

MCB 2 Reunion Association

A newsletter for former MCB 2 Personnel

Volume 2, Issue 4

September 15, 1998

LOOK OUT, CHARLESTON! HERE WE COME

September 9 - 11, 1999 (Thursday - Saturday)

But first, a word from our sponsor - YOU!!

Some questions need to be answered by our membership, so if you would take a few minutes and drop me a note to let me know on the following items, I will pass this on to Ben Painter.

ITEM:

1. What kind of merchandise do you want to buy from the MCB 2 store?
 - Seabee ball caps (white with a flag visor).
 - Seabee pewter belt buckles.
 - MCB 2 laser-engraved walnut plaques.
 - Seabee laser-engraved walnut plaques.
 - Seabee T shirts.
 - Seabee/MCB 2 T shirts.
 - Seabee/MCB 2 coffee mugs.
 - What would YOU like not on this list?
2. Would you like a guided tour of the Charleston Naval Station with a stop for lunch at the chow hall? (It's not like it used to be!)

Let me know your thoughts so this reunion will be our best ever. SW

Charleston Planning Update

**from Ben Painter,
Committee Chairman**

As stated in the July issue of the MCB 2 Newsletter, progress has been made in the development of plans for our '99 reunion. We now have our contract in place with both the Hilton and Armed Forces Reunion (AFR). Actually, our contract is with AFR and they have the contract with the Hilton. However, it was, in the end, a contract in which we had the final approval. While there are some parts I would like to have been better, I believe it is the best we could get considering the location and time of year. Believe me, we came a long way from the original contract. All in all, I'm pleased with it.

At this point in time, things are somewhat dormant and will be until around the first of the year. At that time, AFR will start doing detail planning and lining up any tours that we may select.



NOTES FROM OUR MEMBERS

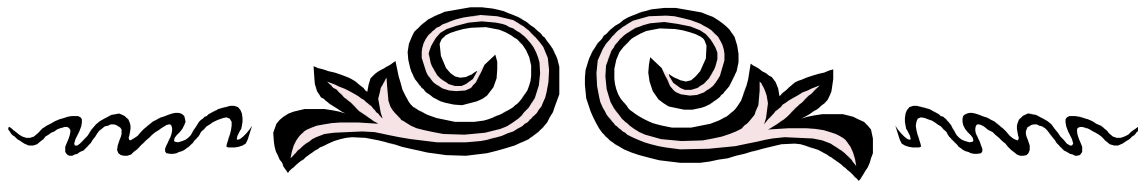
From **DeVon Jensen**: I was disappointed when I noticed in the last newsletter I was not listed with the "Good Guys." I've always been one of the "Good Guys." Please get me back on the Good Guy list. (Yep, DeVon, my oversight. You are one of the Good Guys, all right. My apologies. SW) The 1997 reunion was our first and Mary and I had a grand time. We are looking forward to Charleston! (Great! Hope to see you there - SW) From **Jim Stephens**: Enclosing past and current dues. I hope to see everyone at Charleston. My e-mail address is stephens@comwares.net (thanks, I'll put it on my list). From **Don Grobbel** a note with dues - (thanks). From **C.R. Williamson**: Got the newsletter and my name not on the "Good Guy" list! I sent my dues for '98 and enclosed is dues for '99 - which is a good year - I'll be 77 years old. Hope the reunion is great but my wife and I can't make it. Give our best to all. (Thanks, **Lefty**. We'll miss you there.) From **Reverend Raymond A Beaulieu**: Always happy to hear about the great reunions MCB 2 has had. I'm forwarding the enclosed check for my dues (thanks) and could use a roster (on it's way). **Merle Schnepf** sent dues - (thanks) From **Harold Agles**: I received my newsletter and saw that I am not on the "Good Guy" list. Here's my dues (thanks). I hope to see everyone in Charleston in '99. Note my new address (listed elsewhere). From **Fred Granata**: Enclosed are my dues. Please enroll me as a member. (Fred was CBMU 1/101, which joins us for the reunions). **David Haines** sent a dues check (thanks). From **Nelson Boudreaux**: Please remove my name from the mailing list. I was in MCB 2 for a very short time and I don't know anybody in the group except Stoney. (OK, but we really hate to lose members - SW). From **Stoney** (one of many) I am enclosing a list of those who should be removed from the mailing list

(deceased). In your last newsletter on page 4, **Richard Todd** wrote you. I plan to write him and inform him about those individuals that he asked about. In his letter he told about **Robert Schroll**, the enlisted man in charge. I am enclosing a copy of a letter from the newspaper in Greybull, Wyoming. (which says: Dear Mr. **Serrett**: I regret to inform you that **Bob Schroll** passed away a year or two ago. Neither he nor his family still lived in Greybull at the time, but one of his twin sisters, Ann, comes back often. She is married to U.S. Senator Alan Simpson who is originally from Cody and both visit frequently.) From **Don Nitsche**: I was a Construction Electrician at Atsugi during '51. I was in contact with Stoney last year but was unable to make the reunion in Denver. Sure looking forward to Charleston. I married Martie soon after my discharge in January of 1952 and we are still going strong. We came from Seattle and have lived the past 21 years in Hawaii. We have a Bed and Breakfast (see his ad elsewhere in this newsletter) here, the Bougainvillea Bed and Breakfast here at Ocean View, near South Point on the big island. Sure would like to find out where **Mike Jorgenson** ended up. He was from Santa Cruz, California. Would be pleased to hear from anyone visiting the big island. From **Billy "Doc" Ward**: Here's my dues for two years as I don't want to be a "Bad Guy!" If **Dave Budworth** has any information on **David Bridges** I would like to hear from him. Hope to see you in Charleston. Dues check from **Capers Kinard** (thanks). From **Ralph Binney**: Thanks for the great newsletter! (my pleasure) I don't see my name on the Good Guy list, so I must be a Bad Guy! Don't want to be, so sign me up and send me a member roster. Keep up the good work and see you in Charleston. (Thanks, and I sure hope I can make it. SW) From the daughter of **Frank Honeychurch (Mrs. Nola Honeychurch Rosa)** My Dad will not be attending the reunion in Charleston. He did enjoy the one in Las Vegas and was delighted to be remembered by others in attendance. He especially was happy that

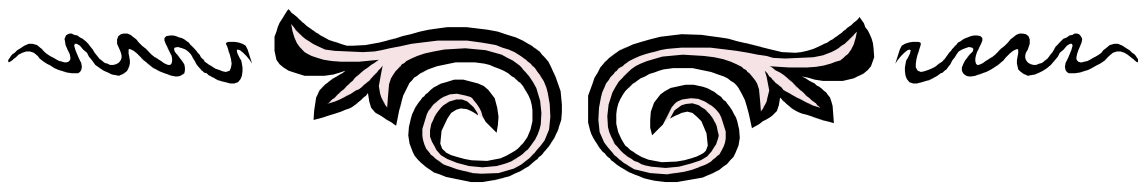
(Continued from page 2)

others remembered the hike up Mt. Fuji in Japan. Dad is in good health and people still call on Dad for engineering now and then. The MCB 2 Newsletters are very welcome and enclosed is a dues check to bring him up to date. (thank you) Thank you very much and Aloha. From **M.P. (Holly) Hollingsworth**: We have no idea which year we owe dues for, so enclosed is a check for 1998 (thanks, that did it!) Thanks for the Newsletter. From **Thomas Maere and Nancy**: Guess we are one of the "Bad Guys" as our name is missing from the Good Guy list! Not sure if we paid for '97 or not. Why we didn't give you an extra check while we were having fun in Denver, we don't know. (All size checks are welcome. The bigger, the better! Thanks) Loved Colorado and looking forward to Charleston - and always look forward to the great newsletters! (Thank you). Keep up the good work. From **Kenneth Stancombe**: Please send a copy of the membership roster. (On its way) From **George (Stew) Stewart**: In Cubi I operated Tournapull earthmovers and in the winter the rock crusher below Mt. Maratan, and did other stuff. I was last at Cubi in 1990 after a stint in the Peace Corps. I at least got to see the base as it was completed and before the volcano. I have tons of pictures of some of the guys and of tent city but I have forgotten most of the names because I thought I would never forget. Oh well, so much for the passage of time. My e-mail address is gstewart@ncn.net and web is www.grampageorge.com. **Dan Pelaez** sent a dues check (thanks). From **Cecil Westwood**: Didn't see my name on the Good Guy list so decided I had better send you some money (thanks). We sure had a great time in Denver. My wife enjoyed it almost as much as I did. We are looking forward to Charleston. See you there! From **John Wilborn**: I have been remiss for not sending my dues, but since the loss of my son, things kinda pile up (really sorry to hear that). I was in the Battalion '52-'54 at Cubi Point and Camayan Point. I requested to Stoney to dedicate the last reunion to Chief

Barnes who was killed in Viet Nam in 1967. We were in 'A' school at the same time; I a UT and he a CD. I'm retired now, so began to write stories. Enclosed is one (see elsewhere in this newsletter). Hope you enjoy it. From **Ernest W. (Bill) Owens**: This Rajin Cajun Seabee war hoss salutes you all from Costa Rica, Central America. Rosalina and I are well, thanks to God, and we pray that you and all those you love are blessed likewise. (Bill sent a change of address) **Pat Morris** (CBMU 1/101) sent dues check (thanks). **Stoney** writes: I saw some new names on our mailing list and would appreciate it if you could tell me something about them (this is the CBMU 1/101 list). Sorry to hear that Nelson Boudreaux wants off the list. We also served together on Kwajalein way back when. Real nice guy. From **Frank Betonte**: Sorry I am late with the dues. Hope to see you at the reunion next year. From **Kenneth Chew**: I didn't know I haven't paid my 1998 dues until I saw my name was not on the Good Guy list. Hope to see you at the next reunion. Keep up the good work. **John Wilborn** (again). (I'll keep this story until the next newsletter). From **Joe DeFranco**: Please print the enclosed data sheet about the Seabee Memorial Scholarship Association (see elsewhere in this newsletter). I have been selected and am serving on the Scholarship Selection Committee. Hopefully, some members may want to contribute to this fund. This would be a real plus for MCB 2. From **David Anderson**: (Through Roy Cone) I discovered your web page while surfing the www on the words Naval Construction Battalion and Seabee. After Class 'A' school, on June 9, 1952, I was with 463 other enlisted men under the command of Cdr. C.C. Compton and eleven other officers when we boarded the USS Menard for Subic Bay in the Philippines. I spent 15 months of my youth in the PI in MCB 2. I then went back to Port Hueneme to Class 'B' school and returned to the PI for 12 more months with MCB 5. I am looking for some old buddies (I sent a roster) and would be interested in communicating with them. When



***I know you believe you understand
what you think I said, but I am
not sure you realize that what you
heard is not what I meant.***



(Continued from page 3)

and where is your next reunion? (I sent the last newsletter, also. Welcome aboard, Dave. SW)

Keep Those Cards and Letters Coming!!

I really enjoy receiving the letters from each one of you, even when I have screwed something up and you let me know about it. But it is good to hear from everyone and I try to put your letters in print so that others will know what is going on. You have just read some of the letters and articles that have been sent to me, just since the last newsletter was printed in July! I had originally intended to publish this issue in November but I have received so much mail from you that I either publish an early newsletter or else I will have a newsletter of forty or more pages later. I already have an article from John Wilborn

for the next issue. See his article in this issue for a good yarn. I did not retype his article and make any corrections, I just ran it through the scanner, so what he wrote is what you get. Pretty good article for an old Seabee. Anyway, I hope you enjoy this issue as it is made up of mostly your letters and articles. And, like the title says, keep those cards and letters coming. SW

Need a Membership Roster?

If you have a need for an up-to-date membership roster, drop me a line with a couple of bucks and I'll send you one. We currently have 518 names and addresses of former MCB 2 personnel, so this is a pretty thick directory (23 pages). Scott

THE GOOD-GUY LIST

Harold Agles, David Anderson, Eugene Antoine, Basil Arnold, Joe Ates, Lyle Auseth, Don Barry, Bruce Barton, Emil Bazzoli, Raymond Beaulieu, Henry Benguerel, Hank Bentson, Frank Betonte, Ralph Binney, John Bloem, William Body, R. Bokern, James Bolton, Alexander Borys, Donald Bradley, Art Bredefeld, Marvin Brown, Philip Brunelle, Silas Bucher, David Budworth, Alfred Burkhardt, L.P. Burleigh, James Carey, William Carter, George Chang, Chuck Chapman, Kenneth Chew, Edward Chidalek, Richard Christian, Robert Colquhoun, David Conahey, Bob Conroe, Jack Coulter, Frederick Cozad, Tom Crowder, John Cure, Paul D'Angelo, Joseph DeFranco, Jim DeKeyser, R. Demers, Keith Denis, Melvin Dixon, Robert Doezie, Thomas Dowd, Marshall Dunne, D. Eminhizer, Herff Epperson, Ralph Evans, Bruno Fanucchi, Richard Farbo, Galen Farnsworth, Frank Fibich, John Fletcher, Forrest Foland, Jack Foster, Willie Free, William Gantt, Alfred Garza, Ronald Glasser, Allan Goller, Robert Graf, Fred Granata, James Green, Frank Gresser, Roy Grisham, Donald Grobbel, Charles Hagemann, David Haines, Alexander Hamilton, Arthur Hees, Ralph Heitt, Bertram Helms, Don Henderson, Duane Henrichson, Gerald Herr, Leonard Hershberger, Edwin Hofman, Don Hofstetter, Gerald Hollebeak, Milford Hollingsworth, Samuel Holsomback, Frank Honeychurch, Arthur Hoskinds, Claude Hunt, Charles Ingalls, Hugh Ireland, William Irvine, Frank Jacus, Robert Jandreau, DeVon Jensen, Ambros Johnson, Don Jones, John Jurkash, Robert Kaempfe, Lloyd Kallsen, Duane Keech, Gordon Keen, Richard Keyes, Capers Kinard, Bruce Kitts, Stephen Korkes, Emil Krygier, Walter Kumpf, Harry Ladley, Arthur Leable, Michael Linch, L. H. Lind, R. Long, Clive Lorenz, Thomas Maere, Ivan Majetic, Philip Matalucci, Charles McCabe, Norris McDaniel, Eugene McDonagh, Jerry McKown, Don McClain, Herbert Meade, Richard Merit, Daniel Millett, Dan Mills, Frank Mingo, Gary Mitchell, Roger Mohs, Pat Morris, Hance Morton, Paul Muma, Eugene Nelson, Richard Nelson, Ray Nethercott, Charles Neugent, Herman Neugent, Don Nitsche, Melvin Olsen, Al Ostroski, Ernest Owens, Robert Pagel, Ben Painter, Bill Partridge, Roy Peak, Malcolm Pearson, Ralph Pederson, Ben Pedrotti, Daniel Pelaez, John Petronka, Amos Phillips, Mike Piro, Gerald Powell, Gary Rawlings, John Recklitis, Wayne Rewey, Dale Rogers, Thomas Roy, C. Rudolph, Fred (Fritz) Saathoff, A. Schmidt, Millard Schneider, Merle Schnepf, Cliff Schorr, Jack Schrader, Richard Schreiner, Bill Seesman, Stoney Serrett, James Sichel, William Sigmund, Richard Sim, Billy Simpson, Joseph Sitkowski, Ray Sonnen, Kenneth Stancombe, Thomas Stapleton, Clyde Stenholm, James Stephens, Larry

Stevenson, George Stewart, John Stock, Willis Struecker, Ed Sullivan, Daniel Svendsen, Galen Teske, Richard Todd, Gene Urmev, Larry Vibber, Lionel Vidrine, Walter Waddell, Billy Ward, L. Weiselberg, Loren Westphal, Cecil Westwood, John Wilborn, Jerry Wilkening, Scott Williams, Verle Williams, Jack Wilson, Preston Wilson, James Wommack, William Wright, Dwight Yetter, James Young, and Stephen Yunger.

All men listed above have their dues paid at least through 1998, some much longer. If you don't find your name on this list, then maybe you have forgotten to send in your dues recently. All dues are paid through the calendar year, January through December. At our meeting in Denver, the membership voted to increase the dues from \$12 to \$15 per calendar year.

If your name is missing from this list and you think it should be here, it may be that you paid your dues but just brought them up to December of 1997. Drop me a note and let me know. (SW)

Who to contact about your MCB 2 dues -

Scott Williams, Sec'y/Treas.
MCB 2 Reunion Association
7221 Trading Post Lane
Las Vegas, NV 89128
(702) 254-1929

e-mail: williash@aol.com

Dues are now \$15/year
January - December

MAKE A NOTE!
ADDRESS CORRECTIONS

Harold R. Agles
2304 Dolphin Ave.
Middleburg, FL 32068

Richard Baker
21 Willow Dr.
Belvidere, NJ 07823

Patrick Carey
8391 County Road P
Unity, WI 54488

Arlin Hardwick
409 Rivermont Dr.
Sheffield, AL 35660

Paul Janco Jr.
18 Indian Hill
Uncasville, CT 06302

Ambros Johnson
RR 8, Box 1305
Aitkin, MN 56431

Robert Jones
387 W 7th St.
Red Hill, PA 18076

Duane Keech
HC 1, Box 976
Longville, MN 56655

Haynen Knox
10457 Roselle St., Suite K
San Diego, CA 92121

John Kolasz
5330 Valle Vis
La Mesa, CA 91941

MAKE A NOTE!
ADDRESS CORRECTIONS
CONTINUED

Daniel Kammeyer
P.O. Box 421
Bovill, ID 83806

Ernest W. Owens
EO1 Ret.
Unit 2513
APO AA 34020-9513

Thomas Padden
632 Edgewater Dr, Apt. 633
Dunedin, FL 34698

Ben Pedrotti
75 Cardinal way
Santa Rosa, CA 95409

Rex Roark
213 E Bradley St.
Star City, AR 71667

Donald Seethaler
18379 N 116th Drive
Surprise, AZ 85374

John Sinclair
36 Executive Dr., Apt. 15
Norwalk, OH 44857

Larry Stevenson
1 Rockton Thruway Rd.
Winnsboro, SC 29180



WELCOME, NEW MEMBERS!

David A. Anderson
P.O. Box 2908
Ann Arbor, MI 48106

Gene Edmondson
2102 Shannon Christine Drive
Las Vegas, NV 89104
(702) 641-3644

Roy Emmons
P.O. Box 403
Oakhurst, OK 74050

Fred Granata
15601 NW Clubhouse Dr.
Portland, OR 97229
(503) 224-4825

Bernard E. Holder
706 Edgemoor
Mulvane, KS 67110
(316) 777-4863

Lowell K. Morrison
520 SW 46th
Oklahoma City, OK 73109

J. C. Morrow
3409 Dumas Ave.
Oklahoma City, OK 73119

Layton D. "Duffy" Price
P.O. Box 133
Auburndale, FL 33823
(941) 688-3748

George Stewart
P.O. Box 122
Arnolds Park, IA 51331
(712) 332-9102

Stephen L. Yunger
5209 82nd St.
Kenosha, WI 53142
(414) 694-8526

QUESTIONS to make you think....

1. The maker doesn't want it, the buyer doesn't use it, and the user doesn't see it. What is it?
2. A child is born in Boston, Massachusetts, to parents who were both born in Boston, Massachusetts. The child is not a United States citizen. How is this possible?
3. Before Mount Everest was discovered, what was the highest mountain on Earth?
4. Clara Clatter was born on December 27th, yet her birthday is always in the summer. How is this possible?
5. Captain Frank and some of the boys were exchanging old war stories. Art Bragg offered one about how his grandfather led a battalion against a German division during World War I. Through brilliant maneuvers he defeated them and captured valuable territory. After the battle he was presented with a sword bearing the inscription, "To Captain Bragg for Bravery, Daring and Leadership. World War I. From the Men of Battalion 8." Captain Frank looked at Art and said, "You really don't expect anyone to believe that yarn, do you?" Why not?
6. What is one thing that all wise men, regardless of their religion or politics, agree is between heaven and earth?
7. In what year did Christmas and New Year's fall in the same year?
8. A woman from New York married ten different men from that city, yet she did not break any laws. None of these men died and she never divorced. How was this possible?
9. Why are 1990 American dollar bills worth more than 1989 American dollar bills?
10. How many times can you subtract the number 5 from 25?
11. How could you rearrange the letters in the words "new door" to make one word? Note: There is only one correct answer.
12. In Okmulgee, Oklahoma, you cannot take a picture of a man with a wooden leg. Why not?

Answers are on page 11 - NO PEEKING!!

CHILDREN OF SEABEES CAN DO! with SEABEE SCHOLARSHIPS

The Seabee Memorial Scholarship Association is accepting applications for students who may qualify for Academic Year 1999-2000 scholarships.

YOU CAN QUALIFY IF:

You are the child or grandchild of...

a regular, reserve, retired, honorably discharged or deceased officer or enlisted member who has served or who is now serving with the Naval Construction Force (Seabees) or Naval Civil Engineer Corps.

YOU ARE...

a senior in high school
a high school graduate
a community college graduate
attending or have been accepted for full-time undergraduate studies at an accredited college or university.

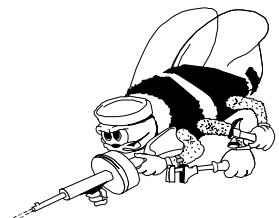
Award is based on financial need, character, good citizenship, leadership, and scholastic record.

Applications for the 1999-2000 academic year are available by writing:

SMSA Scholarships
P.O. Box 6574
Silver Spring, MD 20916

Completed applications and supporting documents should be sent no later than April 15, 1999 to:

SMSA Scholarships
P.O. Box 6574
Silver Spring, MD 20916



Seabee Memorial Scholarship Association

The Seabee Memorial Scholarship Association (SMSA) challenge is to find a continuing program of educational scholarships providing financial assistance for the children and grandchildren of present and former Seabees.

The Seabees' continuing contribution to the nation is their building of structures with function and purpose, while providing lasting value. This construction is mirrored in the scholarship award selection process. The efforts of those students selected to receive an SMSA scholarship will bear fruit in the years to come, serving as a living memorial to Seabee history. The scholarships assist in establishing a firm educational foundation from which our awardees' efforts will result in the betterment of the nation, their communities, and their families.

Send your contribution now to: Seabee Memorial Scholarship Association, P.O. Box 6574, Silver Spring, MD 20916.

Answers to the QUESTIONS to make you think....

1. A coffin
2. The child was born before 1776
3. Mount Everest. It just hadn't been discovered.
4. Clara lives in the southern hemisphere.
5. World War I wasn't called "World War I" until World War II.
6. The word "and."
7. They fall in the same year every year.
New Year's Day just arrives very early in the year and Christmas arrives late in the same year.
8. The lady was a Justice of the Peace.
9. One thousand nine hundred ninety dollar bills are worth one dollar more than one thousand nine hundred eighty-nine dollar bills.
10. Only once, then you are subtracting it from 20.
11. "One word."
12. You have to take a picture of a man with a camera, not with a wooden leg.

OUR FALLEN COMRADES

George Corio	1/8/96
Marshall Doyle	3/27/58
Louis Holub	6/12/90
Daniel Kauhini	4/15/68
Glen A. Kofford	6/19/97
Robert Nickman	7/20/98
John W. Scharnhorst	
Bob Schroll	
John Thomas	12/21/95
Jack C. Watts	
George Wright	1/19/98

SEABEES' UNUSUAL

VOL. II.—NO. 4

UNITED STATES NAVY

27 MARCH, 1952

MCB 2 Changes Command

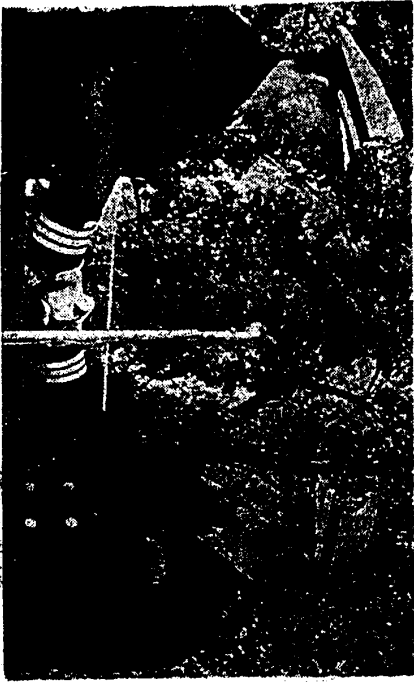
CDR. Wilburn J. McFarland Jr., CEC, USN, was relieved as Commanding Officer of U. S. Naval Mobile Construction Battalion 2, by CDR Charles C. Compton, CEC, USNR, at an impressive change of command ceremony on 17 March, 1952 at the Naval Construction Battalion Center, Port Huememe, California.

During World War II CDR Compton was executive officer of the Ninth Naval Construction Battalion which served in Iceland, Hawaii, Tinian, and Okinawa. CDR Compton was released from active duty in Dec. 1945, but recalled in August of 1950, when he was assigned to the staff of Commander, Naval Air Bases, Sixth Naval District in his home town, Jacksonville, Florida.

CDR McFarland, whose home is in Dallas, Texas, served during World War II on Admiral Halsey's staff and with the Seabees through four engagements from Guadalcanal to the Admiralty Islands. After the war he served as Public Works Officer at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Hawthorne, Nevada, and later at the Naval Air Reserve Command, Glenview, Illinois. After taking a well deserved leave, CDR McFarland will report to the Public Works Department at the Naval Amphibious Base, Little Creek, Virginia.

Mobile Construction Battalion 2 has only been in commission for about 22 months, but it has already made a name for itself while serving in Korea and Japan.

A dance was held at the Construction Battalion Center to jointly celebrate the change of command and St. Patrick's Day. A party was held afterwards at the Officers' Club, celebrating the promotion of the two officers to Commander.



Cdr. Compton as he receives congratulations from Cdr. McFarland at the change of command ceremony held last Monday.

"Dick Tracy" Wrist Radio Soon May Become Reality

Princeton, N. J. (AFPS) — Dick Tracy's two-way wrist radio is about to shed its comic strip existence and assume real life.

A new device, the size and shape of a corn kernel, has been perfected by radio and telephone technicians. The device, known as a "transistor," is supposed to be able to do everything a radio vacuum tube can do.

Wire, plastic and a tiny bit of germanium metal at the core make up the instrument that will make possible many electrical surprises. Radio transmitters as small as telephones, pocket-sized radio and smaller improved television sets are in the offing.

DEDICATION

Bales Field will be formally dedicated in ceremonies preceding the opening league baseball game with the Naval Station, Long Beach "Islanders," at 1430

PORT HUENEME NAVY ALWAYS ALERT

Picture a rainy night—so black that it is impossible to see your hand held at arm's length—a sail—or near a radio receiving and sending set—several more in a lounge outside the radio shack. Suddenly the receiver crackles to life and a dry voice speaks, "ABLE TO BAKER, ABLE TO BAKER, a fishing boat is reported foundering in heavy seas, grid co-ordinate 35, section nine, propped and give aid." Immediately a little known section of Port Huememe's waterfront springs into action. Engines cough and writhen under a long grey shape eases out the harbor entrance. Once clear of the harbor the engines increase their tempo until the boat is fairly "dusting" the tops of the waves as she speeds toward the scene of the emergency. In less time than it takes to tell about it the emergency has been dealt with and the radar-equipped

GI BILL PROPOSED FOR KOREAN VETS BY REP. OLIN E. TEAGUE (TEXAS)

Washington (AFPS) — An important House Special Committee charged with the investigation of the abuses of the education bill for WWI veterans has proposed a new bill to give free schooling to veterans of the present emergency.

The bill introduced by the committee's chairman, Rep. Olin E. Teague (D) of Texas, gives basically the same benefits as the WWI bill, but has plugged all loopholes to prevent racketeering and extravagance. Many observers in congressional circles feel that Rep. Teague's bill is a forthright and fair answer to all the former abuses.

The bill would give men in Service since the beginning of the Korean conflict one and one-half days of free schooling for every day in the service. Maximum schooling would be 36 months or enough time to complete a full college course for a degree.

The payments would be paid direct to the veteran at the rate of \$110 monthly for single men and \$150 monthly for men with dependents. This would be for a full-time course. For a three-quarter time course single men would receive \$80 and men with dependents \$110. Half-time students would receive \$50 if single and \$70 with dependents.

MARINE HAS FUN PAYING TAX DUN WITH KOREAN WON

John T. Jarecki, Collector of Internal Revenue in Chicago, recently disclosed a letter he received from a Marine in Chando Rio, North Korea.

The Marine, unidentified, had received a notice that he owed \$30.30 on his 1950 tax.

"Dear Johnny," the Marine wrote, "your questionnaire was forwarded to me by my mother, and I hope the enclosed contribution will tide the government over in these

Students could change their course only once. No schools listed as subversive would be permitted and private-profit schools would have to have at least one-quarter on their students to non-veterans. No vocational or recreational courses would be allowed except in individual cases. On-the-job and on-the-farm training would be allowed. Payments would begin at \$70 a month for single men and \$90 for men with dependents.

27 March, 1952

"A Little Bit of Heaven" Is Dance Theme

The proverbial Blue Monday was completely forgotten as soft lights, Irish decorations, and dreamy music made the St. Patrick's Day Dance, held in Theatre "A," a huge success.

With the story of Ireland beautifully portrayed on a large 20x25 foot curtain on the stage, and the song "A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN," as the theme, an atmosphere quite fitting for the occasion was created.

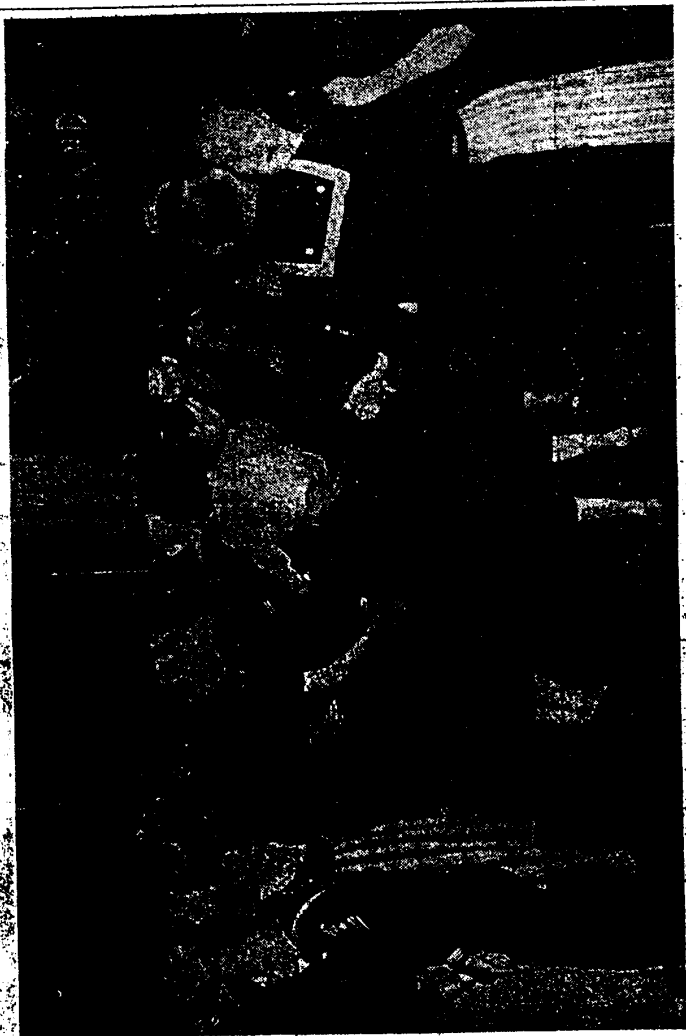
The lyrics of the theme song were closely followed in designing the background, showing how Ireland came to be.

During intermission an informal depiction of the change of command of MCB2 took place. Lt. C. W. Campbell, Special Services Officer, introduced Cdr. McFarland. After Cdr. McFarland's speech, the intermission ended and the dancing resumed with the playing and singing of the "SONG OF THE SEABEES."

Mrs. Jane Hope Whitney of the Oxnard USO should be commended for having made arrangements for so many wonderful hostesses.

It may be noted that there were enough gals for every Seabee present. If you didn't have a partner it was your own fault.

These charming young ladies were wonderful hostesses as well as dancers. The very danceable music was provided by Kay Riggs and his Orchestra, which also featured a young singing group called the "Lucky Seven." The orchestra played a variety of Rhumbas, Fox Trots, and Boogie Woogie, so everyone had the chance to dance his favorite step. Refreshments were served on the house all evening and gave everyone a refreshing pause between dances. All hands agree that the St. Patrick's Day Dance was just about the best yet, and many more



A gay time was had by all at the St. Patrick's Day Dance, 17 March, 1952, in Theatre "A." The stage background followed the dance theme "A Little Bit of Heaven," by showing Ireland nestled on the ocean and from it a large shamrock growing. Two angels are shown flying above, sprinkling the land with stardust. (Theme and beautiful stage backdrop was originated by Chief J. M. Davidson and artistically portrayed by J. N. Masters and P. E. Gagnon.)

are scheduled during the coming months. The success of the dance was due to the cooperation of the men of the Special Services Department, who handled props, sound, lighting, etc.; the men of MCB-2 Det. 1; the men of the Indoctrination and Training Department, and the men of the Public Information Office.

PRE-VIEWS

THEATER "A"—2000

Ratings

Excellent	6
Very Good	5
Good	4
Average	3
Fair	2
Poor	1

Wed. & Thursday, 26 & 27 March: "PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS," Rating—4

Starring Dan Dailey Based on the life of "Dizzy" Dean, famous St. Louis Cardinal baseball pitcher of 1930's.

Fri. & Sat., 28 & 29 March: "THIEF OF DAMASCUS" Rating—5

Jeff Donnell - Paul Henreid John Sutton

Drama: Paul Henreid, chief general of Khalid, John Sutton, who is attacking Damascus, arranges a truce between the city of the attacking forces. Sutton is furious, and Henreid escapes to help the Persians in their defense. His decision is prompted to no small extent by Gilbert. Under Henreid's leadership, the forces of the city are eventually successful in their fight against the bloodthirsty invaders, leaving Henreid and Miss Gilbert to live happily ever after.

Sunday & Monday, 30 & 31 March: "RANCHO NOTORIOUS" Rating—5

Marlene Dietrich - Mel Ferrer Arthur Kennedy

This tale of love and doom is experienced by Kennedy, a doomed cow puncher, whose fiancée is murdered in a holdup a week before their marriage. Vowing vengeance, Kennedy sets off to roam the west in search of the murderer. It's a lonely, singlehanded pursuit which eventually puts him on the trail of a legendary femme fatale, Miss Dietrich, a few of whose past exploits are told in brief, amusing flashbacks which build toward her eventual appearance as mistress of a desperado.



Don Nitsche sent this flier about his Bed & Breakfast accommodations in Hawaii. I thought this would be a good place to give him some advertisement. Maybe some of our members are thinking of taking a holiday to Hawaii and would like this type of arrangement rather than one of the big, expensive hotels. Don said he would like to hear from anyone visiting the big island.

BOUGAINVILLEA BED & BREAKFAST



**“NIGHTS & BREAKFASTS
TO REMEMBER”**

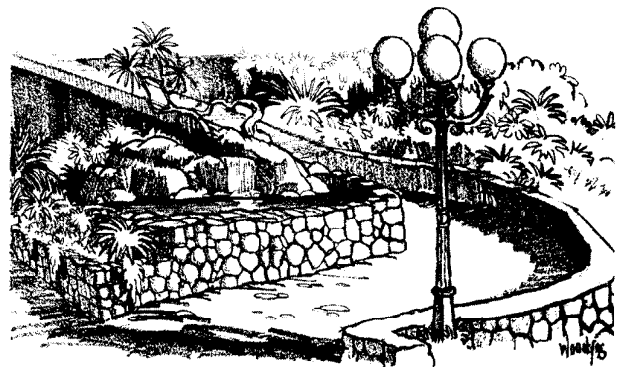
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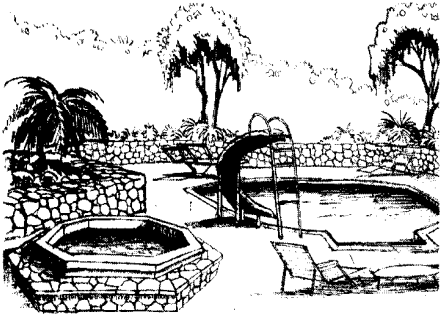
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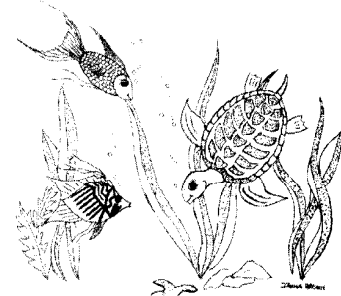
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HOW LONG DO YOU KEEP ONE?

John H. Wilborn, Sr.

PREFACE

I spoke with Barbara for just a few moments-it took a little while for her to figure who I was; after all, it had been 36 years since her husband Glenn and I were transferred from our naval duty station in Rhode Island, he to Rota Spain and I westward to the Pacific Island of Okinawa. We had served 3 years as staff instructors at the east coast Naval Construction Battalion Center, Davisville. Glenn and I both believed we had been transferred due to the Cuban Missile Crisis; we never served together again, nor did we stay in touch---we both had growing children, and the heavy responsibilities of our being Chief Petty Officers. We were shipmates and friends, and I thought often of those days gone by. Late in 1997, I called the only SHERWOOD listed in the Davisville, Rhode Island proximity, for I remembered that Glenn had lived there for many years when we were on duty together--really, just a shot in the dark, but it worked out. I wanted to talk to Glenn about the time we rode the Jamestown ferry boat across the bay to Newport. I wanted to pose a very profound question to him regarding an event which occurred that day---how long do you keep one--a pledge, an oath, a confidence---maybe it could even be called a secret; wanted to ask him if he'd ever told anyone, or even if he remembered after all that time. Yes, Barbara and I did speak for such a short time, because when she told me of Glenn, I became so overwhelmed with grief when she be told me Glenn had passed away 9 years before. I had to hang up and did'nt ever call back---thought of it many times....never did, could'nt. Since then I've remembered cutting each others hair exchanging shoe shines, and when either of us would rush off and forget noon lunches, we'd share our 'brown bags.' Times were good then, feelings run deep, and recalled memories come slashing back like the grim reaper, and knowing in the deepest recesses of your being, that the eternal sleep does indeed, wrap up the ravelled sleeve of care, that it is truly the balm of hurt and tortured minds,as The Bard wrote so long ago in McBeth. I would have hassled him, good naturedly of course, if he'd have told of the confidence we had sworn to that eventful day so many years before.

Glenn, I've decided to tell our story---I'll bet there are those out there who will declare,'no big deal' while others may exclaim accusingly, 'you dummy, ya should'nt told' and maybe even some who may tell you in a conspiritory sounding voice, 'wow, ya oughta send it to Reader's Digest'. Dear Buddy, as I tell the story, I'll place credit where credit is due, recall the dialog as accurately as I can, and bring no discredit to anyone, any place, any thing. ...at this time in my life I'm compelled--driven, to write, for as old as I am, it is difficult to find a listener, I hope I find a reader. It may have been more important to me in keeping a confidence, that to others...I have no way to measure any backlash from telling this story; I hope there will be none.

He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house
by the side of the road.
HOMER 800 BC

HOW LONG DO YOU KEEP ONE?

John H. Wilborn, Sr.

The steel decks of the Jamestown Ferry, vibrated and pulsed under the feet of the standing passengers---the powerful diesel engines, labored and surged, rythmically, propelling the large, non-ship looking vessel, through the white-capped bow waves of Narragansett Bay. It was still early morning, sun just having broke over the horizon, and the locals predicted an Indian Summer day. The mishappen looking, vehicle carrying crafts destination was Newport Rhode Island.....there it would discharge passengers, vehicles, and cargo, turn around with a comparable load, and return to Block Island, Point Judith, and Newport. Late in the 1950's, there was the early morning run, another around noon, and the final oddessy late in the day. The diesel engines were not only felt by the underfoot vibrations, they could be smelled, and most definately heard. Normal conversation was impossible, and when passengers appeared to be whispering to someone up close, it was, indeed a fact, they were shouting. For the boat operator, or pilot they were called, to maintain course and steerage, would continually work the boats throttle, up and down, up and down---these action-reaction processes could be felt underfoot, they could be heard, and very positiveally, could be smelled, for the black, sooty looking fumes, emitting from the smoke stack, almost made one gag, as the noxious gas ebbed and waned , reacting to the pilots throttling routine.

The two Navymen were standing, backs to the upper deck bulkhead--dress blues impecably clean, gob- hats so brillantly white, that they appeared unnatural---riding atop the eyebrows, squared as-if by using a plumb-bob---black, low cut Navy shoes glistened like polished ebony, not unlike lacquered hard wood from the Orient. Almost the same size and sturdy build, ruddy complexion, and posture,made them appear to be twins, to any casual observer, however, on a more positive scrutiny, the older of the two Navymen, wore gold badges, stripes, and chevrons, on his left arm while the younger wore insignas and military markings of scarlet----those with an understanding of Navy enlisted uniforms, would immediately know the older man had more time in the Navy, and had been awarded the gold for good and faithful service, and further recognizing the Good Conduct ribbons the younger man was wearing, would be wearing Navy gold when he completed 12 years service. These two men were Navymen through and through, though not sailors as one get the impression of what sailors are, always on ships, out to sea, around the world...these two men were Navy Seabees, stationed at nearby Davisville, Rhode Island, the home of the Atlantic Seabees---they were staff instructors for other up and coming Seabees. The name SEABEE comes from the letter C and the letter B, acronyms for Construction Battalion, hence, a new word, a new breed of warrior, conceived in the first days of World War 2, born in wide spread locals of Virginia, Mississippi, California, and Rhode Island----no growing pains for these drivers of the bull dozers, masters with the wood and sand, and cement, and the artisans with the iron and steel---no humble men they, baptised under fire on far off Pacific isles, shivering in the tundra of Alaska, the scorching sands of Africa, and the old world civilizations of France, England, The Baltics, and finally to be thrust into destroyed, rotting bowels, of Hitlers defeated Germany. Seabees rode troop transports from one island to the other, country to the other, battle to the other---may times these Elite Construction men would ride Landing Ships, with their

HOW LONG DO YOU KEEP ONE?

John H. Wilborn, Sr.

tools and construction equipment and sometimes Assault forces of the U.S Marines. The word Elite, to describe these construction battalions, was first uttered by President Franklin D. Roosevelt and reaffirmed by Admiral Ben Morrell, who later was called the Father of the Seabees. Much later in the century, the term Elite would describe the NAVY SEALS, the NAVY BLUE ANGELS, the EOD folks, and TOP GUNS.

Those rugged, skilled craftsman, would draw a line in the sand on a ravaged, Pacific atoll, and there an airfield would be built, throw a rock to where a Marine tank had blasted a Japanese pill-box seconds before, and on that spot would sprout mess-halls, berthing and living spaces, shops, and clubs---yes, for those Marines warriors, or those battle weary dog-face Army troops...or even if a feather were to fall from a Guardian Angel, watching protectively overhead, there on the spot that it landed they would build a chapel or an orphanage, or a rudimentary school---might even do a health clinic. Sure enough you other troopers, the Bees will lend a handup to you, they been up in the Elite for more than 50 years now--of course they'll share, raise your standards and your banners, set them for the ones to come, earn your lumps, do your thing, and move up to the realm. of the Seabees.

These two, squared-away Seabees were going to Newport to retake a battery of Navy tests, for in early January, they would be competing with other enlisted personnel attempting for commissioning into the Limited Duty Officer program. Each year, a dozen or more deserving enlisted men would become Navy Ensigns, in the Civil Engineer speciality.

- The trip became boring, cumbersome---and the early morning mist was burning off as the sun heated the surrounding air. The impressive looking Navy men moved off to the nearby lifeline, and peered over the steel cable, marveling at the thrashing, rumbling bow wake below. They never noticed, or were even aware, that they were being watched... two well dressed, professional looking men stood near an engine room air intake, leaning close to each other, as to hear one another, but keeping their sunglasses covered gaze directed toward the sailors....the darkened, wire rimmed, aviator style sun shades masked eyes and a portion of their faces....still the two enlisted men failed to notice. One of the civilians wore a plaid, snap visor type hat, with salt and pepper hair showing around the edges, plaid blazer with brass colored buttons, pleated trousers, and 'Hush Puppy' style shoes, white shirt and a colorful tie---his companion was not covered, and his hair appeared bushy, unkempt, wind blown---he was wearing clothes very similar to the other, but on the elbows of his woolen-tweed jacket, were elliptical shaped leather patches...their complexion was reddish brown, maybe German, Dutch, Irish...the man with the patches had a distinct, square jaw, prominent teeth, large teeth and maybe an overbite, and back to the shoes; they were as impressive as the shoes the Seabees wore--the high gloss was only achieved by long bouts of skilled polishing, lots of work. Maybe the man was an ex-sericeman, or maybe he owned a shoe shine parlor---what a way to advertise. The man with the tousled hair turned toward his companion, and spoke at length directly in his ear---the listener nodded as if acknowledging, the plan, the plot, or whatever. The well dressed men simultaneously turned and stepped off in synchronized paces, heading

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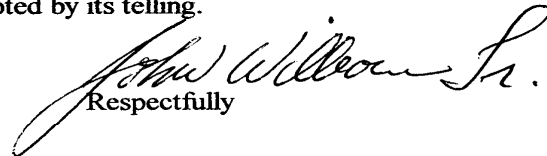
toward the lifeline, where the two enlisted men, continued gazing down into the billowing bay. They must have sensed someone had approached, for the both turned to the waiting civilians.

-
- The hatless civilian extended his hand, and yelled an introduction---still shouting to be heard, he introduced his friend as Larry, and even though everything seemed proper and above board, they both displayed a reluctance, a doubt....it seemed almost like children not talking to strangers, the training the sailors had been exposed too, was now being adhered to.... suddenly the ferry throttled down, and all eyes were directed toward the ferry landing at Newport---all the slips seemed to be occupied. The diesel engines, only a moment earlier emitting ear damaging sounds, now sounded as if they were only purring, just enough forward motion so not to be dead in the water. The civilians and the Navy men could now be heard what a few seconds before had only been a shouting appearing mouth now become an accepted, two-way communication....The square-jawed man was complimenting the Seabees about their being so sharp looking, '4.O, squared away, American Bluejackets', were his remarks, and the introduction of his companion Larry took place again, handshakes and smiling all around this time; doubts and reluctance to talk to these civilians faded. The ferry continued to idle and circle, waiting for its mooring spot. Larry didn't talk at all, but he listened as if spellbound, clinging to every word his mate uttered, constantly nodding his approval to some unknown thing----maybe it was some kind of an impediment, the younger Seabee surmised. The speaker was a gifted one, speaking with a very distinct Boston accent, facts about a Navy he seemed, not only to have a positive knowledge of, but definitely a love for. He spoke of being around the sea much of his life, and during the war, commanding a patrol boat in the South Pacific, to be wounded when a Japanese destroyer, sunk the small PT boat by colliding and running completely over it. He kept referring to it as the 107---he told the younger Seabee that he resembled one of his crew members who was lost at sea when 107 sunk. They visited for sometime, the group became lively, conversation fit the occasion much like a smoke after chow, or a cool-one with your buddy when he makes a rate. Suddenly, almost in a conspiratorial voice, the man named Jack leaned in and asked in a hushed voice----what the Seabees thought of a Catholic becoming president, and to that inquiry, the young Navyman responded quickly that his land lady over in North Kingston and he talked of it frequently, and she had convinced him, that there was no problem with that for the major portion of the American population..Jack smiled, showing a prominent overbite and rather crooked teeth....and said something that made everyone laugh, even Larry quit his nodding to laugh---maybe he nodded and laughed every 100 nods. Again in a conspiratorial sounding voice Jack cautioned the two Seabees, they must never divulge to anyone of having seen him and Larry--well it may have not been cautioning, more like wanting a promise, a pledge, an oath. He said it was very important, that they were travelling incognito, and the press corp, or even the local military commands must not know of their being there---he hinted of a family problem, but nothing further. The man Jack had blue eyes, lots of crows feet, a feature most blue-eyed people exhibit, due to squinting from the bright sun; in fact they were

HOW LONG DO YOU KEEP ONE?
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blue eyes of a peculiar intensity---seemed to be of paramount importance to the 109 skipper so the two Seabees sealed the promise with a firm handshake as the delayed Jamestown ferry boat eased into the now vacant slip....Larry kept nodding even after conversation ceased.

-
- A while later, as the Seabees waited for the base taxi, a large, black vehicle passed nearby, and they returned Jacks salute he had rendered to them first....not at all 'squared-away' for an officer to salute an enlisted man first, especially if that Naval Officer, would, within the year become president of our country...
-
- It become a foregone conclusion for the two Seabees, and even in each other presence, never spoke of it---one Seabee was serving on Okinawa, the other in Rota Spain when spellbinding news flashed around the world, the man with the laughing blue eyes and big square jaw had been assassinated in his own countrys heartland. The country grieved, and the world grieved; in April 1964 the younger of the two Seabees was on a teaching assignment in Dallas---the news of Ruby, Oswald, and other suspected conspiritors, hogged the papers and the television screens---no let up, no rest---the young Seabee, now a Chief Petty Officer, and his crew of fellow instructors, viewed the grassy knoll, the book depository, Parkland hospital, and Love field...now they call it structuring, they told each other they needed to get a handle on it--sailor talk you know.
- The Navy Chief never told the crew a thing, never a hint of having met the 109 skipper, and his crew just thought the same as most Americans did, and pondered Why.
-
- Please, if you have read this far, the story is finished, that is as far as this one can be told, but, go to the preface to see what was attempted by its telling.
-
-
-


Respectfully

To do is to be.
To be is to do.
Do be do be do.

Descartes
Voltaire
Sinatra

(Continued from page 1)

It is my understanding that the Charleston Naval Base is officially closed down. However, a caretaker unit is still there and may welcome naval reunion tours. I have the Commander's name and will contact his office in the near future to see what they offer that may be of interest to us. If you have any information or ideas, please let me know. Amos Phillips' daughter is retiring from the Navy and is trying to get us information about the Charleston Naval Base. More on this later.

As you know, the reunion dates are September 9, 10 and 11, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. At this point, I expect to be there on Tuesday, the 7th. I don't expect to have a lot to do, but I am sure there will be "on-site" decisions that will have to be made.

I was quite impressed with the Hilton, not only with the facility itself but also with the staff. They really seemed to want to please. I just believe that we'll have a great reunion and a great time. I'm looking forward to it and I hope you are too.

BIRD TAGS

According to the Knight-Ridder News Service, the inscription on the metal bands used by the U.S. Department of the Interior to tag migratory birds has been changed. The bands used to bear the address of the Washington Biological Survey, abbreviated: Wash. Biol. Surv. That is, until the agency received the following letter from an Arkansas camper:

"Dear Sirs:

While camping last week I shot one of your birds. I think it was a crow. I followed the cooking instructions on the leg tag and I want to tell you, it was horrible."

The bands are now marked Fish and Wildlife Service

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Our leadership consists of:

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BEN PAINTER

Committeemen:

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Pete Elliott

David Haines

Rich Nelson

Roy Peak

Malcolm Pearson

Stoney Serrett

Ted Speros

Scott Williams, Sec'y/Treas.

BLONDES!!

A blonde goes in to work one morning crying her eyes out. Her boss, concerned about all his employees' well being, asked sympathetically, "What's the matter?" To which the blonde replies, "Early this morning I got a phone call saying that my mother had passed away."

The boss, feeling very sorry at this point, explains to the young girl, "Why don't you just go home for the day. We aren't terribly busy. Just take the day off to relax and rest."

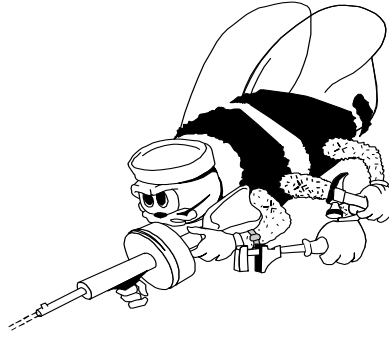
The blonde very calmly states, "No, I'd be better off here. I need to keep my mind off it and I have the best chance of doing that here." The boss agrees and allows the blonde to work as usual. "If you need anything, just let me know," he told her.

Well, a few hours pass and the boss decides to check on the blonde. He looks out over his office and sees the blonde crying hysterically! He rushes out to her, asking, "What's so bad now? Are you gonna be OK?"

"No," exclaims the blonde. "I just got a call from my sister. She told me that HER mom died too!"

MCB 2 Reunion Association

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