

U.S. Navy Seabee Cruise book

CEC/Seabee Historical Foundation
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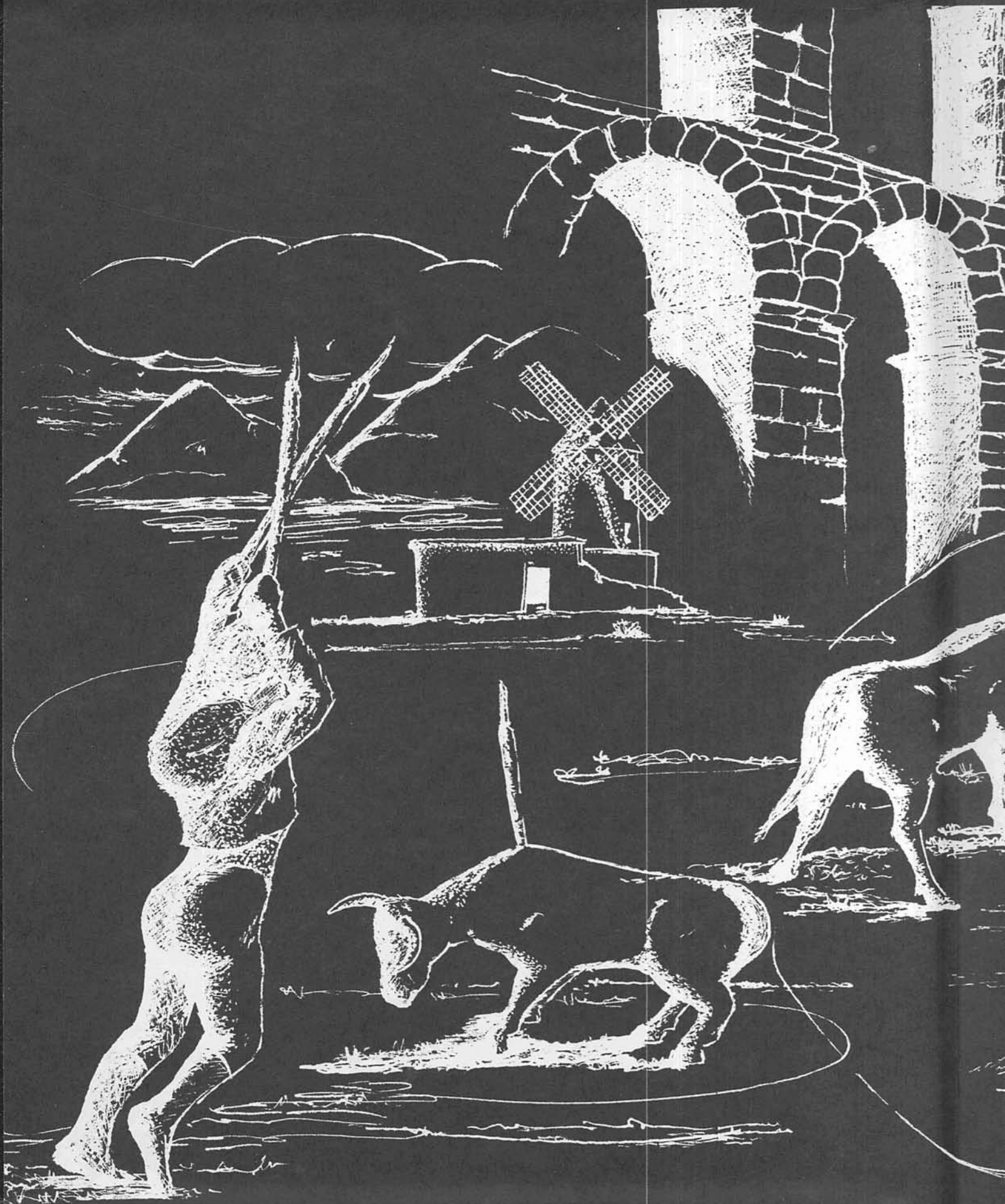
THE FOLLOWING VOLUNTEER SCANNED THIS BOOK:
RAYMOND J. MAYER, EOCS, USN RETIRED

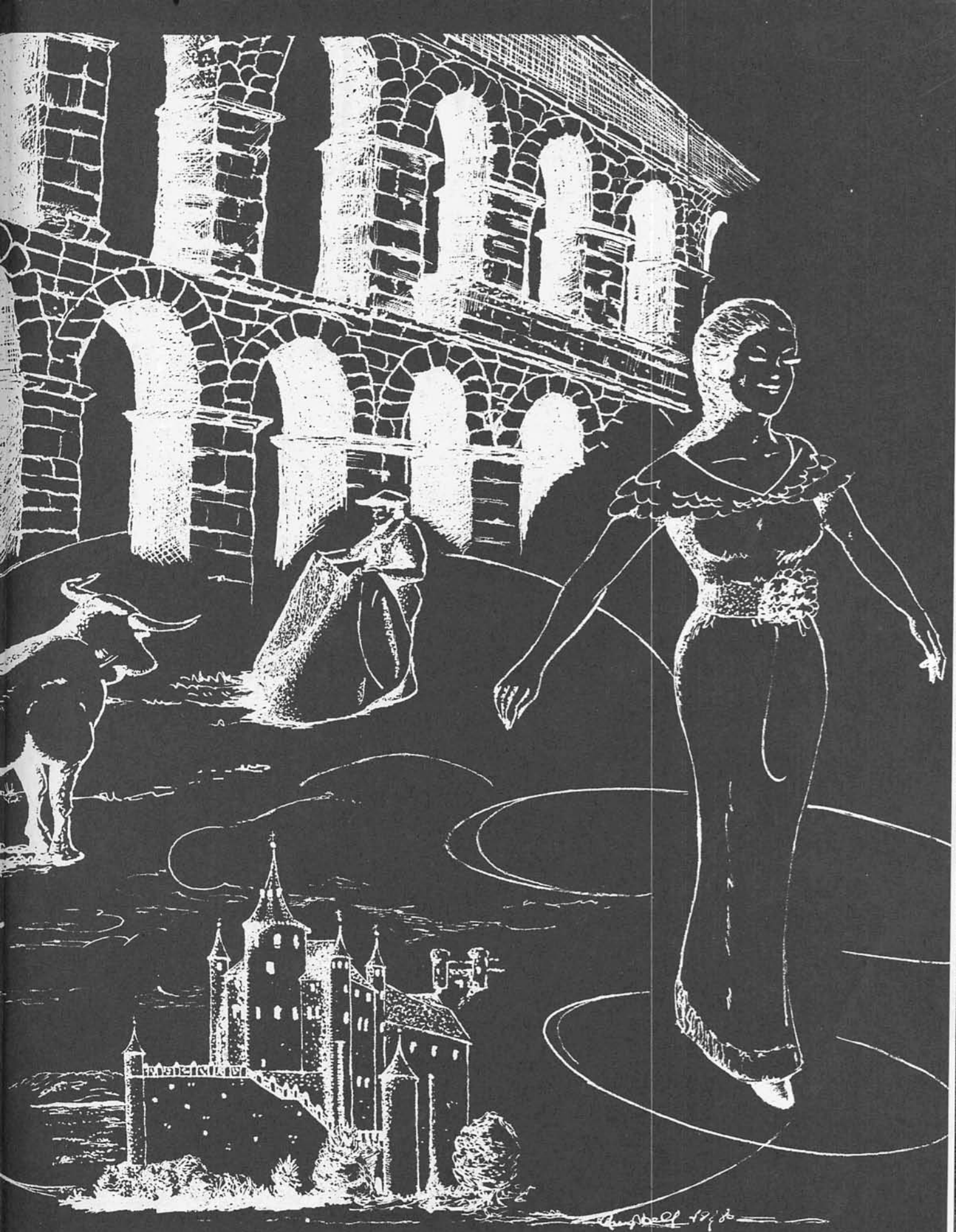
NMCB-62

BEST OF TYPE ATLANTIC FLEET



EUROPEAN DEPLOYMENT JULY 1979-MARCH 1980





MINUTEMEN

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NMCB-62
COMMANDING OFFICER
CAPT. JULIAN M.F. KAU

J. F.
NMCB 62

This year's cruisebook is dedicated to the men of NMCB 62, who did their job well and did it with pride. In doing so they served their country, helping to protect the people and the way of life they love so much back in the States. They didn't defend with weapons against a combat enemy, but were ready to do so if it became necessary. The defense that they provided was a psychological security blanket, allowing those at home know that NMCB 62 was there in Europe along with the rest of the U. S. Armed Forces for their protection. This book is also dedicated to those loved ones at home who inspired the men of 62 to do their jobs conscientiously for their defense and peace of mind.

HOMEPORT

A SEPARATE REALITY

The key letter in NMCB is M, standing for mobile. The incredibly versatile men of the U. S. Navy Seabees can and do move so often that we occasionally don't even know where to say we're stationed. In January 1979, NMCB-62 was back in the air again, crossing the vast Pacific Ocean after wrapping up a hot, wet, long, and very successful deployment to Guam, M.I. We'd been there so long in fact that sometimes it seemed like we'd been born there. The long awaited event was finally happening, we were going HOME. A lump came to many of our throats upon first sight of the mainland USA, the night lights of Los Angeles glowing like jewels on a clear smogless night.

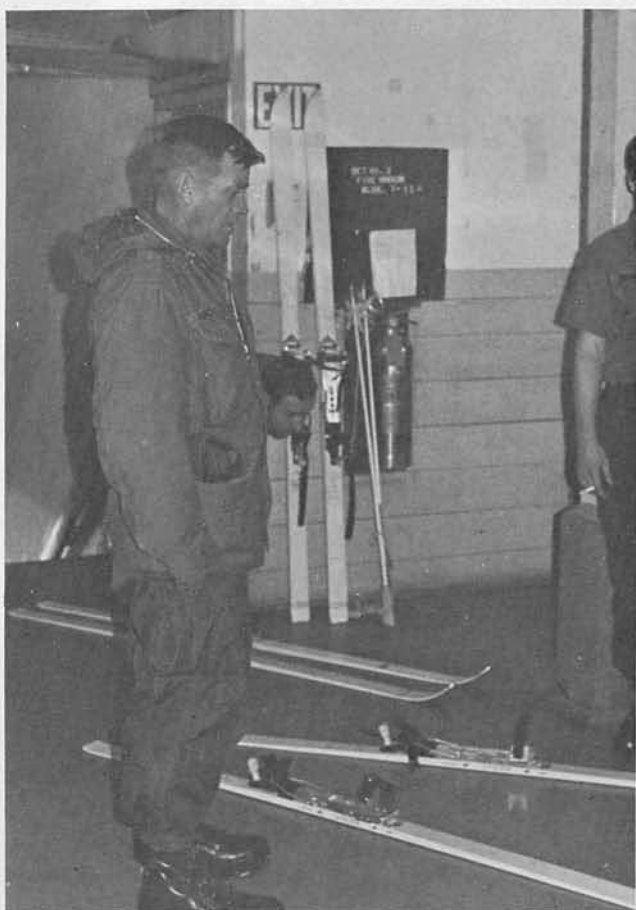
It was a relatively short hop from there to wintry Gulfport. But the reception was far from cold, with many tearful and happy reunions for those with loved ones there, and a pleasant contented feeling and an immediate telephone call for the rest. It took a little while to get readjusted but soon we'd all forgotten that Guam ever existed. Gulfport was the new reality and a change in our life style in many ways. The construction switch had been turned off and the training switch was thrown wide open. No sooner had Guam been left behind, then Rota, Spain loomed in the not so distant future as still another reality. Home port is such a short time really, and we all set out to make it memorable.



COLD WEATHER TRAINING



Two weeks following our return from the tropical climate of Guam, 71 Minutemen departed Gulfport for the snow, ice, and frigid temperatures of Ft. Drum, N.Y. and Cold Weather Training. Ft. Drum provided an excellent arena in which Seabees could increase their readiness capability and gain the knowledge necessary to fulfill one of our vital missions; the ability to respond rapidly to a contingency situation in any part of the world at any time. The two week training exercise was conducted in conjunction with RNMCB-27's annual drill. Under the supervision of Ensign Rich Cellon, the detachment OIC and SWCS Bobby Cummins, AOIC, the men of 62 received classroom instruction from 20th NCR staff in subjects ranging from cold weather construction to cold weather survival. Methods of movement in arctic climates was also taught, including cross country skiing, downhill skiing, and snowshoeing. Although this was a completely new experience for the majority of 62's men, they approached each evolution with a good attitude and a "can do" spirit. All of the accumulated knowledge was put to good use by the Seabees during the culminating exercise—a four mile ski march and overnight bivouac. Weapons familiarization, as well as more snowshoeing was also on the agenda. Sub-zero temperatures made the bivouac an experience none of us will soon forget.



The training for the men of NMCB-62 was deemed extremely successful. A tremendous appreciation of the inherent difficulties associated with an extreme climate, particularly applicable to the Naval Construction Force, was gained by all. Should the need arise, the men of 62 are ready to go . . . anywhere . . . anytime.

Right: The abdominal snowman? Well, almost, really E03 O'Donnel.

Below: Snow shoe practice preparation.

Bottom Left: 62's bivouac site where temperatures got down to -13 degrees F.

Bottom Right: Snow shoe practice, BUC Kaden, E03 O'Donnell and EO2 Cormier.





After a long cross-country ski excursion the men march back to camp.



Members of the cold weather det led by BUCS Cummins prepare to leave for home.



The 62 Cold Weather Det preparing for cross-country ski training.

SNOW DET—1979

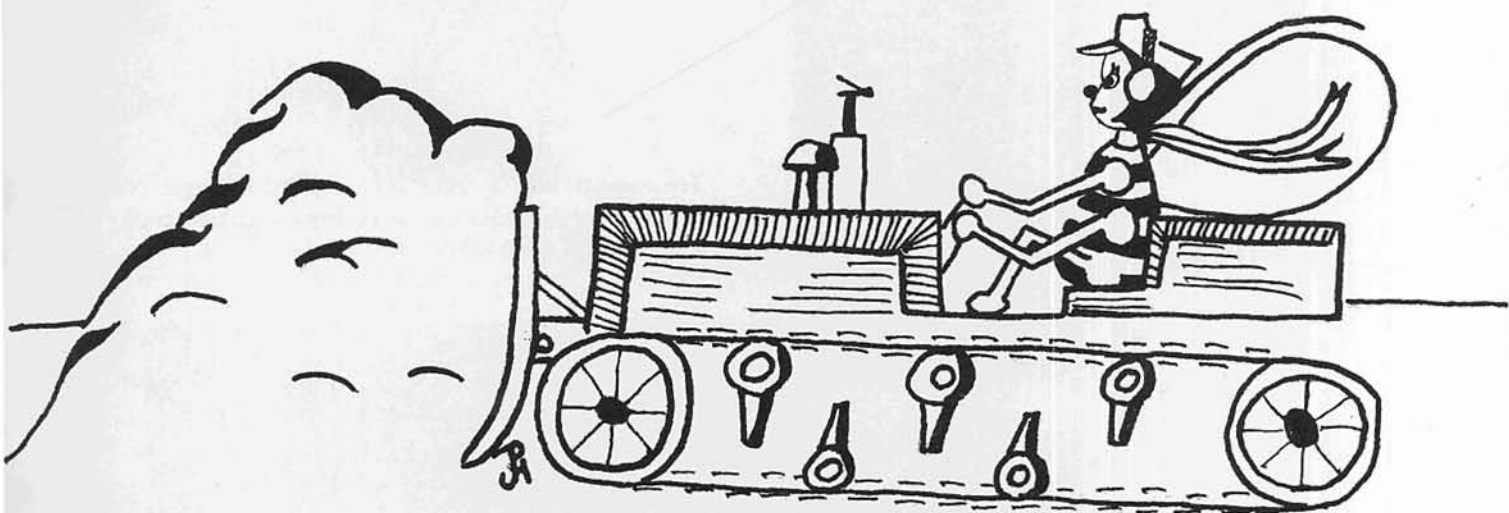
GREAT LAKES

In January, shortly after our return from Guam, the Upper Midwest experienced one of the worst snowfalls in their history, the snow piling up to record heights. The Chicago area especially was buried in snow, and a call went out for military assistance. As was the case the year before when 62 sent a snow removal detail to Rhode Island, we also were called upon this year to send a detail to the Great Lakes Naval Base.

EO1 Ludlum, EO1 Wingate, EO2 Esposito, EO3 Tillman, EO3 Grossheim, EOCN T. Smith, CM3 Olivo and CM2 Pikul were sent to the Great Lakes on January 27th and didn't return until March 1st. During that period of time they removed an incredible amount of snow from the roads and parking lots of that base, and Glenview N.A.S.

The cold weather and below zero wind chill factors almost everyday made working conditions extremely difficult. The grease caked up and crumbled out of the joints and bushings, so the equipment (which consisted of front end loaders and dump trucks) had to be lubed every two days. Also, the men had to rotate shifts on the equipment because of the wind-chill factor.

The fact that the job took so long to complete showed how hard-hit the area was with snow. The minutemen returned to Gulfport on March 1st, adding yet another streamer to a much decorated battalion flag.



HOMEPORT HAPPENINGS



Above: Anxious crowd of families and friends waiting for the return of the 62 main body at Gulfport airport.



Homeport was a time for inspections and passes in review, and a chance to change out of greens for a while.





Homeport was also a time for training, schools and on-the-job training projects such as these.

It was a time for unusual re-enlistments . . .



. . . And much to our misfortune it was a time to say a final goodbye to a good friend and dedicated worker UT2 David Dixon.



HOMEPORT ACTIVITIES

The minutemen marching in a parade in Gulfport.



Gloria Briones (Seabee Queen) and husband Jose at the Seabee Ball.



CDR Kau welcomes a young lovely to Gulfport for the Miss USA Pageant.



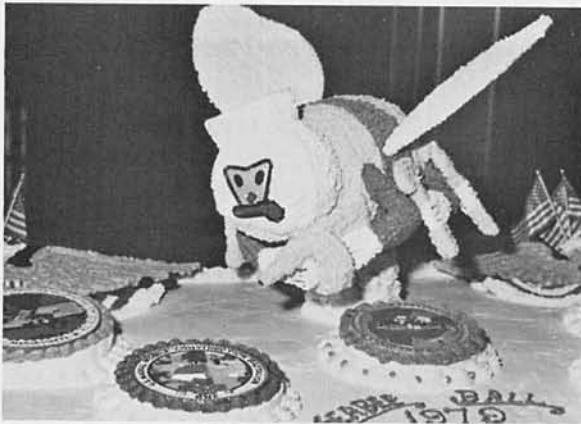
LCDR Lindsey and escorts with Miss Universe.



Left: Young lad demonstrates the killer instinct at Seabee picnic prior to deployment to Spain.

Below Left: A large bee carrying a machine gun landed in the cake at the Seabee Ball.

Below: E02 Brodzinski taking a little girl for a ride . . . on one of the machines during kids day.



Left: Another scene from the 62 picnic in Gulfport shows everyone having a grand time and stuffing themselves.

AND AWAY WE GO AGAIN

We had just settled back into that nice slow Southern Mississippi life-style when the call went out to begin planning for deployment. Could it be that time already? It surely was. After wrapping up our military training and our admin inspection, we were packing the bags again. It was time to brief our wives, sell our cars, store our belongings, and go off across another ocean for two thirds of a year.

MISSISSIPPI FIELD EXERCISE

There came a time in homeport when we were handed over to the Marines for that special phase of our homeport training in the art and science of combat. Since we would be the Alert Seabee Battalion in Europe, just as we had been in the Pacific the previous deployment, it was essential that we were well versed in how to defend a potential combat position. Most of the men looked toward this training with mixed emotions. There would be a lot of interest in the weapons and tactical combat training, but there wasn't a whole lot of enthusiasm about living in the woods for four days with out bathing, while trying to avoid chiggers and snakes, and having to eat those omnipresent and always dreaded C-rations.

The Field Exercise (FEX) was the grand finale of all the varied combat training we'd undergone at homeport. From the days at the ranges, the endless classes, the mortar training at Ft. Benning, the weapons familiarization course at Camp Shelby, the Command Post Exercise, the formulation of the operations order, the officers three day class room in the woods at Camp Hill, and the rest. It all came together at the FEX.

We were assigned an area of the forest to defend and it was up to us to apply what our Marine, Army and Seabee veterans had taught us to defend this plot of land. A defensible perimeter was created and assigned to Alfa, Bravo, Delta and Echo companies to turn into a fortress. Within the perimeter, Company Command Posts and Headquarters Company tents were being erected, outside the perimeter Charlie Company, as the aggressor force, was being instructed on how to best exploit our weaknesses.

Between digging and concealing our foxholes and pitching our tents, more military training was being carried out on the company level. Training took place in ambush and patrol techniques, camouflage, vehicle hardening and immediate action, booby traps, security, POW interrogation, communication, field sanitation, and setting up fields of fire. The Medical department was training for triage and casu-

alty first aid. The Command Post and Fire Direction Center were working out their communication networks. And the cooks were cooking up some of the finest food ever devoured on a camping trip (a welcome relief from the C-Rats). Everything was pointing toward the last day of the FEX, D-Day, when our perimeter would be persistantly tested by the aggressor force under the guidance of the USMC.

On that fateful day the referees from the Regiment took their places along our FEBA (Forward Edge of Battle Area) and the battle began. Throughout the day the crack of M-16's, the putter of M-60 machine guns and the Mortar Simulators added a definite touch of realism to the exercise. All the hours spent in training showed their value now. Enemy prisoners were captured and interrogated, casualties on both sides poured into the Battalion Aid Station, where the Medical Department struggled to save their lives and make them comfortable. On into the evening the battle continued and into the dark of night. Ambush and security patrols were sent out from our lines. A build up for one final all out assault seemed immanent, the Battalion Command Post was frantic with activity, trying to both direct our own fire and plot enemy movements. Flares exploded above the treetops, occasionally illuminating enemy positions, which were quickly liquidated. The incoming mortar rounds kept us constantly alert. Then the attack came, the enemy hordes rushed our lines, but we fired everything we had at them in the final protective fire, and after we laid down our weapons, removed our earplugs and wiped the dust from our faces, we knew we had held our lines.

So ended the FEX of 1979. It was just an exercise and we all knew it, but still at times, when our subconscious took over, it was real, and that realism made this training invaluable. If, heaven forbid, we ever did get into a real combat situation, it would seem a little less foreign and a lot more familiar to us. This was the purpose of the FEX and the Alert Battalion was militarily certified ready to deploy.



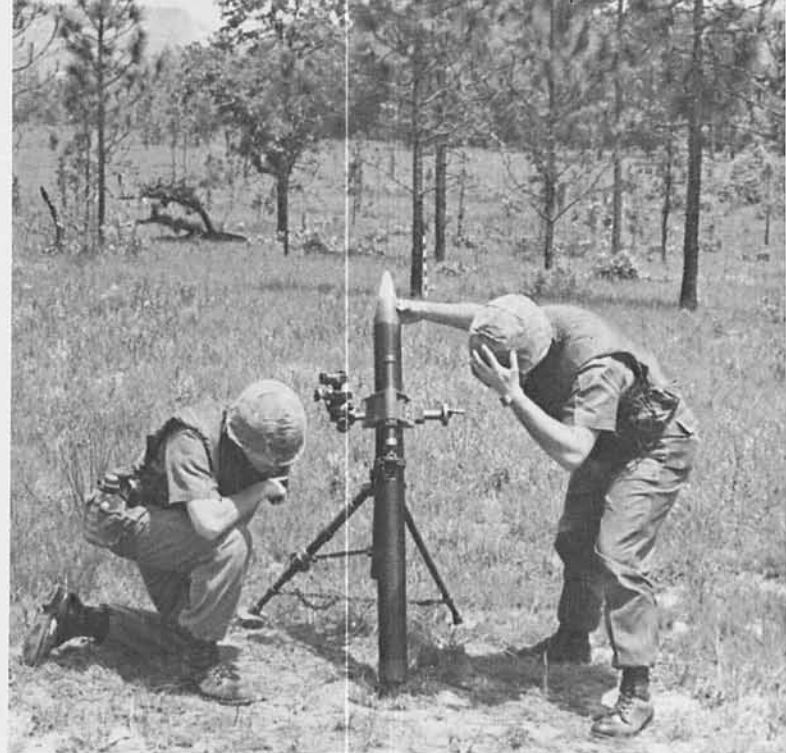
Right: LT. Doyle stringing communication wire through the tree tops.

Below: A well-camouflaged UT3 Horton grins from his fighting hole.

Bottom Left: Minuteman Officers involved in tactical classroom training prior to FEX.

Bottom Right: EO2 Haney and EO2 Bowin showing the usual delighted expressions of those dining on C-Rats.







Far Left: At Officers field course, they had the distinct pleasure of dining on the ever-popular C-Rats.

Left: Firing live mortar rounds at distant tanks.

Far Left Center: Familiarization with the LAW.

Left Center: Officer and Chiefs discuss defensive considerations in setting up the perimeter.

Left Bottom: Two more mortar rounds sail off into the clouds.



Above: One of the mortar squads starts work on a mortar hole within the perimeter.

Top Right: BU2 Szarkowitz maintains a watch on the tree-tops to make sure no tree-top snipers infiltrate the area.

Middle Right: EOCN A.T. Johnson happy at work digging a hole to hide in, er, I mean fight in.



Lower Right: It's not that everyone was lazy, it was really very exhausting work setting up that camp, and it felt good to collapse when we could find the time.

Bottom Right: Aggressors preparing for ambush demonstration.





Far Left: Minutemen take a snooze after finishing their foxhole.

Middle Left: Echo Co. chow hounds waiting for a well deserved feast.

Left: Rigging the communication network.



Bottom Left: A surrealistic view of the tent camp.

Upper Right: Alfa Co. waiting in line for the head during a break in the combat training.

Right: A forward observation post manned by a Chaplain?



Lower Right: Cleaning and loading the cornerstone of the defense, the M-60 machine gun.





"REMEMBER - J.W. IS WATCHING!"

Top: CA Denton digs in while CM1 Terry and UT1 Harrow lend their support.

Above: One of the company Command posts during a lull in action.

Right: While the men waited for the attack, one took time to write a letter home to the wife and kids.





Left: BU1 McBride getting extra ammo from the boxes outside Delta Co. command post
Below: After every big meal, there are always a lot of dishes to wash.



Below Left: Digging in along the perimeter in the heat of a sunny Spring day.

Below Right: EOC Heath, LT. Jencks, Gunny Smith, BU2 Hawkins taking a lunch break.





Left: Stretcher team of UTCN Sonny Myers and unidentified Seabee hurry to the BAS with casualty, who is wearing a moulage to simulate specific injuries.

Below: Our Chief interrogator MAC Taylor tries to pry information from a stubborn POW who bears a striking resemblance to BU3 Weatherholtz.



Above: LCDR Broaddus, our S-3, plots enemy movements at the battalion command post.



Right: M-60 crew waiting for a sign of the enemy approaching up the road so they can test their marksmanship.





Above: Battalion gathers for demonstration, one of the relaxing times we found during the FEX.

Below: HM1 Ouimette patching up one of the wounded men before a stretcher team would arrive to transport him to the Battalion Aid Station.

Right: Without this man, there would be no FEX Cruisebook Section. He's the always-present never-tiring, war correspondent.



"THE MOUNTOUT"

OR HOW I SPENT MY LABOR DAY WEEKEND

I always found it amusing when the people on M.A.S.H. had to move their entire camp. The seeming mass confusion confronting us from the television was their mount-out. But in the simplistic world of television they could do it in half an hour. However, in the real world of the NMCB it takes slightly longer, not including commercials, about 5 days and 23 1/2 hours longer. So, between the days of 31 August and 6 September 1979 we mounted out. Of course, we didn't actually move and set up elsewhere, even though Norway is a nice place I've heard. The Battalion received the message to mount-out at 0800, 31 August 1979 and it set into motion extraordinary activity for six days, culminating in the memorable site of equipment and supplies extending down the tow-way into the morning Spanish haze.

Each member of the Battalion has some special memory of the weeks activities, my own being resting my feet sometime during one of the nights on one of those six days on the CTR loading dock. It was special for me because the Part II warehouse was finally empty.

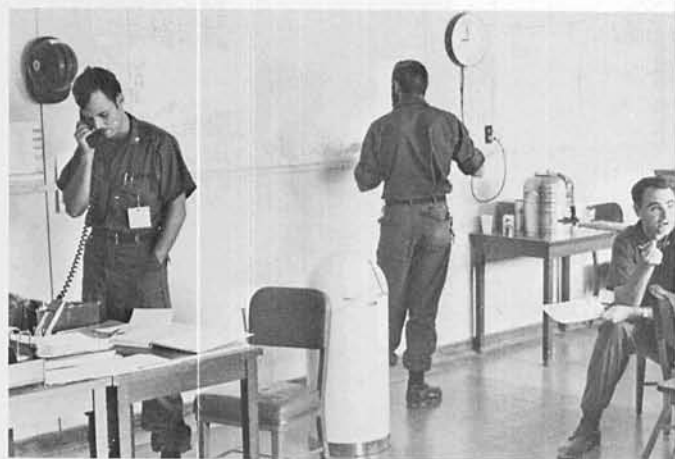
What happened in those six days, in a nutshell, was the movement of 139 pieces of equipment, two and a half million pounds of supplies and gear and the Battalion personnel from normal deployment routine, to ready to be transported by 63 aircraft and one ship to anywhere in the world. This was only possible due to the sweat and diligence of the members of NMCB-62.

Boxing supplies, preparing equipment, palletizing, netting, transportation, load plans, weighing, staging, moving, adjusting, checking, messages, meetings — planning, closing projects, feeding, security, fixing, teaching and learning. These and many other activities were involved in this effort. For the first time, by a deployed Battalion, a six day Air Det, Air Echelon, Sea Echelon mount-out was tried and the Minutemen did it, taking but 24 of the 48 hours specified to prepare the Air Det and finishing the Air Echelon and Sea Echelon with time to spare.

The Air Det consisted of 89 men, 39 pieces of equipment and a self sufficient tent camp to be transported on 10 C-141 "Bee lifter" aircraft. The Air and Sea Echelon consisted of the remaining equipment, supplies and people that make up an NMCB. Utilizing 52 C-141's, 1 C-5A "Galaxy" aircraft and an LSD all prepared for movement in six days. The 24 hour operations kept everyone busy and I was extremely proud how each man worked. People with the knowledge of how to do a task stepped forward and taught those around them, senior and junior, how to correctly do it. A great deal of technical assistance was provided by our 2 man ALCE team consisting of TSGT Keeler and SSGT Chapman of the Air Force. I know, that they enjoyed their time here and they left with a good feeling toward the Seabees. Also, another group of extremely helpful people were the 41 reserve Seabees who spent their week on active duty being very active. A great many friendships were developed during this period and several had tears in their eyes as they left. Finally, on the morning of 6 September, the work was done, we had loaded 303 aircraft pallets, set up 68 aircraft loads, one ship load, emptied the camp, were inspected and were then free to leave the camp. But one thing remained.....putting it all back.



As the precious hours tick away, ET3 Jones records the progress toward achieving our goals.



Top Left: Pallets and nets by the hundreds were used to secure the cargo for transport.

Top Right: The Battalion Command Post pulsed with activity throughout the entire 6 days.

Above: LTJG Huntzinger, the embark officer pondering how to distribute the load in yet another aircraft.

Above: All battalion equipment had to be washed before staging for shipment.

Lower Left: Equipment begins to accumulate at the tow-way, as EO1 Granger, EO1 Sipler and LTJG Lowry receive advice from Air Force SSGT Chapman.

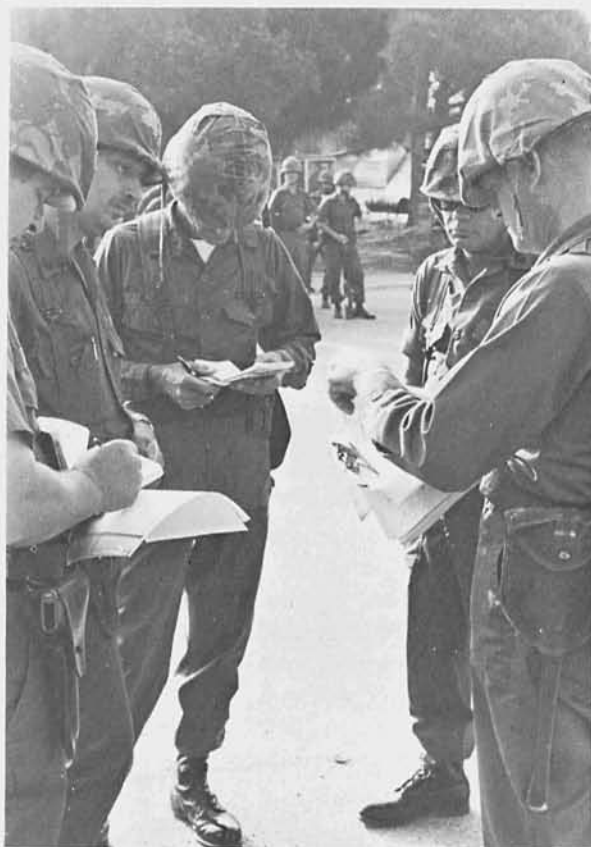
Lower Right: Back at the MLO yards, more loads were being readied for staging.





Left: Before the altar in the Chapel the members of the Air-Det assemble for a briefing on their destination.

Below: CE2 Catlow studies a chart during the loading phase of the Mount out.



Above: SW1 Marshall, EO1 Morey, GMG2 Hubble, EOC Rogers and EOC Roberts compare notes on progress of Air Det.

Right: CDR Kau and Lt. Roman confer as CDR Green (our inspector) looks on with approval at S-4.



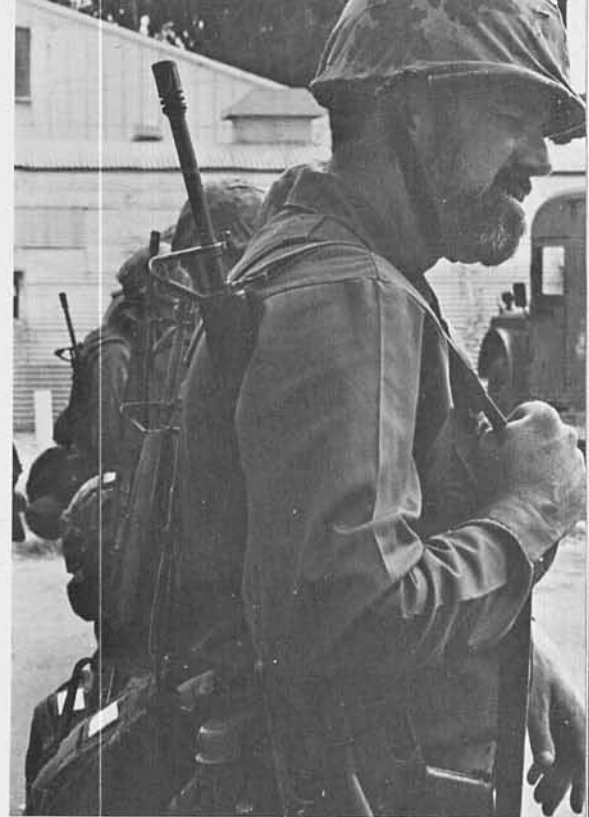
During the mount out, if you weren't exhausted, you were not doing your job. If you looked like a zombie you were normal. The men were under a lot of stress, and this stress and exhaustion affected men in different ways.

UT1 O'Connel, right, simply gritted his teeth (much to his dentist's displeasure) and went about biting the bullet.

UT3 Smith and CE2 Lankowski, below, started dancing and rubbing chins (an old Eskimo way of driving off evil spirits).

EOC Rogers, below right, took a short nap (it was obviously short because he woke up when the cigarette burned down to his fingers).

CM1 Dillahey, below middle, was so delirious he reenlisted in mid-air.



Gunny Black performing a preliminary inspection on the M-60's.





Far Upper Left: CE3 Art Chavez and EO1 Tally Hugues exchange ideas about how to best handle some awkward pallets.

Above Left: C-141 transport awaiting the Air Det Equipment.

Above: GMG2 Hubble, ET3 Jones and ET2 Mason pass out weapons to Air Det for their inspection.

Above Right: Air Det Muster.

Far Left: Boxes of records and files piling up outside HQ Co. offices.

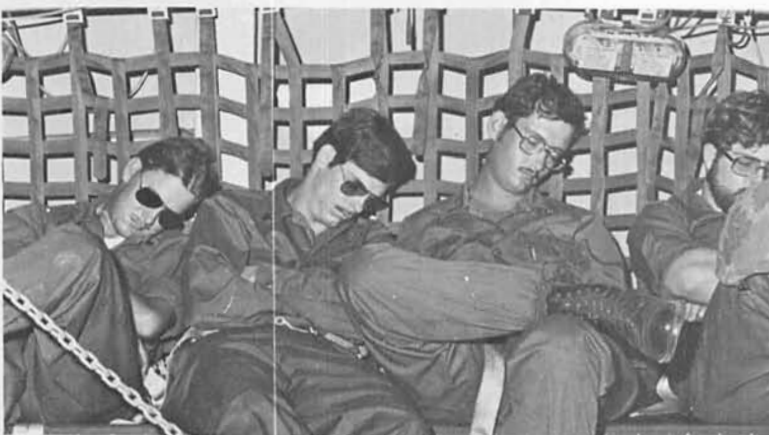
Middle Left: Taping numbers onto chalk loads.

Left: Loading "Seabee lifter".

Right: The Air Det was up dark and early on day 3 to head to the airfield.

Far Lower Left: A collective strain gains that last inch of space.

Lower Left: UT3 Baker drains a buffalo.



Above Right: Four members of the Air Det overcome with excitement.

Right: CWO2 Freed checks out the men.

Left: Mount out inspection in progress.





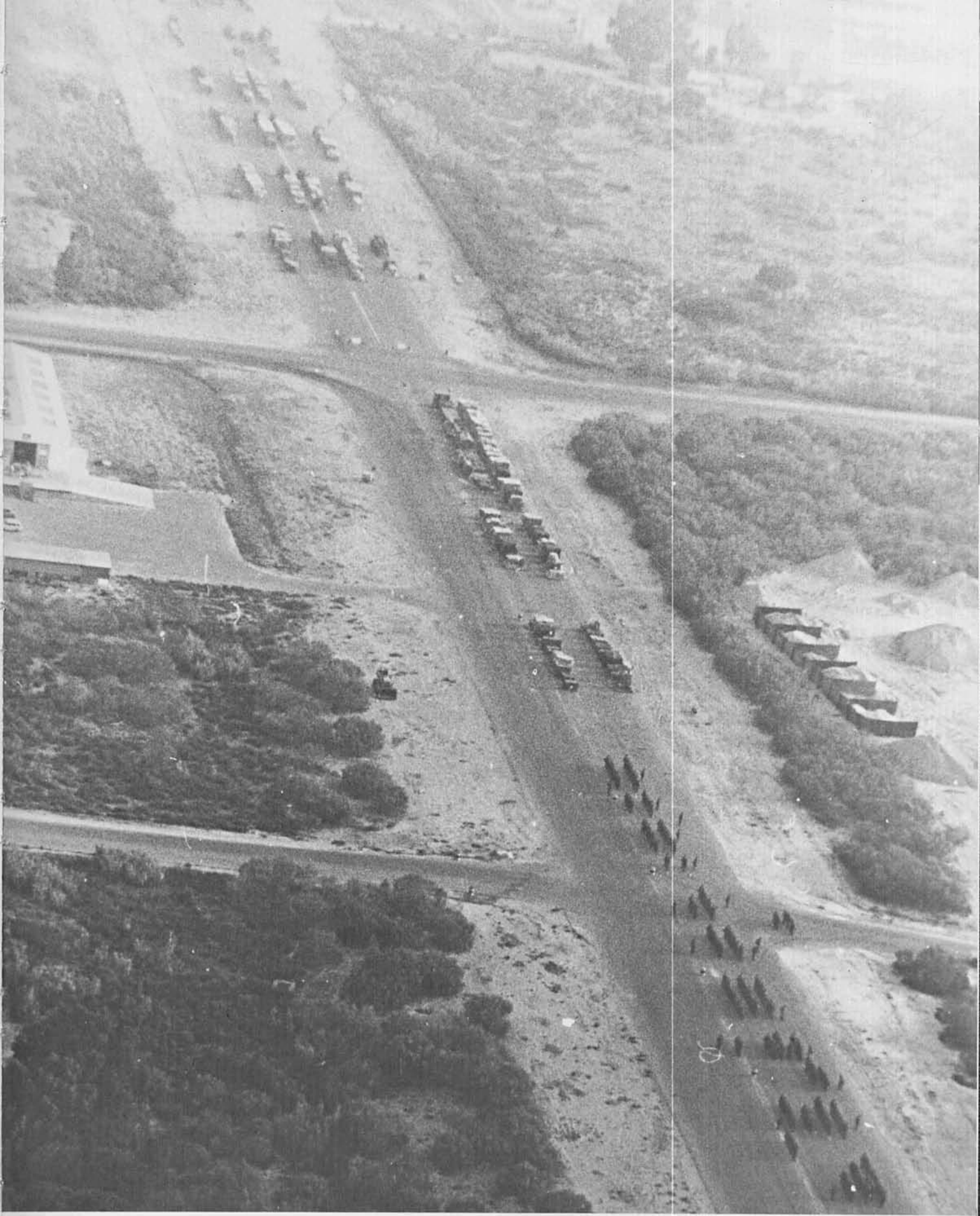
Left: CDR Kau addressing the men prior to the final inspection in our mount-out gear.

Above: The grim men of Alfa Co. march to the Tow-way.

Below: Echo Company on their way.

Bottom: The full main body of NMCB-62 and all of the air echelon chalks off in the distance.







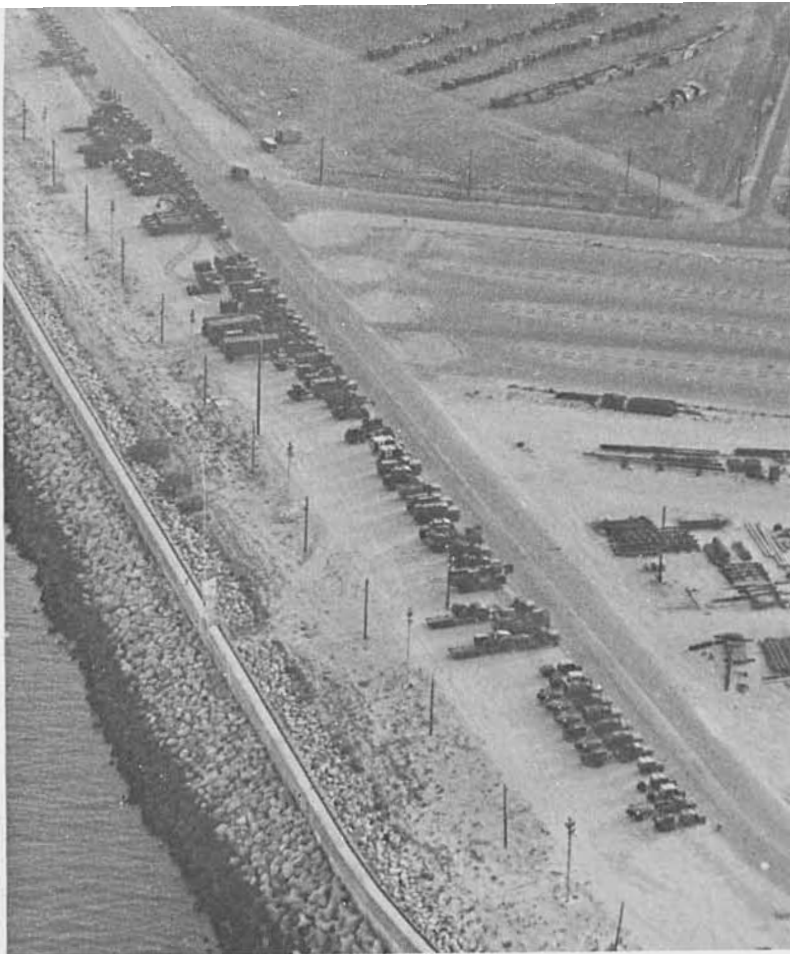
Above: LTJG Huntzinger and YNC Dominick ready for what awaits them.



It was difficult to comprehend the extent of the equipment that we piled up. It just kept growing until we had enough to fill 70 transport aircraft.



With half a battalion we struggled six days to meet the mount out deadline. Working 24 hours a day in 12 hour shifts, we completed the job of staging an air and sea echelon with time to spare. We also mounted out our air det on schedule. The whole time CBLANT watched us with great interest. The men did a hell of a good job. With the crisis in Iran and Afghanistan occurring while we were deployed, this mount-out became all the more relevant.



Left: Main Body equipment assembled at the pier awaiting imaginary LSD which would transport it to our mount-out objective.

Above: CDR Kau says farewell to the reservists who flew in from the States for the exercise.



Left: A well earned celebration attended by the First Class Petty Officers and our Air Force ALCE advisors.

Right: After all the long hours and days of work had come to an end and the parties quietly faded into the early morning quiet, there was really only one thing left to do



A SPANISH DREAM. .

"The legendary hitchhiker says he knows where it's at. And how he'd like to go to Spain or somewhere like that."

—Elvis Costello

ROTA, Spain — I scurry through the door of an Air Force jet and set my feet on foreign ground. At long last, arrival in Spain; it was only a three-year wait. My eyes glance over toward the east and the ironic voice inside myself whispers, "The sun also rises."

It certainly does, and that huge orb of dull red light is just starting to paint another day's worth of color across the Iberian landscape.

Directly beneath that ascending star, the horizon is still obscured with the gray and shifting blanket known to weathermen as fog. But my mind pierces through that dark screen, and encounters different visions altogether: colorful, swirling flamenco dancers clutching green and snapping castanets; old men with patience imbedded in their brows who lean against old wine casks, and drink under the shadow of an ivy-covered wall; exhausted matadors exposing themselves to the vainglorious delight of bullring crowds wild with admiration in the receding sunlight of Madrid.

Somewhere, there had to be a sign waiting to be read: "Welcome to the country that made Chris Columbus famous." Cool it, Chris. We all know that you were really an Italian.

One month later on the Spanish mainland, and the experience still seems a bit on the incredible side. And not only because there hasn't been one drop of rain. After all, Rota isn't on the plains of Spain, and this deployment isn't a remake of "My Fair Lady." Although I must admit I've seen my share of fair ladies here.

Rota is on the coast, straight across the bay from Cadiz. And what a coast it is — you can't see the sand for the people. The beach is jam-packed with Spaniards maintaining a beautiful, golden-brown finish on their skin. Americans are so easy to spot here; we're so pale by comparison.

Four years ago at Valparaiso University, my only reason for studying Spanish was an impulsive admiration for the paintings of Salvador Dali. Now the real reason is finally apparent: I can actually communicate with these people on their own terms. Men, women and kids who don't know English get the picture right away when I think "How are you?", but say "Como estas?" Logical? Sure, but it's also amazing — especially when I start dreaming in Spanish. Thank goodness my history professor didn't con me into taking Latin.

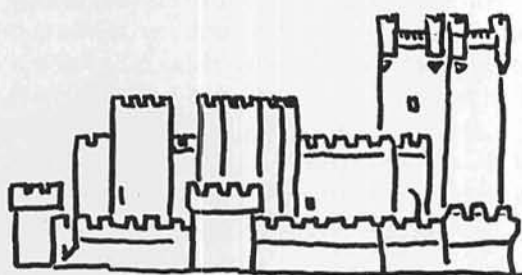
So there's the beach and people and restaurants and bars and sidewalks and tiny streets and advertisements for suntan lotion pasted on the rock-and-mortar walls. And Red Square with the little foodstand in the middle doing business like mad.

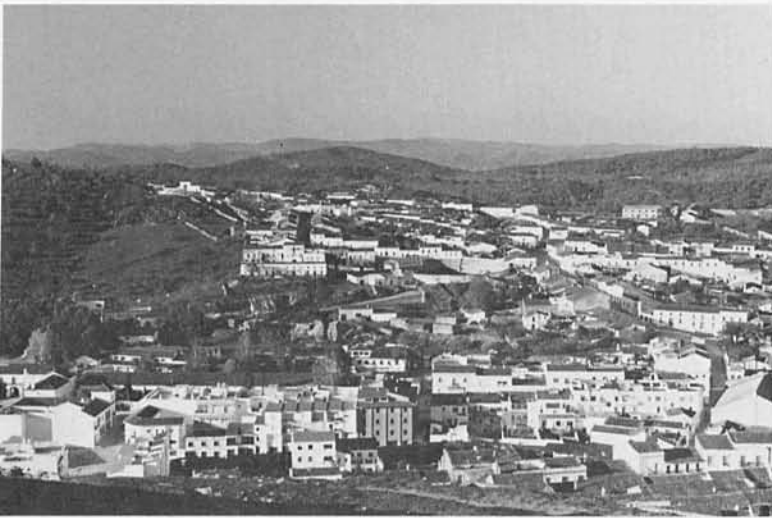
I'm walking down the avenue late at night (as is the custom here in Spain), looking like just another American sailor getting lost in a foreign port, but feeling a bit like Ernest Hemingway — long before the days when he decided to blow his head off.

Dark streets are alive with shining people engaged in conversation, laughter, disappointments and problems. Most Americans don't come around this part of town so late at night (so early in the morning). There are no obvious attractions here, but I'm content to line myself up with a dozen other Spaniards along the balcony, and gaze out into that great black void that carries the unmistakable sound of waves. That dark, terrible and dangerous sound we calmly refer to as the Atlantic Ocean.

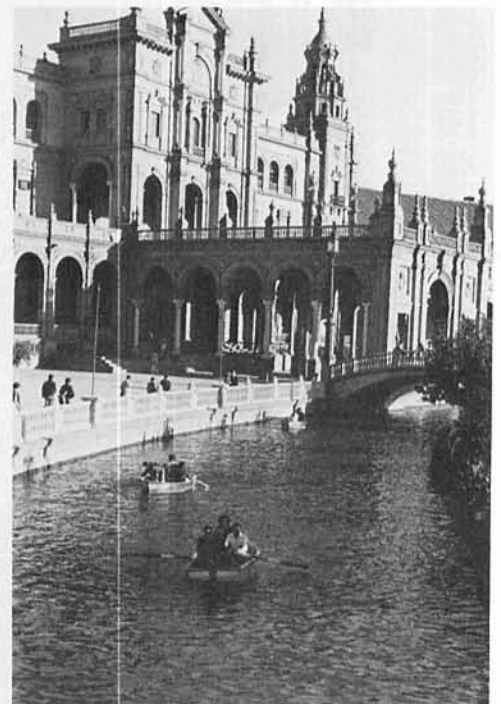
El Mar Atlantico. On the edge of perception, I can see Don Quixote riding with his horse upon the water. He's a bit confused, searching for another windmill to replace the one he lost at sea.

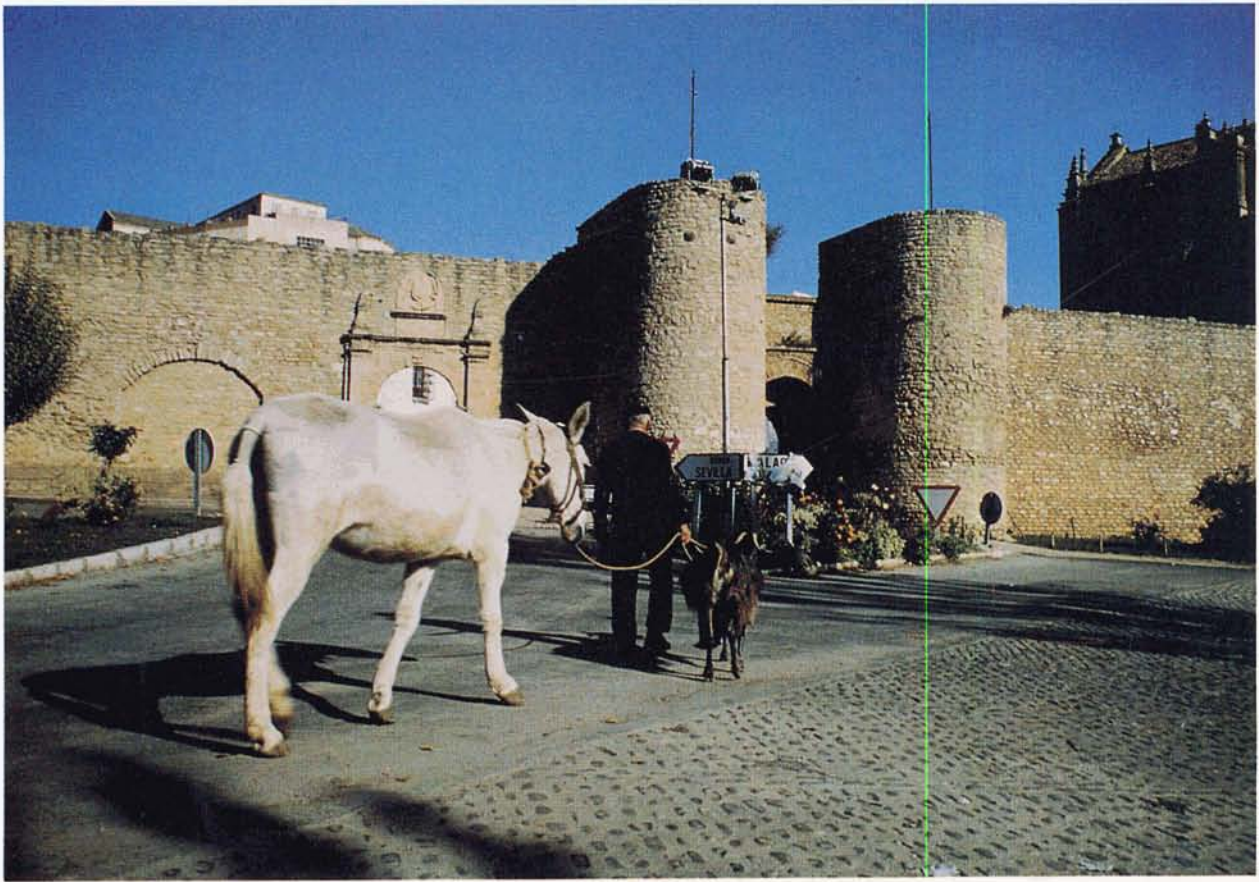
An American in Paris may have been more famous, but this American in Spain has no regrets. He knows the lingo here, and doesn't want to climb the mighty Eiffel Tower, nor get a tan on the French Riviera.





AND
SPANISH
SCENES





... Ancient walled cities and an
uncomplicated way of life



SPAIN IS . .

... Flamenco Dancing

.. the excitement of a bullfight



.. a 700 year old Moorish Palace

.. a town built on a cliff



LIFE OVERSEAS

If you're attached to the main body of a construction battalion, Rota is probably the most desired deployment site. Situated in southwestern Spain, the climate offers a change of seasons yet mild temperature changes. Spain is a land of incredible beauty and mystery, wonderful food, and friendly people. It's an ancient, sun-drenched land whose soil has known many different civilizations. Spain has been called a miniature continent and everything tends to confirm that picture. Southern Spain is seen physically as a land of rolling plains, rugged mountains, sparse forests, and cliff-lined beaches.

From the first day of our deployment, the adventurous among us set out to explore Spain's fascinating province of Andalucia. Whether it was just an off base walk through the white Spanish town of Rota, or a weekend trip, it was a nice escape from the base on which we lived. We traveled to Granada, Ronda or Sevilla to explore the antiquities and grandeurs left behind by previous civilizations. Beside the tours to cathedrals, Moorish castles and Roman ruins, there were the spectacle of a bull fight, the bodega tours, tapa hopping, the beaches of Trafalgar and Torremolinos, or a flamenco show. It wasn't always easy to get around but the resourceful always found a way.

Spanish food turned out to be an unexpected pleasure, but sometimes we craved a quarter pounder and a good bowl of ice cream.

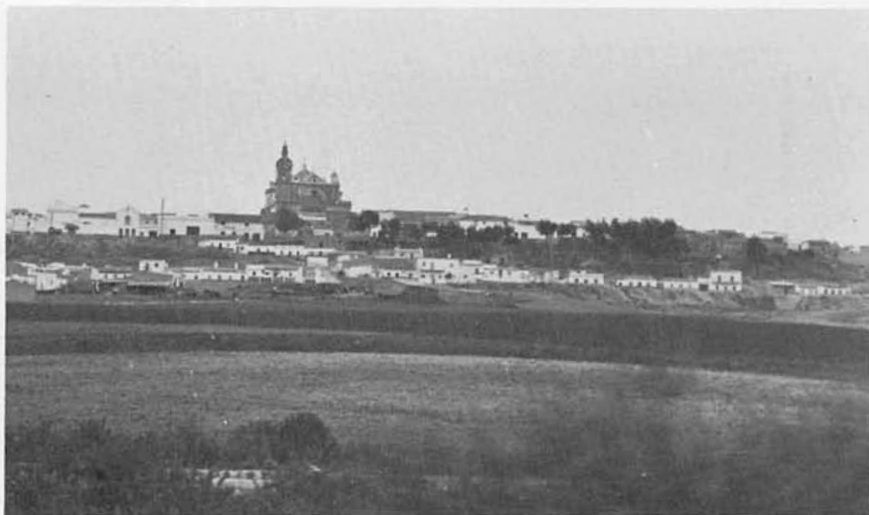
What we'll probably remember about Spain are the Guardia Civil in their strange hats, the ten year old dusty hams hanging from the taverna ceilings, the fight for the llardos when they arrived at the exchange, the smell of olive oil in the Spanish towns, the absence of television, which meant missing the entire football season, World Series and Winter



Olympics; the 10:30 PM sunsets in the summer, the Spanish marines with their automatic weapons guarding the coastline, the awkward mil peseta bills that wouldn't fit any wallet, avoiding legal hold, the confusing international road signs, trying to figure out what we just ordered from a Spanish menu, listening to AFRS because we couldn't understand any other station, not seeing an American flag for months, the delicious Spanish wines, buying blankets on a Rota street corner, and much more.

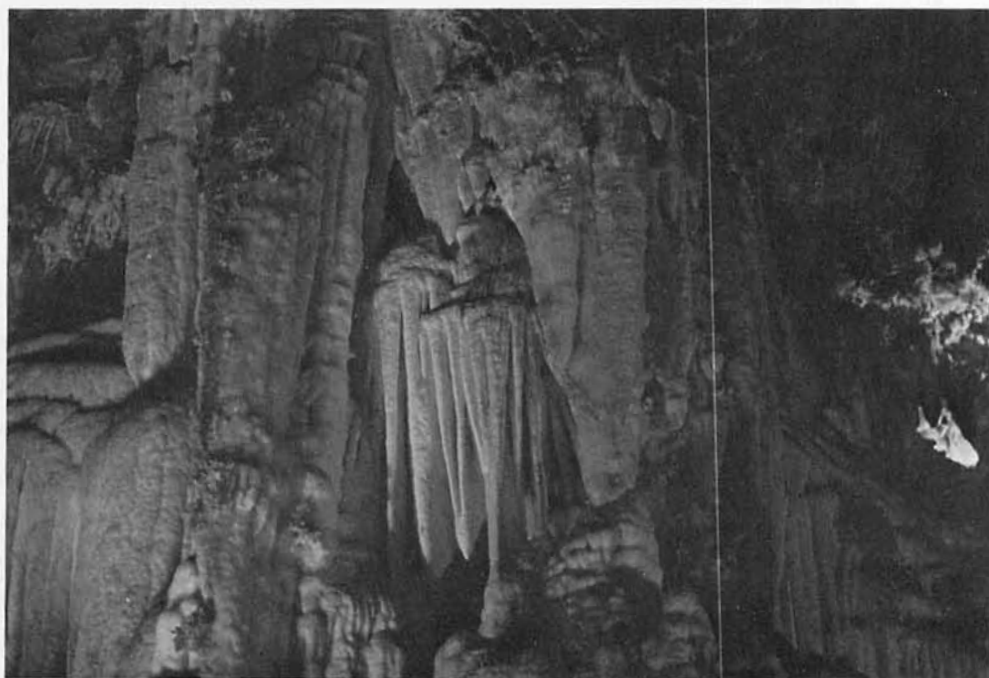
The men on the DETS also had to adjust to their new surroundings. The Sigonella DET was located almost at the base of sprawling Mt. Etna, Europe's most active volcano. They had that good Italian food to feast on, ancient ruins to explore and ashes falling on their heads. Nea Makri is just a marathon run from downtown Athens and the Acropolis, where you can drink oozo and eat roast lamb, and buy flocati rugs





and Greek urns. Souda Bay is on the ruggedly scenic island of Crete, with its slow-paced Greek culture and Northern European tourists. Holy Loch is up in the highlands of Scotland, where they almost speak English and they do make warm woolen blankets and world-famous beer. Thurmont, ah yes, back in the good old USA, what more needs to be said? Last and possibly least, Diego Garcia, where it's summer all year and you can really escape from the hassles of civilization.

We all went through the deployment the best we could, but were always dreaming of the day we would go home. No matter how nice we could make things at our deployment sites, they could never measure up to our own homeland.



AROUND THE MED



A rural scene near Sigonella

Mt. Etna erupting at night





The Acropolis — Athens

An old fisherman fixing his net in Rota



Hania harbor, Crete





A somber Lt. Bruno presides as NMCB-62 takes control of Silver City from NMCB-1.

NMCB-62

1979-1980 DEPLOYMENT



FEX

A casualty being treated at the
battalion aid station



The Battalion marches into
their defensive perimeter

Awaiting the attack





Demonstration of immediate action in case of ambush

A flare lights the night sky during the attack





Out with the old.

NEW XO FOR 62

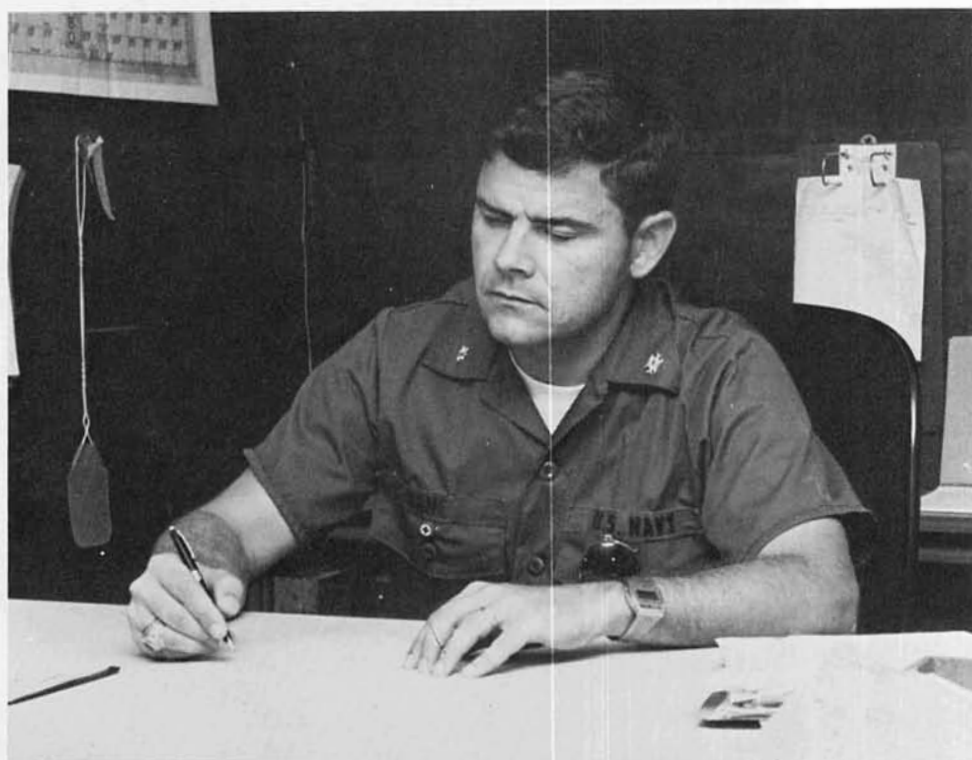
LCDR Talbot W. Bone replaced LCDR Anthony Corcoran as NMCB-62's new executive officer on August 21.

Corcoran became the Chief Staff Officer for the 20TH Naval Construction Regiment in Gulfport, Miss. "Fighting Tony" served with the battalion

through the Diego Garcia and Guam deployments and his presence will be missed.

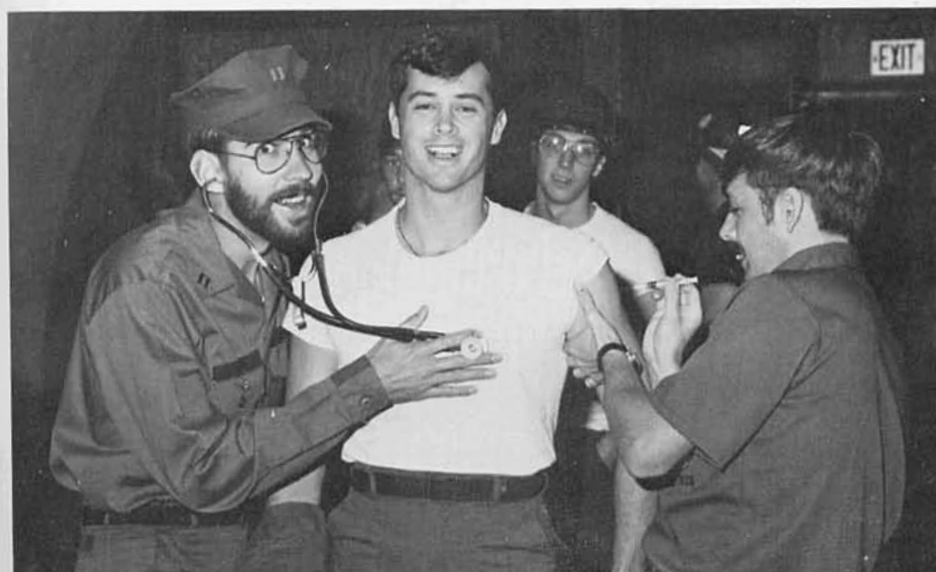
LCDR Bone served most recently in Lisbon, Portugal, so it didn't take much of an adjustment to get used to life in Rota. The big change for him was assuming the job of battalion XO.

... In with the new.





Above Left: This is the way the Medical Dept. treats you if you've been a bad boy. Above Right: CM1 almost CMC — Boynton had a lot of trouble trying to figure out what he was for a while. Left: With the gasoline shortage, the men of 62 had to try their best to conserve energy. They tried bike pooling to work.



Above: Petty Officer 1 Bruno in charge of a work detail in Silver City, barking orders to his men. Left: This is the way the Medical Dept. treats you if you've been a good boy.

MOUNT — OUT



All battalion equipment had to be palletized

Then everything was staged on the tow-way by flight number





The Air-Det and their equipment were loaded onto a C-141 and got off the ground in record time.



62 WINS THE 'E'



CDR Kau and LCDR Bone proudly display the 'E' Pennant

After the conclusion of a very successful mount-out exercise conducted in Rota and the Det sites in September, it was announced that the minutemen of NMCB-62 had won the Battle "E" Efficiency Award for fiscal year 1979.

Capt. John C. Fraser, Jr., Commander of Construction Battalions for the Atlantic Fleet proudly gives the award each year to the "best of type" construction battalion in the Atlantic Fleet.

"This selection reflects upon your overall excellence as a battalion and recognizes your significant participation and contribution to all the COMCBLANT objectives, in particular the number one objective of readiness and retention," noted the captain.

The officers and men of NMCB-62 have earned this honor through hard work, dedication and pro-

fessionalism. Their leadership, planning, coordination, and attitudes were all contributing factors influencing the eventual outcome.

Cdr. Julian M. F. Kau, commanding officer of NMCB-62, expressed his great pride in each man who's been with the battalion in the past year, whether they've remained here or not. Every man will deserve to wear another ribbon on his chest.

The Minutemen were kept in suspense until the last moment regarding the winner of the award. This added an element of great pleasure upon notification of the victors.

Every member of the battalion, through constant hard work and diligent efforts, has created a team worthy of being the best in the Atlantic Naval Construction Force — no small task to accomplish.

MILITARY STAND-DOWN

ROTA, SPAIN — NOV. 1979

The SEABEE'S are proud of their history. From their beginnings on the Pacific islands during World War II, to the war in the jungles of Vietnam, to the present time of crisis throughout the world they have a "Can Do" attitude. A lot of what they "Have Done" has been accomplished under hostile conditions. Now, the SEABEE's don't take kindly to anyone who shoots at them, their jobs, or their equipment. (The E.O.s sure get mad when someone puts a bullet hole in their piece of equipment). Since the SEABEES have to shoot back, they first have to know how, and that means training. And train we did! We studied everything from defensive tactics to hand grenades, from first aid to communications, and lots more. There were classes, field exercises, "fam" firing, demonstrations, and more classes. All in all, we spent six days in training designed to sharpen our combat skills. Along the way, we rediscovered some things we had forgotten, we learned some new skills, and we built our confidence. All of this is important, since our mission as a mobile construction battalion requires us to be able to defend ourselves and our jobs while we build. Although none of us want to go into combat, we are, and will remain ready, because we are the SEABEES. After all, our motto is we Build, we Fight!



Above: EAC Jennison aiming his compass as precisely as possible during field compass and mapping exercise.



Left: CE3 Hicks, CE3 Nelson, CE2 Dicenzo, and UT2 Bealer among others learning how to break down the M-16 rifle.



Left: E01 Wingate instructs a class on vehicle hardening and immediate action drills, then, at right, the men put the instructions into action in an ambush exercise.

Far Right: Sandbags being filled as the battalion digs in for the all-night tactical exercise.

Below Left: At the beach for M-16 training, near Rota.

Below: Some of the Public works Seabees joined in our training week, including this young lady, who attracted a bit of attention.

Below Right: E02 Webb spreads pine needles around his fighting hole to conceal the dirt.



Above: Men practicing with the M-16 in sitting position.

Right: Men take aim with "Mickey's" in place for prone firing.





Above: Gathering branches for concealment of fighting hole.

Left: Tying up one of the hundreds of sandbags that were filled during the digging.



Top Left: Alfa Company men and woman enjoying their marching

Above: Along the booby trap course, Seabees found how observant or careless they really were.

Left: A trip string has been spotted and tagged with a ribbon so those following will see it.

Below: Bravo Co. men advance through a haze of smoke.





Top Left: After someone set off a smoke grenade, finding booby traps was much harder and more "casualties" were taken.
 Above: The low crawl was introduced as the way of movement with the lowest profile.
 Below: E01 Wingate gives his last advice to a convoy about to pull out.



Top Right: UTCN Graham about to head into the mine field.
 Above: One of the men bottoms out in his hole.
 Below: Gunny Black imparts his wisdom to the troopers.



ALFA COMPANY



"I've seen a lot of Alfa Companies in my job but this is without a doubt the best I've ever had the opportunity to be associated with" said CMC Edmonds, COMCBLANT Det Gulfport's Equipment Representative at the conclusion of his CESE visit with NMCB-62 in Rota, Spain. Chief Edmonds concluded his tour of 62's detail sites in Nea Makri and Sigonella and brought words of praise for their maintenance efforts. His assessment of the main body's Alfa Company is a tribute to it's quality personnel and the pride with which the men of Alfa Company have approached their primary mission of equipment-readiness. This pride has spilled over into many areas of company performance, fostering cooperation between the mechanics and equipment-operators who have expressed a genuine concern for the priorities and problems of each other. This is often not an easy trait to exhibit, but the ever-present professional attitude of our men has developed a con-

tinuity of purpose and trust in the abilities of each other. Pride is not something that develops over a short period of time, and it's also not to be taken for granted. Its effect upon job output can be a tremendous asset or a disastrous hindrance. Luckily, in our case, the quality and professionalism of our people has developed and nurtured a strong and positive pride in their own work. The intangibles are manifested in the overall accomplishments of the company as a whole. When we began this deployment we discussed our philosophy, and what we wanted to accomplish by the deployments end. The driving motivator to succeed at these goals was for all of us to never accept less than the best, and to strive to make our Alfa Company the best possible—the Best in the NCF. Chief Edmond's comments attest to that feat and lend credibility to our feelings of A Job Well Done.



Front: CMCN Espey, CMCN Lange, CM3 Lawson, SW3 Spinner, MR1 Pruitt, HT3 Didato, CM3 Martinez, CM2 Price. Back: CM3 Stigers, CM3 MacDonald, CM3 Bertram, CM2 Thornburgh, HT2 Rawls, CM3 Plumadore, MRFN Bevers, CM2 Johnson, CM1 Barton.

LT Randal Jencks
EOCS David DeLong
CMC Norman Boynton
CMC Lawrence Brotzman
EO1 Teddy Seaton



EO1 Wesley Enman
EO1 Thomas Wingate
EO1 Fred Minish
CM1 Arthur Harris
EO1 Robert Molloy



CM1 Richard Dillahey
CM1 Donald Barton
EO1 Robert Morey
CM1 Rex Titus
EO1 Landon Burgin



EO1 Tom Eskow
EO2 Conrad Webb
CM2 Bob Price
CM2 Craig Johnson
EO2 John Kitzmiller



EO1 Mike Bowin
EO2 Allan Fitzgerald
CM1 Ken Barcheers
CM2 Walter Reynolds
EO2 J.J. Edwards



EO2 Martin McClung
EO2 Troy Alley
MR1 Kenny Pruitt
HT3 Dan Rawls





CM2 Joe Thornburg
EO2 Jose Briones
EO2 Cecil Sharpe
EO2 Bill Hammond
CM3 Everett Plumador



EO3 Daniel Hurley
CM3 Phillip Morgan
CM2 Rick Bianco
CM3 Chuck Labarge
SW2 Paul Spinner



EO2 Sam Brodzinski
EO3 Tim Ritchie
EO3 Daryl Ewing
EO2 David Crook
CM3 Herbert Collins



CM2 Melvin Jacobs
CM3 Tom Deiter
CM3 Bob Neth
EO3 Mike Sutton
EO3 Larry Dales



EO2 Harold Berry
CM3 Dennis MacDonald
CM2 Pete Irish
CM3 Darrell Poynter
CM3 Paul Degele



HT3 Joe Didato
EO2 Michael Coon
CM3 Donald Dubbins
CM2 Ricardo Martinez

CM2 David Perry
EOCN A. T. Johnson
EOCN Joe Farago
EOCA Vernon Hensley
EOCN Albert Hall



CMCN Steve Packer
CMCN Ken Lannon
CMCN Kenber Kelly
EOCN Joe Clark
EOCN Roy Kio



EOCN David Souza
CMCN John Bertram
CMCN Greg Espey
EOCN Mike Oris
CM3 Kenneth Stigers



MRFA Greg Bever
CMCN Wayne Lawson
EOCN John Guidas
EOCN Stephen Grover
EOCN Bruce Barros



CMCN Charles Lange
CMCN Steven Dorie
CMCN Alan Black
CMCN Bob Nation
CMCN Rick Cramer



EO3 Donald Perry
CMCN Brian Macleay
EOCN James Sorrells





Left: EO3 Farago, EO3 Perry, EO3 Ritchie, "the 3 Stooges".

Below Left: "Who's got the Bic?" HT2 Rawls, SW3 Spinner, CMCN Espey.

Below: EO1 Enman, EO3 Ewing, "Be sure you hit the wash rack before you turn it in".

Bottom Left: EO2 Coon running Wacker Packer on BEQ project.

Bottom Right: EO2 Brodzinski, EO1 Minish checking pitch on grader.



Left: EO2 Coon, "I'll get that grade stake this time".

Below Left: "Yeah, Steve, that's the engine".

Below Right: The Cool Tire shop, EO2 Morrow, EO2 Hensley.

Bottom Left: EO3 Dales, Heavy Dispatcher. "OK, but this is the last one I'm gonna give you".

Bottom Right: EO2 Hammond, EO2 Berry, Big Bird and Co-pilot Boo-Boo preparing for take off.





Top Left: EO2 Berry (Yard Boss) at Wash Rack.
Above: "Gee, where'd they put the engine this time?"
Left: EO3 Guidas, "Don't leave me down here!""??

Below Left: EOC Hite, EOC Rogers, EO1 Minish, checking grade.
Below: A-6 inspecting troops.





Above: CM1 Titus and EO1 Ferguson working hard in cost control.

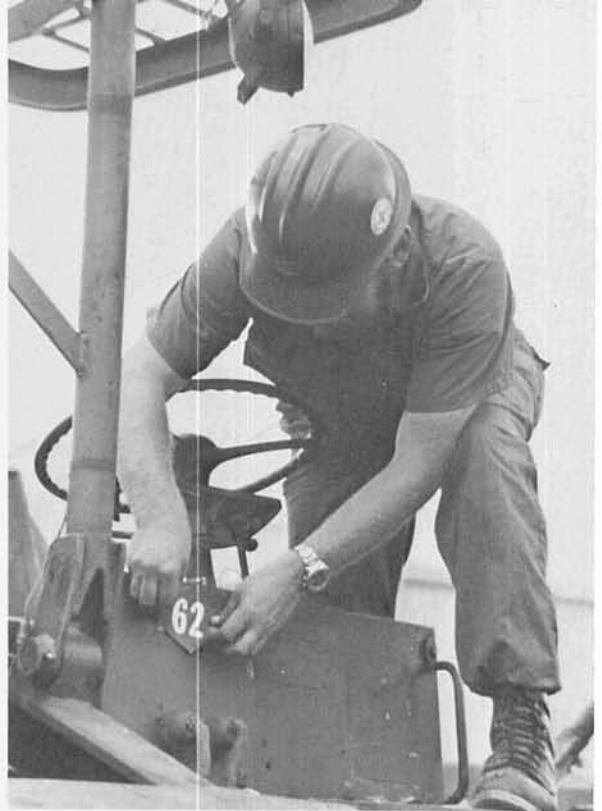
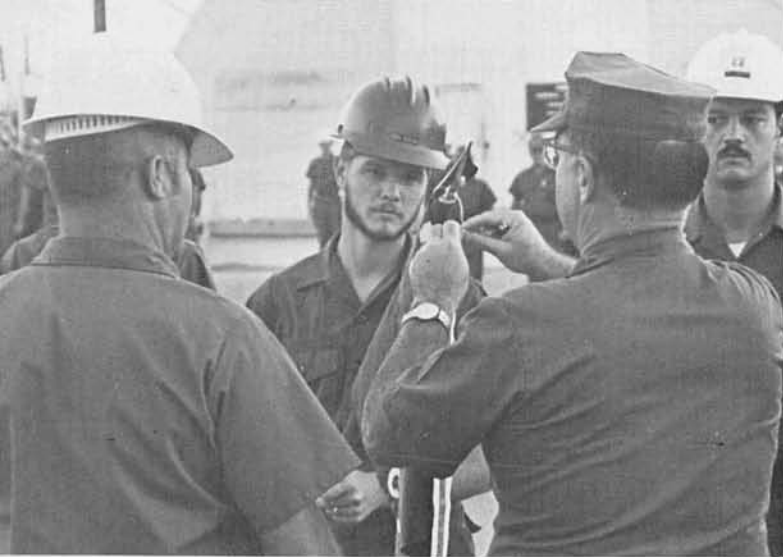
Top Right: CM3 Kelly and CMCN Black working on deuce and a half.

Right: CM1 Caberto and CM3 Martinez working 1250's in cost control.

Below: EOCN Barros and EOCN Oris taking a munchie break.

Below Right: SW3 Spinner, CM3 Espey, CM3 LaBarge and CM3 Plumadore taking a break in front of paint shop.





Above Left: Lt. Jencks and CMCN Packer watch the XO and SWC Weaver present the safety award to Alfa Company.

Above: EO2 Haney applies the 62 sticker to one of our machines during the BEEP.

Left: EO2 Briones, EO3 Kowalczyk and EO3 Farago think they're going for a ferris wheel ride.



Lower Left: EO3 Ray Kio observes as EOCN David Souza operates.

Top Right: EO3 Crook hauling pipe from scenic Cadiz.



Above Left: E03 Tim Guidas and EOCA Joe Clark putting sand in sand blaster cleaning pile at Pre-Fab Yard.

Above: Convoy of Alfa Co. trucks on the way from Rota to Cadiz.

Left: E01 Bubba Wingate, E02 Steve Kowalczyk, E03 Ray Kio, E01 Earle Haney unloading equipment at Cadiz.



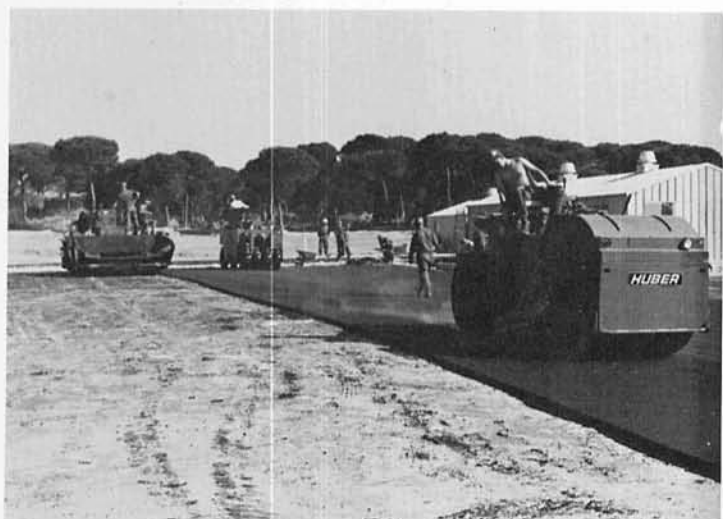
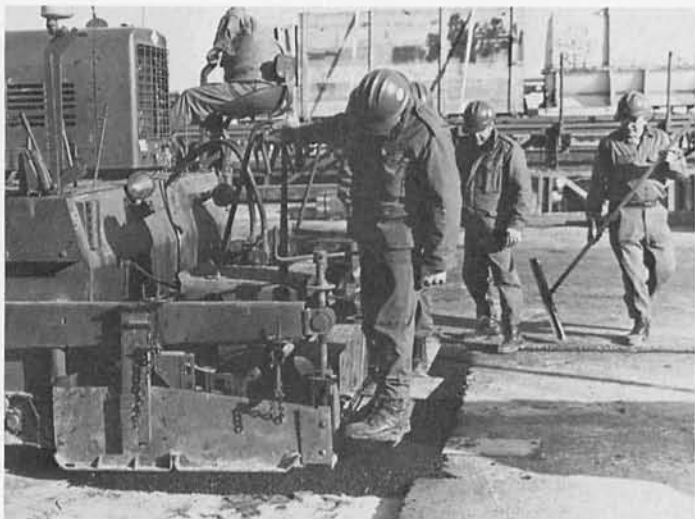
Left: EO2 Webb checks depth of asphalt.

Below Left: Asphalt crew turning and burning at air open storage.

Below: Asphalt crew waiting to get paver positioned.

Bottom Left: Laying first lane of asphalt.

Bottom Right: Rolling asphalt at New BEQ's.



Right: The Tech Library, "Help, Mr. Wizard I'm coming all apart".

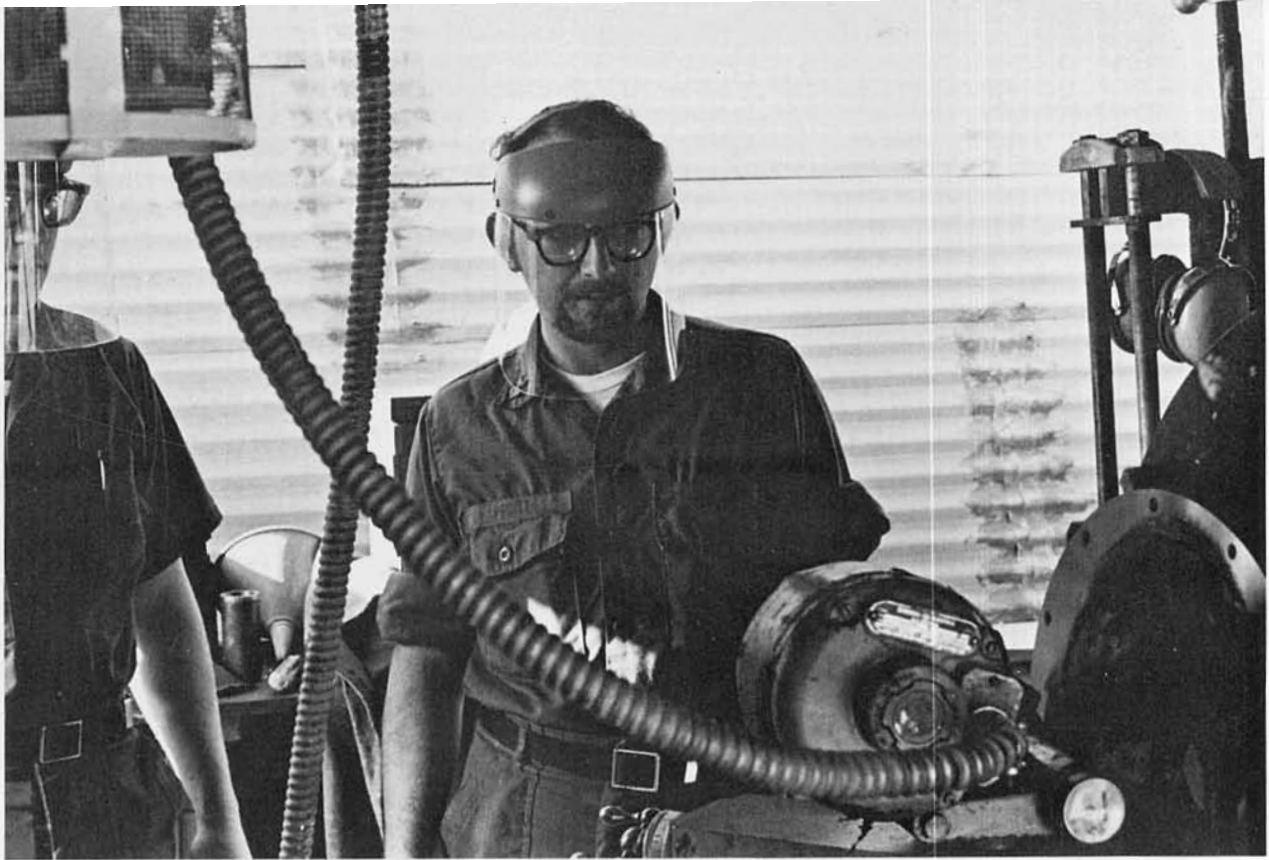
Below: CM1 Osborne, "I still can't believe I'm here".

Below Right: Big Bird Hammond, the Desert Fox.

Bottom Left: Vern and Doones, the cool tire shop crew.

Bottom Right: EO2 Berry, EO3 Foy on the wash rack.

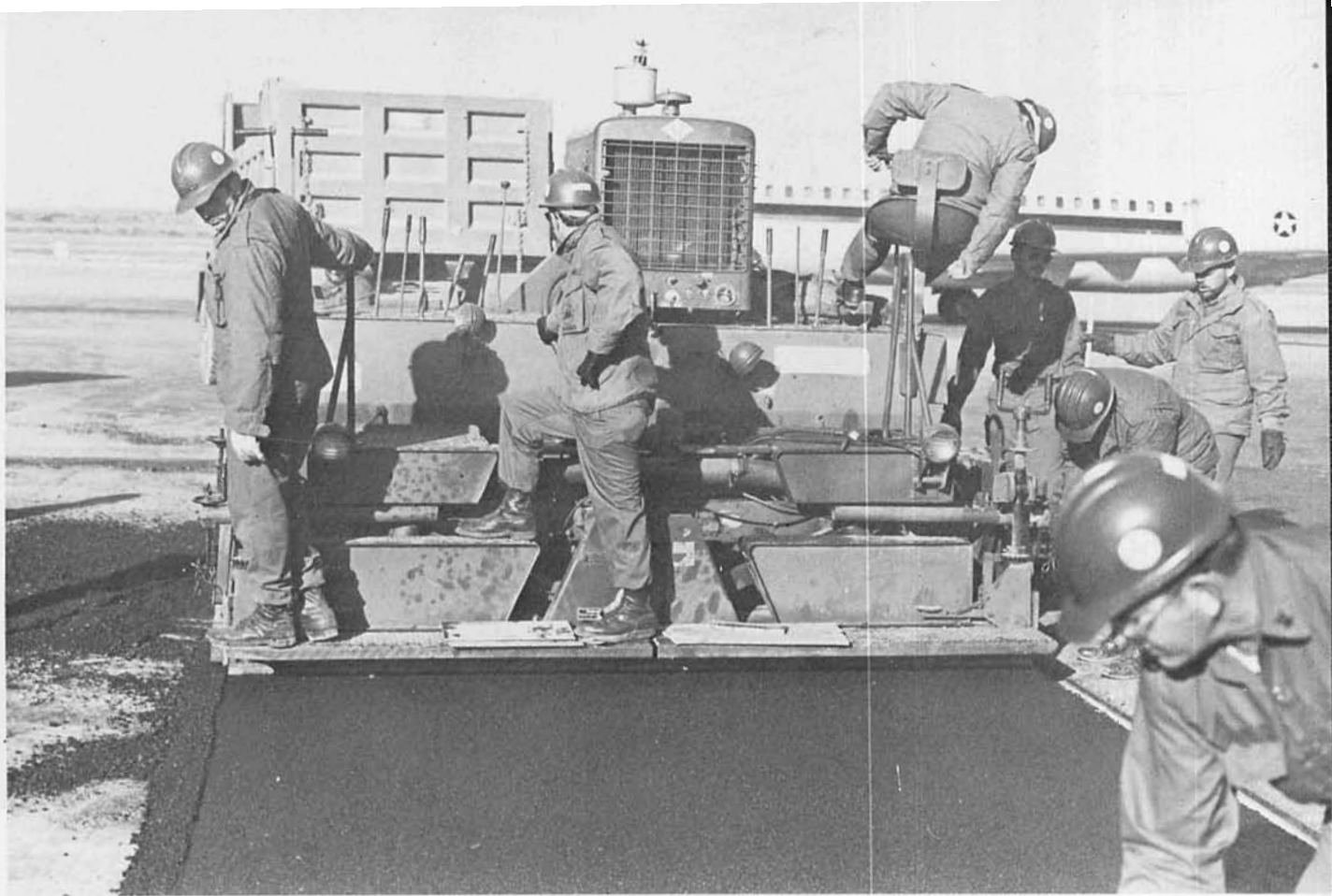




MR1 Pruitt instructs MRFA Bever on turning a flywheel for a transit mixer.

Proper operator maintenance sustains the readiness of Rota's equipment.





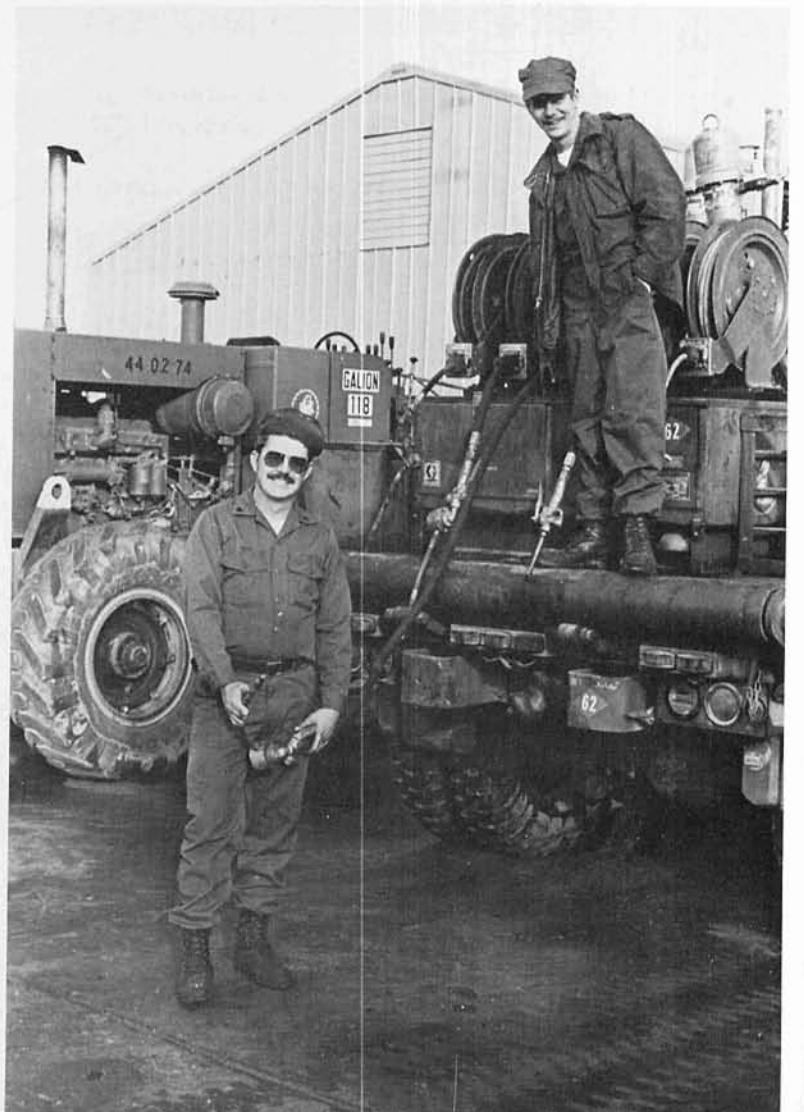
Asphalt work begins at the air terminal open storage project, E03 Crook, E01 Minish, E02 Kitzmiller, E0CN Barrows, E01 Seaton and E02 Edwards.

Emptying the hopper before the next asphalt truck arrives; E0CA Souza, E0CN Barrows, E0CN Oris and E03 Hall.





Above: I know what you're thinking, so forget it.
Below: Do your own thing, E01 Morey does his.



HEAVY SHOP

Right: Nature Boy Kelly and Stretch Cramer
"Duh, someone put the gasket in backward".

Left: Boss Man Barcheers and Layback
Lannon "You got the wrench, you fix it".

Left: Pete Irish and Chuck LaBarge—Lube
Job Anyone?

Below: Bert Bertram and Bob Nation really
getting into their work.





Above: We've got to keep our equipment pretty.

Above Right: CM3 Dubbins and the phantom hand fix anything.

Right: HT3 Didato, "Kenny, where do you want this one?"

Bottom Left: EO3 Crook, getting ready to sit down and make some mud pies.

Bottom Right: Caught in the act — CM3 Morgan and CM3 Plumadore.





Above: CM3 Philip Morgan, "I told you I'd blow my brains out."

Top Right: "Honest, I didn't do it", says CM3 Ken Lannon.

Right: CM2 Joe Thornburgh and EO2 Cecil Sharpe, "Still can't figure out what these books are for".

Below: "Inspector Reynolds".





Above: CM2 Price, "Where's the jeep this thing is suppose to be for?"



CM3 Ron Adams, "Wow, I found it!"

CM3 Bob Neth, "Oops, wrong part again".



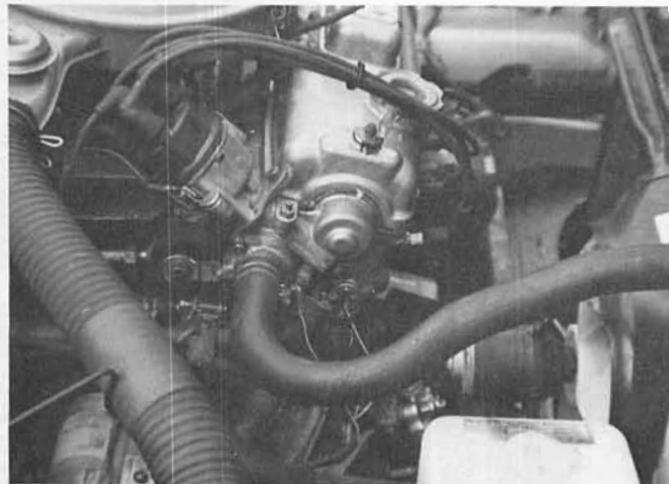
"You've got to be kidding".



Back Row: EO1 Wingate, EO3 Crook, EO2 Coon, EO3 Hurley, EO3 Dales, EO3 Ewing.
Front Row: EO3 Hall, EO1 Enman, EO2 Hammond.



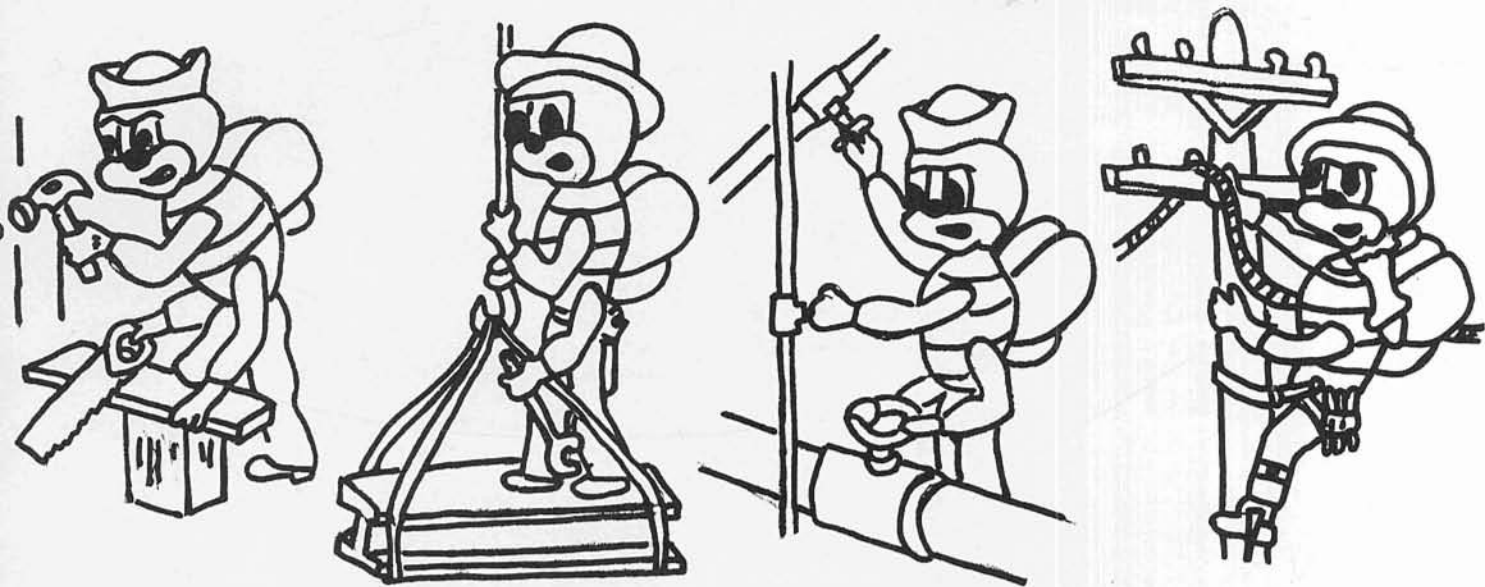
Below, Light Shop; Back Row: CM2 Jacobs, CM3 Poynter, CM2 Bianco, CM2 Reynolds, CM3 Degele, CM3 Dieter, CM2 Perry.
Front Row: CMCN Dorie, CM3 McCleay, CMC Brotzman, CM1 Harris, CMCN Black.



Below, Back Row: CM3 Lawson, MR1 Pruitt, HT3 Didato, CM1 Titus, CMCS Medlock, CM3 MacDonald, CM3 Stigers, CMCN Lange, CM1 Barton.
Second Row: CM2 Thornburgh, MRFN Bevers, CM3 Bertram, SW2 Spinner, CM3 Martinez.
Front: CM2 Johnson, HT2 Rawls, CMCN Espey, CM3 Plumadore, CM2 Price.

Below, Back Row: CM1 Dillahey, CM3 Cramer, CMCN Nation, CM3 Neth, CM3 LaBarge.
Front Row: CM1 Barcheers, CM3 Lannon, CM3 Dubbins, CMC Boynton.





BRAVO COMPANY

Bravo Company maintains role as project support

Bravo Company began the Rota deployment by completing the long awaited Navy Lodge. This facility which was dedicated 22 November was a welcomed addition to the the Naval Station. Bravo Co. at the same time began upgrading the Silver City camp with it's maintenance organization. Early in the deployment the company began improving the galley equipment by replacing all the reefer refrigeration units. Additionally the company installed a water softener along with a new ice cream machine at the galley. During the course of the deployment the company's maintenance force renovated two BEQ heads, placed security lighting at the supply warehouses, installed hot water convectors in the BOQ

heads, and added water softeners at the boiler house and officer's mess.

The Bravo Company projects organization became involved in a number of projects in addition to the Navy Lodge. The company worked on the Silver City Camp BEQ prototypes; 12 new BEQ's, new laundry, and new Alfa Company Heavy Shop. For the Naval Station the company installed lighting at the fuel pier and air terminal and placed closed circuit TV cable throughout the base. Bravo Company completed the deployment by constructing three civic action projects which included a weight room, chapel alter, and galley moped shed. Overall, Bravo Company experienced a very productive and enjoyable deployment to Rota.



LT Glen Cyphers
 LTJG Tommy Thompson
 UTCS Willie Tucker
 CECS Harry Hesnault



CEC Bernard Brooks
 UTC David Kellison
 CE1 Harley Davidson
 UT1 Leonard Coker



CN Paul Journey
 CECN Dave Brighton
 CE Larry Coumarbatch
 SN Peter Galvan



BUCN Timothy Lewis
 UTCN Wade Goodall
 CE2 John Wilt
 CE3 Richard Nelson



UTCN Mark Dumke
 UTCN Jeffrey Wright
 UT3 Bruce Sevigny
 UT2 Bob Shepherd



CE3 Steve Kulikowski
 BU3 Charles Williams
 UT2 John Scott
 CE1 Billy Millican



CE3 Scott Johnson
 UTCA Richard Graham
 UTCN Todd Plant
 CECN Joseph Ginder



UTCN Mark Dumke
 UTCN Brad Sturgill
 CECN John Hicks
 CECN Garland Titsworth



UTCN Paul Garcia
 CN Eric Smith
 CECN Kenneth Sayers
 UT3 James Mims



CE3 Dave Warmesley
 UT2 Lloyd Baker
 BU2 Jeffrey Henderson
 UT2 Robert Shepherd

CE3 Carl Dunson
 BUCA Fenderson
 UT3 Ray Tsinajinnie
 UT3 Ronald Maniscalco



UTCA Kenneth Amidon
 SWCN Michael Diana
 UT3 Bruce Sevigny
 CE1 Murl Savage



BUCN Gregory Zolman
 CECN Richard West
 UTCN Jeffrey Wright
 BU3 James Elwood

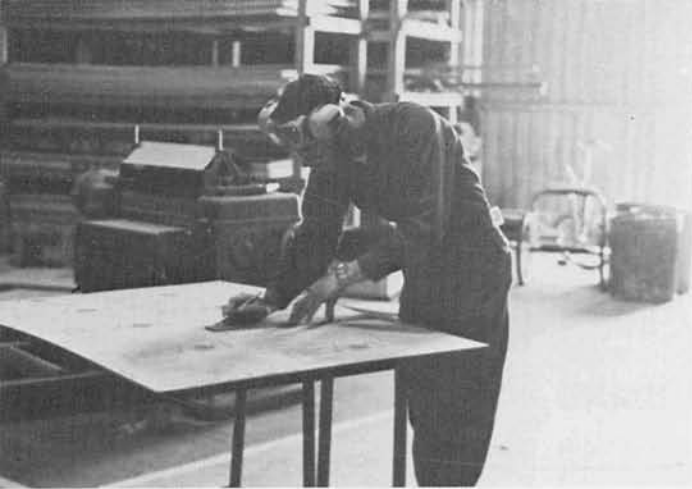


CE2 David Atwater
 CE3 William Dodd
 UT2 George McQuade
 CECA Franklin Schafer



UTCN Larry Lusk
 CE2 Harold Moore
 UT3 Edward Hamilton
 UT2 Chieftain Conant

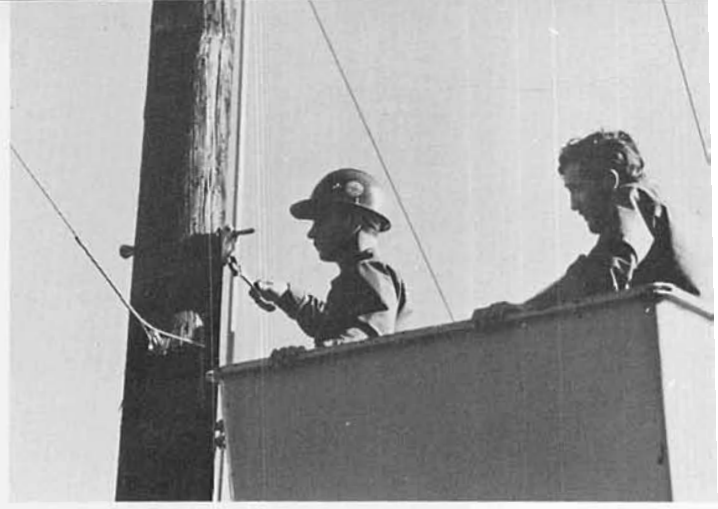




Top Left: BU2 Jeff Henderson plots his work in the Bravo woodshop.
Above: UTCN Goodall and UT3 Plant "I'm not a Clingon".

Above: UT3 Maniscalco carefully checks the plumbing.
Right: CE1 Harley Davidson and the life of leisure.





Above Left: In the ionosphere at the Alfa Heavy Shop.

Above Right: CE2 Dodd and CE3 Chisesi "Go away so we can get back to looking at the Waves Cage!"

Left: UTCA Geddes, "Now What?"

Right: UTCA Sturgill "I wonder when they're going to fill this pool".

Below: UTCA Sturgill again (I think he paid off the camera man).





Top Left: CE3 Nelson, "I wish I was out in a deuce and a half".

Top Right: BUCN Lewis mixing up a batch of tar to repair the leaky quonsets.

Above: CE3 Chisesi and CE2 Dicenzo "Get those hands back into the sunlight."

Above Right: UTCA Amidon pours some molten lead into pipe fitting at laundry project.

Right: UTCN Routi admiring his work.



Right: CE3 Ginder doing a job on the wiring at BEQ prototype job.



Left: CE2 Warmesley, "Now lets see, white to white, black to black?"

Below: BUCR Browne, UTCN Graham, UT2 Mims and UT3 Plant at the Oil Spill.





Above: UT2 Hamilton "I'd rather be on the Beach"

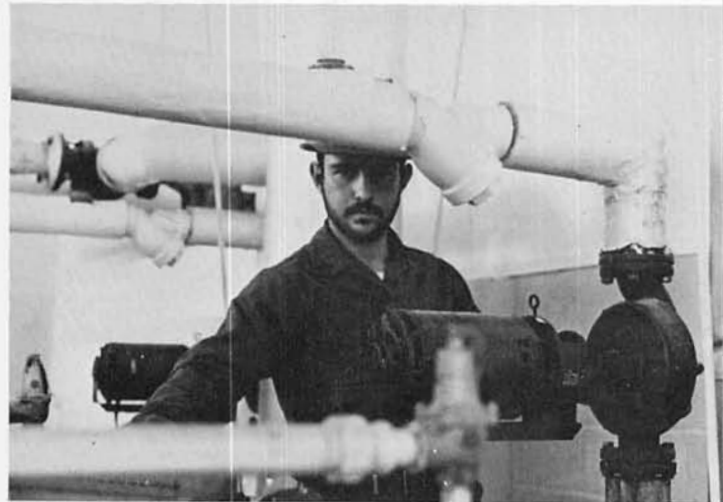
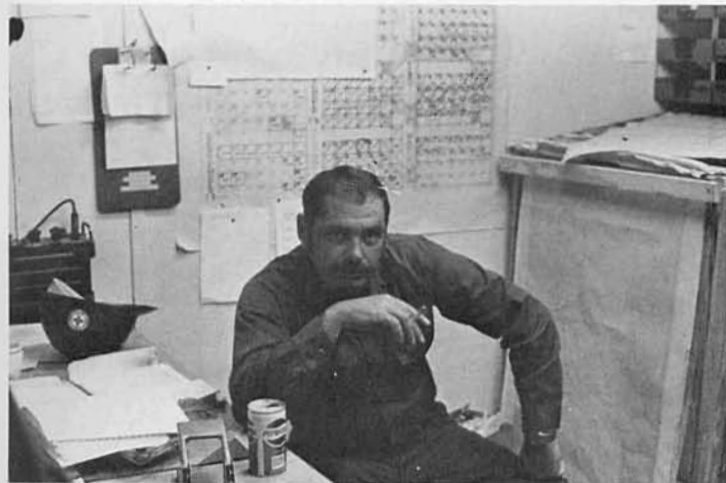
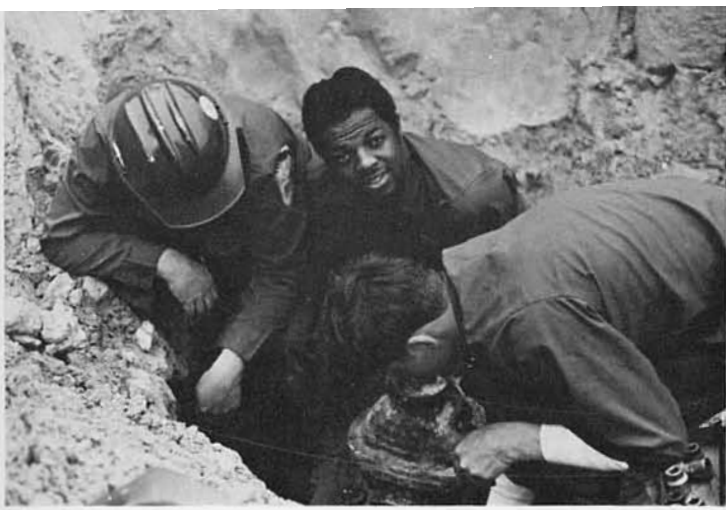
Above right: CE3 Dunson and Lt. Cyphers
"Where's my axe?"



Right: UT2 McQuade, a squared away sailor.

Below: SWCA Diana, "Who is that masked man?"





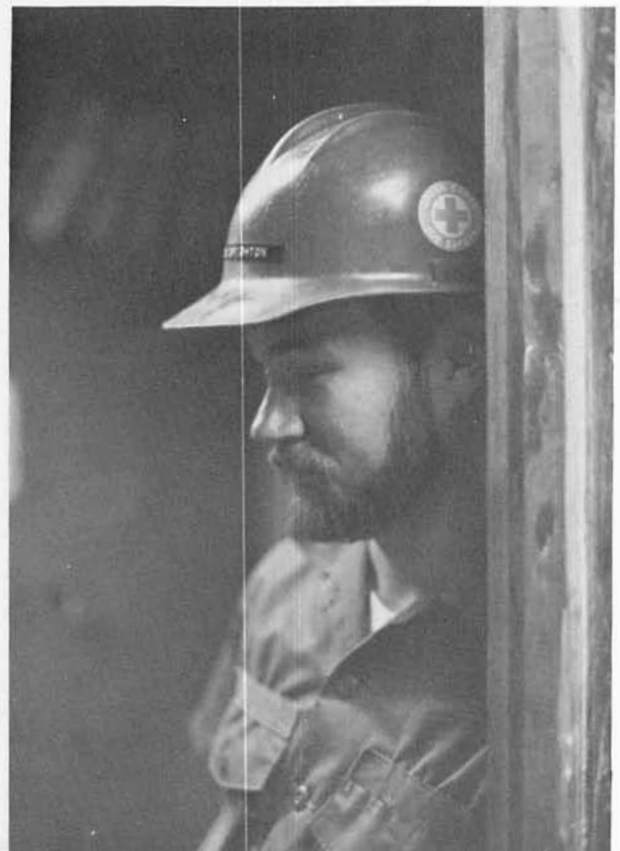
Top Left: UTCA Sturgill, UTCN Golden, and UT3 McElroy, "Look what we found, some gold doubloons."

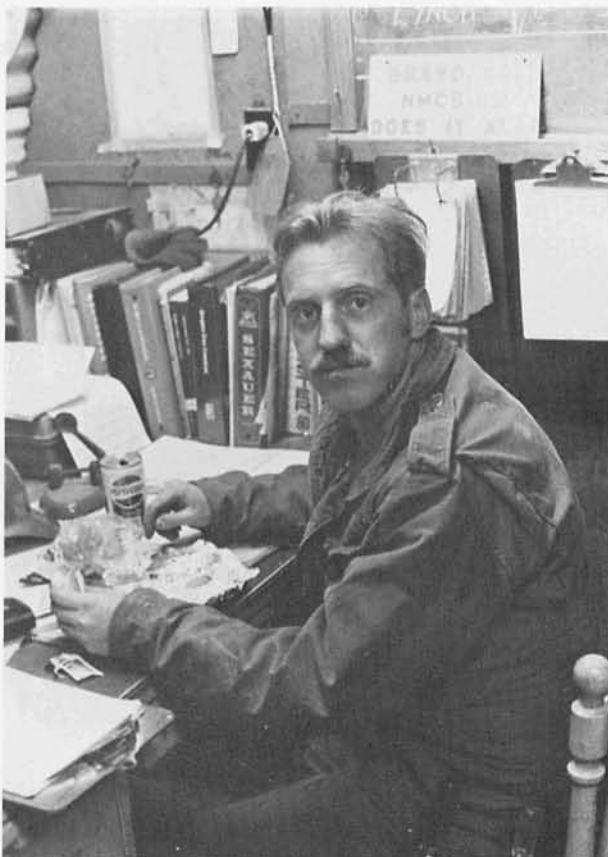
Top Right: UT3 Lusk and ETSN Clark "Damn things are always on the blink".

Above: CE1 Savage, "Have I got a deal for you."

Above Right: UT3 Sevigny, "I can fix anything."

Right: CECN Brighton after a long day of CEing.





Top Left: Capt. Kau, Ms. Laura Leon, Lt. Glen Cyphers and UTC Lyons at the turn-over of the Navy Lodge, one of Bravo's big jobs that didn't get good photo coverage.

Top Right: CECA Shafer and CE3 Hicks at Pier 3 Lighting Project.

Above Left: CE3 Chisesi and Public Works Seabee "On the line".

Above: CECS Hesnault, Bravo Co-maintenance does it all, including projects!

Left: UT2 Bob Shepherd "Good food, lots of onions".





Top Left: CECN Sayers, BU2 Henderson "What do you want?"

Top Right: UT2 Pemberton, "Crazy?, who's crazy?"

Above: UT2 Mims, "I always wanted one like this."

Above Right: UT3 Plant, some people will do anything for attention.

Right: Lt. Cyphers, This is a company commander?

Left: BU2 Henderson, BU3 Williams and BUCN Lewis

All this just to fix leaks, and then no rain!



ECHO COMPANY

The sun we all knew well. Spain seemed light even after dark, dimmed only with the intrusion of night until El Sol brightly and reliably rose again, crested and fell, the cycle repeating before us as we breached both dawn and dusk every day until the weeks blurred together into the familiar rhythm of light/work, light/work . . . "when it's light out, we work." On the occasional cloudy day mild discouragement sometimes set in; jobsites took on different hues, shadows of fact and resolve lingered, but these vanished with the reemergence of blue sky whereupon the 'Bees would take a gulp of fresh air, avow new ambitions and see them through. It became the White Hat's panacea: when the paperwork began to stare back and the sunshine beckoned, it was time to "go look at the jobs", guaranteed to reassure, to bolster, to inspire as crews caught the spirit of their tasks and forged ahead in leaps.

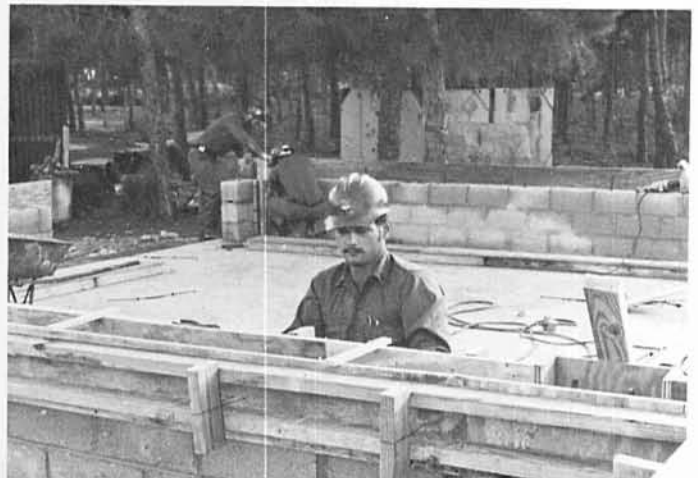
At some point on every site, Echo Company Seabees knew the excitement of pushing for a goal just within their grasp. Perhaps too hip to openly acknowledge it, they nevertheless knew this feeling, silently, that it was genuinely fun to take hold of a project from scratch and articulate it into finished form with hammers, saws, stingers, torches, the arc-flash of the welder's promise and the steady drone of twin whirlybirds honing a flawless surface on a slab. Among the trappings of their trade, the hardhats, leathers, goggles, February tans and creosoted greens, they may have felt an alienation from their counterparts at sea (occasionally settling the differences in a late night "pas de deux") but they all paid industrious homage to that time-honored role of United States Navy Seabees: they built with ceaseless devotion and personal demand for professional craftsmanship. The simple will to create something useful and lasting combined with the desire for friendly cameraderie in a hesitant foreign land produced a young company with great pride in itself and an ebullient confidence that grew with each project completion such that by deployment's end, Echo Company had fully lived up to its prophetic nickname, "The Best of the Best".

Whatever else Echo Company's builders and steelworkers departed with from Spain (and we gained significantly in construction expertise), each man realized that he had grown in self-esteem; one more deployment was under the belt, or for some, their very first deployment was now history. One could return to the USA flush with the assurance of accomplishment earned over eight months of hard work far from home. The real gift that sunny Spain bestowed upon us was the opportunity to know fulfillment, to have achieved success and to feel certain that it could and would be repeated.



Above: LTJG Tom Lowry to LTJG Mike Lynch, "Is the Jeep warmed up?"

Right: BU2 John Wiese's laundry crew tries the ancient method of wiretying.





The New BEQ Builders

LTJG Tom Lowry
LTJG Mike Lynch



BUCS Willie Neely
BUC Don Penner
SWC Alfred Bogue
BU1 John Oakes

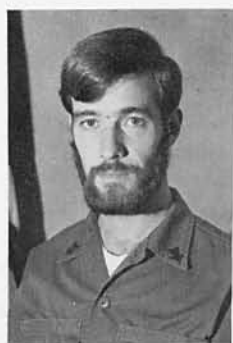


BU1 David Brannon
SW1 Carl McKissic
SW1 Bill Marshall
BU1 Wayne Nivala



BU1 Ronnie Barnett
SW2 Bob Hall
BU2 John Huffman
BU2 Mike Moorehead





SW2 Charles Becker
 SW2 Tom Dexter
 SW2 Jonathan Lewis
 BU2 Karl Beebe



BU2 Charles Weinzirl
 BU2 John Wiese
 BU3 Danny Morgan
 SW3 Steve Bowman



BU3 Jim Powers
 SW3 Richard Larnar
 SW3 Fred French
 BU3 Gary Fink



BU2 Joey Byram
 BU3 Pat Burke
 SW3 Mike Thompson
 BUCN Dan Shattuck



SW3 Mike Kite
 BUCN Greg Fitzgerald
 BU3 Bill Davenport
 BUCN David Boyd

SWCN Ron Walker
 BUCN David Reynolds
 SWCA Micah
 Raynowska
 SWCN Dennis Murray



SWCA Lawrence
 Martin
 SWCA Gary Lapoint
 BUCR Jesse Johnson
 BU3 Steve Hight



BUCA Robin Goslin
 BUCA Harold Brader
 BUCN Charles
 Blanchard
 SWCA John Gross



BU3 James Fletcher
 BUCA Brian Feters
 MSSR Chuck Bruce
 SWCN Randall Parker

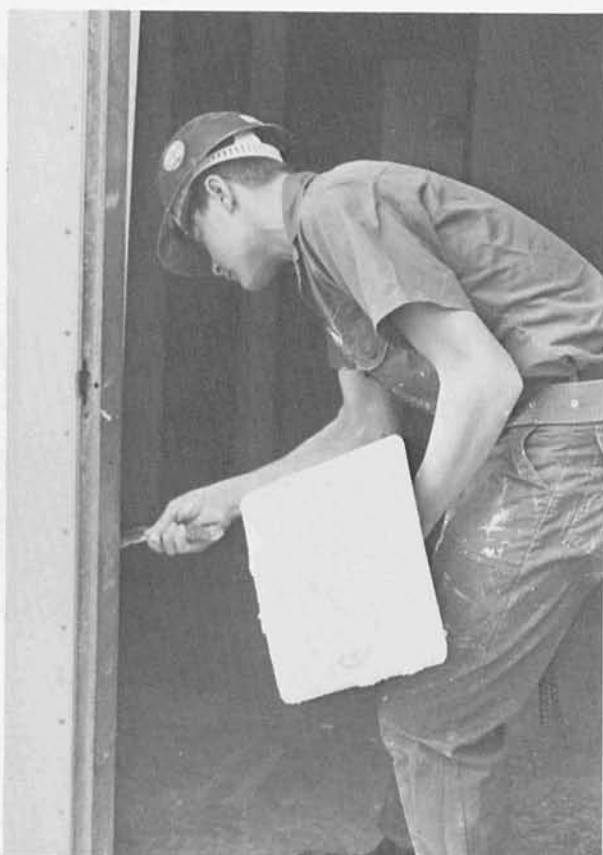


BUCA Derrick Duvall
 BUCN Allen Correira
 SWCA Peter Phillips
 BUCN Kirby O'Brien



BUCA Matt Hazen
 BUCA Herbert Mueller
 BUCA Glen Kimble
 BU1 Robert Mauney





Top Left: What SW3 Russ White and SW3 Jon Lewis drive with steel, CM3 Chuck Labarge drives with thumb.

Top Right: BUCN Al Correia leaves his mark at the Prefab yard.

Above Left: Confinées from the base were an unexpected source of labor.

Above: BUCN Dave Boyd gets down to work on the New Laundry forms.

Left: The artist at work, BUCA Glenn Kimble trims doors at New BEQ's.



Top Left: BU3 Jim Fletcher, "For this, I left the company office?"

Above: Echo "Bees" work crete on a cold day at the Oil Spill.

Top Right: Silver City pines surrounded the laundry crews. BU3 Morgon, UT2 Pemberton, UT3 Tsinajinnie.

Above: At the Alfa Heavy Shop, BUC Mike Carow recalls the easier 'crete of NCTC days.



Left: BU3 Danny Morgan senses victory at the laundry pad.

Right: BUCN Kirby O'Brien got more compound on himself than he got on the wall.



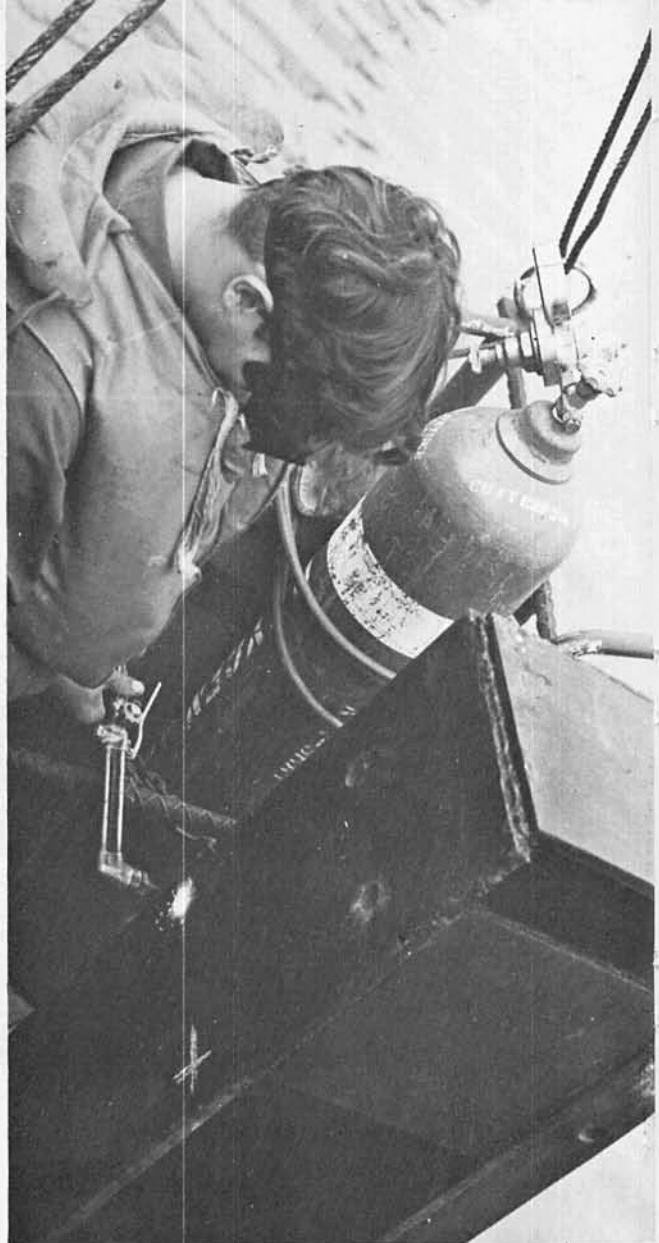


Above: Out of the rain at the Alfa Heavy Shop SWCN Dennis Murray consults SW1 Bill Marshall.



Right: BU2 Karl Beebe bores one of the last of the Pier II piles.

Left: BU3 Gary Fink proves he can palletize oil drums even when sleeping standing up.



Right: Welding rod glowed brightly both day and night as Echo Steelworkers fashioned piles at the Prefab Yard.



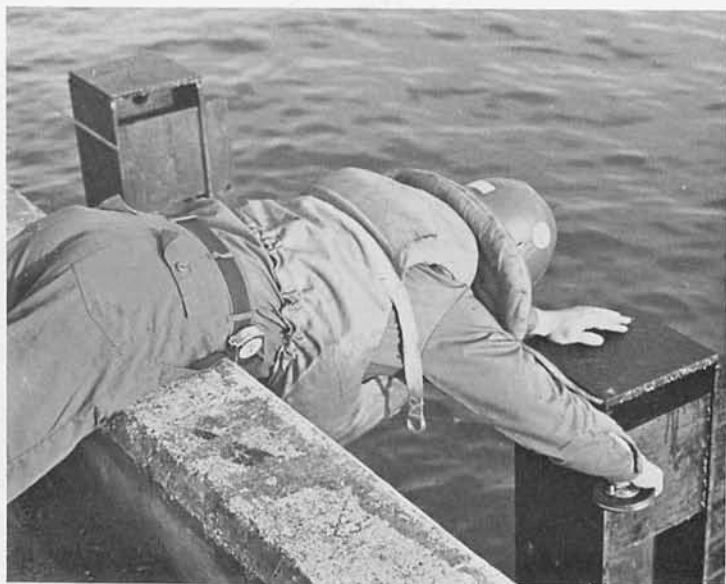
SW2 Byram, BUCA Hazen, SW3 Kite, SWCN Martin and BUCA Kirkman huddle at the Small Arms Range.



Left: BUCN Shattuck and BU3 Fink set sidewalk forms on a misty dawn, New BEQ's.

Below: They're finished! BU2 Wiese, BUCN Boyd, BU3 Fink, BU3 Morgon, BUCN Reynolds, BUCN Shattuck, SWCN Miller, SWCA Phillips.





Above: BU3 Bill Davenport hammers out yet another trench cover form.

Top Left: Unidentified Echobee at Pier II adopts a favorite position.

Left: BU3 Danny Morgan, a nondescendant of Guam, can grin while BU2 John Wiese wields a mean sledgehammer.

Lower Left: With SW3 Steve Bowman on the look out for QC, SW2 Jon Lewis collars an Oil-Spill piling.

Below: BUCN Charles Blanchard steadies a filler block for the sawcut by SW3 Mike Thompson.





Upper Left: Without taking a timeout, BU3 Steve Hight enjoys a smoke while taping out the top wale, Pier II.

Above: SW3 Mike Thompson, BUCN Charles Blanchard, SWCN Dennis Murray, BUCN Al Correira, BU3 Steve Hight.

Left: Precision their governor, BU3 Jim Fletcher and BU2 Chuck Weinzirl square out an "A" trench form, new BEQs.

Below: BU1 Ron Barnett takes charge of pipeliners BUCA Trent Kirkman, SW3 Mike Kite, SWCN Larry Martin at Small Arms Range.





Above: The "Best of the Best" gains support from SW1 Bill Marshall.

Left: BU3 Blake Davenport mans the chute at the Alpha Heavy Shop.



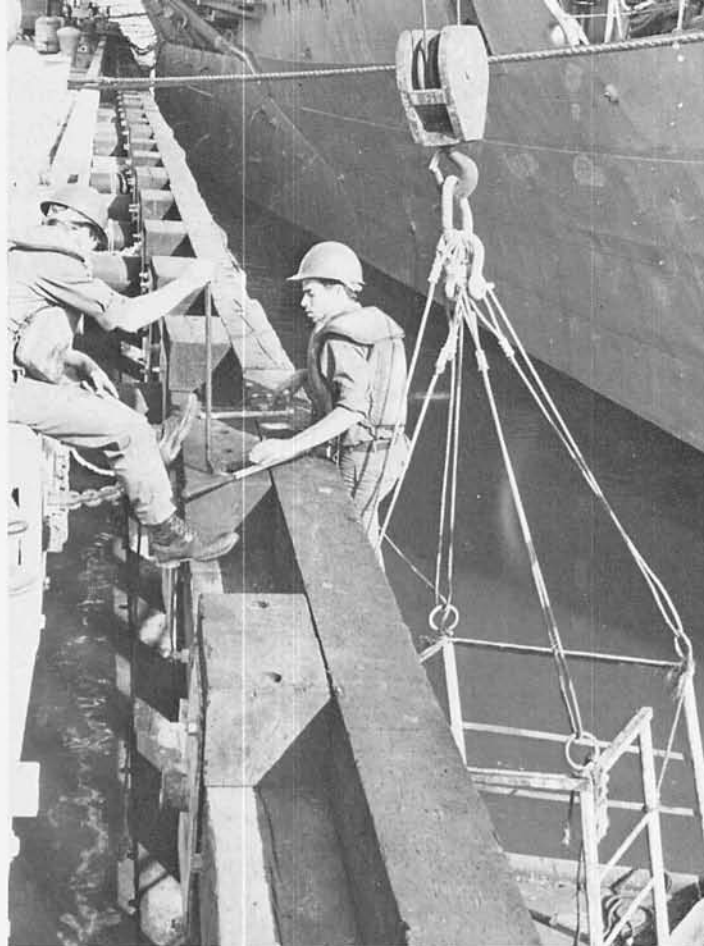
LCDR T.W. Bone takes his first head to toe look at the Echo Company minutemen.

Far Left: "Steeltoe" BU3 Gary Fink stakes his claim to Spain with help from BUCA Jesse Johnson, BUCA Cliff Browne and BU3 Danny Morgan at oil spill wash-rack.

Left: BUCA Robin "Goose" Goslin saws a tune at the new BEQ's jobsite.

Right: The Pier II fender built by BU2 Karl Beebe and BUCN Al Correia wards off the Dedalo.

Below: Echo Co. Navy crosses the "T": BU1 Randall Henson, BUC Tom Gilmore, BU2 Joe Elbert and LTJG Tom Lowry.



Below: In the trenches during a pour at the new BEQ's.



HQ.Co.



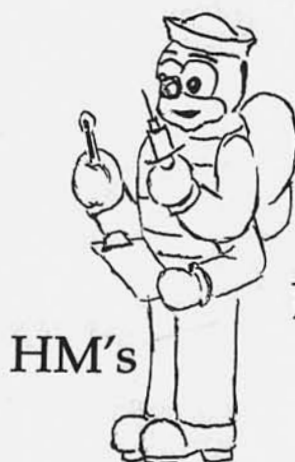
EA's



BU's



SW's



HM's



DT's



PN's

YN's



GMG's



ET's



RP



BM's



JO's



PH



NC

go NAVY

DK's



SK's



MS's



GREEN'S
ISSUE

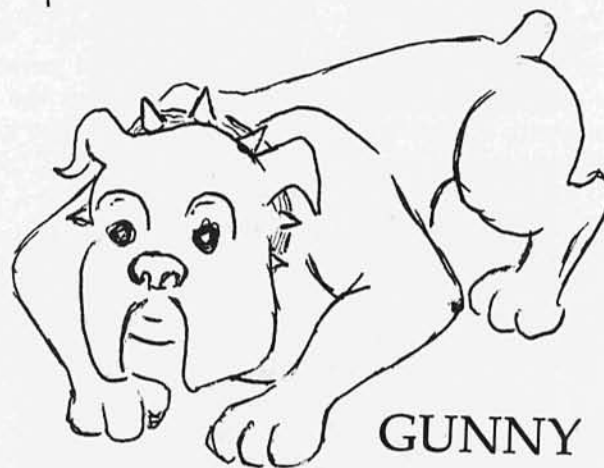
SH



MA

MAIL
CALL

PC



GUNNY

By George
ash



CDR Ron Hedwall
CWO2 Bert Freed
LT Chuck Tesar
LT John Paul



LTJG Paul Bash
PNC Craig Geis
HM1 Chris Agosta
MAC Tommy Taylor



HM1 Wayne Ouimette
EO1 Homer Rozier
YN2 Mike Fleming
HM1 John Brown

S—1

While the line companies and details accomplished the assigned tasks of the battalion (the concrete, tangible accomplishments), the heart of the battalion, Headquarters Company was quietly and relentlessly going about its day to day job of supporting the battalion. This support is no small matter indeed; making sure the men had food in their stomachs, money in their pockets, proper tools to work with and material to build with, the usual excellent medical and

dental care to stay healthy and productive, the training they needed to perform their jobs, career counseling, postal service, administrative and legal assistance, engineering support, photographic, and journalistic coverage, weapon maintenance, telephone service, and personnel service with a smile. It's a team effort all the way and now we'd like to introduce the men who keep the battalion ticking.



DT2 Tom Wann
HM2 Ernesto Ricacho
HM2 George Gabb
PN3 Larry O'Connor

RP3 Greg Meares
YN1 J. C. Brown
HM3 Don Rogers
PH1 Robert Vaughn



PC1 Ed Carter
PN3 Bruce Irvine
HM2 Jerry Earegood
PN3 Heavy Phillips



HM3 John Agnetti
DN Tom Clements
PN3 Anthony Gallegos
JO3 George Guarino



BM2 Ted Leonard
PCSN Ron Parvin
YN3 Wade Maroney
YNSN Reyes Martinez



YNSN Doug Gayle
UT2 Michael Bealer
BM3 Joseph Ricca
BUC Thomas Gilmore





Top: The Medical-Dental Bunch, L to R: DN Tommy Clements, LT. Chuck Tesar, HM3 John Agnetti, HM2 George Gabb, HM1 Wayne Ouimette, HM1 John Brown, LT John Paul, HM1 Chris Agosta, DT2 Tom Wann, HM3 Don Rogers, HM2 Ernie Ricacho, HM3 Jerry Earegood.

Above: LT. (Dr.) Chuck Tesar carefully removes a benign tumor from a Minuteman's arm.

Right: HM1 Wayne Ouimette decides he can't get through the morning without a little help from his "friends".





Top Left: DT1 Paul Gearhart will leave your teeth squeaky clean.

Top Right: Lt. (Dr.) John Paul (No relation to the Pope), removes one of those extra teeth that doesn't provide any wisdom. DN Tommy Clements assists.

Above Left: HM2 Ernie Ricacho innoculates another arm, (but he should do something about that ear!) HM1 Brown doesn't seem to approve of what's going on.

Left (next page): HM3 Don Rogers counts red blood cells . . . 3,010 . . . 3,011 . . . 3,012"

Above Right: "Gee I sewed you to the cloth." Says HM3 Jerry Earegood.

Right: HM1 Chris Agosta concentrating on not getting any more serum in the syringe than necessary.

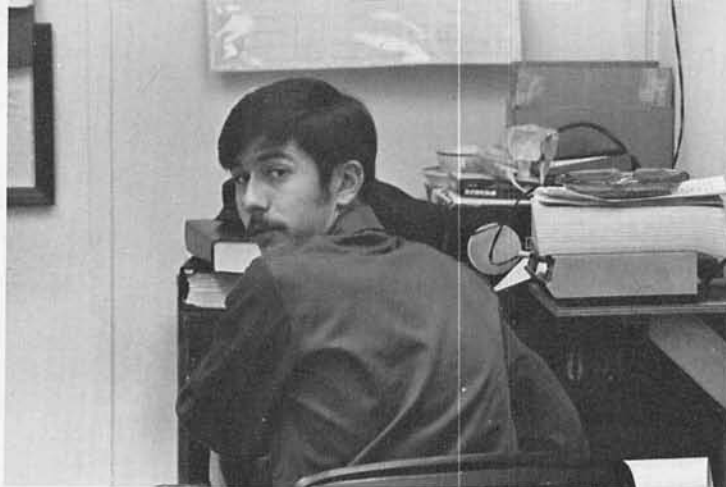




Above: EO3 Alan Fitzgerald of Special Services brings in the latest terrible flicks for the theatre.

Above Right: YNSN Doug Gayle, the Commanding Officer's yeoman, is startled by a camera-toting intruder.

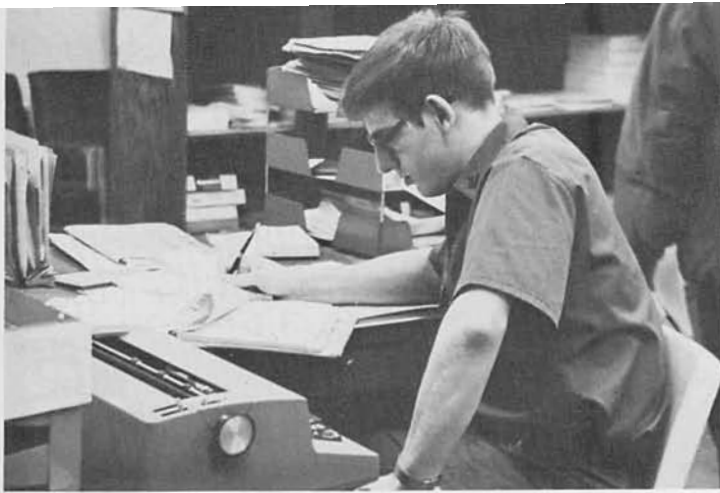
Right: RP3 Greg Meares and RPSA Ray Mobley lighting candles in the Chapel of the Pines.



Left: Postal Clerk Ed Carter told PCSN Ron Parvin he wanted to be home for Christmas, but this is ridiculous!

Below: Just taking in the fresh air are BM2 Theodore Leonard and EO1 Homer Rozier.





Top Left: PN2 Larry O'Connor is always striving for perfection.

Top Right: One wild and crazy bunch of fellows, RP3 Greg Meares, YN3 Skip Dowers, YN3 Wade Moroney, YNSN Doug Gayle.

Above Left: PN3 Tony Gallegos is one of our dedicated battalion jocks.

Above: No one in the whole battalion was a better Coca-Cola customer than PN3 "Heavy" Phillips.

Left: Chaplain Ron Hedwall gives "thumbs up" to all Seabees.



Top Left: YN1 J.C. Brown is the crew leader of the Admin. Office.

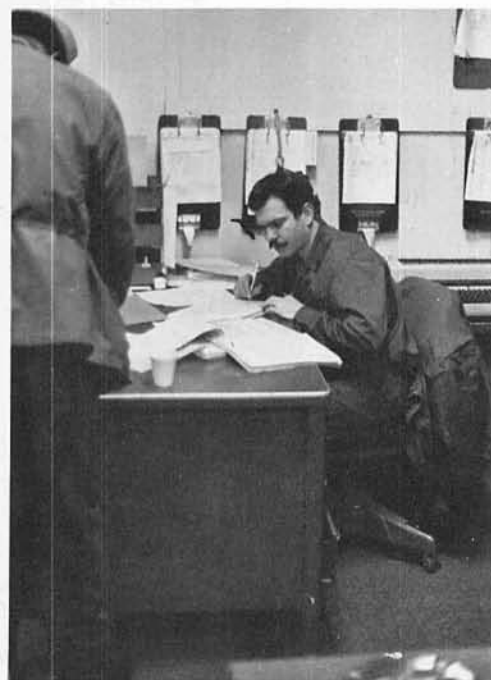
Top Right: Joe "Boats" Ricca makes an obscene call to the wardroom.

Left: "Whaddya want? I'm busy!" says PN3 Bruce "Bruzer" Irvine.

Right: YN2 Mike Fleming is hard at work . . . a rare occasion.

Below Left: Personnel boss PNC Craig Geis filters through his back issues of Playboy.

Below Right: CWO2 Bert Freed always offers others his legal advice.





Top: S-1 Dept. L-R: YNSN Gayle, YNSN Maroney, YN2 Fleming, PN2 O'Connor, PNSN Irvine, PN3 Phillips, RP3 Meares, YNSN Martinez (tipping his hat), PN3 Gallegos, CDR Hedwall, LTJG Bash, CWO2 Freed, PN1 Norton.

Above Left: Commodore Fraser seems to like what he sees, and LTJG Bash is glad he does.

Above Right: Our newly acquired Command Master Chief Randall caught up in the whirlwind of 62's paper work.

S—2 TRAINING



LT. Chuck Rowe



BU2 George Ash
EO1 Gerry Granger
ET2 Brian Mason



GMG2 Bill Hubble
ET3 Mike Jones
GMG2 Vince Nakovics



SN Rico Dawson
GYGST Isiah Black
ETSN Ed Clark



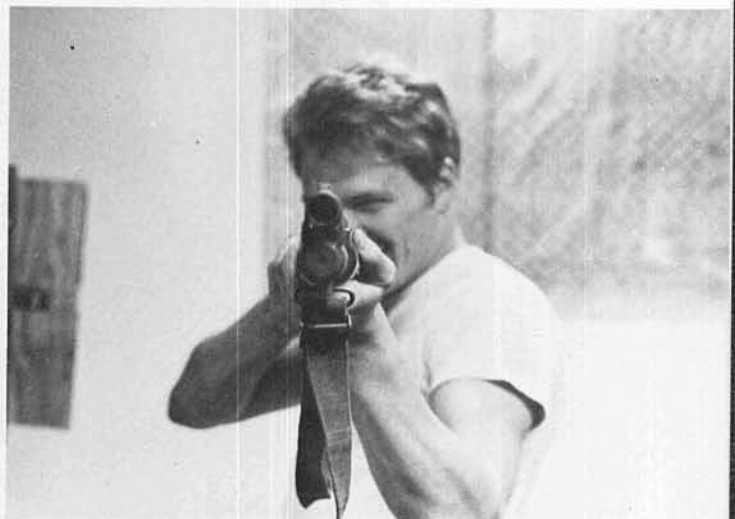
Above: Two tough guys, GMG2 Vince Nakovics and GMG2 "Dun-Bear" Hansen, get ready to smash the cameraman.

Top Right: BU1 "Spike" Senecal makes a goo-o-o-o-ood cup of coffee up at the House.

Right: Marine Corps Gunnery Sergeant Isiah Black is our resident expert in military matters.

Below: BU1 Ron Barnett sorts out some old training films.

Below Right: When GMG2 Dick "Dun-Bear" Hansen says "I don't want my picture taken", you'd better not press your luck.





YNC Elbert Dominick
CEC Jerry Lawson
UT1 Charles O'Connell
BU1 Richard Senecal

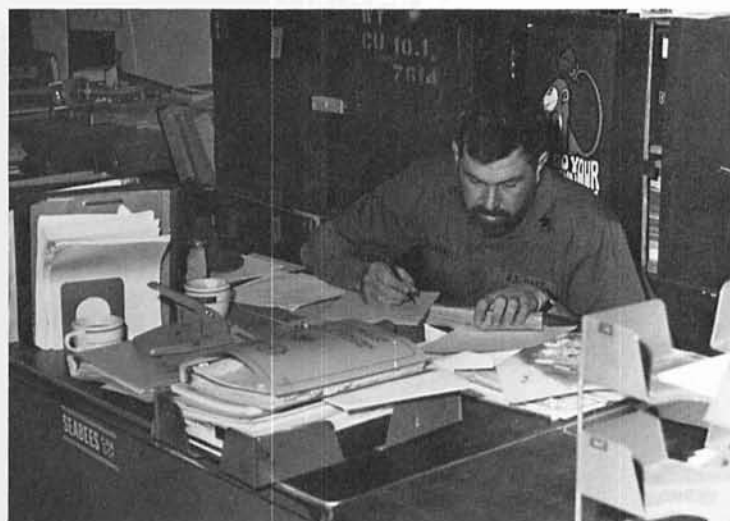


Above Left: The armory guys having a friendly game of Spanish roulette

Right: GMG1 Larry Gattis is a busy man.

Below Left: The old stand-bys at the armory, the cleaning solvent and brushes, so you can scrub your weapons all you want.

Below Right: UT1 Charles (Bigfoot) O'Connell planning schools for the men.



S—3 OPERATIONS

LCDR Jim Broaddus
LT Ken Roman
ENS Bob Pete
CE1 Bob Micielli



EOC Jaque Hanna
EAC Benito Bernal
BU1 Randall Henson
UT1 Paul Farrell



EA2 Rex Rohlfing
EA2 Mark Story
EACN Tom Huffman
YN2 David Shaw



EA3 Matt Coffee
EACN Terry Denk
EA3 Steve Morneau
EA3 Russell Holt





Above Left: UT1 Paul Farrell
"Come Out, Come Out,
where ever you are!"

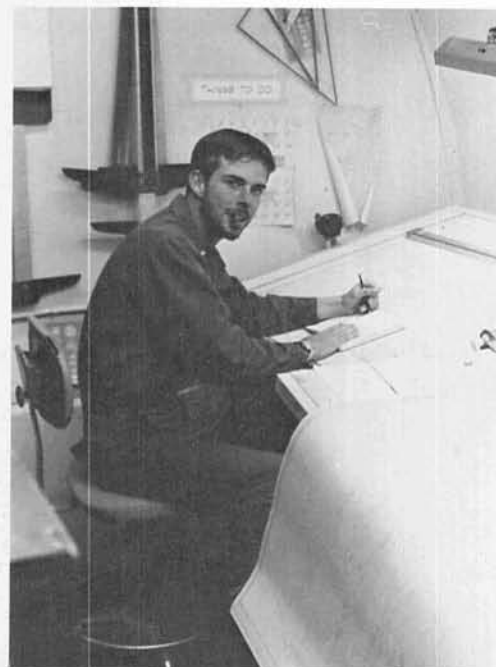
Above Right: EA3 Morneau,
EA3 Holt, EA3 Coffee, "Uh-
Oh! I didn't do it".

Left: CUCM Marty Treffner
"Aahhh! My 32nd cup of the
day, I'm starting to wake
up!"

Right: EA3 Matt Coffee,
"You're right, I am left
handed".

Lower Left: SWC Freddy
Weaver "Ah c'mon, where's
my truck?"

Lower Right: LCDR Jim
Broadus "Aah, put another
one over on the ROICC".





Above Left: Lt. Ken Roman, "Do you have a license to operate that desk?"

Above: EACA Tom Huffman, "It's really great! First 1, then 2, pretty soon it'll be 3:00. That's just incredible."

Left: Ens. Bob Pete, "Actually I'm going to the exchange. Good disguise, huh?"

Lower Left: EA3 Steve Morneau. "Will somebody please tell me what I'm doing".

Below: EA3 Terry Denk "Don't you wish you could find out why I'm smiling?"





Above: EA2 Mark Story "I never make a mistake. But just in case I do, I keep a trash can nearby."

Below: YN2 Dave Shaw "Life is wonderful, somebody stole my typewriter."



Above: LCDR Broadus, Capt. Kau and Commodore Fraser "Well Sir, I can't understand it. I'm sure that building was here yesterday."

Below: EAC Benito Bernal "See, it's right here . . . somewhere."



Lower Left: CE1 Bob Micielli
"Of course I don't understand! It's in Spanish."

Lower Right: EA2 Rex Rohlfig "Electric erasers are wonderful, aren't they?"



S-3



Standing: CUCM Treffner, BU1 Henson, EOC Hanna, EA3 Coffee, EACN Holt, EA2 Story, EACN Morneau, EACN Huffman, EA2 Rohlfing, LT. Roman, UT1 Farrel.
Kneeling: LCDR Broadus, EAC Bernal, EACN Denk, YN2 Shaw, CE1 Micielli

S-4 SUPPLY

Standing: SKC Bolivar, SK3 Hillis, BU3 Coughlin, DK1 Francisco, SK3 Klick, DKSJ Miller, LTJG Benton, CM3 Collins, SK3 Salango, CE3 Chavez, SKSN Smith, SK3 Wadsley, UT3 King, UT3 Judd, SKSN Canziani, SK3 Clayton.

Kneeling: SK1 MacLennan, EO1 Hugues, CE2 Catlow, SHSN Sikkens, BU2 Coldiron, DK1 Batol, SHSN Jones, SK3 O'Leary.





LTJG Steve Benton
SKC Emeterio Bolivar
EO1 Talton Hugues
DK1 Demetrio Batol



SK1 David MacLennan
DK1 Agustin Francisco
EO1 Steven McCaleb
MS1 Flor Cardenas



MS1 Melecio Agustin
MS1 Richard Kidwell
SH1 O.B. Todd
CE2 Dennis Catlow



MS2 Lloyd Crabtree
CM2 Kenneth Lhamon
BU2 Donnie Coldiron
MS2 Bernardo Tala



MS2 Daniel Mercer
CM2 Danny Briggs
MS2 Felipe Cambe
MS3 Benjamin Agot

MS3 Kevin Hannifan
MS3 Timothy Sommers
UT3 Alan Boller
SK3 John Klick



CE3 Arturo Chavez
SK3 Kenneth Clayton
SK3 Chito Salango
MS3 Michael Andrade



SK3 Edward Hillis
SK3 James O'Leary
SKSN John Canziani
MSSN Steven Campbell



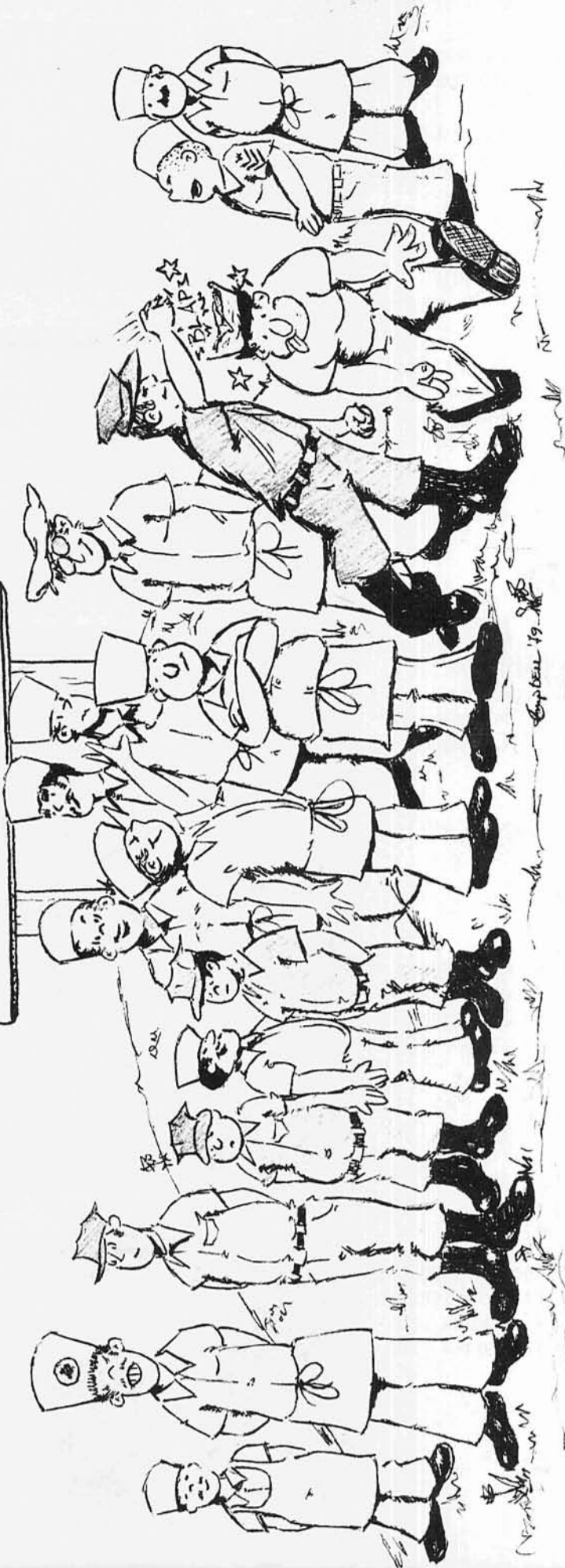
SK3 David Wadsley
UTCN Kevin King
SHSN Michael Sikkens
UTCN Randy Judd



MSSN Lawrence Ortega
DKSA Michael Miller
SKSN Earl Smith
SHSN Bruce Jones



NMCB 62 COOKS





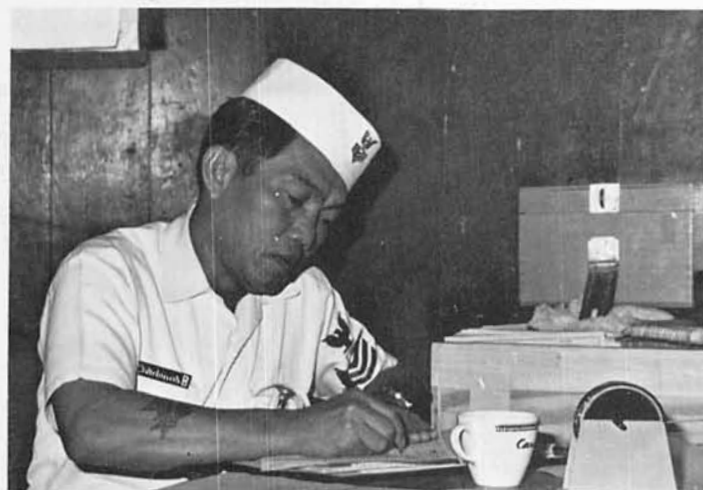
Left: SN Denton murmurs, "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble, fire burn and cal-dron bubble" as he brews up a special soup for chow.

Right: I am going to grow up to be just like my chief." MS3 "Cookie" Grant.

Below Left: MS3 Sommers works to feed the battalion. With over 1,000 rations prepared daily, the cooks are a very busy group.

Below Right: MS1 Cardenas makes out his shopping list "Let's see, I almost forgot the onions . . ."

Bottom: Galley "Jack of the dust" MS2 Cambe and ETSN Clark.





Above: "Our Gang", Rear, Left to Right; MS1 Kidwell, EO3 Perry, BU3 Sturner, EO3 Barton, Capt. Kau, CUCM Newman, LTjg Benton, MS2 Tala, MS1 Agustin, MS1 Dufour. Front Row, MS3 Hannifan, MS3 Cambe, MS3 Agot, MS2 Sommers, MS3 Andrade, MS2 Tugade, MSSN Campbell, MS1 Cardenas, MSSA Bruce, MS2 Mercer.

Below Left: MS2 Crabtree, "Phew, almost lost a finger that time."

Below Right: "Would you believe I was once offered \$35.00 an hour to pose for playgirl." MS2 Tugade.





Top Left: LCDR Bassi and EO2 Briggs cook up a storm at a supply party while SKSA Cribb licks his chops.

Top Right: MSSN Ortega, MS3 Grant and MS2 Crabtree, "now guys, easy with those knives."

Left: MS2 Mercer, our baker, whips up some apple pies just like Mom used to make.

Right: MSSN Ortega in action.

Below: "Anybody see my contact lens?" MSSN Cambell, MS3 Grant, MS2 Crabtree, MSSN Ortega and MS3 Sommers.







Far Top Left: MSSN Campbell doing an imitation of the Statue of Liberty.

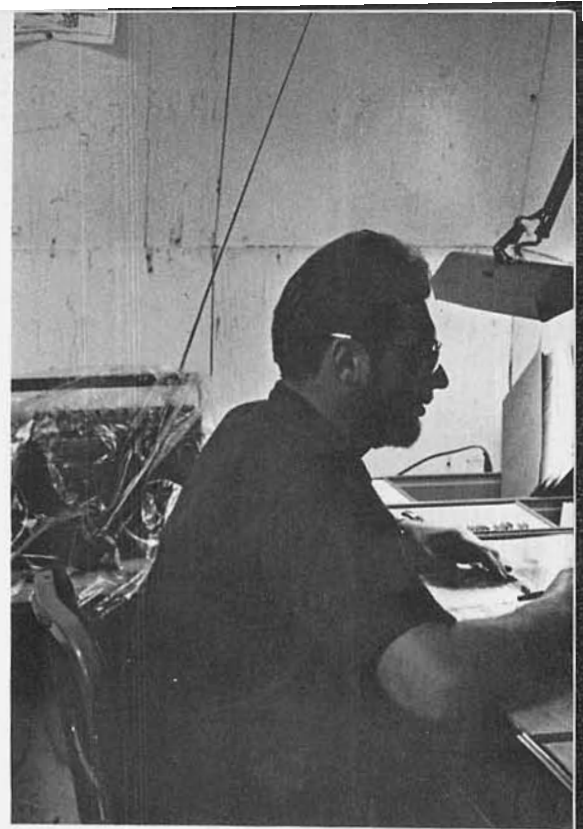
Top Left: "I'll never eat tortillas again."

Above: "So that's an LES." DK1 Francisco, LTjg Benton, DK1 Batol.

Far Left: Wanted Dead or Alive, the "Galley Gang", SR. Pepe, MSSR Bruce, MS1 Agustin, MSSN Campbell.

Left: SK3 Clayton digging through those 1250's.

Bottom Left: "Now, where was that ammo pouch?" SH1 Rodil and SHSN Sikkens.



Above: Italions are beautiful, SK3 Canziani.

Left: EOC Haislip and BUC Carow question a message to M.L.O.

Below: "Who said I can't count?" SHSN Jones.



Left: SK1 Bohannon, our den mother.



Top Left: "Let's see, I lost numbers 19, 27, and 37 this morning, Hey guys, I've got 97 hairs Left." SK3 Hillis.

Above: "The book says you should be able to do it with your eyes closed." SKSN Smith.

Left: CMSK2 Lhamon trying to make order out of chaos.

Below: The CTR/CSR crew wishing the photographer would hurry up with it. Left to Right: UT3 Boller, CECN Mergen, SKSA Cribb, SK2 Smith, SK3 Wadsley, SK1 MacLennon, CM3 Collins, EO1 Hugues. In front, LCDR Bassi, BU3 Coldiron and SKC Bolivar.





Top Left: "No, I don't want to be put on hold". EO1 McCaleb.

Above: Ltjg Benton and DK1 Batol congratulate MS3 Agee on his re-enlistment. MS3 Agee asked for his SRB payment in pesetas and a bus ticket to Jerez.

Left: "Fesperman, hey Fesperman, wake up!"



Left: "Not only is it not in stock, it doesn't even exist." UT3 Boller and SK2 Smith.



CE2 Mark Antaya
EO3 Jeff Arnold
CM3 Kevin Bennett



BU1 Randall Berg
CMCN Brad Bossung
BU2 James Bradley

DET DIEGO GARCIA



EO1 Alex Budek
SW3 Greg Buterbaugh
BU3 Joe Carothers

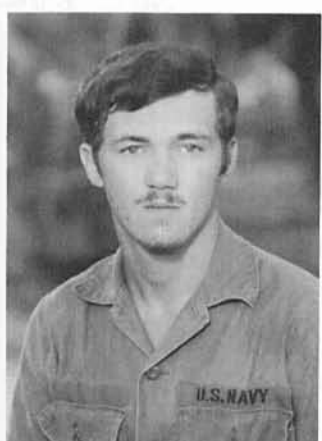
SW3 Tim Connolly
 Lt Paul Crossmer
 Det OIC
 SWCS Bobby Cummins
 Det AOIC



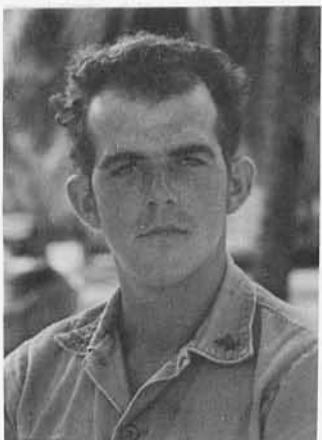
BUCN Gary Downing
 EA2 Robyn Eastman
 BU3 Duane Edwards



BU2 Ken Eiszler
 BUCN Jeff Elliot
 BUCN Kevin Fletcher



EO3 Roger Gelinas
 EO3 David Grady
 CM2 Winford Gunter

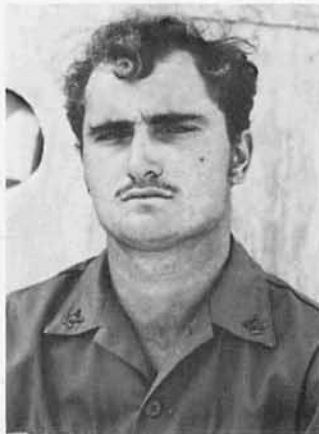




CE1 Gary Hanley
EO3 Scott Herbert
BU3 Daniel Hinkley



UT2 Michael James
SW3 Eddie Lewis
BU1 Rolando Logan

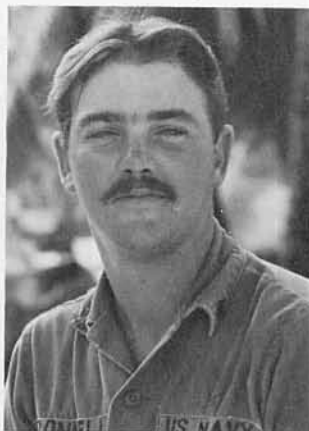


EO3 Timothy Mandel
SW2 Billy Matlock
BUCN Thomas Maxwell



BU3 Mark Nabywaniec
CM3 Mark Nault
CMCA Weldon Noble

CMCN John Noling
EO3 John O'Donnel
SW3 Ricky Pack



UT2 Mike Patten
SW3 Jimmy Peikert
EO3 John Rogers



BU3 Edward Rouse
BUCN Joseph Scotchlas
BU2 Brian Spence



BU2 Robert Spracklin
EO3 Merlyn Taksdal
CM2 Chris Tapley





BUCN Lawrence
Twining
UT2 John Valle
EO2 Ray Watkins



BU2 Gene
Weatherholtz
EO3 Lars Wingereid
BU3 David Yon



SWCR Jeff Zblewski

Not Pictured:
CE3 Deisler
BUCN Whittlesey
SK3 Thompson
EO3 Seal



Maybe leaving Gulfport in the middle of Hurricane Bob on July 12, 1979 was a sign of things to come for NMCB-62 Det Diego Garcia. Not that bad weather was to plague the minutemen, but a storm of events in the countries around the Indian Ocean made the little known island of Diego Garcia British Indian Ocean Territories, begin to appear on maps, in newscasts and Newsweek. The military and political importance of the Diego Garcia facilities was suddenly much greater than it had been. So it was that the men of NMCB-62 became highly aware of the ultimate purpose their work would serve.

Working against tough challenges like more than ninety inches of rain during the deployment and a supply pipeline stretching across several thousand miles of ocean, the Minutemen did their best and then some, to complete five smaller projects, to bring three major projects to within an eyelash of completion and to get over the halfway mark on two other large tasks. Moreover, almost all of this work was started by NMCB-62. These fifty-five Seabees now proudly wear the Navy Expeditionary Medal as one more sign of the kind of achievements which helped NMCB-62 to win the "E" and Peltier awards.

This deployment was also an opportunity for personal achievement and satisfaction as well. Many of the Minutemen on Diego Garcia found themselves trying new directions, like taking college courses, or learning to sail, or getting a chance to be crew leader on a project, or making new friends, or just getting it all together away from the mad rush of "civiliza-

tion". On the outside you'll recognize him by his tropical tan; inside he's the man who was there when it happened, the man who coped with eight long months in isolation, the man who left his mark on an important place, the man who's glad to be home from Diego Garcia.



EO2 Ray Watkins meditates on the relationships of eleven control levers in preparation for his algebra class.





Left: BUCN Jeff Elliot caught in the act of trying to free the giant chickens captured by the AOIC for Thanksgiving dinner.

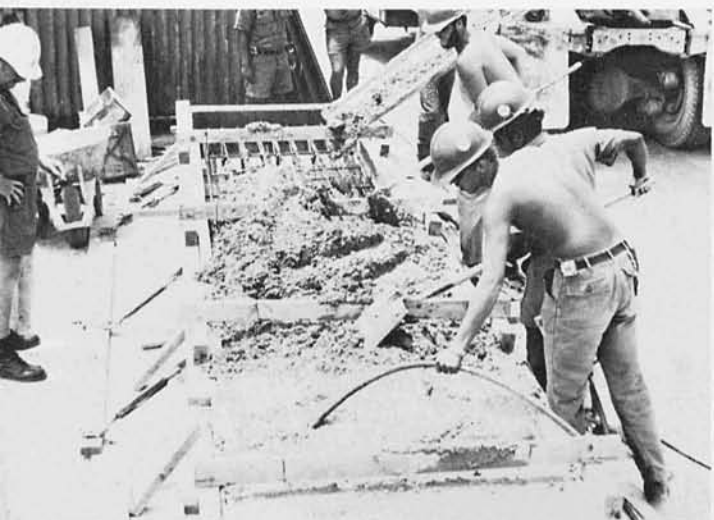
Right: CM3 Mark Nault gloats over results of recent surgery on one of the dozens of Seabee vehicles which he helped fix.



Left: CM3 Kevin Bennett listens attentively to the Senior Chief's thoughts on what disc jockeys should be playing.

Bottom Left: Senior Chief Bobby Cummins looks on as Messrs. Twining, Logan, and Whittlesey cast stairway for Pier Utilities Building.

Bottom Right: EO3 Joe Mandel and BU3 Mike Yon prepare to feed one of the Diego Cats (not pictured) with Chef Mandel's latest recipe mix.





Top Left: BU1 Rollie Logan's artwork rode all over the island proclaiming the presence of the "Best of the Best" on Diego Garcia.

Top Right: BU2 Brian "E" Spence, BU3 Mark Nabywaniec and BU3 Joe Carothers make "mud" the hard way for a small roof pour.

Above: EO3 J. J. O'Donnell goes one better on the gasohol promoters . . . "Why use the "gas" part at all?"

Below: BU1 Randy Berg displays the correct way to wear Tropical Fishing Dress Short Uniform.

Above: Officer in Charge, LT. Paul Crosmer spent most of his first year with the Seabees on Diego Garcia (and was suspected of not wanting to leave . . .)





Above: BU3 Mark Nabywaniec tests new electric broom developed to combat Diego coral dust.



Above: NMCB-62's mechanics like CM2 Winford Gunter kept things rolling on Diego as part of the resident battalion repair shop crew.



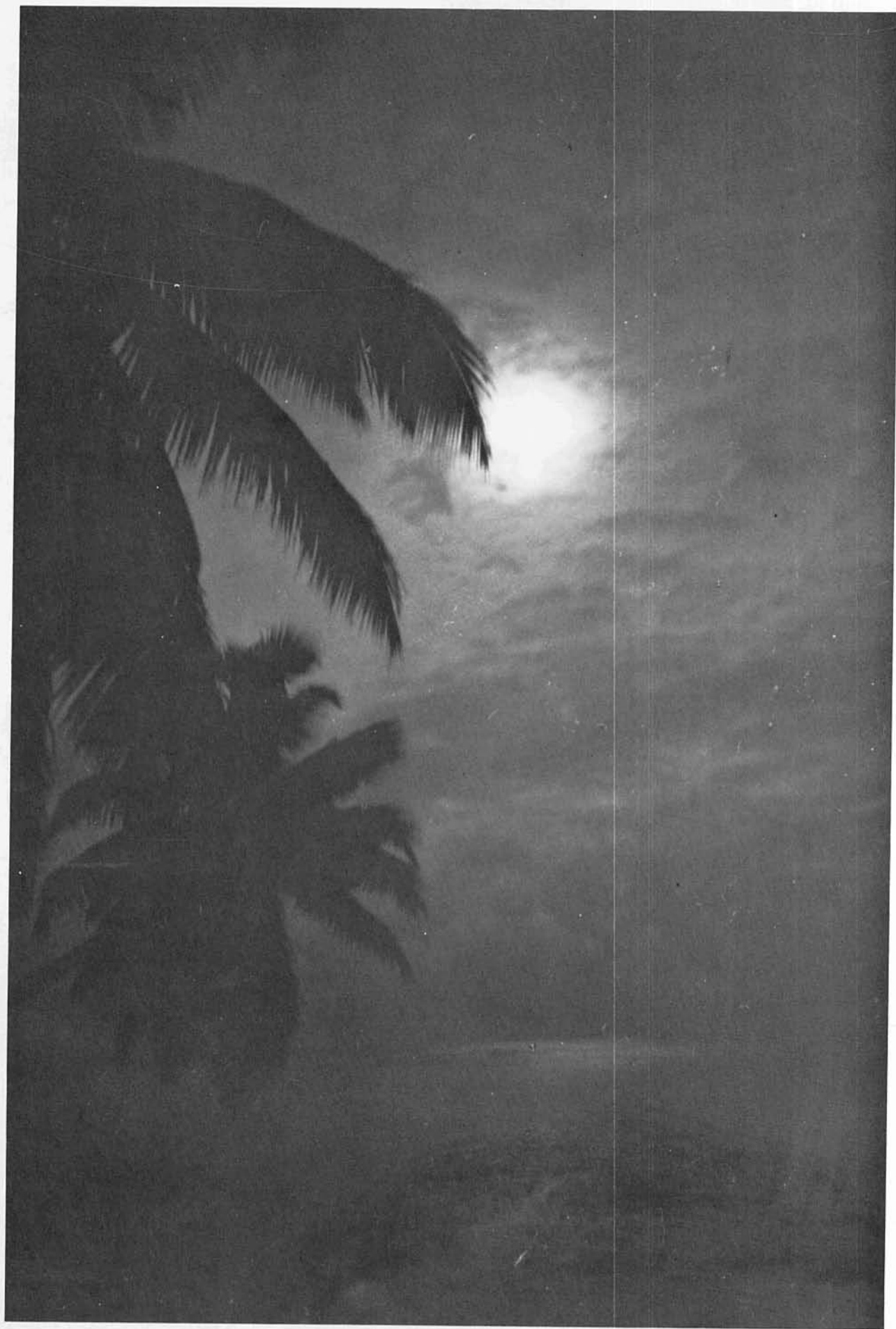
Above: BUCN Tom Maxwell demonstrates latest techniques for a good lay on "the rock".

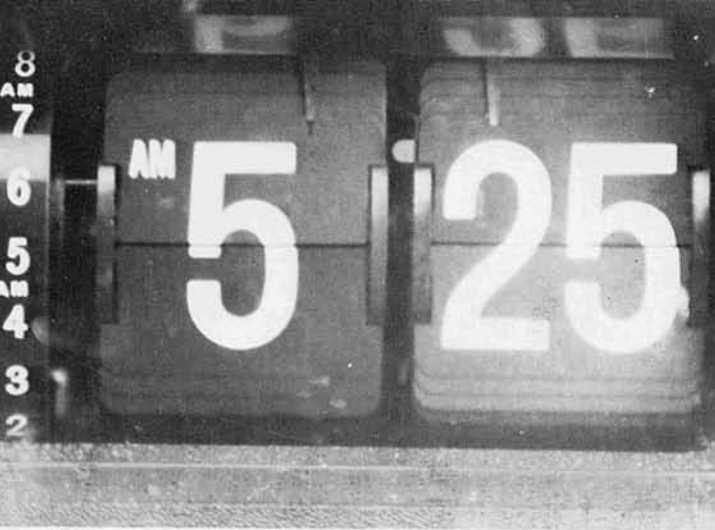
Below: BU3 Dan Hinkley waits for the "big one that won't get away".



Left: Special tube (surgically implanted) helps CMCA Bruce Noble keep his lungs inflated while he works on electric generators.

Right: Enchanting moonlight scenes typical of Diego Garcia, helped make it more pleasant during the eight month stay.





Top Left: The Start of another day came early for the Minutemen on Diego Garcia.

Top Right: "Hitchhiking can truly be fun," say Dan Hinkley and UT2 Mike James as they catch a lift from an unknown Pier Team member.

Left: UT2 Mike Patten kept things moving in MLO Yard.

Below Left: EO3 Lars Wingereid concentrates on his chewing technique. "Dried donkey burger's my favorite when they run out of Copenhagen".

Below: One of five little interruptions that occurred during the arresting gear pour. "The gas station is left at the first light."



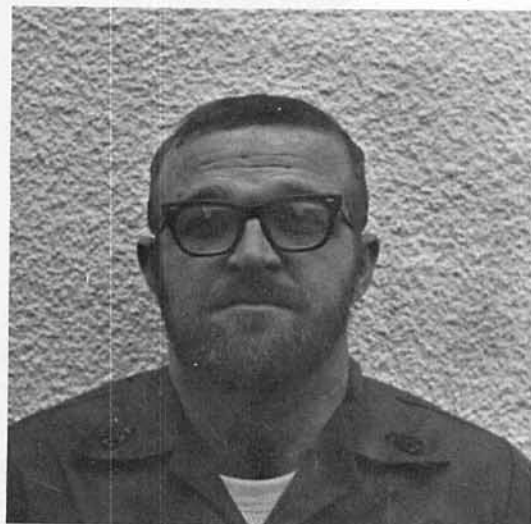
DET HOLY LOCH

Neither rain, nor dark, nor sleet, nor snow (or Force 10 winds!) shall dampen THESE blithe spirits!

Tasked with demolishing a public works shop, relocating three huge freezers and constructing a multi-purpose room and two handball courts, the eight men of NMCB 62 also managed two special milestones: The Beehive, a house built of leftover scrap for them to live in; and four safety awards in six months!

These and multitudinous other Site One projects took a lot of last second planning to work around the weather. Their most stubborn antagonist was moisture in its many sinister forms. Their most valuable asset was their own enthusiasm and pride!

Despite the numerous pitfalls to working with wet EVERYTHING, the Holy Loch DET managed to outguess the safety hazards with a mixture of professionalism and determination. Earning four safety awards in their six months was a source of special pride to Chief Worley and his team of experts — especially considering they picked the worst time of year to do it!



"The Boss", BUC Ed Worley DET OIC.

Above Left: EO2 Rich (Yogi) Clay "The Back Hoe King".

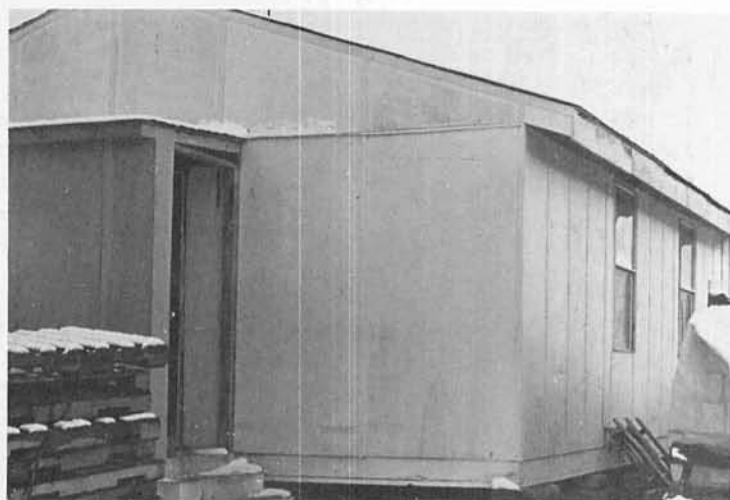
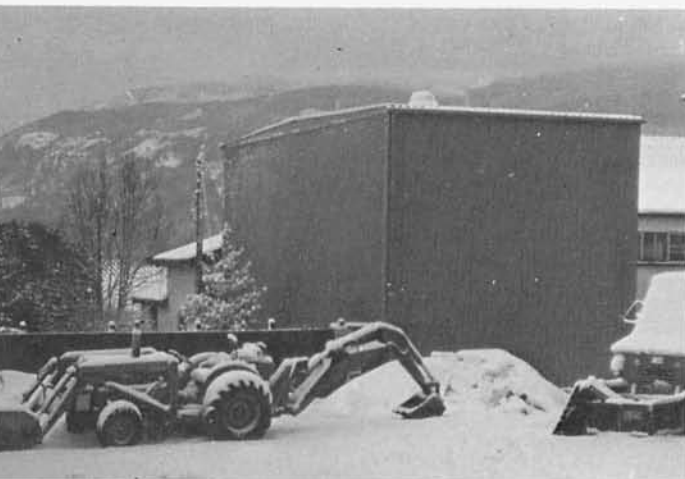
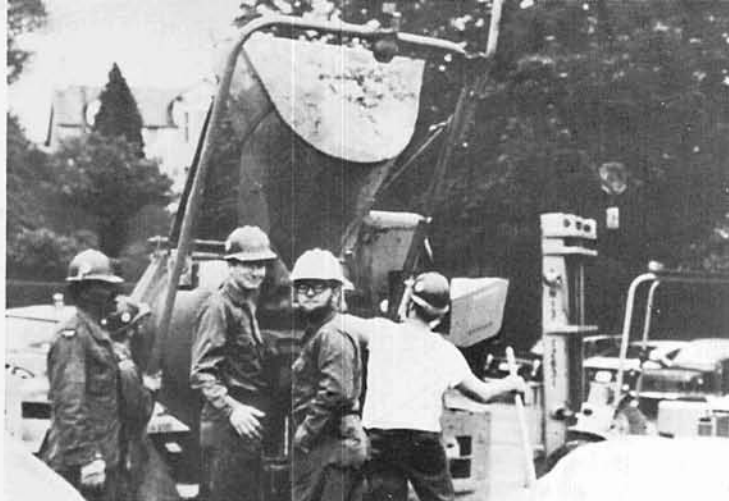
Above Center: BU2 Geo Underwood, "the DET Crew Leader". "If you don't know, ask George first".

Above: CE2 Randy Graham. "The Best electrician in the Det"

Far Left: BU3 Marcus Kinder "Builder team morale and backbone."

Left: BU3 Rick Pandell "Builder team support".





Top Left: BU3 Pandell planning his next step.
 Top Right: Scottish concrete mixing crew. BU2 Worley, BU2 Underwood, EO2 Clay, BU3 Burke, and BU2 Pemberton.
 Above Left: Snowy Holy Loch and surrounding hills.
 Above: The Beehive



Above: Handball Court, courtesy of NMCB-62.
 Right: A compact solution to a shifty problem; EO2 Clay looking on.



Top Left: Happy and relieved, BUC Worley turns over key to handball court to PWO Mr. Saunders; CDR Stuart, base commander looks on.

Above: Handball Court builders, BUC Worley, BU2 Underwood, BU3 Kinder, UT2 Pemberton, BU3 Pandell, SW2 Flynn, EO2 Clay, CE2 Graham.

Left: "Quick, cover it up before the Chief sees it!" BU3 Pandell, and BU3 Kinder.

Below: P and H shovel crew, Underwood, Flynn and Graham.



Left: No rough edges on THIS floor . . . but plenty of rough times! BU3 Pandell.

Lower Left: BU3 Kinder smooths the slab.

Lower Right: EO2 Clay and CE2 Graham watching the lassies walk by.



Sigonella is a NATO airfield located about 20 miles West of Catania, a major port on the Eastern shore of Sicily. The area surrounding Sigonella is the "Plain of Catania": rich farmland with the famous "Blood oranges," Lemons, and a variety of other plants.

To the North, Mt. Etna dominates the skyline. Rising to over 10,000 ft., Mt. Etna is an active volcano that erupted during our stay. In the Winter months, the snow-covered mountain plays host to skiers from all over the island. The area abounds with places to see and things to do; in the heat of the summer, the beaches of the Mediterranean became playgrounds for all of Europe. The beach resort of Taormina is particularly famous and located about an hour's drive away. Scattered throughout the island are Greek and Roman ruins, from the Roman castle in Mota to the temples and amphitheater in Siracusa.

Finally, of the local flavor, the food; anyone who has eaten a real "Italian" Pizza will not be satisfied without peas or eggs on the stateside variety. Having a full Italian meal means serious eating. Antipasta, pasta, the meat courses and finally dolce (sweets). Several hours can be spent eating one of these feasts.

It was to this setting that the 104 men of Detail Sigonella came in July 1979 where they spent more time working than playing. Starting with the turnover, our 42 man advance party took over the camp from NMCB 1's detail. Then with the arrival of our main body, we went to work on the projects. Such memorable ones as the EM/CPO club (the Lava Lounge), the Refueler Shop, MAUW lighting, paving, sidewalks, Hanger 407 Parking Lot, the camp projects, and of course drainage. All the time managing a smile; through the filming of CNO Sitrep 60, our berthing move (to brand new barracks), over 25 advancements, watches, hot weather, cold weather, wet weather, cold and wet weather, MEDEVACS, the working weekends, the mountout, weapons training, and det parties. We managed to supply teams to football (1st place in the regular season), volleyball, bowling, and basketball, and our people helped with the little league football and high school wrestlers.

Through the efforts of all concerned, from the front office, supply, engineering, transportation, and our mechanics to the projects crews the motto remains "Go for it."

DET SIGONELLA



Above: LT Gary Craft, Det OIC.



Above Center: LT Mark Huntzinger, Det AOIC.



Left: ENS. Rick Cellon, Det AOIC.

Above: CECS Billy Brower Det Chief.

LT. Gary Craft
 LT. Mark Huntzinger
 ENS. Rick Cellon
 CECS William Brower
 EOC John Heath



UTC William Loden
 BUC Gordon Gray
 CMC Charles Lewis
 BUCN Jerry Major
 BUCN Howard Jones



BU3 Jeff Wilhelm
 BUCN Edward Holly
 SWCN Michael Kahley
 CE2 Michael Dominesey
 UT2 Ronald Pennington



BU2 Jerry Wilhelm
 SW1 Kurvin Sampson
 EA2 Jeff Williamson
 UTCN William Lutz
 BU2 William Hammond



SK1 James Brown
 SK3 Bruce Callahan
 EA1 James Moody
 EA2 Miles Mayo
 UT3 Timothy Campbell



BU2 Brian Redfield
 SWCN Chris Fowler
 CN Barry Kirkland
 BUCN Peter Hamilton
 SW2 Chuck Roll





FIRST PLATOON

1ST ROW: EO1 MC CALEB, EO1 BRUNNER, EO2 BAKER, EO2 MOONAN, EO2 JOHNSON, EOCN DUNN, EO3 MC ADAMS, EO2 DICK, EO3 BODE, EO3 CAMP.

2ND ROW: EO1 LONG, EO3 ADCOCK, EO2 MOORE, EO3 SMITH, EO2 BENSON, EO3 CORNISH, EO3 HICKS, EO3 BLACKBURN, EO2 LIPSCOMB.

3RD ROW: CMC LEWIS, CM1 RUBIANO, CM2 O'COCK, EO2 SANDBERG, CM2 SAUER, CM3 LEESE, CM2 DUNCAN, CM3 MOORE, CMCN WILLIAMS.

SECOND PLATOON

1ST ROW: CE2 DOMINESEY, CE2 HUKILL, UT2 PENNINGTON, CN KIMMEL, CE2 TEUFEL, CECN SCHAEFER, CECN JOHNSON, CE3 DEIBELE.

2ND ROW: EA2 WILLIAMSON, EA2 MAYO, SKSN BOWMAN, YN3 KOPP, SN WILLIAMS, SK3 CALLAHAN, EO1 FERGUSON.

3RD ROW: EA1 MOODY, BU1 MC BRIDE, BU2 HAMMOND, SW2 PARIS, BUCN DEFeyerTER, BUCR KIRKMAN, BU2 QUIGLEY, SWCN KAHLEY, UTCN LUTZ.

THIRD PLATOON

1ST ROW: BU2 HILL, BU2 SEIB, BU2 HAWKINS, BU3 JANKOWSKI, BUCN CASE, BUCN ORDNER, SW3 HESS, SWe ESPARZA, BU3 DANTZLER, BU3 WHITMAN, BU3 REDDING.

2ND ROW: BU2 EDER, BUCN BOWSHIER, BU3 HUDSON, BU3 LAVOIE, BUCN JONES, BUCN MAJOR, BU2 WILHELM, BUCN HAMILTON, BUCN MAYES, BU3 ALEXANDER, BU3 WILHELM.

3RD ROW: BUC GRAY, BU2 REDFIELD, SW2 ROLL, BUCN LUNDBERG, BU3 BADNERS, SWCN FOWLER, BU2 DOLIANA, BU3 KOCHIS, BUCN HOLLY, BU3 LOLLAR, SW1 SAMPSON.

MS1 Bayani Fajardo
CECN Paul Schaefer
"O" Ring
EO3 Kenneth Baker
DK1 Edgardo Delos Santos



"The Werewolves of London"



SW3 Robert Hess
EO3 Harry Bode
EO3 Kevin Camp
BU3 Star Whitman
BU2 Richard Hudson



BU2 Richard Eder
BUCN Jack Bowshier
BUCN John Kochis
BUCA Trent Kirkman
CM2 Charles Duncan



BUCA Edward Spurlock
CE2 Mark Teufel
BUCN Chris Schlosser
BU2 Jon Doliana
BU3 Greg Redding



BU1 Edwin James
HM2 Michael Gorman
BU3 Kenny Alexander
BU2 Preston Hawkins
PN3 Andrew Williams



BUCN Dean Defeyter
BU1 Jess McBride
BUCN Gary Sadler
YN3 Larry Kopp
PN2 Ernest Riley



BU3 Michael Lollar
BU2 William Kronk
CE3 Jeffrey Deibele
BUCN John Case
BUCN Jeffrey Lundburg

SK3 Stanley Bowman
EO3 Steven Hicks
EO3 Fred McAdams
EO2 Warren Moore
EO2 Nelson Dick



BU3 Gary Lavoie
EO3 John Blackburn
BU2 Leneal Hill
CMCN Kenneth Williams
SW2 Michael Wisnewski



EO2 Jack Sandberg
EO3 Edward Cornish
EO2 Richard Benson
BUCN Steven Mayes
CECN Dean Johnson



EO3 Thomas Smith
BU3 Michael Badners
EO2 Jeffrey Lipscomb
EA3 Rufus Gibson
EO1 Max Long



CM1 Harry Barstow
CM2 Earl Sauer
CM3 David Moore
CM1 Gus Rubiano
CM3 Robert Leese



BU2 Michael Seib
EO2 Thomas Johnson
BU3 Tony Dantzler
BM2 Gary Lakes
BU3 James Welsh





Top Left: YN3 "Larry" Kopp, just what the Seabees needed, a handsome legal advisor.

Top Right: PN3 Andrew "Juice" Williams, Det Seabee of Month for November. "I'm sorry Bobby, no mail for you today."

Above: BU3 Gary LaVoie, BU3 Tony Dontzler, BUCN Jack Bowshier, CMCN Ken Williams and BUCN Howard Jones on the side walks projects. "Hide the dice, here comes senior."

Left: CECS W. R. "Dad" Brower, "Come in and close the door."



Below: HM2 Mike "Doc" Gorman. "I've got the Sigs too".



Top: BU3 Michael Lollar, EA1 Jim Moody, EA3 Rufus Gibson, BU1 Jess McBride, Lt. "George" Craft, Ens Rick Cellon, BU2 Michael Seib, BU3 Rick Hudson "I can't believe it ate the whole 9 yards".

Middle: UTCN Bill Lutz, "Chief, are you sure Kirkland's in here?"



BUCN Ed Spurlock and BU3 John Kochis getting ready to pour columns at the fire shed project.



UTCN Lutz and CN Kirkland lagging pipe in the EM/CPO Club mechanical room.

EO2 Benson and EOCN Cornish excavating a leaking water line at the firehouse site.



BU1 McBride, BU2 Hill, BUCN Redding, BU3 Lollar, SW2 Paris, and BU3 Kochis placing concrete cap on the refueler shop roof.





Pouring the deck for the fire crash rescue shed L to R: John Kochis, Dean Defeyter, Chris Fowler Det. Sigonella.



Finishing the concrete deck at the fire crash rescue shed project. Peter Hamilton and John Kochis.



"DOC" Gorman pricking a fellow Seabee during Det Sigonella's Mount-Out.



Top: "Home Sweet Home", Seabee Compound, NAF Sigonella, Sicily.
Above: Surveying for the POL Road, EO2 Nelson Dick, EA1 Jim Moody and EA2 Jeffrey Williamson.

Right: SW3 Robert Hess and BU3 Tony Dantzler breaking out concrete to commence work on the new hanger 407 parking lot.

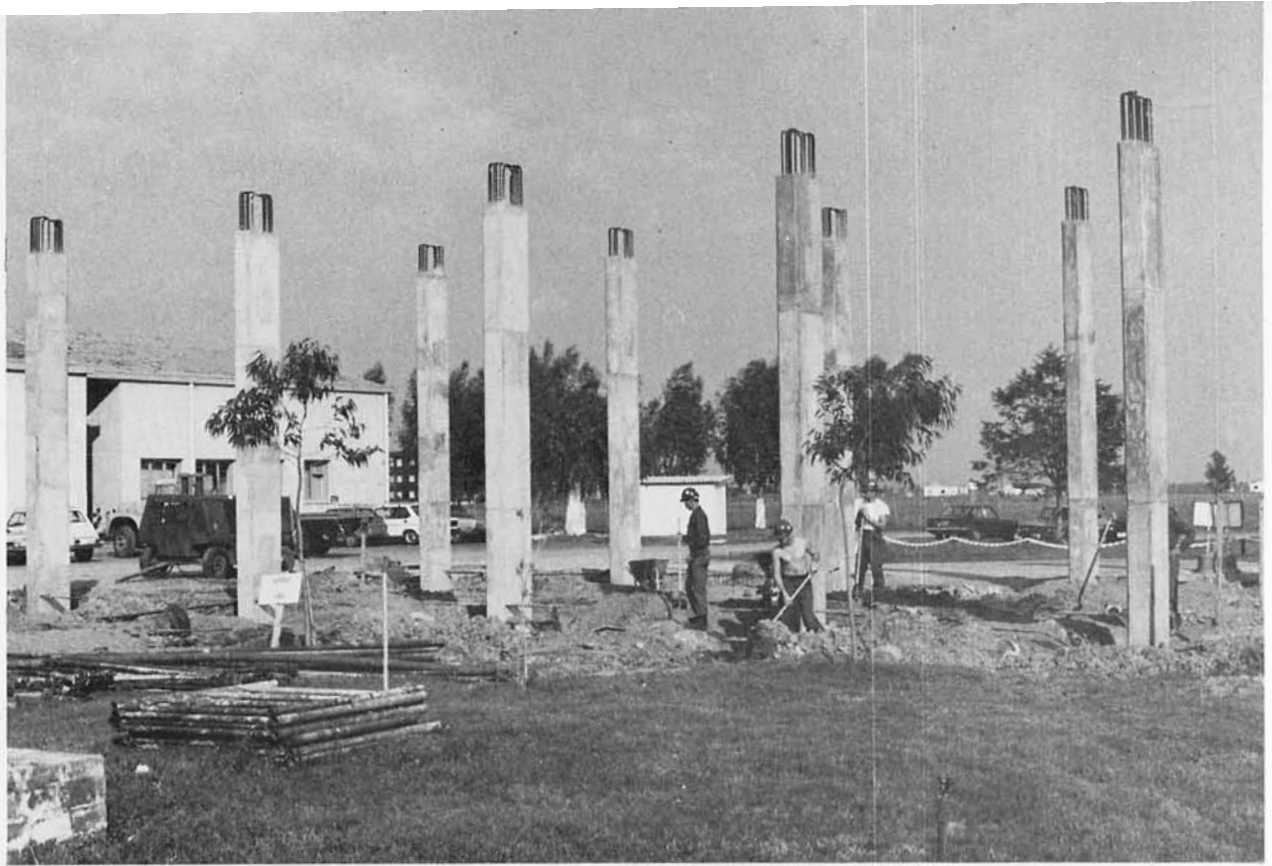




Det Sigonella enjoys a stretch in Rota on their way to their final destination in Sicily.

Lined up and ready to go, Det Sigonella stands their Mount-out inspection before they theoretically would depart to rejoin the main body in Rota.





Among the concrete columns are the "mud hogs", BU2 Redfield, BU2 Doliana, and BU3 Kochis.

"This is the way it's done son!" BU3 Hudson and BUCN Bowshier.





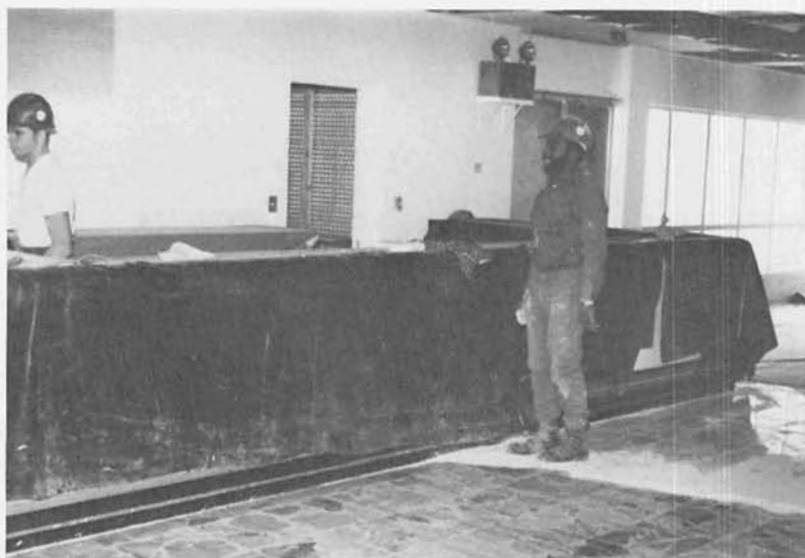
The Hawk explains "Dry Mix", while BU3 Whitman, BUCN Ordner, BUCN Spurlock, EO3 Blackburn, SW1 Sampson and EA1 Moody lend an ear.



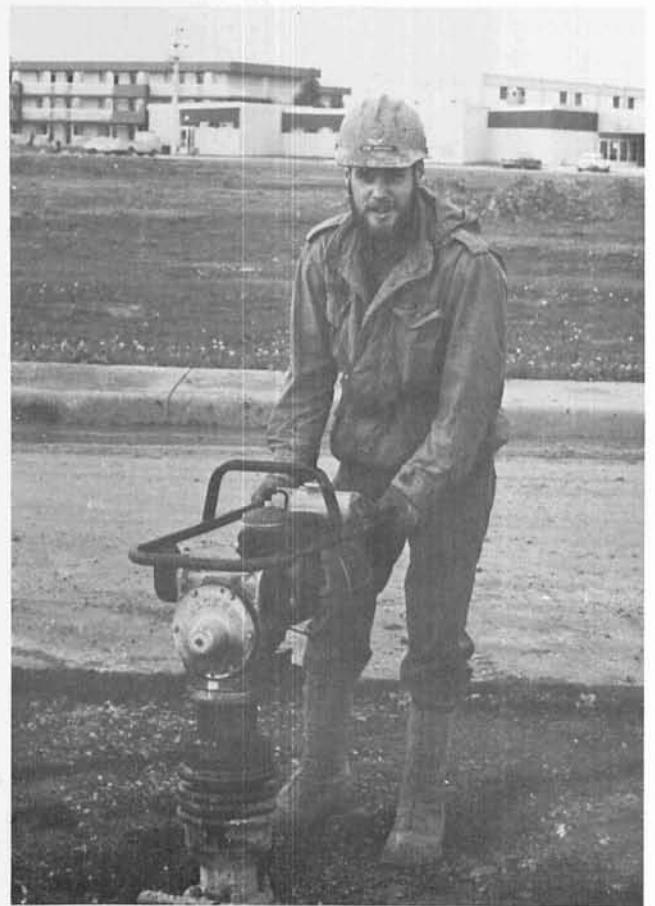
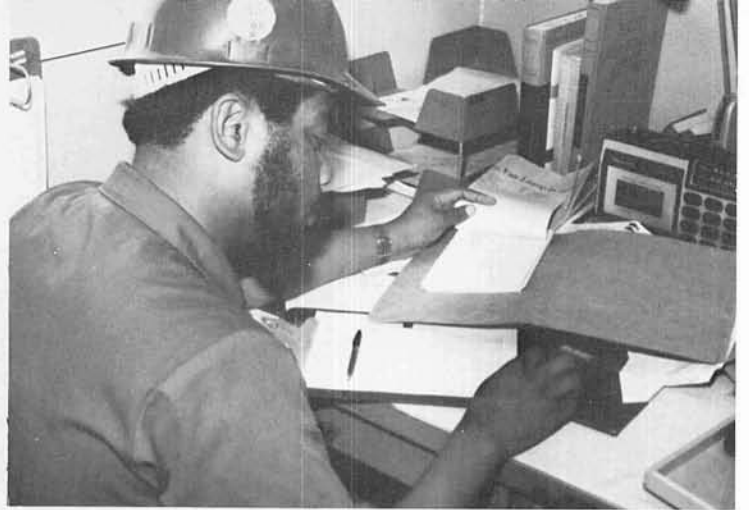
Old "Dad", CECS Brower, and his lads CN Kirkland, YN3 Kopp, BU3 Hudson, and BUCN Spurlock, on the M-60 range.

Right: 'O' Ring waiting for his chauffeur to arrive.

Below: BU3 Star Whitman and BU2 Preton Hawkins "Star, button your pockets."



Left: SK1 Jimmy Brown breaking up a pass during touch (?) football season. BU3 Badners on the way over to help "touch" . .





Far Top Left: PN2 Ernie Riley, the irresistible force against the immovable object.

Top Left: EA3 Rufus Gibson, the "Rev" checks "Radars" figures.

Above: EO3 Steven Hicks and EO2 W. J. Moore "Do I really have to wash it?"

Far Left: UT2 Timothy Campbell working on the camp projects. "Being a company man is rough!"

Left: EO2 Thomas Johnson "Of course you may have the next dance."

Bottom Left: BU2 Michael Seib on the drainage project "It never rains on Seabees."

Right: BUCN Major at POL road. "If I only had a 20 point saw."





Above: CMCN Ken Williams and BU3 Gary Lavoie "I told you it was hard to start in the mornings."

Below: BUCN Ed Holly, BU3 Jerry Wilhelm and BU3 Tony Dantzler on the sidewalk project. "I told them livestock was in the area."





Above: EO3 John Blackburn and BU2 Bill Kronk. "Bill, how long till Turkey Day?"

Right: CE2 Doug Hukill, "I don't remember this on my "PARS" sheet."



Left: BU2 Jerry Wilhelm, "Wake me up when I get there"





Above: BU2 Rick Eder at the whippin Post, Det Sig's version of the stocks.

Right: SW3 Juan Esparza cutting some mesh before a concrete pour.



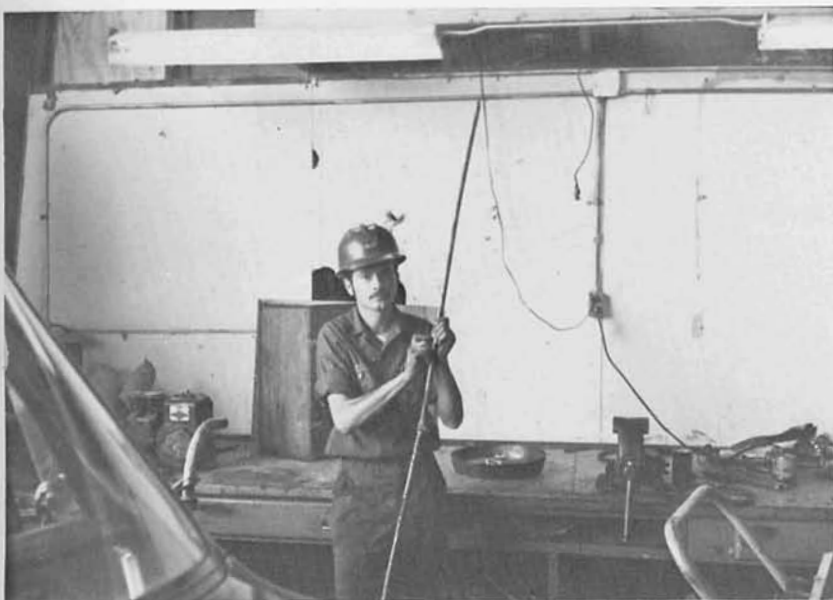
Below: "Killer Squad" fam firing, CECS Billy Brower, Capt. Bob Parnell (Marine Advisor), CN Barry Kirkland, YN3 Larry Lopp, BU3 Richard Hudson, and BU3 Mike Badners.



CM3 Dave Moore Seabee of Month August.



CM2 Earl Sauer ready for a little javelin practice.



Lt. Mark Huntzinger and EOC John Heath
"John gets 'six' more".



DET NEA MAKRI

Off in the land of olives and marble, 26 "Minutemen" toiled away the deployment at the Naval Communications Station, Nea Makri, Greece. Despite a multitude of material and political problems, they completed 2 of their 4 tasked projects, and made "their mark" on the local American community and their Greek neighbors. Many off duty hours were spent assisting on a variety of Civic Action type projects in the area around Nea Makri.

On the lighter side, the men of Det Nea Makri were able to witness the running of the "original" Marathon Race (including the efforts of Lt. John Paul and RP3 Greg Meares, from Rota) and visited such historic sites as the Acropolis and the Temple of Daphne.

The Det participated in the local intramural sports program, with second place in football, first in bowling, and a good chance to take first place in basketball.

The local food was a real problem, as it was so tasty that everyone had a tendency to overeat and gain a few pounds. The only thing that kept everyone from swelling up like balloons was the hard work during the day.

Right: Washing down the det sedan and each other.

Below: BU3 Descoteaux, BU2 Kidney, BUCN Huffman, UT3 Whitehouse and UT3 Tsinnajinnie just love to pose for photos.





Above: BU3 Ackerman waiting to take off on another adventure.

Top Right: BU3 Descoteaux and BUCN Huffman trying to figure how an SW could make such a mess.

Right: EOCN Marcum and CE3 Tarbox looking for inspiration.



Right: EO2 Therrian and CE2 White seem to be making some important decisions.



Right: CE2 White and CE3 Tarbox building form-work for a drainage ditch.
Below: BUCN Bradley, "Ah, only eight more blocks to go, then lunch."



Above: BU3 Descoteaux and EO3 Marston level a block wall before the historical hills around Nea Makri.

Left: BUC LaRue trying to take his own picture in the reflection of CE2 White's glasses.



Left: EO3 Steve LeMoine making the moves to score another touchdown in flag football, Nea Makri style.



Left: UT3 Whitehouse, BU3 Ackerman and BU2 Currier and friend relax under the soothing Greek sun.

Bottom Left: A very happy RP3 Greg Meares, visiting from Rota, finishes the torturing Athens Marathon. Lt. Paul also flew in for the race, but nobody could wait around long enough to photograph him when he finally got to the stadium.

Below: The Marathon started in Marathon and ended at the Olympic Stadium in Athens.





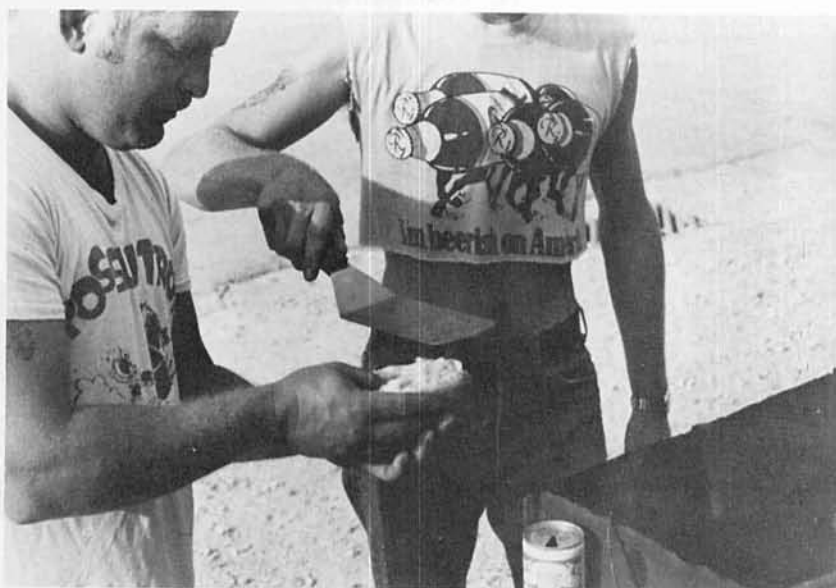
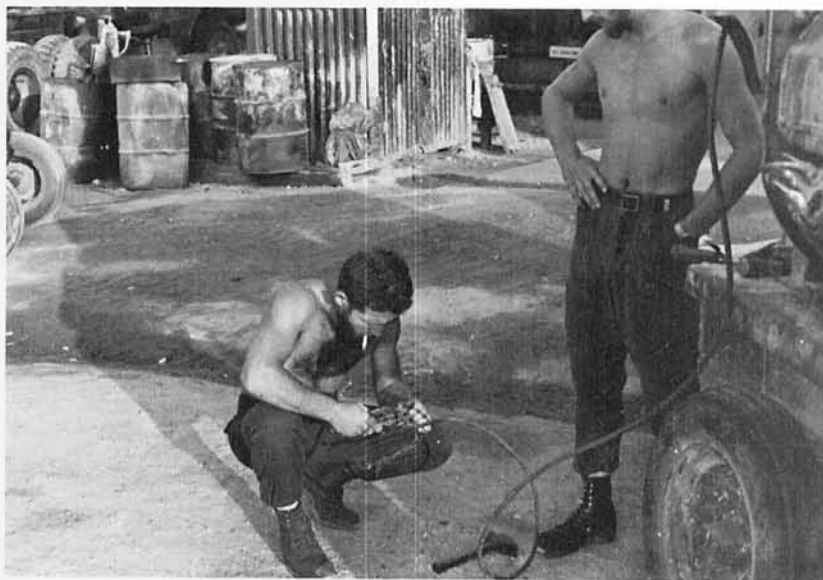
Left: UTCA Bartasek and UT3 Tsinajinnie working with their favorite thing; pipe.

Below: CM2 Agaoglu and CE2 White out in Nea Makri CM yard.



Above: Men and machines.

Right: EO3 Smith gets his food at one of many cook-outs in Nea Makri.





Top Left: "Why are those dogs mooning us?"

Top Right: Another Kidney to Whitehouse put out.

Above: CM2 Agaoglu at Olympic Stadium.

Above Right: "We'll, lets lock up the tools and call it a deployment."

Below Left: Some tired Seabees.

Below Right: UT3 Whitehouse, BUCN Huffman, and BU3 Currier en route to Sigonella, the first leg of the trip home.



DET SOUDA BAY

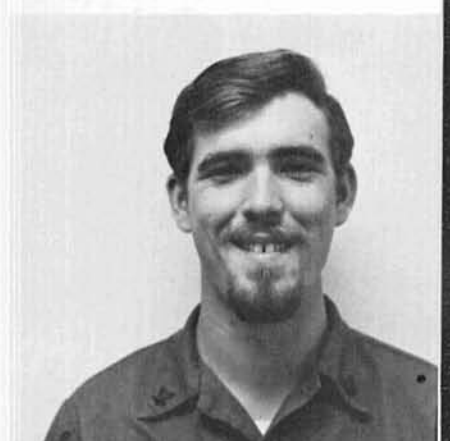
During the past eight months, the men of detail Souda Bay have performed under some very trying circumstances such as the remoteness of the site, coordinating work loads and schedules without substantially affecting the mission of the Naval Detachment, lack of construction materials and tools, and generally trying to counteract Murphy's Law. Reflecting upon the condition of the facilities when we arrived, much progress has been made in improving the standard of living for our shipmates. The renovation of Building Two, which comprises the galley, theater, library, club, and exchange will have a long range effect upon the morale of the personnel stationed at the U.S. Naval Detachment Souda Bay,

Crete, Greece. The facility that we have renovated will serve as a reminder to all, of who we are and what we are, Seabees "Can Do".

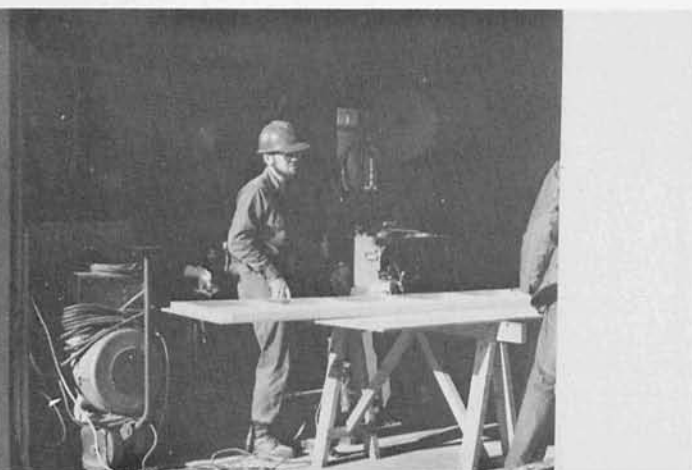
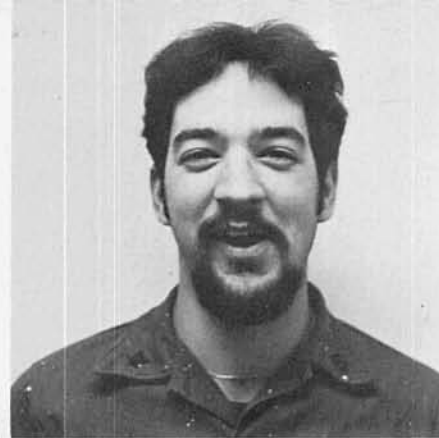
This deployment has had substantial benefits not only for our customer, but, for each one of us as well. The opportunity to meet and understand the people of Crete and Greece will, in the future hold many fond memories. The most lasting benefit was the opportunity to serve with a small U.S. Naval unit in a foreign country. And as a member of that unit, realizing that we are all in the same Navy, regardless of our specialties. To one and all we can say "We are Americans and we are proud to serve our country whenever and where-ever duty calls".

Clockwise from SWC Lester, OIC (White hat): BU3 Arnold, BU3 Burloger, BU3 Peake, SW1 Cozart (AOIC), UT3 Horton, UT3 Jankowski, CE3 Delaney, BU2 Stauffer, BU3 Smith, BU3 Stewart.





Top Left: Det members discuss work problem.
 Top Right: CE3 Delaney, BU3 Burloger, UT3 Jankowski putting up paneling.
 Upper Left: SWC Gary Lester, OIC.
 Upper Middle: CE3 Delaney.
 Upper Right: UT3 Jankowski.
 Above Left: BU3 Smith.
 Above Middle: BU3 Arnold.
 Above Right: BU3 Peake.
 Left: BU3 Smith contemplating his work.



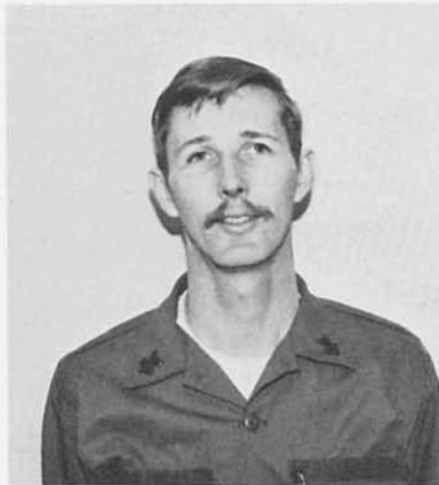
Top Left: BU3 Burlager
 Top Middle: UT3 Horton
 Top Right: BU3 Stewart
 Above: Det Souda Bay lines up for a thorough inspection by Chief Lester.
 Left: BU2 Stauffer hard at work in the shop.

DET THURMONT

BUC Wayne Berry, OIC



BU1 David Holloway, AOIC



BU2 Mark Junga



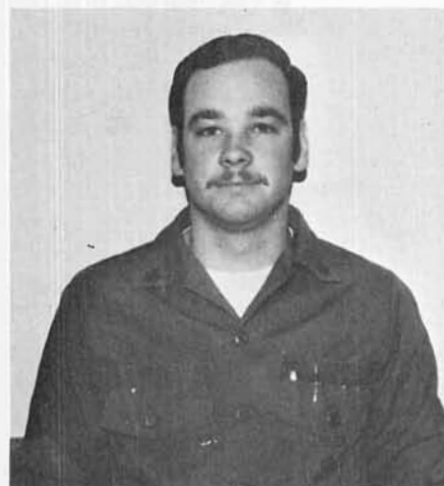
BU3 Mark Flood



UT1 Ike Harrow



UT3 Mike Craig



CE3 Billy Shields



BU3 Mark Sevegny



BU2 Tony Krant

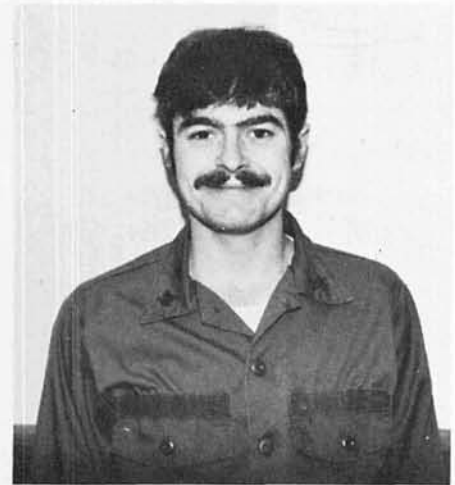




BUCN Rick Long



CE3 Robin Boudreau



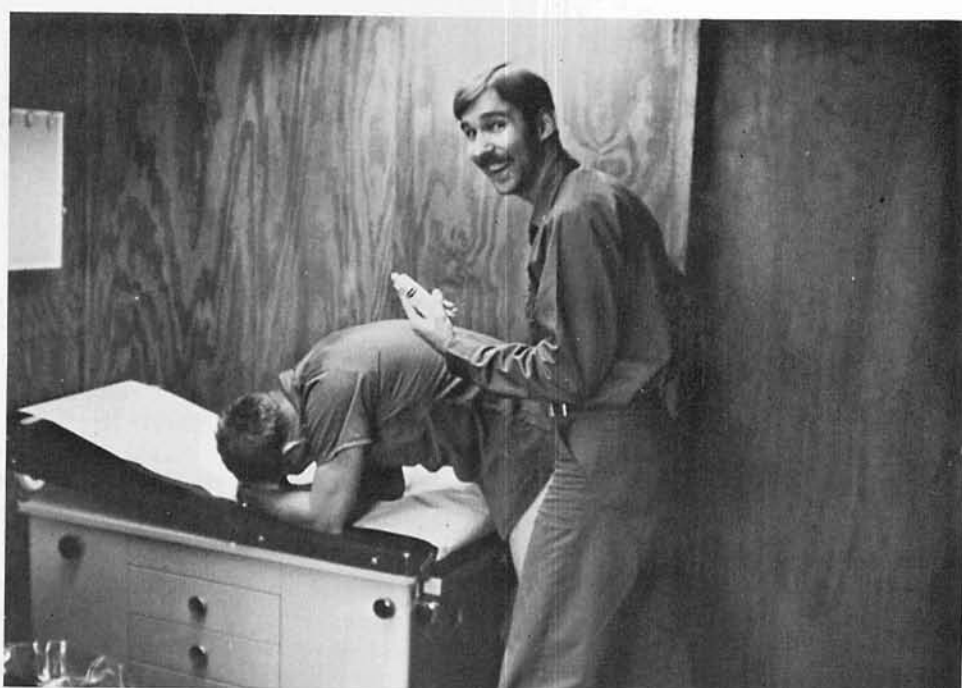
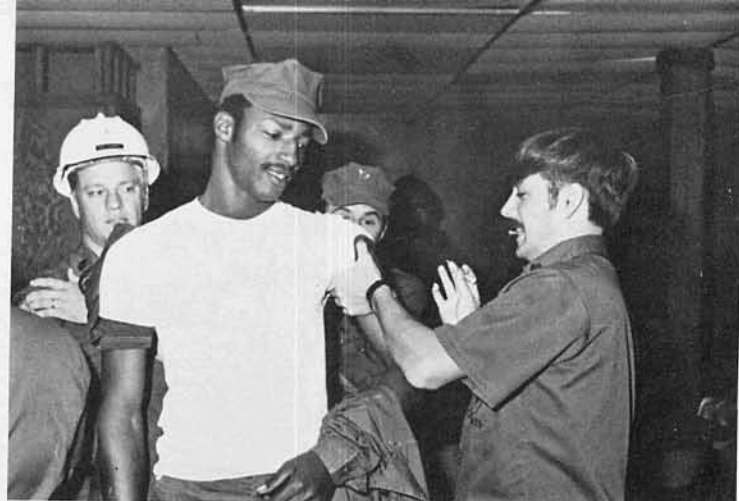
BU3 Jay Von Houwe

Detail Thurmont, a construction team of twelve men from NMCB Sixty-Two arrived at beautiful Catocin Mountain, Thurmont, Maryland in mid-July where they tackled ten projects in the following eight months. The main tasking at the Naval Support Facility was the construction of a new sickbay/dental clinic which was completed in mid-December. The clinic staff sponsored a party for the detail upon completion of the "gauze-cutting ceremony", which officially opened the clinic. Captain Kau, NMCB Sixty-Two's commanding officer, observed the nearly completed clinic one week prior to completion during his visit to the detail. Other projects completed during deployment were a T.V. lounge renovation, reconstruction of many sections of stockade fencing, and several renovation projects in two barracks. The

mid-deployment party was held at the original Washington Monument at Washington Monument Park in Boonesboro, Maryland. Barbequed chicken, hamburgers and beer were in ample supply. Steaks appeared at the end-of-deployment party held at the Senior Petty Officers Mess on the Naval Support Facility. Two men reenlisted and remained on at Camp David and over half the detail advanced in rate in January. A major contributing factor to the success of the detail was the great hospitality and unbeatable support that the Naval Support Facility, Thurmont displayed throughout the deployment. The detail departed in mid-March with fond memories of friends and good times as well as the great feeling of accomplishment from the many things achieved through the remarkable efforts of teamwork.







MEDICAL DENTAL DEPT.



Top Far Left: HM1 Ouimette and HM1 John Brown, "Hey, come on Doc, it's time for the exchange to open."

Top Middle: "I told you my biceps would bend your needle."

Far Left: DT2 Wann is his at-ease position.

Left: "This is my favorite part of the physical exam."

Bottom Far Left: HM3 Rogers, (like old man river) just keeps rollin along.

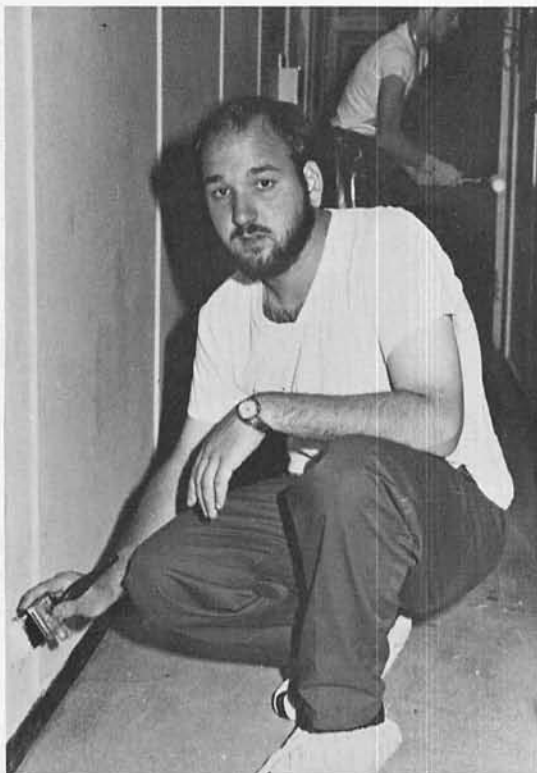
Bottom Left: "Some outfits, guys!"

Top Right: Dr. John Paul and dental techs enjoy the spacious surroundings of the dental trailer.

Right: DN Tommy Clements is one of the rare individuals who find teeth genuinely funny.

Below Left: HM2 George Gabb, "These labels are really interesting."

Below Right: HM3 John Agnetti realizes that its time for a Bud.





Above: SK1 Ernie Bohannon, EO1 Tally "Pappy" Hugues and PC1 Ed Carter "I know nothing!"
Right: HM1 Chris Agosta displays the new "Air Seabee Force" uniform that grew out of the Mount-Out exercise.



THE FIRST CLASS P.O.'S . . .



Left: One wild and crazy bunch of Seabees and Air Forcers celebrate the big M.O.

Below: EO1 Fred Minish just caught the punch line.



Left: EO1 Bob Molloy at peace with the world.



Above: UT1 Chuck O'Connell, EO1 Gerry Granger and CM1 Charles Titus toast one of the popular and frequent First Class cookouts.



Right: EO1 Burgin in his sexy bed clothes.

MAKE THE BATTALION TICK



Above: BU1 Randy Henson, and CWO2 Bert Freed frock one of our new recruits.

Above Right: PC1 Ed Carter and HM1 Kenny Kutzner lounge in the pines of La Cuidad de Plata.

Right: EO1 Burgin, Capt. Kau and EO1 Granger giving the reservists a going-away present.





SK3 Wadsley and UT3 Boller

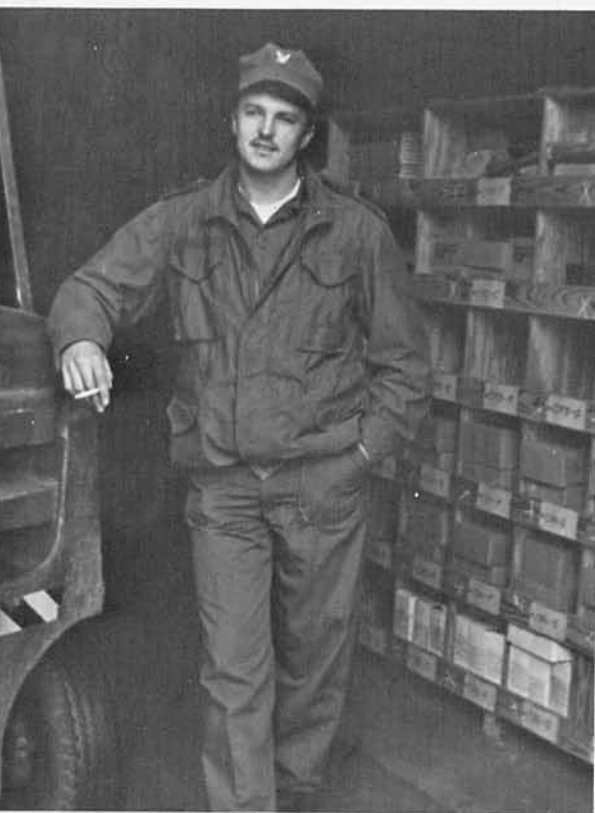


SK3 Clayton and SK3 O'Leary

PAPPY AND HIS HEADACHES

The CSR/CTR Bunch

CE3 Kulikowski



SK1 MacLennan and BU3 Coldiron





CM3 Collins



SK3 Salango



"Pappy", EO1 Hugues

CECN Mergen



SK2 Smith





Yes, even our giant bee occasionally has dental problems. He flew into dental sick call one morning after a brawl the previous night down at one of the bars in Rota. Here Dr. Paul and DT1 Gearhart repair his chipped front tooth.

Below, the CO and XO put in some time on the Alfa Co. equipment. By understanding a man's work, we can better appreciate the man, and its fun to drive those bulldozers.



MECHANIC SHOP DET SIGONELLA

Other pictures of the CM Shop, led by
CMC Chuck Lewis appear on P. 161.



CM1 Harry Barstow



CM1 Gus Rubiano,
Seabee of month
of July.



CMCS "O" Ring

CM3 Bob Leese.

CM2 Charles Duncan.





TO ALFA CO. HEAVY CREW

THANKS FOR A FINE DEPLOYMENT DADDY "D"

The crew and the motto they lived up to.
Top Left to right: CM3 Bertram and CM3 Cramer, inspectors; CM3 Packer and CM1 Barton, Shop Super, CMC Boynton. Middle Row, CM3 Neth, CMCN Nation, CM3 Irish, CM3 Kelly, CM3 LaBarge, CM3 Lannon. Bottom Row: CM1 Dillahey and CM1 Barcheers.

Below: The Mottley crew and miracle workers.





Top Left: "Where's the battery?"

Top Center: The Commodore makes his first visit to Rota.

Top Right: No safety violations on this man.

Above: SWC Al Bogue always smiles upon finding his desk clean.

Right: "You get the funny-looking guy with the camera and I'll finish up here."



Above Middle: Creating a slab to be remembered.

Above: "I know that pen is down here somewhere."

Above: "Ok, now what do you want?"

Below: "If this phone rings one more time I'm gonna get the number changed."



WE WORK HARD AND WHEN WE FIND FREE TIME, WE GRAB FOR THE GUSTO FOOTBALL



Above: The 62 offense led by quarterback J.C. Brown start another play.

Backfield consists of Cookie Grant, Ricardo Martinez and Andrew Green.

Below Left: The minutemen defense making another gang tackle, Jim Powers (20), Dan Baker (42), Alan Fitzgerald and others smother the ball carrier.

Below Right: William Golden (23) moves into position to gather in another one of his fine receptions despite the close coverage by an NCS player.





Bottom Row: Gerry Granger, Dan Baker, Roberta Grant, Ricardo Martinez, Andrew Green, Gary Fink, Jim Powers, William Golden, John Greely, Warren Jennison, Mike Fleming.

Second Row: J.C. Brown, George Ash, P.W. Seabee, Tommy Taylor, Danny Morgan, Alan Fitzgerald, Ron Parvin, Theodore Leonard, Reyes Martinez, CDR Kau.

Third Row: Karl Beebe, Carl Mckissic, Rico Dawson, Don Dubbins, Ed Carter, Steve Bowman, Joe Didato, Harold Berry.

Fourth Row: Gunny Black, Leroy Sutton, Wade Maroney, William Hammond, Bubba Wingate, Wayne Ouimette, Tim Guidas, John Wiese, Ernie Riley.



Above Left: Chip Mathison looking disgusted during one of 62's close games.

Above: J.C. Brown, 62 quarterback gets in position to make a handoff to one of the running backs.

Left: Rico Dawson in trouble against NAV-AIR.



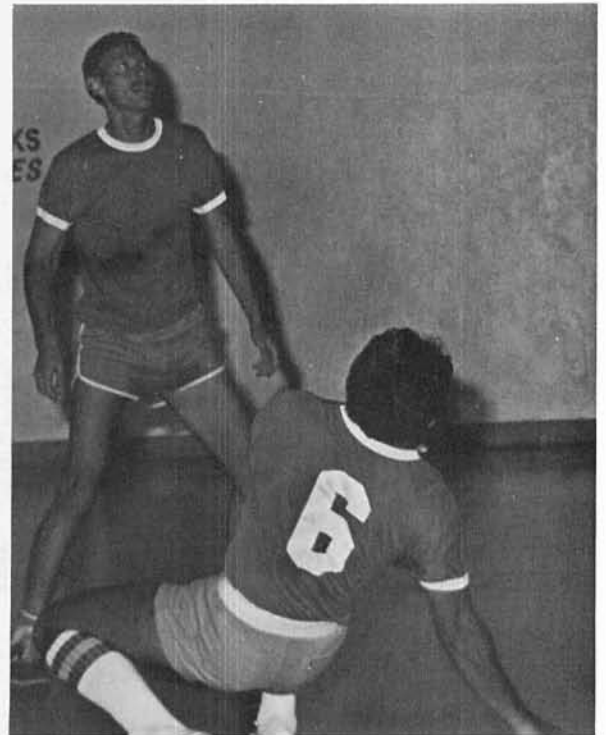


Above Left: UT3 Todd Plant scores on a layup in the Rota base league.

Above Right: LT. Tesar on the way to popping through another point for 62.

Left: LTJG Lowry and PN3 Gallegos going for the ball in a volleyball league game.

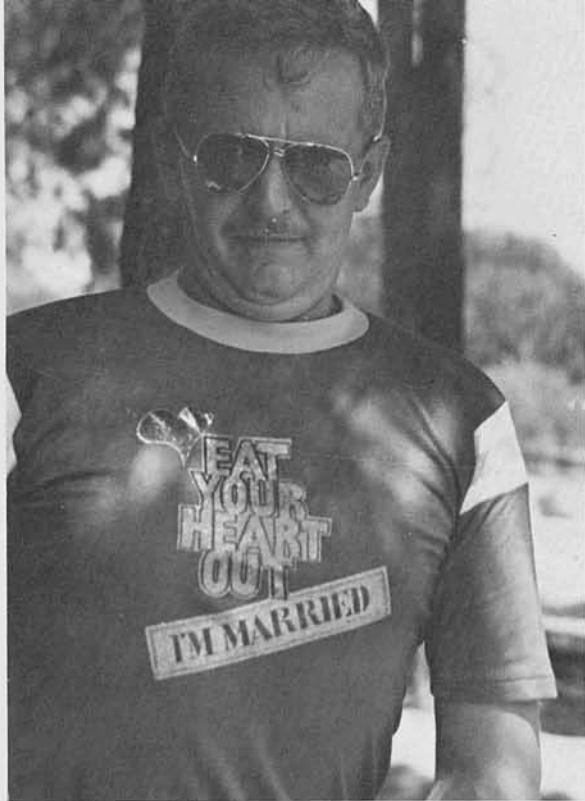
Right: PN3 Gallegos tries to block a spike while LT. Paul wishes him luck.



Battalion Softball Champs

HM1 Ouimette
PN2 Riley
EO1 Sipler
LT Paul
YN3 Dowers
YN3 Maroney
YNSN Martinez
PCSN Parvin
RP3 Meares
PN3 Gallegos
YN2 Fleming





Above: Chief Brotzman trying to look macho.

Top Right: Some of the battalion men got into the rodeo held on base, and some wish they hadn't.

Right: Medical Dept. holding one of their popular picnics, popular because nurses and corpswives were there.

Below: Our mascot enjoying a smoke on halloween. (He was later written up and taken to mast).

Bottom Right: The gang with guest singer Debbie Dunn during Christmas Party.





Above: EO1 Granger, SK1 MacLennan and PC1 Carter "sledding" at the beach.

Above Right and Right: GMG2 Hubble and EO2 Minnish, two friends to wayward dogs.



Left: Two rookie mess specialists being broken in during a busy Christmas dinner at our galley.

Right: The chow hounds of 62 wolf down another supper.





Top Left: On Sports Day, two mean looking teams about to square off.

Top Right: Minuteman basketball team trying to work out the strategy during a time-out.

Left: The action is furious during Sports Day volleyball game.

Right: A familiar sight at the Silver City Saloon. "Cheeseburger, french fries and a beer."

Lower Left: The Crowd starts to gather to hear the live music at the mid-deployment picnic, (at least there were no ants in our food).

Lower Right: A few of the guys indulging in a Spanish meal at one of the various great restaurants in the area.





Top Left: For many, The House provided a good place to spend their free time.

Above: Some of the guys caught conspiring some dastardly deed.

Below: Action during the Sports Day Softball Tourney.

Top Right: A familiar scene around camp, the daily visit to the Roach Coach.

Above: Mid Deployment Party Band testing their equipment, UT2 Bob Shepherd, BUCA Johnny Spillers and EOCA Vern Hensley.

Below: Celebrating a tough and very successful deployment, Capt. Kau hands out vino at the galley.





Above: Castle near Holy Loch where the 62 Det was rumored to have some wild parties on Off Weekends.

Top Right: "I'll teach you to do more push ups than me."

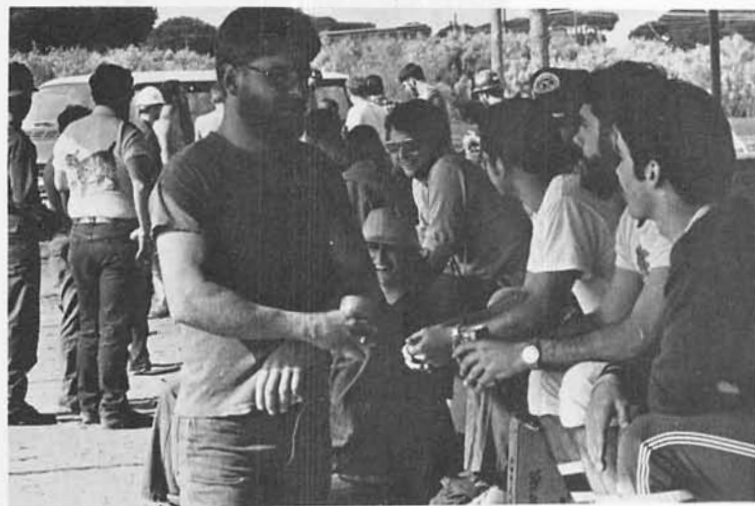
Right: "This one's mine, keep your dirty paws off it."

Below: "I really love these bullfights."

Below Right: "If I don't get chosen first, I ain't playin'."

Bottom Left: "We're the E Battalion and we're going to let everyone know it."

Bottom Right: "You don't have to salute, you idiot, you're not in uniform."





ECHO CO. OFFICE

Echo Company building at Rota and the two main office workers BU3 James Fletcher and BUCN David Reynolds.



CAPT. Kau, LCDR Bone and LTJG Tom Lowry show off new BEQ's to the Spanish Commander of the Rota Naval Base.



New Bees in town. They looked sharp, tall, vivid green in the creases of brand new utilities, waiting with seabags strewn on the galley lawn in late afternoon. The polish and meticulous detail standing amidst our lone showpiece of a lawn in the horizontal rays of the sun, lent some authenticity to their boast of concession, "only because we won it last year". Our relief looked good and seemed prepared and it was well that such an image pervaded their ranks, this, the soon-to-be Seabee presence in Europe. Our people looked out of the corner of their eyes and little was said, graciously; one battalion was here to continue the serious business at hand and both sensed the comparisons, mirror images, "the competition" . . . it would be nice to be looser with these people, our fellow American Seabees, but pride welling out of many successful deployments by both battalions left the stoic barriers intact.

NMCB-62 had been feeling the nervous tingle of adrenalin for a couple of days similar to when the

THE BEEP AND HOMECOMING

body works hard all day but is prematurely rested, resulting in tosses and turns and muscles that just won't sit still. So many projects which had consumed the physical and emotional energy of the 62 'Bees over an entire deployment had been completed without punchlists: with the burden removed but the deployment-hardened drive still compelling, still urging on, the fidgeting and jostling seen in some men seemed to warrant nailing down the lighter hearted lest they float up and away . . . Home! A scant week away and already was felt the swelling of confidence, that America would soon be descended upon by five hundred of the best, flush with victory and filled with the resolve that only reinforces over eight months of arduous labor; may New Orleans' open arms soon greet these Seabees, God's gift to woman-kind in the spring of 1980.

Battalions stake a great deal on each deployment with the investiture of thousand's of man-days, the responsibility of mountout readiness (while stormy controversies rage over unknown lands only an air-lift away) and the intangible fates of each human being left to reconcile his fortunes/famines as best he, and only he, can. Strong men occasionally hold their breath: even the grandly ambitious, fearless and most

determined concede the dark thoughts of best-laid plans waylaid by rains, terminal jaunts by React Forces, aces-in-the-hole summoned by emergencies at home, a dip in morale . . . falling back, old hands would brandish the shield of Guam, ahhh, there was a deployment where life was sunny and virtuous . . . funny how one heard it all when gray clouds gathered overhead. Now it was left to the strikers in concrete trenches, draped under vehicle hoods, strapped to electrical poles and hunched over all manner of office machinery. It was left to the new "veterans", all of nineteen and twenty years old, to emblazon NMCB 62's mark on Spain, to establish once again the reputation of a battalion to which they had been mechanically assigned but to which they, of their own volition, had forged an allegiance. 62 was my battalion as much as it was yours or theirs. Nothing delighted one so much as the first gripe, the first jive, the first off-color joke that surely signalled that a new man felt at ease among his fellow Minutemen and really wanted to feel a part of everything surrounding him. He was here to do his best, willingly, and the distant glory of Guam tarnished in the face of this new challenge which didn't look so uphill after all when your friends jumped into the trench with you in the middle of a long pour when you suddenly felt the excitement of mastering the task before you. Could a CN really be so salty at so young an age? "Well, back in Spain last deployment . . ."

Silver City surrounds a pine-covered hilltop which shadows the "Chapel in the Pines". This rise is the most peaceful spot in the camp and not accidentally might inspire allegorical implications as the point closest to the sky, heaven, beyond. No chatter of pneumatic wrenches nor roar of "silent hoist" nor typewriter staccato here; only the cadence of chirping birds breaks the stillness. It was perhaps the only spot that a man walked past with any regularity that offered a respite from the frantic activity in the camp below. Thus it soon evolved into an off duty sanctuary where the sun was warm and the pine needles soft and the irrepressible thoughts of home were conjured up without solicitation. It would be Spring in Mississippi just as we had fortuitously shared spring in Spain with our relief. There was time finally, in the last week, to stop under the pines on the hill to try to recall all that had happened to us over eight months. As our relief would soon rediscover, you had to momentarily crawl before you walked but when the full strides leaped into a dead run the momentum was infectious and the triumph of a successful deployment spread throughout the battalion. Only those too fogged by celebrations could not realize the sublimity of deployment's end, but they were in an aura all their own, well earned at that.

Mustering at flighttime, words could not be spoken



The personal property shipment signaled the beginning of the end.



We celebrated the opening of the new BEQ's, which 62 completed.

to acknowledge the thanks for eight solid months of steady performance in duty on foreign soil and the honest fellowship that allowed it all to materialize so quickly. We all knew each other pretty well and the mutual respect that had been developed wanted no elaboration. A firm shake of hands, and nothing re, expressed it all.



With the arrival of 71 + 3's Co, we could taste home.

The Silver City camp was formally turned over to Capt. McCorvey of 74, and we were ready to fly.





Top Left: Battalion cargo being stacked for the cargo flight.

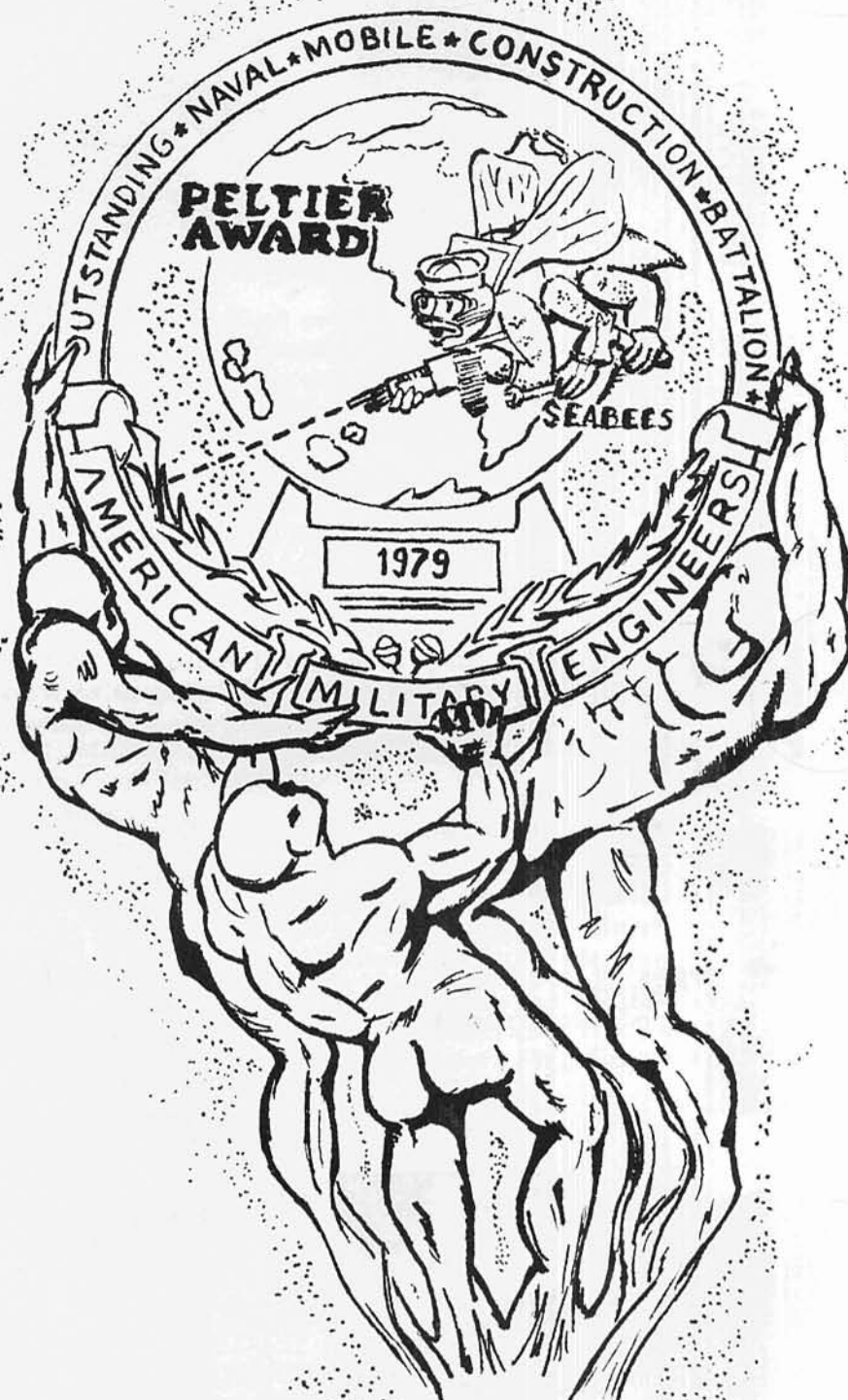
Top Right: After a 9 hour non-stop flight from Rota, over Lisbon, the Azores, three thousand miles of ocean and the Eastern U.S.A., the main body flight finally touches down in Gulfport.

Above Left: Commodore Fraser can be depended on to welcome his Bees home, even if he has to fly down from Washington to do it.

Above Right: It's not long NOW!!!



HOMEcoming



Each man in the Battalion should be extremely proud of the fact that he served in the BEST Mobile Construction Battalion in the United States Navy, we all knew it, but the experts confirmed it.

1979
MCB 62

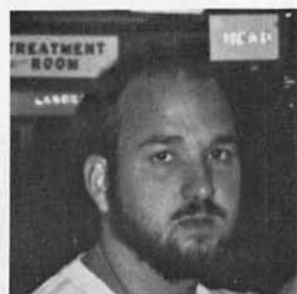
Ampted. 80



Well, we've finally reached the end of this photo-journalistic journey through the last 14 month Seabee cycle. The surrounding pictures captured the mood of just a few of the readers upon finishing the book. For instance, some men were mournful that there were only 200 of these delightful pages; others (if it can be believed) were actually lulled to sleep by the contents; others seemed relieved that it was over; still others were in a daze; some were happy (because they enjoyed it?, or because they were glad it ended?, or because they're happy that they didn't have to work on it); others were ecstatic, shocked, upset, and one was very crabby.



Now you can all put this memento of the Seabees up on your shelf to gather dust until sometime in the future when you become nostalgic.



From the time I began working on this book until that wonderful day when it was finished, an incredible amount of work was put into these 200 pages, this mear inch of paper. There was the organization of the book itself; planning the contents of each page. Then we needed hundreds of photographs, and artwork to fill these pages. Only the best negatives were selected and then printed. Then we needed to write captions and identify the people and the settings for each photo. All of these captions and the articles had to be typed, and then the whole works had to be laid-out on sheets to show the publisher exactly where we wanted every word, every picture, whether the pictures were to be reduced in size, or enlarged, or cropped. It was an incredible logistics job; getting portraits taken, getting jobsite photos taken, having people write articles, communicating with the publisher, and the det's, etc. Then we had to pay for the book. Collecting the money from each

man was hard enough, but raising the rest was a job that was more difficult than expected. I think you get the idea; the reason in writing this is for you to appreciate all of the work that went into this book, and for me to personally thank each person who contributed to it's creation.



Artwork by: MSSN Steven Campbell, BU2 George Ash, PN3 "Heavy" Phillips, BU2 Szarkowitz

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Processing Photographs: HM2 George Gabb, PH1 Bob Vaughn, PH1 Mitchell, JO3 George Guarino, YNSN Doug Gayle, EO3 Bianco.

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Fund Raising: CWO2 Bert Freed, HM2 George Gabb, DN Tommy Clements, EO2 Jose Briones, UTCN Richard Graham, EO1 "Tiny" Sipler, LT. John Paul, UT3 Sonny Myers, BU2 Moorehead, YNSN Reyes Martinez, RP3 Greg Meares.

Det Coordinators: EA1 Jim Moody, BU3 Descoteaux, BU2 Stauffer, BU3 Kinder, LT. Paul Crosmer.

Captions: EO2 Jose Briones, LT. Randy Jencks, YN2 Mike Fleming, JO3 George Guarino, LTjg Tom Lowry, LT. Glen Cyphers, Ens. Bob Pete, LT. John Paul, LTjg Steve Benton.

Wheel of Fortune: Bravo Co. and Engineering Dept.

Thanks to the XO and CO for their support.

To those of you who helped with the cruisebook, those who went out of their way to support the cruisebook financially, and to all of the people above, and anyone I may have forgotten, thank you for making my job a little easier.

John S. Paul LT. DC
Cruisebook Editor

A MEMORY AWAY

And so our impossible dream came true, we were returning once again to our families and friends back in the land of the shrinking dollar. The home that we all knew so well, but the memory of which had grown fainter with the passing months. There passed eight months none of us would ever forget. Spain would remain with us in the main body as a lasting memory, a land of blazing sunsets and crumbling castles on the far side of the Atlantic.

The Details would re-assemble from around the world back in our home port, with their home for the past deployment also just a memory away.

