUCN Yon attacked the freshly-poured concrete with the vibrator, knocking out all the air pockets. Right next to him, the bucket came in at roof-level with another load; EO2 Laursen put the crane operator on "hold." Then BUCN Krant moved in, along with others, and shoveled the stuff down into the wall forms. The wonders of teamwork. Not far away, another Minuteman crew worked on a more sensitive project.





**The Naval Magazine's
Bravo area was a place
of high security.
We didn't know much
about it, except there
was work to be done.
And whenever
a Marine guard told
us to stop what we
were doing and freeze,
we didn't bother
to ask questions.**





Top: EO2 McWatters brings road up to grade, using a scraper.

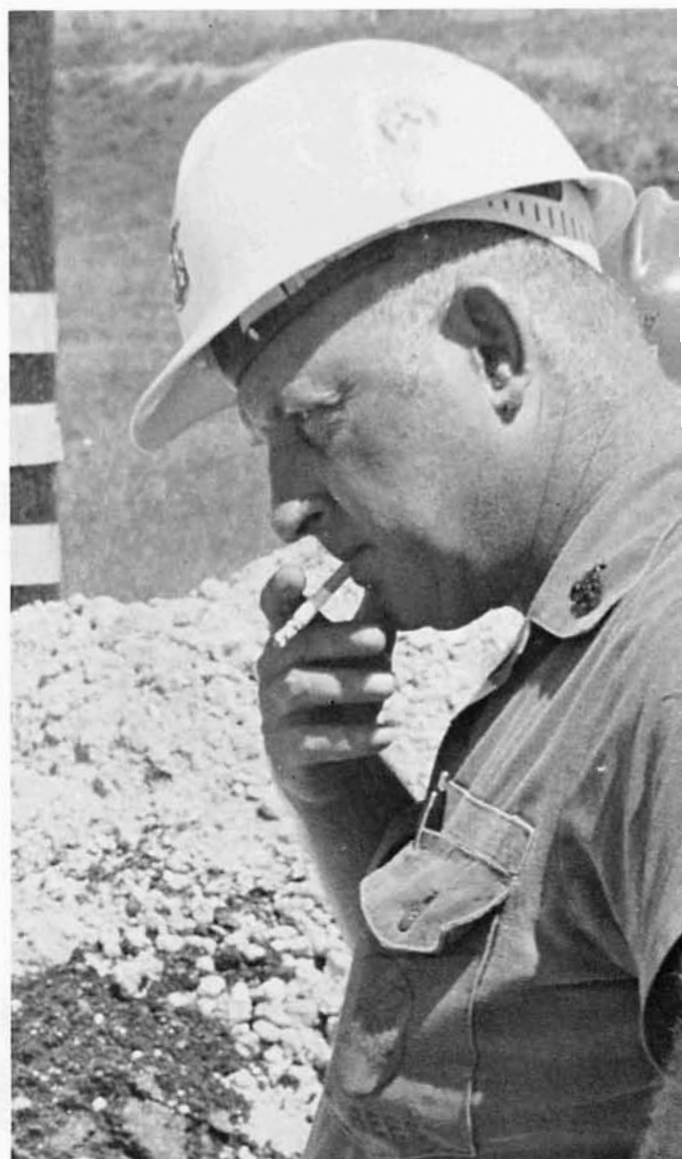
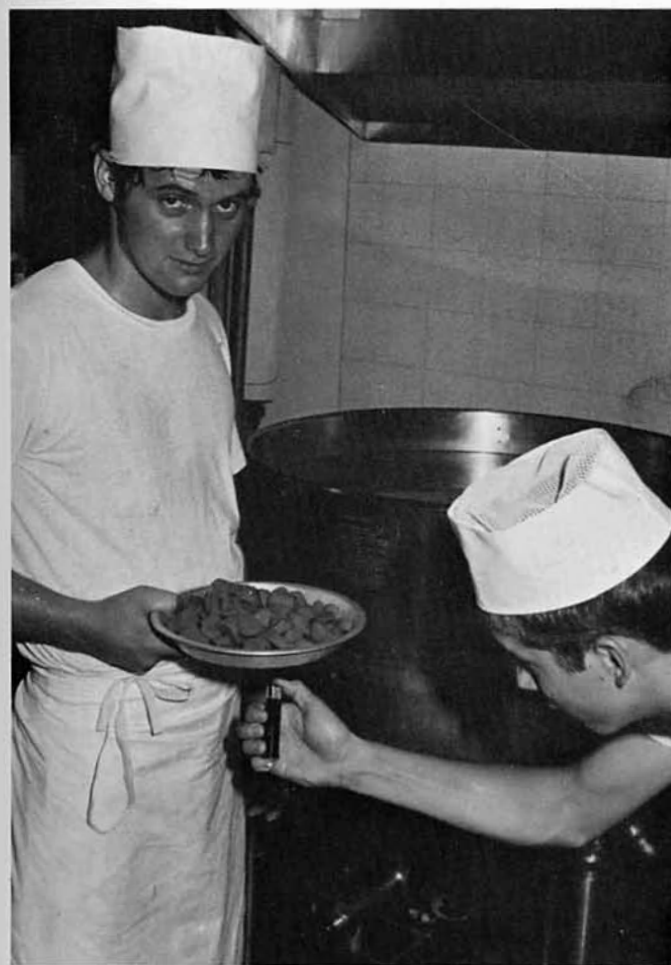
Middle: BU3 Hawkins and BU3 Henderson stretch and tie a security fence.

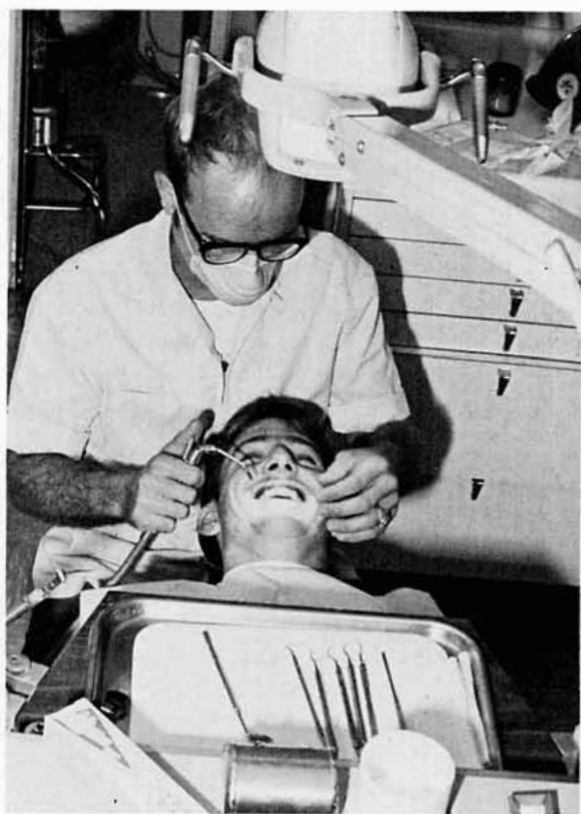
Bottom: Looking like mountaineers, EO2 O'Neal, EOCN Clark and EO2 Seaton seal concrete rip-rap with cement grout on a steep slope during road restoration work at the Naval Magazine.

Meanwhile, Back at Headquarters . . .



. . . YNSN Williams was doing a two-step at the administrative building, CUCM Johnson—our operations chief—was scrutinizing yet another jobsite, MS3 Agee and MSSN Webster coped with equipment breakdowns at the galley with novel methods, and MS3See started cooking the next meal (how can those Seabees eat that much FOOD?)

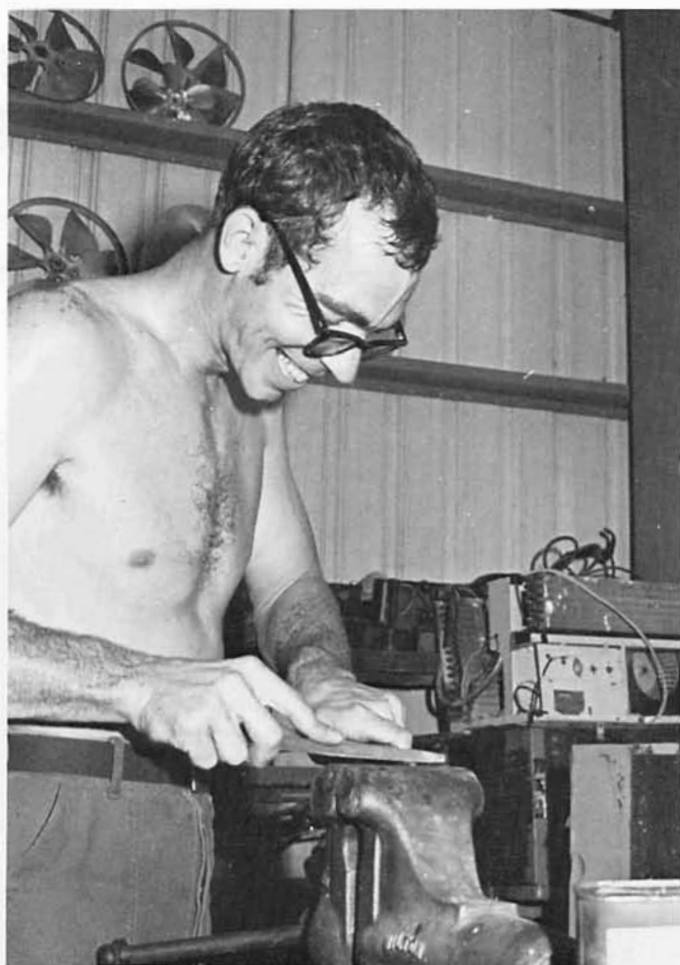




YNSN Kopp was busy retyping something he'd just finished re-typing, DT2 Wann got ready to drill another patient (or rather, another patient's TOOTH), PN1 Norton preserved order and gave out advice at the personnel office, and BM3 Salzwedel, along with BU2 Toney, put a brand new coat of white paint on an old anchor at the quarterdeck.

**At the
Bravo
Company
shops,
sparks
were
flying**





Outside, someone was welding together a barge for the guys to use out at Lima Wharf. Inside, CE2 Catlow wore a wide smile on his face, and said something about filing the points off nails.

There's lots of nails in the shop, plus plenty of other materials, held in stock at the shops stores. CECN Teufel managed things over there, and took a special interest in the comparative size of light bulbs.

One more air conditioner broke down in the barracks, which always proved to be quite the drag, with high humidity and living underneath that tropical sun. But the fellows at air conditioning repair always seemed to pull through. Why, there goes UT2 Rafada now, hot on the trail of a faulty evaporator.

Back outside, UT3 Harris and UT2 Dixon were garbed in strange-looking breathing apparatus, testing out safety measures for the cutting of asbestos pipe.







**When
it
rained,
it
poured**

Above: Working under a gloomy sky and irritating drizzle, BU3 Clapp helps concrete along on its journey down the transmixer's chute and into warehouse beam forms.

Nest page: With SW2 McCurry acting as anchorman in the background, BU2 Eisenbraun, BUCA Nabywaniec and BUCN Sevegny strain to position a concrete wall panel—with some help from Alfa Company's crane.

But Echo Company kept rolling at the warehouse project





Breaktime: LCdr. Rispoli, operations officer, resolves some construction problems with crew members: SWCA Fowler, BU1 Henson and BUCN Sevegny.



Breaktime: Warehouse gang clowns for the camera.



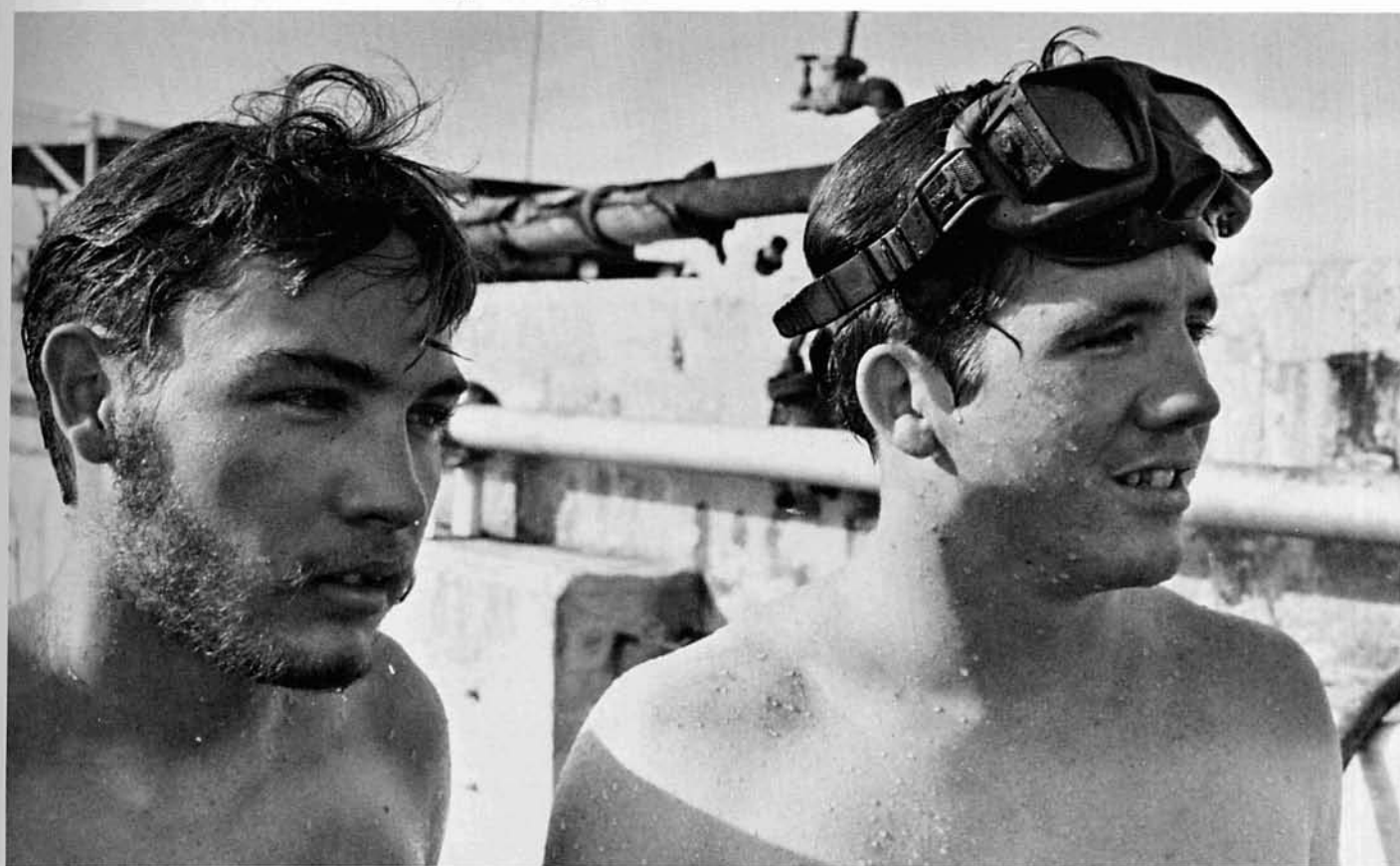
A tedious but necessary task: tying together reinforcing steel before placement of concrete. Working on the job are BUCN Wilhelm, BUCN Brown, BU3 Dellapiazza and BU2 Bouley.



EA3 Rusnak adjusts his transit while taking readings at the warehouse for the engineering department.



**Diving gear,
life jackets
and barges . . .
Lima Wharf:
our wettest project**



SWCA Kite and BU3 Crosby take a breather from their underwater construction work at Lima Wharf.



Left: BU3 Underwood, BU3 Junga and BUC Berry at pier side as concrete flows down the chute.

Right: BU3 Crosby and BUCA Elliott on parapet scaffold as BUCA Morrison and SWCA Kite tread water.

Center: BUCA Blanchard and BUCR



Morris dig into pier with a jackhammer.

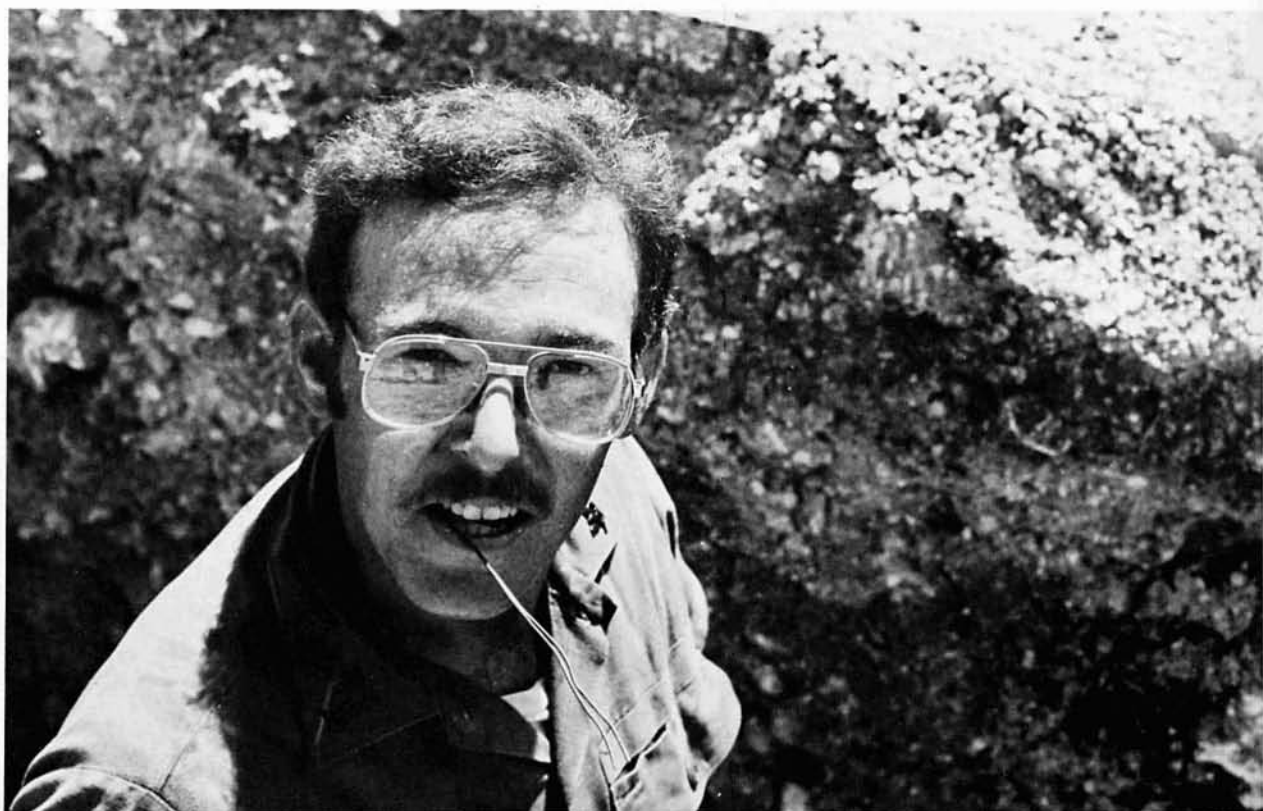
Below Left: BU3 Crosby calls for a chute adjustment.

Below Right: BUCA Bradley: "Does this job count as double sea duty?"

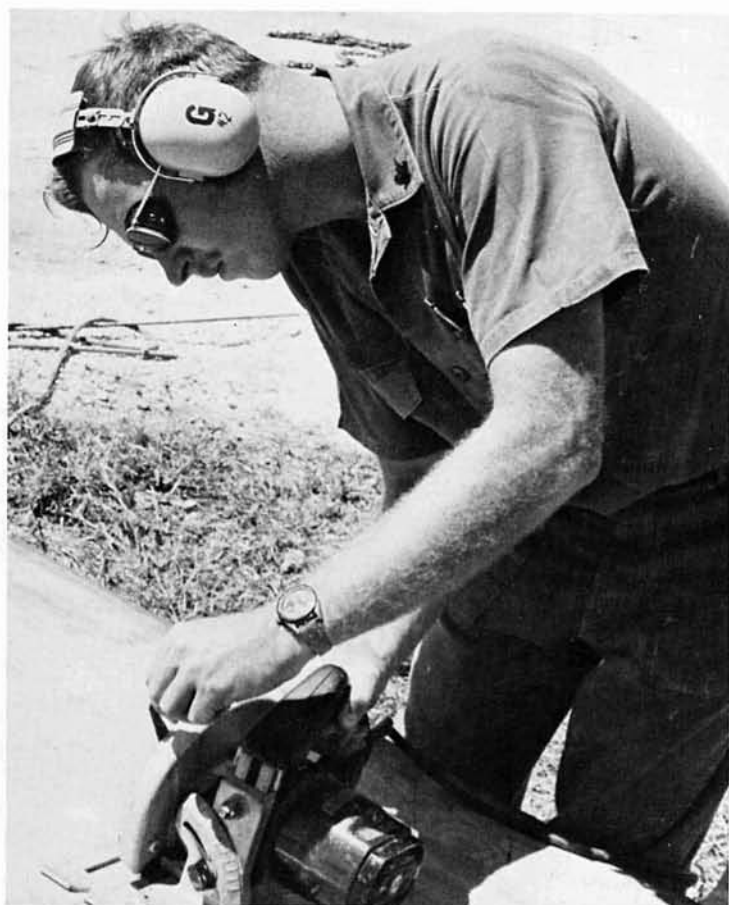


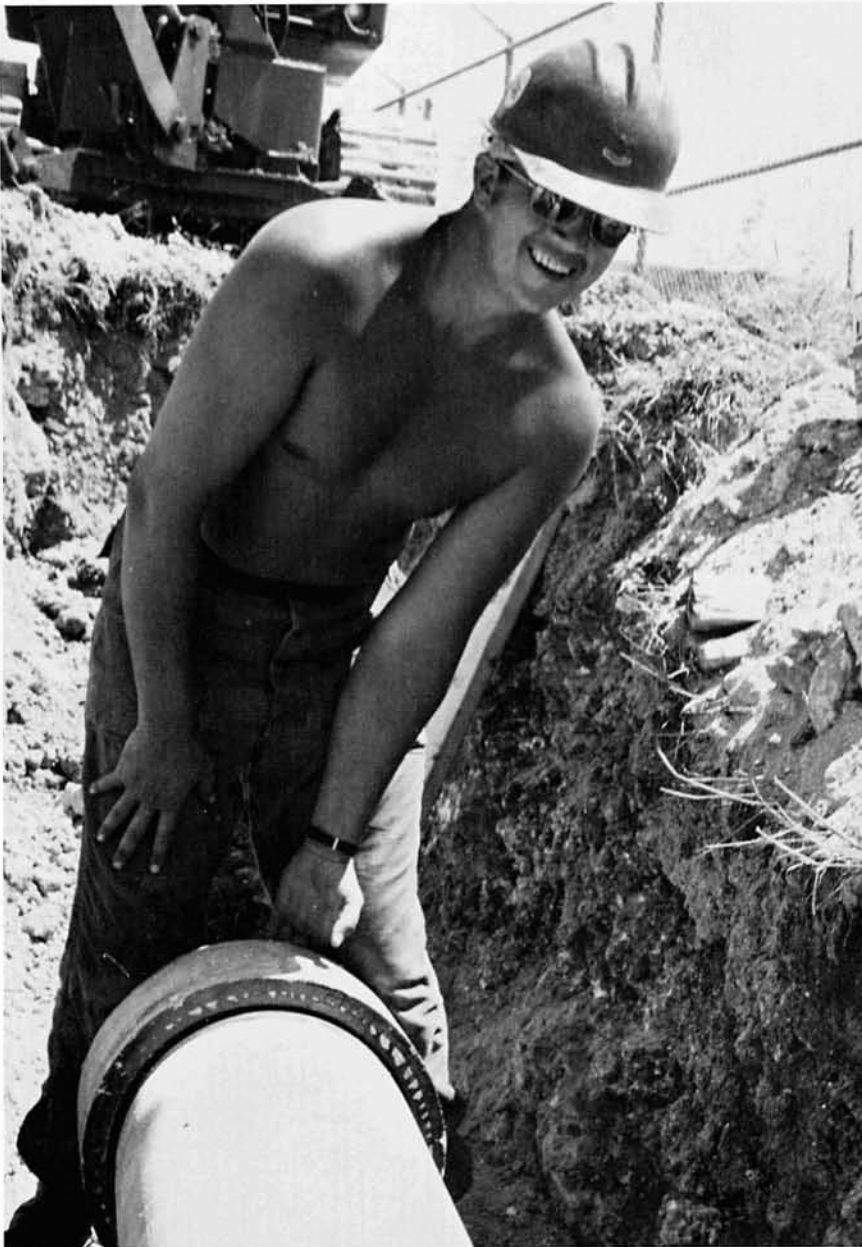


**Saltwater ballast line—
where the pipe
never ended**



Before daylight began, the saltwater ballast crew was setting up pylons and signs. Work would be no fun at all if Guamanian traffic kept bowling over Seabees throughout the day. Today, the pipe had to be laid across Marine Drive, and traffic would have to take it easy. Or else the flagman was going to have a real exciting time up there, pretending he was holding a checkered flag at Indianapolis. Counterclockwise, from top: Closeup of "tying-in" procedure, where each piece of reinforcing steel must be tied together with wire before concrete is placed; a long line of asbestos cement pipe—about 1½ miles of it, to be precise; SW3 George grew accustomed to holding wire in his mouth while both hands were busy "tying-in"; BU2 Ruben defiantly stands up to a front-end loader's huge shovel; second view of Ruben. After his stand-off with the loader, he went back to a more mundane task—cutting forms from plywood.





**Utilitiesman
Second Class
David W. Dixon
Born: Feb. 22, 1947
Died: Feb. 14, 1979
A hard worker
and a good friend.
His energy and
friendship will be
remembered by the
men of 62.**



Left: As concrete rains from the chute, UTCN Whitehouse spreads it over pipe with a shovel.

Below: CECN Bill Shields gets lucky and becomes flagman for the day. Looks sort of like a matador, doesn't he?





Lt. (jg) Rowe, assistant Bravo Company commander (above), and Lt. Barry Wittschen, Bravo Company commander (left), get into the act at the salt-water ballast line project.

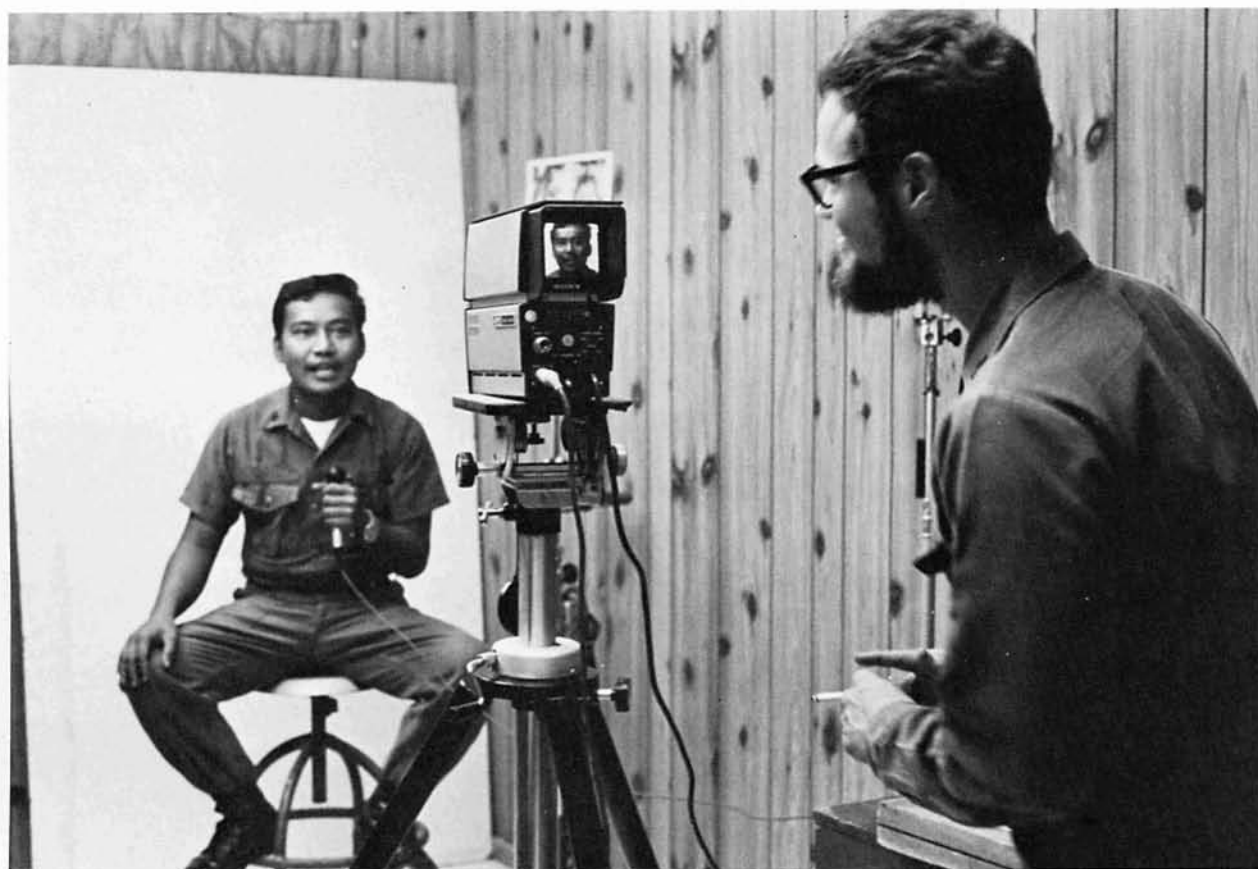


The clock was creeping its way toward 11:30, and everyone started feeling the need for refueling in the stomach area. EO1 Ferguson thought about skipping lunch today, but CE1 Urbati thought different. He grabbed Fergie and started to pull him in the chow hall's direction. "Come on, Fergie! Let's go get some food . . . you gotta keep up your health . . . you can't skip chow . . . how're you gonna stay healthy?" They slid out the door.

Over at another office, CECN Smith was on his 18th cup of coffee, and wondering why he had heartburn.

"Lunch? What's that?" he said. "Anybody see some cream laying around here somewhere?" No one did, so Smitty went to get some cream over at the chow hall.





After lunch, some of the husbands strolled into the public affairs office, where JO2 Callaghan was working on another videotape for the NMCB 62 Wives' Club. It was EA2 Lista's turn to step into the limelight. "Go ahead, Nestor. Say a few words to your wife and kids. Tell 'em about life on Guam." And he did.



Well, folks, we've reached the half-way point of the day. What'dya say we have a 16-page intermission, then pick up Part Two on the other side?

So what are we going to remember about Guam 20 years from now?

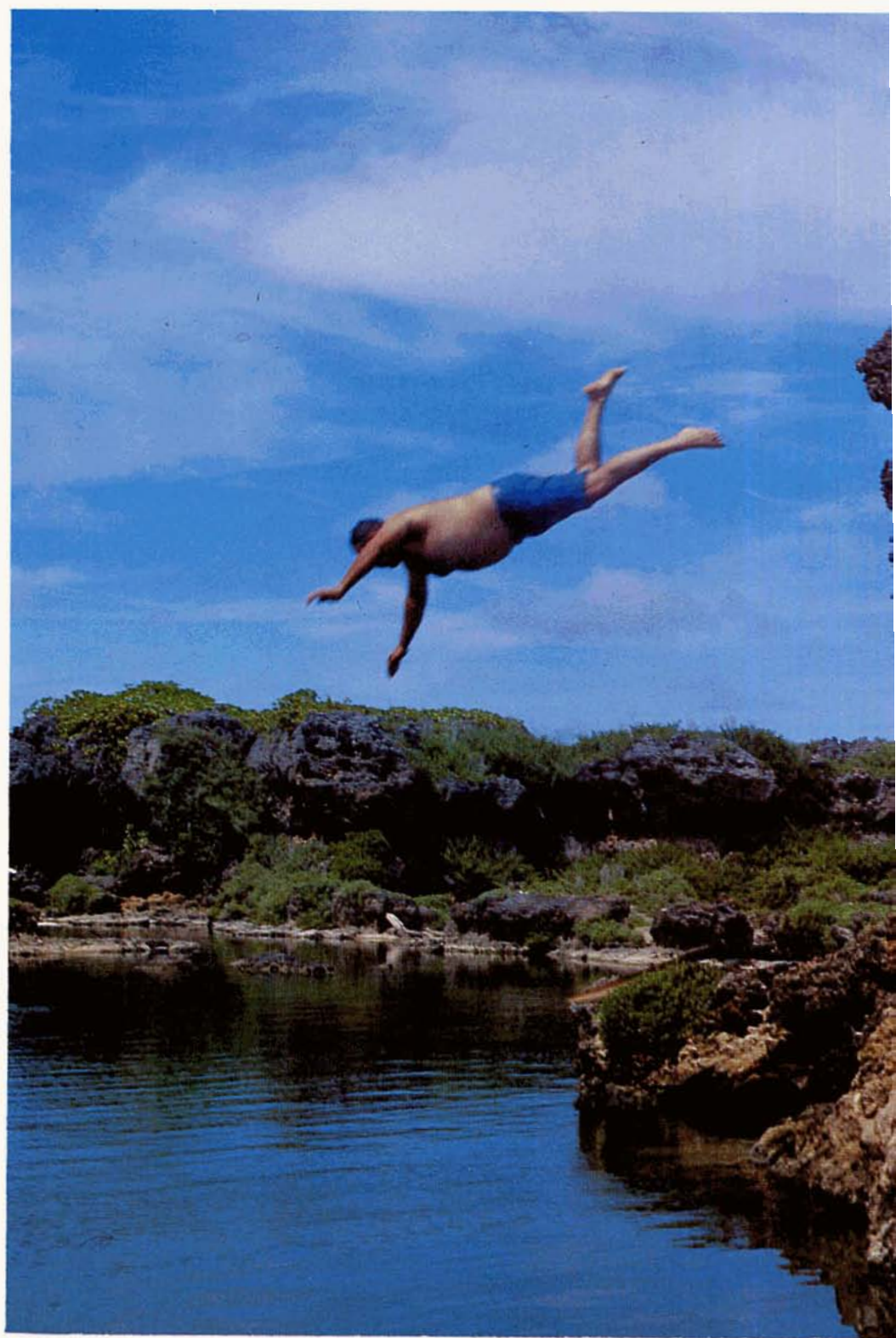
**Well, it was an island . . .
in the Pacific . . . had a lot of
shoreline and hills to it.**

**But more than that, our own
personal memories are bound
to be fringed with various
instances of . . .**



First- Class Entertainment

**Belly-Flops
In
Paradise . . .**



Mind-Boggling Explanations . . .





Once-in-a-Lifetime Experiences . . .

Spit And Polish Inspections





Concrete-Encrusted Jubilation . . .



Survival in the Wilderness . . .

. . . And Fiery Competition

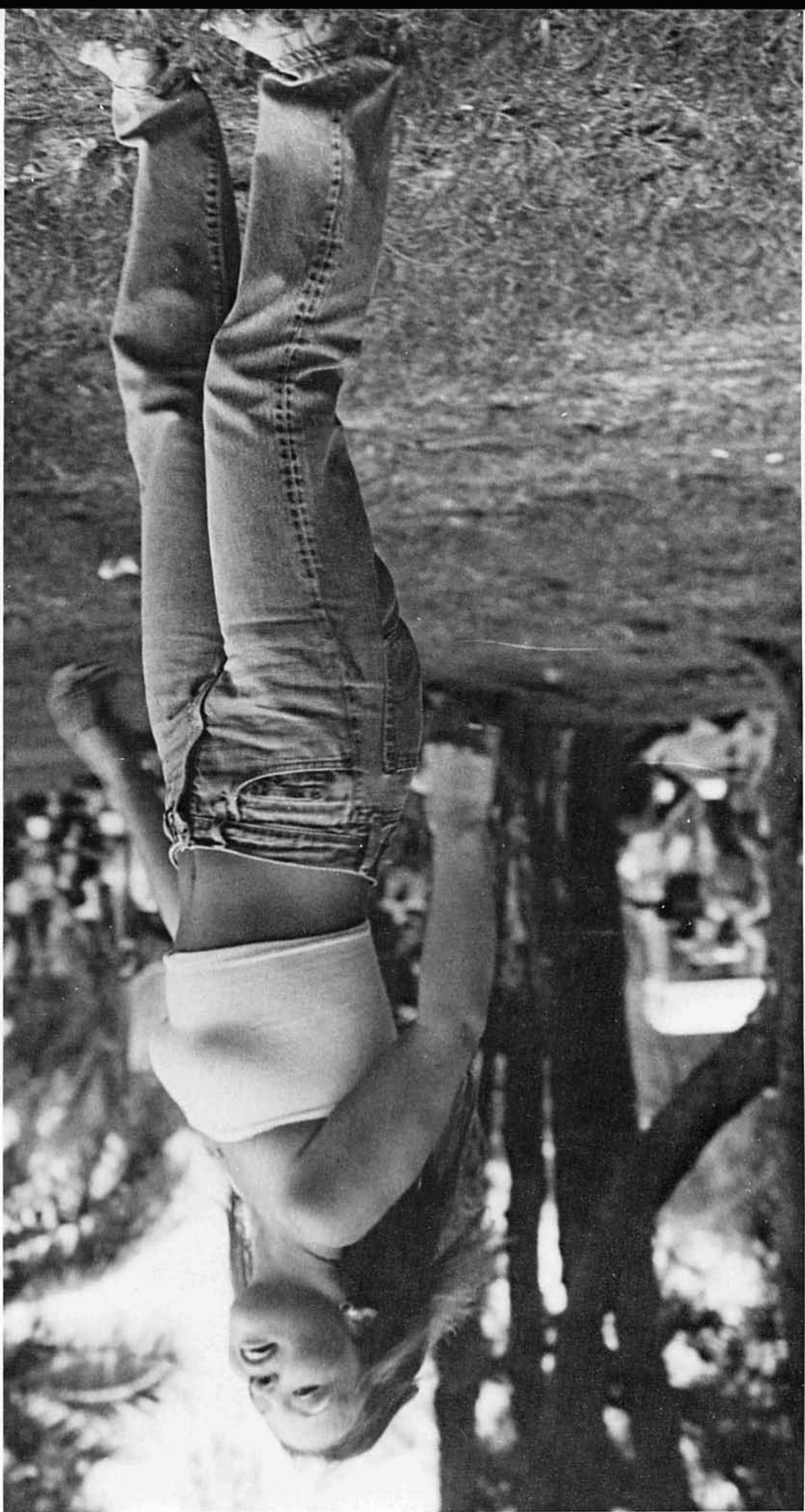


Days When Things Didn't Go Right . . .

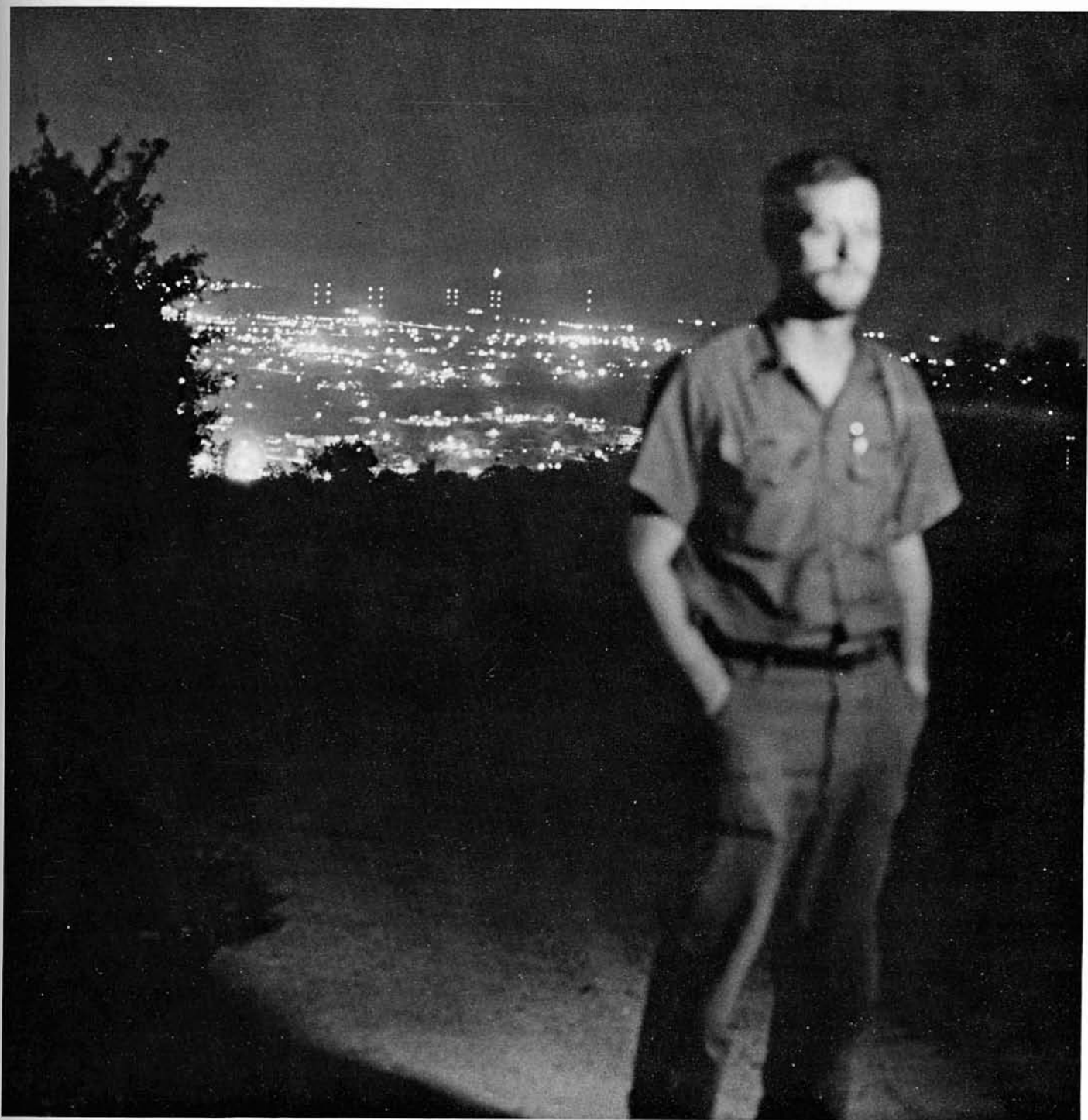




**And Days When Things
REALLY Didn't Go Right!**



**Carefree
Elation**

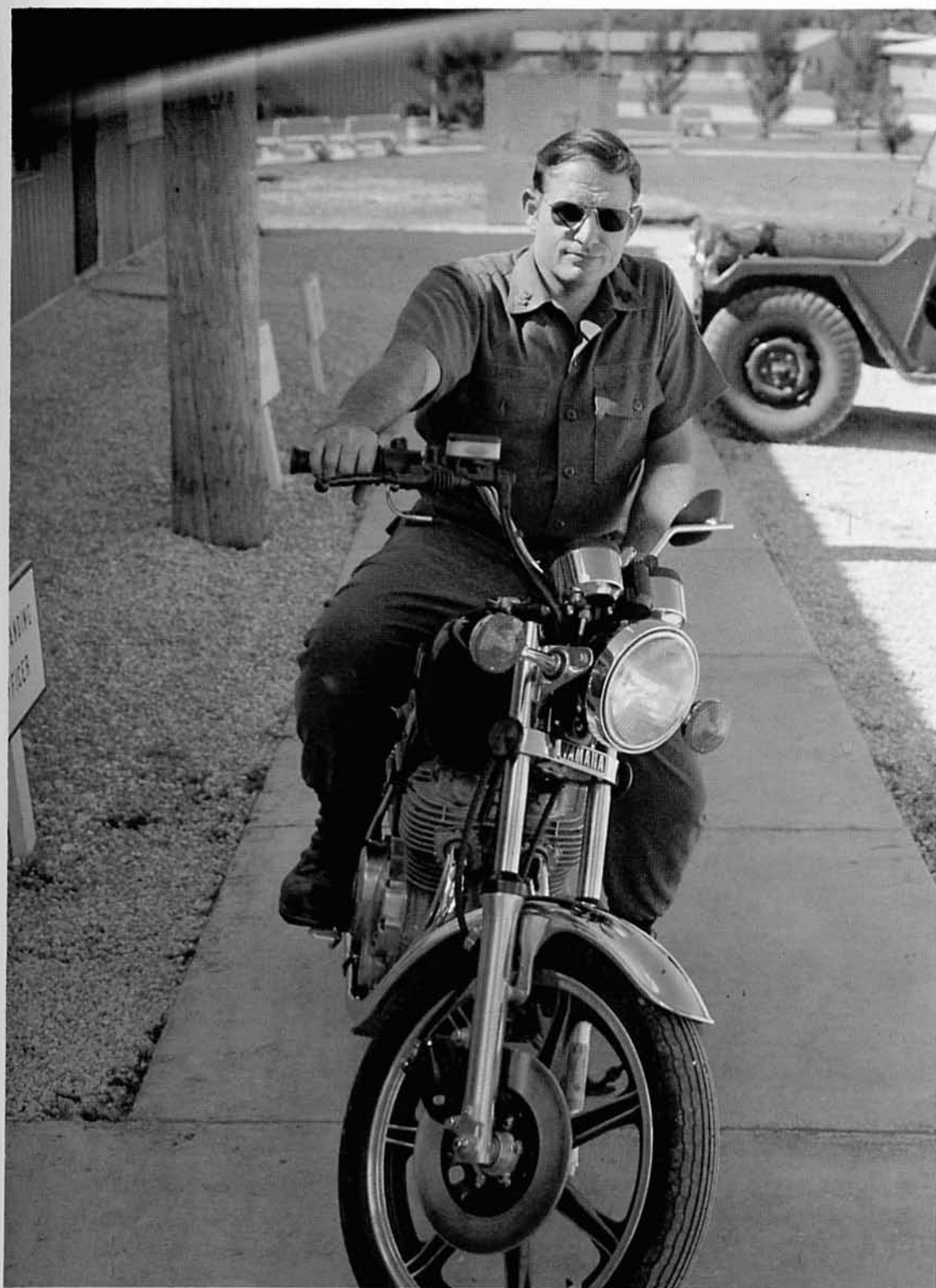


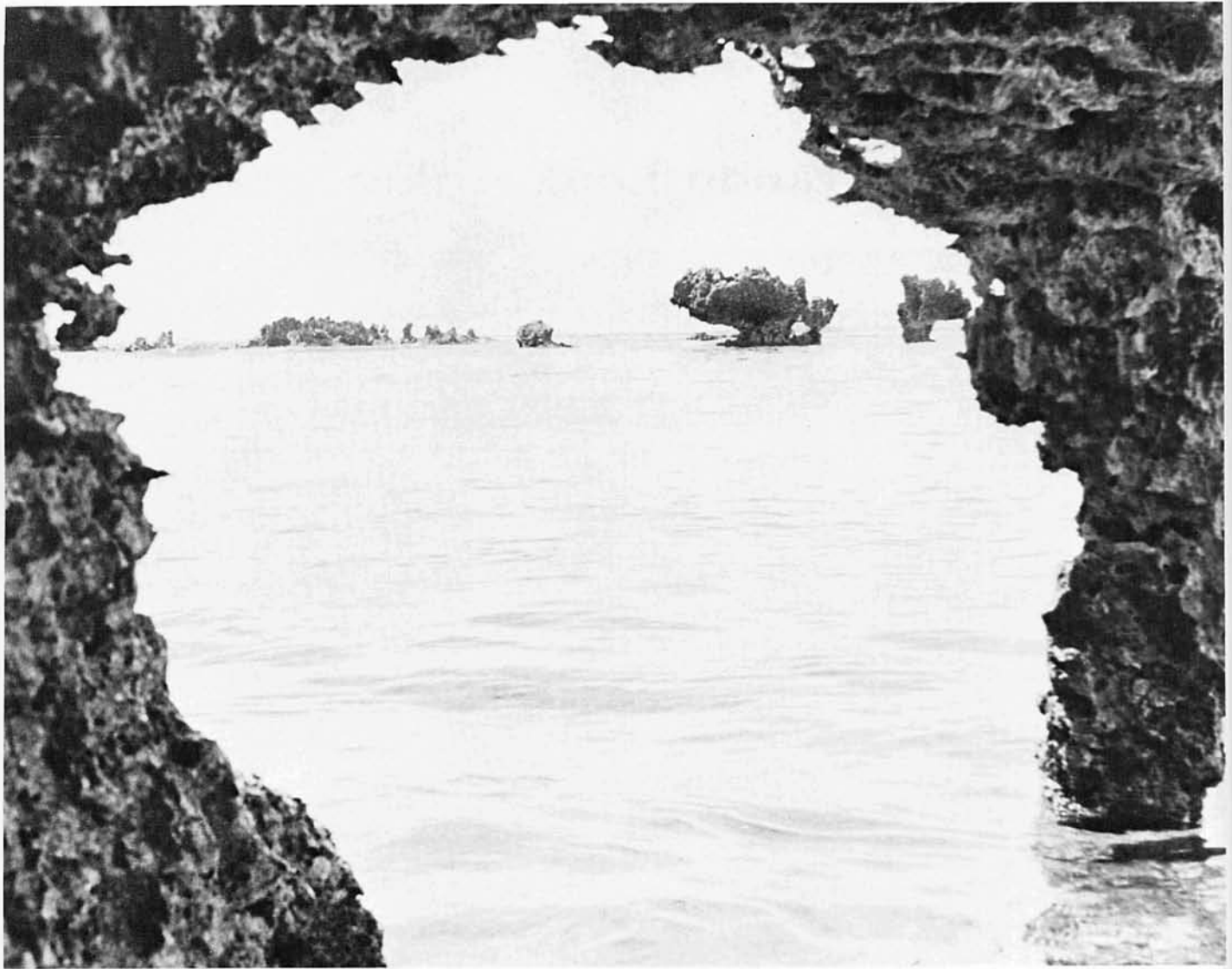
And Bizarre Nighttime Occurrences . . .



Wild-Eyed Aggression . . .

and Marlon Brando Look-Alikes



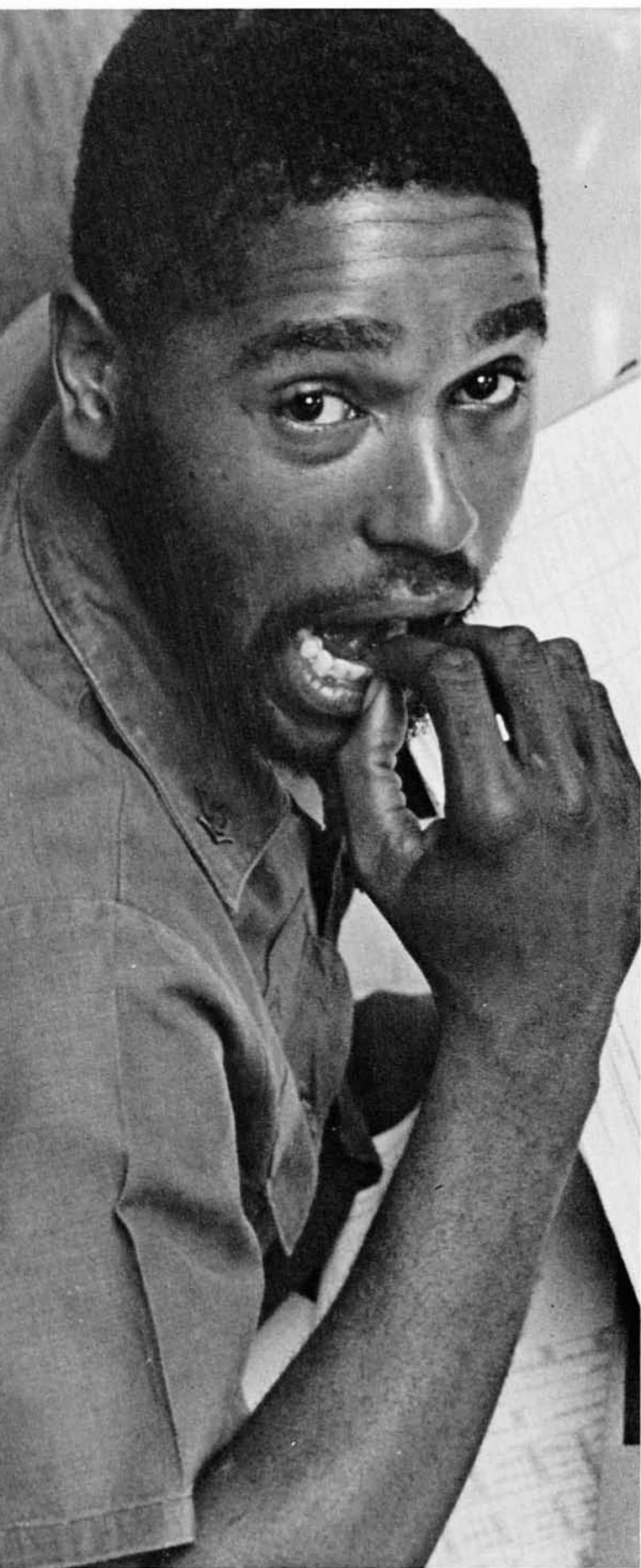


**Not to Mention
A Unique, Natural Beauty**

**Yeah, That's What We'll Remember
(Plus a Lot of Other Things)**



**a day
in the life
(part two)**



Meanwhile, back at Headquarters . . .

Things were hectic at the personnel office and PN3 Riley didn't like it one bit. He was chewing the one long fingernail he had saved in case of dire emergency—or dire straits. "I've got five separations to do, three reenlistments and two fleet reserve transfers and it's already one o'clock!"

"Don't sweat it," muttered PNSN Phillips, standing nearby and starting on his third pack of cigarettes for the day. "It could be worse, you know; you could've been born without any fingers—and then how would you get the typing done . . . with your nose?" Riley looked at him. "Well, I've already lost my fingernails. The next step is to start in on my fingers." He started to type.

Around the corner and through a door sat a prospective reenlistee, talking things over with NC1 Beaver, our career counselor.

"Well, let's see," said Beaver. "If you like hot weather, we can send you to Diego Garcia. Real quiet place, you know what I mean? Or, if you like cold weather, we might arrange for duty in Antarctica. Or maybe Iceland—it's a little warmer there. For dry weather, we've got Morocco, and for wet weather, we've got a submarine base at New London. So what's your pleasure?"

The young man was silent for a moment, then answered. "What do you have for someone who's hungry?"

"Well, we've got hot pastrami on rye, but you'll have to get orders for that, too."

"That'll take too long."

"Then we've got the Camp Covington galley—right next door."

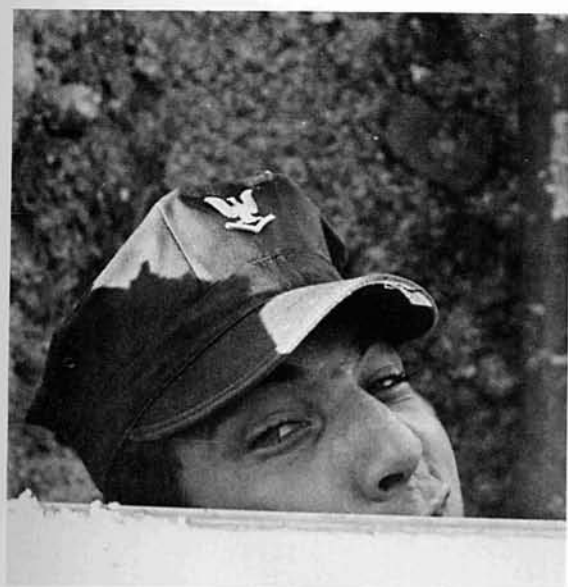
Ensign Benton was at the galley, checking out the condition of equipment there. MS1 Fajardo was escorting the ensign around the premises. "Come with me, sir. I have some grills that are just dying to meet you."

As they moved off toward the grills, DK1 Batol walked in and asked where he might find YN3 Bohnsack. The ensign smiled. "I think he's out getting some more on-the-job training—over at the laundry project."

On-the-job training meant that Bohnsack was snooping around another construction project, picking up info on how to build his own home. "Concrete is neat stuff, man," he would say. "I mean, it comes out all gushy, and then if you hit your head against it a few hours later, you wind up with a concussion." Really neat stuff.

The admin chief was also looking for the yeoman, and finally caught up with him. Chief stood on a boardwalk across a trench, shouting for Bohnsack. Then he looked down and saw the YN3 staring up from under the boards. "What's goin' on?" said the chief.

"Just checkin' out this trench, chief. It don't hurt as bad if you happen to hit your head against it."





Things got even more hectic at personnel when PN2 Galloway tried getting CE2 Feserman to sign a 47-year reenlistment contract. "Now, hold on a minute!" said Galloway. "I was just kidding, Feserman. Besides, that pen doesn't have any ink in it. Here, let me try to draw somethin' on your forehead."

Over at the armory, Gunner's Mates Hubble, Hall and Hansen were posing for a portrait shot with their mascot. "This dog is so tough," said Hubble, "that we feed him bullets for breakfast, hand grenades for lunch and mortar rounds for supper."

The photographer looked over the top of his camera. "Well, I sure hope he doesn't decide to belch right now."

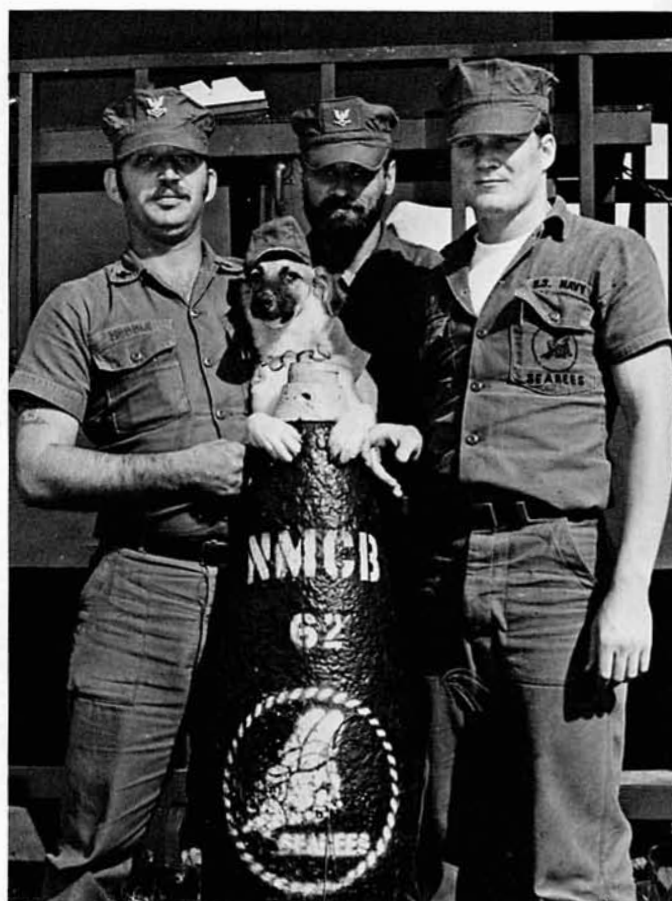
At Central Tool Room, the supply guys were leaning on each other for support. There they were in the yard, singing "We Are the Seabees of the Navy" at the top of their lungs: CMCN Bianco, UTCN Boller, SK2 Thompson, BU2 Spracklin, SKSR Fowler and SK3 Salango.

Lt. Lindsey was the supply department's kingpin. His innovations never ended.

"Mr. Lindsey, why are you reading that "All Hands" magazine upside-down?"

"Why, what a silly question. Obviously, I'm training my eyes to read words upside-down so I can read something I'm not supposed to read while the other person is reading it right side up. Any more questions?"

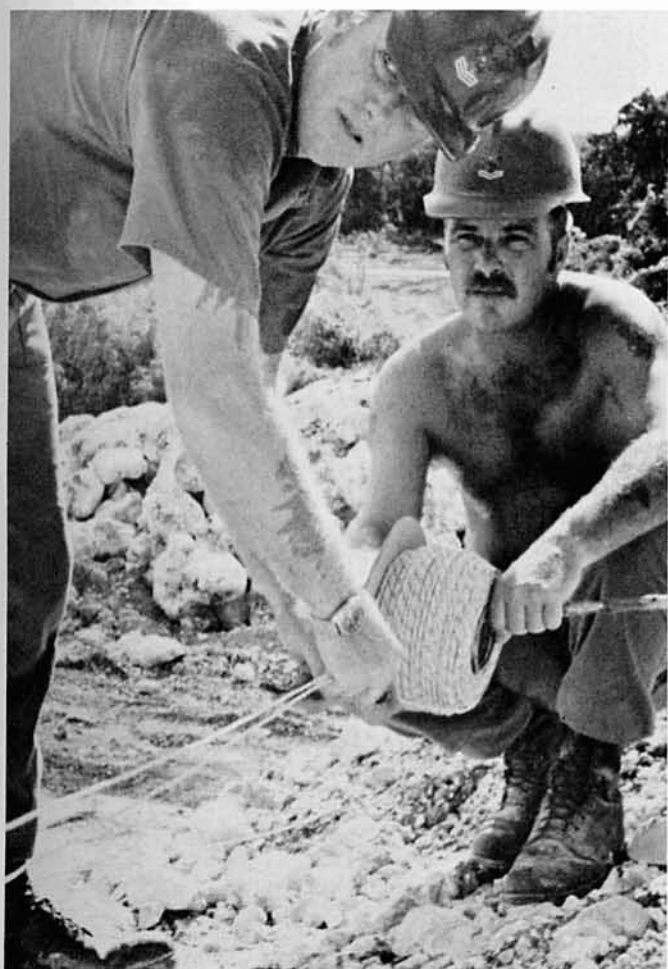
"Uh, no sir. I've got to bet back to my barracks room and turn over my TV set."





**Alfa Company
was into
hard rock
at the
Orote Pt. quarry**





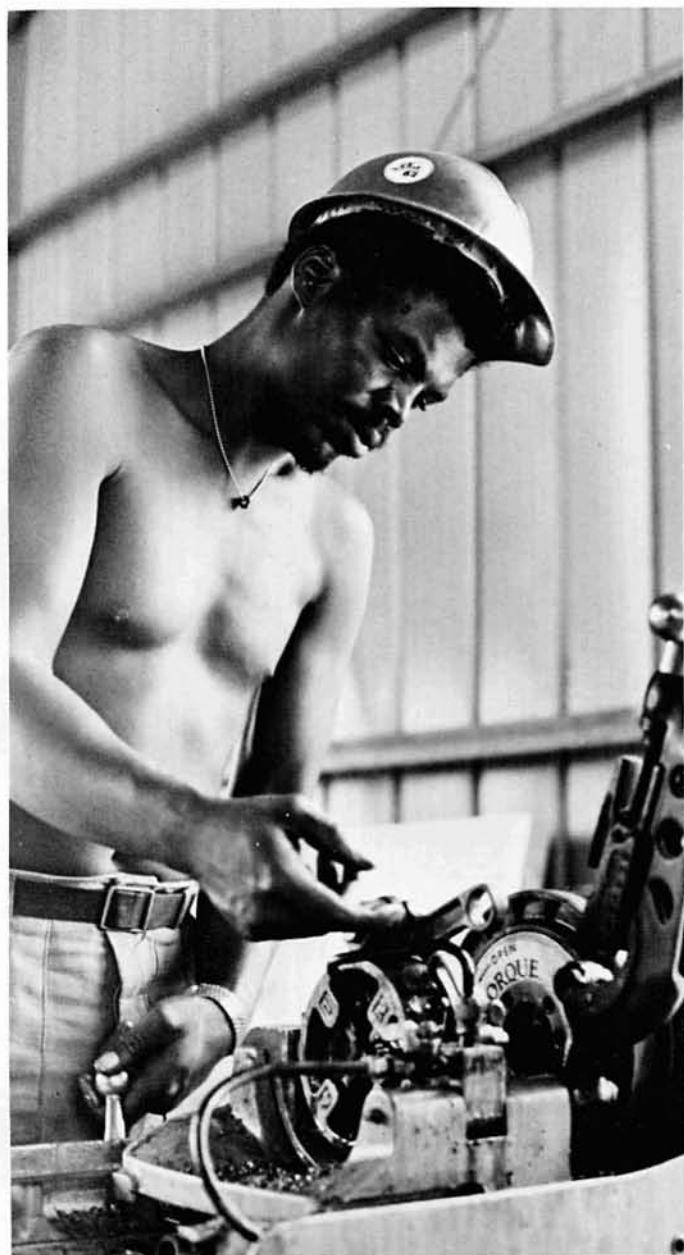
Top, opposite page: EOCN Sheppard scoops a load of coral aggregate into a front-end loader as it comes reeling off the conveyor belt at the quarry.

Bottom, opposite page: EOCN Cornish and EO2 Welch carefully prepare a "safety stick" for detonation. Sticks are placed into a rock shelf at intervals, tied together, then simultaneously exploded. It makes for a very large sound.

Left: EO1 Bennington and EO2 Minish measure out a length of detonation cord.

Bottom: EO2 Welch watches the approach of a loader driven by EOCN Perry at the rock crusher. Large chunks are dumped into primary crusher jaws and chewed down to proper size for use in concrete mixtures.





The laund a project precision pyrotechnics



building —
packed with
and pauses;
and pickaxes

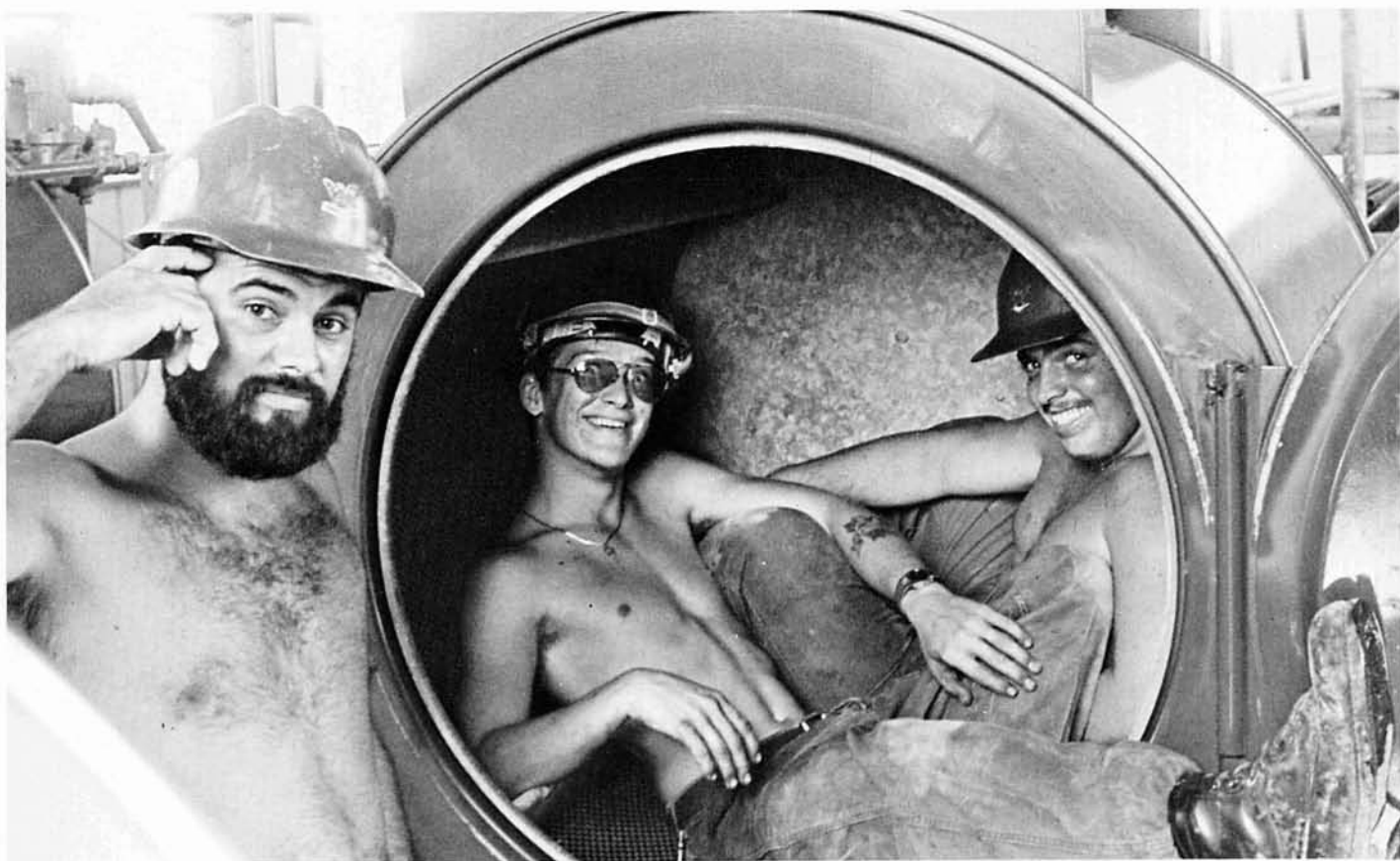


From far left: UT2 Pemberton threads pipe; UT1 Farrell is caught inhaling a nicotine cylinder; SW2 Wisniewski welds a beam and a hard working Seabee (he's so involved with his work that no one could identify him) wields a pickax with fervor.

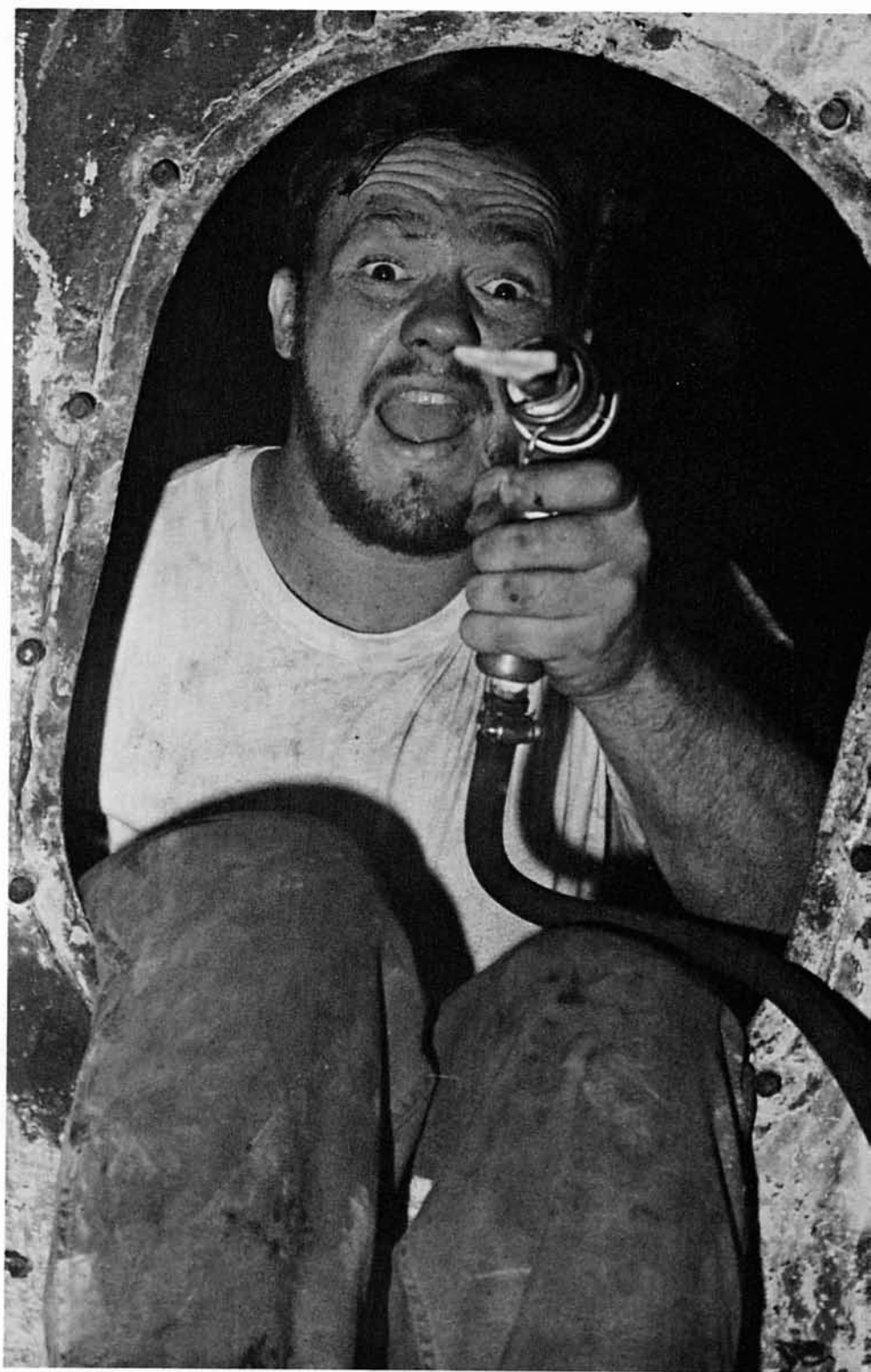


Left: One of the laundry crew members shows off his physique, reminding us of a fine Michelangelo sculpture.

Bottom: SW2 Mills waxes himself whimsically, finding a close encounter of the dryer kind—contain-none other than those two dry wits: UTCN Horton and UTCN Conant.

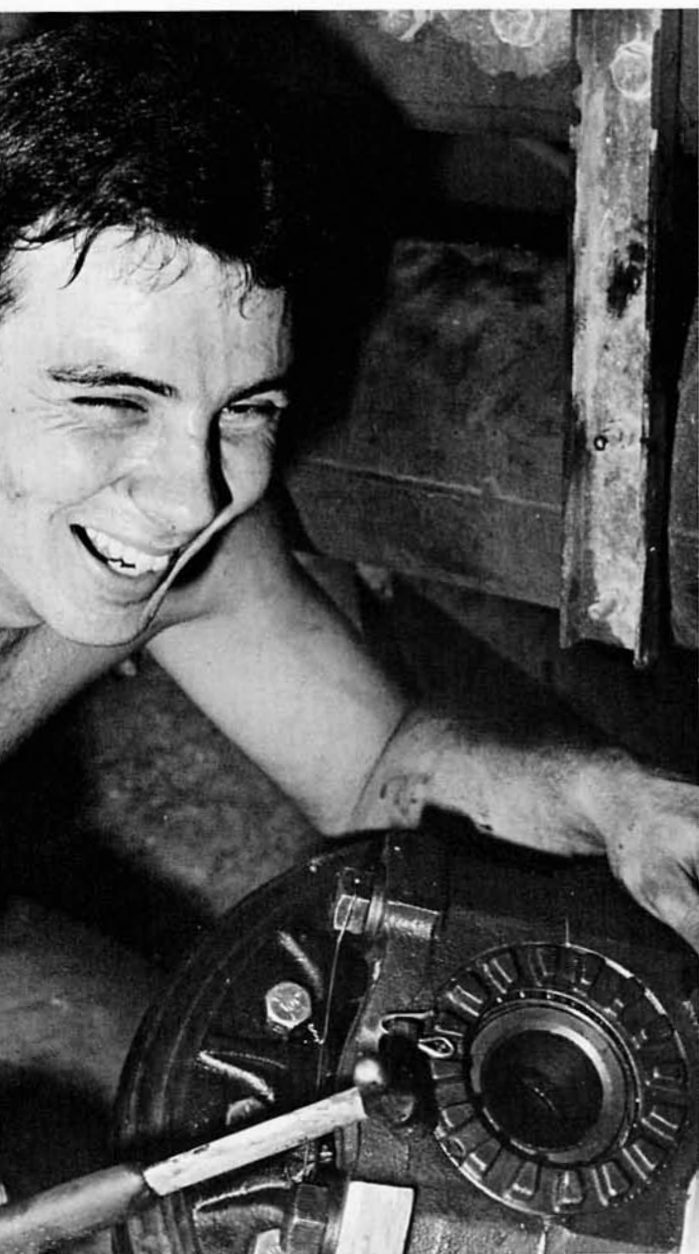


**Those
“wild
and
crazy
guys”
in the
mechanic
shops**



CM2 Rogers defends the inside of a transmixer with his trusty hand chisel.

**“Equipment is the battalion’s pride,
but without us—that pride don’t ride!”**



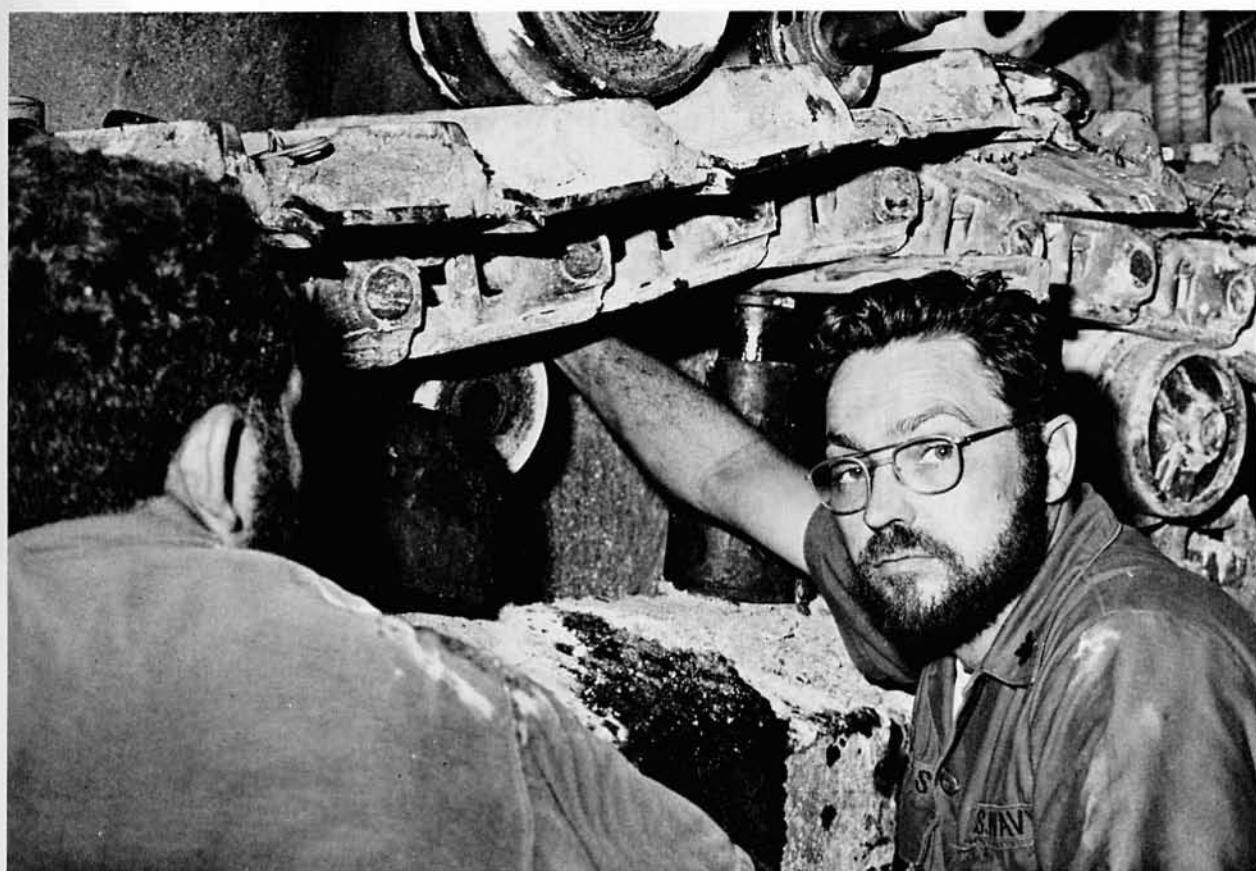
Left: CM3 Almon affectionately assembles his double reduction drive unit at the mechanics’ shop.

Top right: CM2 Dennis Turner nearly outweighs the mini-ditcher he sits upon.

Above: Sitting on the bench, waiting for a ride back to the barracks. From left: EOCN McAdams, EOCN Johnson, EO2 Sluus, EO1 Carver, EO2 Watkins and EO3 Spidel.

Top, next page: Gazing at the long list of names and numbers, EO2 Batts checks the equipment board at the dispatching office.

Bottom, next page: MR1 Haines works on a particular problem child known as the D-8 bulldozer.





Top left: Alfa Company Chief, EQCM Morrison, inspects a RoosaMaster fuel injection pump at the "5000" shop.

Top right: Taking a break from the sun's hot glare, CMCN Dubbins waves a greeting from the business end of a Northwest Six shovel.

Above: Making one of their frequent tours of the Alfa shops, Cdr. Kau and Master Chief Sweeney focus on a line of oil being drained from a 1½-ton truck by CM3 Newell.

Right: Looking like Buck Rodgers and his sidekick at the controls of their rocket-ship in outer space, CECN Nielsen and CM2 Sues are really just working on a flood light plant gone momentarily haywire.





After a day of hard work, mail is passed out at the shops. CMCN Stettina reads about news from home, just like a whole bunch of other Minutemen spread across the Pacific area. Letters were always our off-time priority—writing them or reading them or reading them again or reading them in our sleep. Receiving word from someone special in our lives cured a bout with loneliness no medicine available at the dispensary could help. Whether it was “Dear Dad,” “Dear Son,” or “Dear Sweetheart, Lover and Friend”, we were always glad to read the lines. Lines sent from someone we had to miss terribly for an eight-month stretch. If you’ve never been stationed overseas in a foreign country or environment, away from family and friends, then you may not understand how desperate we became when mail stopped coming our way for awhile.

But if you have been in that situation, then you know why letters from people we love are anxiously awaited, opened with excitement, and read until we have the text almost memorized.

Yes, we were always glad to get mail. Sometimes we were so glad, it scared us to think what might happen if suddenly the U.S. Mail ceased to be.

**As a matter of fact,
the Minutemen were busy
all over the Pacific Ocean**



**There were five
Minutemen in Hawaii . . .**

Showing off their Hawaiian ornamentation with pride are the five guys who kept supplies and personnel rolling smoothly between NMCB 62 (wherever it happened to be for each situation) and the continental U.S. From left: EO3 Berry, EOCA Guidas, CECN Tarbox, BUCA Fletcher and BUCR Badners. Aloha, fellas!



BU3 Tom Kidney, crew leader of the Building 916 project in Misawa, gets in shape for the football season with his jackhammer: "I gave up cigarettes and started eating concrete chips."



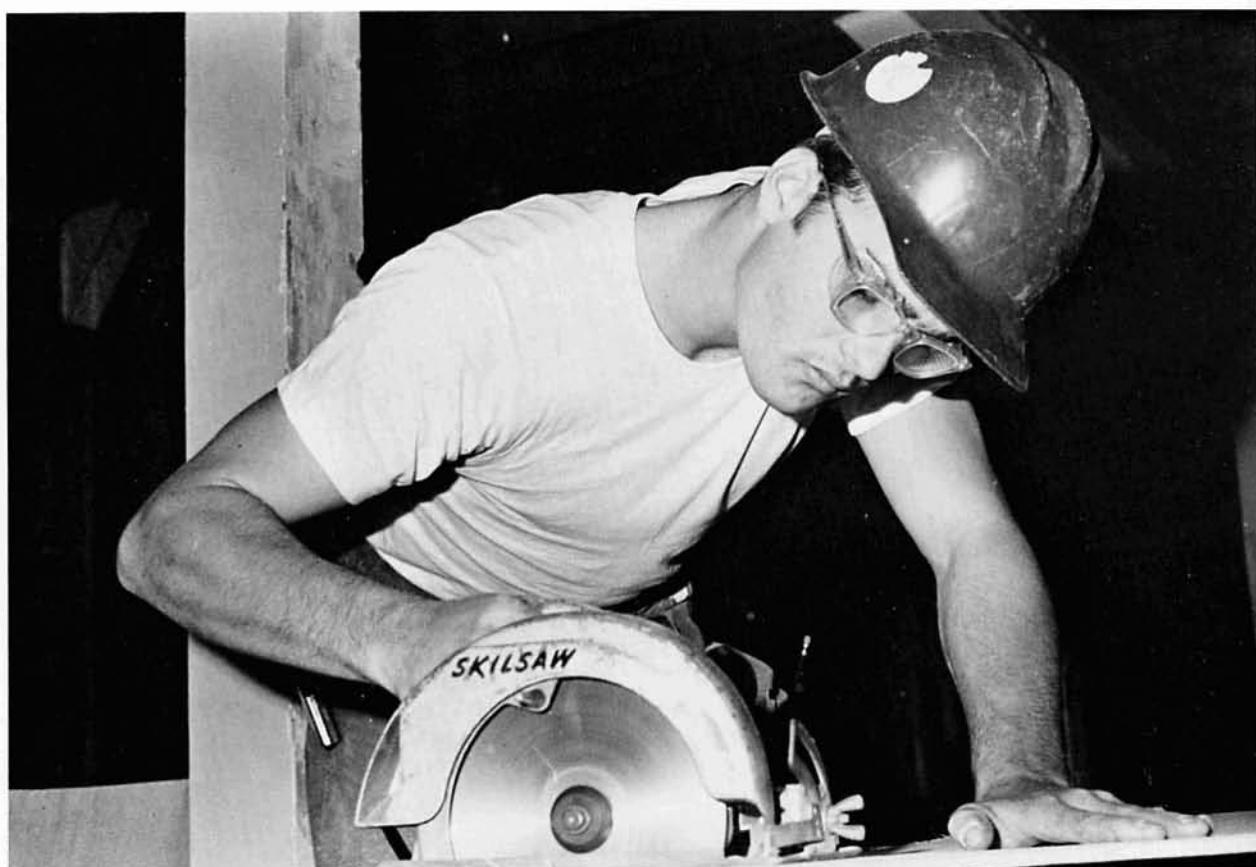
Above: SW1 Bill Bassett performs the fine art of welding at the Auxiliary Underwater Weapons lightning protection project.

Right: BU2 Jamison Grunkemeyer and two other members of the Misawa team bend to the task of concrete placement at the AUW water tank project.

Thirty of us in Misawa, Japan . . .



Twenty others in Yokosuka, Japan . . .

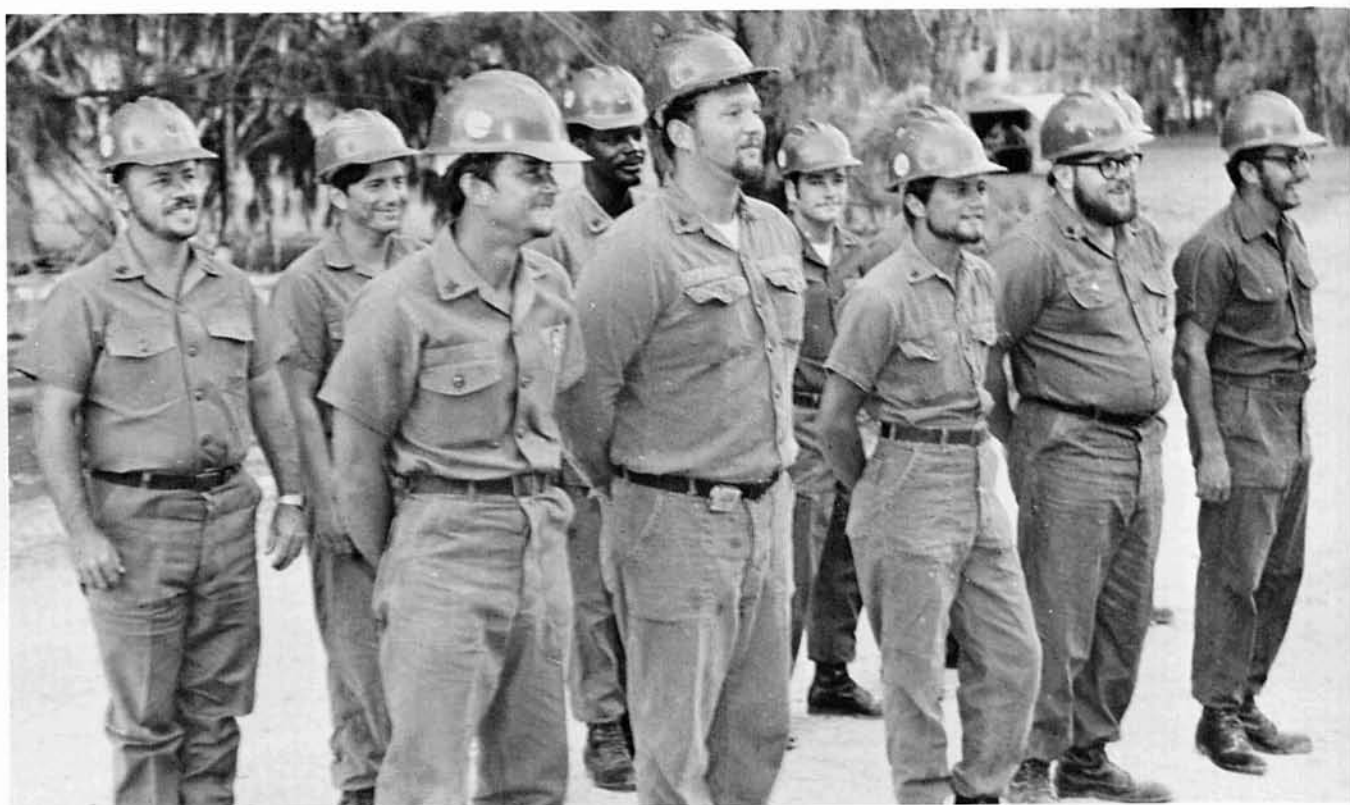




In another part of Japan called Yokosuka (yah-KOOS-kah), UTCN McElroy was in the woodshop cutting boards with his trusty Skilsaw.

Poring over a pile of blueprints, BU1 Brosdahl and BU1 Unadia discussed pipe fitting, sheetrock and floor space—among other things: “Well, you know the Yankees have got to win four out of the next five, or they’re done for. Those Dodgers already have two games locked up, so who do YOU think is going to win?”

(The Yankees, of course, and I’ll bite the first Dodger fan that begs to differ with me!) That was the cat talking—the one that looked rather threatening at the moment. Its name could have been Ebenezer or Ishmael or Rocinante or even Bruno, but chances are better that its name was Whitney, Mickey or Babe.

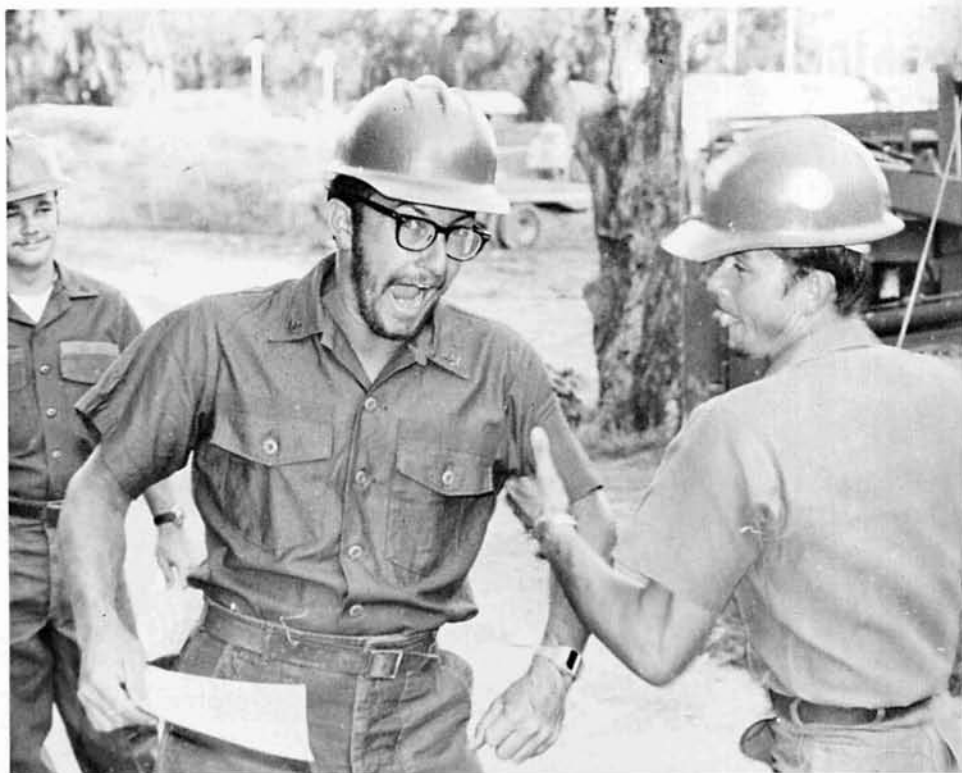


On Midway Island, the guys had just finished breakfast and were standing at morning quarters. Today was the day that BUCN Dobie got advanced to petty officer third class. And BU2 Scobee wanted to make it a memorable experience by "tacking it on" good and hard. While BU3 Dobie took it on the shoulder, the seagull statue across the way turned its nose up to the proceedings.

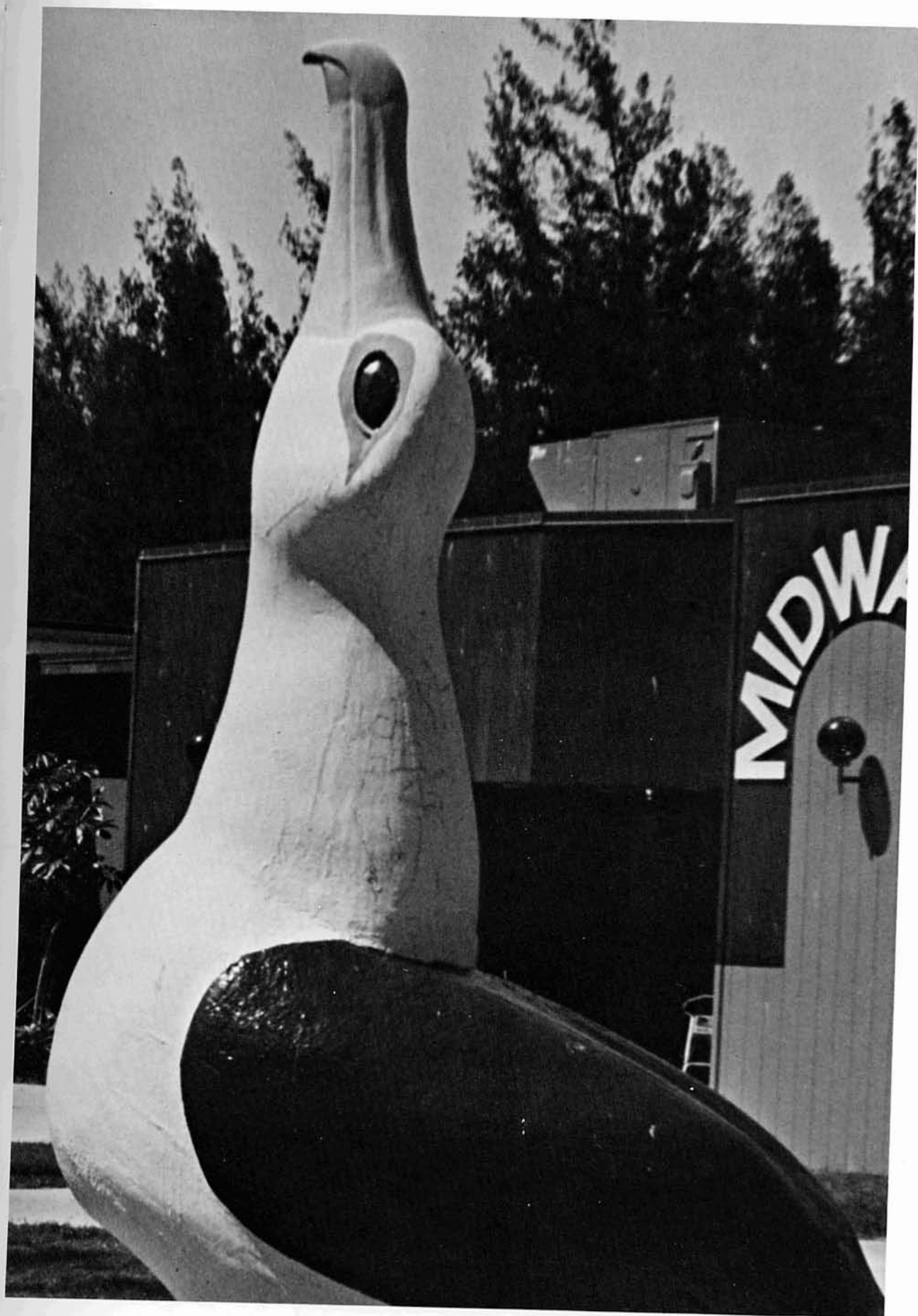
"No one ever bothered to advance me, and I've been a sailor my entire life."

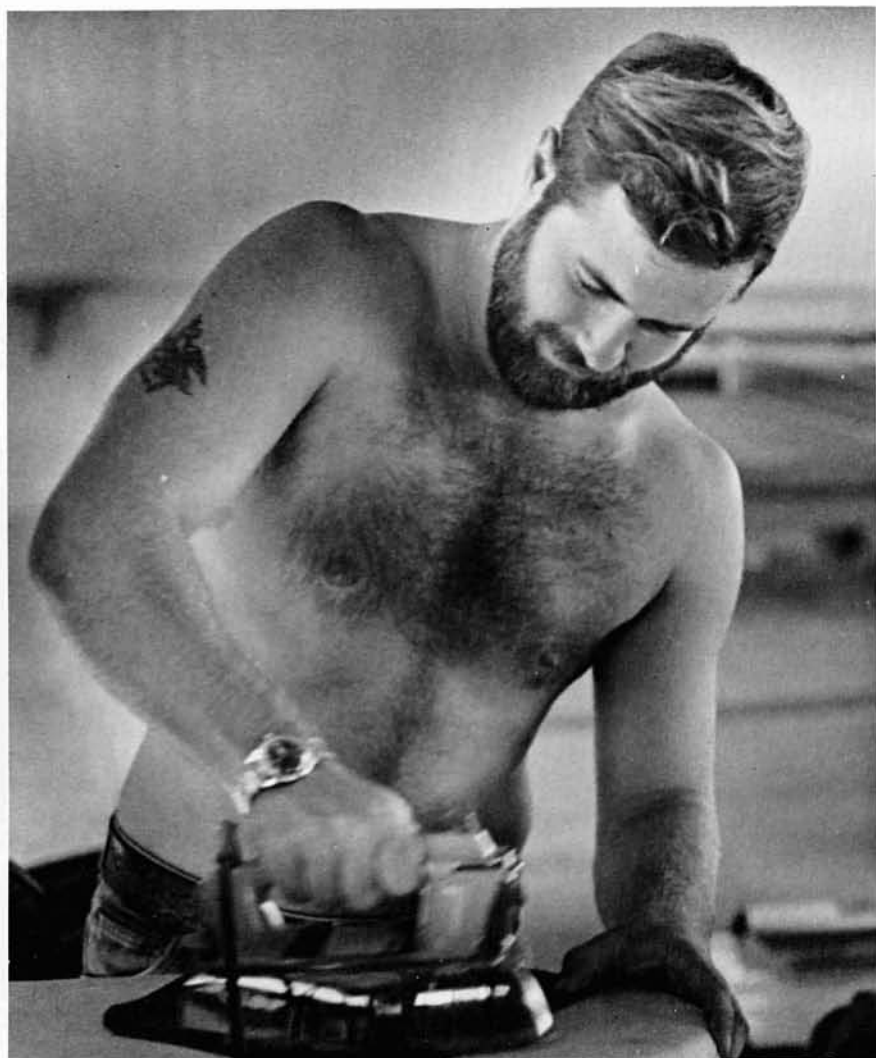
But no sympathy was extended toward the wooden gull's woes, and the Seabees of 62 went galumphing off to their work.

Above: (from left): CE2 Burke, CE3 Schmidt, BU2 Scobee, UT2 Pemberton, BU3 Pollard, UT3 Craig, BU3 Elbert, SW2 Cozart and BU3 Dobie. Hidden from view: CM3 Reynolds and UTCA Wright.

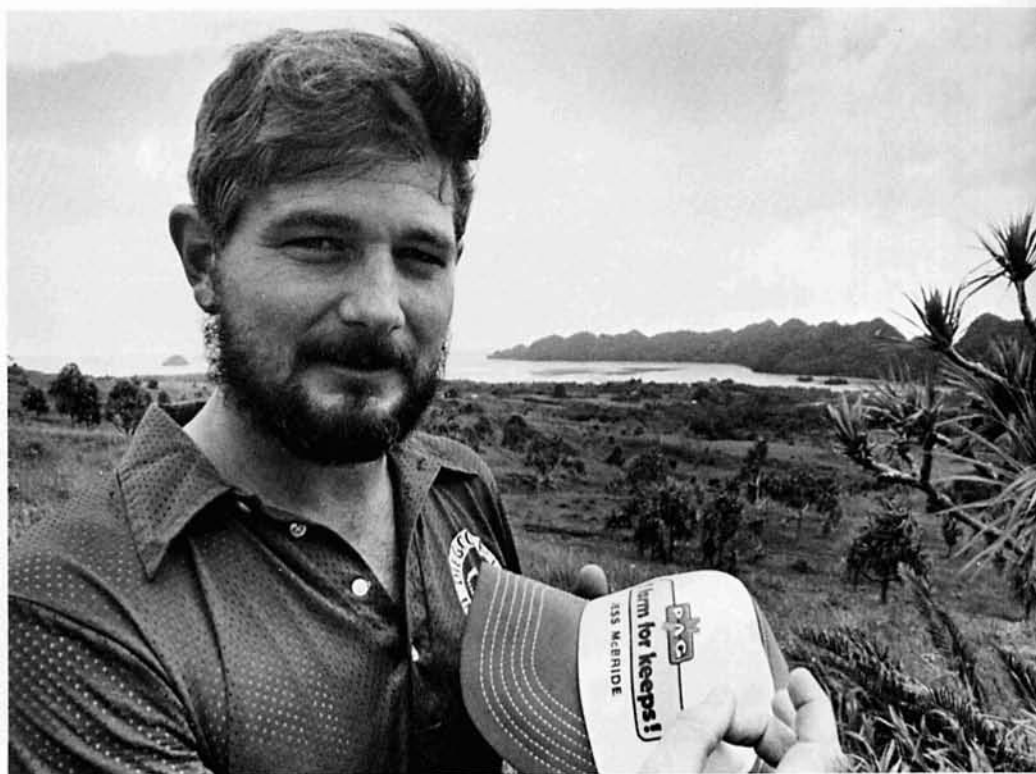
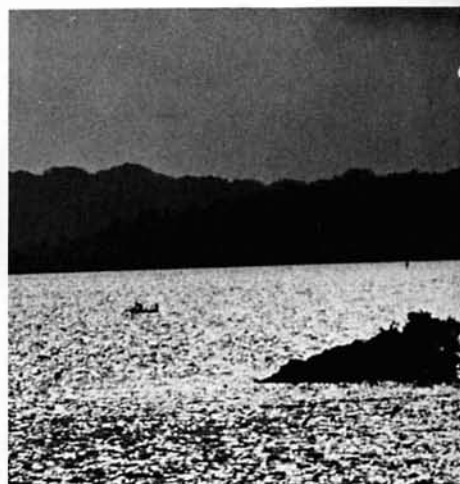


And on beautiful Midway, 14 Minutemen labored . . .

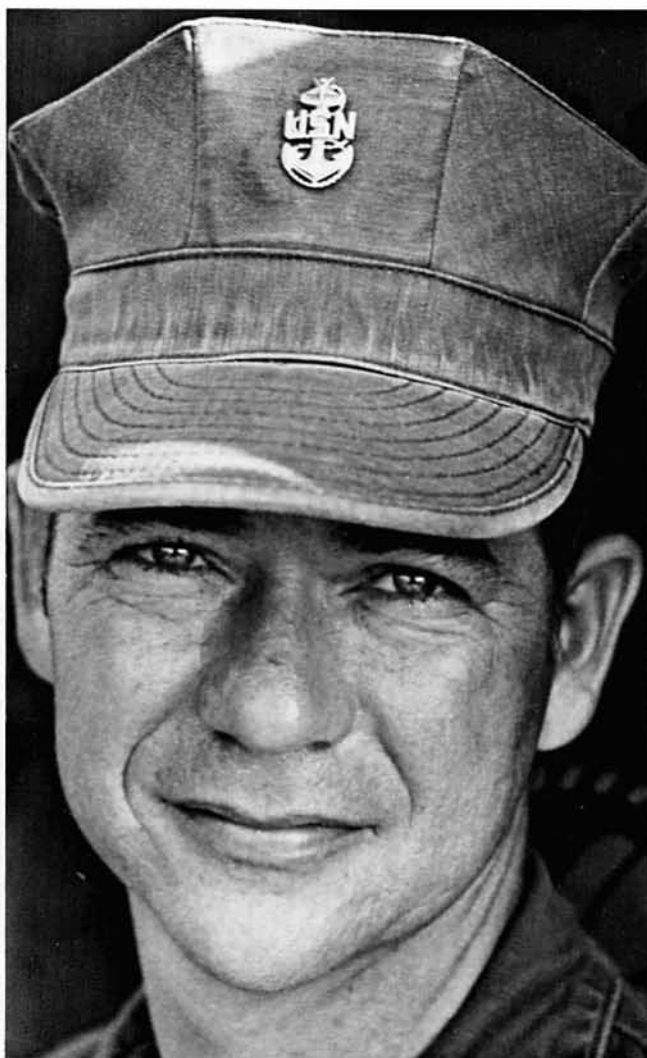
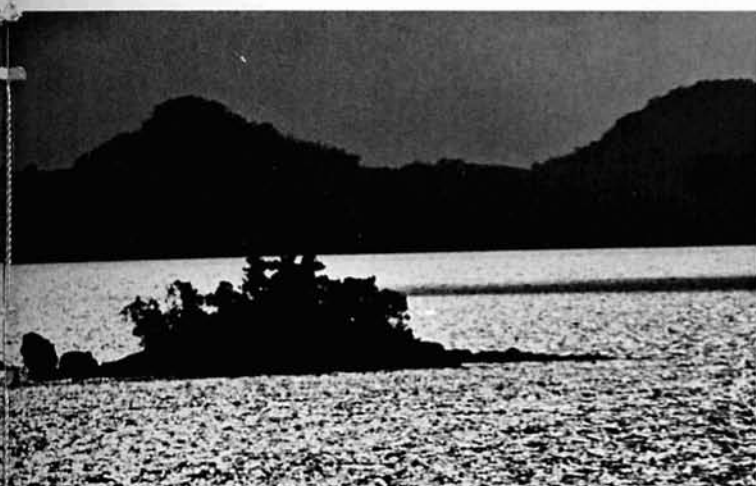




**While 13
lived and
the island**



more Seabees worked on of Palau . . .



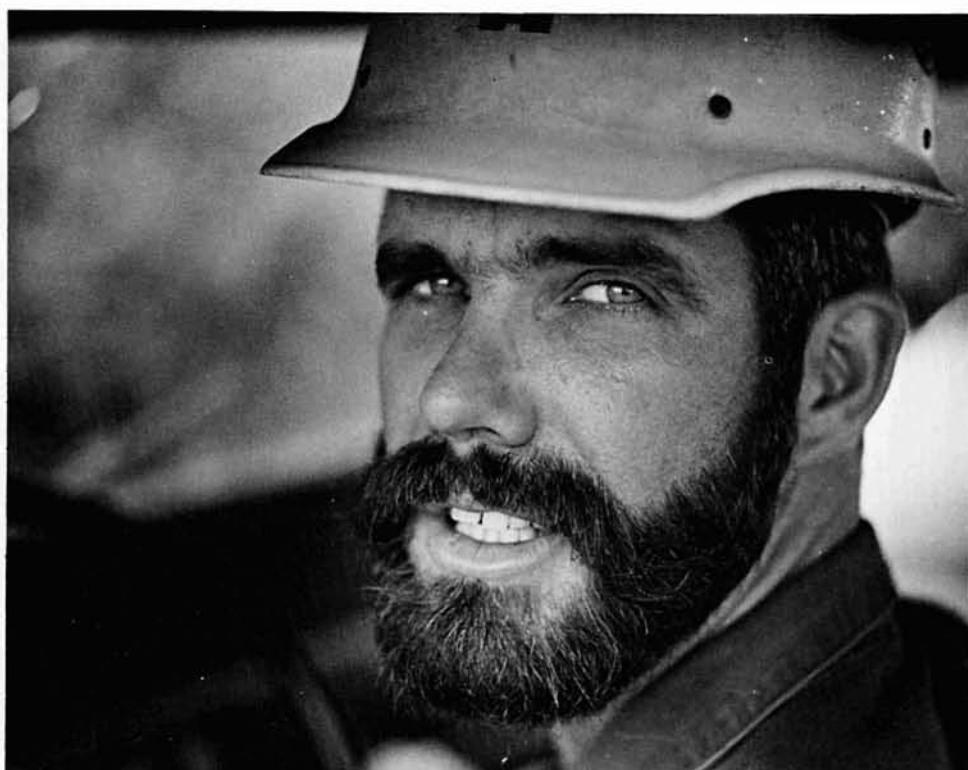
No doubt about it. Palau in the Trust Territories was a beautiful place to work on. This was a REAL island paradise; you know what I mean? And Seabee Team 6210 whiled away its hours soaking down concrete and soaking up some Micronesian culture. Top left: CE2 Kuehl irons his uniform at the barracks (no cleaning service there, folks).

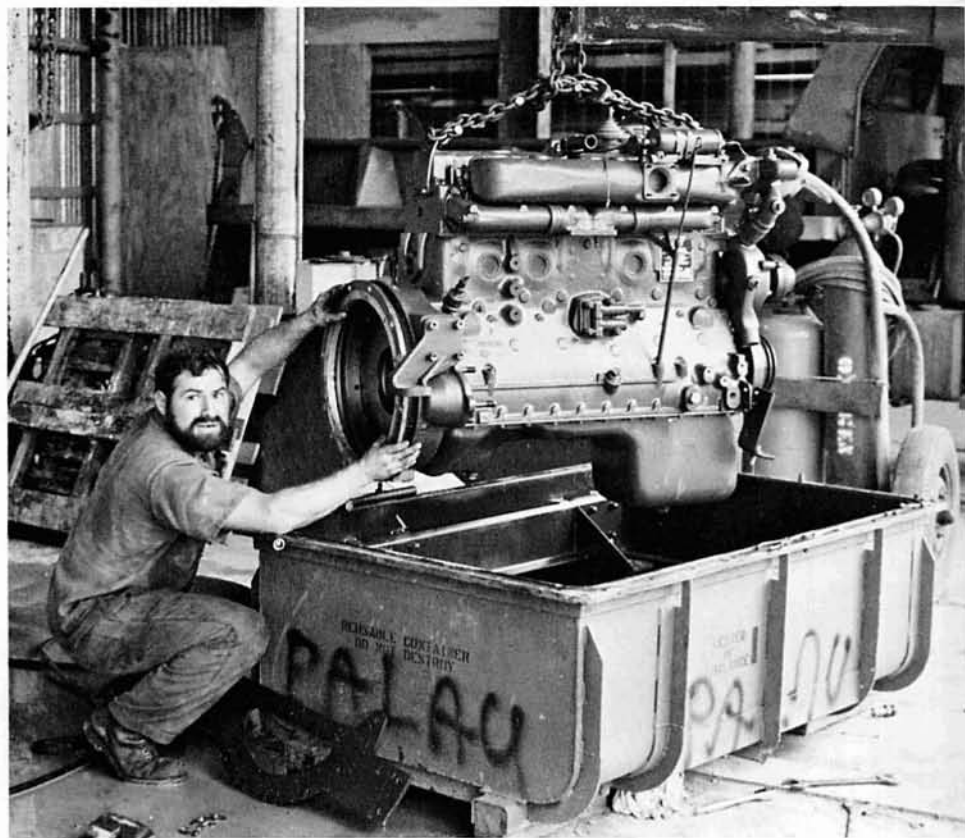
Top right: UTCS Dale, assistant officer in charge of the 13-man team.

Center: Twilight on the lagoon.

Left: BU1 McBride shows off his "I farm for keeps!" hat against the idyllic backdrop of the island.

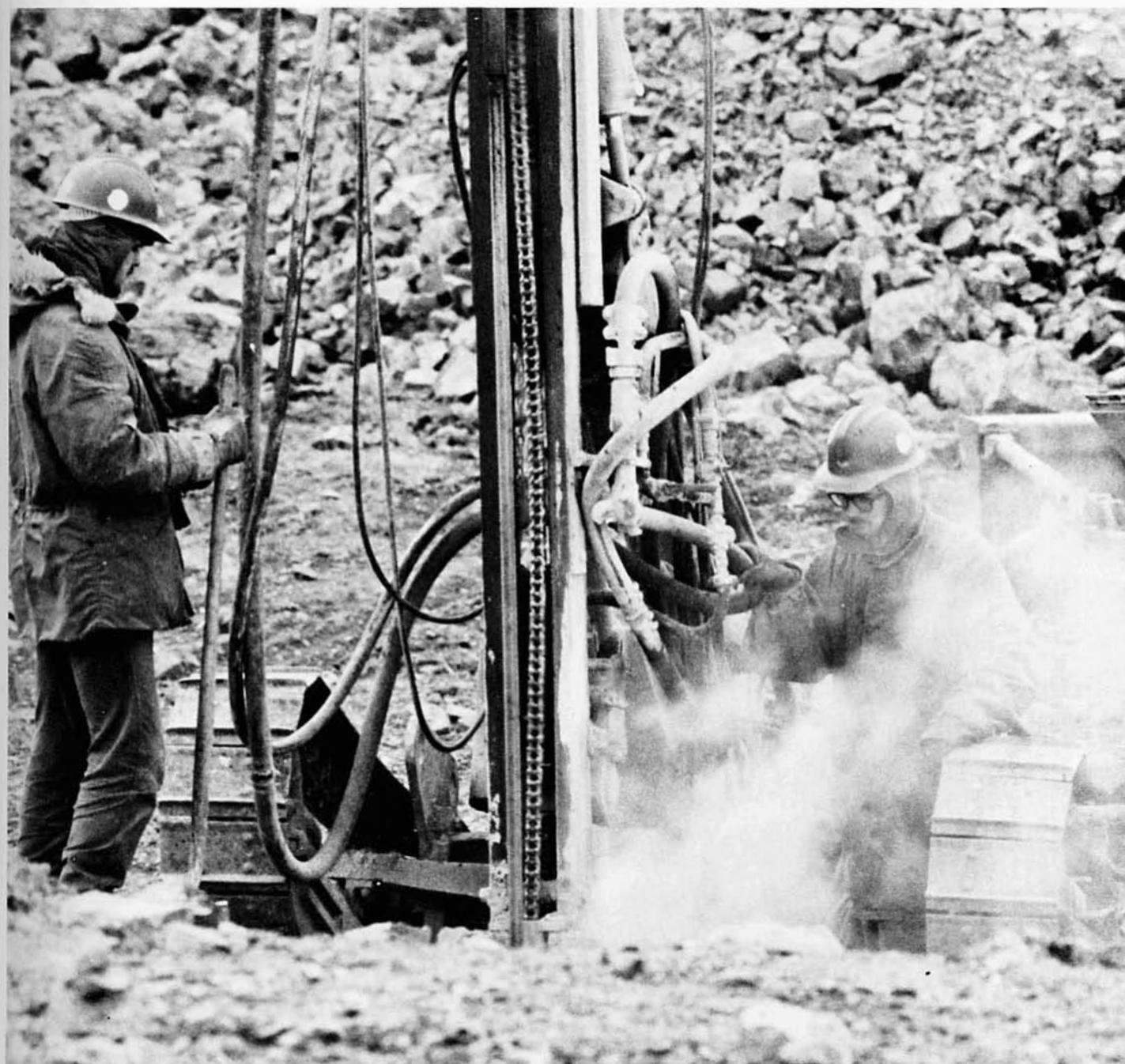
Right: Lt. Cleveland, officer in charge.





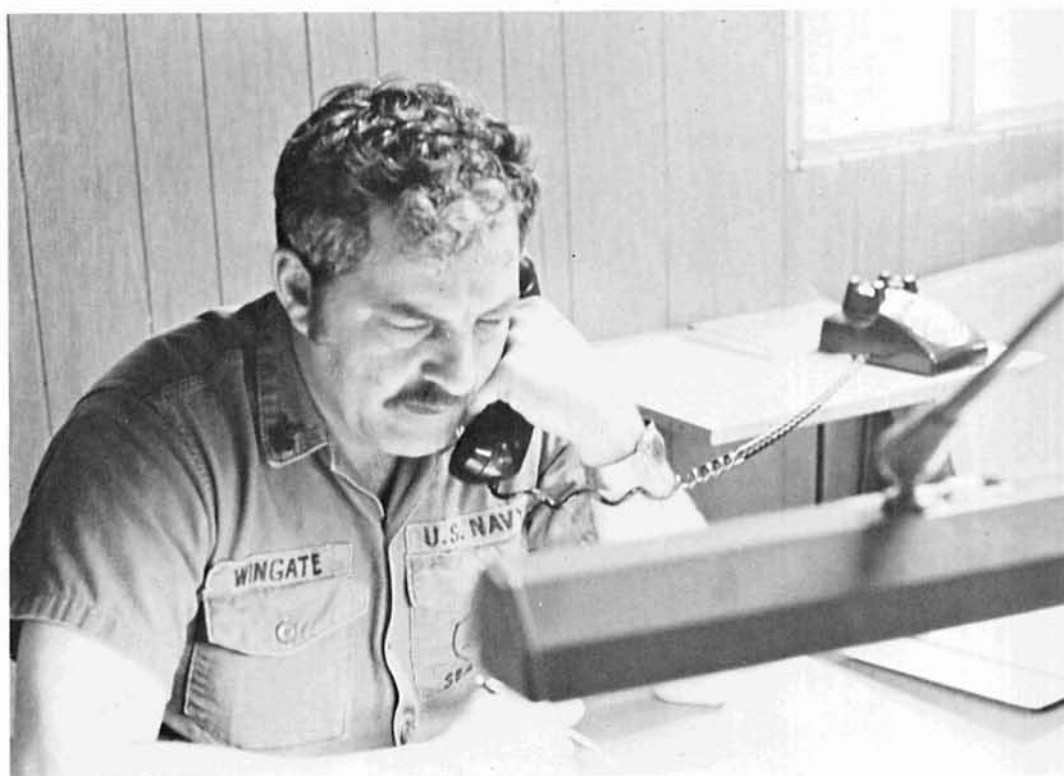
Right: CM2 Stefanacci hits the jackpot as he unloads an equipment delivery and finds a brand new multi-fuel engine for a 2½-ton truck.
Below: BU2 Bourgeois does a bit of beamwalking on the new equipment shop's roof.





EO3 Hollis stands with shovel in hand as EO2 Bowin drills for rock at the Upper Finger Bay quarry.

**Up north (and we mean way up north)
we had a detail of 35 strong
on the frozen tundra of Adak, Alaska**





EO1 Wingate was on the phone quite early in the day, talking to someone in Guam on the autovon line. Most of the men at Adak would be leaving soon to help out some other Seabees in Atsugi, Japan. And arrangements had to be made.

But in the meantime, the "Minutemen of the North" were not sweating their ensuing transition. CM2 Wilhite had his hands full with a five-ton truck, steam-cleaning its engine. BUCN Flood was out at the Bonnie Rose pipeline, drilling holes into wood blocks. BU3 Lynch worked next to him. "Hey, Flood," he said. "Seems like I heard something about an Alaskan pipeline on the radio last night. You think this is the one they're talking about? They didn't mention MY name."

"They didn't mention MY name, either," added BU2 Nolan, walking toward the two. "You reckon we oughta strike for higher wages and more publicity?"

Publicity was the last thing on EOCN Lipscomb's mind as he drove another load of rip-rap toward the Zeto Point dump. Then he noticed someone taking his picture. So Lipscomb hung his head out the window. "Peace, victory, two-for-one, and anything else you might think two fingers in the air should mean," and he drove on.





Last but not least, NMCB 62's detail on Diego Garcia held down the fort at that tropical island paradise in the Indian Ocean—which is so hard to visit (unless you're a Seabee)

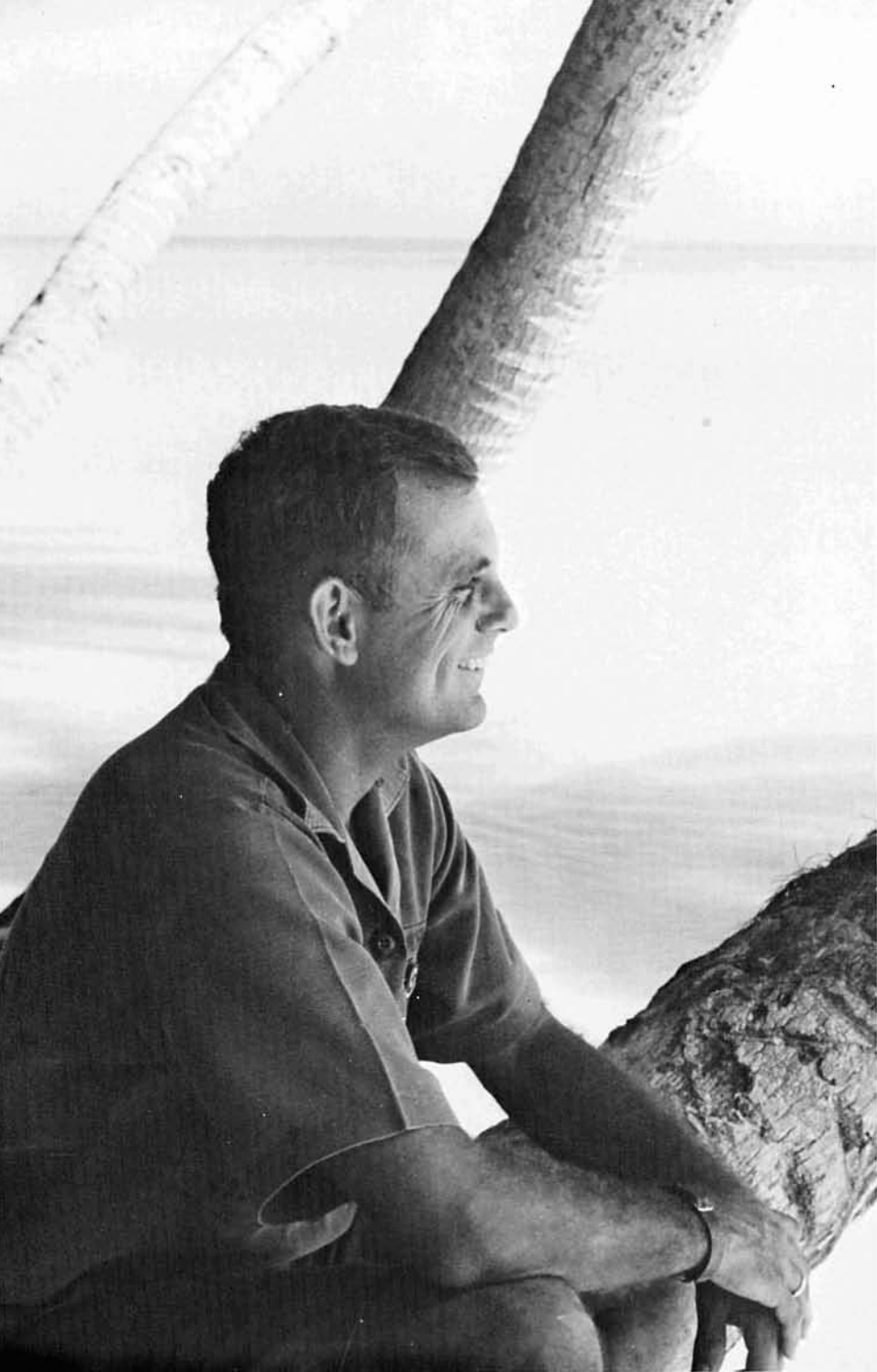


Top, opposite page: Lined up on the back end of a rough-terrain forklift are: SW1 Dixon, SW2 Mayes, SWCA Phillips, SWCN Esparza and SW3 Paris.

Bottom left, opposite page: Work on Diego wasn't always up in the air, but it helped to be versatile. BUCN Smith ends up on his back as he paints beams at the air hangar project—which is now the tallest structure on the island (What?! You mean to say that Diego Garcia has a SKYLINE?)

Bottom right: BUCA Burlager unearths an ancient pickax used by Phoenician pearl divers before their mass exodus to Delacroix, Louisiana (circa 1230 B.C.). Burlager later reported the pickax to have been very well-preserved.

Left: BU3 Adler—"Right shoulder arms? Sure, I remember how to do a "right shoulder arms." If you find any bullets that fit a sledge hammer, let me know. In the meantime, you can go scrounge up an M16 rifle for me, because I've got a lot of stakes that need pounding."

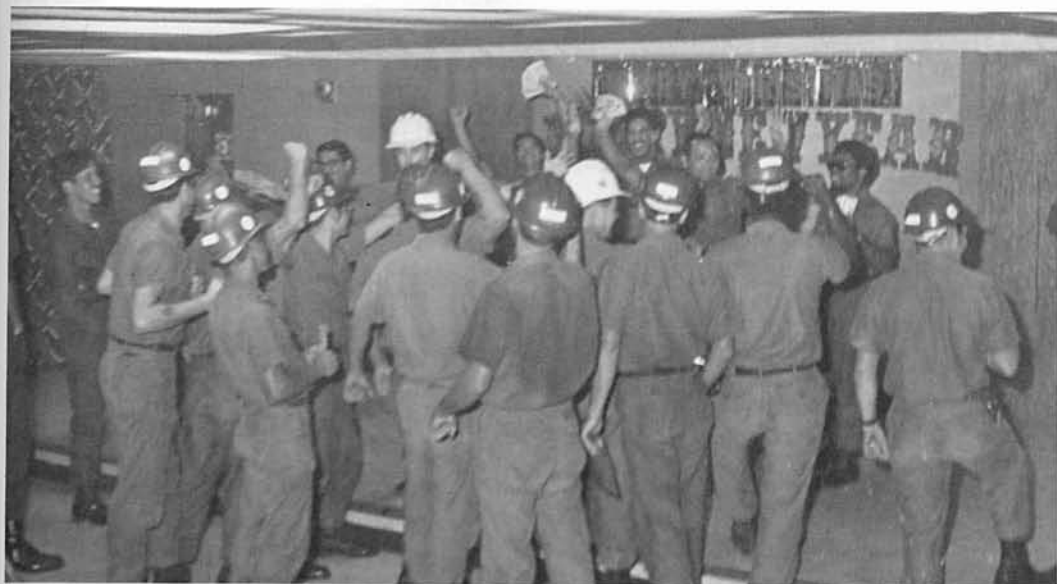


**Meanwhile,
back at
the ranch . . .
(back on
Guam)**

Lt. Kornegay, officer in charge of 62's Diego Garcia detail, revels in the isolated beauty of a certain coral atoll in the Indian Ocean that will always be remembered with a unique fondness by those who have been there.

So there you have it, folks. For the Minutemen, the day's activities weren't confined to the island of Guam. All

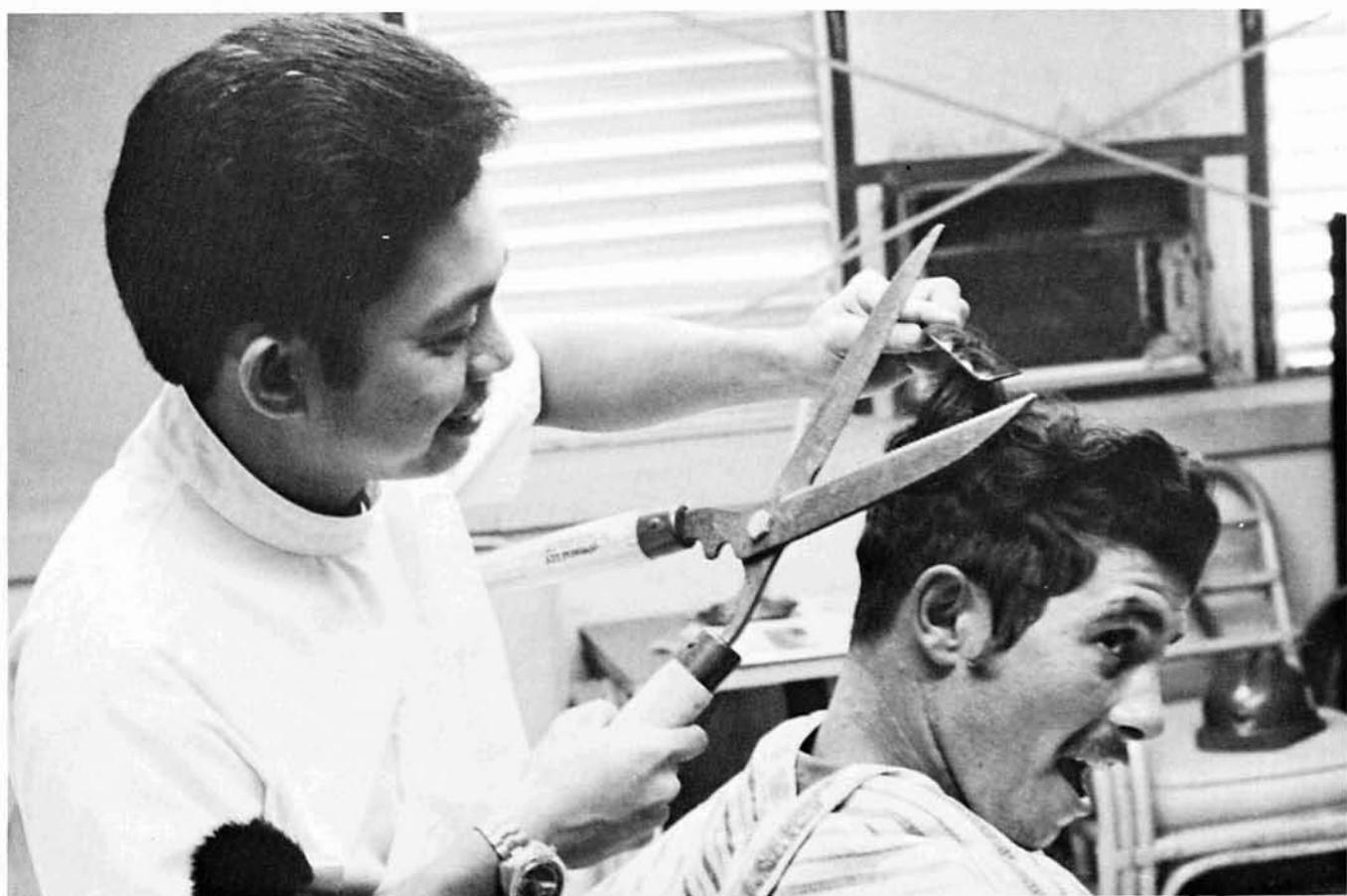
sorts of things were happening with people in Japan, Alaska, the Indian Ocean, Midway and the Trust Territories of Micronesia. People with one common denominator—Naval Mobile Construction Battalion 62. Now, let's return to the main body at Camp Covington and see how they've been progressing . . .



Today happened to be payday. Everyone was calm and collected at the handing out of money by our disbursing clerks. Ensign Benton was there to supervise. While the disbursing clerks stood with their backs against the wall—holding wads of cash, a bunch of Seabees shouted weird things and waved their fists in the air.

Ensign Benton spread his arms wide and took charge of the situation. "Now, I don't know who spread the rumor about this money being counterfeit, but I can assure you that I used it downtown just the other day and got exactly what I paid for. So it must be good. Just take a look at it—see those silly little red and blue threads stuck in the paper? That means some joker at the engraving office in D.C. got too close to the press and lost his tweed sportcoat." The explanation seemed to satisfy suspicions temporarily gone rampant, and everyone got paid—as usual.

CE1 Urbati, Jr. had just finished painting his supply department staff car, and offered to give everyone at the office a ride in its spacious interior. Gathered around the vehicle are: SK3 Thompson, LCdr. Lindsey, BU1 Prokopowicz, SKC Ott and SK3 Clayton. Gathered inside the vehicle are: SN Bowman, SK1 Brown and the proud owner, CE1 Urbati, Jr.

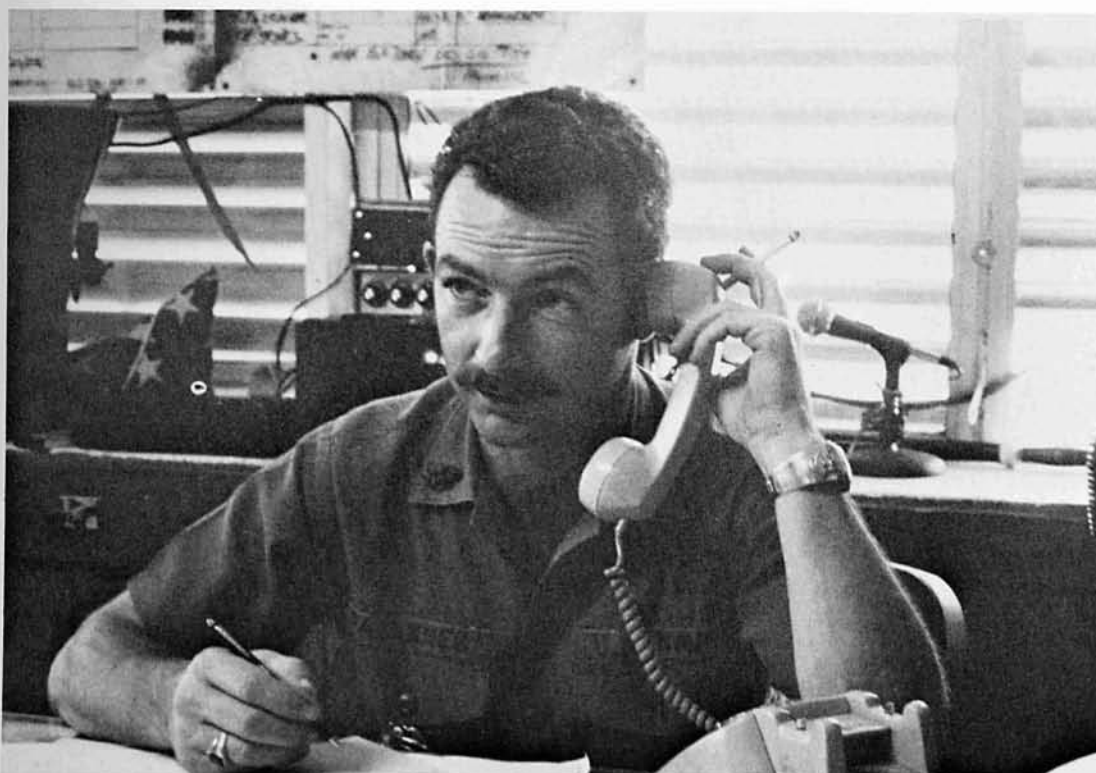


Left: SWCN McMahon undergoes a hair-raising experience at the hands of our barber, SH2 Topacio.

Bottom left: MAI Taylor, battalion investigator, uses chemical analysis in determining the identity of a suspicious substance.

Top, this page: SK3 Thompson and SK1 Lowery try putting the fire out on SN Bowman, who burns up the typewriter keys while DK3 Rodriguez chortles.

Bottom, this page: Chief Faulkner in control at the quarterdeck, our battalion chief master-at-arms.

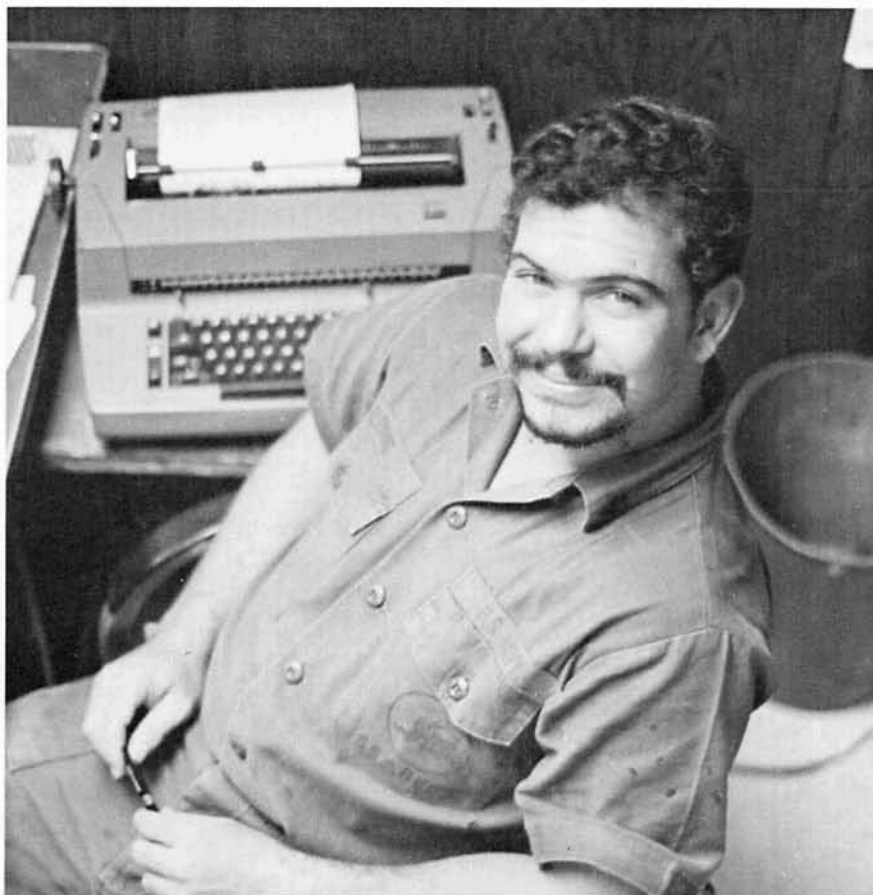




Above: Hijinks at Ward Number "C". The corpsmen get bored one day, so decided to give Doc Solis his annual checkup. Here they are ready to go, with Doc looking like he hopes this is only Candid Camera. Crouching with an odd-looking squirting device in his hands is HM1 Kutzner. Around the operating table are (from left): SN O'Brien, HM2 Subisak, HM2 Harker, HM1 Agosta and HMC Bunch.

Right: YN3 Fleming: "I'm done for the day". "Oh, yeah? But it's only 3:30, Mike". "I know, but I'm not doing any more typing today". Why's that?" "My typewriter just told me a dirty joke in Hungarian" "Oh. Well, I guess that I wouldn't do any more work, either. Does it do that often?"

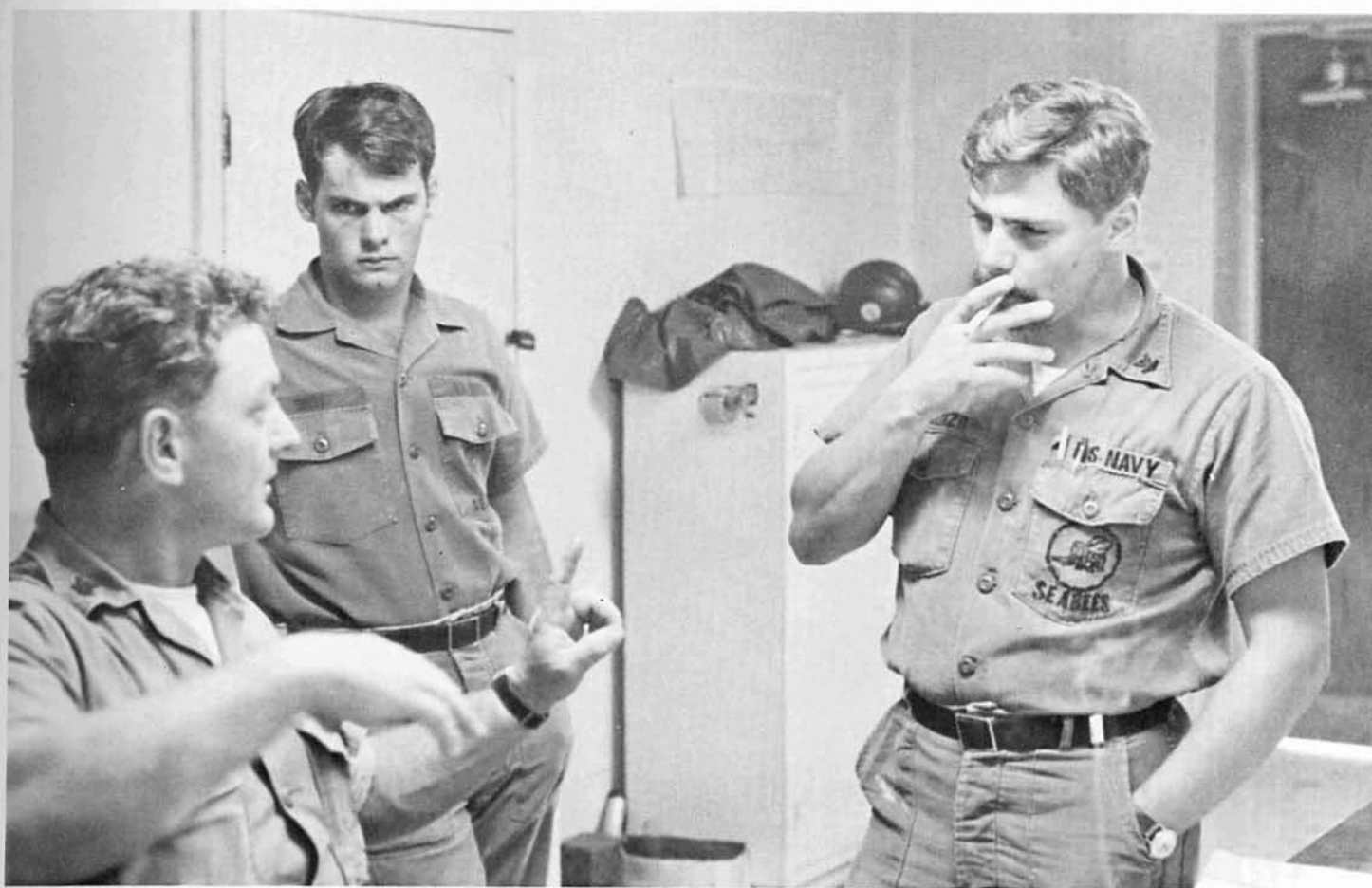
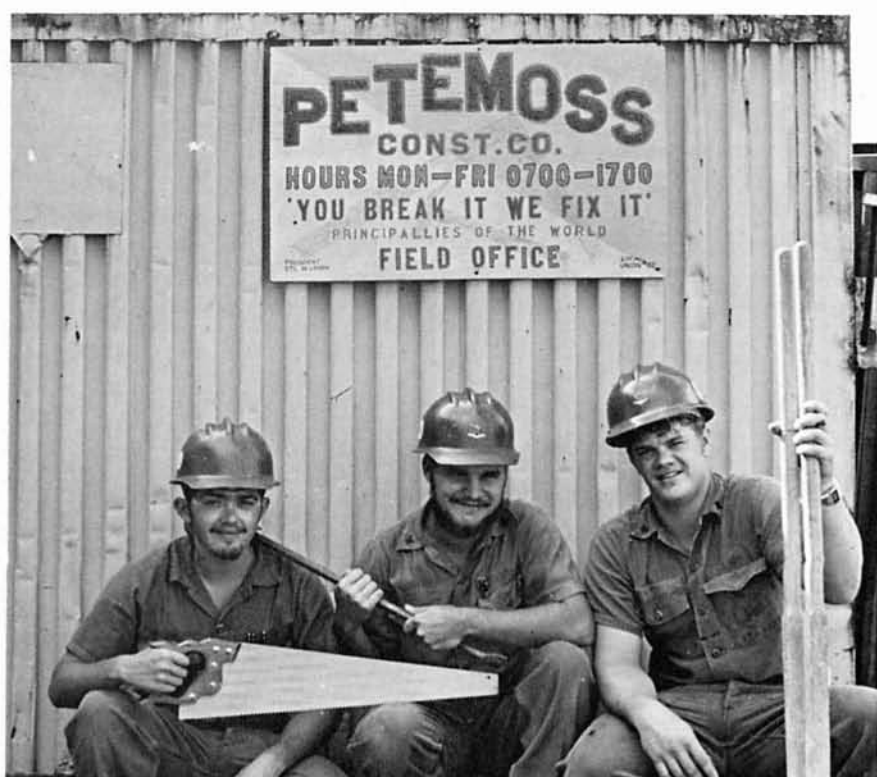
"No, but once is enough".



Someone found BU1 Nelson's memorandum book, entitled "Things the Chief and the Ensign Say". But when we opened it up, there was nothing but blank pages. Oh, well. Maybe tomorrow something will happen.

The Petemoss Construction Company was winding down on another day of hard work out behind the barracks. The three proud members of "Local Union No. 62" are: BUCA Lewis, BU3 Moss and BU3 Miller.

A final piece of information concerning laser beams was being imparted by UT2 Scott to his working buddies—CECN Shields and CE2 Dizenzo. "Now when you get the beam set up for the proper refraction by the primary lenses, you gotta be careful not to stick your head in there and look at it. 'Cuz you'll burn your eyeball right out of your head—and you don't wanna do that."



Yes, folks, the day was surely over. Catch supper at the galley and split for the barracks. At 5:14 p.m., the phone rang at the warehouse project. You know, the one that won't work without a piece of rebar on top of it?

It kept ringing for a long time. It rang against the cluttered desk and empty chair behind that cluttered desk. It rang against the shop's sheet-metal walls and the engine of a bulldozer parked outside. Three seagulls perched on a concrete wall of the warehouse heard the rings, but decided it must be some weird fish indeed to make such a sound, and stayed right where they were.

The phone rang against blue salt-water bulging with life and gray hulls of destroyers recovering from last week's rough weather in the Philippine Sea. The rings echoed against lush green hills on the bay's opposite side; rang into the low-lying mist of another oncoming cloudbank—where it finally got lost.

But no one ever answered that ring. Everyone had gone home; the working day of this life was over.

With work out of the way, there were other things to do. PNSN O'Connor was concentrating on the seventh move for his Dragon Variation of the Sicilian Defense.

With his green uniform exchanged for civilian garb, SW2 McCurry, the command's backgammon fanatic, was at it again—bumping his opponent mercilessly off the board. During the interludes, BU3 Krant filled him in with fantastic tales of the night before at Club Mocambo.

And three was a special attraction this evening. The NMCB 62 Wives' Club made a Christmas videotape for their husbands, and that was better than any feature film the outdoor theatre had to offer. Gazing into the glowing screen are: BU2 Barron, NCC Prevento, CE3 Hukill, SW2 Cozart, EO1 Rozier, EA3 Williamson, UT1 Farrell, UT1 Harrow and CE2 Catlow.



The day was vanishing into a red and blue sunset that looked like feathers on fire





But we were fairly certain the sun would also

Nightfall on Guam.

Charlie sat down at his desk, thinking how weird it was to hear the ocean's echo inside any seashell one happened to uncover in the sand.

Not just certain kinds, colors or species of shell, but each one was equally ready to amplify the sound of waves. "And all I have to do is pick it up", he muttered. "Just pick the shell up and listen; the sound of waves is always there."

Charlie lit a cigarette, moved his tape deck out of the way, took a swig of beer and stared at the biography of Carl Jung. He scratched his beard.

"Carl, old buddy, what would your diagnosis be for someone caught one-

and-a-half steps above Diego Garcia and five or six steps below St. Louis, Milwaukee or Dublin, Ireland?"

Probably get a map of the world and throw darts at it, he thought. Loneliness should be one of those things you can't take with you. Right now, Charlie had a suitcase full that he'd like to drop on a flea market for lost causes.

"This isn't getting me anywhere". Charlie took out a pen and paper, began to write:

"Dear Beautiful, Exciting and Very Sensitive Wife,

"I know you're very far away from me, because I just turned around and you were nowhere in sight. At least

once a day I look for you, but haven't focused on the right spot yet.

"Frank sprained his ankle today because he stood too close to the trench and the asphalt gave way beneath him. I think he did it on purpose to get a few days off, but he won't confess. He says hi to you and the kids. Wants me to autograph his Ace bandage.

"This morning, the sun came up again; guess it didn't have much of a choice. Seems like I read a line like that from a book one time. Can't recall the title. Reading about Carl Jung—famed psychoanalyst—these days. Now I go around at work telling the guys in the crew if they're schizophrenic, neurotic or psychotic. So far we've



rise again tomorrow (which is, of course, another day)

got three schizos, two neuros, and a bunch of psychos. There's one guy I can't figure out. he doesn't say very much; maybe he's catatonic.

On to lighter subjects. Ralph bought a "Guam Bomb" the other day for \$500 and the transmission fell out after two miles. But that chrome gas pedal is really neat, and the bumper sticker on back that says, "Buddy Holly Lives" is okay, too. He left it on the side of Marine Drive. We'll go back tomorrow and the chassis will be gone.

Went to a fiesta last weekend. Lots of people and food. Spoke to some lady who was half Guamanian and half Italian. I asked if she liked Eastern European cooking, and she said

something about Brazilian pancakes being out of this world.

There was an old guy there who did a tap dance around a boar's head while balancing a 12-string guitar on his nose. Since he was celebrating his 87th birthday, I thought I'd try to figure him out too, and asked him what his secret was. He just smiled and said, "Vitamins". But I don't believe it. After all, I've been taking Vitamin E for eight years now, and I can't do stuff like that.

My jaw isn't as sore now from the wisdom teeth I had pulled. And I don't feel any dumber for having lost them, so I guess the dentist knew what he was doing.

Give my love to Jimmy and Lorraine.

I miss both of them as much as I miss you. And I miss you terribly. Not much longer to go, then I'll be back home. Make sure the kids brush their teeth. And don't put the car into third gear first, unless it's already in second and not in reverse.

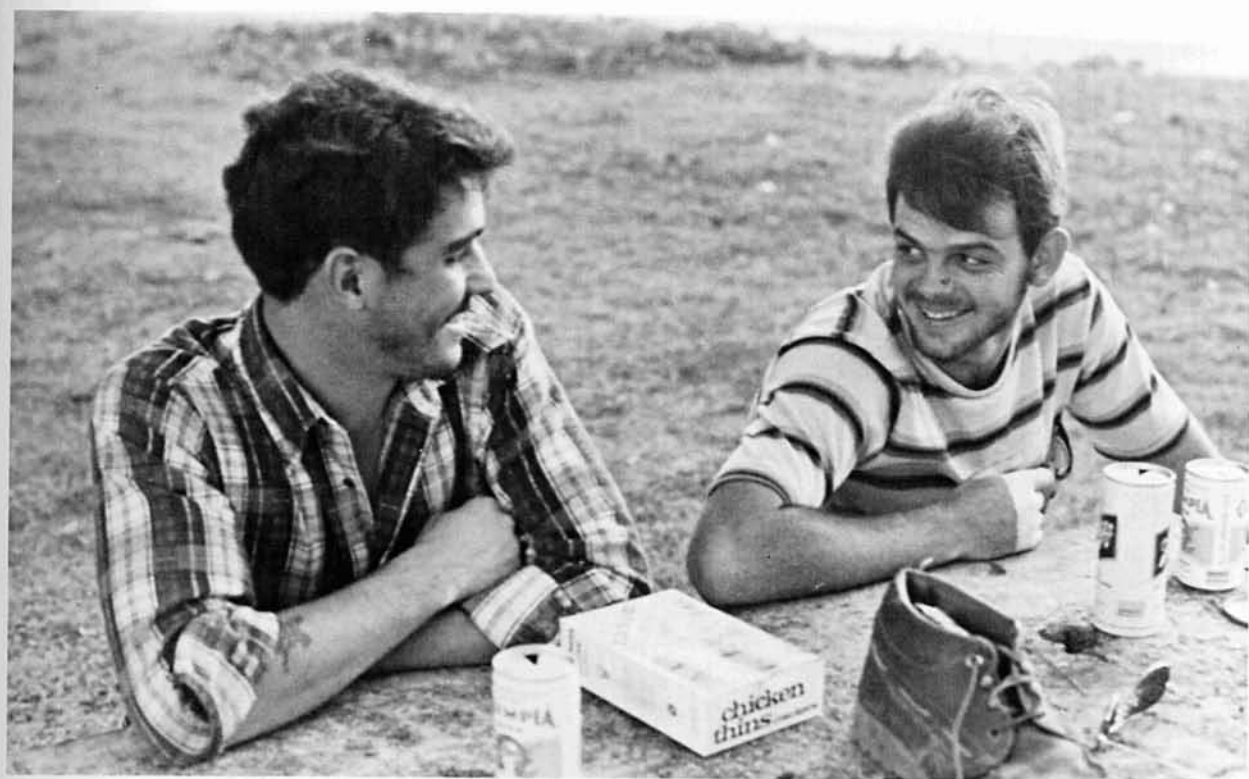
Sometimes I wonder how you put up with me being gone so long, then I realize how terribly lucky I am to be your husband. Then I realize I could never desire another woman, or wish for any other kind of happiness.

Love, Charlie"

**“And then
there was
funtime”**



Master Chief Sweeney is nailed with a chocolate pie during fund-raising activities for the Seabee Memorial Scholarship Fund. But the master chief got his revenge—as you'll soon see.



Top of page: Kevin Kimmel and Jeff Deibele give each other double-takes, surrounded by party paraphernalia at the mid-deployment picnic.

Above: Picking up speed, Britt Snodgrass discovers this slide to be in find operating condition.

Right: Stan Bowman: "I've been talking to some dolphins down there, and they want to know why we didn't invite them to our bash."



Sports?

Sure! We had some of those—

Yeah, throw that pigskin over this way. Go out for a pass, and don't come back until it's signed and stamped. Watch that flanker over there—he's trying to fake us into an offside penalty.

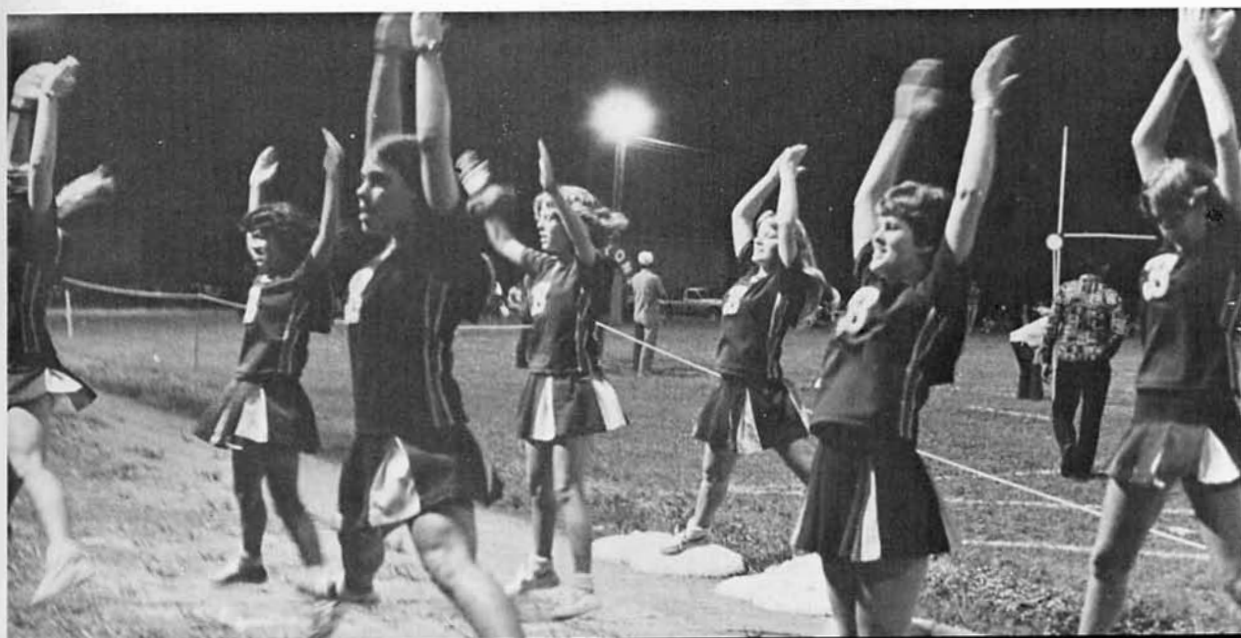
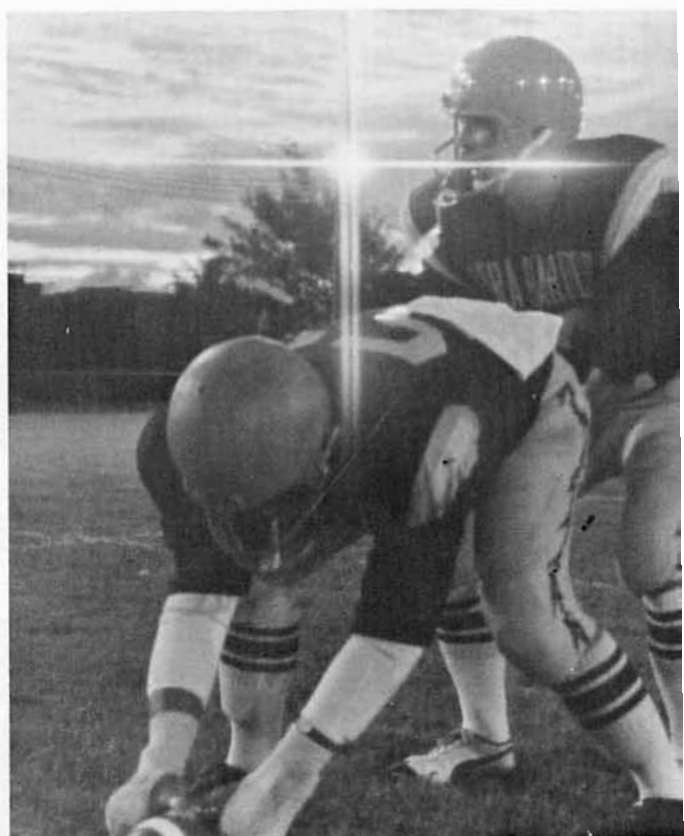
Actually, the Bulldogs were the Naval Station's team, but its best players came from NMCB 62, according to a prejudiced source. Unfortunately, we didn't have enough guys on the team. So the Bulldogs only won two games while dropping eight.

But we had a good time cheering and getting upset with the referees. We had a good time watching those gigantic mosquitos land on our arms, then pretend not to notice because their tremendous numbers made any resistance futile. Right: David McWatters shows the strain of combat against University of Guam's pigskin artists. We scored the first touchdown, but after that, it was a fairly joyless experience. Left, next page: Bulldogs' cheerleader displays spirit during one of the closer games. But the cheerleaders kept up their jubilant activity regardless of the score. And it made everyone feel a little better after a tough loss. Right, next page: Center John Ludlum is ready to snap the ball into quarterback Ken Grimes' waiting hands during pregame warmup. Bottom, next page: Bulldogs' cheerleading squad in action, integrating the game on the field with the crowd in the stands.





**We cheered our lungs out
for the Bulldogs;
everyone cheered like mad
for the Bulldogs—
because they were usually
the underdogs**





And there was also softball and basketball; volleyball and bowling

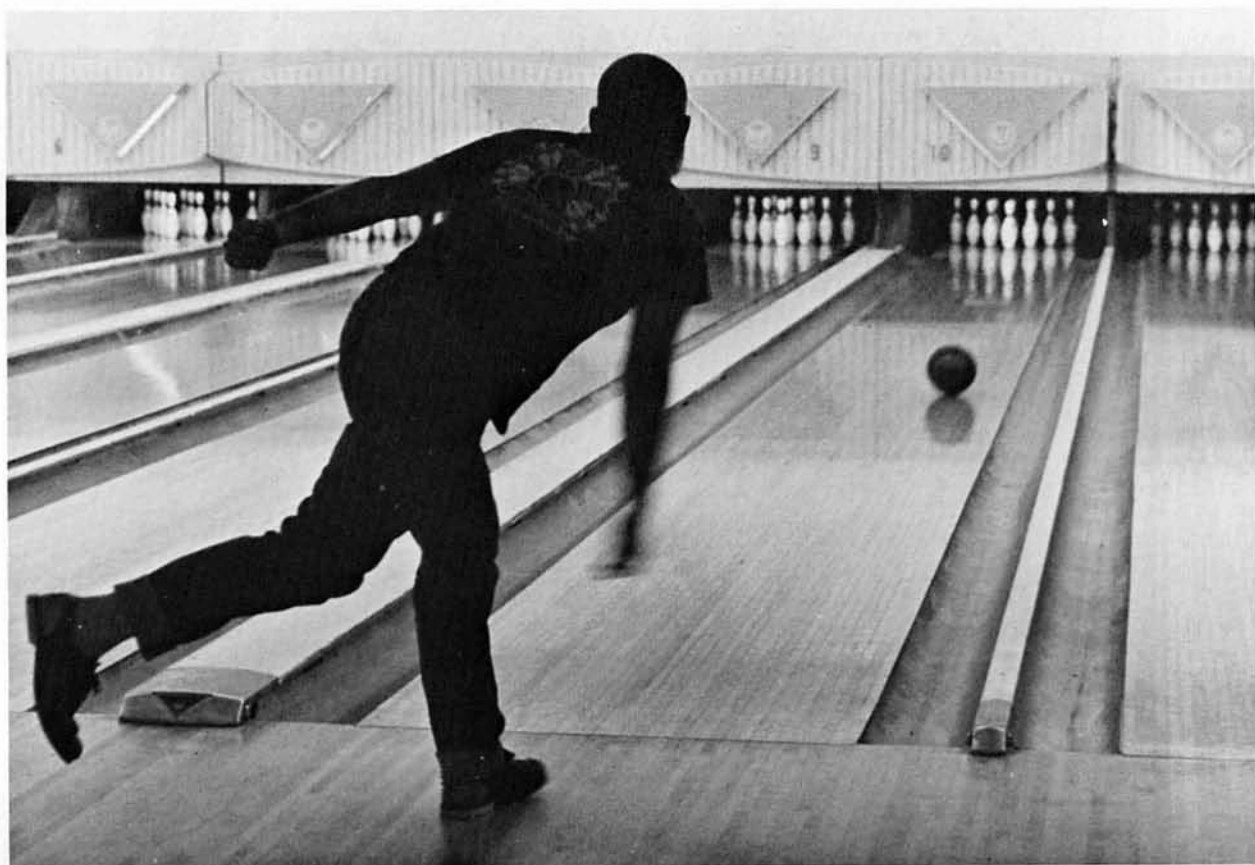
Left: USO volunteer smiles as she anticipates another run scored against the Seabees. The Minutemen lost to the USO women by more than a few runs, but recovered almost immediately.

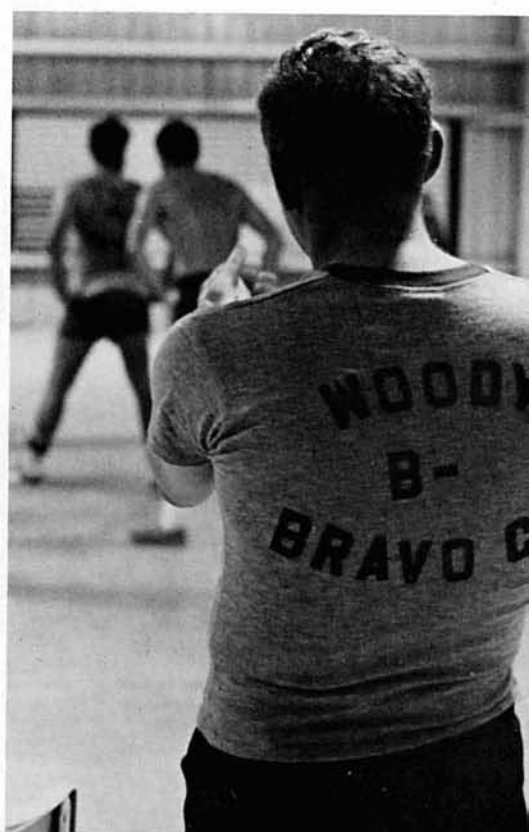
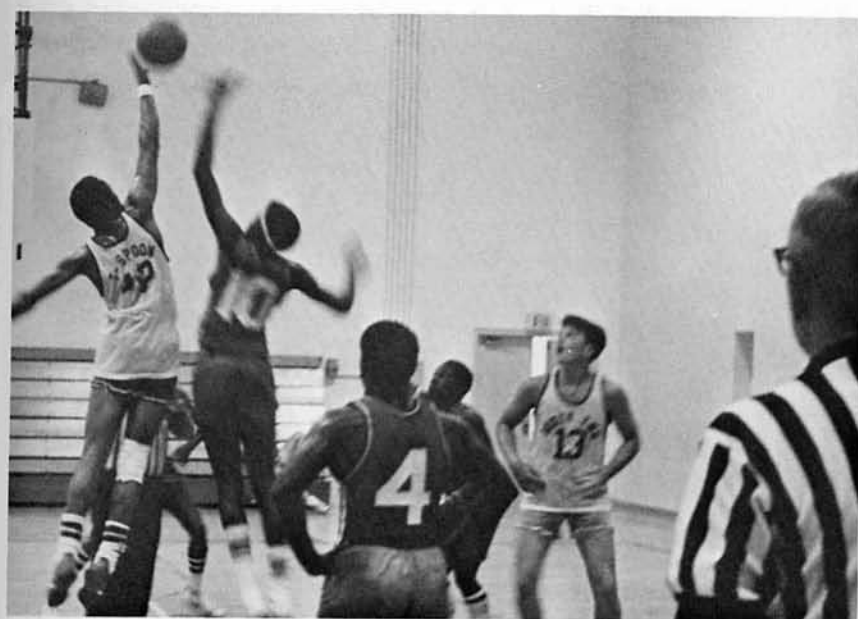
Below: Ron Kuenle leans into another strike at the bowling alley during 62's league competition. His average was the best for a long time running, but Cecil Whitehouse beat him in the end with a 171.

Right: As a volley ball flashes across the net, two players recoil from each other below it (is this what they call an action shot?).

Bottom right: Tony Weatherspoon ("T-Spoon") outjumps a member of the Marine guard company's team for the ball. The Minutemen went on to beat the Marines, and wound up champions of the District One Basketball League.

Bottom, far right: Robert Woods, the most consistent cheerleader of them all. Whenever Bravo company had an inter-mural basketball game scheduled, you can bet that "Woody" was there, shouting encouragement from the sidelines.





“Macho Friday”—the day when everyone challenged everyone else to anything





Top left, other page: Tony Corcoran, with bow and arrow in hand, proves a point during "Macho Friday" competition: another Robin Hood he wasn't (but we didn't tell him until he used up all his arrows). Top right, other page: Julian Kau races like crazy to dump another bucket of water in the waiting barrel. The battalion fire Chief's team won this event—which makes a certain amount of sense.

Bottom, other page: Bill Sweeney gets his revenge and mashes a gooey custard into the flinching face of Marty Treffner. Gregg Redding can't believe his eyes, and looks pretty much the way Treffner might look—if we could see him.

Top, this page: Seabees battle an alien space monster (not pictured) in this titanic tug-of-war match. The alien creature, which looked something like a scrap heap of 1961 Edsells with fluorescent hoola hoops sticking out at odd locations, won the match hands down. Or maybe we should say "chow down", since the beast won by devouring the rope, which is all it wanted in the first place. Bottom, this page: Elbert Dominick heaves another horseshoe as he plays one of the few games known to humankind where "almost" counts for something.

Christmas arrived on Guam and the rest of Earth; we celebrated as well as we could





Above: Girl Scouts sing Christmas carols for the Seabees who are far, far away from their families. Their cookies were outstanding.

Left: John Sluus peeks through intricate holiday decorations the man at Alfa Company labored on.



Charlie Minshull is swamped with Cub Scouts when a whole den of them dropped by Camp Covington to wish us well during the Yuletide. The scout on top thought Charlie looked better with antlers.

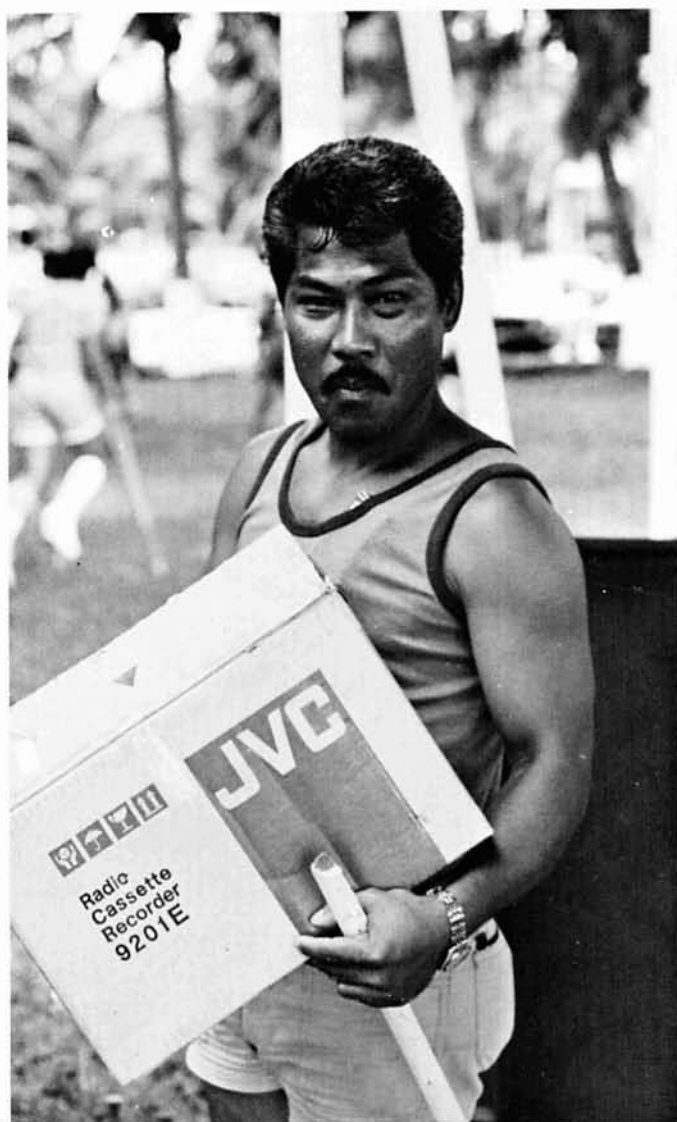


We even had a Christmas tree, and it received a lot of attention. Four Minutemen toss tinsel, while two Cub Scouts take care of the upper regions.

Shortly thereafter, the deployment came to a halt;



Clockwise, from top: Bobby Barnhill plays wild harmonica with a rock band at the end of deployment party, while Rich Little goes into his impersonation of Marlon Brando; someone has to do the cooking at these parties—this time “Sandy” Sanders was elected for the chore by popular demand. An unidentified hand assists him; this woman contemplates the scene in front of her (whatever it was); drummer beats out rhythm in double-four time on the skins. The band didn’t mind having a few of us jam with them; Bayani Fajardo snags first prize at the picnic drawing—a brand-new radio/cassette recorder; Moby Dick surfaces in shallow water to see what’s goin’ on. Someone mentioned the big white whale looked vaguely similar to Mr. Freed.



we threw a final party on Guamanian turf



**The title of this photograph is:
“Six Druid teenagers pay tribute to the sun god”**





**Throughout the deployment,
we experienced a great deal
of spontaneous and creative
self-expression**



in the end...
there was HOMEport



**Our return to the states began with farewells:
We said goodbye to Guam . . .**



Change of command ceremony at Camp Covington; Jan. 12, 1979. Saluting at morning colors are: UTCM Sweeney and Cdr. Kau of NMCB 62, and Cdr. McCorvey and UTCM Beal of NMCB 74.

**and Guam
said goodbye
to us**



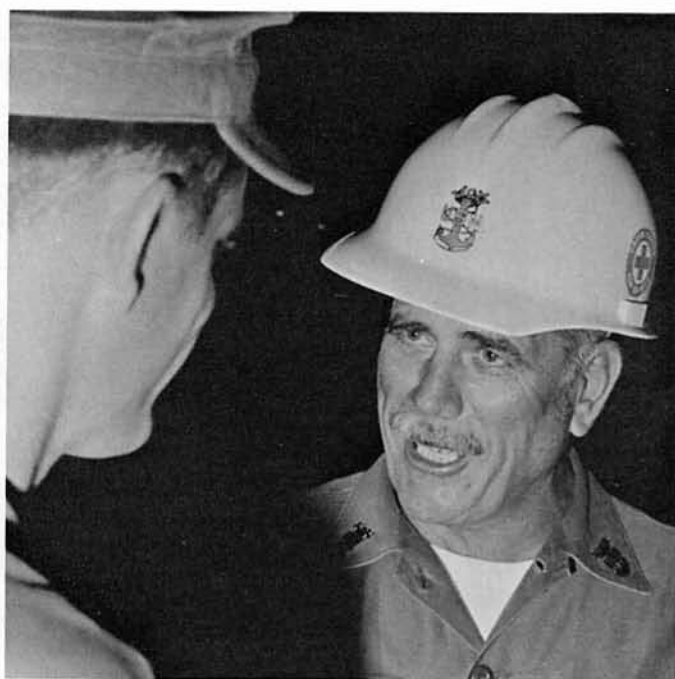
Two elderly Guamanian friends wish us well on our upcoming flight to the United States.



Customs check before our departure. HM1 Kutzner frisks EO3 Kubat: "Will someone please explain to me why this guy is wearing three T-shirts?"



"So long, Captain—see you in homeport."



"So long, Master Chief—see you in homeport."



**We stepped aboard the plane,
and went into a 22-hour dream . . .**





**with the reality of home
and greatly missed loved ones
waiting on the other side**

**Of course, we had to stop in Honolulu
for another customs check . . .**



**where Rear Ad-
miral Clements
offered his
thanks for an
eight-month job
well done**





**But our being in Hawaii meant
we were one step closer
to the end of our journey**

another pause in Los Angeles . . .



which the "hereos" of transition survived . . .





**because L.A. is in California
(and California is on the mainland)**

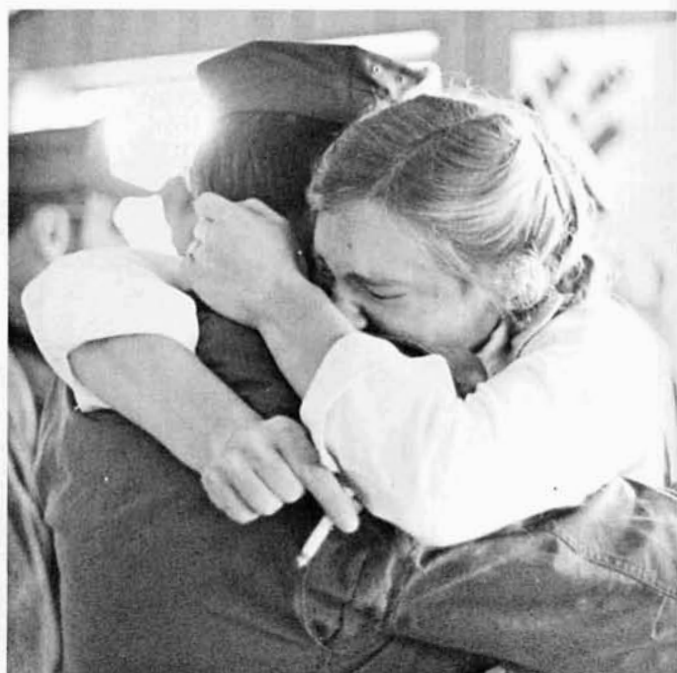
Suddenly as we taxied down Gulfport's runway . . .





home was only a tiny window from our reach

**Then our arms wrapped themselves
around someone very familiar;
someone we'd dreamt of returning to
for the better part of a year . . .**





**someone who'd been waiting for us
all this time;
someone we loved more than anything else
across the Universe**

Homecoming

we return to complete the circle
started so many nights and days ago
when palm trees
first began to sway for us
in the wind which rushed
to greet us that very first night
now these trees sway to the rhythm
of our heartfelt expectations
as an eight-month lesson
in unique existence
draws to an unhurried finish

shall we recall our first day here?
yes, just as we are sure to recall
our first moment back home:
the initial lurch of landing gear
that sends our eyes reaching
forward
to the exit doors of the plane
(to the entrance doors of our
emotions)

outside, a crowd of smiles

of colors and faces blurred
is gathered together waving
swaying to the breeze
of their heartfelt anticipation
judy and frances and sherry are there
little tommy sporting a black eye
and linda
whose throat is just a little sore
(but I'm alright,
now that you're back, daddy)

through the hugging and kissing
and tears that flow freely
from the reunion of it all
our heads will hold visions intact
of a certain foreign sunset
sinking below a Pacific horizon
of an unfurling flag
being raised into a morning haze
of suntanned features with voices
ringing out on the sunlit beach
of tropical fish glinting
in undersea reflection

how brightly they shine on . .

yes, through the reunion of it all
we will see what shape the car is in
see how much our children have grown
or perhaps smile upon
a new addition to the family
with that first
I-think-he-looks-a-little-bit-like-me
glance

on the island of Guam in the Marianas
coconuts are certain to fall
forever
missing us not at all
but a Seabee's return
is a circle made complete
and let no one interfere
with our at-long-last-moment
of reunion
(of it all)

—P.M. Callaghan



("Now, Dorothy, I want you to close your eyes, think ver hard, and repeat after me: 'There's no place like home. . there's no place like home. . there's no place like home. . .")

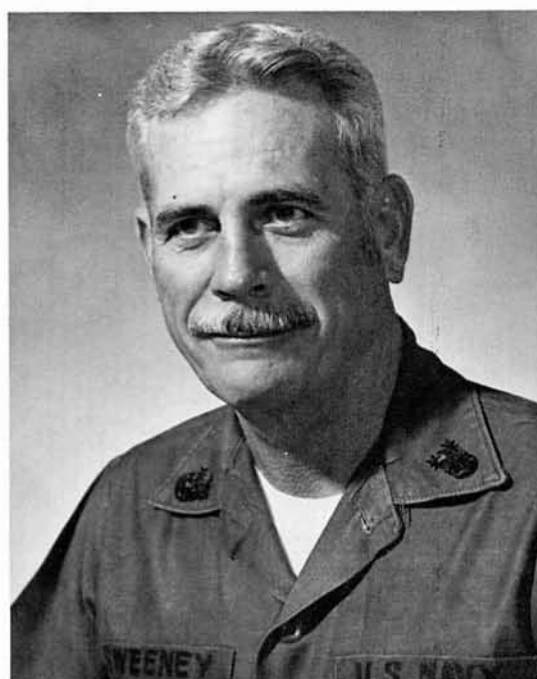
**And now, here's the stars of our show—
the Minutemen (themselves alone)**



Cdr. Julian M.F.Kau, commanding officer



LCdr. Anthony E. Corcoran, executive officer.



UTCM William F. Sweeney, command master chief.

Headquarters Company

CE1 Wallace Alston
YN3 David Bohnsack
PC1 Ed Carter
EA2 Steve Chatham
GMG1 John Clark

SK3 Kenny Clayton
CE2 Charles Cornelisse
MS2 Lloyd Crabtree
LT. Gary Craft
Lt. (JG) Joe Cuccu

YNC Elbert Dominick
YN3 Skip Dowers
MS1 George Dufour
EA1 Andres Embuido
MS1 Bayani Fajardo

EO1 Jerry Ferguson
EA3 Antonio Fernando
YN3 Michael Fleming
PN2 "Gee" Galloway
PNC Craig Geis

EACN Rufus Gibson
GMG3 Franklin Hall
GMG3 Richard Hansen
GMG2 William Hubble
EA1 Warren Jennison

CUCM James Johnson
ETR3 Michael Jones
MS1 Richard Kidwell
YN3 Ray Kuczwar
PCSN Gary Leffew





EA2 Nestor

Lista

EA2 Hermogenes

Munoz

LCdr. Jim

Rispoli

EA3 Miles

Mayo

CE1 Adolf

O'Blepias

EA3 Rex

Rolfing

SW3 Jim

McMahon

PN3 "Radar"

O'Connor

SN Richard

Rowland

YNSN Greg

Meares

CE1 Mark

Ogle

EA3 John

Rusnak

MS3 Daniel

Mercer

PNSN "Heavy"

Phillips

BM3 Glenn

Salzwedel



PC2 John

Moore

ETRSN Johnny

Pritchard

BU2 Don

Scheet

BU2 Bill

Toney

PH1 Bob

Vaughn

EA2 Kenneth

Meyers

PN2 Ernest

Riley

BU2 Richard

Senecal

ET3 Lonnie

Trammel

SWC Frederick

Weaver





YN3 Bobby Williams
YNSN Andrew Williams
YN3 Isaiah Williams
EA3 Jeffery Williams



Alfa Company

EOCN Francisco Alferos
CM3 Gary Almon
CMCN Earl Anderson
EO3 Vernon Anderson
EO2 Lemuel Batts



EO1 Donald Bennington
EOCN John Blackburn
CM3 Stephen Blanford
EOCN Harry Bode
CMCN Richard Bopp



EO2 Michael Bowin
EO3 Joseph Boyd
CM1 Norman Boynton
CM3 Alan Brandt
LT. Jim Broadus

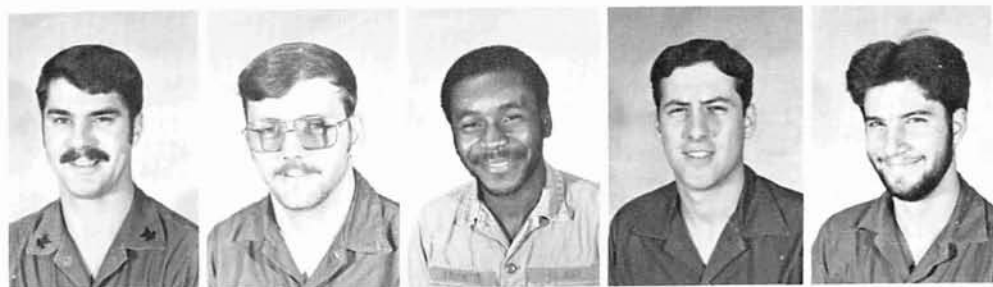


CMC Chief Brotzman
EO1 Landon Burgin
EOCA Frank Carino
EO1 Douglas Carver
EO3 Bob Choate



EOCN Joseph Clark
EO3 Richard Clay
EOCN Tom Coburn
EOCN Steven Cohrac
EO3 David Crook

CM2 Barry Dechaine
EOCN Paul Degele
CA Freeman Dejournette
HTFN Joe Didato
CMCA Stephen Dorie



CMCN Timothy Dubbins
EO3 Anthony Esposito
EOCN Alan Fitzgerald
EOCN Martin Florez
EOCN Robert Foster



EO3 George Galster
HT2 Paul Garrett
CM3 Sid Gatlin
EOCN Douglas Gearheart
EO1 Gerald Granger



EOCN Rick Grossheim
EOCN Steve Grover
MR1 Sam Haines
EOC Roy Haislip
EO3 Steven Henkemeyer

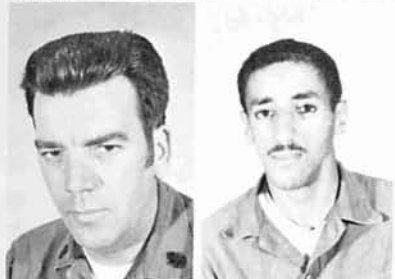


EOCN Vern Hensley
EOCN Scott Herbert
EOCN Arnold Johnson
EOCN Thomas Johnson
CM2 David Kondrup



CECN Stephen Kulikowski
CMCN Charles Labarge
CM3 Stacey Ladehoff
CM3 William Lass
EOCN William Lawrence





CMCN Robert
Leese
CMC Charles
Lewis
EOCN Rick
Marcum
EO2 Warren
Moore
CM2 Robert
Ocock

EOCN Stevens
Lemoine
CMCN Isaac
Logart
EOCN Mark
Marston
EQCM Don
Morrison
EO3 John
O'Donnell

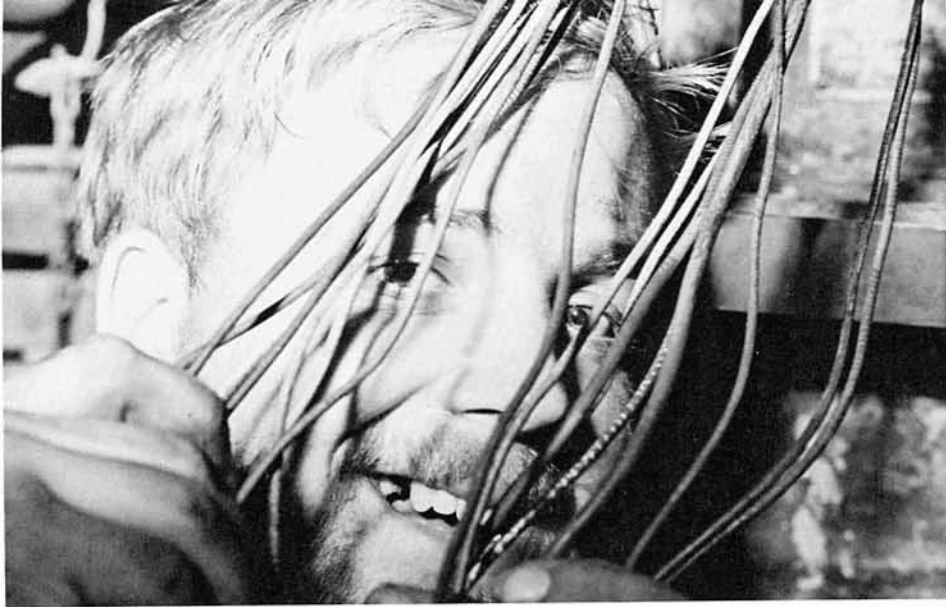
CMCN Joseph
Martin
HTC Vince
Muscarello
CM3 Joe
Olivo

EO2 Robert
McGuffin
CECN Daniel
Nielsen
EO2 Tony
O'Neal

CM3 Gregory
McKenzie
BU1 John
Nelson
CM3 Donald
Osborne

EO2 David
McWatters
CM3 Harold
Newell
CMCN Steven
Packer

EO2 Fred
Minish
CMCA John
Noling
EO3 James
Post



EOC Skip
Rogers
CM3 Warren
Sprague
EO2 Donald
Walden

EO1 Homer
Rozier
CM2 Harold
Suess
EO2 Conrad
Webb

CM3 Earl
Saver
EOCN Merlyn
Taksdal
EO1 John
Wescott

EOCN Mike
Seal
CM1 Gordon
Terry
CM1 Bob
White

EO2 Cecil
Sharpe
EO3 Terry
Tompkins
CM2 Phillip
Wilhite

MR2 Kenny
Pruitt
CM2 Kyle
Reinhard
EO2 Clyde
Sipler
CM2 Dennis
Turner
CM3 Phillip
Wilkinson

CMCN Mark
Rahall
SW3 Glenn
Rogers
CMCN Robert
Smith
EO3 Glen
Turner
EOCN Lars
Wingereid

Bravo Company



UT3 Jerry Atchinson
UTCA Robert Baptista
CE2 James Bartee
CN Joe Birt
CE3 Jay Boyles



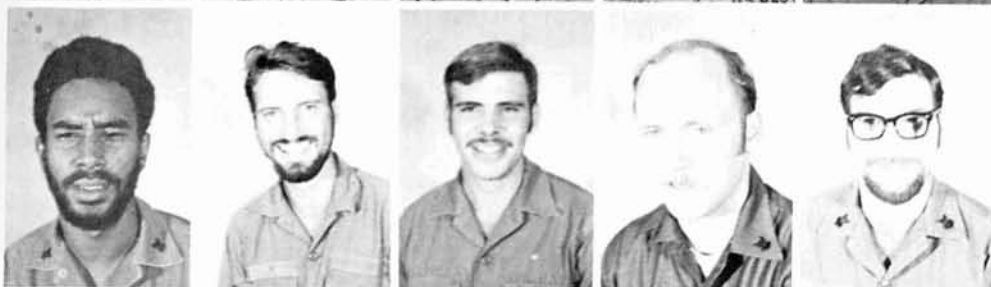
CEC William Brower
UTCN Tim Campbell
CE2 Dennis Catlow
CECN Tom Chisesi
UT3 Chiefton Conant



UT2 Dave Dixon
EO2 Jerry Edwards
UT1 Paul Farrell
SW3 Fred French
SW3 Mike George



CE3 Dick Getzen
CE1 Gary Hanley
CE2 Dale Hardesty
UT1 Isaac Harrow
CECA John Hicks



CE3 John Hicks
UTCA Patrick Hipp
UTCN Tim Holmes
CE3 Douglas Hukill
BU1 Jesse James



CECN Dean Johnson
BUCN Tim Lewis
UTC William Loden
BU2 Ray Miller
CECN Keith Monsaas

BU2 Tom Moss
 UT2 William Outen
 UT2 Florin Parker
 UT2 Cleo Pemberton
 UT3 Ron Pennington



UT2 William Potter
 UT2 Ruddy Rafada
 UTCN Richard Horton
 Lt. (JG) Charles Rowe
 BU2 Pete Rubin



CE3 Anthony Rufo
 CEC Ken Shaddix
 UT3 Robert Shepperd
 CECN Bill Shields
 CE2 Kevin Seiben



CE2 John Sloan
 UT3 Thomas Smith
 CN Eric Smith
 BU2 Jerome Starkowitz
 CE3 Mark Teufel



SW3 Ferris Walker
 BU3 Gene Weatherholtz
 CE2 Tony Weatherspoon
 Lt. Barry Wittschen
 UTC Robert Woods



UTCN Jeff Wright
 UT3 John Zukaуска



Echo Company



BU1 Randall
Berg
SW3 Joey
Byram
SWCS Bobby
Cummins

BUC Wayne
Berry
BU3 Joe
Cassidy
BUCN Tony
Dantzler

BUCN Charles
Blanchard
BU3 Robert
Clapp
BUCA Donald
Denton

BUCN Rod
Bradley
Ens. Richard
Cellon
SW2 Thomas
Dexter

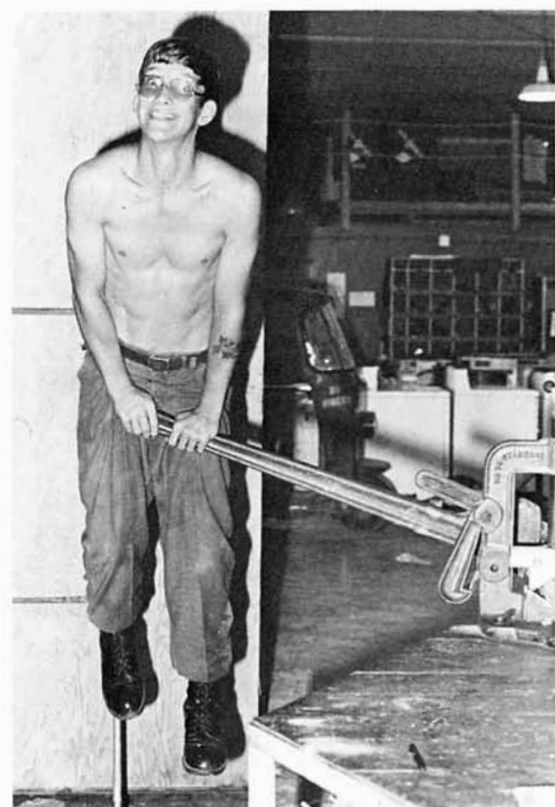
BUCN Michael
Brittain
BU2 Joe
Christopherson
BUCN Neil
Durcholz



BUCN Cliff
Browne
SW2 Michael
Cozart
BU2 Tony
Eisenbraun
BUCN Gary
Fink

BUCN Pat
Burke
BU3 Shawn
Crosby
BU2 David
Fantauzzo
BUC Ron
Flockton





BU2 Mike
Huffman
BU3 Tony
Krant

BUCA Newton
Huffman
BU2 William
Kronk

BU3 Mark
Junga
SWCR Benny
Lizardi

BU2 Michael
Gallagher
BU3 Gregg
Hanson
BU3 Jeffrey
Henderson
BUC William
Kaden
BUCA Jeff
Lundberg

BUCN Michael
Geiger
BU3 Preston
Hawkins
BU1 Randall
Henson
BUCN Marcus
Kinder
SW3 Billy
Matlock

BUCA Robin
Goslin
SWCN Byron
Hazelwood
BU3 Scott
Hoisington
BU2 Mark
Kerlin
BUCN Thomas
Maxwell

SW2 Robert
Hall
BUCA Jim
Heitman
BU1 Dave
Holloway
SWCN Michael
Kite
Lt. Richard
McAfee



SW2 Joe McCurry
SW2 Cliff Mills
BU2 Charles Minshull
BUCR Tony Morris
BUCA John Morrison



SWCN Kevin Parr
BU3 Steve Reese
BUCA Dan Richards
BU2 Matthew Rooney
SW1 Paul Sampson



BUCA Joseph Scotchlas
BUCN Mark Sevyng
BU3 Carl Sturner
BUCA Richard Syptzman
SW3 Michael Thompson



BU3 George Underwood
BU3 Jay Vanhouwe
BU1 Roy Warner
BU2 Charles Weinzirl
BU3 John Wiese



BUCN Jeff Wilhelm
BU3 Jerry Wilhelm
BU3 Charles Williams
SW2 Michael Wisniewski
BUCN David Yon

Detail Diego Garcia

BU1 Ronnie Barnett
CM3 Robert Besaw
BUCN John Braden
CE3 Donald Broughal
BU2 Donnie Coldiron



UT3 Thomas Diddier
SW1 Carl Dixon
EA2 Paul Ducharme
SWCN Juan Esparza
EA3 Antonio Fernando



HM2 Michael Gorman
CE3 Randall Graham
SW1 Harry Hamilton
BU2 Leneal Hill Jr.
UT2 Steven Hind



UT3 Michael James
UTCN Richard Jankowski
BUCN Jesse Johnson
Lt. Edward Kornegay
SWCN Robert Landon



SWC Gary Lester
BUCN Richard Long
EA1 Romeo Moscardon
UT2 Renato Magistrado
CE3 Renato Maldini



SW1 Bobby Mayes
CM3 Floyd McInturf
UTCA Huston Myers
CN Bruce Miller
SW3 Rocky Paris



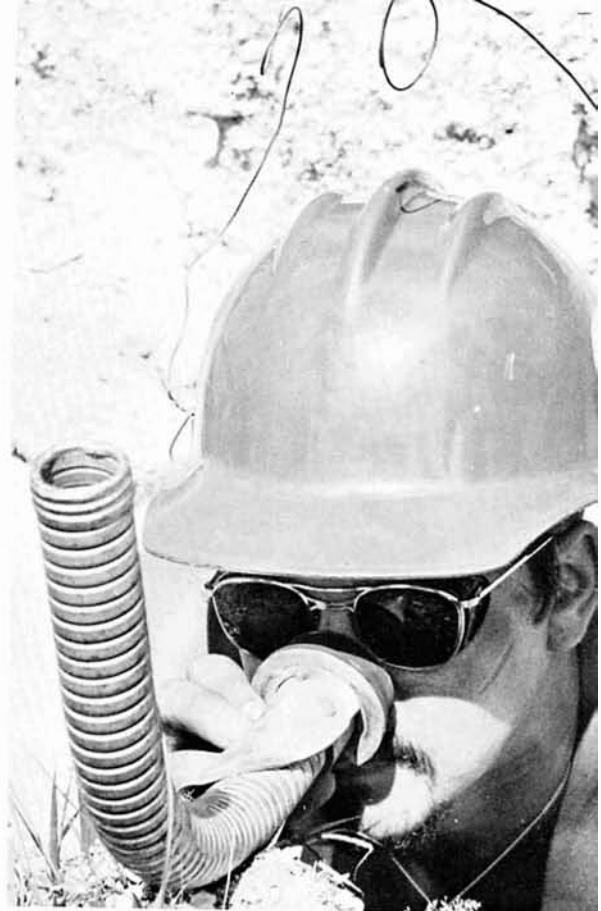


UT2 Gary
Park
SW3 Paul
Stancati

CE1 James
Racer
BU3 Carl
Zimmerman

BU3 Darrald
Schulte
CE3 Robert
Zdrojewski

BUCN John
Smith



Seabee Team 6210



BU2 William Bourgeois



HM1 Ralph Bratcher
Lt. Scott Cleveland
UTCS Charles Dale



EO2 Ed Judy
CE2 Rick Kuehl
BU1 Jeff McBride



SW1 Mike Mendoza
CM1 Dave Nelson
EO1 Jim Sharp



CM2 Richard Stefanacci
UT2 Timothy Tague
EA3 William Titch



Detail Misawa

Front row: BU2 Paul Erickson, BU3 Tom Kidney, UT2 Cornelio Valle, BU3 Rick Eder, EO3 Dan Smith, BU3 Dan Colton, BUCN Donnie Moore and SW3 Chuck Roll. Back row: CE3 Mark Antaya, BU3 Jim Atkinson, CMCN Mike Pedder, SW1 Bill Bassett, BUCN Tony Washington, BU2 Jeff Mathews, BUCN John Doliana, UT2 Bill Volger, CECN Dave Lankowski, BU2 Jami Grunkemeyer, BUC Frank Hosinski and BUCN Kevin Fletcher.

Detail Yokosuka

BUCN Jeffrey Ackerman
BU1 Del Brosdahl
UT2 Steven Burmeister



BUCN Donald Currier
CECN Gregory Delaney
UT3 Thomas Dibiasio



CE2 Donald Feldsine
CECN Martin Flaherty
BUCN Daniel Hinkley





UT3 Hayden McElroy
BUCN Daniel McNeely
UT3 George McQuade



UT2 Michael Patten
BU2 Timothy Terlecky
BU1 Laureano Unadia



CECN Jude White
UT3 Cleveland Williams



There's only one more page left to this entire cruisebook, folks. And then it's all over.



JO2 P.M. Callaghan: writer, photographer and designer.

**This is the staff
that wrote the words
and took the photos
and caught the errors
(well, most of them)
to make up this book
for your enjoyment
(we hope).**

It was a pleasure.

The Staff



PH1 Robert W. Vaughn: photographer and production asst.



CWO2 Robert M. Freed: error catcher and prime motivator

Contributors:

Lt. Jerry Hill
Lt. Richard McAfee
Lt. Donald McLaughlin
Lt. Scott Cleveland
JOCS John Burlage
PHCS Guy Gardner
PHC Bill Pointer

JO1 Kirby Harrison
JO1 John Bacheller
GMG1 John Clark (ret.)
JO2 P.T. Mullikin
PH2 M. B. Zinger
CM2 Billy Rogers
EA3 Paul Ducharme
CE3 Jay Boyles
PHAN Mark Merritt

SWCN Michael Kite
CMCN Rick Bianco
CECN Mark Teufel
Photo Lab, Naval Station Adak (this
cruisebook was published by the Inter-
Collegiate Press of Shawnee Mission,
Kansas) Special thanks to Mr. "Kes"
Kesler for his cooperation and assis-
tance.

CHRONOLOGY OF NMCS 62, 1966-89

Commissioned on 2 July 1966 at the Naval Construction Battalion Center, Gulfport, Mississippi. The first commanding officer was Commander William J. Richeson, CEC, USN. Gulfport remained the home port of NMCS 62 for the next 23 years.

December 1966 - August 1967 -- Deployed to Hue-Phu Bai, Republic of Vietnam. Awarded the Navy Unit Commendation for this deployment.

January - October 1968 -- Deployed to Danang, RVN. Awarded the Navy Unit Commendation for this deployment. Also won the Best of Type, Atlantic Fleet, and the Peltier Award for fiscal year 1969.

March - November 1969 -- Deployed to Dong Ha, RVN. Awarded the Navy Meritorious Unit Commendation for this deployment. Also awarded the Army Meritorious Unit Commendation. Won the Best of Type, Atlantic Fleet, and the Peltier Award again for fiscal year 1970.

April - November 1970 -- Deployed to Danang, RVN. Awarded the Army Meritorious Unit Commendation again for this deployment.

May 1971 - January 1972 -- Deployed to Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico.

July 1972 - March 1973 -- Deployed to Diego Garcia, British Indian Ocean Territory.

September 1973 - May 1974 -- Deployed to Guam, the Mariana Islands.

November 1974 - July 1975 -- Deployed to Rota, Spain.

January - September 1976 -- Deployed to Okinawa, Japan.

March - November 1977 -- Deployed to Diego Garcia, BIOT. Won the Best of Type, Atlantic Fleet, and Peltier Award for fiscal year 1977.

May 1978 - January 1979 -- Deployed to Guam, the Mariana Islands.
July 1979 - March 1980 -- Deployed to Rota, Spain. Won the Best
of Type, Atlantic Fleet, for fiscal year 1979.
September 1980 - May 1981 -- Deployed to Puerto Rico.
November 1981 - July 1982 -- Deployed to Diego Garcia, BIOT.
January - September 1983 -- Deployed to Guam, the Mariana Islands.
May - November 1984 -- Deployed to Puerto Rico.
June - December 1985 -- Deployed to Okinawa, Japan.
July 1986 - February 1987 -- Deployed to Rota, Spain.
August 1987 - April 1988 -- Deployed to Guam, the Mariana Islands.
October 1988 - June 1989 -- Deployed to Sigonella, Italy.

UNIT AWARDS WON BY NMCB 62, 1966-89

Navy Awards

NAVY UNIT COMMENDATION

01 Sept. 1966 - 31 July 1967 (As part of the 30th Naval Construction Regiment).

24 Jan. 1968 - 30 August 1968 (As part of the 3rd Naval Construction Brigade).

NAVY MERITORIOUS UNIT COMMENDATION

07 March 1969 - 04 Dec. 1969 (As part of the 3rd Naval Construction Brigade).

30 April 1970 - 23 Nov. 1970.

BEST OF TYPE, ATLANTIC FLEET

Fiscal Year 1969: July 1968 - June 1969.

Fiscal Year 1970: July 1969 - June 1970.

Fiscal Year 1977: July 1976 - Sept. 1977.

Fiscal Year 1979: Oct. 1978 - Sept. 1979.

PELTIER AWARD

Fiscal Year 1969: July 1968 - June 1969.

Fiscal Year 1970: July 1969 - June 1970.

Fiscal Year 1977: July 1976 - Sept. 1977.

Awards from Other Military Services

ARMY MERITORIOUS UNIT COMMENDATION

02 April 1969 - 20 Nov. 1969.

20 April 1970 - 10 Nov. 1970.

Awards from Foreign Governments

REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM MERITORIOUS UNIT CITATION (Gallantry Cross,
Medal Color with Palm)

01 Dec. 1966 - 31 August 1967.

01 Jan. 1968 - 31 Oct. 1968.

01 April 1969 - 20 Sept. 1969.

REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM MERITORIOUS UNIT CITATION (Civil Actions Medal,
First-Class Color with Palm)

08 Dec. 1966 - 01 August 1967.

22 Jan. 1968 - 04 Oct. 1968.

03 April 1969 - 21 Nov. 1969.

30 April 1970 - 23 Nov. 1970.

Fiscal Year 1969: July 1968 - June 1969.

Fiscal Year 1970: July 1969 - June 1970.

Fiscal Year 1977: July 1976 - Sept. 1977.

Fiscal Year 1978: Oct. 1978 - Sept. 1979.

FELTHER AWARD

Fiscal Year 1969: July 1968 - June 1969.

Fiscal Year 1970: July 1969 - June 1970.

Fiscal Year 1977: July 1976 - Sept. 1977.

Awards from Other Military Services

ARMY MERITORIOUS UNIT COMMENDATION

02 April 1969 - 20 Nov. 1969.

10 April 1970 - 10 Nov. 1970.



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