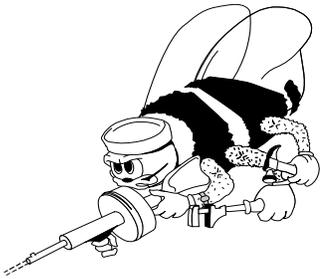


MCB 2 Reunion Association

Volume 7, Issue 4

August 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



Sands Resorts, Myrtle Beach, SC, October 1 - 3, 2009!

WOW! Right on the beach!

A selection has finally been made for our next destination hotel: The Sands Resort & Conference Center! A very nice hotel in a superb location, and right on the beach! The hotel is the tall building on the left and our Hospitality Room and our meeting and banquet rooms are behind the hotel on the right. Large rooms all, easily accessible and a free airport shuttle is also provided. We are planning a golf outing for the golfers and an evening at a great show for all. Make plans for Myrtle Beach Oct.1-3, 2009!

Sands Resort, Myrtle Beach!

We have a very good contract with the Sands Hotel and a great time is planned. We will have a hotel registration form available in a future issue of this Newsletter, but the nightly rate is \$79 and a terrific buffet menu has been offered. The Hospitality Room is large enough for our members to gather in, share memories and a drink or two, plus we will have our Registration Table inside the room. The hotel staff and representatives are very nice and helpful, the rooms are comfortable and this will be one of our best reunions ever! Circle the dates on your calendar and make plans to be there!

We're Going To Disneyland!

A six year old goes to the hospital with his grandma to visit his grandpa. When they get to the hospital, he runs ahead of his grandma and bursts into his grandpa's room. "Grandpa, Grandpa," he says excitedly. "As soon as Grandma comes into the room, make a noise like a frog!"

"What?" said his grandpa. "Why?"

"Make a noise like a frog because grandma said that as soon as you croak, we're going to Disneyland!"

"People never lie so much as after a hunt, during a war, or before an election."

Otto von Bismarck

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

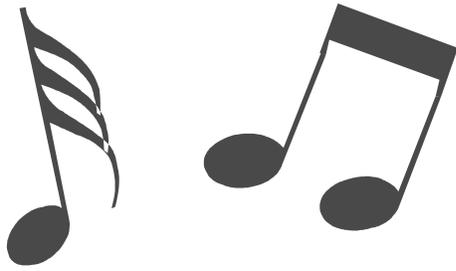
Scott Williams, Sec'y/Treas./Publisher

Seabees

August—October

Dates to Remember

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.
Sept. 1, 1942	6th NCB Seabees arrive at Guadalcanal, first Seabees to enter combat zone.
Sept. 2, 1945	Formal surrender of Japan. WWII ends.
Sept. 14, 1892	Admiral Ben Moreell's Birthday. (see page 15)
Sept. 15, 1950	Seabees land at Inchon, Korea.
Sept. 15, 1950	MCB 2 Commissioned.
Oct. 13, 1775	Navy Birthday
Oct. 16, 1942	Eight men of 6th NCB killed at Guadalcanal, first Seabees killed in action.



Notes from our members:

From **Norm Eveleth**: Please accept my apologies for this late dues payment [none necessary. That is why the Good Guy List is published and you don't see your name off the list until after the first of the year. But thanks for sending your check as it is what keeps us going.] On the subject of reunions, I'll mention this even though it's not directly related to Korean service. I arrived at San Diego Naval Training Center on January 8, 1951, and was in Company 054. There were eighty-five of us. One guy went AWOL on our one day of liberty, never to be seen again, as far as I know. About a year ago, one of the fellows in the Company decided to hold a reunion, assuming he could find any of us. He found all but four and we got together in Baton Rouge, LA, last fall. About forty percent have died but a few of their wives and children came. Hard to believe it could be done. Of all the guys in the Company, one, **Jack Burkhead**, and I served in Korea at K-6 air field. We were together for all four years on Guam, Chi Chi Jima and Korea..... from **Richard Swallow**: I enjoyed our telephone conversation. Please send two of the white Seabee flags and my check is enclosed. As we know, many of the Seabees of WWII had former heavy construction experience. I have enclosed some documentation of an entertainment event that occurred near a major construction site in northeast Oklahoma in July 1937 near where I live [an advertisement of a 'Tree Fight' between two huge fighters up in a tree.]..... from **Ray Sorrentino**: Thank you for the decals. Hope this covers the cost [it does and thanks]..... received dues from **Pat Morris, Fred Wilmarth, James Green, Roy Grisham, Richard Tittle, Gordon Gwathney** [thanks all]..... email from **John Noetzel Jr**: Thank you for the very quick reply and yes, I would like a copy of my father's Atsugi cruise book. Please let us know the cost. Also I would like an up-to-date roster. I also have a handful of photo's, we think from the Atsugi era, that I'd like to send to someone for

I.D. and comment. Who might I best send them to? You? **Stoney? Pete Elliot?** I realize we are all getting on in years, but who are still among us from the 1950-1953 MCB-2 Atsugi era that we may communicate with?



And for that matter, those who went from there to the Philippines in 1952? Especially anyone in the New England area who we might visit. from **Harold Freeland**: Thanks for your quick response to my email and the May edition of the Newsletter. I am enclosing a check for dues and extra for two blue Seabee flags. I really do enjoy the information about the members in the Newsletter, even though I don't recognize many of the names. Oh, well. At 73, memory fades away, in my case anyway..... email from **Ginny [Stenholm]**: My mother [**Marian Stenholm**] had retired from Macy's in October. She was doing fine but had an irregular heart beat (atrial fibrillation) and was being treated for that. Apparently, a clot broke loose and went to the area of the brain where speech is initiated. She has gotten her speech back but still has trouble saying some words. I'm sure it would be fine to put this in the next Newsletter. My dad [**Clyde**] is doing very well..... from **John Noetzel Jr.**: OK, I give up. I tried to withdraw from the organization quite some months ago but you keep sending me stuff. I've lost track of time, but enclosed is a check for dues [thank you! **John's** dad was one of our members and **John** has tried to find out about his dad's service record]..... from **Harold Freeland**: [sent a check for flags] Thanks. My best wishes to you. Stay safe. The weather looks bad through your area [thank you! **Rachel** says she didn't move to Georgia to be short of water or in the path of tornadoes!]..... from **Roy Harris**: Enclosed is a check for dues and an up-to-date membership roster [on the way and thanks]. I hope there is enough for you to get a cup of coffee [yep, and I'll drink to that!]. I enjoy the Newsletter. Keep up the good work..... from **Jack Foster**: Please change my address and enclosed is my check for dues plus extra for the general fund [thank you very much] from **Allan Alberg**: I sent in my dues for 2008 on 1/1/08, so I should be on the Good Guy List [yep, you should be! I have your dues paid but just left you off the GGL.... Durn cheap help]. I plan to make it to the next reunion in Myrtle Beach!.... from **Stan Dauer**: I have a new address [thanks. Check the list on page 14]..... from **Ivan Majetic**: Find

(Continued from page 3)

enclosed a check for a ball cap [thanks and on the way]. And please put me back on the Good Guy List! [yep.... The phone must have rung and I left a couple names off the GGL. Might have to tune up this cheap help.]..... from **Ralph Burnley**: What to do! What to do! It appears that my name is no longer on the Good Guy List. I have been told that money will solve the problem and put me back in the good graces of the organization, so I am sending you enough to cover the next several years, plus I would also appreciate your sending me two hats, a blue one with the gold rope hat band and a blue one with "We Build, We Fight" beneath the Seabee [well, I have a problem. I only had a couple of the blue with gold rope hat band and I can no longer get more as that supplier is out of business. I'll call you and see what other cap you might want.] Anything left over can go to your on-going expenses. I am interested in playing golf in Myrtle Beach and am willing to help in whatever capacity is needed. I appreciate the Newsletter and all you do [thanks and thank you for the generous support.]..... from **John Ruby**: I would like to purchase the Navy blue cap with embroidered Seabee and "We Build, We Fight" beneath SEABEES on the front. If not this one, the khaki cap or anything but white [on the way and thanks]. My email address is jdelmona@softcom.net..... from **Bennie Carlson**: Enclosed is a check for dues plus penalty for being late [thank you! It all helps keep us going]. No excuse, I just plain forgot. The check also includes enough for two Seabee caps: 1 khaki and 1 white with waving flag bill. If you are out of either one, substitute another. Also, do you have any Seabee pins/tie tacks? Thanks for a good Newsletter. It's really enjoyable to get. I'll try to keep better tabs on my dues..... from **Warren (Barbara) Culbertson**: Please send **Warren** the khaki and the blue with gold band caps. Enclosed is a check to cover [thanks and I owe you two caps. I have run out of the blue with gold rope but am having more made. I should have them in a couple more weeks and get them off to you]..... from **Karl Weisenbacher**:



Enclosed please find my check for dues plus I would like a Seabee navy blue cap with embroidered Seabee. I don't know when I last paid my dues so I hope this

covers them. Is there anything like patches, etc., I could buy? CBMU 1 FMAW? I used to have one but it got lost over the years. [**Karl**, you and all the others that have ordered the navy blue cap with the gold rope, it will just take a while to get the new supplier up to speed. As soon as we can, we will get them mailed to you.] from **Len Hardoin**: Enclosed is a check for one blue cap with gold rope. [Sorry **Les**. I'll send your check back and send you a cap when they come in. You can send your check back after you get your cap. Maybe soon.]..... from **Les Keller**: Just realized we did not pay our dues so enclosed find a check to cover them. Sorry, but it just slipped my mind [that's OK. Happens all of us... more and more!]..... from **Ed Carlson**: Please send me a roster. Enclosed is a check for dues plus extra [thanks and on the way]. I was CM2 with the 74th Seabees [NCB 74] [**Ed** also sent pictures and magazine articles that are very interesting.] Here are some stories, info and pictures. Use whatever you want. There were about 800 men in the 74th but only about 50 of us young fellas. The older men treated us like their family. I became a pretty good carpenter and learned how to work [a big amen to that!]. This three-year experience really helped me in the family roofing business. The Seabees were very good to me. [**Ed** and family are members of The Salvation Army and he sent a copy of their June 7, 1986, issue of *The War Cry* magazine. In it, there is a long article about their son, **Kurt**, who was one of the hostages on TWA Flight 847 that was hijacked enroute from Athens to Rome. They were held hostage for 17 days and one of their number, **Bob Stethem**, was killed. A very interesting article and **Kurt** tells his story in a book, *One American Must Die*.]..... from **John Stock**: I just received the latest Newsletter and was again reminded that I was no longer on the Good Guy List. Here's a check for dues and looking forward to the 2009 reunion. We didn't make the '07 reunion as **Mary** and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in September, so things were quite busy with family activities. However, we're definitely planning on Myrtle Beach.....



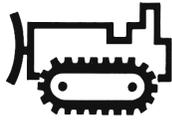
Jack Sims: Please send me the khaki Seabee cap [done!]. Enclosed is a check with extra for postage or put it in the general fund for the good ol' Seabees. Give me a call the next time



(Continued from page 4)

you are out here in 'Sunny California' visiting your brother..... from **Tony Deleon**: Thanks for sending the Seabee caps. I'll select the second one after I receive the photo again and will let you know by e-mail..... from **Bill 'Willie' Burns**: I hate being late with my dues. Here is a check to cover them for a while. I retired from being a carpenter after 45 years, plus I was 2nd class Builder in the 103rd Seabees [NCB 103] and Detachment A from 1950 to 1954. I was in Guam, Korea, Chi Chi Jima, and more..... from **Richard Swallow**: I noticed that my name was not included in the current Good Guy List. My dues were sent in December 2007. Please check [yep, **Richard**. You are a Good Guy. It's that cheap help again]..... from **Jim Cain**: Please find enclosed a check for dues and a roster [on the way]. Thank you..... from **Jim Firebaugh**: Enclosed find my check to keep me on the Good Guy List and also for two of the CBMU 1 decals. I forget the price of the decals (senior moment). If this is not enough, let me know and, if it is too much, use it. My mail will now be back at my Kansas address and there is no need to send the hard copy of the Newsletter as I am never very far from my computer. Thanks for all your work for the reunion group..... from **Don Seethaler**: Here's a check for my dues plus a little extra and a picture of three buddies and me from the MCB 2 office staff [see page 12]..... from **Bud Wheless**: Hope that you had a good Father's Day and, like me, you heard from all your family and you ate too much [I did, except for the eating too much part]. Thanks for all the good work that you and your group do on the MCB 2 Newsletter [no group, just me] and all the other related things you do. I always look forward to reading the Newsletter and catching up on all that's going on. I notice that I am not included on the Good Guy List and must be delinquent. Please accept my enclosed check for a few years dues and the rest for wherever it may be needed [thank you!]. Thanks for your e-mails as I really enjoy them. And thanks again for all your good work on all our behalf.

Sylvia and I hope that you and **Rachel** and all of your family have a safe and enjoyable summer..... from **Frank Betonte**: Sorry I'm late. Hope to see you in Myrtle Beach [and thanks for the check]..... from **Vern**



(**Nancy**) **Ammentorp**: Could you please send me 3-3X5 American flags? Thanks. Anything left from the check, buy yourself a beer or two [thanks]..... from **Lewie Baker**: I need two 3X5 made in America Seabee flags. [On the way and thanks]..... from an old friend in Las Vegas, **Gerry Rice**: Please send six dark blue and six white Seabee flags and 12 US flags [on the way!]..... from **Phyllis (Gene) Antoine**: 23 Oct 2007—21 July 2008! We are finally HOME.... Paid off the house today. 9 months. Maybe everything PAINFUL takes 9 months... We still have a couple of things not working right but for the most part it is finished. New living room furniture and the girl's beds will be delivered on Wed. I still have to order the electric beds for us..We will just stay in the trailer at night until they are here. I hope to only buy what we need so the house doesn't get as cluttered as the old house was. We will see how that goes. [For those unaware of what **Phyllis** is talking about, their home was destroyed in the fires in California while they were at the St. Louis reunion last year. Sad to come home to and everything lost, but they are getting back on their feet.]..... from **John Wilborn**: [**John** sent a 'friendship' card with his dues] It was this card or a birthday card to hide the contents. You stopped observing birthdays, right? [Long time ago, **John**. And thanks for the big help.] from **Ida Bucher**: I'm writing this note to inform you that my husband, **Silas E. Bucher**, has gone on to the Lord. God decided he had suffered enough. You can take him off your Good Guy List. Thanks, as he enjoyed my reading the Newsletter to him very much. I am enclosing a check in his memory for use wherever [thank you]. Thanks again and I will keep you all in my prayers. God bless you [thank you, too. You will receive this Newsletter with **Silas'** name listed with our fallen comrades before I remove his name from the mailing list.]..... from **Victor Swanson**: Sorry this is so long in coming. I always enjoy the Newsletter. I was in charge of the Monument Committee that built the Monument to the Korean War Veterans here in Victoria, Texas [**Victor** sent some pictures of a very nice, huge monument erected by the Korean War Veterans Association in Victoria, TX]..... That's about all, folks. I'll get this printed and in the mail soon. Enjoy... and make plans for Myrtle Beach! Scott



From Dave Budworth.... And some others...

Old Aviators and Old Airplanes..... really neat story, especially if you love old war birds.

This is a good little story about a vivid memory of a P-51 and its pilot by a fellow who was 12 years old in Canada in 1967. You may know a few others who would appreciate it.

It was noon on a Sunday as I recall, the day a Mustang P-51 was to take to the air. They said it had flown in during the night from some U.S. airport, the pilot had been tired. I marveled at the size of the plane dwarfing the Pipers and Canucks tied down by her. It was much larger than in the movies. She glistened in the sun like a bulwark of security from days gone by. The pilot arrived by cab, paid the driver, and then stepped into the flight lounge. He was an older man; his wavy hair was gray and tossed. It looked like it might have been combed, say, around the turn of the century.

His flight jacket was checked, creased and worn - it smelled old and genuine. Old Glory was prominently sewn to its shoulders. He projected a quiet air of proficiency and pride devoid of arrogance.

He filed a quick flight plan to Montreal (Expo-67 Air Show) then walked across the tarmac.

After taking several minutes to perform his walk-around check, the pilot returned to the flight lounge to ask if anyone would be available to stand by with fire extinguishers while he 'flashed the old bird up, just to be safe.' Though only 12 at the time I was allowed to stand by with an extinguisher after brief instruction on its use -- 'If you see a fire, point, then pull this lever!' I later became a firefighter, but that's another story.

The air around the exhaust manifolds shimmered like a mirror from fuel fumes as the huge prop started to rotate. One manifold, then another, and yet another barked -- I stepped back with the others. In moments the Packard-built Merlin engine came to life with a thunderous roar, blue flames

knifed from her manifolds. I looked at the others' faces, there was no concern. I lowered the bell of my extinguisher. One of the guys signaled to walk back to the lounge. We did.

Several minutes later we could hear the pilot doing his pre-flight run-up. He'd taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight. All went quiet for several seconds; we raced from the lounge to the second story deck to see if we could catch a glimpse of the P-51 as she started down the runway. We could not.

There we stood, eyes fixed to a spot half way down 19. Then a roar ripped across the field, much louder than before, like a furious hell spawn set loose--- something mighty this way was coming. 'Listen to that thing!' said the controller. In seconds the Mustang burst into our line of sight. Its tail was already off and it was moving faster than anything I'd ever seen by that point on 19. Two-thirds the way down 19 the Mustang was airborne with her gear going up. The prop tips were supersonic; we clasped our ears as the Mustang climbed hellish fast into the circuit to be eaten up by the dog-day haze.

We stood for a few moments in stunned silence trying to digest what we'd just seen. The radio controller rushed by me to the radio.

'Kingston tower calling Mustang?' He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment.

The radio crackled, 'Go ahead Kingston.'

'Roger Mustang. Kingston tower would like to advise the circuit is clear for a low level pass.' I stood in shock because the controller had, more or less, just asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show!

The controller looked at us. 'What?' He asked. 'I can't let that guy go without asking. I couldn't forgive myself!'

The radio crackled once again, 'Kingston, do I have permission for a low level pass, east to west, across the field?'

'Roger Mustang, the circuit is clear for an east to west pass.'

(Continued from page 6)

'Roger, Kingston, I'm coming out of 3000 feet, stand by.'

We rushed back onto the second-story deck, eyes fixed toward the eastern haze. The sound was subtle at first, a high-pitched whine, a muffled screech, a distant scream. Moments later, the P-51 burst through the haze. Her airframe straining against positive G's and gravity, wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop-tips again supersonic as the burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field shredding and tearing the air.

At about 400 mph and 150 yards from where we stood she passed with the old American pilot saluting.

Imagine.... A salute! I felt like laughing, I felt like crying, she glistened, she screamed, the building shook, my heart pounded.

Then the old pilot pulled her up and rolled, and rolled, and rolled out of sight into the broken clouds and indelibly into my memory.

I've never wanted to be an American more than on that day. It was a time when many nations in the world looked to America as their big brother, a steady and even-handed beacon of security who navigated difficult political water with grace and style; not unlike the pilot who'd just flown into my memory.

He was proud, not arrogant; humble, not a braggart; old and honest, projecting an aura of America at its best.

That America will return one day, I know it will.

Until that time, I'll just send off this story; call it a reciprocal salute, to the old American pilot who wove a memory for a young Canadian that's lasted a lifetime.

Alan S. Doctor

[Thanks, Dave.... And the others that sent this some time back. Terrific story. I hope you all have enjoyed this as much as I did - every time I read it. Scott]

Some Thoughts From a Warped Mind

Thanks to Sharon Ballerstein

The cardiologist's diet:
if it tastes good, spit it out.

Maybe it's true that life begins at sixty but everything else starts to wear out, fall out, or spread out.

There are three signs of old age. The first is your loss of memory. I forget the other two.

You're getting old when you don't care where your spouse goes, just as long as you don't have to go along.

Old age is when work is a lot less fun and fun a lot more work.

Statistics show that at the age of seventy, there are five women to every man. Isn't that the darndest time for a guy to get those odds?

You know you're getting on in years when the girls at the office start confiding in you.

Old age is when it takes longer to rest than to get tired.

By the time a man is wise enough to watch his step, he's too old to go anywhere.

Of course I'm against sin; I'm against any-
7 thing that I'm too old to enjoy.



Upper left: Admiral Nimitz, Major General Chancy (third and fourth from left), and party on top of Suribachi on tour of inspection in March 1945. Above: Suribachi has a road; compare with the picture on page 61 to note the changed appearance.



These are the men who built the Suribachi highway. Sitting: Izzacelli, Cmdr. Ermilio, W. H. DeRamus, Kammer, Harne, G. L. Kennedy, Ballard, W. R. Stephens, Hugg, Stafford, Bass, Striping, Lambott, H. A. Miller, Guin, Holman, Wilkinson, Bradshaw, Bruke, Doffery, Dickerson, J. W. Bowman, Purcell, Shocks. Standing: Gots, A. L. Patterson, C. W. Peterson, Gearhead, DePaula, Armstrong, Muthos, A. P. Hill, N. E. Pope, Ireland, Reedy, Sackman, R. L. Thompson, R. C. Carroll, Luther. Top: Cagle, Higginbotham, Gentry, D. F. Davis, Gilliam. Lower left: Rear Admiral Cottor, CEC Director Western Pacific Division of the Seabees, poses with the most famous of Seabee tools. Below: Proud of the work their men have done—Captain Henderson, OinC of our 41st Regiment, Commander Ermilio, Lieut. DeWitt, Lt. (jg) Purcell.



THE ROAD THAT COULDN'T BE BUILT

Wherever Iwo Jima is remembered, there will be remembered also Mount Suribachi. And with it there will be remembered the men of the 28th Marine Regiment who took that hill, and our own men who built the road up its side.

Contrary to reports appearing in some unreliable stateside papers, this road was strictly a Seabee Job, to be more precise an NCB 31 job. This was our start in turning what had been taken by our Marines at a dear price into a military advantage.

The purpose of taking the island in the first place was not only to silence their harassing air attacks on the Marianas but even more to secure a closer base to the mainland of Japan for our own air activity as well as a haven for the emergency landing of returning bombers.

Coupled with the successful operation of any airfield is the need for the best possible weather intelligence. Suribachi would serve our offense as the place to locate our weather observation post and it would serve our defense as the place to locate our main radar station.

To get this equipment to the top of Suribachi and to keep it serviced required the building of the road. The construction was assigned to Lt. DeWitt's dirt pushers of Company "C" and came under the supervision of capable CWO Purcell.

The building of this road has had publicity because, as far as the Japs were concerned, it was a road that couldn't be built in a relatively short time. The lower part of it required dynamiting to get huge boulders out of the way before the dozers could work it.

The blasting crews drilled and planted their dynamite at night while the rest of the gang, working their equipment up over the solid rock, used every minute of daylight to whip the upper part of the road into shape first. On the third day after work began, the pioneering dozers were atop the mountain. Then followed quickly the widening, grading for drainage, fine grading of the steep, winding highway.

←
Caption under top pictures on left:

Upper left: Admiral Nimitz, Major General Chaney (third and fourth from left) and party on top of Suribachi on tour of inspection in March 1945. Above: Suribachi has a road; compare with the picture on page 63 to note the changed appearance.

←
Caption on side of picture on left:

These are the men who built the Suribachi highway. Sitting: Izzarelli, Commander Ermilio, W. H. DeRamos, Kammer, Horne, G. L. Kennedy, Ballard, W. R. Stephens, Hogg, Stafford, Bass, Stripling, Lambert, H. A. Miller, Guin, Holman, Wilkinson, Bradshaw, Brake, DeBerry, Dickerson, J. W. Bowman, Purcell, Sheeks. Standing: Goatz, A. L. Patterson, C. W. Peterson, Gearhead, DePaola, Armstrong, Mathes, A. P. Hill, N. E. Pope, Ireland, Reedy, Sachman, R. L. Thomason, R. C. Carroll, Luther. Top: Cagle, Higginbotham, Gentry, D. V. Davis, Gilliam. Lower left: Rear Admiral Cotter, CEC Director Western Pacific Division of the Seabees, poses with the most famous of Seabee tools. Below: Proud of the work their men have done—Captain Henderson, OinC of our 41st Regiment, Commander Ermilio, Lieut. DeWitt, Lt. (jg) Purcell.

Word Puzzle:

See if you can figure out what these words have in common.

1. Banana
2. Dresser
3. Grammar
4. Potato
5. Revive
6. Uneven
7. Assess

Are you peeking or have you already given up?

Give it another try . Look at each word carefully.

You'll kick yourself when you discover the answer.

Answer:

No, it is not that they all have at least 2 double letters.

Look on the bottom of page 14.

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

**"It is dangerous for a national candidate to say things that people might remember."
Eugene McCarthy**

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.

Not Your Momma's Chili.....

A young cowboy walks into the town cafe. He sits at the counter and notices an old cowboy with his arms folded, staring blankly at a full bowl of chili.

After fifteen minutes of just sitting there staring at it, the young cowboy bravely asked the old cowpoke, "If you ain't gonna' eat that, mind if I do?"

The older cowboy slowly turns his head toward the young wrangler and in his best cowboy manner says, "Nah, go ahead."

Eagerly, the young cowboy reaches over and slides the bowl over to his place and starts spooning it in with delight. He gets nearly down to the bottom and notices a dead mouse in the chili. The sight is so shocking, he immediately barfs up the chili into the bowl.

The old cowboy quietly says, "Yep, that's as far as I got, too."

The Good Guy List

Harold Agles, Allan Alberg, William Alwine, Vern Ammentorp, David Anderson, Basil Arnold, Pat Badgett, Richard Baker, Mike Barron, Henry Benguerel, Vernon Blakeslee, John Bloem, William Body, Ralph Bokern, Alexander (Cat) Borys, Robert Bowdler, Don Bradley, Robert 'Bud' Breeding, Philip Brunelle, Al Bryant, Silas Bucher, David Budworth, Wayne Bulgerin, Ralph Burnley, Bill Burns, James Cain, Shorty Campbell, Pat Carey, Bennie Carlson, Ed Carlson, Mike Castlevecchi, 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, Norman Evelth, Richard Farbo, Richard Fairbanks, Frank Fibich, Jim Firebaugh, Harold Freeland, Forrest Foland, Bill Frazier, Al Fritz, William Ganske, Claude Garcenot, Roger Germundson, Ron Glasser, Robert Graf, Russ Granby, Jim Green, Clem Gregurek, Roy Grisham, Gerald Grubb, Gordon Gwathney, Charles (Pauline) Hagemann, David Haines, Les Hall, Luther Hall, Alexander Hamilton, Roger Hamilton, Leonard Hardoin, Arlin Hardwick, Roy Harris, 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, Rod Howard, Ron Howatson, Charles Ingalls, Vic Jacino, Robert Jandreau, Larry Jessop, Ambros Johnson, Charles Johnson, Don Jones, John Jurkash, Robert Kaempfe, Charles Kangas, Mike Kazarian, Duane Keech, Leslie Keller, 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, Tony Marcella, Ivan Majetic, Bob Markey, Philip Matalucci, Jack Mayo, Riley McDaniel, Gene McDonagh, Don McLain, Bobby McMillan, Herb Meade, Grant Millard, Daniel Millett, Dan Mills, Chuck Minert, Gary Mitchell, Roger Mohs, Pat Morris, Hance Morton, Paul Muma, Richard Muns, Eugene Nelson, Richard Nelson, Ray Nethercott, Paul Neusetzer, Don Nitsche, John Noetzel, 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 Rudolph, Harold Saucier, Paul Schell, Millard Schneider, Jack Schrader, Don Seethaler, 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, John Stock, Willis Struecker, Dan Svendsen, Richard Swallow, Victor Swanson, William Taylor, George Terry, Doug Thorp, Richard Tittle, Richard Todd, Wayne Turley, Jerry Vasquez, Larry Vibber, Lionel Vidrine, Walter Waddell, Phil Wagenschnur, Dick Walters, Harold Wardenburg, John Weires, Bud Wheless, 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 August 1, 2008. There are currently 254 paid up members from a mailing list of 505. If dues have never been sent, they do not receive the Newsletter. There are 751 names on the full member roster. (SW)

*Misers aren't much fun to live with,
but they make great ancestors.*



From Don Seethaler:

L-R: Bob Long, Don Seethaler, Jerry Kaller, John Kane.

A Note From Scott:

Our financial situation has gotten tight and I need some help. The situation with securing a hotel in Myrtle Beach was a big problem. Pete Elliott, John Petronka and I drove to Myrtle Beach to meet with representatives from two hotels that had responded to our request for proposal for our reunion. After meeting with these representatives and reviewing their proposals, we rejected these offers as not acceptable. About two weeks later, I made a trip to Myrtle Beach to meet with two more hotel representatives. After this trip, a decision was made to accept the proposal from the Sands Resort. With the price of gas, these two trips cost more than expected and our funds have dropped to a very low level. I will be able to publish this Newsletter but probably will not have the funds to publish a Newsletter in November (each Newsletter costs about \$750 for printing & mailing). A quick remedy would be if 50 members could send a years' dues (\$20), that will get some relief and keep us publishing the Newsletter on schedule. We have lower membership than previous years and there have been some other expenses, but we make a return on our ship's store sales which usually covers these incidental expenses. Help if you can and let's keep publishing the best Newsletter from the Seabees! Thanks to all, Scott

\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$
\$	The interviewer at the blood bank asked me if I had ever given money in exchange for sex. I asked her if a new kitchen, country club membership, charge account at Neiman Marcus, and Mercedes convertible counted.						\$
\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$

<i>Our Fallen Comrades</i>	
Silas E. Bucher	8/24/07
Mylo R. Cayou	6/24/08
Richard W. Danzl	4/03
Mike R. Piro	3/11/08
<i>May they live on in our memories.</i>	

A story from one of our local Georgia papers:

The Snake That Ate Bill Arp - Almost

By Neal Beard

The town of Bill Arp's unique history boasts of once having a college. Though it was gone when I came along, its influence was evident. One could get an education at the store, in downtown Bill Arp, listening to men who had been inoculated with this needle of higher education.

Grab a cold Nehi, Royal Crown Cola, Orange Crush, or, if you don't mind burping, a Red Rock Ginger Ale. Get yourself a Moon Pie. But don't eat too many of them; Clyde did and he went into eclipse. Sit down on a Coke crate and join the class as dean George lectures.

"I tell you boys, it's the truth, I'd swear on a stack of Bibles. I've seen the thang with my own eyes."

"George, how come ain't none of us seen it?", Bill asked.

"People may not have seen it, but they've seen what it can do. It et a man's calf in Fair Play. He trailed it to Dog River. It crossed the river at the baptizing hole and come through Guy Phillips' yard headed this way. That was last Thursday. It's laid up a restin' right now, but when it gets hungry agin', you better lock up your live stock."

Tobacco juice was flying; heads were bobbing when Ralph walked in. He was bare footed, shirtless, with one gallus of his Lee overalls fastened, and the other one stuffed in his back pocket, "What you fellers up to?"

"We're listenin' to George lie about a snake twice as big as a telephone pole that's about to eat Bill Arp," Bill said.

Ralph said, "Hit ain't no lie. Hit et one a' my hogs this mornin'. I seed the thang wrapped around that hog and a swallerin' the poor thang like hit was a mouse. I retched behind the door and got my 22 rifle and shot

hit smack between them green eyes."

"Did you kill it?"

"Naw, I didn't kill hit. The bullet bounced off like hit was steel."

Bill said, "Ralph, you're gonna hurt George's feelin's tellin' a bigger lie than his'n."

"Well, I know what I seed and I know I got one less hog than I had yestiday."

With that, Ralph got a sack of chicken feed in a flowered print sack, and left George as the top tall tale teller.

Both had reputations for stretching truth past the breaking point. The difference was that George lied so well he would convince himself; Ralph just liked to pull people's legs.

The class discussed and debated the giant snake story. If the snake had been there, rather than its tale, it would have been suffocated by the hot air.

Bill stood up, scratched his week-old beard, finished his Coke, belched loud enough to shatter the bottle and said, "Well, boys. I gotta go to Fort Mac."

"Whatcha goin' to Ft. Mac fer?", one of them asked.

"I'm gonna see if I can borrow a cannon to kill George's snake with."

Joe said, "I'll ride as fer as Douglasville with you. I gotta see the road commissioner."

"Whatcha gonna see the road commissioner about?"

"I'm gonna see if I can borrow the county's bulldozer to drag off that snake and bury it after you shoot it."

George stammered, "Dadgummit! Ya'll make fun but you won't be laughin' when you start losin' livestock."

Bill Arp college, an institute of higher learning, should have offered courses in lower learning, like the dangers of giant snakes - and big liars. No school is perfect.

Mary Wilborn's Airplane Flight

As related by John Wilborn,
Retired Senior Chief

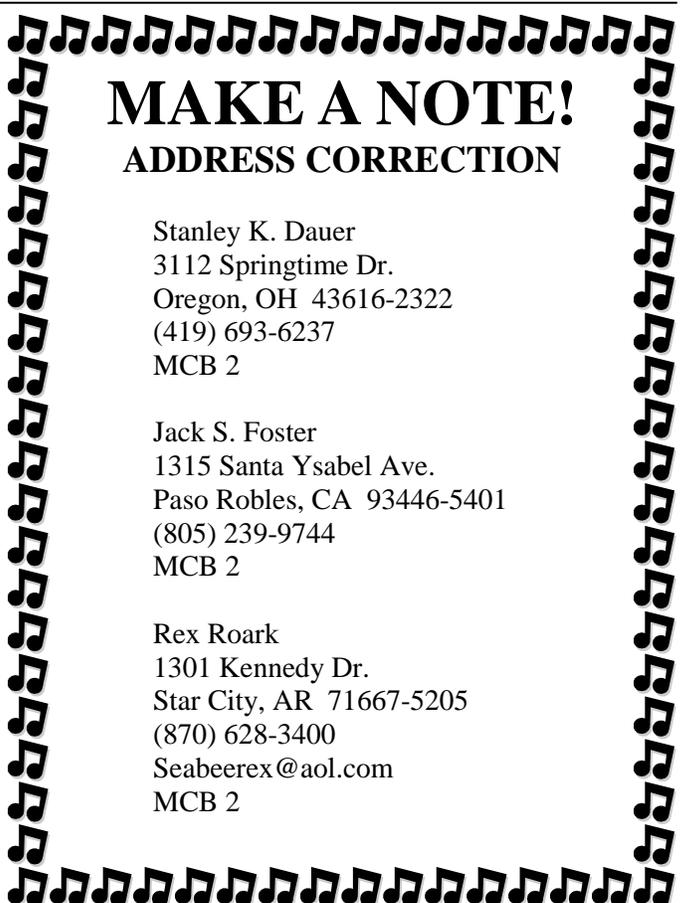
Yesterday, Sunday, 20 April, 2008, my wife boarded a plane and flew from San Diego to Phoenix ---it was noontime and the flight was a bit over an hour long. Mary had gone to San Diego to celebrate the Golden Wedding anniversary of her brother Joe on Saturday. All went well with all the relatives, friends, and family - a very joyous occasion. The plane was boarded and my wife's seating partner was a young man she pegged immediately as military. Mary has been around the troops long enough to know - to sense these things. The young man's deportment and mood seemed to be pensive and withdrawn. I tell you, no one remains a stranger long around that gregarious wife of mine and the conversation began, "What service branch are you with and where are you heading?" She said the young trooper seemed surprised with the initial questions but to which he replied proudly he was in the Marine Corps and heading back home to Connecticut after a 15 month tour in Afghanistan and Iraq. He had been granted a 30 day furlough, but blurted out almost immediately to her that he had no intention of spending that much time away from the Marines. He speculated that 10 days was probably the most he could tolerate.

Mary made the point of noting the young man's distraction and his almost fading away in the midst of an explanation about something. She also noted his eyes and the non-specific stare out into nothing - like no one was in there. Mary doesn't tend to be dramatic and, the former nurse that she was, I knew she was not imagining those things. I injected into the conversation something I remembered from the Vietnam era --- what was it called --- the 10K klick stare? Mary commented the mood swings of the young warrior and in one brash statement he declared that the people over there were downright evil--- evil beyond any reasonable degree. He told her how the young children really loved the Americans but were generally abused by older citizens for demonstrating any emotions toward the Americans. The Marine was 20 years old and Mary said he was ancient beyond his years. She kept going back and telling me of his random distractions and how it would almost seem for him to be out of his body. I remind you, this former nurse is not an overly dramatic individual....she repeated that his eyes had that faraway

look as if there was no one in there.

Mary said when the plane arrived and unloading procedures began with all folks standing up to de-plane, she was close to him and she just spontaneously hugged the young Marine and told him thank you for his service. She said he seemed flustered at first, but then very coyly thanked her and told her he was proud to be serving his country. I have thought ever since she told me this on how I was going to share it with you. I hope you can sense, as I did, there are those who are fighting in a war this very moment, while there are those of us back here in this wonderful land of ours who seem not to have a clue.....

Scott, I would feel very complimented to have you share the story with others---I could have made the story a lot longer for Mary had told that young Marine her husband was a retired navy Seabee and the Marine told her he had a high regard for Seabees ... seems there are many of the 'bees serving there and doing a non-glamorous job, day in and day out.



MAKE A NOTE! ADDRESS CORRECTION

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Answer to word puzzle:

In all of the words listed, if you take the first letter, place it at the end of the word, and then spell the word backwards, it will be the same word.

The King Bee: A Biography of Admiral Ben Moreell

by Capt. A.N. Olsen CEC, USN (Ret)

351 pages; quality trade paperback (softcover); catalogue #06-3289; ISBN 1-4251-1533-0; US\$24.95 plus shipping. Also available in hardcover, \$35.95 plus shipping, both from the Seabee Museum, (805) 982-5168.

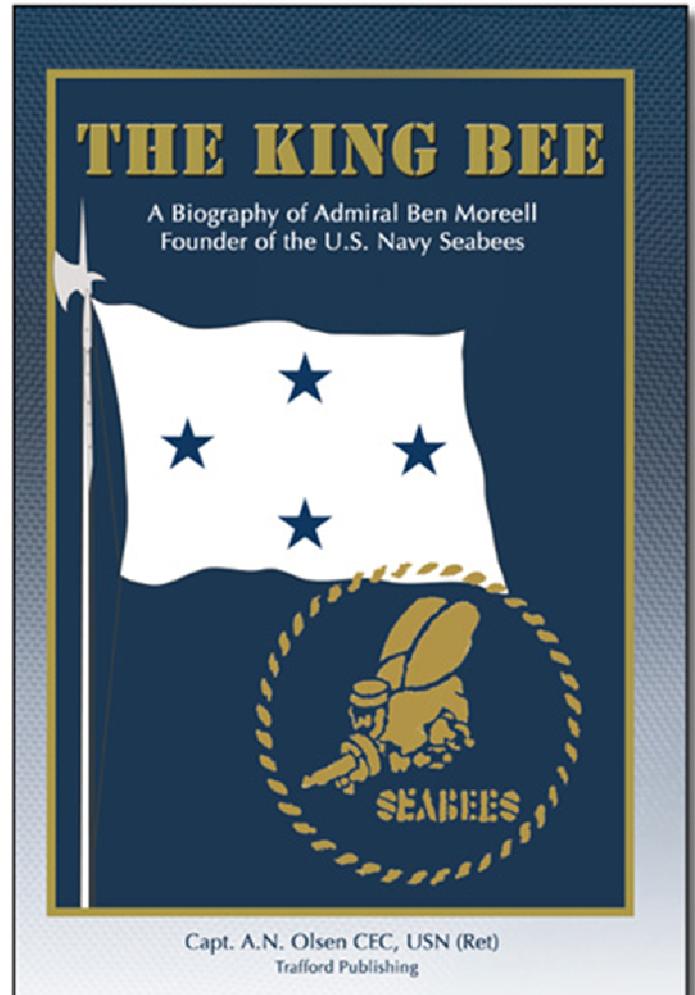
Ben Moreell began forming the Seabees immediately after Pearl Harbor. Their success was recognized by Admiral Nimitz when he wrote: "... without them, we could not have beaten the Japs."

About the Book:

Although Ben Moreell will forever be remembered as the founder of the Seabees, the U.S. Navy's legendary construction force, his numerous and varied achievements in other areas are just as impressive.

Trained and experienced as an engineer, he was quick to recognize that any endeavor would have to be accomplished through the motivation of individuals. And whatever the task, the greater the motivation, the greater the final achievement. His continual emphasis on morale, loyalty, esprit de corps and individual worth generated successful results with Seabees, in industry, with charitable institutions and in his religious activities.

Even so, the linkage between Ben Moreell and the Navy Seabees is permanent. After 7 December 1941 the need for a military naval construction force was immediately apparent. Working with the Navy, labor unions, the construction industry and professional organizations Ben Moreell directed the formation of what was to become the premier military construction force in history. Even though there were no Seabees in existence at the start of World War II they quickly emerged as an essential element in the fighting in every theater. Seabees built every type of facility and they were involved in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Normandy, Alaska and throughout the Pacific. The only invasion made by U.S. forces that did not include Seabees was on Guadalcanal. The Seabees arrived there two weeks after the Marines had gone ashore. Their construction feats as well as their sometimes questionable activities has proven to be legendary. Such activities continue to this day. But Moreell was recognized for numerous achievements in addition to the Seabees. He blazed new trails throughout his career. At every stage he set new standards of accomplishment. He was the first non



Naval Academy graduate, and the only staff corps officer ever to be promoted to Admiral.

He devoted many hours to writing and speaking on matters of national concern, always emphasizing the need to adhere to our constitutional guidelines.

His integrity, loyalty and forthright approach to individuals, as well as problems, gained him a high level of respect at all stations and in every circumstance and generated legions of friends and admirers. But it will be his world renowned Seabees that will last forever.

Navy Historical Facts and Trivia

By LTC Daniel D. Smith, Sr.

"Heads up" former Sea Services personnel. If, in years past, you've ever been lying around a ship's berthing compartments, dying for a candy bar or pack of crackers, but since the ship was not out beyond the 3-mile limit, the "geedunk" wasn't open. What do you do? Well, about that time a shipmate, passing through your compartment, says "the roach coach is on the pier." Eureka, your hunger pains will be satisfied. Ever happen?

If this all sounds Greek to you, then the following naval glossary and word history may help.

GEEDUNK - To most sailors the word geedunk means ice cream, candy, potato chips and other assorted snacks, or even the place where they can be purchased. No one, however, knows for certain where the term originated, but there are several plausible theories:

- 1.) In the 1920's a comic strip character named Harold Teen and his friends spent a great amount of time at Pop's candy store. The store's owner called it The Geedunk for reasons never explained.
- 2.) The Chinese word meaning a place of idleness sounds something like gee dung.
- 3.) Geedunk is the sound made by a vending machine when it dispenses a soft drink in a cup.
- 4.) It may be derived from the German word tunk meaning to dip or sop either in gravy or coffee. Dunking was a common practice in days when bread, not always obtained fresh, needed a bit of tunking to soften it. The ge is a German unaccented prefix denoting repetition. In time it may have changed from getunk to geedunk. Whatever theory we use to explain geedunk's origin, it doesn't alter the fact that Navy people are glad it all got started.

GOAT LOCKER - Entertainment on liberty took many forms, mostly depending on the coast and opportunity. One incident which became tradition was at a Navy-Army football game. In early sailing years, livestock would travel on ships, providing the crew fresh milk, meats, and eggs, as well as serving as ships' mascots. One pet, a goat named El Cid (meaning Chief) was the mascot aboard the USS New York. When its crew attended the fourth Navy-Army football game in 1893, they took El Cid to the game, which resulted in the West Pointers losing. El Cid (The Chief) was offered shore duty at Annapolis and became the Navy's mascot. This is believed to be the source of the old Navy term, "Goat Locker."

MIND YOUR P's AND Q's - Nowadays a term meaning "Be on your best behavior." In old days, sailors serving aboard government ships could always get credit at the waterfront taverns until pay-day. As they would only pay for those drinks which were marked up on the score-board, the tavern-keeper had to be careful that no Pints or Quarts had been omitted from the customers list.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS - An Executive order issued by President Benjamin Harrison dated 25 February 1893 and issued as General order No. 409 of 25 February 1893 gave a pay scale for Navy enlisted men. It was divided into rates and listed Chief Petty Officers. Both the executive and Circular No. 1 listed Chief Petty Officers as a distinct rate for the first time and both were to take effect on 01 April 1893. It appears that this is the date on which the Chief Petty Officer rate actually was established.

NAVY COLORS- 27 August 1802 the Secretary of the Navy signed an instruction which set a pattern for the dress of the U.S. Navy in Blue and Gold.

UNIFORM REGULATIONS - The first uniform instruction for the U.S. Navy was issued by the Secretary of War on 24 August 1791. It provided a distinctive dress for the officers who would command the ships of the Federal Navy. The instruction did not include a uniform for the enlisted man, although there was a degree of uniformity. The usual dress of a seaman was made up of a short jacket, shirt, vest, long trousers, and a black low-crowned hat.

(Continued from page 16)

FOULED ANCHOR - The fouled anchor as a naval insignia got its start as the seal of the Lord Howard of Effingham. He was the Lord Admiral of England at the time of the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. During this period the personal seal of a great officer of state was adopted as the seal of his office. The fouled anchor still remains the official seal of the Lord High Admiral of Great Britain. When this office became part of the present Board of Admiralty, the seal was retained on buttons, official seals, and cap badges. The U.S. Navy's adoption of this symbol and many other customs can be directly attributed to the influence of British Naval tradition. The fouled anchor is among them.

THE CPO FOULED ANCHOR - The Fouled Anchor is the emblem of the Rate of Chief Petty Officer of the United States Navy. Attached to the Anchor is a length of chain and the letters U.S.N.

KHAKI - Originated in 1845 in India where British soldiers soaked white uniforms in mud, coffee, and curry powder to blend in with the landscape. Khakis made their debut in the U.S. Navy in 1912 when they were worn by naval aviators, and were adopted for submarines in 1931. In 1941 the Navy approved khakis for on-station wear by senior officers, and soon after Pearl Harbor chiefs and officers were authorized to wear khakis ashore on liberty.

BROWN SHOES - In 1913 high laced shoes of tan leather first appeared in Uniform Regulations and were authorized for wear by aviators with khakis. The color changed to russet brown in 1922. Uniforms exclusive to the aviation community were abolished in the 1920's and reinstated in the 1930's. The authorized color of aviators shoes has alternated between brown and black since then.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS - Commonly believed that the trousers were introduced in 1817 to permit men to roll them above the knee when washing down the decks and to make it easier to remove them in a hurry when forced to abandon ship or when washed overboard. The trousers may be used as a life preserver by knotting the legs and swinging them over your head to fill the legs with air.

THIRTEEN BUTTONS ON TROUSERS - There is no relationship between the 13 buttons on the trousers and the 13 original colonies. Before 1894, the trousers had only seven buttons and in the early 1800's they had 15 buttons. It wasn't until the broad fall front was enlarged that the 13 buttons were added to the uniform and only then to add symmetry of design.

FLAT HATS - First authorized in 1852 the flat hat was eliminated on 1 April 1963 due to non-available materials. The original hats had unit names on the front, however, unit names were taken off in January 1941.

WHITE HAT - In 1852 a white cover was added to the soft visorless blue hat. In 1866 a white sennet straw hat was authorized as an additional item. During the 1880's the white "sailors hat" appeared as a low rolled brim high-domed item made of wedge shaped pieces of canvas to replace the straw hat. The canvas was eventually replaced by cotton as a cheaper more comfortable material. Many complaints on the quality and construction led to modifications ending in the currently used white hat.

JUMPER FLAPS - The collar originated as a protective cover for the jacket to protect it from the grease or powder normally worn by seamen to hold hair in place.

STRIPES AND STARS ON JUMPER UNIFORMS - On 18 January 1876, Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce recommended a collar with stars and stripes as a substitute for the plain collar used on the frocks of seamen. Three stripes on the collar was proposed for all grades, with the stripes on the cuffs to indicated grade. One stripe for E-1, etc.

DISTINGUISHING MARKS/RATING BADGES - In 1841, insignia called "distinguishing marks" were first prescribed as part of the official uniform. An eagle and anchor emblem, forerunner of the rating badge, was the first distinguishing mark. In 1886 rating badges were established, and some 15 specialty marks were also provided to cover the various ratings. On 1 April 1893, petty officers were reclassified and the rating of chief petty officer was established. Until 1949 rating badges were worn on the right or left sleeve, depending on whether the person concerned was on the starboard or port watch. Since February 1948, all distinguishing marks have been worn on the right sleeve between the shoulder and elbow.

(Continued from page 17)

RIGHT ARM RATES - Established in 1841 and disestablished 2 April 1949, originally signified men of the Seaman branch. During WW II these rates included Boatswains Mate, Turret Captain, Signalman, Gunners Mate, Fire Controlman, Quartermaster, Mineman, and Torpedoman's Mate. Other ratings wore rates on the left sleeve.

MEN'S NECKERCHIEF - The black neckerchief or bandanna first appeared as early as the 16th century and was utilized as a sweat band and collar closure. Black was the predominant color as it was practical and did not readily show dirt. There is no truth to the myth that the black neckerchief was designed as a sign of mourning for Admiral Nelson's death.

NECKERCHIEF SQUARE KNOT - There is no historical significance to the knot other than it being a knot widely used by sailors which presents a uniform appearance.

DUNGAREES - In 1901 regulations authorized the first use of denim jumpers and trousers, and the 1913 regulations originally permitted the dungaree outfit to be used by both officers and enlisted with the hat of the day.

DITTY BAG - Ditty bag (or box) was originally called ditto bag because it contained at least two of everything: two needles, two spools of thread, two buttons, etc. With the passing of years, the 'ditto' was dropped in favor of ditty and remains so today. Before WW I, the Navy issued ditty boxes made of wood and styled after foot lockers. These carried the personal gear and some clothes of the sailor. Today the ditty bag is still issued to recruits and contains a sewing kit, toiletry articles and personal items such as writing paper and pens.

CLOTHES STOPS - A small diameter cord, approximately 12 inches, used to tie laundry to a clothes line -- the early Navy clothes pin. Issued in recruit training until 1973.

ENLISTED WOMEN - The first enlisted women's uniform was comprised of a single breasted coat, blue in winter and white in summer, long gull bottomed skirts and a straight-brimmed sailor hat, blue felt in winter and white straw in summer, black shoes and stockings.

BOATSWAIN'S PIPE - No self-respecting boatswain's mate would dare admit he couldn't blow his pipe in a manner above reproach. This pipe, which is the emblem of the boatswain and his mates, has an ancient and interesting history. On the ancient row-galleys, the boatswain used his pipe to call the stroke. Later, because its shrill tune could be heard above most of the activity on board, it was used to signal various happenings such as knock-off and the boarding of officials. So essential was this signaling device to the well-being of the ship that it became a badge of office and honor in the British and American Navy of the sailing ships.

AVIATION GREEN UNIFORM - In September 1917 the "Forestry" Green uniform of the U.S. Marine Corps was authorized for aviation officers as a winter working uniform. The earliest use of the uniform by enlisted men came in 1941 when chief petty officers designated as Naval Aviation Pilots were authorized to wear the uniform. In November 1985 Aviation Working Greens were authorized for wear by women in the aviation community.

NAVY GRAY UNIFORMS - Gray uniforms in the same style as khaki were first introduced on 16 April 1943 as an officers uniform. On 3 June 1943 the uniform was extended to include Chief Petty Officers. On 31 March 1944 cooks and stewards were permitted to wear the gray uniform. The Navy abolished use of "grays" on 15 October 1949.

COCKED HAT - A hat worn by officers with ceremonial uniforms commonly referred to as a "fore and aft" hat. During the 1700's the hat was worn parallel to the shoulders, but in the 1800's was modified to be worn with the points to the front and back. Wearing of the Cocked Hat was discontinued on 12 October 1940.

TATTOOS - A tattoo of a pig on one leg of a sailor and a rooster (cock) on the other is a charm against drowning.

ANCHORS AWEIGH - Music written by Bandmaster Lieut. Zimmerman. In 1906, Lieut. Zimmerman was approached by Midshipman First Class Alfred Hart Miles with a request for a new march. As a member of the Class of 1907, Miles and his classmates "were eager to have a piece of music that would be inspiring, one with a swing to it so it could be used as a

(Continued from page 18)

football marching song, and one that would live forever."

FIRST FEMALE CHIEF PETTY OFFICER - YNC Loretta Perfectus Walsh.

SPLICE THE MAIN BRACE - "Splice the main brace, all hands forward to" is a summons to an extra ration of grog for work well done. From the book *A Sailor's Treasury* by Frank Shay, Copyright 1951.

DAVY JONES - Davy Jones and His Locker American Sailors would rather not talk about Davy Jones and his infamous locker. They are ready enough to refer to him and his dwelling place, but just leave him an indefinite, unbodied character who keeps to his place at the bottom of the sea. Pressed, they will profess that they do not know what he looks like, his locker is to them something like an ordinary sea chest or coffin, always open to catch any sailor unfortunate enough to find himself in the sea. Some English sailors incline to the belief that his name is a corruption of Duffer Jones, a clumsy fellow who frequently found himself overboard. The only time Davy comes to life is in the ceremony of crossing the line. Then he is usually impersonated by the smallest sailor on board, given a hump, horns and a tail, and his features made as ugly as possible. He is swinish, dressed in rags and seaweed, and shambles along in the wake of the sea king, Neptune, playing evil tricks upon his fellow sailors. Old sailors, rather than speak of the devil, called him Deva, Davy or Taffy, the thief of the evil spirit; and Jones is from Jonah, whose locker was the whale's belly. Jonah was often called Jonas, and as Davy Jones, the enemy of all living sailors, he has become the mariners' evil angel. To be cast into the sea and sink is to fall into his locker and have the lid popped down on one. It is generally agreed that the Christian sailor's body goes to Davy Jones's locker, but his soul, if he is a proper sailorman, goes to Fiddlers' Green. From the book *A Sailor's Treasury* by Frank Shay, Copyright 1951.

SCUTTLEBUTT - Navy term for rumor. Comes from a combination of the word "scuttle" to make a hole in the ship's side, causing her to sink, and "butt", a cask used to hold drinking water. Scuttlebutt literally means a cask with a hole in it. Scuttle describes what most rumors accomplish if not to the ship, at least to morale. Butt describes the water cask where men naturally congregated, and that's where most rumors get started.

SHOW A LEG - In the British Navy of King George III, many sailor's wives accompanied them on long voyages. To avoid dragging the wrong "mate" out of the rack at reveille, the bo'sun asked all to "show a leg". If the leg wore silk, it's owner was allowed to sleep in. If the leg was hairy and tattooed, the owner was forced to "turn to."

DEVIL TO PAY - Originally this denoted a specific task aboard ship such as caulking the ship's longest seam. The "Devil" was the longest seam on the ship and caulking was done with "pay" or pitch. This grueling task was despised by every seaman and the expression came to denote any unpleasant task.

KEELHAUL - An extreme punishment given in which an offender was tied hand and foot, with heavy weights attached to his body. He was slowly lowered over the ship's side and dragged under the ship's hull. If he didn't drown, which was usually the case, then barnacles usually ripped him, causing him to bleed to death.

SKYLARKING - Originally, skylarking described the antics of young Navymen who climbed and slid down the backstays for fun. Since the ancient word "lac" means "to play" and the games started high in the masts, the term was "skylacing." Later, corruption of the word changed it to "skylarking".

NAVY MASCOTS - the navy mascot's name is Bill XXVIII (28), there have been 2 cats, 1 dog, 1 carrier pigeon. Goats have been the mascot since 1904.

TAR - was given to sailors because in the old days they used to tar their clothing to make it waterproof.

OLDEST U.S. MILITARY AWARD - The Navy's Medal of Honor, authorized December 21, 1861, is the oldest continuous use military award in America. Source: US Military Medals: 1939 to Present. Foster and Borts, Medals of America Press.

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