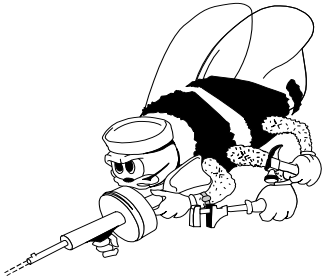


MCB 2 Reunion Association

Volume 8, Issue 3

April 2, 2010



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

Port Hueneme!

Sept. 22-24, 2011

Mark your calendars!

Wow! Do We Have Some Great Things Going!

By Scott Williams

Pete and I went to Port Hueneme between snowstorms in the east and got things lined up. We will have a great hotel with great amenities. They have a very nice hot breakfast buffet every morning and a Manager's Happy Hour every evening from 5-7. Arrangements have been made for an all-day excursion to the Ronald Reagan Presidential

See *Checking on Hotels* (Continued on page 2)

Our Reunion is Taking Shape!

Come early and stay late! Lots of excitement in Port Hueneme! The tour of the Reagan Library begins early Thursday morning with a hamburger Bar-B-Que that evening and Friday will be our tour of the base and the new museum. Of course, Saturday will be our normal meeting and memorial service with the banquet that evening.

You can make your reservations at the hotel now if you wish at 805-986-5353. Just make sure you mention you are with the MCB 2 Reunion to receive our rate of \$105 per night, plus tax.

See *Reunion Taking Shape* (Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1) **Checking on hotels**

Library. This is a wonderful trip and they even have Air Force One that is open to tour. It will take at least three or four hours to take it all in, then on Friday we will tour the Seabee base and the new Museum.

Most of this is already in place and we are working on making more arrangements for some additional functions, so get prepared for a super great time in Port Hueneme. The base has changed quite a bit from when we were all there in the 1950s, but the Museum will be the star attraction! Progress is really being made on the construction and those with computer access can watch the progress at

<http://www.camarillositecameras.com/RQC/Seabee/>

Don't miss the opportunity to watch the Museum being built!

All in all, we will be announcing all the details soon and will have the reservation forms available in the January 2011 Newsletter. See you there!

(Continued from page 1) **Reunion Taking Shape**

There are some interesting articles in this issue for your pleasure. Beginning on page 10 are the stories and articles I hope you enjoy. The article on pages 16-19 is a reprint of an article about our newest possession, The Northern Mariana Islands, which some of you may have served on in WW II. Tinian and Saipan saw some of the bloodiest fighting in WW II and the airbase on Tinian, from which the Enola Gay flew that dropped the first atomic bomb on Japan, was the largest airport in the world at that time. But I will bet it is a surprise to you that they are a United States Territory!

As you are making your plans, don't forget to check the Good Guy List. If your name is not on the list, send a check to get back on. We need your support to keep the Newsletter coming your way.

Enjoy this issue and block out September 22-24, 2011 for another great reunion! Reservation forms will be in a future Newsletter. See you there!

SEABEES

January - June

Dates to Remember

-
- | | |
|---------------|---|
| Mar. 2, 1867 | Civil Engineer Corps established. |
| Mar. 5, 1942 | SEABEE BIRTHDAY! |
| Mar. 19, 1942 | Civil Engineer Corps officers given military authority over construction units. |
| Mar. 22, 1945 | Seabees ferry General Patton's armored units across the Rhine River into Germany. |
| Apr. 1, 1945 | Seabees land on Okinawa. |
| April 8, 1942 | Doolittle Tokyo raid. |
| April 9, 1942 | Bataan falls. |
| May 8, 1942 | Battle of the Coral Sea |
| May 8, 1945 | V-E Day, Germany surrenders. |
| June 4, 1942 | Battle of Midway. |
| June 6, 1944 | Seabee 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 | Seabee 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. |



Notes from our members:

From **Bill Hilderbrand**: Just a short note to say thanks for your hospitality on my visit with the MCB 2 group. I had a great time and TWO has a great bunch of people and the dinner and show were top notch. My first visit to Myrtle Beach was a real winner.....

from **Bob Gardner**: Here's a check for my dues [thanks]. Sorry I am a little late. Thanks for putting on the great reunion in Myrtle Beach. You did a wonderful job. **Ev** and I are looking forward to the next reunion in Port Hueneme in 2011.....

from **Jack Mayo**: The enclosed check is for dues and use the balance for whatever [thank you!]. Things are cheap around here [wintering in south Florida] so I am using scrap paper to communicate. You are doing a great job for MCB 2 and keep up the good work.....

e-mail from **Harold Saucier**: Thanks for your effort to keep all of us old Seabees together. Since I joined your Newsletter, I haven't found any of my old buddies from CBMU 101 (K-3 Korea) on the Good Guy List or on the roster. Although I enjoyed the Newsletter and your emails, I have decided to withdraw from your circulation list. Thanks again and keep up the good work! [contact **Harold** at hbsaucier@aol.com].....

from **Ben Pedrotti**: Enclosed is my check for dues plus a little extra [thanks!]. I started at Port Hueneme with the 106th NCB in 1944. We were sent to Ie Shima off the coast of Okinawa. We based there with the 14th Marine Air Wing and built the strip. This is where **Ernie Pyle** was shot by the Japanese Royal Marines on April 18th, 1945. Ie Shima was also where the Japanese Peace Plane landed to transfer that Japanese Peace Group to the Navy ship for the signing of the Peace with USA and all fighting powers ending WWII. I hope I'll be able to make it to the Port Hueneme reunion, as help will be needed to make the trip.....

received dues checks from **Les Hall, Frank Chambers, Walt Whitney, Dan Mills, Hank Bentsen, Pat Morris, John Kolasz, and Ken**



Catchpole [thanks all!]..... from **Paul [Wanda] D'Angelo**: [Wanda had emailed me for some Seabee decals] Enclosed is our check to cover the cost for the decals and postage [thank you]. I know my friend in Phoenix, a WWII vet, will enjoy the decal. I did send him a Seabee flag and he was so happy to receive it. Thanks again for your help.....

from **Tony DeLeon**: [Tony sent a check to help with the Port Hueneme trip expenses. Thank you very much!].....

Jack Sims: Sorry about being late with my dues [that's OK and thanks]. And enclosed is a little extra. Maybe it will help with whatever [it really does and thanks]. I missed the reunion, darn! I was busy with my part-time job—ha ha! Hope to see you in Port Hueneme [CD3, CBMU 1/101 K-6].....

from **William Knight**: Enclosed is a check to help with the travel expenses to California for 2011 reunion [thank you!].....

from **Howard Doyle**: I ran across this old **Steve Canyon** cartoon strip and thought that it might be something you would like to put in the association Newsletter (I am not sure that any copyright laws would affect that). I don't have the ability at the moment to scan the cartoon and email it, so I am sending it this way [Great! See page 8 and thanks!].....

from **Tony Mastroianni**: Enclosed is a check for my dues and a little extra [thank you]. Keep up the good work. I served one year with the 124th NCB on Adak, Alaska, then was transferred to CBD 1803, MCB 2 and served on Guam from January 1, 1952 to July 12, 1952 doing the original survey of the Island. It seems I am the only one in your association from 1803.....

from **Galen Farnsworth**: Here is my check for dues. Sorry I didn't send them the first of January [OK and thanks]. Sure glad to hear the next reunion will be in Hueneme. Better chance we can attend although my wife's Parkinson's has her unable to move around much anymore, but we will give it a go if we're able. Although Drain, Oregon has it over Port Hueneme by quite a measure, I will not try to sell you on our city any longer. Although, excitement like happened here not long ago would probably top anything we will find in Hueneme. Our neighbor, **Doug**, who lives three blocks east of us, woke up one night about 3:00 a.m. with his dogs barking wildly. He looked out his bedroom window and there was a cougar in his yard. He grabbed his rifle and ran outside but the big cat jumped the 5-foot fence and was



(Continued from page 3)

gone. A few months earlier, another cougar was crouched outside the schoolyard fence at the Middle School on the hill just above our house. One of the children saw it and called the Sheriff and, when a deputy arrived, he took the father's gun and was about to handcuff him when the man said, "Wait a minute! I want the newspaper in on this. That cougar is an old one and some of his teeth are missing. That means he can't kill wild game very easy and he was crouched outside this fence looking at those school kids. Sure, I shot him and would do it again. Go ahead and arrest me, but I want the press here to witness exactly what happened." The deputy put away his handcuffs and said, "Sir, you know it is unlawful for you to have a firearm this near a public school but, under the circumstances, I am going to give you a verbal warning only and tell you to call the law next time something like this happens." The father walked very close to the officer and said, "Sir, when a cougar is crouched and looks like he is about to attack and I am physically able, I am going to kill that cat before it kills someone's child. The school called your office and you were 30 minutes getting here. Cougars don't wait around for law officers." Now, this probably wouldn't happen while MCB 2 was present, but that's typical of the kind of things that happen around here. Hope to see you in Hueneme..... from **Roy Peak**: I spent Thanksgiving in Berkeley because daughters **Pamela** and **Penny** had organized a reunion and I joined them. I took one AMTRAK train from Pasco to Portland, changed there and took another AMTRAK sleeper on to Oakland. The train cost more than the airplane ticket and so next month I'll fly down to visit **Penny** and family during the tax season. **Pamela** and family drove down, a two-day trip and another two days returning. They visited Crater Lake on the way back north and decided that I was crazy to have skied the approximately 25 mile road around the lake on top of the old volcano. I did that ski trip about 15 years ago when I thought I could ski it in one day. I didn't and had to make a bivouac under a tree part of the way around. It was cold! We all went to see *The Wizard of Oz* at the Julie Morgan Center in Berkeley. Great show with a few actors as a witch and her flying monkeys swinging across the stage. I had been involved in several musicals at the Center with the choir from the church and this was really the first time I had been in



the audience. Then, in early December, I got to sing Handel's *Messiah* in the Oratorio Chorus at the church in Richland. I have been singing the "Messiah" for five years now but this was my last year because I am afraid of driving at night for rehearsals and performances. I joined **Pamela** and family for Christmas and had a good time. I'm home now in Kennewick and finished with the dentist, eye doctors and primary doctors for a while. Everything is under control and feel lucky to be so healthy at age 82. I hope to do taxes again this year as a Tax Aide at the Berkeley and Oakland libraries as I have done the last nine years. Enclosed is my check to pay dues [thank you!]. Sorry I fell off the Good Guy List..... from **Fred Simon**: Here is my check for dues [thank you!]. We are still growing shitake mushrooms and raising quail here. Say hello to everyone for **Nancy** and me. I wish them all well..... from **Dick Sim**: [enclosed a check for dues and thanks] I appreciate all the hard work you do for all of us. I do enjoy the Newsletter and I even see a few names I recognize from the early 50's at Subic..... from **Roger Germundson**: [enclosed a check for dues and thanks] We had a great time at Myrtle Beach and looking forward to Port Hueneme! Thanks for all you do..... from **David Pyle**: [enclosed a check for dues and thanks] Better late than never. Send me a roster. Hope I can make it to Port Hueneme. Time will tell..... from **Philip Matalucci**: Enclosed is my check for dues plus a bit extra to help with the mailings [thank you]. You and the staff are doing a great job. Give my regards to **Stoney Serrett** and all the staff..... from **Bert Helms**: [enclosed a check for dues and thanks] Almost forgot!..... from **Larry Jessop**: Enclosed is my check for dues plus a little extra [thank you]. Thanks for all that you do..... from **Stan Dauer**: As I have heard too many times, it's time to send my dues [thanks]. It sure is good that you remind us or we would not receive the Newsletter. Keep up the good work. I would like to see Port Hueneme one last time, but mother tells me no such luck..... from **Art Siple**: I am like an old cows tail, always behind. Enclosed is my check for the reunion and dues [thank you]. I upset the 4-wheeler with a load of hay and got a brain concussion out of it. I have been grounded all summer and winter and don't know if I will ever be able to drive again or not. I have a son in Milford, California and he said he would take me



(Continued from page 4)

down to Port Hueneme. He spent 30 years in Army Ordnance, so maybe I will get to see you, and everyone, next year..... from **Bill Body**: [enclosed a check for dues and thanks] Sorry about being late. The mind, you know... second thing to go. If all goes well, we will be at Hueneme, my second home for over 20 years..... from **Dan Butcher**: Here's a check for my dues [thanks]. Please send a membership roster [on the way]..... received dues from **Ed (Sharon) Ballerstein, Charles (Arlene) Hogan, Arnold Daisy, Richard Tittle, Richard Baker, Ralph (Mary) Bokern, Don Henderson, Lloyd (Evelyn) Kallsen, Howard Cornwell, Roger Mohs, Jerry Wilkening, Roger Hamilton, Don Shoff, Jim Green, Allan Alberg, Rod Howard, William Alwine, Ron Howatson Clem Gregurek, Robert (Gail) Marshall, Pete Elliott, Charles Kangas, Charles (Helen) McCabe, and John Ruby** [thanks all! And thanks for the extra sent!]..... from **Daniel Beran**: Please find enclosed my first time dues before it's too late [thank you and welcome aboard!]. I was stationed with CBMU 1/101 back in 1952-53. I would also like a directory sorted by ZIP number [on the way]..... from **Gary Mitchell**: [enclosed a check for dues and thanks] Keep up the good work..... from **Tom Hoffman**: [enclosed a check for dues and thanks] Sorry I'm late..... from **Roy Harris**: [enclosed a check for dues plus some extra and thanks] Use the rest for what is needed..... from **V. H. Barnes**: [enclosed a check for dues plus some extra and thanks] Use the extra for late-comers, like me..... from **Jim Firebaugh**: Here is my check for dues and a little extra [thank you]. Thanks for all you do and have a very good year..... from **Sam Holsomback**: Greetings! I haven't thought of Seabee dues but I would recommend reading Captain Olsen's book *The King Bee*. The changes were 'Big Time' in 1950. Also, most people did not know who the Seabees were! Here is a check for my dues [thanks]. Have fun and keep on keeping on..... from (Mrs.) **William (Pete) Taylor**: [enclosed a check for dues plus a bit extra and thanks]. You are doing a great job! Keep up the good work..... from **Marilyn Love**: I am writing to tell you that my husband, **Gordon Love**, passed away on 11/20/09 after a two-year battle with cancer. He was so very proud to be a Seabee. He was in MCB 2 and stationed on Luzon at Subic Bay in



the Philippines in 1953. They were building the airfield there. I was honored to receive a visit from Seabee Commander **Patrick Shaw** at my home on the day of **Gordon's** funeral. He saluted me and presented me with a letter of sympathy and a Seabee pin. It truly touched my heart. My husband would have been so pleased..... from **Don (Marti) Nitsche**: [If everyone recalls, **Don & Marti** own the Bougainvillea Bed & Breakfast in Hawaii and they had donated a one-week stay for two as our grand prize when we held our reunion in Las Vegas in 2005.] Please find enclosed **Don's** dues [thank you]. Just FYI, Easter eve, March 22, 2008, **Don** had a very bad accident with his water truck that we use for our business here at the Bed & Breakfast. There is no reason he should be alive except for his angels. **Don** has had a hip replacement, both knees replaced, and one month before the accident he had rotator cuff surgery, and nothing was compromised in his accident. He was found laying on the lava and the only way he could have gotten out of the truck was through the top of the cab of the truck which had burst open and he was carried to the lava rock bed on the wings of his angels. Easter Sunday, most people are out in the grass looking for Easter eggs, but here in Ocean View we had people looking for his hearing aids, glasses and watch, all of which were found within about nine days and nothing was broken. He spent 10 days in the hospital and there was some bleeding of the brain, which the doctors said caused Post-Concussion Syndrome. Of eight symptoms, he only had three, and they are improving all the time. He walks and talks with our guests, which he enjoys, plus doing some chores [no more truck driving, I hope!]..... from **John Wilborn**: [**John** had emailed me asking for some hats for his grandkids.] Use the enclosed for some nice 'little boy' things, the caps or whatever. If you need more, let me know. If not, have a Big Mac on me [thanks, **John**, I'll just add it to the kitty]..... received a change of address from **Ed 'Mike' Kazarian**..... from **Donna Piro LeBlanc**: I want to thank the Seabees for always including my father, **Michael Piro**, with the information about the reunions. He would always come home afterwards and tell us about the great time he had and all the friends he would see. I hope you can mention his name at the reunion this year. His death was sudden and we miss him every

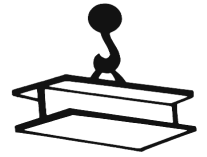


(Continued from page 5)

day..... from **Stoney Serrett**: I hope everything is well for you and **Rachel**. As for myself, I am doing okay, as far as I know. I stay busy helping my great grandsons and granddaughter with their school activities. Their mother and dad both work and are not available to get them to football, baseball and cheer-leading activities. So, I usually do whatever is necessary to help them get wherever they need to be on any given day. I am enclosing a check in this letter to pay my dues, plus any extra to be used where needed the most [thank you]. Also, I have received a photo of **Charlie Neugent** and **John Wayne** from **Charlie's** wife **Annette**. **Charlie** and I served together as enlisted men with NCB 103 and MCB 2 and we maintained a close relationship after he was commissioned. He was the C.O. at what was the Naval Schools Command at Port Hueneme when the photo was taken. I know there are many still with MCB 2 and the 103rd that would like to know about the photo, so if you feel that would be worth something to our Newsletter, I would be happy to send you a 4X6 photo of **John & Charlie**. As I am sure you know, **John Wayne** stayed with the Seabees after he made the movie *The Fighting Seabees* often visiting Port Hueneme. I will close for now and I am looking forward to our next Newsletter..... from **Walter (Catherine) Smith**: A check for dues is enclosed. We are looking forward to Port Hueneme in 2011! from **Gene (Phyllis) Antoine**: Here is a check for **Gene's** dues [thanks]. We hope to go to the next reunion..... from **Preston Wilson**: Here is a check for my dues and a little extra [thanks]. Oxnard is a lot bigger now since you were here in the Navy. Our weather is the best!..... from **Gene Staples**: Please use the enclosed check for my dues [thanks, I will]. I guess I am getting forgetful. Funny I can remember some of the things that happened some 55 years ago in the Philippines, but I can not remember dues [it's tough without **Shirley** to remind you, isn't it?]. I want to say that you are doing a very fine job with the *SEABEES* Newsletter and I look forward to it every month or so. Please keep up the good work [thanks, I hope to. But you get the Newsletter about every three months.]..... from **Duane Keech**: Sorry I am late but this should take care of me for a while [thanks, it does]. I do enjoy the Newsletter, even if I don't see any familiar names..... from **James Taylor**: You do good work!



[thank you] Always enjoy receiving the Newsletter to recognize an old shipmate from CBMU 1/101 days in Korea. It was painful to write "MCB 2" on the check - but I swallowed my pride and did it!

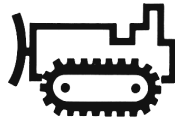


[that's OK, Admiral. You can write CBMU 1/101 on your check if you like. It will still clear - and all you other CBMU guys: OK for you, too.] We are moving this month and will have a new address [check the Address Correction box on page 15 for his update. I do not have a new phone number.]..... from **Hark Ketels**: [enclosed a check for dues and thanks] I will try to make it to the reunion..... from **Riley McDaniel**: I am sorry to be so late in sending my dues for this year. Please forgive me for being so late. I will try not to be late at the end of this year. [**Riley** sent a check for dues and thank you, but don't be so hard on yourself! The last Newsletter was the first chance anyone had to see if they weren't on the GGL and that is how you keep track of where you stand with your dues. Not a problem and thank you, **Riley**.]..... from **Michael (Connie) Del Busso**: [enclosed a check for dues and thank you.] I was in Korea 1953 & 1954 at K-3 and K-6..... from **Bill Burns**: Sorry I'm late with my dues [thanks! Better late than...]. I do enjoy the Newsletter. Keep up the great work. I was a builder in the Sacramento area for 47 years thanks to the Seabees..... from **Finley (Iona) Morrison**: From Kentucky Wildcat Country! My check is enclosed for dues [thanks! And you saved 44¢... the letter arrived without a stamp and no sign of one!]. Put me back on the "Good Guy List"! We enjoy the Newsletters and missed my name on the list!..... from **Warren (Barbara) Culberson**: [enclosed a check for dues plus—thanks!] Please send a membership roster..... from **Cecil (Arky... aka Smiley) Price**: [**Cecil** called me asking for some caps] That was more talking on the phone than I have had in years. Besides, too much talk might mess up my smile..... from **Bob Hoare**: Better late than never [amen!]. Enclosed is my Good Guy check [thanks]. Hope you are enjoying that Michigan winter there. We have been having a mild one averaging 10°C [50°F], but no snow, you have it all.... I booked an Asian cruise next year, having Korea as a port of call. It should be interesting, but not déjà vu..... from **Gene Robinson**: Here's a check for my dues [thanks]. Keep up the good work. Not many of our originals left..... from **Don 'Ike'**

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

Eminhizer: It's been a long time since you have heard from me, but I can tell you I appreciate all you do for the association. You deserve a gold star [thanks... I needed that!]. Enclosed is a check for dues and a little extra for a roster [and thanks for that, and one is on the way]. I really enjoy the Newsletter but I hardly recognize any of the names. I would truly love to hear from anybody that served at K-18 (Kangnung) and K-6 (Pyongtaek) with CBD 1804 Det. Able during 1952 in Korea. Keep up the good work and thanks..... from **Phil Brunelle:** [enclosed a check and thanks] Somewhat late with my dues, and use the extra as needed. Keep up the good work..... from **Cecil (Smiley) Price:** [Cecil had called me asking to send him some more caps - all the others disappeared!] Not much for writing, but I do keep my word [to send a check to pay for the additional caps. Thanks!]. May God be with you and yours always and in all ways..... from **Ralph Binney:** [enclosed a check for dues and thanks] Thanks for the good work. See ya'll at Hueneme..... from **Pamela Bennett** (daughter of **Paul & Pat Schell**): I'm writing to tell you that Mom passed away on March 5 after surgery to repair her heart and arteries. Dad is coping and he is hanging in there [so sad. Our prayers are with the family]..... from **Glenn Sisco:** I wrote the check and thought it was put in the mail, but lo' and behold! It showed up where it was laid down and got other stuff laid on top. Must have been a 'senior moment'! Poor excuse. Anyway, the check is on its way to you now



[and thanks!]. Thanks for all your hard work and hang in there! [I'm hangin'!]..... from **John 'Jack' Robertson:** I was told you are organizing a Seabee reunion and I would like to hear more about it. I served with MCB 3 at Port Hueneme and Adak, Alaska in the 50s. I look forward to hearing from you..... from **Basil Arnold:** Thank you very much for the flags. Have a wonderful summer..... That's all for now. I hope you enjoy this issue. Scott

The Commander and Staff

Our leadership consists of:

**Commander
Pete Elliott**

Staff:

Joe DeFranco
David Haines
Vic Jaccino
Bill Knight
Rich Nelson
Roy Peak, Vice Commander
Malcolm Pearson
John Petronka
Stoney Serrett, Commander Emeritus
Scott Williams, Sec'y/Treas./Publisher

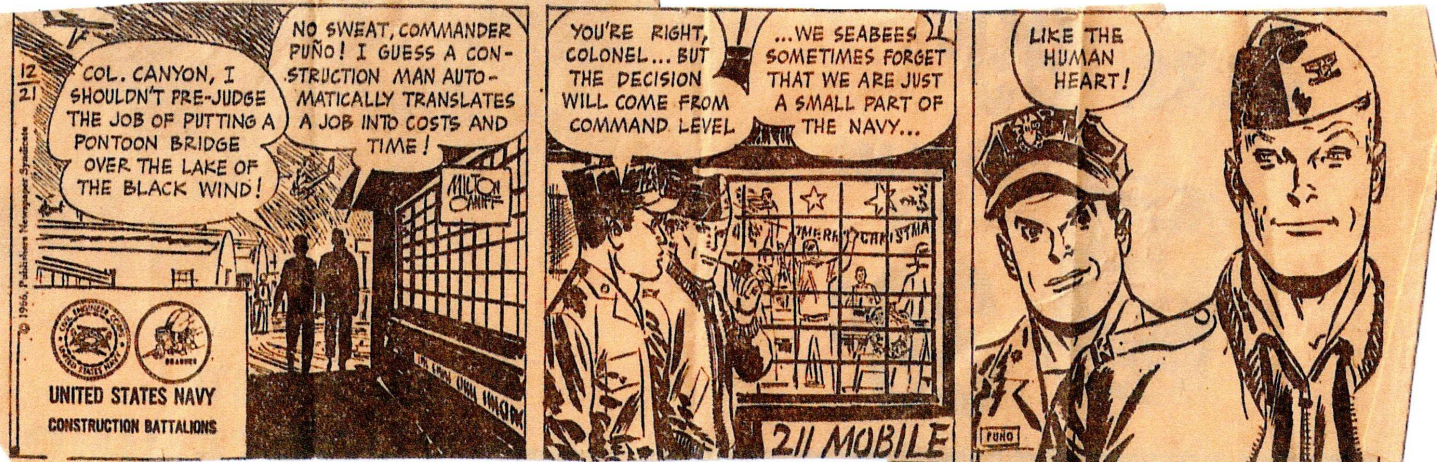
Our Fallen Comrades

Roy L. Grisham	11/25/09
Gordon W. Love	11/20/09
Michael R. Piro	3/11/08
Billy 'Doc' Ward	2/17/10

May they live on in our memories.

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 (22 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



Steve Canyon strip by Milton Caniff from December 21, 1961 sent from Howard Doyle.

I wish there was a knob on the TV to turn up the intelligence. There's one marked brightness, but it doesn't work.

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 (or CBMU 1, etc.)

Dues are \$20/year
 January - December

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

WELCOME, NEW MEMBERS!

Daniel A. Beran
 1542 Barringer Rd.
 Ilion, NY 13357-4243
 315-894-4988
 CBMU 1/101

Charles D. Hogan
 67 Red Hill Rd.
 Warren, NJ 07059-5550
 908-647-5807
 MCB 9

Anthony (Tony) Mastroianni
 302 Maplewood Rd.
 Huntington Station, NY 11746-2853
 631-423-1122
 CBD 1803

My favorite machine at
 the gym is the vending
 machine.

The Good Guy List

For 2010

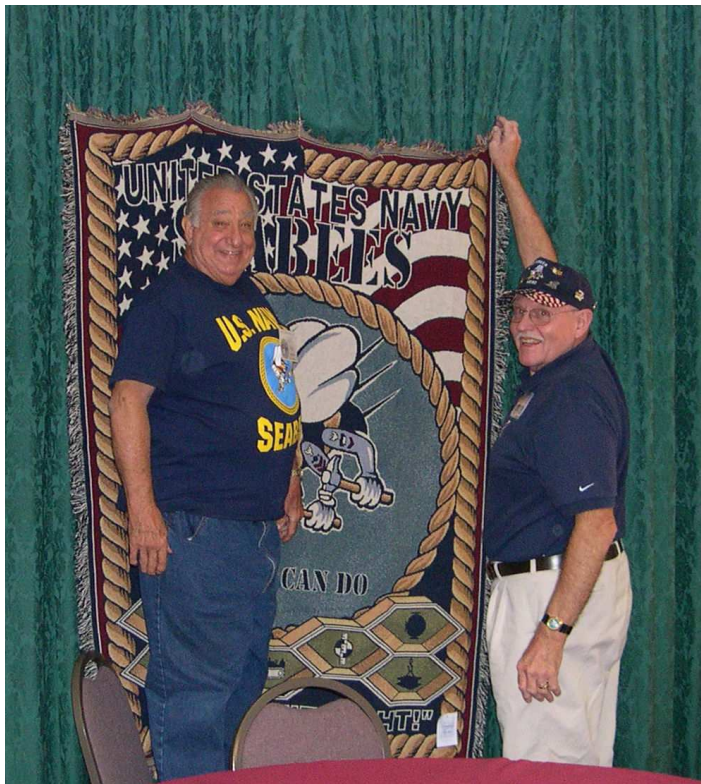
Vance Adams, Allan Alberg, William Alwine, Vern Ammentorp, David Anderson, Gene Antoine, Basil Arnold, Pat Badgett, Ed Ballerstein, V. H. Barnes, Mike Barron, Hank Bentsen, Dan Beran, Frank Betonte, Ralph Binney, Vernon Blakeslee, John Bloem, Bill Body, Alexander (Cat) Borys, Bob Bowdler, Don Bradley, John Brown, Phil Brunelle, Alfred Bryant, David Budworth, Wayne Bulgerin, Ralph Burnley, Bill Burns, Dan Butcher, Pat Carey, Bennie Carlson, Ken Catchpole, Frank Chambers, George Chang, Chuck Chapman, Ken Chew, Bob Colquhoun, Howard Cornwell, Richard Coulson, Warren Culberson, Arnold Daisy, Marvin Dalby, Paul D'Angelo, Stan Dauer, Joe DeFranco, Jim De Keyser, Michael Del Busso, Tony DeLeon, Ted Devit, Mary Dick (for all the Good Guys), Robert Doezie, Tom Dowd, Howard Doyle, Harrell Edmondson, Pete Elliott, Don Eminhizer, Doug Emond, Al Erb, Ralph Evans, Richard Fairbanks, Richard Farbo, Galen Farnsworth, Frank Fibich, James Firebaugh, Warren Flading, Forrest Foland, Jack Foster, Bill Frazier, Harold Free-land, Claude Garcenot, Robert Gardner, Roger Germundson, Ron Glasser, Robert Graf, John Grasz, Jim Green, Clem Gregurek, Frank Gresser, Gerald Grubb, Marvin Guetling, George Gustin, Gordon Gwathney, Pauline (for Charlie) Hagemann, David Haines, Les Hall, Roger Hamilton, Arlin Hardwick, Roy Harris, Bob Hart, Ralph Heitt, Bert Helms, Don Henderson, Duane Henrichson, Wayne Heple, Althea (Jerry) Herr, Bob Hoare, Tom Hoffman, Don Hofstetter, Charles Hogan, Ben Hollar, Sam Holsomback, Ray Hooter, Rod Howard, Ronald Howatson, Charles Ingalls, Vic Jaccino, Larry Jessop, Ambros Johnson, Charles Johnson, Don Jones, Lloyd Kallsen, Charles Kangas, Mike Kazarian, Duane Keech, Hark Ketels, Denise King (for her Dad, Don Truskey), William Knight, John Kolasz, James Krause, Ervin Lampe, Ron Landrum,

Herbert Liverman, Dale Lundstrom, Ivan Majetic, Anthony Marcella, Robert Marshall, Tony Mastroianni, Phil Matalucci, William Mayo, Charles McCabe, Norris McDaniel, Riley McDaniel, Gene McDonagh, Don McLain, Bobby McMillan, Grant Millard, Dan Millett, Dan Mills, Chuck Minert, Frank Mingo, Gary Mitchell, Roger Mohs, William Morin, Pat Morris, Finley Morrison, Hance Morton, Paul Muma, Richard Muns, Eugene (Wes) Nelson, Richard Nelson, Ray Nethercott, Opal (for Paul) Neusetzer, Don Nitsche, Joseph O'Brien, Mel Olson, Billy Partridge, Don Pastell, Roy Peak, Mal Pearson, Ben Pedrotti, John Petronka, Norm Pratt, Ralph Presson, Cecil Price, David 'Ernie' Pyle, Sam Ragusa, Robert Rasmussen, Gary Rawlings, John Recklitis, Gene Robinson, Dale Rogers, George Rosenvold, Thomas Roy, John Ruby, C. Edner Rudolph, Paul Schell, Jack Schrader, Stoney Serrett, Bill Sharp, Don Shoff, William Sigmund, Richard Sim, Fred Simon, Jack Sims, Art Siple, Glenn Sisco, Joe Sitkowski, Walter Smith, Ray Sorrentino, Gene Staples, Tom Stapleton, Clyde Stenholm, Lee Stevens, Stiles Stevens, Larry Stevenson, Dan Stewart, George Stewart, John Stock, Willis Struecker, Dan Svendsen, Richard Swallow, James Taylor, William Taylor, Doug Thorp, Richard Todd, Wayne Turley, Lionel Vidrine, Richard Walters, Billy 'Doc' Ward, Harold Wardenburg, Bud Wheless, Rodney White, Walter Whitney, John Wilborn, William Wilcoxon, Jerry Wilkening, Marshall Williams, R. G. 'Pete' Williams, Scott Williams, Fred Wilmarth, Jack Wilson, Preston Wilson, Dwight Yetter, and Stephen Yunger.

Everyone listed here has their dues paid at least through 2010, 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 March 30, 2010. There are currently 228 paid up members from a mailing list of 454. If dues have never been sent, they do not receive the Newsletter. There are 735 names on the full member roster (22 pages). (SW)



Billy 'Doc' and Annette Ward at the Myrtle Beach reunion banquet.



Vic Jaccino and Mal Pearson at the Myrtle Beach reunion hanging the Seabee Afghan, which was donated by Jack Schrader, that was auctioned at the banquet. Ruth Muns was the lucky high bidder!

Just because it says one size fits all doesn't mean you should wear it.

Never forget this, a Chief can become an Officer, but an Officer can never become a Chief. We have our standards!

Recollections of a WHITEHAT

"One thing we weren't aware of at the time, but became evident as life wore on, was that we learned true leadership from the finest examples any lad was ever given, Chief Petty Officers. They were crusty old bastards who had done it all and had been forged into men who had been time-tested over more years than a lot of us had time on the planet. The ones I remember wore hydraulic oil stained hats with scratched and dinged-up insignia, faded shirts, some with a Bull Durham tag dangling out of their right-hand pocket or a pipe and tobacco reloads in a worn leather pouch in their hip pockets, and a Zippo that had been everywhere. Some of them came with tattoos on their forearms that would force them to keep their cuffs buttoned at a Methodist picnic. Most of them were as tough as a boarding house steak. A quality required to survive the life they lived. They were, and always will be, a breed apart from all other residents of Mother Earth. They took eighteen year old idiots and hammered the stupid bastards into sailors.

You knew instinctively it had to be hell on earth to have been born a Chief's kid. God should have given all sons born to Chiefs a return option. A Chief didn't have to command respect. He got it because there was nothing else you could give them. They were God's designated hitters on earth.

We had Chiefs with fully loaded Submarine Combat Patrol Pins, and combat air crew wings in my day...hard-core bastards who remembered lost mates, and still cursed the cause of their loss...and they were expert at choosing descriptive adjectives and nouns, none of which their mothers would have endorsed.

At the rare times you saw a Chief topside in dress canvas, you saw rows of hard-earned, worn and faded ribbons over his pocket. "Hey Chief, what's that one and that one?" "Oh hell kid, I can't remember. There was a war on. They gave them to us to keep track of the campaigns." "We didn't get a lot of news out where we were. To be honest, we just took

(Continued from page 10)

their word for it. Hell son, you couldn't pronounce most of the names of the places we went. They're all depth charge survival geedunk." "Listen kid, ribbons don't make you a Sailor." We knew who the heroes were, and in the final analysis that's all that matters.

Many nights, we sat in the after mess deck wrapping ourselves around cups of coffee and listening to their stories. They were light-hearted stories about warm beer shared with their running mates in corrugated metal sheds at resupply depots where the only furniture was a few packing crates and a couple of Coleman lamps. Standing in line at a Honolulu cathouse or spending three hours soaking in a tub in Freemantle, smoking cigars, and getting loaded. It was our history. And we dreamed of being just like them because they were our heroes. When they accepted you as their shipmate, it was the highest honor you would ever receive in your life. At least it was clearly that for me. They were not men given to the prerogatives of their position.

You would find them with their sleeves rolled up, shoulder-to-shoulder with you in a stores loading party. "Hey Chief, no need for you to be out here tossin' crates in the rain, we can get all this crap aboard."

"Son, the term 'All hands' means all hands."

"Yeah Chief, but you're no damn kid anymore, you old coot."

"Horsefly. When I'm eighty-five parked in the stove up old bastards' home, I'll still be able to kick your worthless butt from here to fifty feet past the screw guards along with six of your closest friends." And he probably wasn't bullshitting.

They trained us. Not only us, but hundreds more just like us. If it wasn't for Chief Petty Officers, there wouldn't be any U.S. Navy. There wasn't any fairy godmother who lived in a hollow tree in the enchanted forest who could wave her magic wand and create a Chief Petty Officer.

They were born as hot-sacking seamen, and matured like good whiskey in steel hulls over many years. Nothing a nineteen year-old jay-bird could cook up was original to these old saltwater owls. They had seen E-3 jerks come and go for so many years; they

could read you like a book. "Son, I know what you are thinking. Just one word of advice. DON'T. It won't be worth it."

"Aye, Chief."

Chiefs aren't the kind of guys you thank. Monkeys at the zoo don't spend a lot of time thanking the guy who makes them do tricks for peanuts. Appreciation of what they did, and who they were, comes with long distance retrospect. No young lad takes time to recognize the worth of his leadership. That comes later when you have experienced poor leadership or let's say, when you have the maturity to recognize what leaders should be, you find that Chiefs are the standard by which you measure all others.

They had no Academy rings to get scratched up. They butchered the King's English. They had become educated at the other end of an anchor chain from Copenhagen to Singapore. They had given their entire lives to the U.S. Navy. In the progression of the nobility of employment, Chief Petty Officer heads the list.

So, when we ultimately get our final duty station assignments and we get to wherever the big Chief of Naval Operations in the sky assigns us, if we are lucky, Marines will be guarding the streets. I don't know about that Marine propaganda bullshit, but there will be an old Chief in an oil-stained hat and a cigar stub clenched in his teeth standing at the brow to assign us our bunks and tell us where to stow our gear... and we will all be young again, and the damn coffee will float a rock.

Life fixes it so that by the time a stupid kid grows old enough and smart enough to recognize who he should have thanked along the way, he no longer can. If I could, I would thank my old Chiefs. If you only knew what you succeeded in pounding in this thick skull, you would be amazed. So, thanks you old casehardened unsalvageable son-of-a-bitches. Save me a rack in the berthing compartment."

Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass, It's about learning to dance in the rain.

Memories

CBMU 101

K-3 - Pòhang, Korea

May 1954 – April 1955

From Walter Cloonan

- Arriving on a C-119 (Flying Boxcar). Spooky airplane.... the wings flap!
- Reveille. The P.A. speaker was on a post on our hut and they played “Shake, Rattle and Roll” every morning. “Get out in the kitchen and rattle those pots and pans.”
- Getting served cold-storage WW II eggs that were green! (Maybe that’s where Dr. Seuss got “Green Eggs and Ham!”)
- Guard duty in the tower in the Seabee compound.
- Guard duty in the guard shack at the entrance to the Seabee compound.
- Guard duty in a dragline crane down in the riverbed.
- Guard duty on a supply train down in Pohang.
- The Marines trying to eat in our chow hall as their food was worse!
- The urinal behind the Parts Department was a pipe sticking out of the ground and into a bed of rocks covered with dirt.
- Seeing two Seabees racing two Euclid dump trucks on the road to Pohang.
- The homemade washing machine made by the UTs.
- Short-sheeting the hut drunk.
- Seeing a night fighter aircraft make a wheels-up crash landing in the grass by the runway. Good job!
- Buying cigarettes for 90¢ a carton.
- Having a hut boy take care of everything in the hut.
- Seeing the Koreans use the A-frames to carry stuff.
- Celebrating a Seabee Day!
- Seeing the ROK Army doing exercises and going for their morning run.
- Seeing the ROK Air Force taking off in formation in P-51 fighters.
- I still think the F-86 is one of the most beautiful aircraft ever!
- Seeing a kid being set up for a snipe hunt.
- Having a wisdom tooth being pulled and the power going off.
- Writing FREE on your mail for the postage.
- And some thoughts omitted due to Adult R-rated content.

FLASH LIGHTS & NIGHT-STICKS

By Commander Ed Bookhardt, USN, Retired

It was an era of continued post WWII prosperity. The Korean War was now in its second year. Naval ports and facilities were abuzz with a myriad of activities in support of Allied operations on that far off peninsula, of which few knew existed before June 1950. It was also the onset of a fifty-year Cold War in which the arms race escalated as the United States struggled to counter the aggression and nuclear threat of the Soviet Union.

There was a national preoccupation with building backyard A-bomb shelters and rooting out imaginary communists. “3-D” movies, such as “The Wax Museum,” were the rage. Television was in its infancy. The 1952 Olds Rocket 88 was “the car” and the song was “You belong to me.” Elvis was not yet a household word, temporarily relieving the Southern Baptist from the task of saving America’s youth from his quivering hips.

I was a young, naive Third Class Petty Officer attached to the Naval Air Tech Training Unit at Pensacola, Florida. As is customary, all naval personnel stand certain duties outside of their regularly assigned billets. Such duties, or “watches,” are normally after regular working hours and on weekends. In most cases for junior enlisted, it included such assignments as: barracks or hanger fire watches, flight line watches, duty driver, messenger, sweepers, etc.

I stood them all, but loathed the hanger fire watches; frankly I had an underlying fear of the dark that was rooted in childhood trauma. I was a big boy, but there could be some damn scary occurrences emanating from those huge, dimly lit behemoths late at night. Shadows and sounds could play eerie tricks, particularly with the knowledge that there was a very seriously deranged Duty Officer lurking somewhere out there...

The officer in question, affectionately known as “General Orders Jones,” was one bizarre loose cannon. He was notorious for after dark antics, specializing in scaring the crap out of young, unsuspecting watch-standers. At the onset of the Korean War there was a massive call up of Reservists. Lieutenant Jones was one of those activated.

(Continued on page 13)

(Continued from page 12)

He undoubtedly missed his screening appointment with the shrink as it was common knowledge, he did not have all his skivvies stenciled.

He wore aviator wings but no longer flew...at least, not Navy aircraft... UFOs, perhaps. I think he came on board as an Assistant to the Assistant something or other. Looking into his vacant eyes there was nothing there, except maybe the eleven General Orders engraved on his retinas. How and why he became obsessed with the Sentry's General Orders was a mystery. To the white-hats he was a daunting pain in the ass!

When he was Duty Officer, the whole watch section would go absolutely ape-shit! First, trying to recall the General Orders that had been forgotten since the last days of Boot Camp and second, wondering what tricks the goofy asshole would pull as night fell...

It was a child-like game he truly enjoyed playing, for he would creep up on watch-standers at unexpected times and savor the reactions he created. It is a wonder he was never bludgeoned with a night stick! A typical encounter went something like this...

Leaping from a shadowy corner of the hanger bay, he shrieked, "Ah ha, Sentry! You are NOT WALKING YOUR POST in a MILITARY MANNER... a very serious violation of the General Orders for sentries! Which Order is it, Sailor?"

Shaken by the sudden confrontation, I drop my night-stick! Bending over to retrieve it, I'm running the memory "buzz words" through my mind, muttering, "...Let's see, walk my post, yes, walk my post in a military manner and take no shit from the Company Commander." "Are you showing impertinence to your superior, Sailor?"

"Sorry, NO SIR...just trying to recall the General Order! I believe it is Number two...sir!"

"Why didn't you challenge me? I could have been an enemy saboteur!"

"Sir, I didn't know you were here...'til you were there, I mean where you are standing now, sir!"

"How many F8s and SNJs aircraft are you responsible for in this hanger?"

Looking out the corner of my eye I stupidly try to count...one...two... Duh! "All of them, SIR. Yes, all of them and, [smirking to myself] all government property in view!"

"Have you been playing with cockpit controls?"

I blushed, he did say, "Cockpit" didn't he? Whew, he damn near had me and Little Willie on that one!

"Sir, NO SIR, I'm afraid of airplanes!"

"What is General Order Number Eight?"

BINGO! Crib-note in dungaree pocket kicks in... "Sir, General Order Number Eight is, to give the alarm in case of fire or disorder!"

"Ha, a very lucky guess, Sentry. Now, who is the Secretary of the Navy?"

Proudly, I shout back, "Bull Halsey, SIR!"

"Are you being flippant, Sailor? It is Kimball, Secretary Dan Kimball... Remember that when I see you again!"

And so it went...

Standing there in shambles, my head spiraling into the abyss, I'm locked at rigid attention. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Jones casually adjusts his OOD arm band, throws his shoulders back, chin tucked and with two fingers slowly retrieves "the little green notebook" from his unbuttoned shirt pocket. Following those deliberate theatrics, he motions me to shine my flashlight as he scribbles cryptic notes in its dog-eared pages, saying each word to himself as if I wasn't there.

As I brace myself for the next verbal onslaught, he simply returns the notebook to his pocket, squares his hat, clicked his heels and saunters aimlessly off into the night, his voice trailing "...there may be serious repercussions from the aforesaid infractions, Sailor! Stand tall and stay alert! The enemy may be lurking!"

Under my breath I hiss, "I have met the friggin' enemy sir, and his arrogant snobbish ass has just left the hanger!"

The Lieutenant was teetering on the brink, perhaps a victim of too many carrier wave-offs... To my knowledge, he never followed up on any of his threats and was released from active duty shortly thereafter...

Just a little insignificant trivia of a time when I wore a young Sailor's Blues...

Lessons from the Pueblo

Spy ship's capture in '68 showed dangers of intel gathering, nearly restarted Korean War

By Jack Cheevers -

When it comes to preserving peace, a nation's intelligence agencies can be as crucial as its armed forces — if not more so. The most valuable intelligence is that which divines an enemy's intentions before hostilities erupt.

With accurate information about the other side's plans and capabilities, national leaders may be able to parry or even forestall an attack. CIA overflights of Cuba in 1962 are a classic example.

Photos from the agency's high-flying U-2 spy planes revealed the presence of Soviet missiles, prompting President Kennedy to blockade the island and demand the missiles' removal. By the same token, faulty intelligence can help propel a nation into an unnecessary war.

Such was the case with the Bush administration's decision to invade Iraq on the strength of highly questionable intelligence on weapons of mass destruction.

Forty years ago, another misbegotten intelligence operation — the spy ship Pueblo's voyage to collect military data on North Korea — brought the U.S. to the threshold of war.

On Jan. 23, 1968, North Korean gunboats attacked and captured the Pueblo, a small, rickety former cargo ship bearing a crew of 83 and a cache of top-secret electronic surveillance gear.

One American was killed and the rest thrown into prison. President Johnson reacted by dispatching a 23-ship armada led by the aircraft carrier Enterprise into the Sea of Japan. In response, Soviet warships streamed into the area to shadow the U.S. vessels.

Meanwhile, the armies of North and South Korea eyeballed each other tensely across the narrow buffer of the Demilitarized Zone. A false move by anyone could have metastasized into a second Korean War. Already bogged down in one Asian land

war, Vietnam, Johnson eventually opted to negotiate with the North Koreans rather than retaliate militarily.

After enduring 11 months of beatings and other torture, the U.S. crewmen were freed and flew home to cheering crowds in San Diego on Christmas Eve 1968. But the hurrahs turned to anger when the public learned through subsequent hearings that the Navy had ordered the lightly armed spy boat into dangerous waters off North Korea with no protection from other ships or aircraft.

The bloody seizure of the Pueblo was a disaster, but not just because it created an international crisis that might have triggered war. The ship's mission was to record military radio and radar emissions along the North Korean coast.

Thus it was jammed with advanced eavesdropping devices, encryption machines, codebooks, operating manuals and other sensitive documents. At the time, government and Navy officials downplayed the seriousness of the vessel's loss, saying its crew, prior to capture, destroyed much of the classified hardware and papers.

But in fact, the Pueblo's capture was a precedent-setting debacle for national security, according to government documents declassified at my request. For instance, a National Security Agency "damage assessment," drawing on in-depth interviews with the crew, concluded that the capture resulted in a "massive compromise" of classified materials that "dwarf[ed] anything in previous U.S. cryptologic history."

After six North Korean gunboats surrounded the ship and opened fire with cannon and machine guns, the Pueblo's crew worked frantically to set secret publications afire and pulverize surveillance equipment with sledgehammers and fire axes.

But the thick manuals resisted burning and hammers often bounced off steel-encased electronics. Withering communist gunfire made it difficult to throw anything overboard. NSA reports characterized the destruction effort as "highly disorganized" and estimated that up to 80 percent of the classified

(Continued from page 14)

material aboard fell into communist hands.

Among the items seized were as many as 8,000 secret messages detailing U.S. electronic monitoring of North Vietnam's air defenses, including how and when MiG fighters were scrambled and anti-aircraft missile batteries activated.

NSA analysts worried that if the North Vietnamese learned the extent of this eavesdropping, they would quickly move to shield their military communications, putting U.S. pilots at greater risk and reducing effectiveness of American bombing raids. (As of early 1969, when an initial NSA damage report was finalized, Hanoi had not taken detectable countermeasures.)

Today, satellites and drones are the favored vehicles for keeping an eye on America's actual and potential enemies. Nonetheless, surface ships, submarines, and manned aircraft — not to mention human agents — are still employed for such tasks. Few would argue that their missions aren't a national imperative. But as the Pueblo experience demonstrates, a paradox often underlies such operations: Just as intelligence snoopers can help maintain peace, they also can drag a nation toward war.

The writer is author of a book about the Pueblo incident, "Act of War: Lyndon Johnson, North Korea, and the Capture of the Spy Ship Pueblo," to be published by Wiley. His e-mail address is jcheevers@earthlink.net.

Story Origination:

<http://www.navytimes.com/issues/stories/0-NAVYPAPER-3306773.php>

Honor Flight Network

Honor Flight Network is a non-profit organization created solely to honor America's veterans for all their sacrifices. We transport our heroes to Washington, D.C. to visit and reflect at their memorials. Top priority is given to the senior veterans - World War II survivors, along with those other veterans who may be terminally ill. Of all of the wars in recent memory, it was World War II that truly threatened our very existence as a nation-and as a culturally diverse, free society. Now, with over one thousand World War II veterans dying each day, our time to express our thanks to these brave men and women is running out.

For those with computer access, copy this URL and paste it in your browser:

Main web page: <http://www.honorflight.org/>

Or:

General Information: info@honorflight.org

Applications: applications@honorflight.org

For those that do not have computers, contact Honor Flight at:

Honor Flight, Inc.

300 E. Auburn Ave.

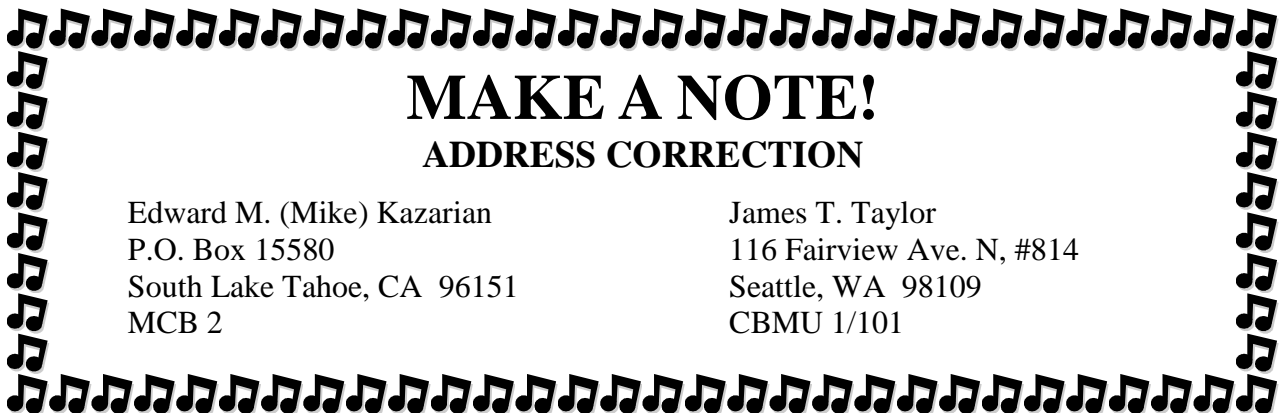
Springfield, OH 45505-4703

Office Hours: 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. EST

Phone Number:

Main Office - 937-521-2400

Thanks to Jack and Wanda Mayo for this information.



MAKE A NOTE!

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COIN: ANA ARCHIVES

PACIFIC ADVANTAGE

The Northern Mariana Islands Story

U.S. TERRITORIES QUARTERS

The sixth and final issue in the U.S. Mint's District of Columbia and U.S. Territories Program puts the Northern Mariana Islands on the numismatic map.

by Arlyn G. Sieber R1109821

OF ALL THE COINS in the District of Columbia and U.S. Territories Quarters Program, the Northern Mariana Islands issue might receive the most double takes from mainland Americans who receive one in pocket change. The District of Columbia is known to all Americans as the nation's capital. American Samoa, Guam, Puerto Rico and the U.S. Virgin Islands also probably elicit varying degrees of familiarity among Americans when their names are referenced. But a mention of the Northern Mariana Islands could spark a flurry of Internet searches if every American who receives the last coin in the series takes time to learn more about this seldom-mentioned U.S. territory. Those who do will discover the territory played a pivotal role in the Second World War.

The Northern Mariana Islands are located in Oceania in the North Pacific, about 3,800 miles west of Hawaii and about 1,500 miles south of Tokyo. The territory consists of 14 islands, the largest of which are Saipan, Rota and Tinian.

◀ Some of the most fierce World War II battles in the Pacific were fought on the beaches of the Northern Mariana Islands.

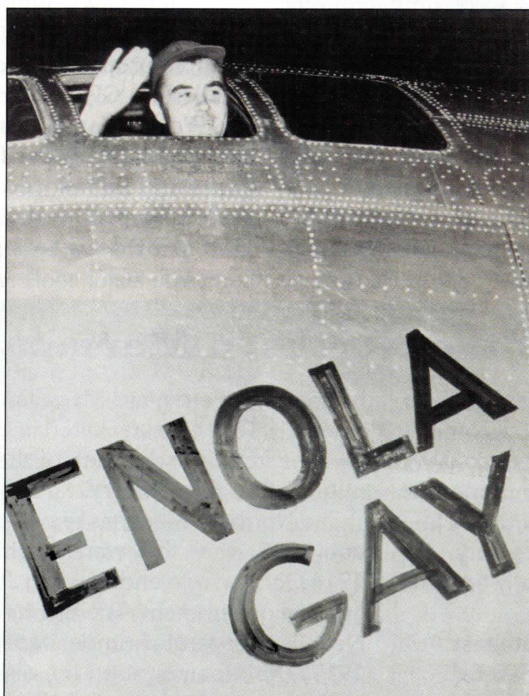
The southern islands are composed of limestone and fringed with coral reefs. The northern islands are volcanic, and eruptions still occur on Pagan and Agrihan. Because of their location, the Northern Mariana Islands were of great strategic importance during World War II.

Japan gained control of the islands in 1914 when it forced out the German colonial administration at the start of World War I. During World War II, U.S. forces invaded the islands on June 15, 1944, and finally took them the following month after one of the fiercest battles of the Pacific Theatre.

The United States constructed military bases and airfields on the islands to aid its Pacific campaign. At 2:45 a.m. local time on August 6, 1945, a Boeing B-29 Superfortress, christened

the *Enola Gay*, took off from one of the new airfields on Tinian. A few hours later, it dropped an atomic bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima, hastening Japan's surrender and the war's end.

A World War II military theme was one of three design proposals considered for the Northern Mariana Islands quarter. The other two focused on the land's indigenous culture and natural resources. ▶



◀ Colonel Paul Tibbets, pilot of the *Enola Gay*, waved from the plane's cockpit before taking off from the Northern Mariana Islands in August 1945.

The number of details on the three proposals drew concern from the Commission of Fine Arts when its members reviewed the designs.

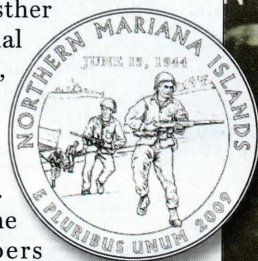
DESIGN SKETCHES: WWW.QUARTERDESIGNS.COM

The territory's governor, Benigno R. Fitial, appointed a three-member commission to come up with design proposals. Esther Fleming, the governor's special assistant for administration, chaired the commission. She was joined by attorney Teresa Kim and territory resident Catherine Perry Anderson. After soliciting ideas from the public, commission members decided on the three concepts.

The proposed military-themed design showed U.S. Marines landing on a beach, with a warship in the background. Above them was the date "June 15, 1944."

The other two proposals were similar to one another in content, but varied in execution. They showed a *latte*, a Carolinian canoe, fairy tern birds and palm trees by a seashore. On the winning design, a *mwar*, or head lei, bordered the lower edge.

The number of details on the three proposals drew concern from the U.S. Commission of Fine Arts (CFA) when its members reviewed the designs on May 15, 2008, at a meeting in Washing-



▲ A military theme was suggested—and ultimately rejected—to reflect the islands' strategic importance during World War II.

ton, D.C. Commission member John Belle said all three proposals placed too many motifs on a small coin. CFA Chairman Earl A. Powell said the World War II design represented themes common to many Pacific islands. In the end, the commission favored the *latte* and natural-resources proposals, but recommended that U.S. Mint designers go back to the drawing

A Short History of the Northern Mariana Islands

The Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands is the most recent of the five U.S. territories to come under our nation's flag. The four territories previously honored on U.S. quarters—Puerto Rico, Guam, American Samoa and the U.S. Virgin Islands—became U.S. territories as the result of late 19th- and early 20th-century treaties. The Northern Marianas did not officially become a U.S. territory until 1976.

Chamorro people, who migrated from southeast Asia

in about 3500 B.C., are believed to be the islands' first human inhabitants. The Northern Marianas thus share their ancient Chamorro roots with Guam. The two territories also had a Spanish colonial period, which

began after Ferdinand Magellan landed on Guam in the early 16th century. Later, in the early 1800s, Carolinians from islands south of the Northern Marianas migrated to the territory.

The Northern Marianas remained under Spanish rule until 1899, when they were purchased by Germany. In 1914 German rule ended when Japan forced out the colonial government. The islands became a League of Nations trust territory under Japanese administration in 1919. The Japanese used the islands as a base to attack U.S. forces on Guam during World War II. Japan's control ended with the U.S. invasion in 1944. After World War II, the islands became part of the United Nations' Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands under U.S. administration.

In the 1970s, the Northern Marianas people decided to seek permanent, closer ties with the United States. A covenant for a commonwealth in political union with the United States was approved in 1975 and took effect on March 24, 1976. A new government and constitution were established in 1978.



▲ Members of a Japanese garrison on Saipan posed for a photograph in the 1940s.

PHOTO: WWW.NPS.GOV

PHOTO: WWW.NPS.GOV

Throughout numismatic history, coins have symbolized the traditions and political cultures of nations and empires.

board and present revised, simplified designs.

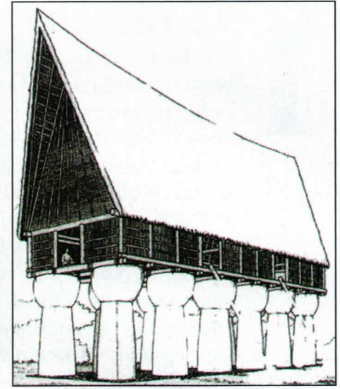
The Citizens Coinage Advisory Committee met five days later and also favored one of the latte and natural-resources designs. The military theme “received little support,” according to the meeting’s minutes.

Despite the CFA’s concerns, Governor Fitial and U.S. Treasury Secretary Henry M. Paulson Jr. approved the natural-resources design with the mwar as submitted. What the CFA saw as cluttered, the governor saw as all-inclusive. “This represents everybody in, and everything about, the CNMI (Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands),” Fitial said. U.S. Mint Artistic Infusion Program Master Designer Richard Masters designed the coin; Mint Sculptor/Engraver Phebe Hemphill executed it.

The latte also appeared on the Guam quarter, as Guam and the Northern Mariana Islands are part of the Mariana archipelago and share a common ancient Chamorro heritage. Made from limestone, the latte consists of a pillar topped by a hemisphere with its flat side facing up. The pillars were arranged in rows to form the foundation of a structure, which was built atop the flat surfaces. The floor joists stretched between the pillars.

The Chamorro were devastated by 17th-century Spanish colonialism, but in the early 19th century, Pacific islanders from the East Carolines began arriving in the Northern Mariana Islands. The Carolinian outrigger canoe depicted on the quarter is a tribute to these seafaring people, who still navigate the open ocean without benefit of charts or modern instruments.

The fairy tern inhabits islands in the Pacific, Indian and South Atlantic Oceans, and is known for its gentle and tame disposition. It’s about the size of a robin, has long wings, and is completely



▲ Lattes (left) once were arranged in rows to support a raised structure. A latte was featured on a proposed design similar to the one chosen to appear on the territory’s quarter.

white except for black rings around its eyes. Males and females mate for life. The female doesn’t build a nest; instead, she lays a single egg on a branch, palm frond or other available surface, sometimes precariously. The male and female take turns incubating the egg.

The mwar also is of Carolinian origin. It is presented to visitors as a symbol of honor and respect, similar to the Hawaiian lei.

Throughout numismatic history, coins have symbolized the traditions and political cultures of nations and empires. They also have educated the public about the issuing state’s lands and history. The District of Columbia and U.S. Territories Quarters Program has carried on that tradition. To mainland Americans, the Northern Mariana Islands quarter may provide the most enlightening lesson of all. ©



◀ The Northern Mariana Islands share a history of volcanic activity with their Pacific Ocean neighbors.

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