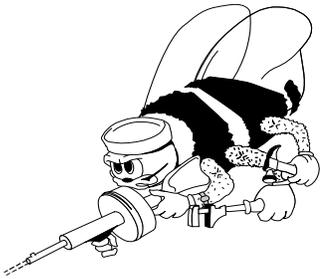


MCB 2 Reunion Association

Volume 7, Issue 2

February 20, 2008



SEABEES

A Newsletter for Former US Naval

Mobile Construction Battalion 2 Personnel

and host to CBD 1802, CBD 1804, CBMU 1, CBMU 101 and CBMU 577

Myrtle Beach, SC!

We are checking hotels for the best accommodations.

Stand By!

A Note To All

When you move or change addresses, please notify me. It costs 31¢ to send this Newsletter but it cannot be forwarded to your new address, it must be mailed back to me at a cost of \$1.14. Your new, correct, address label is pasted on the Newsletter by the USPO, so I now have the correct address and will change the roster and notify everyone of your change in the Newsletter, but now I must send the Newsletter to you at your new address at a cost of \$1.14. So, by you not notifying me of your address change, you have cost us an additional \$2.28. Now, multiply that by 5 or 10 every mailing for those that don't notify me and the cost mounts. Thanks... Scott Williams

1

Get Ready For A Great Hotel!

We are selecting hotels to visit in Myrtle Beach that can meet our needs. The hotel chain we used in St. Louis also has a hotel in Myrtle Beach, and our stay in St. Louis was very accommodating. If the hospitality room, guest rooms and banquet room all meet our needs, we will have a great reunion. But, there are other hotels in Myrtle Beach that have great amenities also.

Some of our members have expressed a desire to

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hold a golf tournament. How do you feel about this? Would you like to have an MCB 2 golf tournament with some kind of prize for the winner? We will need some help here as we have not done this before and neither Pete nor Scott are golfers. We don't know what it will take to host this event and we can get help from one of the clubs in Myrtle Beach, but we will need your input if you would like this. If there isn't adequate response for a tournament, there are plenty of world-class golf courses for a few of our members to take advantage of, but let Scott know if the tournament is something you would like and we will try to put something together. But, plan on coming to Myrtle Beach in September 2009 for a great reunion! See you there!

If you can solve your problem, then what is the need of worrying? If you cannot solve it, then what is the use of worrying? Shantideva

The Commander and Staff

Our leadership consists of:

**Commander
Pete Elliott**

Staff:

Joe DeFranco

David Haines

Rich Nelson

Roy Peak, Vice Commander

Malcolm Pearson

John Petronka

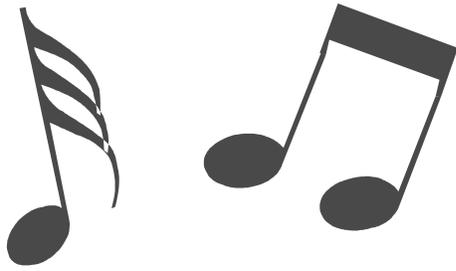
Stoney Serrett, Commander Emeritus

Scott Williams, Sec'y/Treas.

Seabees

February — June Dates to Remember

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| Feb. 1, 1944 | Seabees land with Fourth Marine Division on Kwajalein. |
| Feb. 19, 1945 | Seabees land with 5th Marine Division on Iwo Jima. |
| Mar. 2, 1867 | Civil Engineer Corps established. |
| Mar. 5, 1942 | SEABEE birthday! |
| Mar. 19, 1942 | Civil Engineer Corps officers given military authority over construction units. |
| Mar. 22, 1945 | Seabees ferry General Patton's armored units across Rhine River into Germany. |
| Apr. 1, 1945 | Seabees land on Okinawa |
| Apr. 8, 1942 | Doolittle Tokyo raid. |
| Apr. 9, 1942 | Bataan falls. |
| May 8, 1942 | Battle of the Coral Sea. |
| May 8, 1945 | V-E Day, Germany surrenders. |
| June 4, 1942 | Battle of Midway. |
| June 6, 1944 | Seabees land at Normandy as Naval Combat Demolition Units. |
| June 15, 1944 | Seabee land on Saipan |
| June 30, 1943 | Seabees land with 9th Marine Division, Solomon Islands. |



Notes from our members:

From **Dave (Darla) Budworth**: [They had emailed me asking how the reunion went, about **Dave**'s dues and wanting a roster. They said they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary a few weeks earlier. **Darla** sent a check for dues. Thanks.]..... received dues from **Fred Wilmarth, Herb Liverman, Richard Sim, Hank Bentsen, Preston [Helen] Wilson, Henry Benguerel, William (Twyla) Duensing, Richard Swallow, Ivan Majetic, Roger Hamilton, Arnold Daisy, Paul (Opal) Neusetzer, Jack Sims, Willis Struecker, Ken (Beatrice) Catchpole, Roger (Barbara) Mohs, Robert (Chris) Coley, Stanley Dauer, Charles Kangas, Tom Hoffman, and Rod Howard** [thanks all]..... from **Paul Schell**: Thank you for sending the hat so quickly. My friend, **Frank**, loved getting it. I'll see you at the next reunion. We're really looking forward to it..... from **Bonnie Stephens**: I am saddened to inform you that my husband, **Jim Stephens**, passed away on November 29, 2007..... from **Len Hardoin**: Enclosed is my check for dues [thanks]. Last year I sent extra for a roster and never received it [oops! Sorry. I'll get one out for you today]..... from **Wayne & Nancy Heple**: All is well here. We just returned from France and Branson, MO. We were in France for a wedding (our oldest grandson) and in Branson for the 103rd NCB reunion. The sad news was that **Lynn Abbott**, founding father of our reunion group, died Oct. 5 in Austin, TX [yes, we honored him in our Memorial Service at our reunion in St. Louis]. Taps for a great Seabee. Hope the MCB 2 reunion was a huge success [it was, thanks]. The good news was in France. Lots of wine, women and song. All the events were in castles located in the south central part of France that were built in the

11th & 12th centuries. Wow!! And do the French know how to put on a party. But we had a great time at both the wedding and the 103rd NCB reunion. Enclosed is a check for dues [thanks]. Have a great



year..... from **Riley McDaniel**: Greetings from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. I got the Seabee Newsletter today and have read some of it. Thanks so much for the news. It is interesting to read about some of the men and to know what has happened to them over the years. You and the committee are doing a great job. Thanks so much. [thank you] A check for my dues is enclosed [and thanks for that!]..... from **Danny Terry**: Please find the enclosed check for dues [thanks]. Sorry I'm late [no problem and thanks]..... from **Jack Schrader**: Great reunion! Enclosed is my check for dues plus whatever [thanks]..... from **Carol Pikna**: I just received your Seabee Newsletter. My step-Dad, **William E. Behnke**, was in the Seabees and he passed away May 8, 2007 at the age of 79. Please remove his name from your mailing list..... received Christmas cards and/or letters from **John & Mary Wilborn, Robert & Evoline Gardner, Althea Herr, Gene & Jo McDonagh, Mary Dick & Chip, Mal & Marge Pearson, Bill & Shari Wisnowski, Pete & Clorinda Elliott, Tony & Mary Ann DeLeon, Jim & Gladys Wommack, Harold Wardenburg, Dave & Marjorie Haines, Stoney & Gladys Serrett, Richard & Ruth Muns, Emil & Betty Krygier, Pete & Sylvia Williams, Ernest & Rosalina Owens, David & Edith Anderson, and Jim & Shirley Green** [thanks to all]..... received Christmas cards and dues from **Rich & Carol Nelson** and **Howard Cornwell** [and thanks to you]..... from **Ed Carlson**: [enclosed a check for dues... thanks] Please send me a roster [on the way]. I was CM2 with the 74th Seabees [great! They were at Oahu, Tarawa, Kwajalein, and Okinawa]. I am now 84 [keep on going, **Ed!** **Ed** also sent a couple of articles that I will try to publish in this Newsletter]..... from **Les Hall**: Add another year for me and thanks a lot [dues check enclosed... thanks]..... from **Ray**

(Continued from page 3)

Hooter: Enclosing a check for dues [thanks]. This should cover me for a while and use the extra for whatever the need [thank you]. Thanks for all you do and keep the Newsletter coming. It makes my day..... from **Bob Bowdler:** Since I'm not dead yet, I'm sending money to stay on the Good Guy List [great! Thanks]. Along with other minor disasters, I spent eight days in the hospital with pneumonia. I am still getting my breath in small snatches. That's the big reason for not getting to St. Louis. I'm hoping for a better year in 2008. Keep up the good work..... from **Don Pastell:** Enclosed is my check for dues [thanks]. I didn't know until a short time ago that such a group existed. I received the Newsletter the other day and recognized two familiar names: **Danny Millett** and a fella by the last name of **Matalucci**, a boxing champ in Subic Bay. I don't know why I have forgotten his first name, old age, I guess. Anyway, please keep me on your mail and email lists. I would like to have **Danny Millett's** email address if available [sent]..... from **Vern & Nancy Ammentorp:** Hope the dues are still the same but, if not, send me an email and I will send more. We have snow early this year, so hope that means an early spring. Our best wishes to you and **Rachel** for a Happy Holiday Season [thank you] from **Doug & Shirley Emond:** Hope this card finds you well. I am sending my dues so I don't forget [thanks]. The weather here stinks as usual. Seven or so inches of snow on the ground and an average temperature is around 20° [brrrrr! Not for me!]. We didn't have much of a summer. I needed surgery and **Shirley's** brother died. This all happened the week of the reunion. I hope by the time you get this, you two have a little water... or should we send you some? Enjoy the holidays and hope to see you both at the reunion in Myrtle Beach..... from **Conrad Lawlor:** I enjoyed the November issue of the Newsletter. Enclosed is my check for dues [thanks]. Some Seabees may be interested if they are near Ames, Iowa, to visit the Ames Historical Society museum in the downtown area. The corner inside the



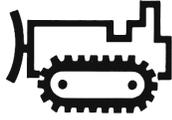
entry is devoted to my father and former Seabee, the late Commander **Joseph Lawlor**, CEC, who was commanding officer of the 92nd NCB at Tinian Island when the Enola Gay and many other B-29's came and went. The Ames, Iowa, display includes his navy uniforms and artifacts of his military service in WW I and WW II. He also was the Officer in Charge of the detail of Seabees that were used in the filming of *The Fighting Seabees* starring **John Wayne**, **Susan Hayward** and **Dennis O'Keefe**. Enclosed are two of many photos I have of this production. One is of **Dennis O'Keefe**, my late mother **Loretto Lawlor**, **Susan Hayward**, and my father, a Lt. Commander at the time. He was promoted to Commander when he commanded the 92nd NCB. The other photo with **John Wayne** in the center and my father's hand on **Wayne's** shoulder included **O'Keefe** and other brass and players involved in the filming. You have my permission to publish this in the Newsletter and I hope to join you in Myrtle Beach, God willing. Thanks for listening. [and thank you. These photos were published on pages 16 and 17 of volume 6, Issue 6, publish date of March 15, 2007. Also, as a note of interest, **Susan Hayward** moved to the next town south of Villa Rica with her husband and is buried there next to him as Mrs. **F.E. Chalkey**]..... from **Pauline Hagemann:** I would like to extend a Very Merry Christmas to ya'll and Happy New Year to you and yours..... from **Art Siple:** [enclosed a check for dues... thanks] I had to put my horse down [sad]. He got hurt and the vet couldn't help him. Have a good holiday..... from **Gene and JoAnn Antoine:** Dear Family and Friends: We wish all of you a very Merry Christmas. As most of you know now we lost our home in this last [California] fire so I have no addresses for most of you to send Christmas cards. Things are better every day passing here and we are all well...and very Blessed to have our family. We are especially grateful to **Jerry** and **Annette** and for **Vicky** and **Casey's** friends the **Reyes**. They have opened their homes to us and made us very comfortable through all this. It is very overwhelming trying



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to clean up the property and deal with all the paper work, insurance, etc., but it is going pretty good now. We will get a new travel trailer this week and be somewhat home. We are staying in it here for a while at **Jerry's** and will move it to our property later after Christmas. Our address is the same as the mail box didn't burn. **Gene** and I were in St. Louis at his Navy CB reunion when the house burned. We drove there so I didn't tell **Gene** until we were with friends and close to a hospital in Texas. He did fine and we made it home. He did get sick and went in the hospital for 2 days. Don't think it was his heart just stress and maybe a re-action to the Flu shot. He has been fine since then. I will make this short and try to keep you all updated as I can. Merry Christmas and Love and Prayers..... from **Vern Blakeslee**: A check is enclosed for my dues plus two US flags and two Seabee light blue flags [on the way]. Hope you have enough there to cover them all [there is and thanks]. If not, please send me a note. Enjoy the holidays..... from **Billy & Zelda Partridge**: Enclosed is my check for dues—we want to stay current [thanks]. We really enjoy your Newsletter. Please send one American flag [on the way]. If there is anything left, please use it where you need it [thanks again]..... received a Christmas card from **Lee & Lucy Stevens**: Hope to see you at Myrtle Beach [and enclosed a check for dues—thanks]..... received Christmas letters from **Roy Peak** and **Sam & Mary Ragusa**..... from **Cecil Price (Arky)**: Business first: A friend of mine asked if anybody could help him get some history on the 82nd Battalion. It was commissioned January 28, 1943, at Camp Endicott, RI. He would like to know a bit more about it as his Dad was in the 82nd. From the book I have,



all the Islands the 82nd hit, I don't believe you could call it a church picnic and any info you might send me would be appreciated. This guy is a Baptist preacher. Can you imagine me and a preacher being friends?

[sure, why not?] [I sent **Cecil** a page of notes about the 82nd] Poor **Wilma**. She is still hanging on. I have been up to visit her three times lately. Bless her heart. She is having a hard time accepting being in a nursing home [**Wilma** is **Cecil's** friend] The VA gave me a flu shot last week. You guessed it... I now have the flu. I'm sending along a few bucks in case I need to pay some dues. If I don't need to pay any, well darn it! Pay something for me! I'll quit now..... received a Door Prize Certificate from **Tom Dowd**..... from **Mary Dick**: Here's my check for dues and extra to keep whomever on the Good Guy List [thanks, **Mary!** You are really a Good Guy (Gal)!]..... from **Bobby McMillan**: I'm sending my check for dues [thanks]. I want it to be a lifetime membership, but if it turns out to be more than my lifetime, use the remainder for whatever needs it the most. [thanks, but you will have to send more dues in a few years!] **Bill Knight** and I used to work together in Korea and I would like to contact him by email, if you could send his address [done]..... from **Allan (Sylvia) Alberg**: It's January 1, 2008! It's dues time [thanks]. We have a beautiful, snowy winter day out today [Chisholm, MN]. Our snow shovels have been busy! We want to thank you for all the hard work and time spent organizing the St. Louis reunion. It was our first reunion. We had a wonderful time and met some wonderful friends. We are looking forward to Myrtle Beach, SC in 2009. Hi to all and keep healthy..... from **Dan (Mary) Millett**: Enclosed is a check for dues and a little extra [thank you]. Put it where needed most. I don't know how far we are paid up as I am still on the Good Guy List [you are still there! Don't fall off!]. Sorry that we couldn't make it to the reunion in St. Louis but we will try to make the next one [hope so. We missed your pipes!]. Happy Holidays..... from **Bill (Shari) Wisnowski**: [I received a nice Christmas card from them] It was nice talking to you. It's been raining here for 4 days - wish I could ship you some [I do, too. We really need it! **Rachel** said she might move back to Las Vegas where there is water available!]. I



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am sending a check for my dues - just a little late [not really... it's early 2008]. I was going to send my check before the end of the year and be one of the "Good Guys" but I wanted to see how it felt to be one of the "Bad Guys." It feels pretty good!..... from **Bill Hodges**: Enclosed is a check for my dues and extra to cover the cost of the mail you sent [thanks!]. While I did see a few familiar names on the roster, for the most part all the names were unknown to me. I decided to call **Tom Budiselich** in Centerville, IA. Luckily, I got on line and clicked on the Centerville daily newspaper. **Tom** and I hung out together at Cubi Point. Unfortunately, he died in October 2006. I guess this is understandable when one harkens back 50 some-odd years!! Now, I'm gun-shy about looking anyone else up..... from **Emil (Betty) Krygier**: Enclosed is a check for dues and some extra for the Newsletter or whatever [thanks]..... from **Pauline Hagemann**: Good to hear from you both and thanks for all the help in the past and I am doing well. I had a wonderful trip to California and enjoyed the cool/cold weather while there. It's been years since I lived in Port Hueneme and it has changed so much in the last 20 years. It's a big place now and growing each year. We are looking forward to the museum opening. I say we as my children still live in Oxnard and Ventura. I enjoy seeing **Charlie's** name on the Good Guy List as he really was. He enjoyed this group of men and their families so, for now, I would like to have him listed with them. He was so proud to be a Seabee and the service he gave to his country. With that said, I am enclosing dues to be one of those good guys [thanks much]..... from **Dan Millett**: I'm sending u an e-mail I received from an old tent mate of mine on our 1st and 2nd tour at Subic Bay. Thought you might be interested. I've been trying to locate him for 50 years, along with a couple of other guys -- namely **Bob Young** and **Nick Yastk**..... from **Dan Pastell** (by way of **Dan Millett**): I found an old Sea Bee reunion booklet a while ago in a barber shop magazine rack, and out of curi-



osity picked it up and started reading. In a member section I spotted the names **Danny Millett** and a **Phil Matalucci**. **Phil** was a boxer in Subic Bay, so I remembered his name. Now you on the other hand, if you're the **Danny** I think you are; we were buddies and tent mates. The **Danny** I know traveled with me to do a little research in a thatch covered village on stilts called Mabiou (spelling???). During the research, I somehow was "slipped a Mickey", and you and another villager (can't remember "his" name) had to carry me half way back to our tent city in total darkness. I never went back to that village again and I'll never forget that incident. But I remember that you and several others continued the research throughout our stay in the Bay. To this day I don't know how you guys commuted that distance, but I know you thought the research was important, and that someone had to do it. Do you remember the name of the red headed 1st class PO that introduced you to the village of Mabiou? I remembered that he had visited the place in WW2, and that he was a nice quiet guy. If you're who I think you are, you lost a stripe in a chow hall altercation demonstrating how fast you can empty a food tray on the face of a discourteous mess cook. Anyway **Danny**, let me know if it's you..... from **Fred Cozad**: Thanks for such a fine job doing the Newsletter. Have a great 2008 [enclosed a check for dues—thanks]..... from **Mike Barron**: Enclosed please find a check for my dues and a little extra for a copy of the membership list. Hope all is well with you and your family [it is and thanks]..... from **John Ruby**: Enclosed is my check for dues [thanks]. Do you have any hats with MCB 2 on them? [nope... all gone. I'll see about getting more.] Our computer was out for a while but back on now. Our email address is j.delmona@sof.com from **George Dorge**: Better late than never with dues [thanks]. I missed the reunion in St. Louis and only live a hundred miles away, but my grandson got married that weekend. Maybe next time..... That's it, folks. There will be more in the next issue! SW





WELCOME, NEW MEMBERS!

Don Pastell
43438 Marlene St.
Hemet, CA 92544
(951) 927-2664
wimppies@roadrunner.com
MCB 2

Jack R. Sims
5190 Mission Blvd., #134
Riverside, CA 92509-6850
(951) 323-7811
jackgpof6@att.net
CBMU 1/101

Thomas F. Hoffman
4340 Maureen Ct., SE Unit C
Cedar Rapids, IA 52403
(319) 393-9067
CBMU 101 Det. A

MAKE A NOTE! ADDRESS CORRECTION

Lawrence E. Gehrke
2213 Briar Lane
Lindenhurst, IL 60046-9197
CBMU 1/101

Donald W. Gelroth
10926 W. Windsor Dr.
Sun City, AZ 85351-3366
MCB 2

Charlie Don Henderson
5041 County Rd. 40
Fort Calhoun, NE 68023-5037
MCB 2

William J. Hodges
1112 6th Ave., S
Lewistown, MT 59457
406-538-3055
montanabnd06@yahoo.com
MCB 2

Milford P. 'Holly' Hollingsworth
3706 Meadowlark Way
Pearland, TX 77584-6620
MCB 2

Our Fallen Comrades

William E. Behnke	05/08/07
Tom Budiselich	10/2006
John R. Ginther	11/08/07
Glen C. Grimes	10/24/04
Robert L. Schambron	07/21/06
James F. Stephens	11/29/07

May they live on in our memories.

When in Switzerland at a fairly large conference, Colin Powell was asked by the former Archbishop of Canterbury if he felt the U.S and its allies had given due consideration to the use of "soft power" versus the "hard power" of military force. In part, this was Powell's response: "We defeated Fascism. We defeated Communism. We saved Europe in World War I and World War II. We were willing to do it, glad to do it. We went to Korea. We went to Vietnam. All in the interest of preserving the rights of people. And when all those conflicts were over, what did we do? Did we stay and conquer? Did we say, 'Okay, we defeated Germany. Now Germany belongs to us? We defeated Japan, so Japan belongs to us'? No. What did we do? We built them up. We gave them democratic systems which they have embraced totally to their soul. And did we ask for any land? No, the only land we ever asked for was enough land to bury our dead. And that is the kind of nation we are."

The Good Guy List

Harold Agles, Vern Ammentorp, David Anderson, Basil Arnold, Mike Barron, Henry Benguerel, Vernon Blakeslee, John Bloem, William Body, Alexander (Cat) Borys, Robert Bowdler, Don Bradley, Robert 'Bud' Breeding, Philip Brunelle, Al Bryant, Silas Bucher, David Budworth, Wayne Bulgerin, Pat Carey, Ed Carlson, Mike Castlevecchi, Ken Catchpole, Frank Chambers, George Chang, Chuck Chapman, Walter Cloonan, Robert Coley, Bob Colquhoun, Roy Cone, Robert Conroe, Howard Cornwell, Jack Coulter, Fred Cozad, Pat Cunningham, Arnold Daisy, Tony deLeon, Don Dellit, Ted DeVit, Mary Dick (for all the Good Guys), George Dorge, Tom Dowd, Howard Doyle, William Duensing, Pete Elliott, Don Eminhizer, Doug Emond, Richard Fairbanks, Frank Fibich, Forrest Foland, Bill Frazier, William Ganske, Roger Germundson, Ron Glasser, Robert Graf, Gerald Grubb, Gordon Gwathney, Charles (Pauline) Hagemann, David Haines, Les Hall, Luther Hall, Alexander Hamilton, Roger Hamilton, Leonard Hardoin, Arlin Hardwick, Ralph Heitt, Duane Henrichson, Wayne Heple, Gerald (Althea) Herr, Bob Hoare, William Hodges, Tom Hoffman, Don Hofstetter, Sam Holsomback, Ray Hooter, Rod Howard, Ron Howatson, Charles Ingalls, Vic Jacchino, Robert Jandreau, Ambros Johnson, Charles Johnson, Robert Kaempfe, Charles Kangas, Duane Keech, Denise King (for her Dad, Don Truskey), William Knight, James Krause, Emil Krygier, Harry Ladley, Ervin Lampe, Conrad Lawlor, Harold Lind, Herbert Liverman, Dale Lundstrom, Bob Markey, Philip Matalucci, Jack Mayo, Riley McDaniel, Gene McDonagh, Don McLain, Bobby McMillan, Grant Millard, Daniel Millett, Chuck Minert, Gary Mitchell, Roger Mohs, Paul Muma, Eugene Nelson, Richard Nelson, Ray Nethercott, Paul Neusetzer, Don Nitsche, Joseph O'Brien, Mel Olson, Ernest Owens, Billy Partridge, Don Pastell, Roy Peak, Mal Pearson, Ben Pedrotti, John Petronka, Ralph Presson, Cecil Price, Sam Ragusa, Gary Rawlings, Rex Roark, Gene Robinson, Dale Rogers, Thomas Roy, John Ruby, C. Edner Ru-

dolph, Paul Schell, Millard Schneider, Jack Schrader, Stoney Serrett, Tom Sheehy, Don Shoff, William Sigmund, Dick Sim, Jack Sims, Art Siple, Glenn Sisco, Joe Sitkowski, Richard Skillicorn, Joe Sobczak, Ray Sonnen, Ted Speros, Gene Staples, Tom Stapleton, Clyde Stenholm, Lee Stevens, Larry Stevenson, George Stewart, Willis Struecker, Dan Svendsen, William Taylor, George Terry, Doug Thorp, Richard Todd, Wayne Turley, Jerry Vasquez, Larry Vibber, Lionel Vidrine, Walter Waddell, Phil Wagenschnur, Dick Walters, Harold Wardenburg, John Weires, Rodney White, John Wilborn, Marshall Williams, R. G. 'Pete' Williams, Scott Williams, Fred Wilmarth, Jesse Wilson, Preston Wilson, Bill Wisnowski, Jim Wommack, Dwight Yetter, and Stephen Yunger.

Everyone listed here has their dues paid at least through 2007, 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 1 through December 31 (no dues card sent out). This list is as of February 12, 2008. There are currently 188 paid up members from a mailing list of 522. If dues have never been sent, they do not receive the Newsletter. There are 755 names on the full member roster. (SW)

Who to contact about your dues

Scott Williams, Sec'y/Treas.
MCB 2 Reunion Association
725 Summer Ridge Dr.
Villa Rica, GA 30180
(770-456-4246)

e-mail: williash@aol.com

make checks payable to:
Scott Williams/MCB 2

**Dues are \$20/year
January - December**

**This is what keeps us going
and enables us to send this Newsletter.**

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 777 names and addresses of former CBD 1802, CBD 1804, CBMU 1/101, CBMU 577, and MCB 2 personnel, so this is a pretty thick directory (23 pages). Glad to have all aboard! And keep sending those cards and letters — especially the ones with checks!
Scott Williams

Getting rid of an old gun....

Rummaging through her attic one day, my friend Kathryn found an old shotgun. Unsure how to dispose of it, she called her parents. "Take it to the police station," her mother suggested. My friend was about to hang up when her mom added....
"And, Kathryn?"
"Yes, mom?"
"Call them first and let them know you're coming."

PIGS...

There was once a man from the city who was visiting a small farm, and during this visit he saw a farmer feeding pigs in a most extraordinary manner. The farmer would lift a pig up to a nearby apple tree, and the pig would eat the apples off the tree directly.

The farmer would move the pig from one apple to another until the pig was satisfied, then he would start again with another pig. The city man watched this activity for some time with great astonishment.

Finally, he could not resist saying to the farmer, "This is the most inefficient method of feeding pigs that I can imagine. Just think of the time that would be saved if you simply shook the apples off the tree and let the pigs eat them from the ground!"

The farmer looked puzzled and replied, "What's time to a pig?"



From Russ Granby, Oooooops! March 1954



From Russ Granby, Clearing the Camayan Road, 3/54

A Sign Of Old Age

One day you look in the mirror and realize the face you are shaving is your father's.

Memories...

In 2002, **Ed Carlson** made the following request for information from the *American Legion Magazine* about the Yonabaru Airfield in Okinawa:

“Maybe some Seabees out there can help me solve this. I am looking for information regarding the Yonabaru Airfield. I served three years with the 74th NCB on Okinawa in 1945. During this year, the 13th, 125th, and 145th NCBs joined our battalion to construct this new airfield located in the Buckner Bay area. The purpose of the airfield was to land the new B-29s. In November 1945 we were sent home. What happened to Yonabaru Airfield? I would appreciate any information you may have.”

Letters, faxes, phone calls, now well over 100, have come from veterans all over the US and Okinawa. It's been a great job researching and learning more about events that happened on Okinawa. Many people, including veterans, do not realize that we used 184,000 GIs and Marines on Okinawa, compared to Eisenhower's 150,000 assault troops on D-Day, plus our invasion armada of 1600 ships that traveled 7355 miles to Okinawa compared to the 30 miles across the English Channel to France. I do not want to minimize D-Day, but Okinawa in its build-up and battle also engaged over 50,000 Seabees and about 50,000 Army Engineers building roads, 11 airfields, supply bases, harbor facilities and multiple maintenance projects.

The battle on Okinawa began April 1, 1945. Offshore lay the greatest invasion fleet ever assembled in the Pacific. Unlike Iwo Jima, the Japanese did not defend the beach invasion. They dug defensive caves and barriers and waited until the American Army and Marines advanced. On April 6th, the Japanese sent more than 350 bombers and an equal number of Kamikaze planes to attack the fleet, but they were not able to cripple it. Later in the battle, we sank their flagship Yamato, and 3000 seamen lost their life.

Overall, the Japanese lost 109,629 killed and 7,872 taken prisoner. America lost 12,520 killed and 36,631 wounded; more than twice the casualty rate

of Iwo Jima. Okinawa was set up as the final base for the invasion of Japan.

After more than 50 years, my memory of what happened at Yonabaru Airfield needed some help but I do remember being called up to help build a wooden platform and table on top of a hill above our camp in the Buckner Bay area. We were told that some officers were coming to discuss a new project. Pretty soon, several Jeeps with officers arrived. I stood in the background and plainly heard them talking. One Commander said we have orders to build a new airport that will handle the B-29s that will soon arrive. Looking down into the valley, he said we'll have to drain the rice paddies, build a canal, install a sea wall and start scraping the dirt off these hills and begin digging limestone for the finish surface. We'll set up lights and work 24 hours a day. Each battalion had 800 men, so overnight these four heavy equipment Seabee battalions went to work. The job started July 1, 1945, and the airfield was fully operational on August 15. This was the Yonabaru Airfield.

After we secured Okinawa, a decision had to be made: where to attack Japan. President Truman made the decision to drop the atomic bomb on Japan after conferring with the military that invading Japan could cost one million casualties.

On August 6, 1945, a B-29 named Enola Gay took off from Tinian Island. Their destination and mission was to drop an atomic bomb on Hiroshima. Over 78,150 Japanese were killed. The mayor of Hiroshima reported that 247,000 had been killed, yet there was no response to America from the Japanese Imperial Command.

Then, on August 9, another B-29 named Bockscar left Tinian Island and flew to Japan. The original plan called for the bomb to be dropped on Kokura, but cloud cover caused circling around for 50 minutes waiting for the ceiling to clear. It didn't. A decision was made to go 95 miles farther to the north and make its drop on Nagasaki. That caused 'Bockscar' to run short on fuel. It couldn't make it back to its home base on Tinian, so the pilots de-

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

cided to head for Okinawa. The B-29 barely made it. The plane landed at Yonabaru Field on fumes. As the co-pilot recalls, one engine conked out just as the plane touched down.

Fred Olivi, one of the co-pilots, was a speaker at our NSVA Mid-Year Meeting and told us of the Bockscar experience. He said they stopped at Okinawa to refuel and eat some food, then took off again for Tinian. He said everything was very hush-hush during their stay at Okinawa. Other service personnel (soldiers, sailors, Marines and Seabees) gathered around them after the landing and wanted to know what the big B-29 was doing on Okinawa. Some guessed the plane was going on a bombing run somewhere. None on the island knew of the A-bomb drop on Nagasaki. Olivi said none of the crew was allowed to talk about the Nagasaki raid until they were debriefed on Tinian.

The Japanese formally surrendered September 2, 1945.

Now, the end of the story. The many letters I received from veterans helped to verify events and construction of Yonabaru and other airfields, but it took a letter from Patrick J. Gibbons, Public Works Officer, Okinawa, Japan, to tell me, "Yes, the Yonabaru Airfield is now gone and has been replaced by roads, businesses, houses and fields."

I want to thank all the veterans who contacted me and showed a real interest in learning more about Yonabaru Field. Also, thanks to the American Legion Magazine for giving me this opportunity.

I was just 19 years old when I joined the 74th NCB. I worked my way up to Carpenters Mate II, but being in the Seabees was a great experience. Most of the older men in our battalion, construction foremen, superintendents, and engineers were very kind and supportive to us younger fellas. It was a great 3 year experience and I will always treasure it.

After the war, I came home and married my high school sweetheart, **Violet Nelles**. We have six children, who are all married to their same mates, and 27 grandchildren.

The Half-Wit

A man owned a small farm in Indiana. The Indiana State Wage & Hour Department claimed he was not paying proper wages to his help and sent an agent out to interview him.

"I need a list of your employees and how much you pay them," demanded the agent.

"Well," replied the farmer, "there's my farm hand who's been with me for 3 years. I pay him \$200 a week plus free room and board. The cook has been here for 18 months, and I pay her \$150 per week plus free room and board. Then there's the half-wit who works about 18 hours every day and does about 90% of all the work around here. He makes about \$10 per week, pays his own room and board, and I buy him a bottle of bourbon every Saturday night. He also sleeps with my wife occasionally."

"That's the guy I want to talk to...the half-wit," said the agent.

"That would be me," replied the farmer.....



Larry Lipkin & Fred Cozad, Cubi Point, 1952

Bill asked me to send this to you, as this man (Trahan) once served with Bill. It came out in the Retired Seabee Directory Newsletter. (Marilyn Knight)

WHAT WILL MATTER

Ready or not, someday it will all come to an end. There will be no more sunrises, no minutes, hours or days. All the things you collected, whether treasured or forgotten, will pass to someone else. Your wealth, fame and temporal power will shrivel to irrelevance. It will not matter what you owned or what you were owed. Your grudges, resentments, frustrations and jealousies will finally disappear. So too, your hopes, ambitions, plans and to-do lists will expire. It won't matter where you came from or what side of the track you lived on at the end. It won't matter whether you were beautiful or brilliant. Even your gender and skin color will be irrelevant. So what will matter, how will the value of your days be measured?

What will matter is not what you bought but what you built. Not what you got but what you gave.

What will matter is not your success but your significance.

What will matter is not what you learned but what you taught.

What will matter is the very act of integrity, compassion, courage or sacrifice that enriched, empowered or encouraged others to emulate your example.

What will matter is not your competence but your character.

What will matter is not how many people you knew, but how many will feel a lasting loss when you're gone.

What will matter is not your memories but the memories of those who loved you.

What will matter is how long you will be remembered, by whom and for what.

Living a life that matters doesn't happen by accident. It's not a matter of circumstance but of choice.

Written by EQCM Wilbur L. Trahan
December 5, 1942 - April 14, 2007

KOREA DEFENSE SERVICE MEDAL (KDSM)

Where and How to request

Public Law 107-314 created a new medal to recognize military service in the Republic of Korea and the surrounding waters (Feb 2004). For information on this new medal, please access this website:

<http://www.defenselink.mil/faq/>, and select your branch of service listed. You may also wish to read the DoD

news release entitled: "DoD Announces Korean Defense Service Medal", at the following web page,

<http://www.defenselink.mil/releases/2004/nr20040209-0334.html>

Each military department will prescribe appropriate regulations for administrative processing, awarding and wearing of the Korean Defense Service Medal (KDSM) and ribbon for their service members, to include application procedures for veterans, retirees, and next-of-kin. Provided below are the mailing addresses and telephone numbers for each of the military departments Awards and Decorations Office.

U.S. Total Army Personnel Command
Awards and Decorations Office
ATTN: TAPC-PD-PA
200 Stovall Street
Alexandria, VA 22302-0471
Telephone: 703-325-8700

Chief of Naval Operations
Awards and Special Projects Branch
CODE: NO9B33
2000 Navy Pentagon, Room 4D453
Washington, DC 20350-2000
Telephone: 703-325-1770

Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps
Awards and Decorations Office
Manpower and Reserve Affairs (MMMA)
3280 Russell Road
Quantico, VA 22314-5103
Telephone: 703-784-9342

U.S. Department of the Air Force
Headquarters, Air Force Personnel Center
ATTN: DPPRA
500 C Street West, Suite 12
Randolph AFB, TX 78150-4714
Telephone: 210-565-2516

History of Bagels

Bagels should be found in the dictionary under fun, but according to Webster (who probably liked his with a shmeat, i.e., cream cheese and, maybe, some lox, i.e., smoked salmon) a bagel is "a hard bread roll made of yeast dough twisted into a small doughnut-like shape, cooked in simmering water, then baked." The bagel is the only bread product that is boiled before it is baked. That's what gives the bagel its unique texture and the crust its characteristic shine.

Legend has it that in 1683 in Vienna, Austria, a local Jewish baker wanted to thank the king of Poland for protecting his countrymen from Turkish invaders. He made a special hard roll in the shape of a riding stirrup - Bugel in German - commemorating the king's favorite pastime and giving the bagel its distinct shape.

As bagels gained popularity in Poland, they were officially sanctioned as gifts for women in childbirth and mentioned in community registers. Mothers used them as nutritious teething rings that their infants could easily grasp - a practice still popular today.

Bagels eventually made their way to Russia, where they were called bubliki and were sold on strings. Like other ring-shaped objects, they were said to bring good luck and possess magical powers. It is even said that songs were sung about bagels!

A North American Debut

When the Eastern European Jewish immigrants arrived in North America at the turn of the century, they brought the bagel with them. Many settled in Canada, giving cities like Toronto and Montreal their reputation for having superb bagels. The American bagel industry established formal roots in New York between 1910 and 1915 with the formation of Bagel Bakers Local #338. This exclusive group of 300 craftsmen with "bagels in their blood" limited its members to sons of its members. At the time, it was probably easier to get into medical school than to get an apprenticeship in one of the 36 union bagel shops in New York City and New Jersey.

Professional bagel baking required know-how and backbreaking labor. Bagel makers' sons apprenticed

for months to learn the trade. Men were paid by the piece and usually worked in teams of four. Two made the bagels, one baked, and a "kettleman" was in charge of boiling the bagels. The men earned 19 cents a box, and each box typically contained 64 bagels. It was not unusual for a team to make a hundred boxes a night.

With the rising of the yeast in countless bakeries, the popularity of the bagel rose far beyond the boundaries of ethnic neighborhoods. In the late 1950's and 1960's, bakers from New York and New Jersey began moving to other parts of the country. One such veteran who opened a bagel bakery in a suburb of Washington, D.C., in 1966, remembers his skeptical landlord nervously questioning, "Who's gonna spend seven cents for one of those things?"

Prepackaged bagels first became available in grocery stores in the 1950's. With the introduction of frozen bagels in the 1960's, consumers had access to bagels even if they didn't live near a bagel bakery.

Bagel-making machines, a boon to commercial bakers, were also introduced in the early 1960's. The machines form bagels by extruding the dough through the ring shape. Inventor Dan Thompson says, "I was born to invent a bagel machine. My father was thinking about a bagel-making machine when I was conceived." That may not be far from the truth, because Dan's father had a wholesale bakery in Winnipeg, Canada, and was already working on a bagel-making machine back in 1926. But it was far too complicated, too slow, and too costly to manufacture and wasn't commercially feasible.

There were as many as fifty unsuccessful attempts to produce a bagel-making machine in the early twentieth century. The Thompson Bagel Machine Corporation developed the first viable model, despite "doubting Thompsons" who insisted that no machine would ever replace the human hand in forming bagels. Most of the early machines were leased by bakers who paid by the dozen on the time meter. Now most are purchased. Popular with "Mom and Pop" bagel bakeries is the single-bank Thompson model with a dough divider that forms 175 dozen (2,100) bagels an hour. Large-scale production companies use multiples of the double-bank machine, each of which produces 400 dozen (4,800) bagels hourly.

NCB 6

Guadalcanal

First Echelon of 357 men from the 6th Seabee Battalion arrived at "Guadalcanal" September 1, 1942

Can-Do at Guadalcanal - The Seabee story of Guadalcanal begins on the afternoon of August 20, 1942, when 45-year old Commander Joseph P. Blundon (CEC, USNR) arrived in a PBY off Lunga Point and promptly reported to General A.A. Vandergrift. "I guess I was the first Seabee to go under fire," Commander Blundon recalled. "The Marines had been on Guadalcanal thirteen days, and they had a tiny beachhead around Henderson Field. While I was reporting to General Vandergrift, the Jap bombers came over and I hit my first foxhole. A few days later my Sixth Seabee Battalion arrived, and we assumed full responsibility for the completion and maintenance of Henderson Field. The Japs had cleared an area 300 by 5600 feet, but it was by no means finished. The Japs were shelling the field with Howitzers, as well as bombing it night and day, and it was our job to keep the holes filled up while we finished the grading, laid Marston mat, built hardstands and revetments, and helped solve the fuel and ammunition problems. We had very little equipment, General Vandergrift assigned us a section of the beach to defend against the Jap landings, and we figured we could defend the beach and still do the job at Henderson Field. We realized at the outset that the battle was going to turn on how fast we filled up holes and how fast we could develop that field. When the Jap bombers approached, our fighters took off, the bombers blasted the airstrips, and then if we couldn't fill up those holes before our planes ran out of fuel, the planes would have to attempt to land anyway, and they would crash. I saw seven of our fighters crack up in one bitter afternoon. From "our" point of view the battle of Guadalcanal was a race between the Jap artillery and the air force and the Sixth Seabee Battalion. We played our cards fast. We pitched our camp at the edge of the field to save time. We dug our foxholes right up alongside the landing area. We found that a 500 pound bomb would tear up 1600 square feet of Marston

Mat, so we placed packages of this quantity of mat along the strip, like extra rails along a railroad. We figured out how much sand and gravel was required to fill the average bomb or shell crater, and we loaded these measured amounts on trucks and placed the trucks under cover at strategic points. We had compressors and pneumatic hammers to pack the fill into the craters. We organized human assembly lines for passing up the pierced plank and laying it. Then when the Jap bombers approached, every Seabee including even our cooks, manned his repair station. Our crater crews were lying in the foxholes right at the edge of the strip. The moment the bombers had passed over, these men boiled out of the holes and raced for the craters. Every man had to keep his eye peeled for Jap strafing planes, and when the Jap dived in, our men dived for the close at hand foxholes. We found that 100 Seabees could repair the damage of a 500-pound bomb hit on an airstrip on forty minutes. In twenty four hours on October 13 and 14, fifty-three bombs and shells hit the Henderson airstrip. During one hour on the 14th we filled thirteen bomb craters while our planes circled overhead waiting to land. In the period from September 1, to November 18, we had 140 Jap raids in which the strip was hit at least once. Our worst moments were when the Jap bomb or shell failed to explode when it hit. It still tore up our mat, and it had to come out. "When you see men choke down their fear and dive in after an unexploded bomb so that our planes can land safely, a lump comes in your throat and you know why America wins wars." Shell craters are more dangerous to work on than bomb craters. You have a feeling that no two bombs ever hit in the same place, but this isn't true of shells. A Jap five-inch gun lobs a shell over on your airstrip and blasts a helluva hole. What are you going to do? You know, just as that Jap artillery man knows, that if he leaves his gun in the same position and fires another shell, the second shell will hit in almost the same spot as the first one. So a good old Jap trick was to give us enough time to start repairing the hole and then fire the second shell. All you can do is depend on hearing that second shell coming and hope you can scramble far enough away before it explodes. But this is a gamble which is frowned upon by life insurance companies. That's all for now!"

Amusing Naval History

The USS Willie D

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and published with his consent.

Can you imagine what kind of "Field Day" today's press would have with these kinds of events?

From November 1943, until her demise in June 1945, the American destroyer 'William Porter' was often hailed - whenever she entered port or joined other Naval ships - with the greetings: 'Don't shoot, we're Republicans!' For a half a century, the US Navy kept a lid on the details of the incident that prompted this salutation. A Miami news reporter made the first public disclosure in 1958 after he stumbled upon the truth while covering a reunion of the destroyer's crew. The Pentagon reluctantly and tersely confirmed his story, but only a smattering of newspapers took notice.

Fifty years ago, the Willie D as the Porter was nicknamed, accidentally fired a live torpedo at the battleship Iowa during a practice exercise. As if this weren't bad enough, the Iowa was carrying President Franklin D. Roosevelt at the time, along with Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, and all of the country's W.W.II military brass. They were headed for the Big Three Conference in Tehran, where Roosevelt was to meet Stalin and Churchill. Had the Porter's torpedo struck the Iowa at the aiming point, the last 50 years of world history might have been quite different.

The USS William D Porter (DD-579) was one of hundreds of assembly line destroyers built during the war. They mounted several heavy and light guns, but their main armament consisted of 10 fast-running and accurate torpedoes that carried 500-pound warheads. This destroyer was placed in commission on July 1943 under the command of Wilfred Walker, a man on the Navy's fast career track. In the months before she was detailed to accompany the Iowa across the Atlantic in November 1943, the Porter and her crew learned their trade, experiencing the normal problems that always beset a new ship and a novice crew. The mishaps grew more serious when she became an escort for the

pride of the fleet, the big new battleship Iowa.

The night before they left Norfolk, bound for North Africa, the Porter accidentally damaged a nearby sister ship when she backed down along the other ship's side and her anchor tore down her railings, life rafts, ship's boat and various other formerly valuable pieces of equipment. The Willie D merely had a scraped anchor, but her career of mayhem and mishaps had begun.

Just twenty four hours later, the four-ship convoy consisting of Iowa and her secret passengers and two other destroyers was under strict instructions to maintain complete radio silence. As they were going through a known U-boat feeding ground, speed and silence were the best defense. Suddenly, a tremendous explosion rocked the convoy. All of the ships commenced anti-submarine maneuvers. This continued until the Porter sheepishly admitted that one of her depth charges had fallen off her stern and exploded. The 'safety' had not been set as instructed. Captain Walker was watching his fast track career become side-tracked. Shortly thereafter, a freak wave inundated the ship, stripping away everything that wasn't lashed down. A man was washed overboard and never found. Next, the fire room lost power in one of its boilers. The Captain, by this point, was making reports almost hourly to the Iowa on the Willie D's difficulties. It would have been merciful if the force commander had detached the hard luck ship and sent her back to Norfolk. But, no, she sailed on.

The morning of 14 November 1943 dawned with a moderate sea and pleasant weather. The Iowa and her escorts were just east of Bermuda, and the president and his guests wanted to see how the big ship could defend herself against an air attack. So, Iowa launched a number of weather balloons to use as anti-aircraft targets. It was exciting to see more than 100 guns shooting at the balloons, and the President was proud of his Navy. Just as proud was Admiral Ernest J King, the Chief of Naval Operations; large in size and by demeanor, a true monarch of the sea. Disagreeing with him meant the end of a naval career. Up to this time, no one knew what firing a torpedo at him would mean. Over on the Willie D, Captain Walker watched the fireworks

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display with admiration and envy. Thinking about career redemption and breaking the hard luck spell, the Captain sent his impatient crew to battle stations. They began to shoot down the balloons the Iowa had missed as they drifted into the Porter's vicinity.

Down on the torpedo mounts, the crew watched, waiting to take some practice shots of their own on the big battleship, which, even though 6,000 yards away, seemed to blot out the horizon. Lawton Dawson and Tony Fazio were among those responsible for the torpedoes. Part of their job involved ensuring that the primers were installed during actual combat and removed during practice. Once a primer was installed, on a command to fire, it would explode shooting the torpedo out of its tube.

Dawson, on this particular morning, unfortunately had forgotten to remove the primer from torpedo tube #3. Up on the bridge, a new torpedo officer, unaware of the danger, ordered a simulated firing. "Fire 1, Fire 2," and finally, "Fire 3." There was no fire 4 as the sequence was interrupted by an unmistakable whooooooshhhing sound made by a successfully launched and armed torpedo. Lt. H. Steward Lewis, who witnessed the entire event, later described the next few minutes as what hell would look like if it ever broke loose.

Just after he saw the torpedo hit water on its way to the Iowa and some of the most prominent figures in world history, Lewis innocently asked the Captain, 'Did you give permission to fire a torpedo?' Captain Walker's reply will not ring down through naval history... although words to the effect of Farragut's immortal 'Damn the torpedoes' figured centrally within. Initially there was some reluctance to admit what had happened, or even to warn the Iowa. As the awful reality sunk in, people began racing around, shouting conflicting instructions and attempting to warn the flagship of imminent danger. First, there was a flashing light warning about the torpedo which unfortunately indicated it was headed in another direction. Next, the Porter signaled that it was going reverse at full speed! Finally, they decided to break the strictly enforced radio silence. The radio operator on the destroyer transmitted "'Lion (code for the Iowa), Lion, come

right." The Iowa operator, more concerned about radio procedure, requested that the offending station identify itself first. Finally, the message was received and the Iowa began turning to avoid the speeding torpedo.

Meanwhile, on the Iowa's bridge, word of the torpedo firing had reached FDR, who asked that his wheelchair be moved to the railing so he could see better what was coming his way. His loyal Secret Service guard immediately drew his pistol as if he was going to shoot the torpedo. As the Iowa began evasive maneuvers, all of her guns were trained on the William D Porter. There was now some thought that the Porter was part of an assassination plot. Within moments of the warning, there was a tremendous explosion just behind the battleship. The torpedo had been detonated by the wash kicked up by the battleship's increased speed.

The crisis was over and so was Captain Walker's career. His final utterance to the Iowa, in response to a question about the origin of the torpedo, was a weak, "We did it." Shortly thereafter, the brand new destroyer, her Captain and the entire crew were placed under arrest and sent to Bermuda for trial. It was the first time that a complete ship's company had been arrested in the history of the US Navy. The ship was surrounded by Marines when it docked in Bermuda, and held there several days as the closed session inquiry attempted to determine what had happened. Torpedoman Dawson eventually confessed to having inadvertently left the primer in the torpedo tube, which caused the launching. Dawson had thrown the used primer over the side to conceal his mistake.

The whole incident was chalked up to an unfortunate set of circumstances and placed under a cloak of secrecy. Someone had to be punished. Captain Walker and several other Porter officers and sailors eventually found themselves in obscure shore assignments. Dawson was sentenced to 14 years hard labor. President Roosevelt intervened; however, asking that no punishment be meted out for what was clearly an accident. The destroyer was banished to the upper Aleutians. It was probably thought this was as safe a place as any for the ship and anyone who came near her. She remained in the

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frozen north for almost a year, until late 1944, when she was re-assigned to the Western Pacific.

Before leaving the Aleutians, she accidentally left her calling card in the form of a five-inch shell fired into the front yard of the American base commandant, thus rearranging his flower garden. In December, 1944, she joined the Philippine invasion forces and acquitted herself quite well. She distinguished herself by shooting down a number of attacking Japanese aircraft. Regrettably, after the war, it was reported that she also shot down three American planes. This was a common event on ships, as many gunners, fearful of kamikazes, had nervous trigger fingers.

In April, 1945, the destroyer was assigned to support the invasion of Okinawa. By this time, the greeting "Don't Shoot, We're Republicans" was commonplace and the crew of the Willie D had become used to the ribbing. But the crew of her sister ship, the USS Luce, was not so polite in its salutations after the Porter accidentally riddled her side and superstructure with gunfire.

On 10 June, 1945, the Porter's hard luck finally ran out. She was sunk by a plane which had (unintentionally) attacked underwater. A Japanese bomber made almost entirely of wood and canvas slipped through the Navy's defense. Having little in the way of metal surfaces, the plane didn't register on radar. A fully loaded kamikaze, it was headed for a ship near the Porter, but just at the last moment veered away and crashed along side the unlucky destroyer. There was a sigh of relief as the plane sunk out of sight, but then it blew up underneath the Porter, opening her hull in the worst possible location.

Three hours later, after the last man was off board, the Captain jumped to the safety of a rescue vessel and the ship that almost changed world history slipped astern into 2,400 feet of water. Not a single soul was lost in the sinking. After everything else that happened, it was almost as if the ship decided to let her crew off at the end.

Submitted by:
Major John H. Pierson, Jr., USMC (Ret)

Letter From a Farmer

Dear Secretary of Agriculture,

My friends, Darryl and Janice, over at Jonestown, Oklahoma, received a check the other day for \$1,000 from the government for not raising hogs. So, I want to go into the "not raising hogs" business myself next year.

What I want to know is, in your opinion, what is the best type of farm not to raise hogs on, and what is the best breed of hogs not to raise? I want to be sure that I approach this endeavor in keeping with all government policies. I would prefer not to raise Razorback hogs, but if that is not a good breed not to raise, then I can just as easily not raise Yorkshires or Durocs. As I see it, the hardest part of this program will be keeping an accurate inventory of how many hogs I haven't raised. If I can get \$1,000 for not raising 50 hogs, will I get \$2,000 for not raising 100 hogs? I plan to operate on a small scale at first, holding myself down to about 4,000 "not raised" hogs, that will give me an income of about \$80,000 the first year, enough to buy an airplane.

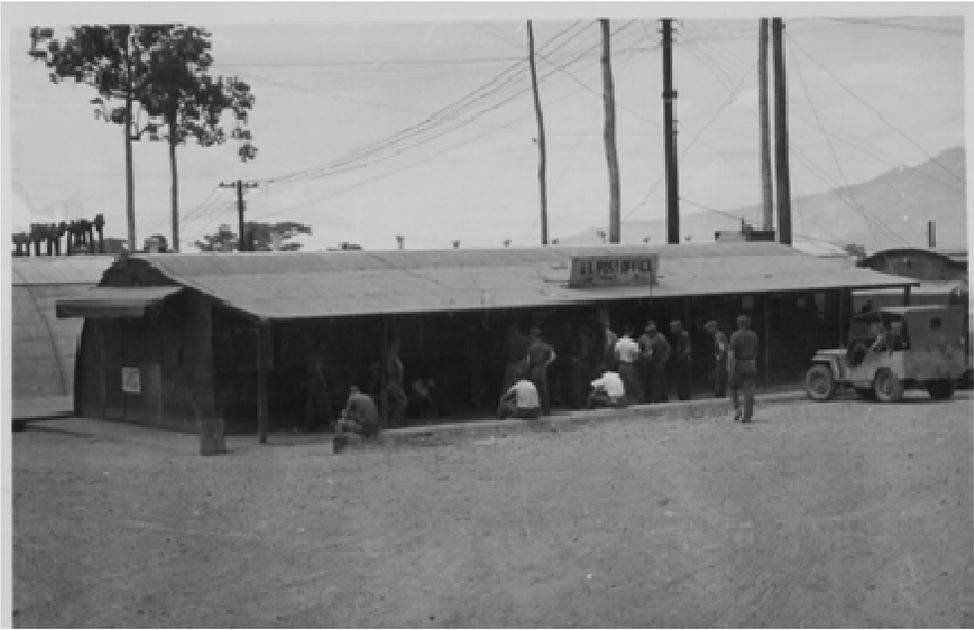
Now another thing: these hogs I will not raise will not eat 100,000 bushels of corn. I understand that you also pay farmers for not raising corn and wheat. Will I qualify for payments for not raising wheat and corn not to feed the 4,000 hogs I am not going to raise? I want to get started not feeding as soon as possible, as this seems to be a good time of the year to not raise hogs and grain. I am also considering the "not milking cows" business, so please send me any information on that also. In view of these circumstances, I understand that the Government will consider me totally unemployed, so I plan to file for unemployment and food stamps as well.

Be assured that you will have my vote in the coming elections.

Patriotically yours,

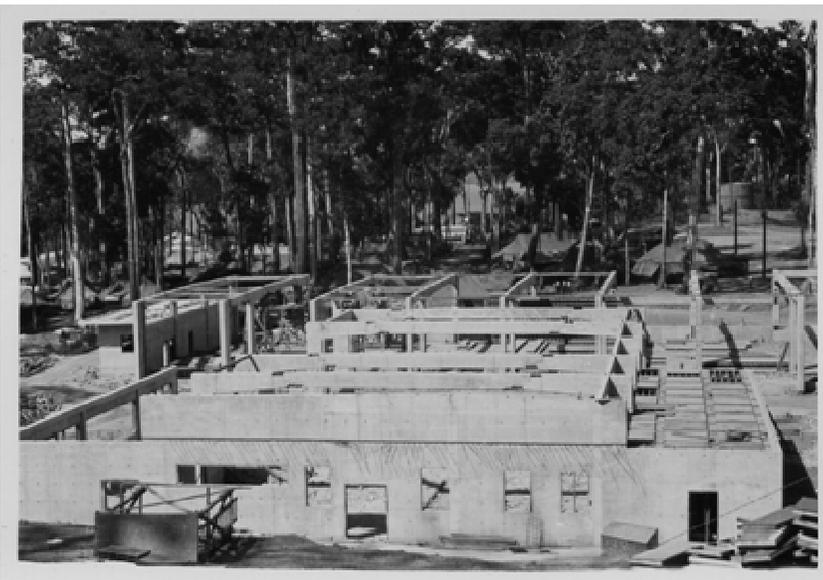
Duster Benton

PS: Would you please notify me when you plan to distribute more free cheese?



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