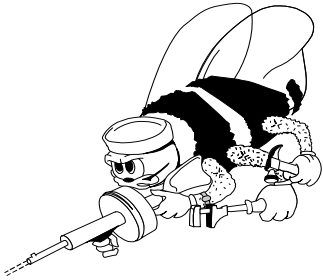


# MCB 2 Reunion Association

Volume 7, Issue 3

May 10, 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! Which Hotel Is Best? Answer Soon!

### **We are still checking hotels!**

We have had a delay in our selection process and will continue with the process and hopefully announce the results in the next Newsletter. It is just taking a bit longer than expected but we have narrowed it down to a couple hotels and we are talking to them to get our best accommodations. We still have plenty of time, but our plans are to hold the reunion some time during the last two weeks of September 2009. Hold those dates open and the announcement will be posted in the next Newsletter. Thanks for your patience.

### **Make Plans For Myrtle Beach!**

We plan to have another great reunion in Myrtle Beach and the hotels we are checking have superb accommodations.

A large hospitality room that will be able to handle our huge ship's store and all of the door prizes for the banquet is part of our requirements, plus everyone that likes to come in and swap sea stories, memories, and recipes.

We are also checking on tours and golf outings, so there should be something for everyone. Our next Newsletter should have all the answers as to where, when and what is planned. See you there!

Two can live as  
cheaply as one,  
for half as long.

## 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 753 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, if you would like a directory sorted by ZIP numbers, let me know. You can see who lives close to you or use it when you travel. And keep sending those cards and letters – especially the ones with checks!

Scott Williams

## 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./Publisher

# Seabees

*May — August*

## *Dates to Remember*

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	Seabees land on Saipan
June 30, 1943	Seabees land with 9th Marine Division, Solomon Islands.
July 4	Independence Day.
July 26, 1944	Seabees land on Tinian.
Aug. 6, 1945	Bombing of Hiroshima
Aug. 7, 1942	1st Marine Division lands on Guadalcanal
Aug. 9, 1942	Battle of Savo Island
Aug. 9, 1945	Bombing of Nagasaki
Aug. 11, 1942	USNCTC Camp Endicott, Davisville, RI, commissioned. Original "Home of the Seabees."
Aug. 14, 1945	Japan accepts terms of Potsdam Declaration
Aug. 20, 1942	OIC, 6th NCB, arrives at Guadalcanal, first CEC/Seabee Officer to enter a combat zone.



## *Notes from our members:*

From **Pat Morris**: [After I had sent **Pat** the copy for the previous Newsletter, he replied with the following] A lot of good stuff in it. I am sorry to read that my friend, **Robert Schambron**, is no longer with us. I served with **Robert** at Atsugi and Oppama, Japan. He was a CE and later retired as a Chief. **Robert** was somewhat impetuous in those days, as most of us were at that age. I remember once, there were three of us standing on a train platform in Japan one night waiting to board the train when **Robert's** wax-paper umbrella fell through the narrow space between the train and the platform. Just as fast, **Robert** disappeared through the same space, going after his cheap umbrella. We yelled for him to come up but there was no response. We knew the train could pull out at any time. Just when we were facing the reality that we might never see him alive again, we looked toward the end of the train and saw him jump onto the platform from under the train with a big smile on his face and his umbrella in his hand. Our hearts started beating again. I am sorry that **Robert** was never able to come to one of our reunions. He had a disabled wife that he cared for..... received a St. Louis door prize certificate from **Don Henderson**..... from **Bob Hoare**: Enclosed is a check plus a little extra to keep me on the Good Guy List. I will be in Bora Bora in a couple of weeks and I'll check if the Bobcat Detachment that was noted in the last Newsletter left anything to be remembered by..... received a check for dues from **Tom Hoffman, Anthony Marcella, Dan (Peggy) Mills, Clem Gregurek, John Kolasz, Herbert Meade, Shorty (Phyllis) Campbell, Larry (Sharon) Jessop, Ralph (Mary) Bokern, Ralph (Grace) Evans, Pat Badgett, Paul (Wandalee) D'Angelo, Bob Elder, Gerald Seger, Richard Baker, Richard (Darlene) Farbo, Chuck (Helen) McCabe, Fred Simon, and Joe DeFranco, & Charles Trimarchi** [thanks to all] ..... e-mail from **Richard Coulson**: I do not recall receiving an invoice for the Newsletter this year. [I

answered **Richard's** e-mail note with the following: No invoices are sent. That's what the Good Guy List is for. If your name is not on the list, your dues are due. The first issue of the Newsletter each year comes out around February and that's when everyone notices they are not on the GGL and the dues start coming in. That makes it easy for me by not having to send 400+ dues notices. **Roy Cone** started the Good Guy List before I took over the Newsletter and is very efficient as long as everyone remembers to check it.] **Richard** wrote back: Thank you. The check is in the mail [thank you]..... from **Fred Simon**: I read the latest Newsletter on the Internet and didn't see my name on the Good Guy List. I think I forgot because I was in the hospital Nov. 6 for my right knee replacement and again on Dec. 18 for my left knee replacement. I am totally recovered and walking without a walker, crutches, nor even a cane. It all went very well. Congratulations on another wonderful Newsletter [thank you]. Enclosed you will find my dues [and thanks again]. Sorry I am late but money is getting REALLY tight as I haven't received a cost of living increase from Verizon in 23 years..... from **Charles Johnson**: Enclosed is a check for my dues [thanks]. Time sure flies by when one is not paying attention. Anything left over you can put it in the petty cash fund [thanks for that!]..... from **Sam (Mary) Ragusa**: Hope all is going well. Other than too high cholesterol, damaged rotator cuffs & deteriorating back disks, we are fine [ha! Sounds like all the rest of us!] Meds and therapy may solve the first two, but poor **Sam** will probably never really recover from the damage he did when falling off a ladder. I tore a lot of muscles throwing rocks from our neighbors' hillside (they were getting rid of them and I needed some) down to our river 'levy.' Ah, me! Brain still hasn't reconciled itself to the older body! [tell me about it!] I am busy with trail projects, helping collect signatures for our tax initiative and also circulating a petition to get my friend, **Ron**, on the ballot for Mohave County [AZ]. He and Phoenix's sheriff, **Joe Arpaio** are good friends [for those unaware who **Joe Arpaio** is, I have printed on page 12 what he has done since being elected to office]. We want a sheriff like **Joe** for our county. Since **Joe's** inmates wear pink underwear, I have decided our jail-birds should have lavender. I am preparing a "wife beater" undershirt with black



(Continued from page 3)

MCSO (Mohave County Sheriff's Department) on it and dying shorts to match!..... from **Bill Wilcoxon**: Sorry I'm so late with my dues. I guess I'm getting old or lazy (or both). Here is a check for dues, one US flag and one blue Seabee flag, plus some for whatever [thanks]. Hope your weather is good in Georgia. It isn't bad here [OR]. Hope to make it to SC!..... **Al Fritz** called me to check on his dues and told me his wife, **Barbara**, passed away last December 20. Condolences from all the MCB 2 family, **Al**..... [all: if you remember from the last Newsletter, **Don Pastell** wrote asking if **Dan Millett** was the one he knew and remembered. The following emails are from **Dan** and **Don** writing each other. **Dan** sent them to me and I thought I would share with everyone as this is what this Reunion Association is all about. The first email was sent to me by **Don Pastell**, which I forwarded on to **Dan Millett** and published it in the last Newsletter. It is reprinted here for continuity]: I found an old Sea Bee reunion booklet a while ago in a barber shop magazine rack, and out of curiosity 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..... reply from **Dan Millett**: Yes, I'm the

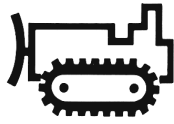


**Danny** you remember back in the P.I. and, yes, I remember that incident coming back from Mabiou. I couldn't carry you all the way back to camp and left you in a little stream that I couldn't get you up and over the bank from. You were too heavy for me so I left you and went back to the tent for the rescue squad, which consisted of **Moore**, **Marshall** (Ham), and **Uremey**. I wasn't much help at that point as it was more than halfway from Mabiou and I was bushed. I tried to look you up years ago in Tarrytown, but no luck. A list of tent mates is **Bob Moore** 1st Class P.O., **Marshall** (Ham), **Munson**, **Pastel**, **Nick Yastk**, **Bob Young** (Gung Bung Young), **Uremey**, **Linch**, & **Millett**. **Mike Linch** and **Ronnie Munson** are gone. That's all I know of at this time. **Bob Moore** and I kept in touch for a long time. He went to work in Naval Intelligence and **Willie Trefefine** stayed in California. He was my oiler on a shovel I operated. You wrote a little note in my green book about me and him..... reply from **Don Pastell**: I was sorry to hear about **Mike Linch** and **Ronnie Munson**. **Mike** was a real nice guy and I remember him well, but I can't recall **Munson**. I made two tours to the P.I. and I know you made three. Could **Munson** have been on the third tour? The ones I remember are **Yastk** (a great sense of humor), **Uremey** (the body builder), **Young** ( the Olongapo lover), and yourself. It was a good crew, including Gung Bung **Young** and, by the way, when did he get that name? It does fit. How did you get to keep track of the guys? I met two people from the service days, a driver I worked with on Camayan Point and an electrician from Cubi. The driver was a **John Cure** who lived in Long Beach and was driving double fuel tankers for Texaco. The electrician was an L.A. Fireman with the last name of **Wright**. But that was over forty years ago. I missed the third tour with you guys by putting in for shore duty and having to extend for a year. I had a new-born son that I wanted to spend some time with. The extension was a big decision but it worked out fine. Were you in the PI when you were discharged or did you come back with the MOB? What did you do after you got discharged? It's hard to believe it has been over fifty years, but time flies when you're having fun..... reply from **Dan Millett**: First questions, then answers. I think **Ronnie Munson** teamed up with us on our second tour in the PI. He was shot to death

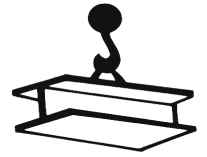


(Continued from page 4)

by a state cop in Arizona. Yeah, **Nick** lived in Philly and went on to college. I used to visit him when I was on shore duty in Bainbridge, MD, where I met and married my wife, who was from Baltimore. By the way, **Krause** (Hose Nose), who was in MCB 2, was our Best Man. He was in Bainbridge also. **Gene Uremey** is the guy who was on the pipe line on our first tour. Remember, he used to come back to the tent all covered with mud. The guy you're thinking of was a little short guy that used to shave all his hair off his legs, chest & arms. I don't know how Gung Bung got his name. I think you hung it on him. He used to fall in love with all the girls. He wanted to fight me when we picked up a couple of hitchhikers on our way to Muscle Beach in an old '37 Ford that we all bought together that took two gallons of oil to go to L.A. and back. My third tour was short and, like you, I put in for shore duty. I had to sign up for two more years. Our second tour was on Camayan Point where you used to operate a truck crane. Where do you live now, as I have some snapshots of us I would like to send you? Did you get my name out of an MCB 2 Newsletter? I'm surprised you haven't been to any of the reunions. We have one every two years. After I got discharged, I went to work at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard in NH as a crane operator and retired from there..... reply from **Don Pas-tell**: It sounds like you did pretty well for yourself. You appear to be one of the few that used his service training in civilian life successfully, good for you. I'm also glad you met and married a nice woman. So, **Nick** got out and went to college. I wonder what he majored in. He was quite a character and a lot of fun to be with. OK, the guy I was thinking of with the all-over Burma Shave, was 'something' **Urey** or **Urie**, I'm not sure of the spelling. I know he entered the Mr. Manila body building competition and placed in the top three. He was kind of a strange guy but would do anything for you. I wonder if the photos you have are the same as mine. I have a nice picture of you and Willie when we were on the beach getting ready to go stateside from the islands. You were smoking some old corn cob pipe. Sound familiar? For the life of me, I can't remember **Gene Uremey**. He apparently isn't in our Cubi Point year book, and **Willie's** picture is not there either. How come you put in for shore duty? You must have had



only a few months to go. What did you do at Bainbridge? That was a big decision too, wasn't it? I got shore duty in Newport, RI, and was assigned to the Provost Marshal's office. It was really a racket. The officer in charge was a Warrant Officer who was a really great guy and was apparently awaiting his discharge. We had nothing to do with the brig, although it was in the same building. The Warrant Officer, a First Class Quartermaster, and I spent most of the summer months fishing in the bay. One day while we were fishing, the Warrant Officer asked me if I was going to make the Navy my career. I told him no, that I was looking forward to getting out. He said, would you want to get out now? I kind of laughed and said, would I! Believe it or not, he walked me through the entire process. He knew everyone and, as a favor to him, I was out and discharged in an hour. When I was driving home, I couldn't believe it was all over. If all officers were like him, I might have been tempted to re-up, and I can't even remember his name. After I got out, I went to a technical school in New York City to study tool design. I had been a draftsman prior to entering the service, so I had a head start in the field. I was drafting for a company while attending school but, after two years, I decided working in an office was not for me. I read they were hiring cops in Los Angeles (my father was a NY cop) so I bought a used moving van and moved to California. I joined the Los Angeles Police Department in 1958, made detective in ten years and retired 20 years later. I have been married 56 years, have two sons and a daughter and eight grandkids. Where did all the time go? After all the years out here in sunny California, my wife wants to make one last move back to New York. The kids are all grown and she would like to spend more time with her old friends. We'll see..... reply from **Dan Millett**: Yeah, I didn't do too bad after I got out. I spent a couple years in boot camp at Bainbridge, MD. I was in the motor pool for a while driving busses, taking the boots to different locations and funeral details. A couple of trips to act as an SP to pick up homesick kids who went AWOL. The kept me doing heavy equipment work, too. They had a 1½ yard shovel I used to operate. One time, they had a big snow storm and they had me plowing snow with a road grader out in the open and when Ike had his big inaugural parade in Washington, we took a couple hundred recruits to the



(Continued from page 5)

parade. Most of the guys were Seabees. I should have watched the parade but instead, the other drivers and I went to a gin mill for a few beers. I also spent time in the Post Office delivering mail to all the companies and meeting the mail trains to pick mail up and ship it out. They had an open gangway on one ship until a 20-year 3rd Class Bo'sun Mate missed the train because he overslept. I'm surprised you don't remember **Gene Uremey**. He's the only one that had a job on our first trip. He had a short fuse when we played cards, knocking the table over and throwing the cards. We used to get him mad by laughing at him. You're right, Mr. Manila had a name similar to **Gene's**. The photos I have, one of you and me whittling some bamboo in front of our tent, and you, **Linch**, and me posing as the Three Blind Mice. I'd like to see that picture you have of **Willie** and me. If you look in the year book, there's a couple of pictures of **Young** on a truck; **Young** and **Nick** getting a beer; and you, **Nick**, **Willie**, and **Linch** on a pile of San Miguel beer boxes. You didn't tell me where you are living but I assume it is still California if your wife wants to move back to Tarrytown. How come you have never been to a reunion? We have one every two years. Have you ever been back to Port Hueneme? Enough questions. You didn't even answer my last question about how did you get my name? Was it an MCB 2 Newsletter? I don't know if you remember, but I got mucked up over there. I was on a working party with **Young** driving a 6X6 and drunk as a monkey. He hit a boulder then a big hole. I was sitting on a couple of beer cases and went airborne and wound up in sick bay with leg and back problems with a baby doctor for the head medical officer who couldn't do anything for me. Just as well though as I wound up with a 60% disability from the VA..... reply from **Don Pastell**: Well, let me answer your questions. I live in Hemet, CA, a farming community of 75,000 (20,000 when I moved here) and growing too fast. Mostly Mexicans. I've lived here 22 years and would like to make one more move. This place is boringly perfect: always sunshine and no bad weather. I'd like to see a rain storm again. It's warm in the daytime and cool at night. Perfect is not good. I'll mail you my address along with a picture of you and **Willie**. I've been told to never put your address on an email,



which could be an old wives' tale, but who knows? I found your name on an old MCB 2 Newsletter and, as far as reunions go, I didn't think there were such things. I did sign up for the Newsletter about two weeks ago, but you are the only name I recognized on the list of members, with the exception of **Phil Matalucci**. **Philip** is in one of the pictures I'll send. Your address was in the Newsletter and mine will probably be in the next issue. I also didn't know you were hurt in an accident. What was the reason for your celebrating while driving? Did you get in any 'hot water' over the incident? After work and, in your case while you were working, there was nothing better than an ice cold San Miguel. But you know it didn't taste as good stateside. I tried some about 30 years ago and it tasted like perfume. Now, I'm a Sam Adams or Micro Brewery beer drinker. I even made beer as a hobby. It was fun and I made a great ale. By the way, who did you meet at the reunions?..... reply from **Dan Millett**: Thanks for answering my questions, but I figured it must have been an old MCB 2 Newsletter. Now all I'll have to do is locate **Young** and **Yastk**. I often think of **Nick** as I used to go to Philadelphia on my weekend liberties from Bainbridge. As far as the reunions go, we had our first one in 1991 in Springfield, MO. A guy by the name of Stoney Serrett was the organizer. He did a fantastic job too, as you can see by how much it's grown in the last 15 years. What happened must have been that he didn't have complete mailing addresses, just the towns we came from. My notice went to the local police station. Yours must have gone the same route but for some reason it was never forwarded to you. Who is **Phil Matalucci**? Was he the boxer that lived up in Philadelphia? The accident I was in was a working party for a clean up after one of our MCB 2 R&Rs. I didn't even go to it. I was in the tent minding my own business. **Young** was the one that was smashed. It was no big deal at the time but, toward my discharge date in '57, it was acting up on me. Yeah, that was the San Miguel that saved me from getting banged up worse as the cases broke my fall somewhat. I think the brew Sam Adams is brewed here in Boston. I met a lot of guys at the reunions but couldn't place most of them. The only ones I could relate to were mostly us guys that were in the same tent. Do you remember the time up in Ventura when **Linch's**

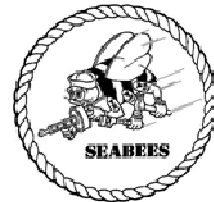


(Continued from page 6)

father was treating all of us to drinks at a motel and then bitched about how much we drank? And, if memory serves me right, you got all of us together and paid him back. Does that sound right?! Oh, yeah, **Willie** stayed in California and I saw him in Maine in 1991. He was still in the construction trade after trying his hand at making shingles in his hometown. Tell your wife you can't go back to Tarrytown as nothing will be the same! I'll be looking for your name on the Good Guys List!! [see some of the pictures from **Dan** on page 14]..... from **Doug Thorp**: I was reading the November copy of the MCB Magazine when I realized I had slipped into the non-Good Guy status. So here is my check for dues [thanks]. Sorry 'bout that. 2006 and 2007 have been the worst in my life as far as physical problems are concerned. Treatment for prostate cancer in 2006, general rotten feelings in 2007 and doctors have not solved my problems (whatever they are). Because of this, I missed out on 3, read 'em '3', reunions in 2007. Don't know whether I'll do any better in 2008. I have to go back to the states (Everett, WA) for a bunch of tests that I managed to put off for the last four years. Lot of good it did me. Well, enough of the tear-stained submission. I will say, however, that it has never been colder here in southern Baja, Mexico, as this winter. I could have stayed in Washington and, except for rain or snow, had the same weather. The sun finally came out last weekend and even though only 70°F, it sure feels good. Enough for now. I hope your weather was better than mine. PS: The November Newsletter got here in La Paz the middle of January..... from **Al Fritz**: [enclosed a check for dues, a white Seabee cap and a US flag. Thanks, and on the way.]..... from **Mike Kazarian**: Sorry to be late again [enclosed a check for dues. Thanks]. I will try to make the '09 reunion. Keep up the great work..... from **Russ Granby**: Sorry I am late with my dues. Enclosed is a check with some left over for whatever [thank you very much]. I really enjoy the magazine. Lots of memories. Most of my crew over there has passed on. God bless the rest of us. Praying for rain for you [thanks for that! We really need it. We have had some recently but not near enough and need lots more.]..... from **Wayne Heple**: [After **Lynn Abbott** passed away, NCB 103 did not have an editor/publisher for



their newsletter and **Wayne** volunteered for the job. Congratulations, **Wayne!** You are doing a great job. If you would like a copy of his newsletter, contact him by email at [nwheple@yahoo.com](mailto:nwheple@yahoo.com) or call him at 805-343-2399. **Wayne** also sent a brief history of CBD 1804.] NCB 103 on Guam was well-equipped and it was only natural that some Seabees and CEC officers would be called to Korea on June 25th, 1950. The actual number is unknown, but 18 men from the old 103rd were called early on. We formed under Cdr. **Randal** at Port Hueneme forming CBD 1804 with 25 Seabees and were sent to K3 - MAG 33 in Korea. Some of us went to Okinawa and some to Atsugi, Japan, to join with MCB 2. When some returned to Guam in 1952, the 103rd was being redesignated, so some were sent to Public Works, some to COMNAV or NAS..... from **Allen Kim**: Enclosed is my check for dues plus a bit more [thanks]. Also, some notes that may be of interest: 1. As a civilian Pearl Harbor survivor, I was invited and attended the 66th anniversary of the Japanese attack on December 7, 1941; 2. Also, I attended, later, the 1st anniversary of the memorial of the USS Oklahoma; and 3. Also, I received, finally, the 75th Diamond anniversary award and pin from the Boy Scouts of America. Aloha..... from **Pat Morris**: Here is an excerpt from an Atsugi, Japan, update I found on the internet. MCB 2 is mentioned. I thought some of our MCB 2 people that served there might be interested in reading about what their efforts have grown into: "At the outbreak of the Korean War, June 25, 1950, Atsugi was selected by the Navy as its major Naval Air Station in the Far East. Naval Mobile Construction Battalion Two Seabees arrived in October and found the Station in a complete state of disrepair. Base restoration and development began immediately. Following them was Fleet Aircraft Service Squadron Eleven who moved to Atsugi to prepare the new Station for operational readiness and formal commissioning at the earliest possible date." <http://www.globalsecurity.org/military/facility/atsugi.htm> [thanks, **Pat**]..... from **Sam Holsomback**: As I am just up the road a piece from you, I know you are liking Georgia! [I do but the tornado that ripped downtown Atlanta last night was unnerving and today they are coming through your area. **Rachel** says she is thinking about moving back to Las Vegas where there is water and no torna-



(Continued from page 7)

does!] Enclosed is my check. I need to stay on the Good Guy List and also would like a membership roster [on the way, and thanks!]. . . . . from **Mike Barron**: Thanks for the info on the Seabee license plates. I have a frame so all I would like is the license plate. Enclosed please find my check. . . . . from **Murlene Keen**: I wish I could have better news but **Gordon W. Keen** was killed in a car wreck when a young boy ran a red light. He was my husband and it has been hard. . . . . from **Vernon Blakeslee**: How are you? Hope all is OK [it is but the weather sometimes gets rough]. I need some Seabee flags as I gave the last ones away to other Seabees. I would like 2 light blue and 1 dark blue. If you don't have this mix, any Seabee flags will do [I don't have any more dark blue Seabee flags. They have been replaced by the light blue. I will see if another supplier has the dark blue flags.] My check is enclosed and if it isn't enough, just send me a note. Thanks [plenty enough and thank you]. . . . . from **Carol Winkler**: My husband, LCdr. **Robert L. Winkler**, died on November 9, 2007. Please remove his name from your mailing list. He always enjoyed the Newsletter [OK, but I will send this issue for your record]. I am enclosing a check as a small donation [thank you very much]. . . . . from **Bill Alwine**: Late again! [Bill enclosed a check. Thanks] . . . . . from **Richard Muns**: Just got the Newsletter and found I was missing from the Good Guy List. The enclosed check will correct that problem and I have enclosed a little extra for a roster [thanks... printing the roster right now and it will be in the mail tomorrow]. I read where you were out of hats [no, not out of hats, just out of the MCB 2-embroidered hats]. Let me know if you reorder as I would like to get another [got plenty of them, see page 16. What color would you want? They are all Seabee caps, just not MCB 2]. My flags are in good shape. Looking forward to Myrtle Beach. **Ruth** is doing better and we will be celebrating our 49th Wedding Anniversary on March 31st. . . . . from **Richard Swallow**: Please send four US flags, payment enclosed [thanks]. I think the price was \$5 each, but if not just send three [yep, still \$5 each in your hands! What a bargain! We also now have 4'X6' US flags in addition to the 3X5 flags. The 4X6 flags are \$7 each, including shipping]. . . . . from **Richard Fairbanks**: Enclosed is my check for dues. I don't know where I am on my dues, but take it

through 2008 or beyond [you are good through 2010 and thanks]. . . . . from **John Jurkash**: I'm late again - sorry! Taxes come first [ha! I won't come get you like IRS will! But thanks for keeping us on your list!] We missed St. Louis and so close to home, too [IN]. We celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary around the same time but, hopefully and God willing, we'll make Myrtle Beach. . . . . from **Connie Moore**: Just a note to let you know that **Bill** has passed on. Please delete his name from your Seabee magazine list. Thank you. . . . . from **Bob Hoare**: [**Bob** took a trip to Bora Bora and this is his account of it.] I flew out of Toronto, changed at O'Hare to LA for Air Tahiti Nui to Tahiti. Total flying time 15 hours and covered 7,500 miles. The Tahitian Princess sailed out of Paapeete to the 5 major French Polynesian Islands: Huahine, Raiatea, Bora Bora, Moorea, & Tahiti, including New Zealand's Cook island Roatonga. Over 12 days of cruising we covered 2,000 miles. Frommer's travel directory of French Polynesia writes, "... building Bora Bora's airfield was done by the U. S. Marines." The Tahitian Princess newsletter published that the U.S. Navy operation Bobcat constructed the airfield. I informed the Princess' information director that to be historically accurate, it was the U. S. Navy's Seabees Bobcat Division that engineered building the airfield in May 1942. This airport is still operating today. Also, the U.S. Military constructed the first roads, hydro plants, and medical facilities. While at Bora Bora, we visited one of the four naval artillery emplacements at each corner of the island. The artillery was World War I vintage 7-inch guns. To place them must have been difficult because of the steep mountain sides. I will send you some pictures including the guns and a copy of the Princess's newsletter by regular mail. It was a great trip and we really enjoyed ourselves. Lastly, anyone thinking of going, everything sent in there has a 40% markup and that makes things bought in Hawaii a good deal. . . . . from **Ralph Presson**: Please send two 4X6 US flags and two blue Seabee flags [on the way!]. . . . . from **Ben Hollar**: [**Ben** had called me a few days earlier and we chatted about the Seabees, life in general, and drinking good Scotch.] Here is a check for my belated dues and thanks for keeping me on the mailing list! I sure did enjoy talking with you re: old times with the Seabees. Regarding the dues, put me down for a few more years and, if I live beyond that period, I'll gladly send another check! Ha! The next time you are out 'cruising', have a drink of



(Continued from page 8)

Scotch on me [**Ben** sent along a sawbuck—thanks]. Any Seabee who drinks Scotch is okay with me!.....from **Kenn & Connie Gaskell**: I guess my reminder to pay my dues is not seeing my name on the Good Guy List! [it works pretty well, doesn't it?] Better late than never [amen!]. Thanks for a great reunion! You, **Pete, Sam, Joe**, etc., as well as the wives, deserve a "Job Well Done!" [thank you from all of us]. Hope to see everyone at Myrtle Beach!..... from **Ralph (Pat) Presson**: How do you like my new stationery? [**Pat** used a note pad from a business systems company. Good note paper and we all do it!] Thanks a lot for getting these flags for us..... from **Harold Saucier**: [enclosed a check for dues, thanks] Thanks for your time and effort..... from **Ken Chew**: Sorry for the delay in sending dues [they aren't late. Nobody knows how their dues are until the first Newsletter of the year. That works well for me if it does for you.] I didn't see my name on the Good Guy List and concluded that I haven't paid my dues [and thanks!]..... from **Claude Garcenot**: I was reading the new Seabee Newsletter and I realized I am no longer on the Good Guy List so, to remedy this, I am enclosing a check for dues plus a bit extra for whatever you see fit [thank you]. I would also like to have an up-to-date roster [on the way!]. I am particularly interested in CBMU 1/101. I would also prefer getting the Newsletter by mail rather than on the computer. I have a lot of trouble getting it as the computer and I do not get along too well. I really enjoy getting the Newsletter and spending days reading it [great!]. Keep up the good work..... from **Ray Nethercott**: Here is my check for dues for another year [thanks]. The last Newsletter with all the articles was excellent [thank you]. Keep it going..... from **Charles Rebb**: [enclosed a check for dues—thanks] Please change my apartment number [OK - and I put the change in this Newsletter on page 15]..... from **Sherwin Larsen**: Enclosed is a check for my dues [thanks]..... from **Jim DeKeyser**: Here is a check for my dues for a few more years plus extra for whatever [thanks]..... from **Jack Wilson**: Here is my check for my dues and some extra, so please take my name off the Bad Guy List [done! And thanks]. I was at the St. Louis reunion along with my wife and we both had a great time. The rooms were nice along with the fine food. You guys did a great job on everything [thanks]. We sat with **Marge** and **Mal Pearson** at the banquet and

it was good to see and talk to them again and tell stories of our old shipmate **T.B. Smith**. If you ever knew him you couldn't forget him. I always look forward to reading the Newsletter. You do a great job [thank you]..... from **Don Jones**: Enclosed is a check for dues and extra as a donation [to the museum? OK, that works for me and thanks]..... from **Bill Sharp**: Here is a check for my dues plus extra for the museum and sorry to have skipped a year or two. Also enclosed are some photos [see page 16]..... from **Jack Sims**: Please send me the khaki Seabee cap with the embroidered Seabee. Enclosed is a check and use the extra for postage or put it in the general fund for the good old Seabees! Give me a call the next time you are in sunny California..... from **Richard Coulson**: Enclosed is my check for two ball caps [thanks]. I will wear them proudly..... from **Jim Firebaugh**: Enclosed please find my check for dues to keep me on the Good Guys List, plus some extra for two CBMU 1 decals [on the way and thanks]. I forgot the price of the decals (senior moment). If this is not enough, let me know and, if it is too much, just use it [you are right on]. My mail is back in Kansas again and there is no need to send me a hard copy of the Newsletter as I am never very far from my computer and it is cheaper than 'snail mail.' Thanks for all your work for the reunion group..... from **John Weires**: Hey! Thanks for sending the hats I ordered. Enclosed is my check in payment [thank you]..... from **Ralph Binney**: I am shocked and disappointed to see that I no longer am a Good Guy. Hope I can buy my way back on the list [yep, that did it! Thanks]. The extra dough is for postage or whatever. See you in Myrtle Beach..... from **Dick Todd**: The photograph in the MCB 2 Reunion Association Newsletter of Vol. 6, Issue 8, of July 28, 2007, got my attention as I believe that I'm one of the boys in the photo (back row, far right) [that's **Dick**, leaning on the shovel!]. This was my first deployment to the Philippines. I left Treasure Island, CA, in 1953 on the Ainsworth troop ship. I was assigned to a survey crew that was building a road from Cubi Point to Camayan Point. I recognize some of the faces but don't remember names. I didn't stay long with these guys as I was later transferred to MCB 2 Operations Office under Lt. **J. K. Elliott**. Can you get this information to **LeRoy Weiselberg** for me as I don't have his address? Thanks..... from **Ray Sorrentino**: I would like to get back on the Good Guy List. If there is enough left from this check, I would like a couple

(Continued from page 9)

Seabee flags [there is and thanks]..... received a Door Prize Certificate for one year's dues from **Frank Fibich** [thanks]..... from **Bert Helms**: For-got again! Here's a check for my dues [thanks]. I like reading the Newsletter. Keep up the good work ..... from **Jim Wommack**: [sent a check for the blue SEABEE cap. See page 16. Thanks.] ..... from **Joe Sobczak**: It's time to get back on the Good Guy List [thanks for the check]..... from **'Holly' Hollingsworth**: I have changed my address again. We moved from Mississippi and lived with our daughter until we could find a place of our own. I hope we're settled for a while. I am enclosing a check for dues or whatever you can use it for [thanks]..... from **Bob Hoare**: The enclosed money order is payment for the Seabee hats [thanks]..... from **Richard Coulson**: I received the GIANT Seabee patch and enclosed is our check [thanks]. Thanks for your friendship..... from **Basil Arnold**: [Basil called just as we sat down for dinner] Sorry to have bothered you while taking some nourishment. We just had ours on cooking and thought it might be a good time to catch you. All is reasonably well here. I just want to confirm my flag order and enclosed is my check [thanks]..... from **Charles**

**Johnson**: Enclosed is my check for dues [thanks]. Time sure flies by when one is not paying attention. Anything left over you can put in the petty cash fund..... from **Lloyd Kallsen**: Please keep my name on the Good Guy List. I overlooked paying but enclosed find my check [thanks]..... from **Tom (Nancy) Maere**: Time goes faster every year, the older we get. So here is a check for dues [thanks]. We had a nice time in St. Louis and looking forward to the next one. The Newsletter is always great!..... from **Art Hoskinds**: Here is my check for dues [thanks] and I was wondering why I was left off the Good Guys List in the last two Newsletters for '07 as I had paid up my dues in Vegas [it's that cheap help again]. Anyway, I have been sick the last two months. I wasn't going to go to the hospital but my wife said either go or she would call 911. I went to the hospital and stayed there 6 days. Home now and I still don't feel very good..... from **Ray Sorrentino**: I received the two flags and I would like to get two more for our home in Vermont. Our plan is to leave Florida May 7 and I am sure you will have them out before then [on the way!]..... from **Ernie Pyle**: I just forgot. Sorry. Will try to remember next time [no problem. That's why we have the GGL!]..... I have run out of room, so more in the next Newsletter. 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.

\*\*\*

## Flight to DC

by Jack Mayo

The following happened to me the day I was discharged from the service in 'Frisco. I had reservations on TWA to Washington D.C. Lucianna and I served together for about two years and he was discharged the same day I was. At the 'Frisco, airport he was making out with a stewardess from the North Star Airline who induced him to fly North Star. He in turn induced me to cancel my reservations with TWA and fly with him on North Star. To make a long story short, North Star was flying a converted C47 known as the DAKOTA. The plane was five hours late in arriving at the 'Frisco airport. As we were milling around North Star's ticket counter, we observed a lady standing on her suitcase yelling, "Five G.. D.. times we took off from Miami, Florida, and five G.. D.. times we landed in Miami." Apparently, this flight originated in New York with numerous stops on its way to 'Frisco. I knew we had a problem when I heard her. We were told in the meantime that North Star had three planes: one in the shop, one in NY and the other one just arrived at the 'Frisco airport. Nevertheless, we boarded the craft and it took us three days to get to D.C. En route, we had something like 26 stops. One time, we landed in a cornfield somewhere in Iowa and another time we stopped and replaced an engine. We finally arrived in DC on a very foggy morning three days after we left. As we were landing, I looked up and saw a bridge that was within a few feet of my window. I swore never to fly North Star again. Lucianna continued on to NY and I don't know if he made it there or not.

# *The Good Guy List*

Harold Agles, William Alwine, Vern Ammentorp, David Anderson, Basil Arnold, Pat Badgett, Richard Baker, Mike Barron, Henry Benguerel, Vernon Blakeslee, John Bloem, William Body, Ralph Borkern, Alexander (Cat) Borys, Robert Bowdler, Don Bradley, Robert 'Bud' Breeding, Philip Brunelle, Al Bryant, Silas Bucher, David Budworth, Wayne Bulgerin, Shorty Campbell, Pat Carey, Ed Carlson, Mike Castlevicchi, Ken Catchpole, Frank Chambers, George Chang, Chuck Chapman, Ken Chew, Walter Cloonan, Robert Coley, Bob Colquhoun, Roy Cone, Robert Conroe, Howard Cornwell, Richard Coulson, Jack Coulter, Fred Cozad, Pat Cunningham, Arnold Daisy, Joe DeFranco, Jim DeKeyser, Tony deLeon, Don Dellit, Ted DeVit, Mary Dick (for all the Good Guys), George Dorge, Tom Dowd, Howard Doyle, William Duensing, Bob Elder, Pete Elliott, Don Eminhizer, Doug Emond, Ralph Evans, Richard Farbo, Richard Fairbanks, Frank Fibich, Jim Firebaugh, Forrest Foland, Bill Frazier, Al Fritz, William Ganske, Claude Garcenot, Roger Germundson, Ron Glasser, Robert Graf, Russ Granby, Clem Gregurek, Gerald Grubb, Gordon Gwathney, Charles (Pauline) Hagemann, David Haines, Les Hall, Luther Hall, Alexander Hamilton, Roger Hamilton, Leonard Hardoin, Arlin Hardwick, Ralph Heitt, Bert Helms, Don Henderson, Duane Henrichson, Wayne Heple, Gerald (Althea) Herr, Bob Hoare, William Hodges, Tom Hoffman, Don Hofstetter, Ben Hollar, M.P. 'Holly' Hollingsworth, Sam Holsomback, Ray Hooter, Art Hoskinds, Rod Howard, Ron Howatson, Charles Ingalls, Vic Jacchino, Robert Jandreau, Larry Jessop, Ambros Johnson, Charles Johnson, Don Jones, John Jurkash, Robert Kaempfe, Lloyd Kallsen, Charles Kangas, Mike Kazarian, Duane Keech, Allen C. S. Kim, Denise King (for her Dad, Don Truskey), William Knight, John Kolasz, James Krause, Emil Krygier, Harry Ladley, Ervin Lampe, Ron Landrum, Sherwin Larsen, Conrad Lawlor, Harold Lind, Herbert Liverman, Dale Lundstrom, Tom Maere, Tony Marcella, Bob Markey, Philip Mata-

lucci, Jack Mayo, Riley McDaniel, Gene McDonagh, Don McLain, Bobby McMillan, Herb Meade, Grant Millard, Daniel Millett, Dan Mills, Chuck Minert, Gary Mitchell, Roger Mohs, Paul Muma, Richard Muns, 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, Ernie Pyle, Sam Ragusa, Gary Rawlings, Rex Roark, Gene Robinson, Dale Rogers, Thomas Roy, John Ruby, C. Edner Rudolph, Harold Saucier, Paul Schell, Millard Schneider, Jack Schrader, Gerald Seger, Stoney Serrett, Bill Sharp, Tom Sheehy, Don Shoff, William Sigmund, Dick Sim, Fred Simon, Jack Sims, Art Siple, Glenn Sisco, Joe Sitkowski, Richard Skillicorn, Joe Sobczak, Ray Sonnen, Ray Sorrentino, 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, Charles Trimarchi, Wayne Turley, Jerry Vasquez, Larry Vibber, Lionel Vidrine, Walter Waddell, Phil Wagenschnur, Dick Walters, Harold Wardenburg, John Weires, Rodney White, John Wilborn, Bill Wilcoxon, Marshall Williams, R. G. 'Pete' Williams, Scott Williams, Fred Wilmarth, Jack Wilson, 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 April 23, 2008. There are currently 237 paid up members from a mailing list of 513. If dues have never been sent, they do not receive the Newsletter. There are 753 names on the full member roster. (SW)

## *Georgia Boy*

A tourist traveling down a country road in the deep south passes a young boy walking down the road with only one shoe on. The tourist stops the car and asks the boy, "You lose a shoe?" "Nope," the boy replies, "just found one."

# Joe Arpaio

## Sheriff, Maricopa County, Arizona (Phoenix)

Oh, there's MUCH more to know about Sheriff Joe !!

Maricopa County was spending approx. \$18 million dollars a year on stray animals, like cats and dogs. Sheriff Joe offered to take the department over, and the County Supervisors said okay. The animal shelters are now all staffed and operated by prisoners. They feed and care for the strays. Every animal in his care is taken out and walked twice daily. He now has prisoners who are experts in animal nutrition and behavior. They give great classes for anyone who'd like to adopt an animal. He has literally taken stray dogs off the street, given them to the care of prisoners, and had them place in dog shows. The best part? His budget for the entire department is now under \$3 million. Teresa and I adopted a Weimaraner from a Maricopa County shelter two years ago. He was neutered, current on all shots, and in great health, and even had a microchip inserted the day we got him. Cost us \$78. The prisoners get the benefit of about \$0.28 an hour for working, but most would work for free, just to be out of their cells for the day. Most of his budget is for utilities, building maintenance, etc. He pays the prisoners out of the fees collected for adopted animals.

I have long wondered when the rest of the country would take a look at the way he runs the jail system, and copy some of his ideas. He has a huge farm, donated to the county years ago, where inmates can work, and they grow most of their own fresh vegetables and food, doing all the work and harvesting by hand. He has a pretty good sized hog farm, which provides meat, and fertilizer. It fertilizes the Christmas tree nursery, where prisoners work, and you can buy a living Christmas tree for \$6 - \$8 for the Holidays, and plant it later. We have six trees in our yard from the prison.

He was reelected last year with 83% of the vote.

Now he's in trouble with the ACLU again. He painted all his buses and vehicles with a mural that has a special hotline phone number painted on it where you can call and report suspected illegal aliens. Immigrations and Customs Enforcement wasn't doing enough in his eyes, so he had 40 deputies trained specifically for enforcing immigration laws, started up his hotline, and bought 4 new buses just for hauling folks back to the border. He's kind of a "Git-R Dun" kind of Sheriff.

**TO THOSE OF YOU NOT FAMILIAR WITH JOE ARPAIO, HE IS THE MARICOPA, ARIZONA, COUNTY SHERIFF AND HE KEEPS GETTING ELECTED OVER AND OVER. THESE ARE SOME OF THE REASONS WHY:**

Sheriff Joe Arpaio (In Arizona) who created the "Tent City Jail":

- He has jail meals down to 40 cents a serving and charges the inmates for them.
- He stopped smoking and porno magazines in the jails.
- Took away their weights.
- Cut off all but "G" movies.
- He started chain gangs so the inmates could do free work on county and city projects.
- Then he started chain gangs for women so he wouldn't get sued for discrimination.
- He took away cable TV until he found out there was a federal court order that required cable TV for jails... so, he hooked up the cable TV again and only let in the Disney channel and the Weather channel.

(Continued from page 12)

- When asked why the weather channel he replied, "So they will know how hot it's gonna be while they are working on my chain gangs."
- He cut off coffee since it has zero nutritional value.
- When the inmates complained, he told them, "This isn't The Ritz/Carlton...if you don't like it, don't come back."
- He bought Newt Gingrich's lecture series on videotape that he pipes into the jails.
- When asked by a reporter if he had any lecture series by a Democrat, he replied that a democratic lecture series might explain why a lot of the inmates were in his jails in the first place.

## More on the Arizona Sheriff:

With temperatures being even hotter than usual in Phoenix (116 degrees just set a new record in 2007), the Associated Press reports:

- About 2,000 inmates living in a barbed-wire-surrounded tent encampment at the Maricopa County jail have been given permission to strip down to their government-issued pink boxer shorts.
- On Wednesday, hundreds of men wearing boxers were either curled up on their bunk beds or chatted in the tents, which reached 138 degrees inside the week before.
- Many were also swathed in wet, pink towels as sweat collected on their chests and dripped down to their pink socks. "It feels like we are in a furnace," said James Zanzot, an inmate who has lived in the tents for 1 year. "It's inhumane."

Joe Arpaio, the tough-guy sheriff who created the tent city and long ago started making his prisoners wear pink and eat bologna sandwiches, is not one bit sympathetic.

He said Wednesday that he told all of the inmates: "It's 120 degrees in Iraq and our soldiers are living in tents too and they have to wear full battle gear, but they didn't commit any crimes so shut your damned mouths!"  
Way to go, Sheriff!

Maybe if all prisons were like this one there would be a lot less crime and/or repeat offenders. Criminals should be punished for their crimes - not live in luxury until it's time for their parole, only to go out and commit another crime so they can get back in to live on taxpayers money and enjoy things taxpayers can't afford to have for themselves.

One of our members, **R.G. 'Pete' Williams**, called to ask where to send packages to active duty Seabees serving in or around Iraq. I contacted **Bill Hilderbrand** in Gulfport who put me in touch with the correct party. If you are interested in sending a package of goodies to a Seabee, address it to:

Command Master Chief  
22NCR Main Body  
FPO AA 34099-3401

Thanks to all for the packages that will be sent, and thanks to **Pete Williams** for getting it all started.

## *Our Fallen Comrades*

Gordon Wayne Keen	3/13/05
William R. Moore	3/5/08
Robert L. Winkler	11/9/07

*May they live on in our memories.*

Pictures on this page from Dan Millett



Nick Yastk and Dan Millett - Subic Bay - 1952  
Coming back from swimming hole



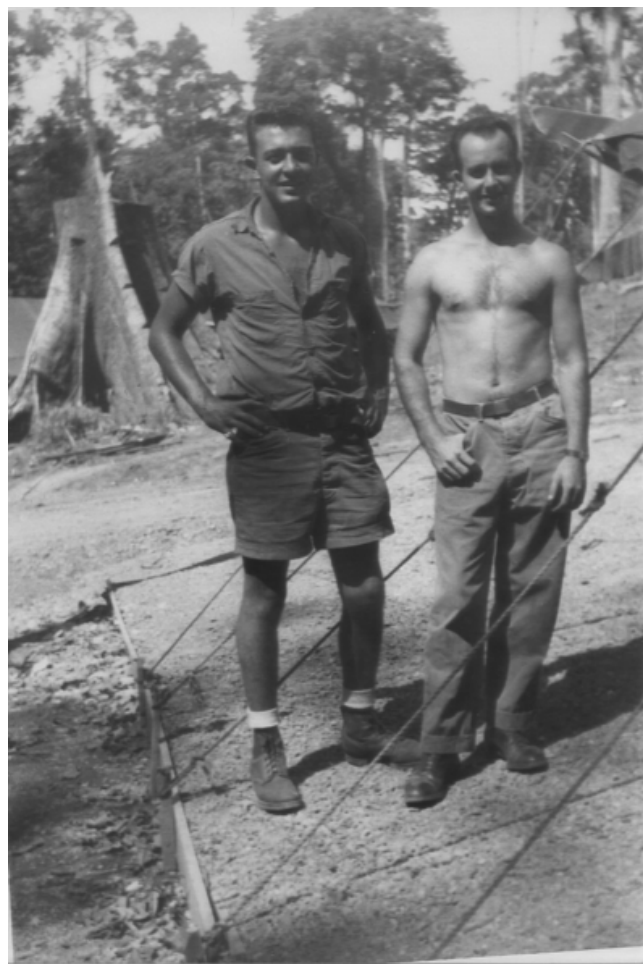
Don Pastell and Dan Millett  
- Subic Bay - 1952/53



Bob Young, Bob Moore, Dan Millett - 1952/53



MCB 2 area - Subic Bay - 1953



Don Pastell and Dan Millett - Subic Bay -  
1952/53



## MAKE A NOTE! ADDRESS CORRECTION

Gerald D. Grubb  
6920 Motor Inn Dr.  
Huntingdon, PA 16652-1128  
(814) 643-1224  
CBMU 1/101

M. P. "Holly" Hollingsworth  
3908 Greenwood Dr.  
Pearland, TX 77584-9220  
(281) 692-1191  
MCB 2

Charles Rebb  
2130 Kaneka St., Unit 413  
Lihue, HI 96766-8008  
(808) 836-8859  
MCB 2

Stoney Serrett  
23067 Zeb Chaney Rd.  
Zachary, LA 70791-6402  
225-667-8730  
MCB 2

Dennis Surratt  
4050 Farm Rd. 1001  
Mount Pleasant, TX 75455-0818  
(903) 524-2068  
MCB 2

## Bull Medicine

A rancher needs a bull to service his cows but needs to borrow the money from the bank. A banker lends the farmer the money, and stops by the following week to see how his investment is doing. The farmer complains that the bull just eats grass and won't even look at the cows. The banker suggests that a veterinarian have a look at the bull.

The next week the banker returns to see if the vet helped. The farmer looks very pleased: "The bull has serviced all my cows, broke through the fence, and has serviced all my neighbor's cows."

"Wow," says the banker, "what did the vet do to that bull?"

"Just gave him some pills," replied the farmer.

"What kind of pills?" asked the banker.

"I don't know," says the farmer, "but they taste sort of like peppermint."

## No Problem, Sir.

From *The National Observer*, June 27, 1966

Da Nang, South Viet Nam

Not long ago, some grimy, shirtless Seabees here were carving a road through dense jungle growth near the crest of Monkey Mountain, a sheer, 2,000-foot peak named for the outsized baboons who prowl its flanks, along with Viet Cong probers. It was 130° Fahrenheit in the baking sun, and perspiration was streaming from the Seabees' salt-caked backs. Their weapons, as always, were close at hand. A crudely lettered sign propped beside a rock crusher read: "Your tax dollars at work. This road built by the Seabees for the convenience and comfort of the United States Marines."

Suddenly, a shiny clean Huey helicopter swooped down in their midst in a swirl of hot dust. Out stepped Lt. Gen. Victor H. Krulak, commander of the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, who had come to inspect the Hawk anti-aircraft batteries on the mountain and to check on the road's progress.

After a quick briefing, the general singled out a young Seabee on the edge of the group and asked with a straight face: "How do you tell these Seabees from the baboons?"

"No problem, sir," the Seabee shot back. "The Seabees are smoking cigars."

The general looked around him and, sure enough, every Seabee in sight was smoking a cigar. The general smiled, climbed into his Huey and was gone.

## Old Seabee Song

*The admiral just dropped around  
to chat the other night.*

*Said he, "Now boys, you're here to work  
but you've been trained to fight.*

*So, if there's any trouble, don't stop  
to put on your jeans . . .*

*Just drop your tools and grab your gun  
— and protect those poor Marines!"*





Ball caps! We have ball caps! L-R: Navy blue with gold hat band & embroidered Seabee; khaki cap with royal blue bill and Seabee patch; white cap with waving flag bill & embroidered Seabee; khaki cap with royal blue bill and embroidered Seabee; navy blue cap with embroidered Seabee, We Build, We Fight beneath SEABEES on front. Order yours now at \$10 each including postage. Contact Scott Williams.



From Bill Sharp:  
Top left: Sangley Point housing construction, MCB 2 detachment, April 1954.

Above: Carrier pier under construction, Subic Bay, December 1954.

Left: Bill Sharp and the Jeep he used while on Security, 1953. Tent #46 on right.



## I'm Fine - How are you?

There's nothing the matter with me,  
I'm just as healthy as can be.  
I have arthritis in both knees  
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.  
My pulse is weak, my blood is thin,  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

All my teeth have had to come out  
And my diet I hate to think about.  
I'm overweight and I can't get thin,  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

And arch supports I need for my feet  
Or I wouldn't be able to go out in the street.  
Sleep is denied me night after night,  
But every morning I find I'm all right.  
My memory's failing, my head's in a spin,  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Old age is golden I've heard it said.  
But sometimes I wonder, as I go to bed.  
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,  
And my glasses on a shelf, until I get up.  
And when sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself,  
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?

The reason I know my youth has been spent,  
Is my get-up-and-go has got-up-and-went!  
But really, I don't mind, when I think with a grin,  
Of all the places my get-up has been.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits,  
Pick up the paper and read the obits.  
If my name is missing, I'm therefore not dead,  
So I eat a good breakfast and jump back into bed.

The moral of this, as the tale unfolds,  
Is that for you and me, who are growing old,  
It is better to say "I'm fine" with a grin,  
Than to let people know the shape we are in.

**I'M FINE!! HOW ARE YOU?**

Thanks to John Wilborn for submitting this:

## LOVE OF COUNTRY

from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"  
SIR WALTER SCOTT

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

## I'm From The Government...

A Department of Water representative stopped at a ranch and talked with an old rancher. He told the rancher, "I'm here to inspect your ranch for your water allocation." The old rancher said, "Okay, but don't go in that field over there."

The Water representative said, "Mister, I have the authority of the Federal Government with me. See this card? The card means I am allowed to go **WHEREVER I WISH** on any agricultural land. No questions asked. Have I made myself clear? Do you understand?"

The old rancher nodded politely and went about his chores. Later, the old rancher heard loud screams and saw the Water Rep running for the fence..... and close behind was the rancher's bull. The bull was gaining on the Water Rep with every step. The Rep was clearly terrified..... so the old rancher immediately threw down his tools, ran to the fence and shouted out.....

"Your card!! Your card!! Show him your card!!!"

## Capt. Glenn Rojohn, AAF, 100th Bombardment Group

### Piggyback Hero

by Ralph Kenney Bennett

Tomorrow, August 14, 2003, they will lay the remains of Glenn Rojohn to rest in the Peace Lutheran Cemetery in the little town of Greenock, Pa., just southeast of Pittsburgh. He was 81, and had been in the air conditioning and plumbing business in nearby McKeesport. If you had seen him on the street he would probably have looked to you like so many other graying, bespectacled old World War II veterans whose names appear so often now on obituary pages.

But like so many of them, though he seldom talked about it, he could have told you one hell of a story. He won the Air Medal, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Purple Heart all in one fell swoop in the skies over Germany on December 31, 1944. Fell swoop indeed!

Capt. Glenn Rojohn, of the 8th Air Force's 100th Bomb Group was flying his B-17G Flying Fortress bomber on a raid over Hamburg. His formation had braved heavy flak to drop their bombs, then turned 180 degrees to head out over the North Sea. They had finally turned northwest, headed back to England, when they were jumped by German fighters at 22,000 feet. The Messerschmitt Me-109's pressed their attack so closely that Capt. Rojohn could see the faces of the German pilots. He and other pilots fought to remain in formation so they could use each other's guns to defend the group. Rojohn saw a B-17 ahead of him burst into flames and slide sickeningly toward the earth. He gunned his ship forward to fill in the gap. He felt a huge impact. The big bomber shuddered, felt suddenly very heavy and began losing altitude. Rojohn grasped almost immediately that he had collided with another plane. A B-17 below him, piloted by Lt. William G. McNab, had slammed the top of its fuselage into the bottom of Rojohn's. The top turret gun of McNab's plane was now locked in the belly of Rojohn's plane and the ball turret in the belly of Rojohn's had smashed through the top of McNab's. The two bombers were almost perfectly aligned -- the tail of the lower plane was slightly to the left of Rojohn's tailpiece. They were stuck together, as a crewman later recalled, 'like mating dragon flies.'

Three of the engines on the bottom plane were still running, as were all four of Rojohn's. The fourth engine on the lower bomber was on fire and the flames were spreading to the rest of the aircraft. The two were losing altitude quickly. Rojohn tried several times to gun his engines and break free of the other plane. The two were inextricably locked together. Fearing a fire, Rojohn cut his engines and rang the bailout bell. For his crew to have any chance of parachuting, he had to keep the plane under control somehow.

The ball turret, hanging below the belly of the B-17, was considered by many to be a death trap -- the worst station on the bomber. In this case, both ball turrets figured in a swift and terrible drama of life and death. Staff Sgt. Edward L. Woodall, Jr., in the ball turret of the lower bomber had felt the impact of the collision above him and saw shards of metal drop past him. Worse, he realized both electrical and hydraulic power was gone.

Remembering escape drills, he grabbed the hand crank, released the clutch and cranked the turret and its guns until they were straight down, then turned and climbed out the back of the turret up into the fuselage. Once inside the plane's belly Woodall saw a chilling sight, the ball turret of the other bomber protruding through the top of the fuselage. In that turret, hopelessly trapped, was Staff Sgt. Joseph Russo. Several crew members of Rojohn's plane tried frantically to crank Russo's turret around so he could escape, but, jammed into the fuselage of the lower plane, it would not budge. Perhaps unaware that his voice was going out over the intercom of his plane, Sgt. Russo began reciting his Hail Mary's.

Up in the cockpit, Capt. Rojohn and his co-pilot, 2nd Lt. William G. Leek, Jr., had propped their feet against the instrument panel so they could pull back on their controls with all their strength, trying to prevent their plane from going into a spinning dive that would prevent the crew from jumping out. Capt. Rojohn motioned left and the two managed to wheel the huge, collision-born hybrid of a plane back toward the German coast. Leek felt like he was intruding on Sgt. Russo as his prayers crackled over the radio, so he pulled off his flying helmet with its earphones.

Rojohn, immediately grasping that the crew could not exit from the bottom of his plane, ordered his top turret gunner and his radio operator, Tech Sgts. Orville Elkin and Edward G. Neuhaus to make their way to the back of the fuselage

*(Continued from page 18)*

and out the waist door on the left behind the wing. Then he got his navigator, 2nd Lt. Robert Washington, and his bombardier, Sgt. James Shirley to follow them. As Rojohn and Leek somehow held the plane steady, these four men, as well as waist gunner, Sgt. Roy Little, and tail gunner, Staff Sgt. Francis Chase, were able to bail out.

Now the plane locked below them was aflame. Fire poured over Rojohn's left wing. He could feel the heat from the plane below and hear the sound of 50-caliber machinegun ammunition 'cooking off' in the flames. Capt. Rojohn ordered Lieut. Leek to bail out. Leek knew that without him helping keep the controls back, the plane would drop in a flaming spiral and the centrifugal force would prevent Rojohn from bailing. He refused the order.

Meanwhile, German soldiers and civilians on the ground that afternoon looked up in wonder. Some of them thought they were seeing a new Allied secret weapon -- a strange eight-engined double bomber. But anti-aircraft gunners on the North Sea coastal island of Wangerooge had seen the collision. A German battery captain wrote in his logbook at 12:47 p.m.: 'Two fortresses collided in a formation in the NE. The planes flew hooked together and flew 20 miles south. The two planes were unable to fight anymore. The crash could be awaited so I stopped the firing at these two planes.'

Suspended in his parachute in the cold December sky, Bob Washington watched with deadly fascination as the mated bombers, trailing black smoke, fell to earth about three miles away, their downward trip ending in an ugly boiling blossom of fire.

In the cockpit, Rojohn and Leek held grimly to the controls trying to ride a falling rock. Leek tersely recalled, 'The ground came up faster and faster. Praying was allowed. We gave it one last effort and slammed into the ground.' The McNab plane on the bottom exploded, vaulting the other B-17 upward and forward. It slammed back to the ground, sliding along until its left wing slammed through a wooden building and the smoldering mess came to a stop. Rojohn and Leek were still seated in their cockpit. The nose of the plane was relatively intact but everything from the B-17's massive wings on back was destroyed. They looked at each other incredulously. Neither was badly injured.

Movies have nothing on reality. Still perhaps in shock, Leek crawled out through a huge hole behind the cockpit, felt for the familiar pack in his uniform pocket and pulled out a cigarette. He placed it in his mouth and was about to light it. Then he noticed a young German soldier pointing a rifle at him. The soldier looked scared and annoyed. He grabbed the cigarette out of Leek's mouth and pointed down to the gasoline pouring out over the wing from a ruptured fuel tank.

Two of the six men who parachuted from Rojohn's plane did not survive the jump. But the other four and, amazingly, four men from the other bomber, including ball turret gunner Woodall, survived. All were taken prisoner. Several of them were interrogated at length by the Germans until they were satisfied that what had crashed was not a new American secret weapon.

Rojohn, typically, didn't talk much about his Distinguished Flying Cross. Of Leek, he said, 'in all fairness to my co-pilot, he's the reason I'm alive today.'

Like so many veterans, Rojohn got un sentimentally back to life after the war, marrying and raising a son and daughter. For many years though, he tried to link back up with Leek, going through government records to try to track him down. It took him 40 years, and in 1986 he found the number of Leek's mother in Washington State. Yes, her son Bill was visiting from California. Would Rojohn like to speak with him? Some things are better left unsaid. One can imagine that first conversation between the two men who had shared that wild ride in the cockpit of a B-17. A year later, the two were re-united at a reunion of the 100th Bomb Group in Long Beach, Calif. Bill Leek died the following year.

Glenn Rojohn was the last survivor of the remarkable piggyback flight. He was like thousands upon thousands of men: soda jerks and lumberjacks, teachers and dentists, students and lawyers and service station attendants and store clerks and farm boys who in the prime of their lives went to war.

He died last Saturday after a long siege of sickness. But he apparently faced that final battle with the same grim aplomb he displayed that remarkable day over Germany so long ago. Let us be thankful for such men.

# MCB 2 Reunion Association, Inc.

c/o Scott H. Williams  
725 Summer Ridge Dr.  
Villa Rica, GA 30180

NONPROFIT ORG.  
U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
LAS VEGAS, NV  
PERMIT NO. 28



We're the **SEABEES** of the Navy

*Return Service Requested*