

# the seabeacon

NMCB 62

"The Minutemen"

July, 1978



BU3 P.E. Hawkins shows off his own version of a new dance craze: the "Seabee Shuffle." Hawkins and other Seabees of NMCB 62 are reboarding their plane after a short stay at Honolulu Airport. The Minutemen arrived on Guam in good shape and are doing even better today.



from the commanding officer

# Reviewing homeport

Another deployment has begun for the Seabees of NMCB 62, the eleventh one since our recommissioning July 2, 1966. Eight of them have been to the Pacific area of control; this is the second time 62 has been on Guam.

We had an action-packed home port preparing for this deployment, with many accomplishments in:

Military training (rifle and pistol qualifications, combat skills course completions, field exercise spirit and participation, plus the officers' course.

Additionally, there were a great many technical training schools attended (formal and special) and petty officer development schools.

And our cold weather detachment got a taste of real winter in Fort Drum, New York, where they trained.

But for our men who took part in "Operation Snowblow II"--digging out Rhode Island--the real winter was also a real emergency; one that we dealt with successfully.

We had the Anumi Bridge installation, an important project, fine administrative inspection results, meticulous appearances at personnel inspections, a record low loss rate of combat gear (none), low tool losses, detailed deployment construction planning, and finally being presented with the Peltier Award.

Our building efforts here are off to an excellent start, especially with our details. The way we've adjusted to revised tasking and starting points on Guam, identifying

problems, getting them resolved and looking ahead in our planning is very rewarding.

Our deployed training program is the most comprehensive, well-organized and productive one I've seen.

As I write this, we are in the middle of our mount-out exercise, the first such event for us in two years. It's a valid test of our ability to send an air detachment of 89 men and their equipment to any spot in the world within 48 hours.

Then the rest of the battalion must be ready to move--including tools, supplies and equipment--within six days of the alert. Parts of the air detachment actually boarded C-141 aircraft and took off on demonstration flights.

An evident characteristic of this exercise is the amount of information we learn from it. This helps to improve our readiness posture, and the tremendous spirit and determination of our Seabees.

Spirit has become our trademark--we're proud of it. It's an ingrained attitude; to do the best we can through a system of cooperation; helping the other man/company/department if needed. Working for the whole battalion, and nothing less. Overcoming every obstacle no matter how tough it is. Doing the very best we can until no more can be done. Being proud of what we accomplish.

We have a reputation to live up to and it's quite obvious that everyone's trying: 110%. Go Navy!!



# USO throws party

There's nothing like feeling wanted, and that's exactly the way USO made the Minutemen feel June 25 at their island bash, celebrating NMCB 62's arrival on Guam.

The party, thrown for all construction battalions deploying here, drew a tremendous crowd from the ranks of the Seabees, other military units on the island and the USO itself.

Activities kicked off with the second annual raft rally shortly before noon on the brightly sunny tropical day. Then the strains of country-western music enfolded the area, provided by three different bands; also, the Navy Combo played a wide variety of tunes.

Meanwhile, various teams jumped, twisted and sweated their way through an exciting volleyball tournament, attracting a sizeable crowd of observers.

Others sought a very different pastime, but just as entertaining, at a booth stationed by very pretty ladies connected with the USO. Over the booth, a sign read: kisses--\$1. None of the Minutemen seemed to object contributing a dollar in support of the Cancer Society; can you guess why?

Food and drink were in abundance; cooking efforts were donated by the Hafa Adai Kiwanis Club. They are to be commended for their tenacity in the face of hot and very unsympathetic grills.

Of course, the beauty contest was the greatest thrill of all--with a twist. Several Seabees donned some skirts, garter belts and the appropriate padding to parade onstage and be judged for their "good looks."

Imagine our surprise in finding that Chief Faulkner has attractive legs!



Chief Equipment Operator Skip Rogers shows his support for the Cancer Society at NMCB 62's recent USO party.



## Personal message from RAdm. Peltier

Dear Commander Fegley:

"It is indeed a pleasure for me to congratulate you, your officers and men of Naval Mobile Construction Battalion Sixty-Two on its selection as the recipient of the Peltier Award for Fiscal Year 1977.

"I know competition with the other battalions is most severe, and having been singled out as the best is indeed something you and your men can be justly proud of.

"Please convey my best wishes and a 'well done' to the battalion."

Sincerely,  
E.J. Peltier  
Rear Admiral CEC USN  
(ret.)

Thank you, Admiral. We're bucking to be number one again this year--you can bet on it.

### *this issue was brought to you by.....*

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## Photo shorts



Captain John Aguon, chief of field operations for the Department of Public Safety on Guam, discusses community relations with LCdr. Anthony Corcoran after receiving award from NMCB 62. It was given in recognition for the police escort provided for the Minutemen's troop convoy during the battalion's mount-out exercise.



Chief Builder Ron Flockton monitors a Seabee doing his pushups, part of NMCB 62's recent physical fitness testing at Camp Covington. All personnel were tested; the Minutemen will have an ongoing physical fitness program throughout their deployment to Guam.

## Logging in

Congrats to all the Minutemen advanced on this cycle's exams.

We had 44 men advanced to E4, 45 made E5 and 20 were chosen for the grade of E6.

Welcomes are given to:

Gregg R. Hanson, BU3  
Thomas L. Dexter, SW2  
Patrick O'Brien, SA  
Clifton D. Browne, BUCR  
Greg B. Meares, YNSA  
Marcus D. Kinder, BUCA  
B.L. Hazelwood, SWCR  
Michael O. Kite, SWCR  
Jeffrey E. Wilhelm, BUCR  
L.H. Brotzman, CM1  
Barry B. Dechaine, CM2  
Alan R. Fitzgerald, EOCN  
Robert H. White, CM1

And goodbyes extended to:

Manny E. Bravo, PN2  
Patrick F. LaFeve, BU3  
L.V. Hoomana, MA1  
Juan D. Labadan, CM1  
Charles E. Hagston, BU2  
Stanley D. Clark, CE2  
Leslie E. Jones II, CE2  
W.B. Barillaro, CE3  
Kevin L. Buckley, BU2  
S.P. Naleski, CE3  
Jack A. Tinsley, SK2  
Cliff L. Vantine, CMC  
Harry S. Elliot, BU2  
Daniel E. Patrick, SWCN  
James R. Moore, SWCR  
Paul E. Howell, EO3  
Ronnie D. Foreman, SWCR  
James J. Hone, BU3  
Ricky J. Jackson, EOCN

Good luck to all, whether you're coming or going!



# Seabee Team N-Quad-Gamma

Up at the blast station, everyone was feeling fine. The men had just come in from 75 days of leave, and the general feeling in the air was, "Let's get moving."

Chief Hydroponics Mate Romulus Rex glanced at the astroscreen, which showed a purple orb waging a silent war against the surrounding universal blackness.

He pressed the "500-power" button and the screen filled with the planet called Iruk, pulsating with atmospheric changes and showing off a few mountain ranges. In the A/C quadrant, a flash of light glittered. "So that's Camp Hydrathopod," Rex mused.

"Yep, that's Hydro, and it's only 22 light years away," chimed in Cybernetics Mate First Class Rubaton Quazar. He was a Ramsilian; a young one at that—only 113 years old. "My brother's in N-Quad-Beta. Just got back from there. Said construction isn't so bad once you get used to the 87-hour day."

"Listen, Quazar. You know anything about the rumors concerning a Zandrian ship that's been giving our guys trouble over there?" Chief Rex lit the last nicostick in his pack. "Something about rearranging molecule structures so the things come apart without warning?"

Quazar laughed. His gills turned orange, a dead giveaway that his funnybone had been activated.

"Are you from Mercury, or what? The Zandrians were phased out at the Battle of the Bulbous Asteroid. Three thousand starships disintegrated all at once by the Klemper Effect. Don't you ever listen to books? No Zandrians survived.

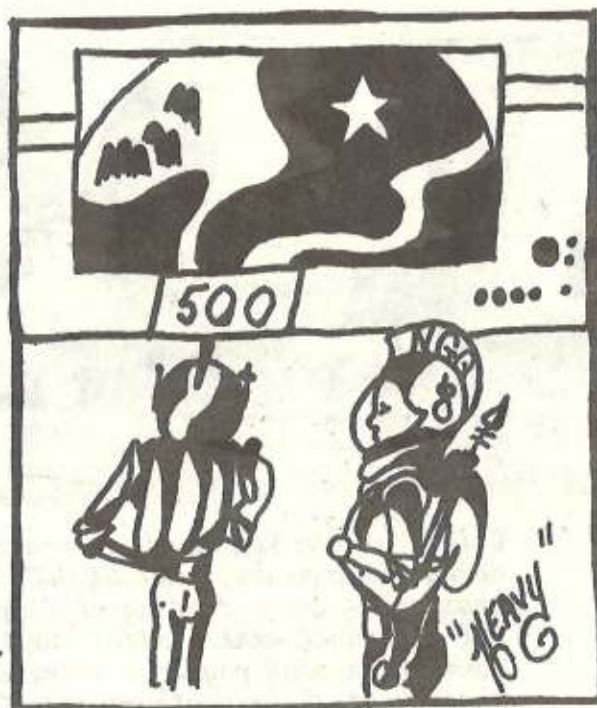
Just one of their info robots named Apache. All it could do was recite an ancient American novelty poem called 'Jabberwocky.' Made no sense at all."

Quazar adjusted the strap on his hyper-automatic flashgun. "No, if something's wrong over there, they'd better not try to pin it on an extinct race of aggressors."

Telepath Control broke in. The silence of Chief Rex's inner ear was pervaded by the CO's calm but assertive voice: "Attention all hands. We'll be boarding the orbital cruiser in 15 minutes. Say your final good-byes and warm up your nongrav belts.

"Lieutenant O'Flame will lead everyone up to Platform Number One at 60,000 feet. Check oxygen supplies and fall in at the embark area. We'll form up 30 seconds after take off. That is all."

Having received the message, Seabees began to execute orders. Wives





hugged and kissed husbands one last time. Kids said goodbye to their fathers; a goodbye that meant three years of separation.

But N-Quad-Gamma was lucky this time. Their last deployment had been to Dagon Grok, a pitiful asteroid stuck in the middle of the Sinatra Galaxy. It took five years to get there, which meant a round trip of 11 years, counting one year of actual construction.

Many families elected to be placed in suspended animation until their husbands returned for a six-year home port. Others merely "roughed it," and lived day by day

It was tough on the husbands, too. Most of the Seabees were only obligated for three deployments before retirement, and that was quite enough.

But the pay was pretty good. An E4 over two years pulled in \$15,000 a month. Some officers were known to make over \$500,000 a year. And then there were \$50,000 bonuses for hazardous jobsites, like the stellar heating project on Bioped II. Gravity was seven times greater there than on Earth. Even with hydraulic energizers, physical movement was exhausting. No one could last longer than four months.

Molecule Processor Second Class Lozario stood by the Dehydra-Food Counter. This was his fifth deployment, and the extension check he held in his hands was for \$100,000.

He would probably buy a low-gravity geodome on Jupiter after



"Kryston nibutz chelumbria?" it asked in a voice that sounded like the hum of a plastene synthesizer.

"No, Gerkin, I can't send you a present until I find out what's up there to buy." He turned off his wrist-video, having become quite bored watching "Love, Zircon-X Style," picked up his flashgun and made his way to the embark area.

"Those Irukites might not have anything to sell except those weird candles with three-dimensional light. You don't want one of those, do you?"

Gerkin was sobbing, rolling on the



Lozario couldn't bear it. He gave Gerkin a quick hug and rushed away, nearly tripping over an aquaflyer encased in its own bubble of marine plasma. That was Henderson's pet. Henderson was the only natural telepathic in the whole Seabee Team; they were rare. You could tell a phony mindreader by the implanted wire behind the left ear; Henderson had none.

The troops were staged in lines, spacesuits shining beneath the dull green glow of Luna Two. There used to be a real moon--a white one--many years ago. But it was hauled away by a group of eccentric Jor-n-ads, who thought it was one of their own huge light-globes.

Lt. O'Flame gave the command, "Switch to nongrav," and the 300 were airborne with not a parachute to the unit. Squadrons formed at 1,000 ft., then the command ascended to Platform Number One.

Chief Rex looked down only once, at 40,000 ft. The blast station was a small flash of light being rapidly obscured by thunderhead clouds. He heard Lozario on the intercom muttering something about souvenirs. The chief wondered if there would be trouble on Iruk. What would they do? He smiled and whispered, "Send lawyers, guns and money..." It was part of an old folk song his mother had sung him to sleep with. "No, man, that won't work; Gerkin is paranoid about guns." Lozario on the line again.

Luna Two went behind a cloud, leaving the Seabees floating noiselessly in the black stratosphere. A lightning storm flashed far below. Above them loomed the dark hull of a U.S. Navy orbital cruiser; its jets were already fired up. (to be continued)

**first in a series by P.M. Callaghan**

## **Wives' club news**

"On behalf of the club members, I'd like to give a brief rundown on how we're doing back in home port.

"We had a social and nomination of officers at a combined meeting held in May. There was a very large turnout from the wives--many new ones were present. We're happy to report that the only problem experienced throughout the entire evening was... too much food.

"Recently, new club officers were elected. They are: Barbara Williamson, chairman; Becky Terry, vice-chairman; Linda Craft, secretary and Carol Rispoli, treasurer.

"I'll keep you informed on all our activities as they happen. Until next issue, take care of yourselves, husbands. We love you more than words can say.

## **Note from Com30thNCR**

Here's a recent note from Com30thNCR to the Minuteman Battalion and The Big One, concerning completion of the Farallon de Medinilla target upgrade project:

"Successful completion of this project demonstrates that Seabee ingenuity always will prevail as shown in both NMCB One and NMCB 62's preparation and siting of materials for the project using items removed from local DPDO yards.

"The flexibility to react to tasking revisions, along with the resourcefulness and extra effort demonstrated, was typical of the 'Can Do' spirit of the Seabees.

"For both battalions, well done on this fleet support project."

It may take two battalions to do it, but what the Seabees start...the Seabees finish.



## Chaplain Hedwall

# *Saga of the Ratherbees*

The word is out that the NMCB 62 Seabees may change their name to the "Rather Be's." The change is said to be considered because whenever a member of 62 is asked, "Howsitgoin'?", he replies: "I'd rather be in \_\_\_\_\_, or with \_\_\_\_\_, or doing \_\_\_\_\_."

Presumably, the blanks can be filled in with 1) any place but where you are, 2) your wife or favorite girl (choose one), 3) any good-paying, easy work job done in air-conditioned, music-filled comfort.

"Rather Be" hits like a contagious disease a few weeks after a deployment begins. It often starts with a cheerful letter from home.

This is when the married man is shocked to learn that the family can actually survive without him, and the single man discovers that he can't survive without her (by the way, pseudo-scientific studies show that when the father is absent from the home, the number of children shows watched on TV goes down).

The "Rather Be's" can have a disastrous effect, since those who are always looking backwards tend to walk into telephone poles and other people.

Individuals who concentrate on how miserable they are because their wishes are not fulfilled certainly don't cheer up their loved ones, nor the rest of us who must live with them.

But the "Rather Be's" can lead to much healthier relationships with the ones we left behind.

Being separated from familiar peo-

ple and habitual life styles can help us distill from our fermenting emotions those things which are most important to us.

Has anyone ever returned from a deployment and not given more time and attention to those things we realized were missing from our lives?

For better or worse, we are Seabees; not Ratherbees. We are here, not someplace else; with each other, not with those who are more meaningful to us. And, until we change the circumstances of our lives, we will continue to fit into one particular hole in the great pegboard game of life.

The Bible has many stories about "Rather Be's." In one, the Israelites are standing by the shore of the Red Sea.

Before them lies the choppy water. Behind them, they hear the thundering wheels of the Egyptian chariot army, coming to play "gotcha."

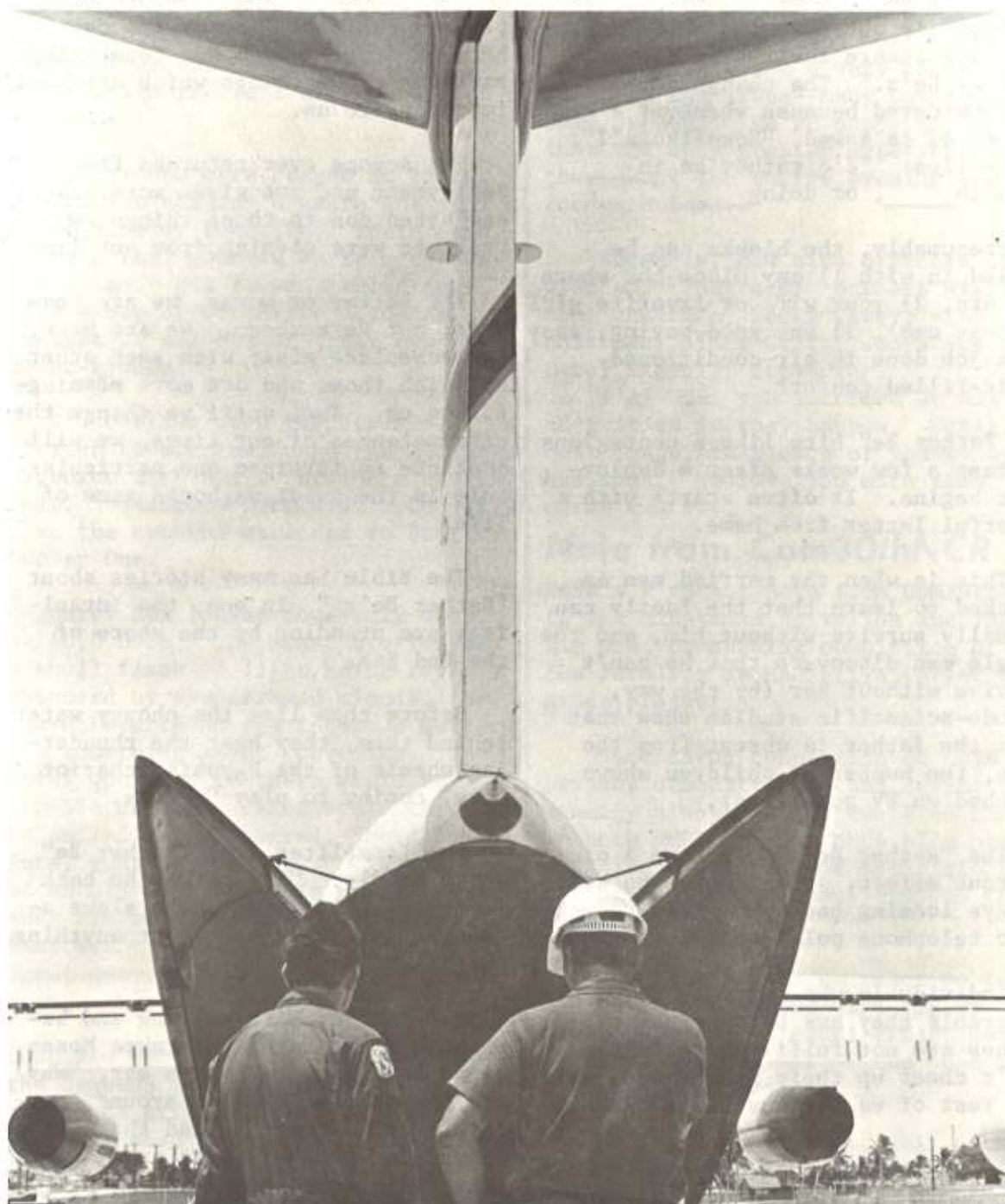
The Israelites sing "Rather Be" quite loudly: "I'd rather be back in Egypt...I'd rather be a slave again. I'd rather be almost anything but killed."

And as they sit, wailing and bemoaning their fate, God takes Moses aside and whispers in his ear, "Why are the people standing around, crying to me? Didn't I lead them out of Egypt, across the desert sand? Tell the people to go forward!"

So before our name is changed from Seabees to Ratherbees, let's get our feet wet--and go forward.



# MOUNT OUT



*Air Force pilot and Seabee chief gaze into the gaping hold of a C-141 "Starlifter" at Andersen AFB prior to loading operations for the air detachment of 89 men and their equipment.*



They told us to go, and so we went.  
And when you're a Seabee, going is  
called "mount out."

Because Naval Mobile Construction Battalion 62 is the Pacific alert battalion, and because the Minutemen must be ready to move anywhere in the world at any given moment, mount-out exercises are a necessity.

This battalion's recent mount-out served as a reminder to every Seabee in the unit that a lot can depend on how long it takes to pack out their seabags, equipment and weapons. And how long it takes to get their bodies airlifted from one place to another, and do whatever is expected of them.

#### *Word passed*

At 10:20 a.m. on a restful Sunday, the Minuteman Battalion's mount-out began. Off-base liberty was canceled. Security guards were

posted.

Word of the event was passed down the chain of command, and extra lines of communication were installed in anticipation of a lot of radio traffic.

NMCB 62, best of type in the Atlantic Fleet, best of type in the entire Navy, beginning its third Pacific deployment in a row, was in a sudden state of emergency alert.

#### *Air det moves out*

In less than 48 hours, an air detachment of 89 men in full combat gear was speeding toward Andersen Air Force Base in a police-escorted convoy.

Thirty-three pieces of equipment stood on the landing apron: front-end loaders, 2½-ton trucks, jeeps, lowboys and concrete mixers.



*Technical sergeant of the Airlift Command Element finds shelter from the sun in the scoop of a front-end loader. He and other Air Force personnel checked the condition of Seabee equipment before loading.*





*Chief Steelworker Frederick Weaver and T/Sgt. John Thompson show real teamwork in coaxing a pallet of supplies onto a C-141 aircraft.*

In short, it was the "guts" of any Seabee unit, ready for loading aboard 11 C-141 "Starlifter" aircraft provided by the Military Airlift Command.

But the 11 would be needed only in reality; two Starlifters were enough to meet the needs of this exercise.

The condition of Seabee equipment was evaluated by Air Force members of the Airlift Control Element (ALCE) at Andersen prior to loading. Two technical sergeants from ALCE also assisted Seabees in the tricky business of easing the bulky equipment into the C-141's cargo holds.

*Readiness inspected*

and tactical communications equipment were in good condition.

He also checked personal gear: canteens, shovels, mess kits, ammo pouches, ponchos and backpacks; each one an article of combat survival; each one properly fitted and ready for use. McCann makes it his business to stop the Seabees from going anywhere unprepared.

#### *Riding the planes*

Next day, the actual airlift took place. Several pieces of equipment--ranging from portable water pumps to a 39,000-pound "lowboy" truck--were loaded into C-141s, and part of the air detachment took off.



### *Main body's turn*

Less than 96 hours after 62's air detachment stood by for departure, the rest of the Minutemen stood in lines at the Naval Station's pier, waiting for an LST (landing ship transport) to pick them up. Every imaginable item belonging to the battalion also was waiting: tools, manuals, typewriters, logbooks, paper clips and bulletin boards. The massive amount of unavoidable paperwork had also been completed.

### *Snapping rifles*

The main body underwent an inspection, too. As the Marine major snapped M16s from the Seabees' "port arms" positions, stared down the barrels and examined ammunition magazines, he asked some of the men if they were married, and if they'd had the chance to make out a will.

The entire exercise adhered to realism as much as possible.

Dog tags were checked against identification cards for discrepancies between social security numbers. In a couple of instances, Major McCann asked a Seabee if he knew how to use the gas mask each man had hanging on his left side.

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"How long does it take you to put it on?"

"Nine seconds, sir."

The major glanced at his watch, and said in a soft voice: "Do it." And it was done—in a hurry.

### *Back to normalcy*

At the pier, six hundred men and their machinery had hovered without motion on the edge of an emergency action.



*Nothing but a blur remains to an M16 rifle after Major P.J. McCann snaps it away from the grip of a Minuteman during inspection of the main body.*



But there was no emergency. In fact, everything was fine; the mount-out had been a success. So, having shown themselves and the world they were ready to load planes and ships to meet any disaster in the world, NMCB 62 left the pier, retired the state of alertness, restored combat

gear to the lockers and returned M16s to the armory.

The Minutemen had not moved very far, but after the mount-out, every man in the unit knew he could put himself anywhere on this globe within the space of a well-planned week.



*XO FINDS NEW FRIEND* LCdr. Anthony Corcoran, NMCB 62's XO, takes time out to do the minuet with Ms. Pamela Hoffman, airline hostess from Dallas. As the dancing couple shuffled up and down the center aisle at an altitude of 35,000 feet, LCdr. Corcoran was heard to say, "I feel like I'm floating on air." (Highly retouched photo by JO3 Meph and PH1 Bobby)

Special note of interest: Master Chief Sweeney hasn't had a cigarette since April 14th! Let's hear it for the master chief! (It! It! It! It!)



## Preview of projects

# 62 starts moving

The Minutemen have adapted to their new home at Camp Covington, Guam. Now the transition period is over, everyone has settled down to work on the battalion's primary goal: getting the job done. Briefly, let's see what each company's major projects involve:

### *Alfa company*

Commanded by Lt. James Broaddus, Alfa company has five main projects in hand. Two are at the security facility in the Naval Magazine's Bravo Area.

"Requirements make work somewhat tedious," says Lt. Broaddus. "Each man is checked every morning, along with his equipment. But the measures are necessary and we accept them as such. One thing I can say is that we've lost a minimum amount of working time."

One project involves mostly paving work. Chief Equipment Operator Jaque Hanna will direct the work, including construction of drainage ditches and erosion control facilities.

First Class Equipment Operator Don Elston is overseeing three other Alfa projects.

One task is repair of damaged roads at the Naval Magazine. When the super-typhoon Pamela hit Guam, landslides took away parts of the road. Debris has been excavated, and work is now centered on reconstructing the slope and those road portions that were washed out.



*Seabee arc-welds steel tubing that makes up framework of Echo company's flotation barge for the Lima Wharf project.*

### *Bravo company*

Ensign Brian Silas is in charge of the construction electricians and utilitiesmen who comprise Bravo company. They will be:

- 1) rehabilitating the street light system at the married officers' quarters on Nimitz Hill.
- 2) replacing a salt water ballast line from the fuel pier to fuel tanks at the Naval Supply Depot.
- 3) replacing two boilers in the Camp Covington galley, and helping to



build a new laundry facility in the camp (steel structure).

4) installing telephone cable for use with the alarm system at NAVMAG's Bravo security area, and complete punchlist items for the alarm control center.

5) installing from scratch a generator at the 30th NCR building; 85 mandays are estimated to be the time needed for completion of the emergency power system.

The salt water ballast line replacement project is an ambitious one. The pipe is underground and 1½ miles long. CWO3 Del Herron, assistant company commander, explained the ballast line's use:

"Salt water is pumped into fuel ships to maintain their draft (underwater depth of hull) while unloading fuel. It's pumped aboard in proportion to fuel amounts being pumped off."

### *Echo company*

At Naval Station's Lima Wharf, Echo company has some "amphibious" construction work to do.

"We've got an expensive repair job to do," explains Lt.(jg) Rich McAfee, company commander. "These damaged rubber fenders have to be torn off (each one weighs 267 lbs.) --about one-third of them are coming down."

Then, new concrete has to be placed and holes drilled for the bolts. The crew will be working on a flotation barge that's large enough to hold an "oxy-gun" rig. This is the machine that will burn holes in the concrete for bolt placement.

Echo company's other big project is building an 85x180x23-ft. general warehouse storage structure, using tilt-up concrete wall panels.



*E02 Dave McWatters at the controls of a scraper on the Naval Magazine jobsite.*



Senior Chief Builder Marty Treffner, along with crew leaders BU3 Steve Bouley, BU3 Matt Rooney and SW2 R.E. Hall, wants to make up for lost time; there's been some holdups.

"Some problems in design are being worked out by our engineering aids," says the senior chief. "They're out here all the time helping us make the changes. Lack of materials has been another problem—but our trusty supply department is taking care of that."

Senior Chief Treffner is new to the command, but not this climate. "The extreme heat we have to work under is really our worst problem. It wasn't this bad on Diego Garcia."

#### *Additional projects*

At the precast yard, BU1 Rolando Logan and SW2 Tom Dexter are busy at work on 19 concrete bus shelters to be placed among various naval activities on the island. The precast yard also supports any other project that has a precast construction requirement.

Taken over at 75% completion, much work remains to be done on the Naval Magazine theatre. BU2 George Ash, crew leader, put it this way:

"Well, we've got metal siding to attach, interior stain work, finish a plywood movie screen, install some bleachers, do some blockwork and concrete placement, more exterior finishing, hang windows and paint the whole inside."

Finally, a compressed gas storage building is being built at the Navy Hospital. Alfa company excavated a niche in the side of a hill into which a 20x20-ft. structure will be constructed. But the small building requires a lot of hard work.



*Worker at the NavMag theatre project uses a vibrator to release air bubbles trapped inside freshly-placed concrete.*

"It's rough, because the soil on this site is composed totally of hard coral and rock," notes BU2 D.M. Emerson, crew leader. "We have to use a jackhammer and pickax to excavate footings for the foundation. But our pace should pick up after the excavation is over."

That's the construction outlook of Guam for the Minutemen. Not quite as challenging as the projects we had on Diego Garcia, but one might put forth the question: "Is *anything* as challenging as Diego Garcia?"

Work is work is work is work. Guam may be beautiful, but it's no resort area when the Seabees are in motion.



## sports

### USO vs. Minutemen



*USO baserunner smiles because her team is beating the Minutemen on their home field; they kept winning until the Seabees lost 20-16.*

The softball season got off to a unique start May 21, when the Minutemen encountered the Guam USO Women on the diamond at Caesar's Field, Camp Covington.

Displaying a mixture of great talent and enthusiastic desire, the USO came away with a strong victory, topping the Seabees 20-16.

The Minutemen, who also showed a winning spirit, pitted a different squad against the victors in almost every inning.

In the first stanza, the officers displayed their talents by keeping the game close. After an inning of superb fielding, the visitors led by a score of 1-0.

The second inning nearly repeated the first as chiefs from the battalion battled the USO to a scoreless deadlock.

The third and fourth frames saw personnel from Alfa company ignite a volley of hits, knocking in a total of eight tallies.

But the USO was not to be taken lightly, and promptly snowballed Alfa company by scoring 15 runs, 12 of these coming in the fourth frame.

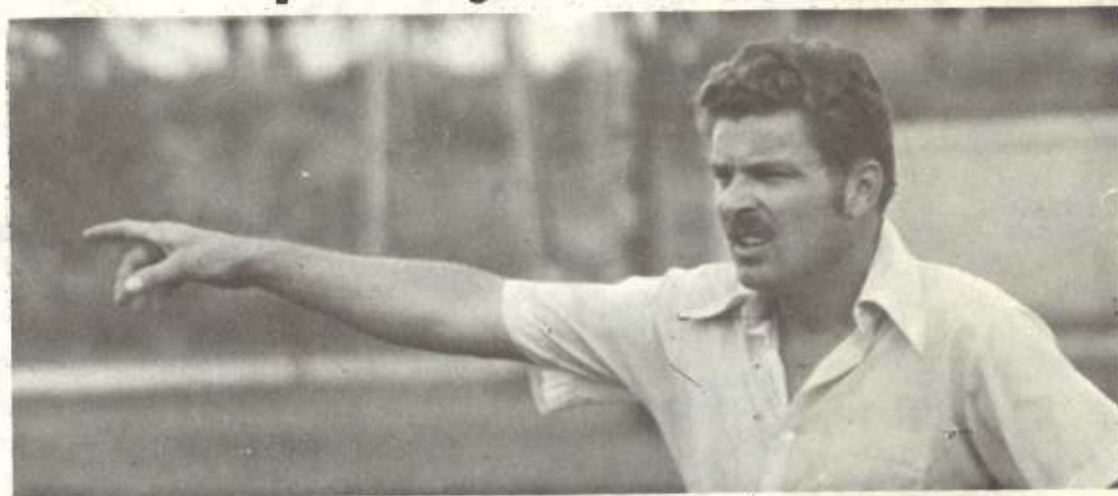
The game slowed down in the sixth frame when Echo company played to a standstill with the ladies. Headquarters company came on in the final inning and heartily took over the task of putting the Minutemen on top. They needed to score eight runs to force a tie with the visiting team.

After a gallant try, NMCB 62 again came up short, which gave the USO its well-deserved victory.



*Softball season openers*

# *H company wins, loses*



*A high point in opening softball action at Camp Covington took place when softball great Mel Ott called for the umpire's attention. Apparently, a wild giraffe--on vacation from India--had set up his camping tent over third base, obscuring it from players' view.*

Minutemen donned caps and gloves June 22 to begin league action at Caesar's field for this year's edition of the softball season.

Nine teams will be battling tooth and nail to find out which one is truly tops in diamond competition: Headquarters company #1 and #2, Supply, Alfa company, Bravo company #1 and #2, Echo company #1 and #2, plus the formidable Chiefs.

In the opener, H company #1 came from behind to pull out a 6-4 triumph over E company #1. Mac Banks led the victors with a double and triple in three times at bat.

Later action saw B company #2 ignite a hitting barrage to trounce H company #2 by a score of 13-3.

The winners led from the very start, compiling 10 runs in the first three innings.



*After connecting for a hit, John Johnston was sparked along the base paths when he heard someone in the bleachers cry out: "Last Call!"*





**SEABEES OF THE NORTH** *Riding across Alaskan terrain in an M-116A1 tracked vehicle are four NMCB 62 Detail Adak members.*

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