

the seabeacon

U.S. NMCB 62

Volume Two, Number Four

*"All the news
that our budget allows"*

October, 1978

Keeping up with projects

62: Getting the job done



CO offers Thanksgiving prayer

Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State for George Washington and twice President of the United States, was the author of the Declaration of Independence. He was also the author of a prayer particularly fitting during this period of Thanksgiving:

"Almighty God, Who has given us this good land for our heritage, we beseech Thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and glad to do Thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning and pure manners.

"Save us from violence, discord and confusion; from pride and arrogance and from every evil way. Defend our liberties and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues.

"Endow with the spirit of wisdom those to whom in Thy

name we entrust the authority of government, that there may be justice and peace at home, and that through obedience to Thy law, we may show forth Thy praise among the nations of the earth.

"In the time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness and in days of trouble, suffer not our trust in Thee to hail; all

of which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord."

May we capture the spirit of this prayer in our everyday lives, especially at the most thankful season of the year. To each of you--the men, families and friends of NMCB 62--I offer my best wishes for a pleasant Thanksgiving holiday.

Over at the galley, MS1 Bayani Fajardo discusses upcoming preparations for Thanksgiving dinner with a gregarious lobster. The sea creature commented he was anticipating a fine turkey cuisine at 62's dining facility. Said the lobster to Fajardo, "I've got nothing against turkeys, but better them than me.



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Commanding Officer of NMCB 62

ON THE COVER: Seabees led by BU2 Charles Weinzierl of Echo company strain to po-

sition a concrete bucket while placing the 20x20-foot roof on a compressed gas storage building, one of NMCB 62's projects here on Guam. (photo by J02 P.M. Callaghan)

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62's Det Diego raises air hangar; massive beamsspan 117 feet

by Lt. E.L. Kornegay

It was a calm and balmy morning on Diego Garcia as NMCB 62's detail broke from their ranks in front of the detail's office. Today was not just another Monday; this Monday was different. The winds had finally subsided, and had been replaced by a human kind of anxiety in the air.

After waiting four days for calm weather, and having prepared for this moment since June, the large steel frames of the Navy's newest aircraft hangar were ready to brave the beautiful view of Diego Garcia's land mass.

Huge concrete foundations and grade beams had been laboriously built in the hot tropical sun. Rusted steel from the salt air had been transformed into soft white members.

Cranes were carefully positioned, checked and double checked by NMCB Four's very capable crane crew. Many long days of hard work, and many hours of planning were behind us now as the moment of truth had arrived.

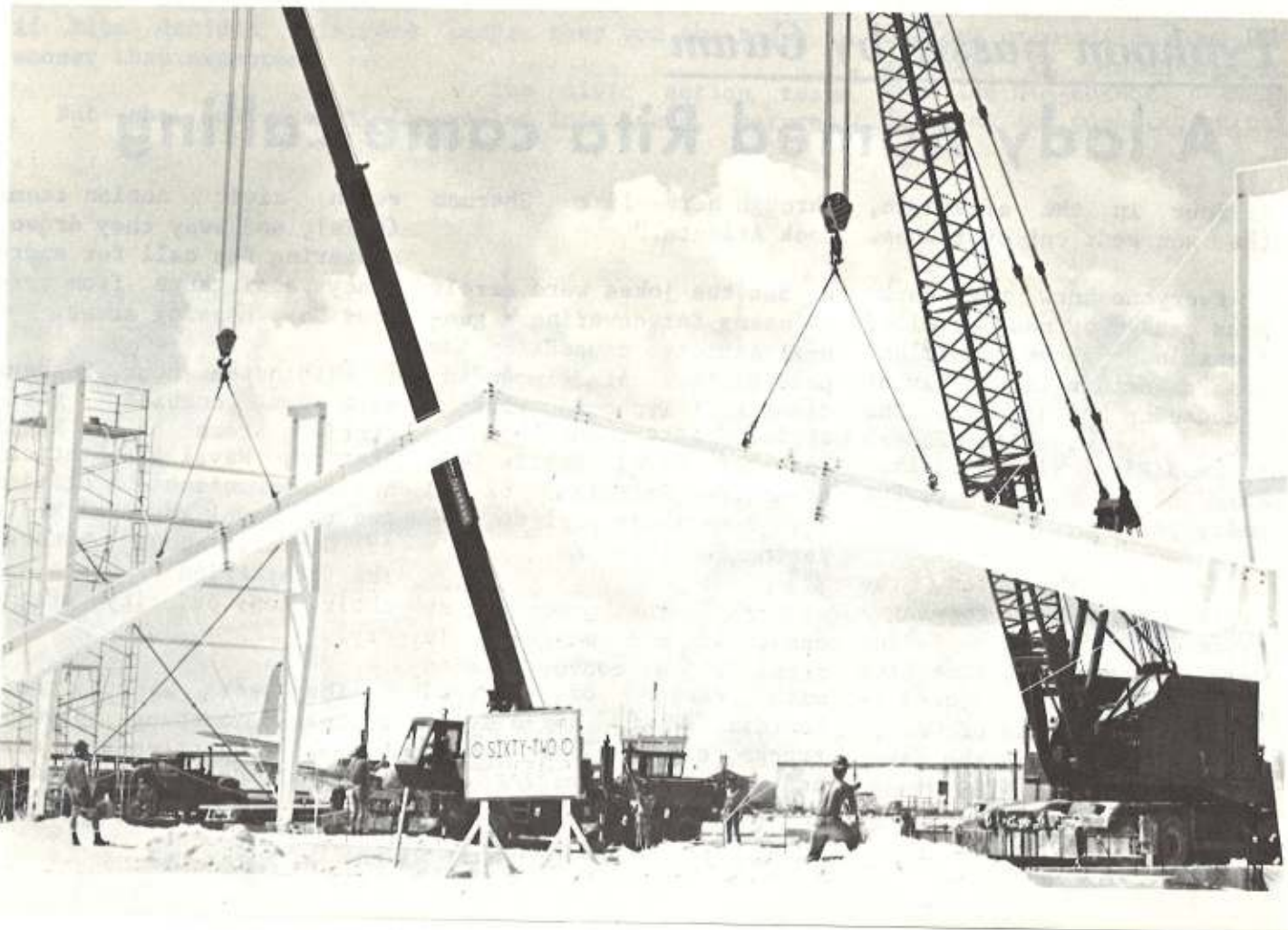
Under the leadership of SWC Lester, SWI Dixon, BUI Irish and EOI May, a most cooperative team was formed to carry out the commands of the officer in charge.

After four separate pro-

posals for erection were debated, a double crane lift was chosen as being better for a lift of this size. Spanning 117 feet, the frame was slowly lifted under the watchful eyes of SWC Lester.

Working late into the hours of dusk, the first two frames were secured and stiffeners were installed. Another major milestone had been met by the Minutemen of 62 on Diego Garcia. Each man returned to camp with pride in himself and his unit over a job well done.

BELOW: A huge 117-foot steel beam is lifted into the air by two cranes at Det Diego's air hangar project.





LEFT: after helping to re-inforce Naval Communication Station housing against the strong winds expected from Supertyphoon Rita, BU2 Andy Etienne watches two children at play in their front yard. The Seabees finished their work at Apra Heights, NAS, NavCams and NRMC well ahead of Rita's first rains.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Six men of NMCB 62 head back to camp after finishing the job: SWCR Lazard, BUCA Vanhouwe, BUCN Sevegny, BU1 Henson, BUCN Maxwell and SW2 McCurry.

story and photos by
JO2 P.M. Callaghan

Typhoon passes by Guam

A lady named Rita came calling

At four in the afternoon, the sun went out over Guam. through here like Sherman took Atlanta."

Everyone knew the darkness caused by massive cloud formations above the island was a certain lady's way of announcing her arrival. The lady's name was Rita—Supertyphoon Rita, with a calling card of winds close to 200 miles per hour.

In Camp Covington, the Seabees talked of forming a typhoon "pool" and taking bets on the exact time Rita would hit. Others joked about "the sinking of Guam," and one veteran on the verge of retirement stated bluntly: "That sucker's gonna go

But the jokes were merely a means for covering a general anxiety caused by the possibility of impending disaster. Typhoons were a serious matter, and the Seabees of Naval Mobile Construction Battalion 62 had just done their part in preparing for this one.

Early that morning at camp, 42 men mustered in front of a convoy loaded with cargos of plywood boards: seven 1 1/4 ton trucks, six 2 1/2 ton trucks and two tractor-trailers.

The men were split into

seven civic action teams (CATs), and away they drove, answering the call for emergency assistance from various Navy housing areas.

Within the hour, Seabees were seen combing residential areas of the Naval Station, Naval Air Station, Naval Communications Station and the Naval Regional Medical Center, among others. The protection of homes was their top priority of the day.

They went about their business, cutting plywood boards down to correct size and covering exposed windows with them. Husbands, wives

and children stood outside their abodes and watched Seabees do their work with efficiency and a hint of urgency, while the winds of Rita picked up speed.

Some of the kids played games in their front yards, too young to understand exactly what was going on. One second class builder watched two young girls collect flowers on the lawn of a home he'd just worked on. "They're safer now," he muttered and started the engine of his truck; other homes had to be protected before Rita came knocking.

By 3 p.m., all work was done, and the Seabees could breathe a sigh of relief. The teams had brought combat rations and canteens with them, ready to take shelter wherever they could find it if Rita decided to strike sooner than expected.

But the sun was still

shining when the CATs from NMCB 62 waved goodbye to residents and hit the road back to Camp Covington.

Guam had been in a state of emergency since 10:30 that morning. Riding past the towns of Tamuning and Agana, one could see people on either side of roads nailing boards or stripping tape over plate glass windows of stores, hotels, gas stations and food markets.

Supertyphoon Rita would hit southern Guam with winds in excess of 70 miles per hour. But important lessons had been learned from her sisters in '76 and '77, typhoons Pamela and Kim. Guam was ready and waiting. Naval facilities were ready and waiting. In the meantime, 42 Seabees were trying to beat the storm back to camp: they won the race.

The civic action teams pulled into camp, returned

from their emergency work operations. From the trucks they went to the galley, and from the galley they went to the barracks. Nothing left to be done but the waiting. Office spaces were secured; personnel movement was kept to a minimum.

Just when the men had taken out decks of cards, guitars, books, writing paper, peanut butter sandwiches and yahtzee games to pass the time with, the sun went out over Guam. Rita had arrived.

(Later, we knew that Guam had been spared from the full fury of Rita, and damage to our camp was minimal, with no personal injuries. But hindsight is always better than foresight; how were we to know? We weren't to know until after the typhoon had run its course. But our preparation was not in vain; it proved that we knew the difference between typhoons and gambling chips)



62's retention team meets BUPERS goal

by NCC Andy Prevento

NMCB 62 has met another important milestone for Fiscal Year 1978—100% of the assigned goal for reenlistments. It takes a lot of effort on everyone's part in the chain of command, and the 62 retention team.

Many long hours of hard work were spent in passing information to our Minutemen well in advance of reaching their decision point; to

stay on active duty or return to civilian life.

Thirty-two first-termers, 11 second-termers and 12 career members reenlisted for Fiscal Year 1978, which represents well above the average percent assigned to this command by BUPERS.

Accomplishing this all-important task mandated that we focus particular attention on individual career needs, and active participation in our retention programs.

Retention of first-term personnel is but the first step in meeting our assigned goals. We must also ensure that strong efforts include



second-term and career personnel.

We now leave Fiscal Year 1978 and move into another new year. The road is paved and the retention team of NMCB 62 is looking forward to another successful year.



E01 (NC) Ron Beaver counsels a prospective reenlistee in his office. (photo by J02 Callaghan)

Logging in

We welcome aboard the following new members of 62:

CE3 William L. Dodd
UTCA Robert C. Baptista
SWCN Gregory P. Buterbaugh
MSSN Timothy W. Sommers
CR Donald B. Denton, Jr.
SH3 Calvin L. Carmichael
SWCS Bobby G. Cummins
UT2 Michael W. Patten
EA3 John Rusnak, Jr.
HM3 Ernesto A. Ricacho
UT3 Jerry L. Atchison
CE2 David Dicenzo
CMCR Stephen M. Dorie
EA3 Rex A. Rohlfig
UTCA Mark A. Dumke

have left us:

BUCN Patrick L. Burke
BU2 Mark A. Higley
BU3 Joe Cassidy
CE1 Jimmy G. Hamill
BU2 Patrick J. Nolan
UT3 Richard "Happy" Harris
EO3 Martin W. Keur
CE3 Bernard P. Gladden
CE1 Alva T. Whiteaker
GMG1 John A. Clark
UT2 Thomas W. Treece
CE3 Donald J. Talley
UT2 Florin A. Parker
BU3 Joseph A. Christopherson
EA3 Jerry Wolfe
CM3 William C. Christenson
CM2 Bruce E. Mathes
BM2 Hames M. Sumrall
CM1 Myles P. Hudson
EO2 Edward D. Kathrens

And we extend fare winds and following seas to those who

Preventive medicine: placing illness out of our reach

by Lt. Sammy Solis, MC, USNR

Being from New Orleans, an assignment to Naval Mobile Construction Battalion 62 which is homeported in Gulfport was like a homecoming for my family and myself.

Having attended Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, and being a graduate of Louisiana State University's School of Medicine, I was eager to return to the Southeast after a year's residency training in pediatrics at the Navy Regional Medical Center in Portsmouth Virginia.

You may be asking yourself what a pediatrician would find attractive in a

Seabee unit; to be honest, so did I at first.

I must admit that I did have some reservations concerning the job. For example, family separation, isolated duty, and the possibility of mounting out to a combat-type situation.

However, after only three months with the battalion on Guam, I have discovered what a rewarding year--both professionally and personally--this will be for me.

After arriving on board in mid-July, I was amazed to discover the similarities between the practice of pediatrics and being medical officer for the Seabees. In

both situations, you have a basically healthy individual and the mission is to keep him that way! It's called preventive medicine.

Just as in pediatrics the emphasis is on immunizations (not to treat but to prevent diseases), and Well-Baby Exams (examining healthy children to diagnose subtle abnormalities and correct them early in order to prevent major illness), the battalion medical officer's major role is to prevent disease.

Tropical diseases like cholera, yellow fever and smallpox--which decades ago accounted for the crippling of entire armies and ships' crews--are stopped by today's comprehensive immunization program.

Survival and jungle hygiene lectures are given so that in the event of a mobilization to the tropics, our men would know how to use the hostile environment as a provider and friend instead of being his worst enemy.

Enthusiasm in the safety program goes a long way in



(continued from page 7)

In the battalion, we have several experienced and well trained safety chiefs, whose job it is to enforce safety practices at the projects. I personally have visited the various job sites, and have been impressed with measures taken to prevent accidents.

Industrial hygiene is a medical specialty which deals with job-related health hazards in the industrial environment. Our own hearing conservation program deals with identifying men who, due to exposure to loud noise for prolonged periods of time, have incurred a

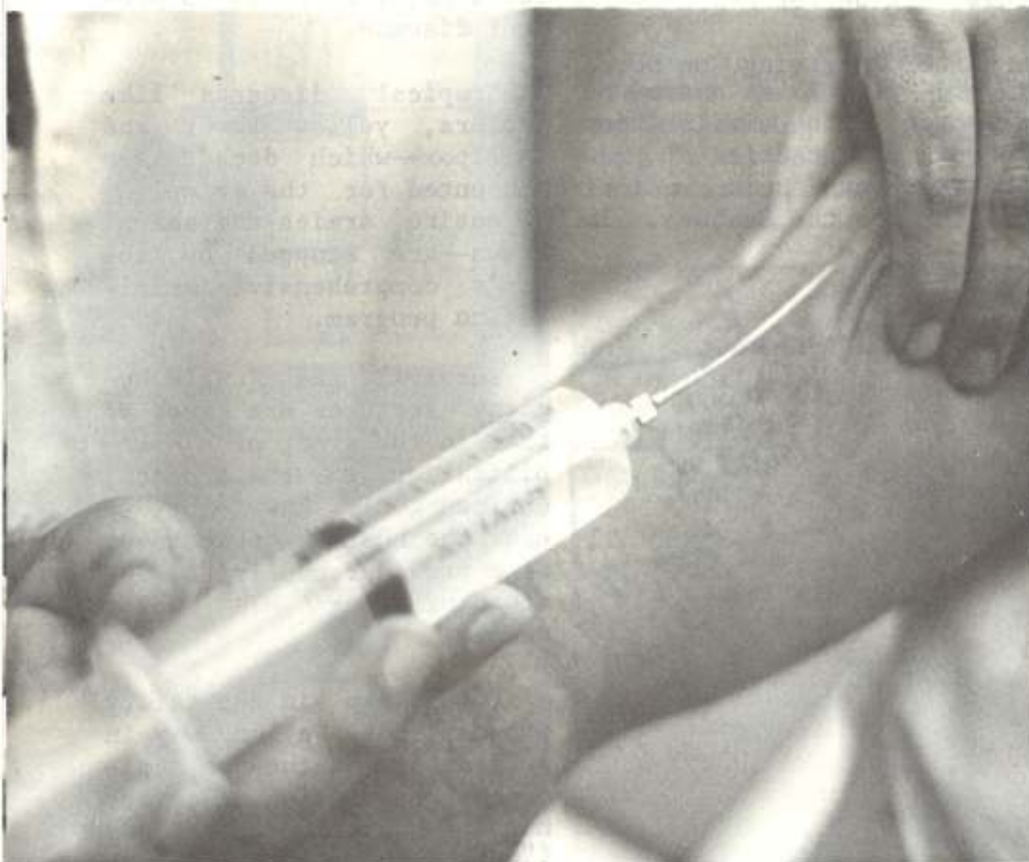
hearing deficit. Steps are taken to prevent hearing loss by encouraging the wearing of hearing protective devices (i.e., earplugs).

Men working with asbestos materials, a fibrous silicate which has been linked with lung cancer, are protected from exposure by the most up-to-date analysis techniques, protective clothing and respirators, and close medical follow-up by myself.

Finally, the Navy's weight control program—monitored by the medical department—deals with identifying obese individuals, and giving them dietary counsel-



HEAVY DUDES HM3 Ernesto Ricacho takes note of a Seabee's overall mass on the scales to make sure he's not overweight.



Now, don't get nervous folks! This isn't a REAL injection. But it graphically illustrates (to say the least) NMCB 62 medical dept.'s immunization program designed to stop illness before it happens. (photos by J02 Callaghan)

ing and exercise programs. Along with self-determination, these help the men to trim off those needless pounds.

Since heart disease, high blood pressure and diabetes have been definitely related to obesity, an "ounce" of prevention in this matter may very well be worth a "pound" of cure!

In conclusion, I've been greatly impressed with the men here: their sincere desire to get the job done and their "can do" attitude is an inspiration to us all. I will strive as a physician to give them the excellent health care they so rightfully deserve, and am looking forward to caring for their families at the CBC dispensary.

Mystery photo of the month

(by Meph)

SPACE VISITOR PUTS NOSE TO LODESTONE--The strange creature on the right was a recent visitor to the construction sites of NMCB 62 on Guam. Hailing from the planet Impedimenta, 2,000 miles south of Arcturus, the being donned a hard hat, activated his nose filter and went to work. Asked about our construction operations, he commented: "fdh hrehf;o; dfu8i32h3jbfhyr!" Soon, it became apparent the work practices of the Impedimentans were somewhat different from those of earth-people. After digging up 500 feet of backfill, the creature broke up the concrete jacket encasing asbestos pipe at the salt-water ballast jobsite, pulled the pipes out of the ground, disconnected them and started loading the segments onto a rough-terrain vehicle. But the fracas soon stopped when the space-Seabee got too close to a deposit of lodestone; here he is, try-to free his metallic nose from the magnetic pull.

Tongue-in-cheek dept. (by Meph)



NEW WINTER FASHIONS---Striking up work-type poses, CECR John Hicks, CE3 Charles Boswell and UTCN Patrick Hipp exhibit the latest

fashion rage among work crews--chain link scarves. They'll keep your neck nice and warm during this year's Guamanian winter!

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men of Bravo
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s and Toyotas

waited their turn, Seabees kept on the move--safely and quickly--to cross the highway as soon as possible. Which they've done. But 100 mandays of work still remain before the salt water ballast line project is over.



CLOCKWISE, FROM IMMEDIATE LEFT: 1) E02 Warren Moore excavates trench for pipe with a backhoe. 2) UTCN Pat Hipp performs a simple but important task--shoveling dirt. 3) SW3 Mike George cuts a section of reinforcing bar. 4) CECN Bill Shields puts local traffic on "hold." 5) As concrete pours down chute, UTCN Cecil Whitehouse spreads it across pipe. 6) While UTCN Tim Holmes runs asphalt cutter, CECN Tom Chisesi and CECN Keith Monsass pack dirt around blade. (photos by J02 Callaghan)



SWB crosses M



The Minutemen of Bravo Co. have been installing 1.6 miles of 12-inch underground pipe ever since we got here.

The pipe will carry salt water from two large tanks at the NSD Fuel Farm to ship holds at pierside; the water

provides ballast to unload their fuel.

Lately, the had to cross M Guam's version Boulevard--with While Datsun



Chaplain Hedwall

Remember the clambake!

by LCdr. Ronald Hedwall

Strangely enough, people seem to be most thankful for the things of their lives when they don't have very much to be thankful for.

One of the more stirring hymns of thanksgiving goes like this: "Now thank we all our God, with hearts and hands and voices; who wondrous things has done, in whom his world rejoices. Who from our mother's arms has blessed us on our way with countless gifts of love and still is ours today."

It's an old hymn (1647) which, in every work and thought, stresses how grateful the author was for his blessings experienced in life.

Strange he could think this way. For the song was written by a German pastor during the final days of a calamitous plague and famine

which had swept across his village: 8000 persons died, almost wiping out the town.

Or consider the Biblical hero, Job. His wealth had been lost, his vast herds and flocks stolen, his magnificent house destroyed, his children killed. Job's wife can only advise him to "curse God and die..." His only response is real thanksgiving--awareness of total dependence and thankfulness: "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Even the Pilgrims held their first Thanksgiving in a time of great need, and not in a time of great abundance as we picture it. A hundred people landed from the Mayflower in September of 1620, just in time for a good New England winter.

By the following spring, 47 of them were buried in the frozen soil, partly due to their food ration of five grains of corn per meal. It was still a long summer before any crops would be ready to harvest.

Then came one of the first encounters with the native Americans. A friendly fellow chanced by, saw how hungry the people were, and showed them the fine art of cooking clams. Those travelers from cultured Europe, with its hundreds of years of learning and refinement, were under the im-

pression that clams were poisonous. And so they starved to death because they had never heard of a clambake. That spring, when they had nothing to keep them alive but clams and oysters, was the first Thanksgiving.

How sobering it is to contrast our land and lives of plenty with these other moments of great thanksgiving. We have much more than enough of everything--so much that we've become the most wasteful people on earth. Are we able, in the midst of God's greatest-ever outpouring of good things, to remember or relearn how to give thanks?

If we have too much, it's hard to honestly feel dependent upon a higher power. Jesus implied this when he talked about how difficult it was for a rich person to give his life up to God. If you are rich, who needs Him?

And yet Thanksgiving Day also comes around this year. One more opportunity for us to get our priorities straight and take a look at our lives. We will be overly blessed, and overly fed, and overly at ease once again. And maybe underly thankful.

Hopefully, it will not take a calamity or a devastation or a starvation to make us honestly and truly thankful. Count your blessings: remember the clambake!



Indians kept the Pilgrims from starving by teaching the art of clam-baking.

All in a day's crush

Seabees into 'hard rock' at Orote Point quarry

So where did you think all that concrete used to build things came from? The ground? Well, you're absolutely right. But it takes a lot of hard work by Alfa company's men at the Orote Point quarry to turn solid coral rock into workable concrete; it goes like this:

E01 Don Bennington and his crew start things off by drilling holes into a rock shelf using an odd-looking machine that looks something like a tank without a turret or armor plating.

After holes are drilled, the men go to work placing safety sticks (liquid and granule explosives mixed inside plastic tubing) into the holes, along with a big amount of ammonium nitrate and fuel oil. Detonation

cord is attached to all the sticks, everyone clears the area and the big blast goes down (see last page of Sept. Seabeacon).

The coral rock, blown into manageable chunks is taken to an intricate apparatus called a rock crusher. And that's exactly what it does—crushes the rock into small particles that make up the aggregate part of concrete.

The aggregate, usually of 7/8" size or less, is transferred to another huge apparatus called a washer. Here the rock is washed, removing extraneous matter before it's put into the concrete batch plant. Sand and cement are mixed with the rock and out comes concrete! (turn page for more photos)

ABOVE: E01 Don Bennington and E02 Fred Minish measure lengths of non-electrical detonation cord. After being cut, the cord is attached to safety sticks by E0CN Edward Cornish and E02 Gary Welch (at left). Det cord is run in "trunk lines" between holes in a rock shelf containing safety sticks. Later, blasting caps are attached to the cord. When the blasting caps are set off, the det cord burns so fast (about 28,000 feet per second), the explosion is almost simultaneous with the blasting caps' ignition. The advantage of using safety sticks over dynamite is the fact that dynamite gives off fumes that can cause nausea. Nitroglycerine from dynamite may also be absorbed through the skin during handling, possibly causing illness.





Top left: Aggregate material is separated into bins by auger after being washed. Top right: E01 "Pappy" Dunlap hoses down material at washer. Left: EOCA Clarence Sheppard loads 7/8"-minus rock as it drops from conveyor. Below: BU3 Dave Shaw mixes cement and aggregate into concrete at batch plant, to be loaded into trans-mixer and taken to one of NMCB 62's job sites.



Left: EOCN Steve Grover places safety stick containing compound explosives into a 30-foot hole on a rock shelf at the quarry; holes are drilled about five feet apart. Below: E02 Gary Welch watches as EOCN Donald Perry brings a load of coral rock in a front-end loader for dumping into the crusher. Bottom left: Rock chunks slip into the crusher's primary jaw mechanism, where they are chewed up into smaller aggregate particles. Bottom right: Coral aggregate travels up conveyor belt on its way to a hopper for stockpiling. It has just been reduced to a size of 3/8-inch or less by a secondary crusher. (photos on pages 13, 14 and 15 by JO2 P.M. Callaghan)



sports

Alfa edges past Echo 7-6 and 12-11 in 2-of-3 series

by Larry Kopp

The final round of the NMCB 62 inter-battalion softball league came to a halt as the battalion's elite teams--

Alfa and Echo companies--clashed in a best-of-three series to determine the champion of this year's season.

The initial game was characterized by sharp defensive agility and scratchy hitting as Alfa company bested Echo company 7-6.

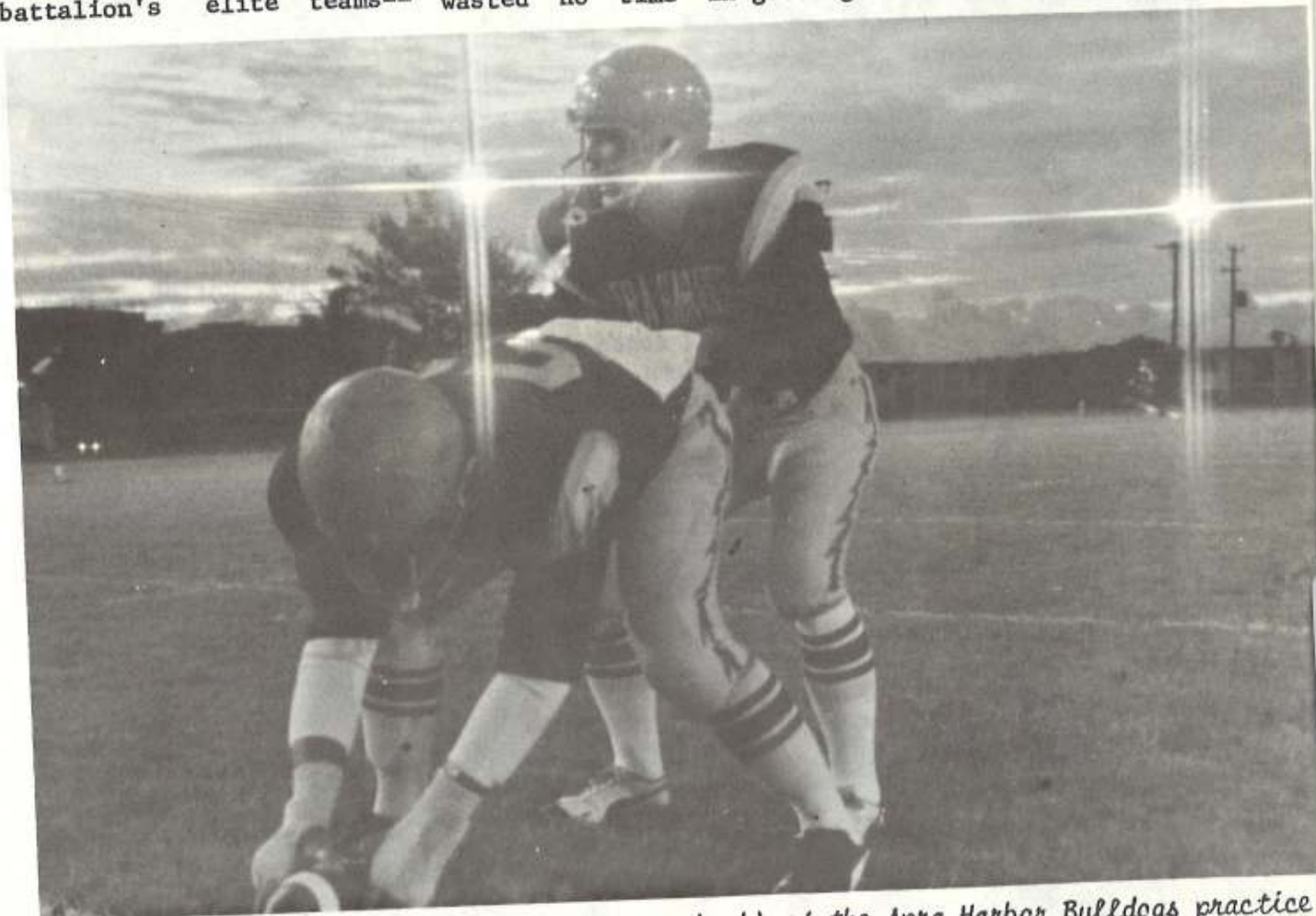
With Alfa company leading 7-4 late in the first inning Echo company began a determined rally as they tallied twice with only one man away, but the rally was snuffed out by a lightning-quick double play engineered by the Alfa company defense.

Alfa company's hitters wasted no time in getting

untracked in the second contest as they unleashed a six-run barrage in the second inning to take a 6-2 lead enroute to a 12-11 well deserved victory.

In the sixth stanza, Echo company refused to accept defeat as their batters finally began hitting the mark while compiling four runs before they were finally retired.

In the bottom of the seventh and last inning, with Alfa company leading 12-10, Echo company once again began an uprising, but was foiled once again by an intense Alfa company defense. Congratulations to Alfa on their hard-earned victory.



John Ludlum (center) and Ken Grimes (quarterback) of the Apra Harbor Bulldogs practice "the snap" before their game against the University of Guam. (photo by J02 Callaghan)



Saluting the cheerleaders

The Bulldogs didn't do so well this season: a two and eight record. But the cheerleaders never let them down. Here they are in action:



photos by J02 P.M. Callaghan

Minuteman roundballers

by Larry Kopp

The NMCB 62 basketball team opened its season as one of the favorites to take the District One crown.

Asked about the team's chances, Minuteman Coach Cornell "G" Galloway said, "I really think we're the best team on the court at all times. I've watched the other teams and I'm confident we can go undefeated to take the championship."

Asked where his team's strengths and weaknesses were, Coach Galloway replied that "we don't really have

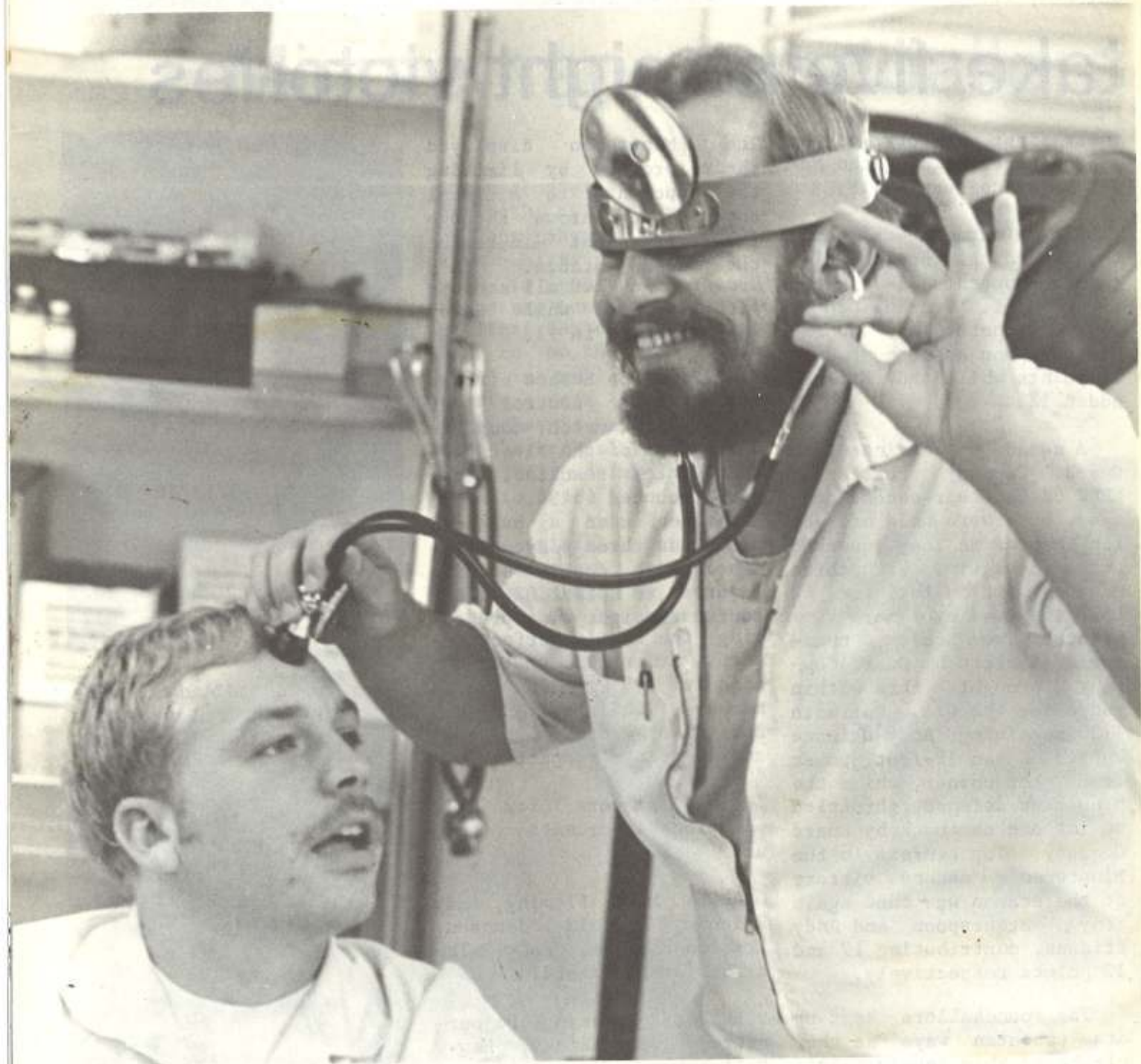
any weaknesses, but our strength definitely has to be our rebounding. We have five quality players who are able to go to the boards with the best of them. The greatest factor to our team has to be the depth. I am able to pull out my five starters and still have a team that is capable of winning basketball games. I definitely think we're the team to beat."

The initial contest for the Minutemen proved what Galloway said as they commanded the backboards for



LEFT: Cornell "G" Galloway, coach for NMCB 62's District One basketball team, says his team is the best on the court at all times. He says it has no real weaknesses, while showing great aptitude in the rebound department.

(photo by JO2 P.M. Callaghan)
ABOVE: Center Tony Weather-
spoon sinks a free throw in
a 49-40 win against NRDC.
(photo by CE3 Jay Boyles)



Doc Hackenbush : *"Happy Thanksgiving, unless you happen to be a turkey."*

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