

*mcb eleven's
58-59 cruise*



Dedication . . .

This book, the story of our 1958-1959 Guam deployment, is dedicated to the memory of two men who lost their lives while serving their Country and the Armed Forces of the United States with U.S. Naval Mobile Construction Battalion ELEVEN on Guam, Marianas Islands.



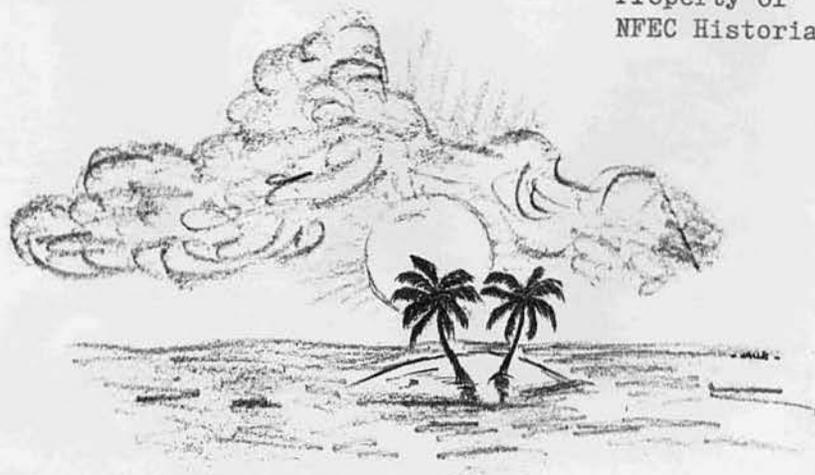
John J. Bridewell



Kai S. Madsen

Both men were loved and respected by all members of our Battalion, and it is with deep admiration for them that we dedicate this book.

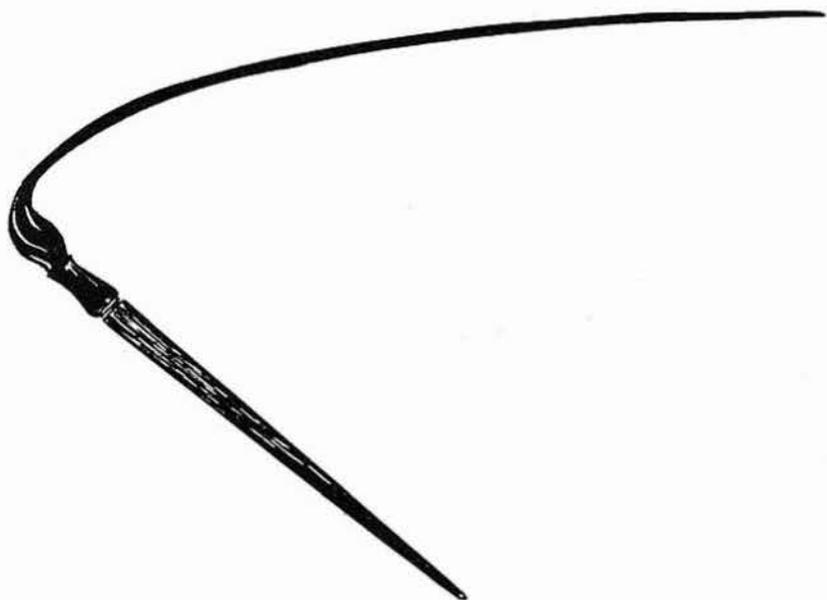
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*Guam,
Mariana
Islands*

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The Cruise Book Staff wish to give their appreciation to those personnel who took time out to take their own pictures and submit them for publication in this book.

U.S. NAVAL MOBILE CONSTRUCTION BATTALION ELEVEN



14 September 1953, and MCB ELEVEN officially became a Mobile Construction Battalion. Since that date MCB ELEVEN has been given assignments from the Arctic to the Tropics. Kodiak, Kwajalein, Adak, the Philippine Islands, and Guam; each place a job — a big job — and each end net result the same — not “Can Do” but “Have Done.”

The work accomplished by MCB ELEVEN's Bees has been completed under conditions varying from one hundred-plus heats in the mid-Pacific to sub-zero Aleutian weather; a constant fight with the jungle and mosquito-ridden swamps, an earthquake once in a while, frozen tundra or eighteen inches of rain a day; regardless, the work went on. Six, sometimes seven days a week, eight, twelve, even sixteen hours a day; there was a “need” and the Bees “did.” Hence, the Navy will long be proud of MCB ELEVEN, its Officers and its Men who have aptly carried their “Can Do” spirit and “Constructing The Future” motto with them, leaving behind a wake of accomplishment and good will yet to be equalled by any other Mobile Construction Battalion.

The Editor





COMMANDER HAROLD F. LIBERTY, CEC, USNR

Commanding Officer

MCB ELEVEN

U. S. NAVAL MOBILE CONSTRUCTION BATTALION NO. 11

c/o FLEET POST OFFICE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

IN REPLY REFER TO

This deployment, my second with MCB ELEVEN, has convinced me that the reputation built up by the CB's in World War II and Korea will never deteriorate. You can point with pride and satisfaction at the work you have accomplished on Guam and be assured that you have left lasting monuments of CB achievement. Your jobs were of a type that would tax the ingenuity and experience of men that have long been in the construction business. This was no easy task, but you met every challenge presented and, with spirit and ingenuity, have handled every one with dispatch.

This Cruise Book will give you evidence of what you did, how you did it and who did it with you. I hope it will be a reminder of pleasant comradeships and associations during your service with MCB ELEVEN.

My Commanding Officer has had a more loyal, capable and reliable group of officers and men than I have had in MCB ELEVEN. I am proud to have had a part in "Constructing the Future" with MCB ELEVEN.

H. F. LIBERTY
Commander, Civil Engineer Corps
U.S. Naval Reserve
Commanding



BATTALION OFFICERS



LCDR J. B. JULIAN, Executive Officer



LT A. E. CHURCH JR., Operations Officer



LT B. G. GARLOCK, Supply Officer



LT E. L. FEARRINGTON
Medical Officer



LT K. J. FOOS
Dental Officer



LT W. R. BEGG, Chaplain
(Detached)



LT R. D. GEORGE
NAS Housing Project Officer



LT J. S. JENNER
Chaplain



LT M. J. SMITH
(Detached)



LTJG W. F. GLOVER
NAS Housing Project
Officer (Detached)



LTJG R. E. JACOB
Naval Magazine Project
Officer



LTJG W. S. CAMPBELL
P&E and Engineering
Officer (Detached)



ENS G. E. PARADIES
ChiChi Jima Project,
Officer



ENS D. C. ELLISON
NAS Housing Engineering
Officer



CW04 N. NELSEN
Transportation Shops
Officer



ENS J. J. CARTY
Administration Officer



ENS R. J. AUGUSTINE, Assistant
Naval Magazine Project Officer



WO2 L. G. MUNSON, Assistant
NAS Housing Project Officer



WO1 R. A. NELSON, Central
Shops Officer



WO1 D. E. LANDERS, Fadian Point
Project Officer



WO1 O. G. POWERS
Assistant Operations Officer



The Skipper inspects us,



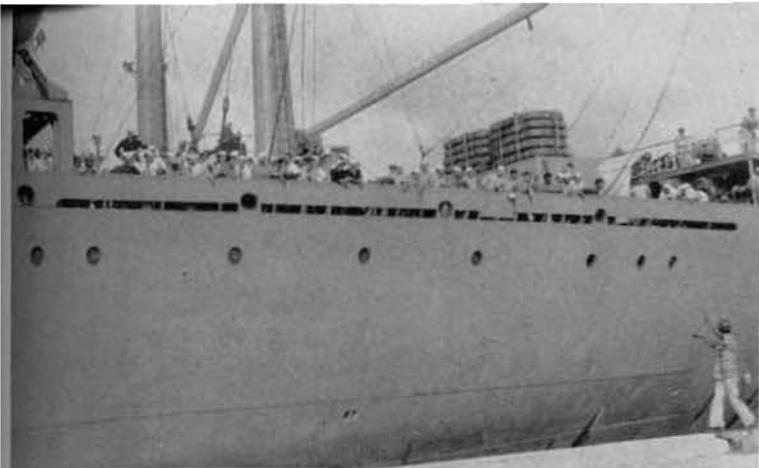
and tells us where we are going.



We board the USNS SULTAN on 13 September 1958;

Destination "Duva."





The SULTAN arrives on 28 September 1958,



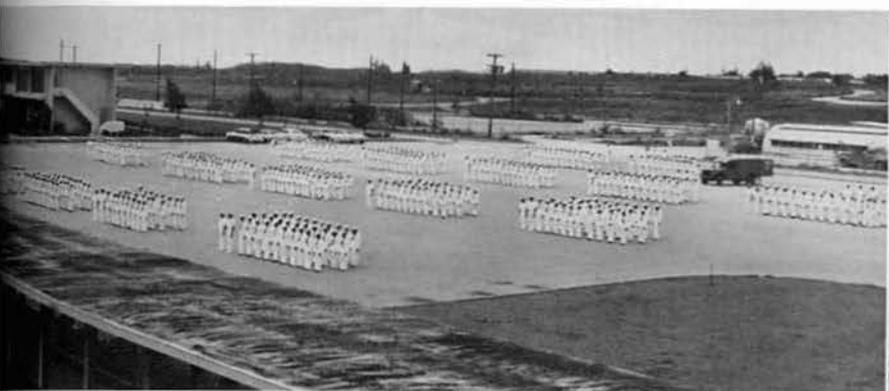
and we off-load.



The Admiral inspects us,



the Skipper inspects us,



and we start our projects.

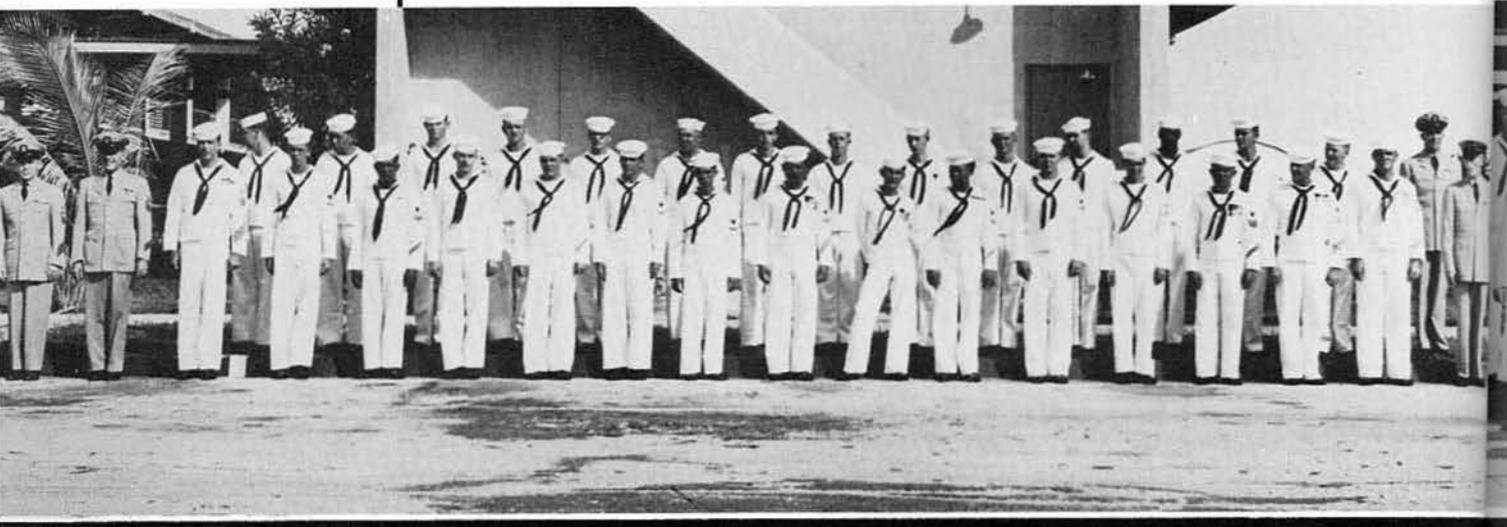
N.O.B.—“The Statler of the Marianas”



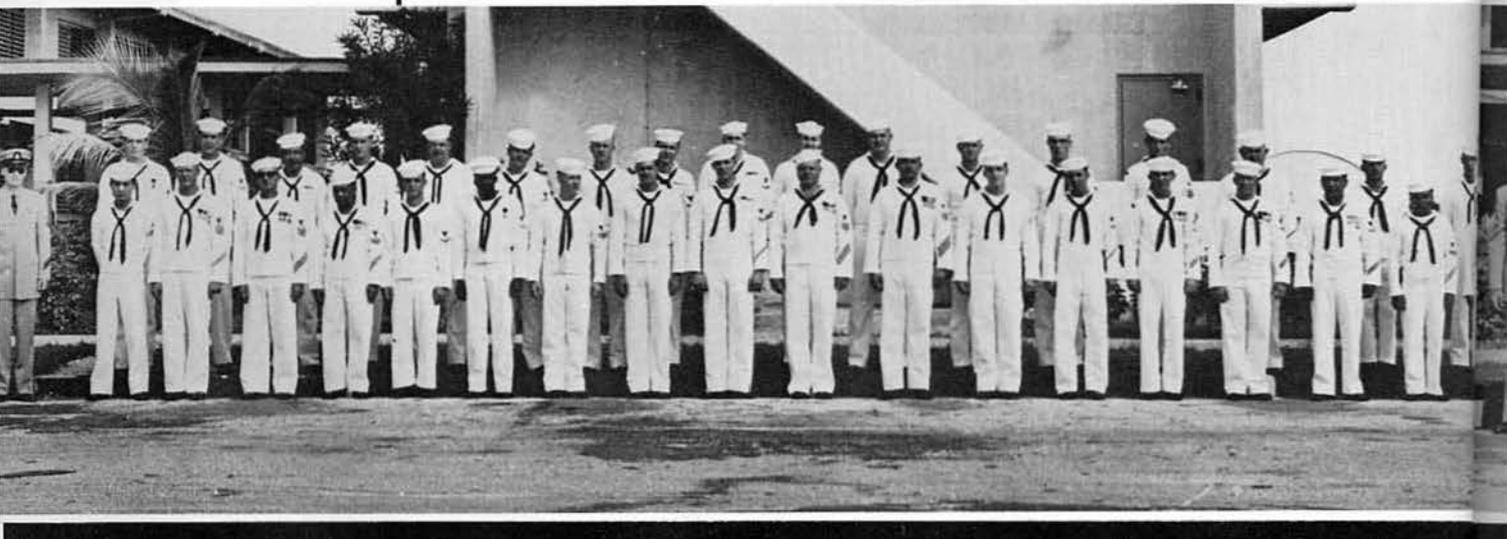
MEN of ELEVEN

by Companies

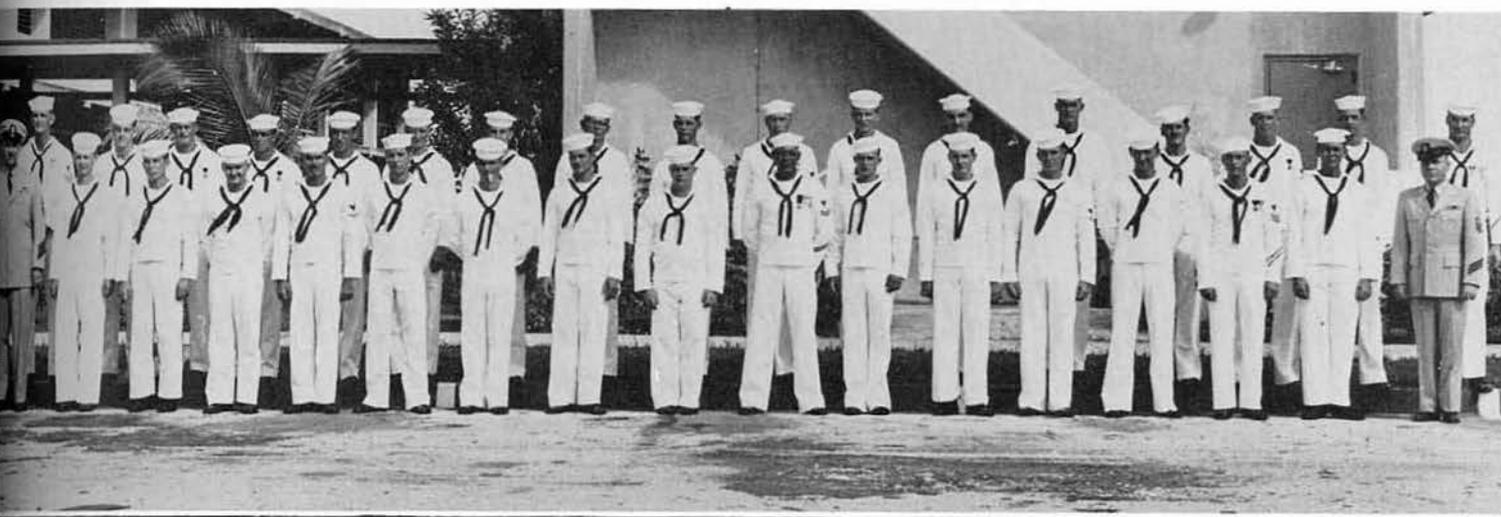
HEADQUARTERS ONE



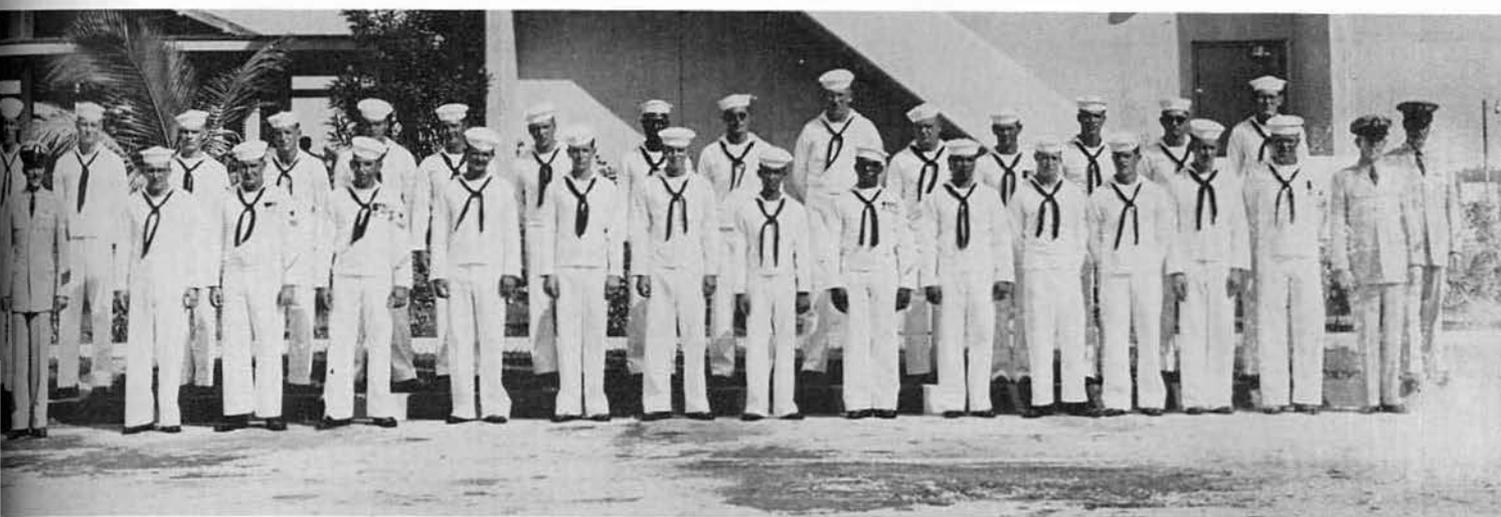
HEADQUARTERS TWO



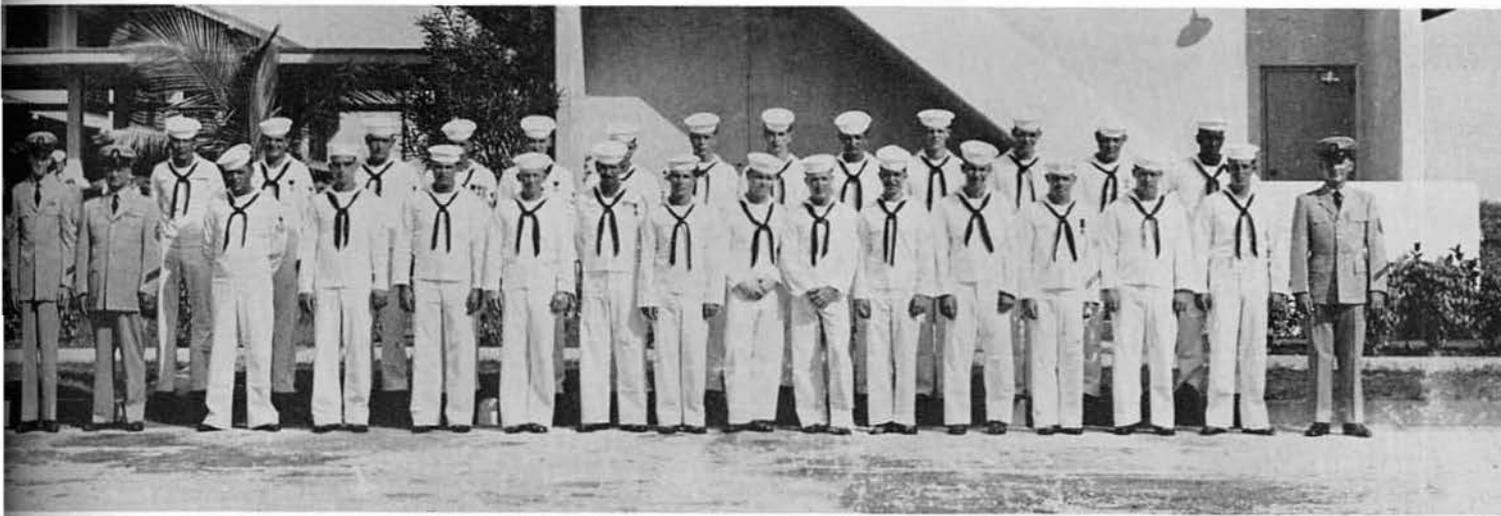
ALFA ONE

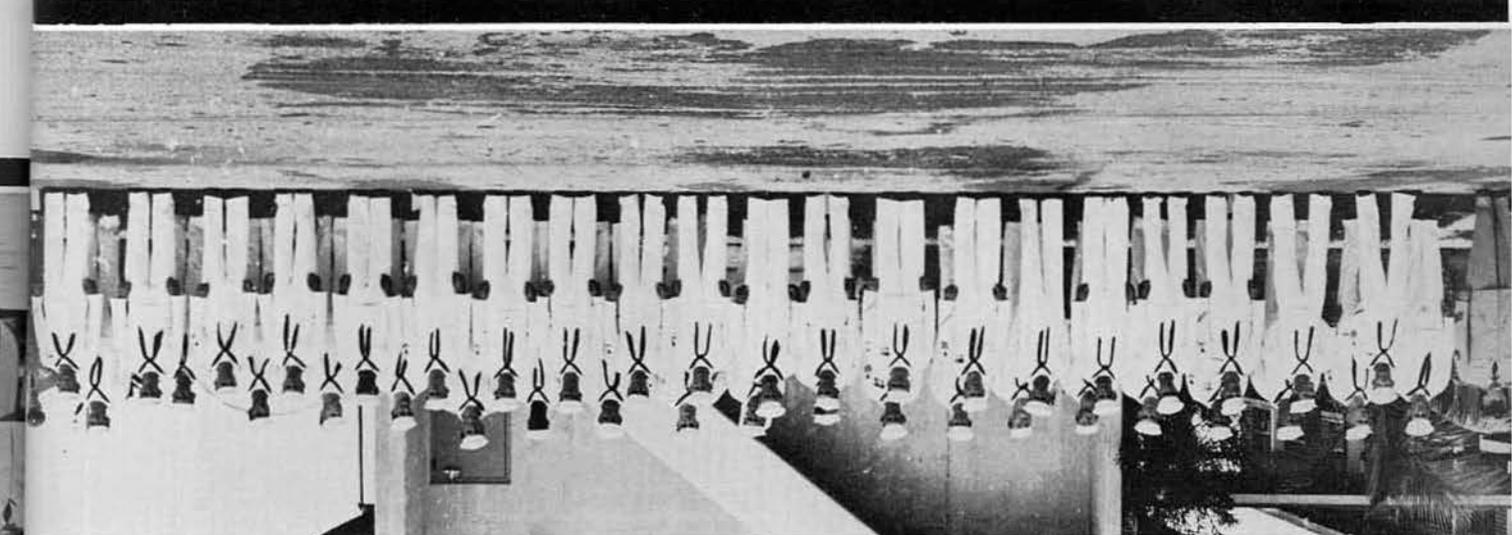


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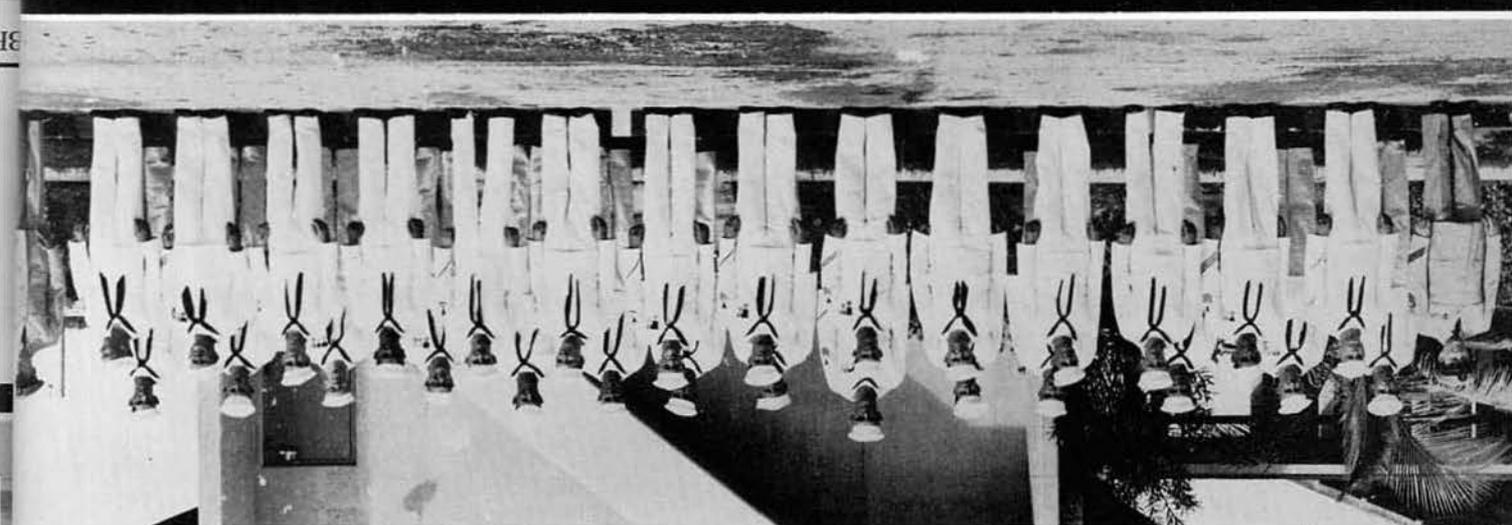


ALFA THREE

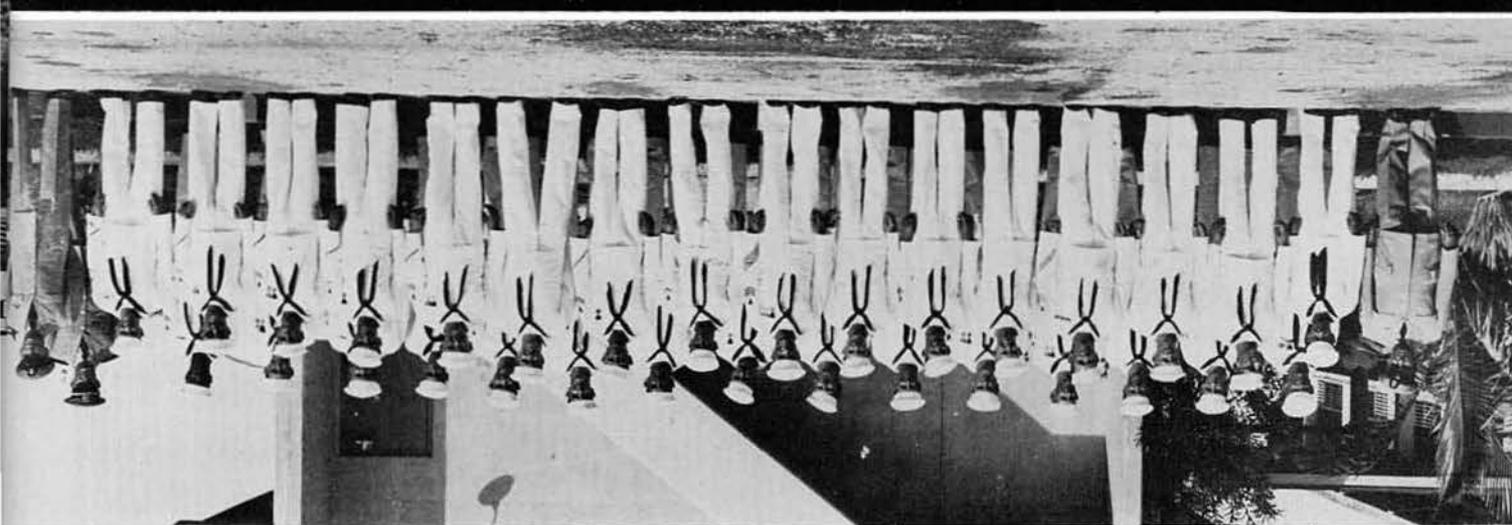




BRAVO ONE

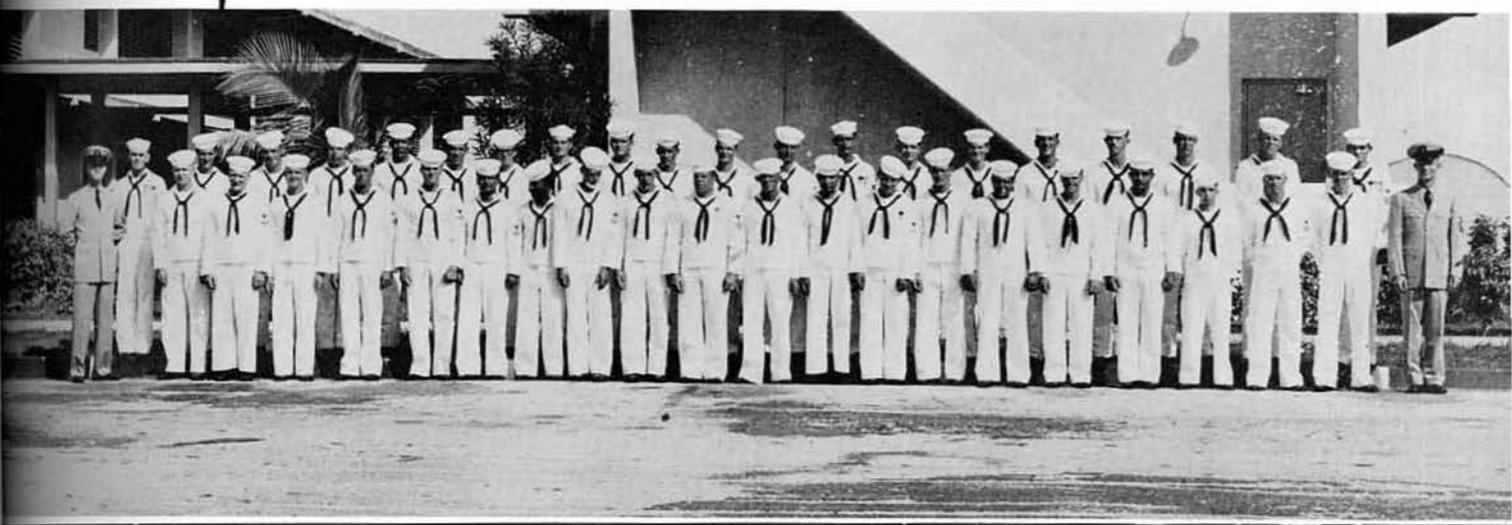


ALFA FIVE

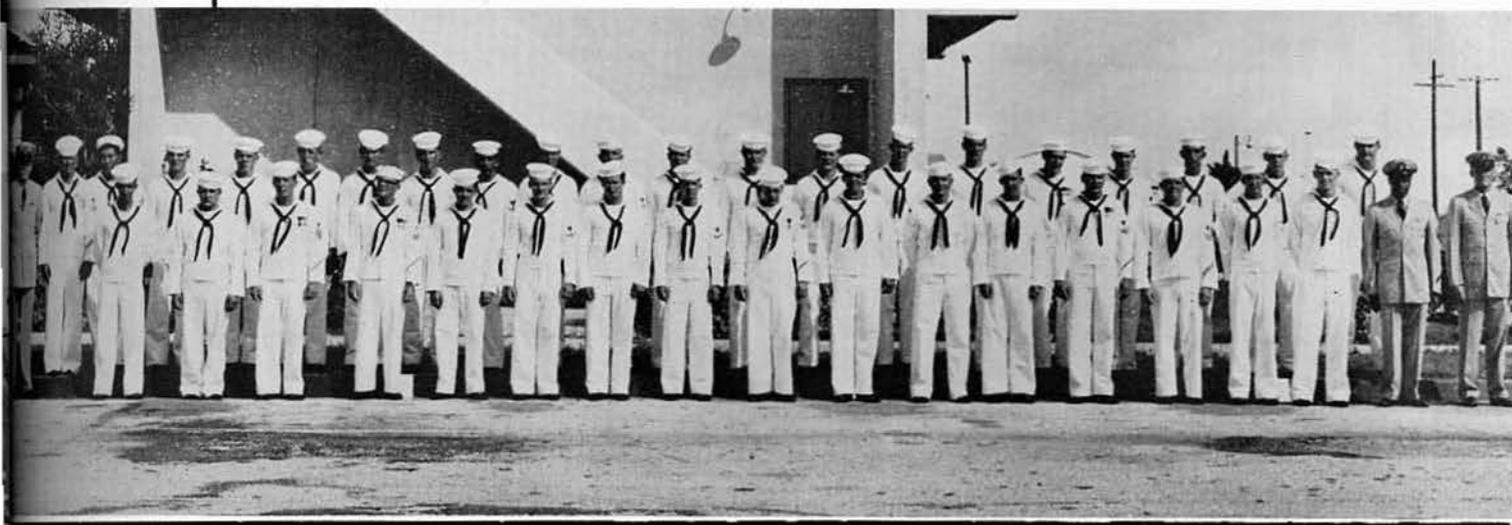


ALFA FOUR

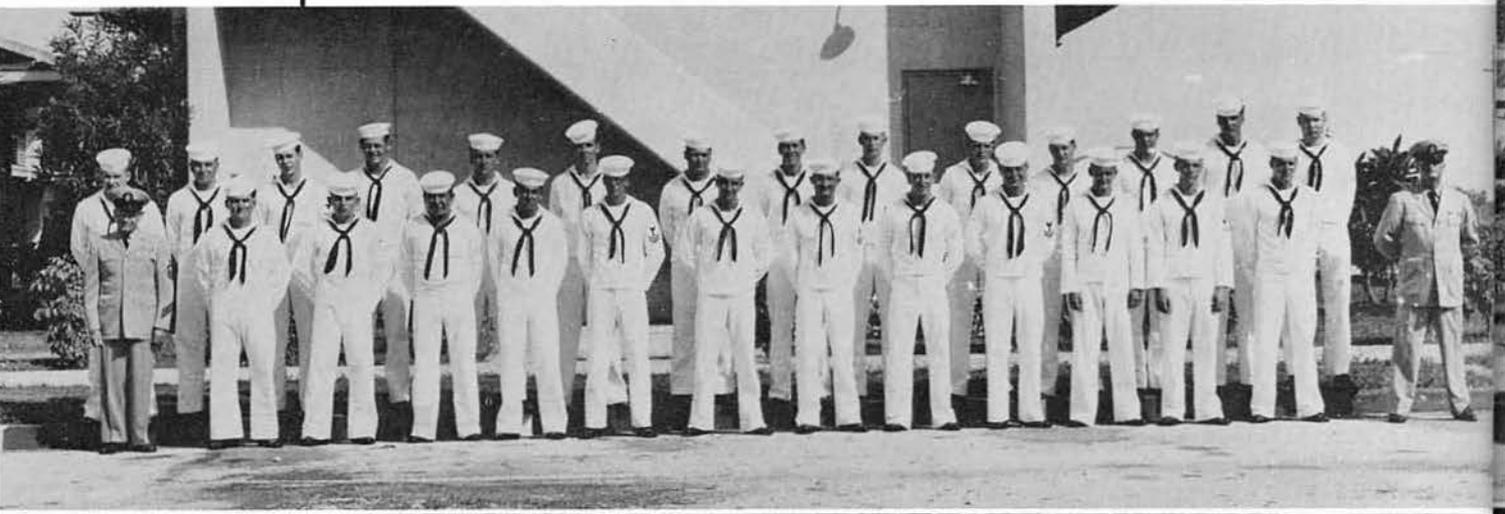
BRAVO TWO



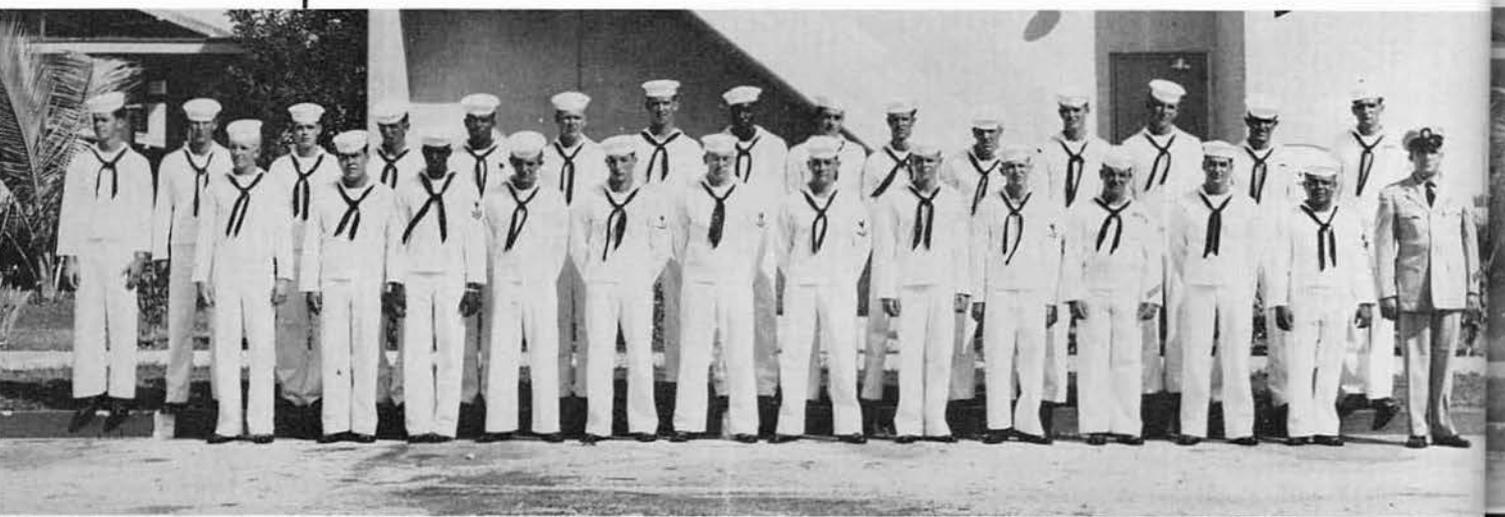
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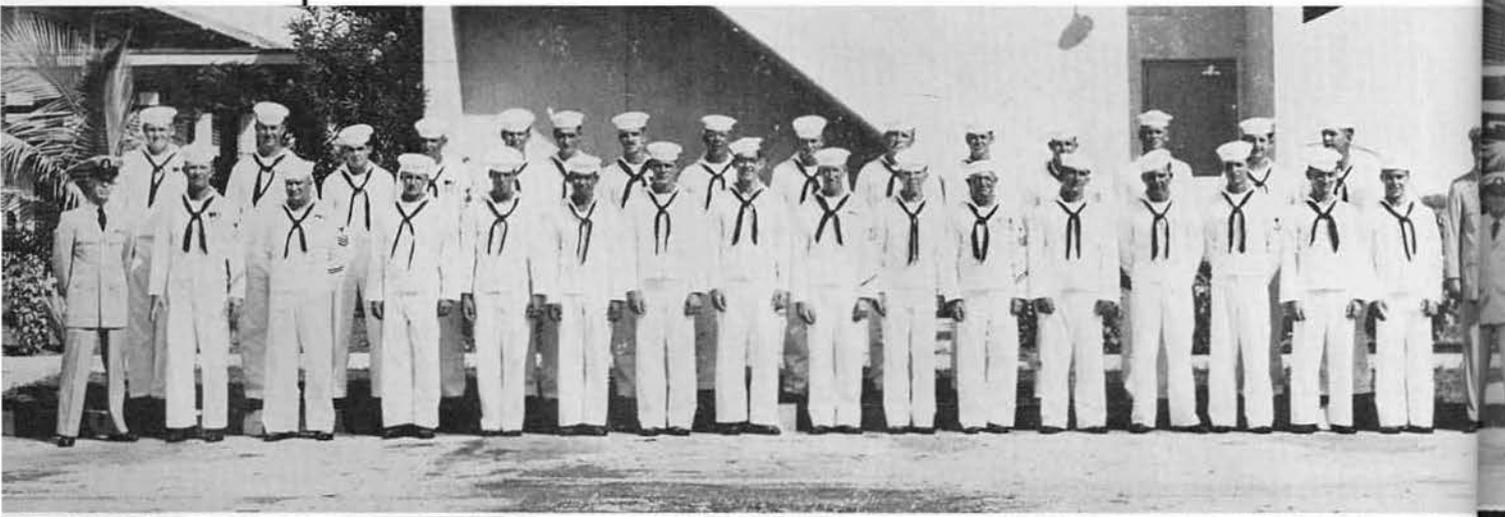
CHARLIE ONE



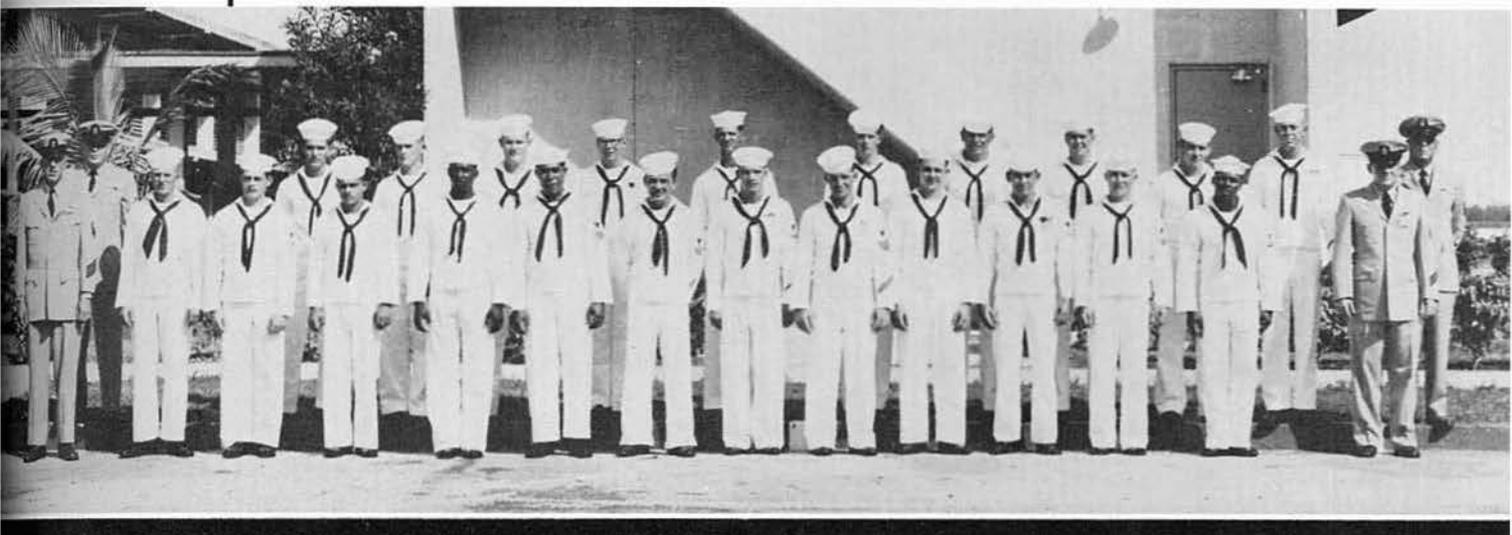
CHARLIE TWO



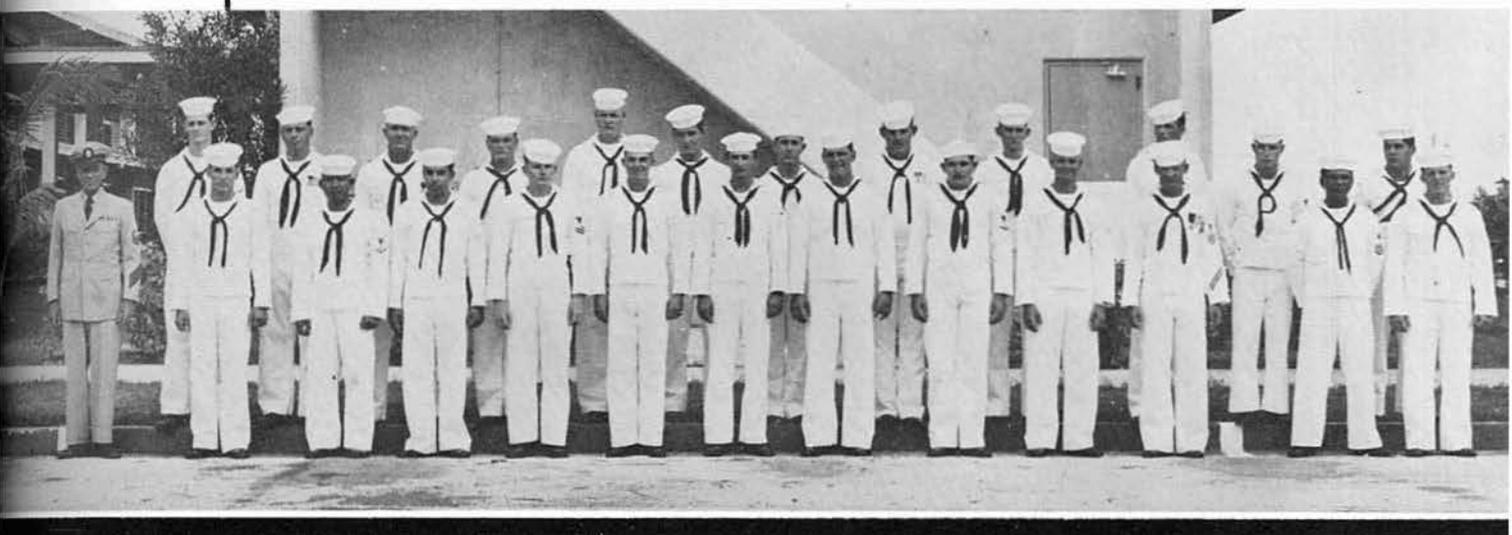
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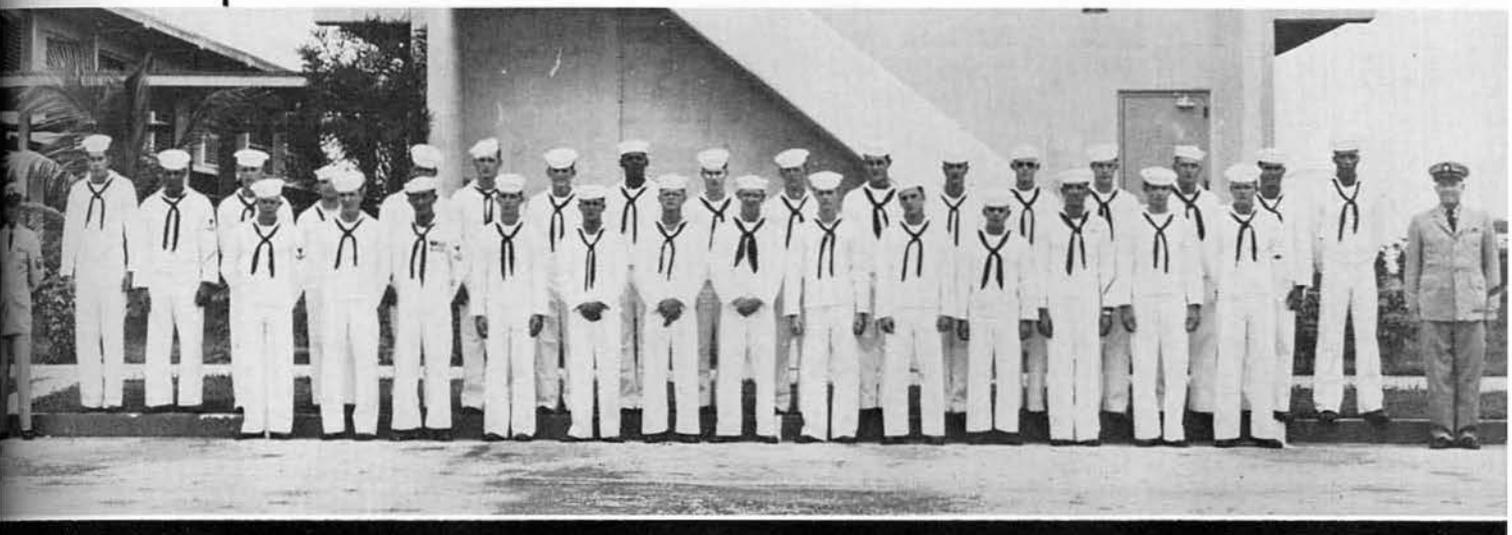
DELTA ONE



DELTA TWO



DELTA THREE



Projects and Crews



The
and

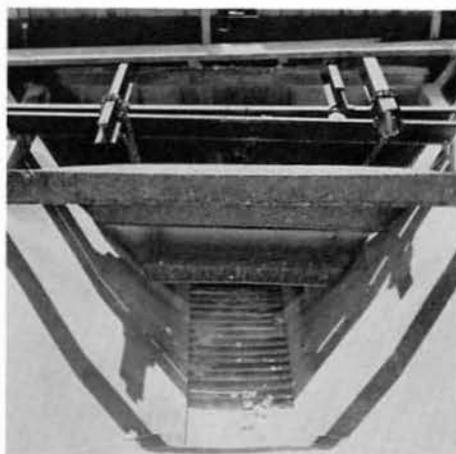
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FADIAN POINT . . .



The "A" Crusher. October '58, and Eleven's Bees moved in with parts, new ideas, ambition, and a little cussing. The end result—a dead skeleton becomes a live monster and the crushed coral starts piling up.

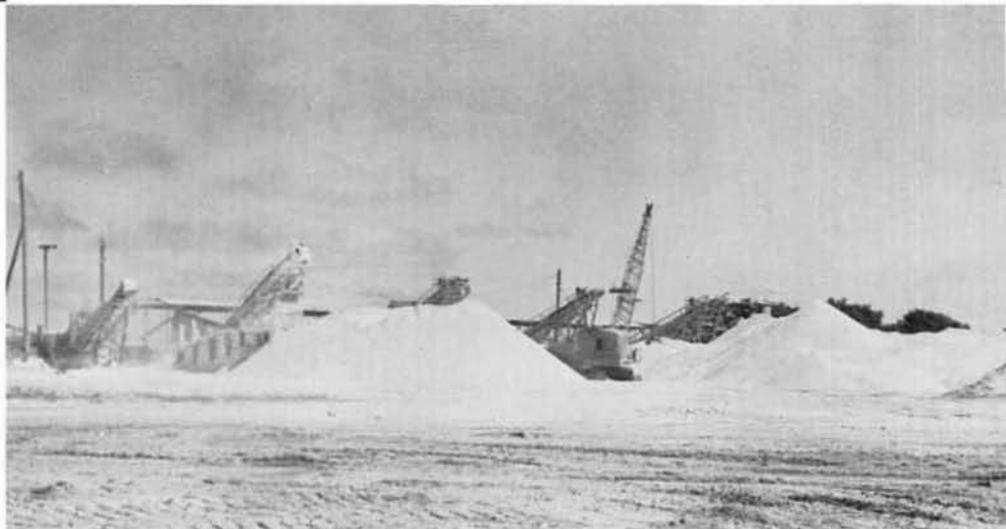


A mighty big mouth.

They produced anything from sand to inch and a half stuff.

Fadian Point "A" and "B" Crushers—the backbone of Fadian's operation. Over 62,000 tons of quarried coral ran through the crushers' jaws to keep the Batch, Block, and Pipe Plants supplied with various sizes of aggregate necessary for their operation.

At times it was necessary to run on a day and night schedule to keep enough aggregate stock-piled for the Fadian Plants. Contending with breakdowns and wet quarry coral proved a bigger job than anticipated, but the men who ran the crushers still came out ahead of schedule.

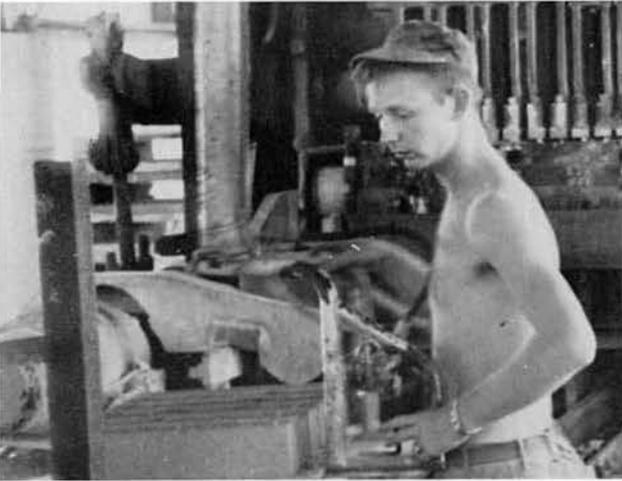


It didn't take long before the whole landscape at Fadian changed and stock-piled white coral replaced barren ground.

The Block Plant put out over a million concrete block to supply NAS Housing's program, while the Batch Plant produced nearly 22,000 cubic yards of concrete for NAS Housing and various other concerns on Guam. The work was hard, hot, and dirty, as was all of the Fadian operation. Even the breakdowns and bum weather that plagued Fadian didn't lessen the optimism and spirit the men showed, and as usual the work was completed in the short time afforded.



The Block Plant force. Concrete block came pouring out at rate of 10 to 16 thousand per day under their supervision.



The block making machine. Skill and a cool temper were required to even work with this monster.



Part of the million block that were produced waiting for delivery to NAS Housing.



The only place in the world where the bag-breakers are non-union is the Batch Plant.

The Batch Plant operators. They mixed mud all day and relieved the cooks at night to mix cakes.



Most of the 22,000 cubic yards of concrete produced at the Batch Plant was hauled by the TM crew at 4½ to 6 cubic yards per load. It was a long, dirty, and tiresome job, but they kept the wheels turning and the diesels roaring to supply concrete on the projects.



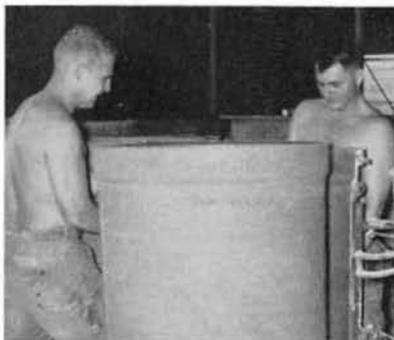
TM Crew. The men and trucks that hauled concrete from the Batch Plant to various parts of the island including many of the MCB ELEVEN projects.



Pipe Plant Crew, who put out nearly three miles of pipe.



Argento's Diamond "T"
—The Cadillac of the
TM fleet.



The big milk bottle.

The Pipe Plant seemed to be the scene of one major breakdown after another, and even mechanical failure didn't stop the men. Over 5,000 pieces of pipe, reinforced and non-reinforced, varying in size from 8 inch to 48 inches in diameter were moulded, cured, and stockpiled in order to supply drainage and sewer systems for our projects.



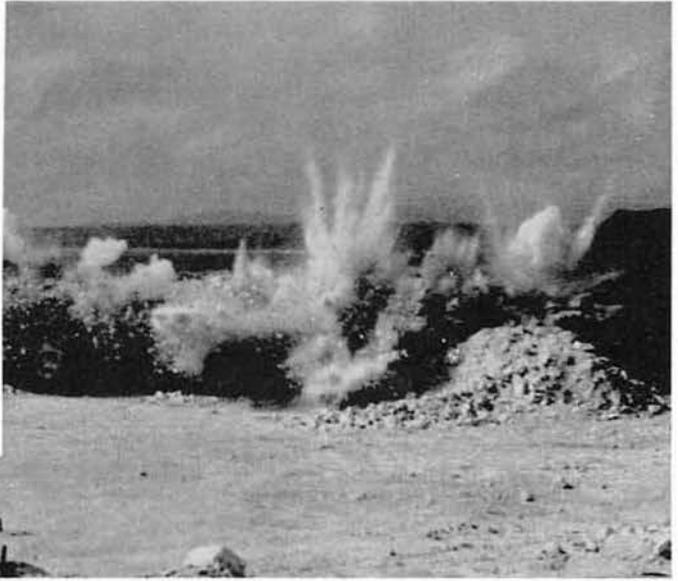
A small part of the concrete pipe produced.





The Fadian Point Quarry where nearly 70,000 tons of coral were blasted loose and hauled to the crushers.

Every once in a while the inhabitants on the Northwest side of D headed for the "boonies" thinking that they were having an earthquake. 'Twas only "Boom Boom" and his crew of powder monkeys tear loose another few thousand tons of coral in the Fadian Quarry.



Ever see what sixty cases of dynamite looks like when it gets lit off?



Hauling coral to the crushers. (The trucks were down this day.)



Fadian Mechanic Crew. The boys that kept everything from the 80-D's to the Tool Room's coffee pot and pop cooler running smoothly.



Due to the varied type of equipment that found its way into the Mechanic Shop, all personnel were required to be "jack of all trades."



FADIAN



Lifting almost his own weight.



The Fadian Field Office in full swing.



"Pappy" Ryan and one of his beloved boilers.

NAVAL MAGAZINE . . .

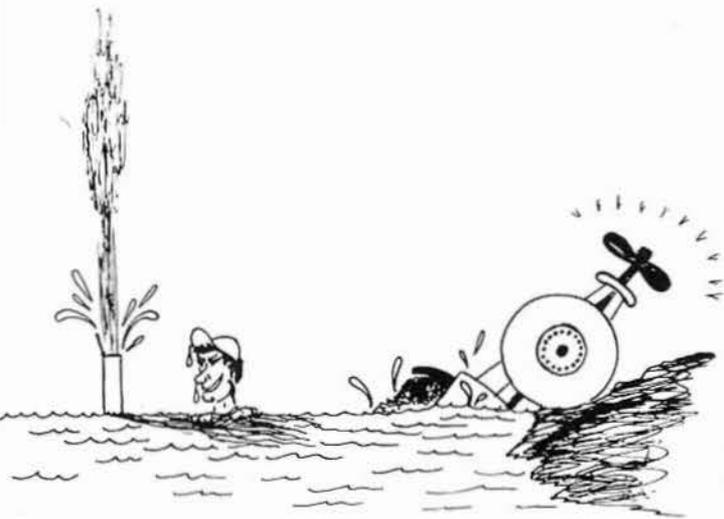


They gave us a jungle.



some men and equipment,

When we moved into the Naval Magazine, the skeptics shook their heads and said the job couldn't be done. To prove "it could be done" as always, the Bee started to work. Cave-ins had to be filled, surveyor work done, and slow but surely the face of the Mag got lifted. Before long even the preliminary work made it look like the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Sometimes after a rain the ground was so sticky the mosquitoes got themselves grounded, but an improvising Sergeant Bee made his equipment go just the same and the Mag job was a job "well done."



and told us to do a job.





Destruction plus!



First you drill a few holes,



stuff in a few cases of dynamite,



shake up Duva a little bit,

Boom Boom didn't like the looks of Mickey Mouse's mountain top, so he blew it off.

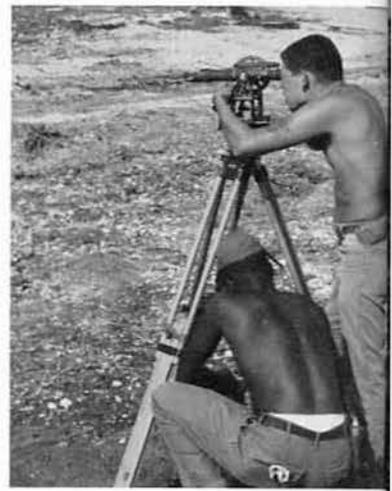


and load it up for dumping into the crusher.





The Mag Surveyors. The only men in the Battalion who had trained "Bonny Hens."



We couldn't catch them working so they posed for this one.



Looks like they could handle the Mississippi River in this one.



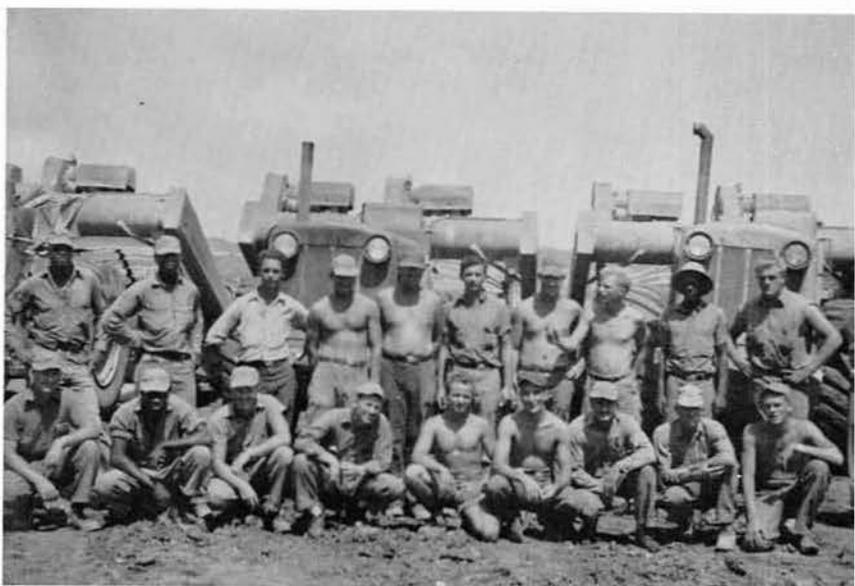
Box Culverts Crew

Working on the East Road Culvert.





Bring your rig over to this side, the mud is a lot deeper over here.



The men who handled the rough grade work.



Hey, MAN, you sure do COOL work.



"Pull drivers apply for flight pay."



It does resemble the plans, somewhat.



A bed for the Box Culvert.

The Base Slabs Crew that put in the slabs for the Battery Charging Shop, Vehicle Storage Shed and the Paint Spray Building.



The Fine Grade Crew who put the finishing touches on the coral pads.



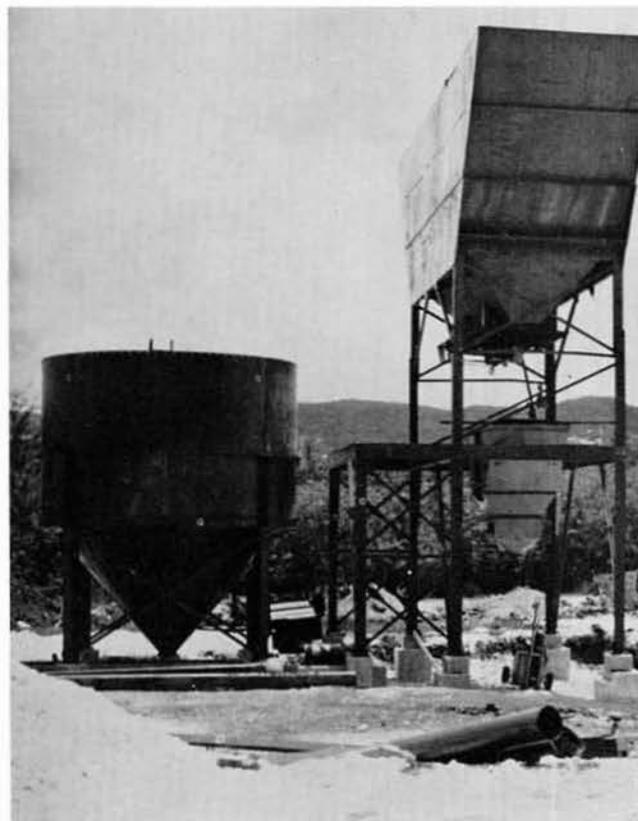
OOPS!



Who's directing traffic on this pad?



What is it?



Partially completed.



Final steps in the erection of the Batch Plant.



We got fancy with these footings.



Good start but time ran out on this project.



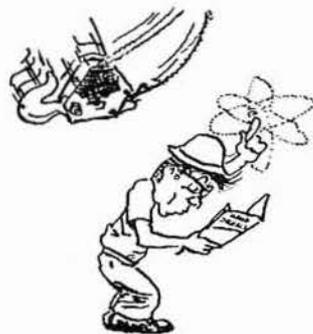
The Butler Building's coral pad is finished and the jack-hammers move in to knock out foundation space.



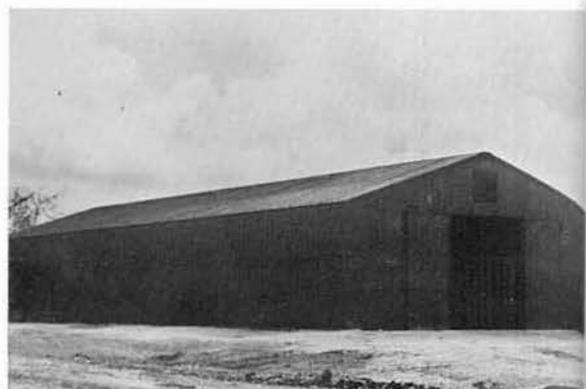
Soon the steel goes up.



The Butler Building's Crew.



Two of the three steel skeletons await siding.



The third completed building that housed the Nav Mag Field Office.



The Pipeline Crew.



The Tile Field.



Only one more section to go.



The Relief Culvert Crew.



Norton Road Box Culvert.



The gravity flow Pipeline.



East Road Box Culvert.

N.A.S. HOUSING



We were given a few patches of land and told to build a bunch of houses, so let's get started.



Part of the crew that hauled coral for pads. 95% compaction is like squeezing blood out of a rock, but they did it.



Not many trees in sight,



but our boys found them, and moved them.



Fine grading, ditching, and much more was required before the concrete was poured.



The NAS Surveyor Crew. Untold things were seen through their levels.





The Electrician Crew. "We can get you well lit in more ways than one."



Sewage Line Crew. NAS's Sanitary Seven.



Dig out a ditch, lay some sewage line,



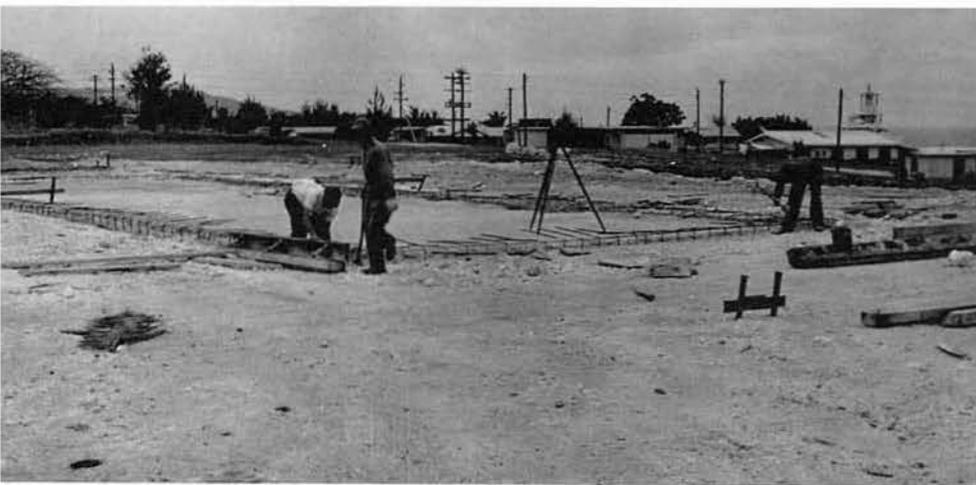
The coral pad is ready and conduit gets laid.



NAS Utilities Crew. All of them were plank owners in the Norton Plumbing Works.



and up goes a vent pipe with the rest of the plumbing.



The Base Slab Re-bar Crew goes to work and starts laying steel for another pad.



The Re-bar Crew. The men who laid and tied re-bar for over a hundred concrete pads.



The base slab re-bar work is completed and the concrete crew moves in with their screeder.



The TM's dump their load, and the concrete men and screeder go into operation.



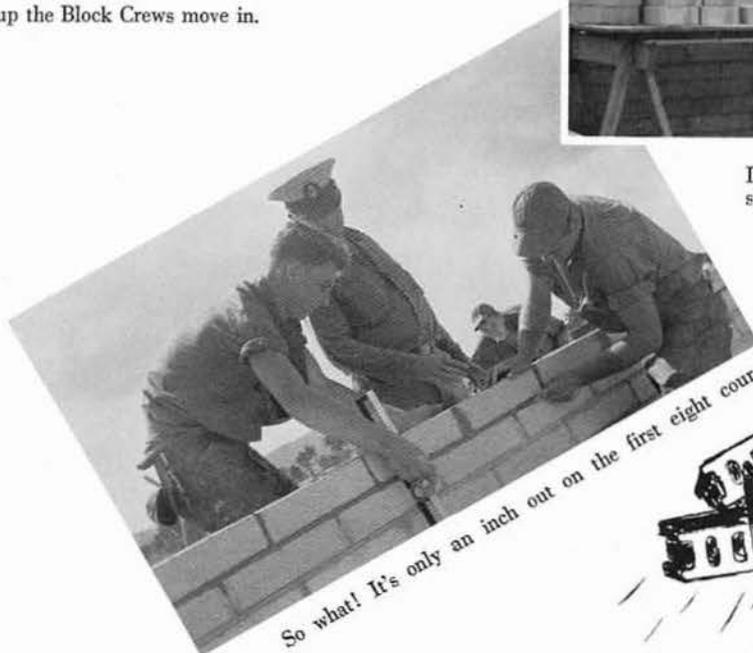
The Concrete Crew.



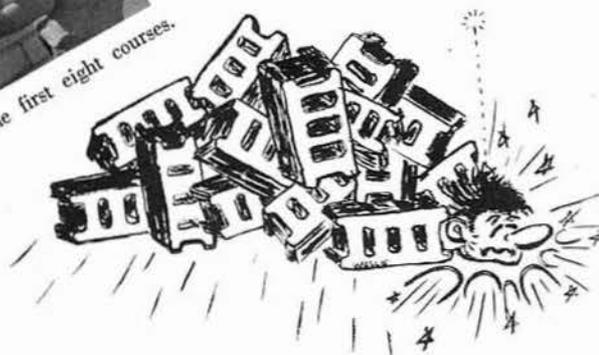
Just as soon as a pad sets up the Block Crews move in.



It's not long before things start taking shape.



So what! It's only an inch out on the first eight courses.



One of two Block Crews at NAS,



and the other crew.



Things happened fast and block walls sprouted up overnight.

Lay-out men.





Roof Form and Re-bar Crew. All they asked was for enough lumber, then the rest was a breeze for them.



Up goes some bracing and staging.



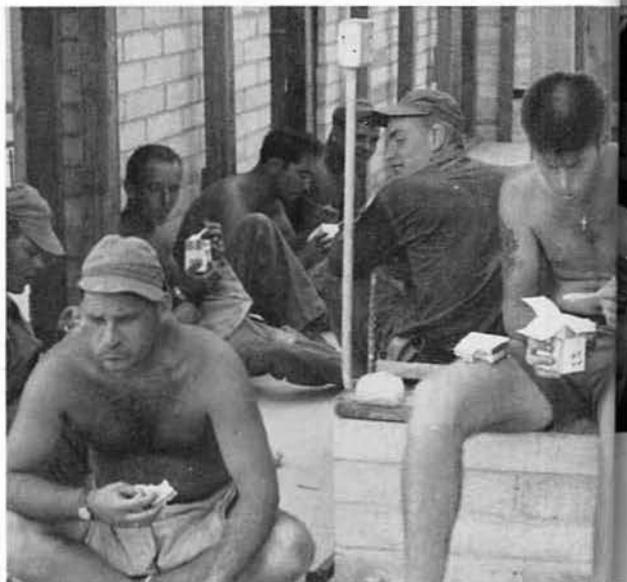
The crew finishes off the roof form in preparation for re-bar work.



Preparing pre-fab re-bar for placement on the roof.



OK, let's get this cross-word puzzle finished and get some concrete up here.



Looks like a good job and they take a ge-dunk break.



Lubrication crew temporarily at rest.



Those NAS Housing leaders.



Get that concrete in the ground.



Completed except for interior work.



Higher—P-L-E-A-S-E



Gedunk Break.



The Base Slab finishing crew.

we ran a field Carpenter Shop at
3 too.

TRANSPORTATION SHOPS



The Motor Pool. You think the Indianapolis "500" is fast? Try following this bunch.



Alfa Company Wheels—the guys that ran and ran—from automotive work.



Hohl and his big "Jimmy" wrecker. You stick it and I'll pull it out (for a price).



Engines revved, and rods flew at about 0630 in the morning.



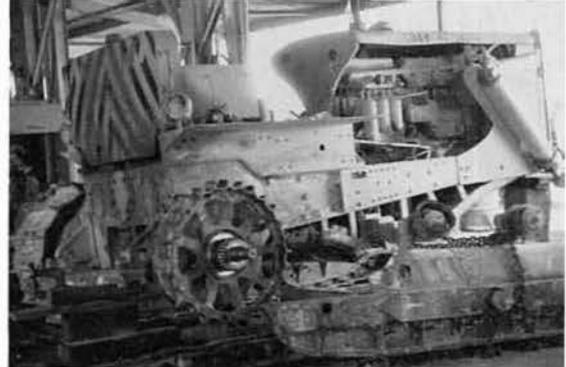
Can you drive it?

I dunno. My license says I can.





Pad #5's Heavy Equipment Pool Crew,



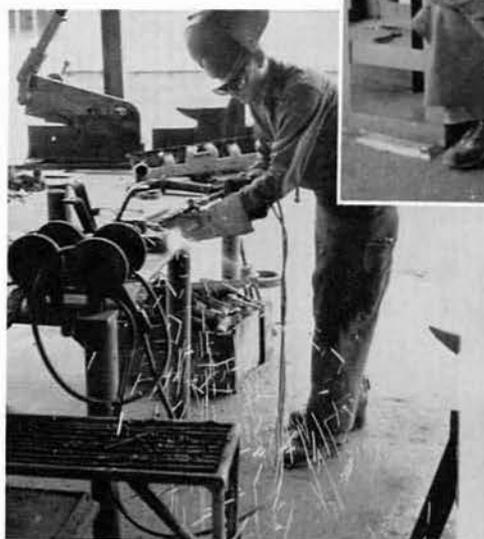
and a piece of equipment that they had to work with.



The Machine Shop Crew.



The Body Shop Threesome.



Jordon, one of the three body men.

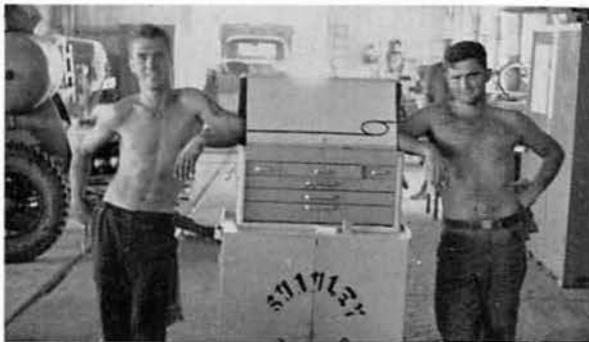


renchy sizes up some of the brass work turned out on the lathe.





Heavy Equipment Maintenance Crew. The men that handled one of the Pad's biggest jobs.



Most of the Mech's kept their tools in immaculate condition—



and then again a few didn't!



The Gas Maintenance Crew—They kept all the "gassers" going in spite of the multitude of breakdowns shoved into their establishment.



One of Gasoline Alley's men giving a stove-bolt six a pep talk.



The Field Maintenance Crew—the guys that performed 99% of their work underwater, thanks to the wet weather that sunk half the equipment at the Mag.



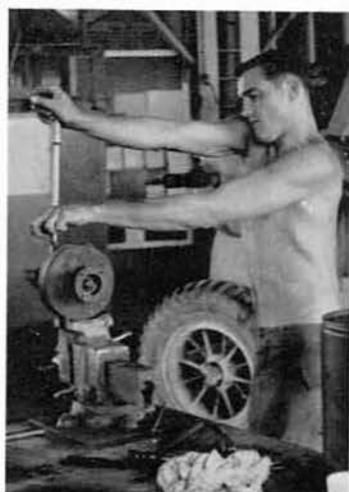
The Mobile Lube Crew behind their rig.



The Pull Shop Crew.



"See that spot?" "It's just big enough to hold a fifth if you're careful."



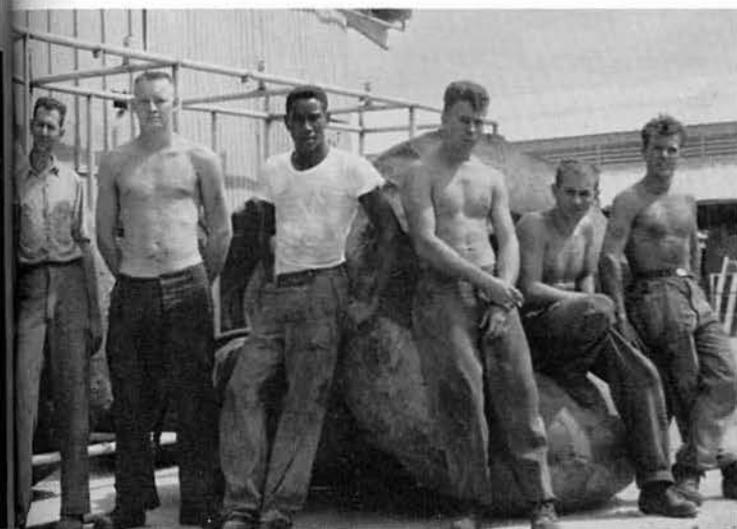
It took the photographer ten minutes to catch him working.



The Pad's Cost Control Team.



The Spare Parts Stores Crew. They were overseers on all of the spare parts for Transportation Shops.



The Tire Shop Force.

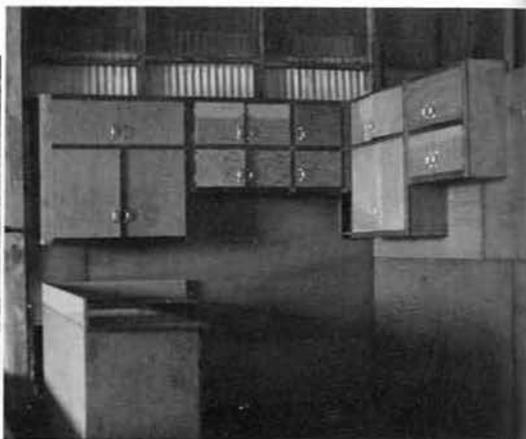


Jim checks the patch on York's bicycle's inner-tube.

CENTRAL SHOPS . . .



The Jointer Shop. The scene of boards, boxes, and battered up thumbs.



A set of cabinets ready for installation at NAS Housing.



Mass production in full swing.



Andy and Curley start putting things together.



The Jointer Shop Crew.



Keep an eye on it, pal, or you'll get your fingernails trimmed too.



The Electrician Crew. Pre-fab work on all NAS Housing conduit took place in their establishment.



Automation



A couple of CE's make heavy work out of light stuff.



You got a plumbing problem? Well, take it to someone else, we're busy.

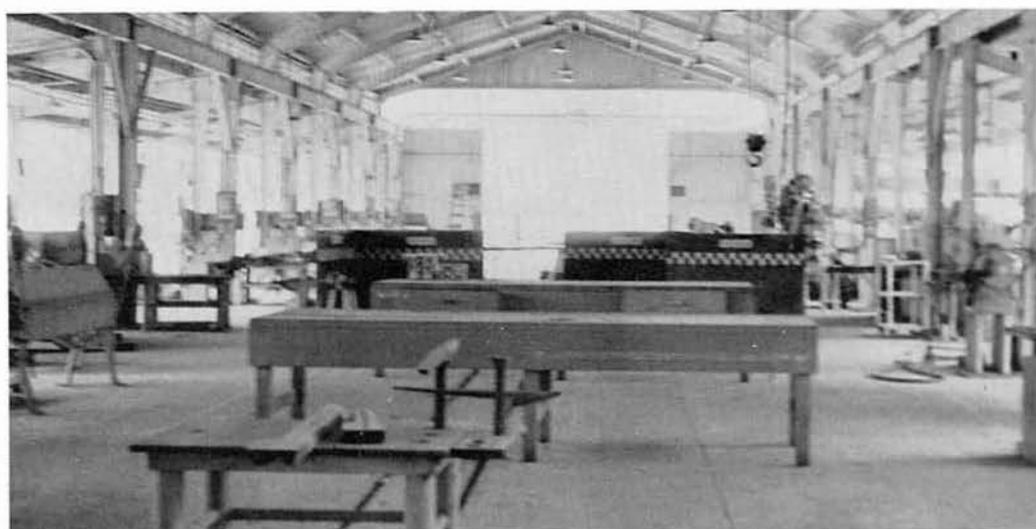


The Utilities Shop's Crew.

Approximately 12 tons of re-bar went into the building of each house at NAS, plus other metal work that had to be done. Re-bar came to the pad area straight and went out bent to specifications for houses and whatever else it was needed for. The requirements were large, and the work hard, but as usual—things were done in good order.



The pad's Steelworker crew.



The Steel Shop, where all re-bar and most of the metal work was done by the SW crew for NAS Housing's pre-fab demand.



Stock-piled pre-fab re-bar.



"C. J." gets with a bit of welding.



"Mac" puts a kink in things.

CHICHI JIMA DETACHMENT . . .



Our Chichi Jima Detachment personnel.



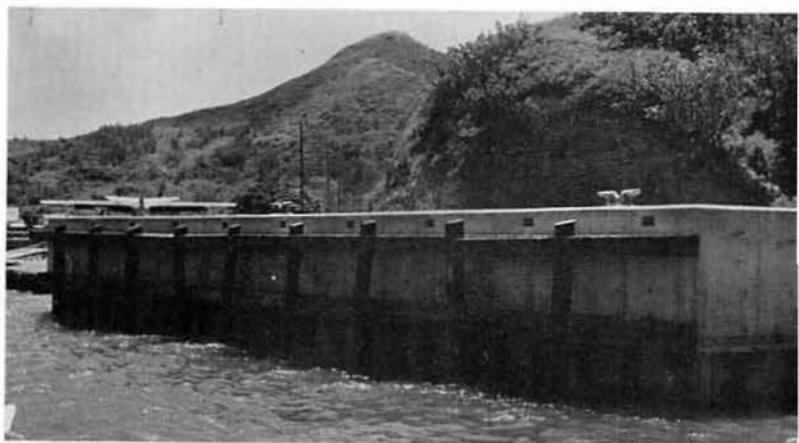
Not looking for oil, just driving a few piles.



Pouring the new headwall.



The precast Seaplane Ramp extension.



Completed Wharf repairs.

BEHIND THE SCENES . . .



The Operations Force.



Do you have a problem?



The Battalion's Planning and Estimating Team at San Bruno, California.



Assistant Operations Officer expressing his opinion on fish prices.



"Safety Sam" Kennedy. The Safety Office's hazard chaser.



The Operations Office was the nerve center of the Battalion, where schedules were made, plans formulated, project records kept, and assignments given.

"No, Captain." "I didn't assign the Exec to the bag-breaking crew."



R. W. M.—"the IBM of Operations" hard at work.



Draftsmen studying lines and curves.



Personnel and Administration. The crew that kept our Service Jackets straight and personal problems well in hand.



Glenn tries to talk three reserves into shipping over.



The editor of the "Stinger," the distributor of all kinds of good and lousy news.



The I&E team, who handled all correspondence courses.



D. N. Hunnel's personal problem office. WHOSE husband is chasing you?



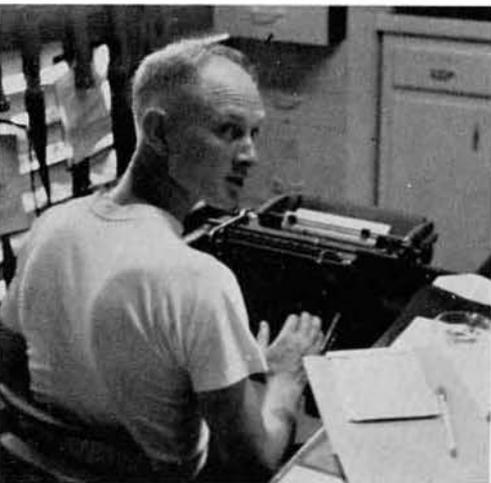
Eleven's Legal—the "Walking law-books."



The NOB Sheriff's Office Force.



"Wyatt" Farmer and his other guns—the NAS Police Force.



"No liberty for you, buddy—you're going on watch."



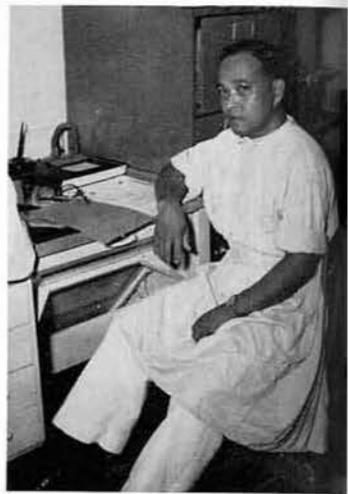
Gunner Miller.



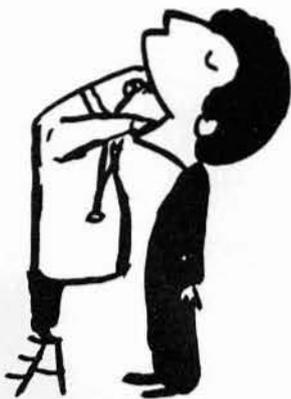
Some of the Compartment Cleaners.



The Medical Staff.



Eleven's Dental Corps.



Eleven's Canine Corpsman—the only real liberty hound we had. He has received four Captain's Masts, and one Special Court Martial: for being four days over the hill he received 20 days restriction, a bust, and a suspended BCD (picture taken at sentencing).



The Supply Department. They handled anything from soap to greens that wore out faster than you could talk the duty SK out of them.



A Swede Storekeeper.



So I'm only half a million short, what else is new?



GSK men who supplied NAS and other projects with materials.



"J. J." on fork-lift alley.



Lundy gives 'em a growl for more materials.



The Battalion's Stewards.



DUVA DUVA 506



Naval Magazine Cook.



Naval Station Cooks.



NAS Cooks.



Men from Eleven on Naval Station Security Force.



Armed Services Police.



Recreation Gear Locker crew for NOB and NAS.



The outfit's wool cutters.



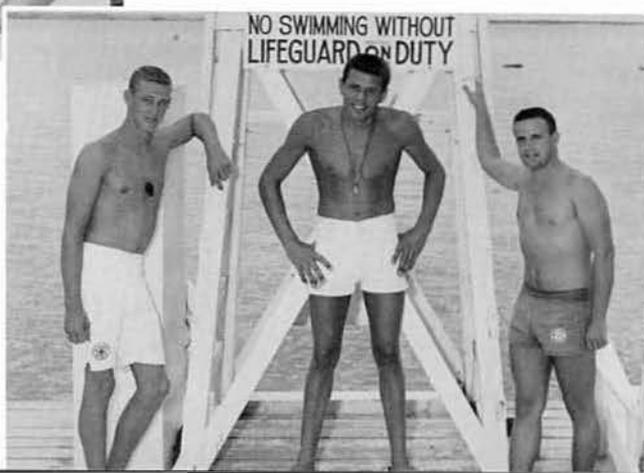
Soriano and his well run single man laundry at F. dian.



Eleven's Wall Street men who did a fine job of keeping the Battalion's pay records in order.

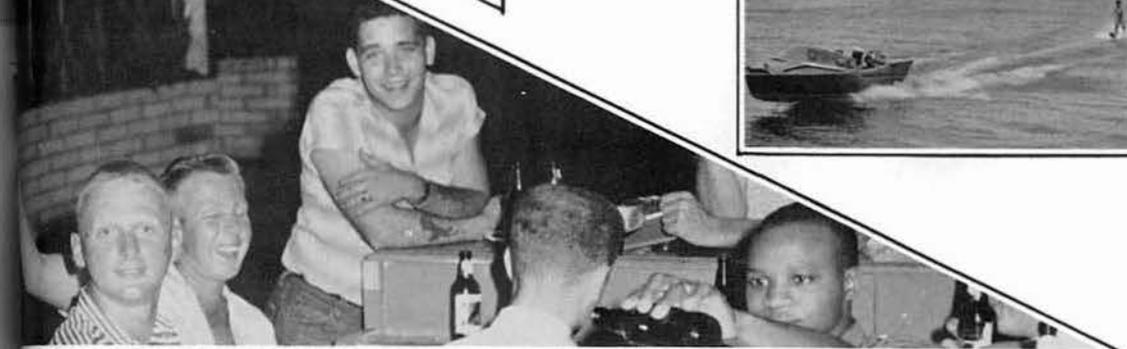
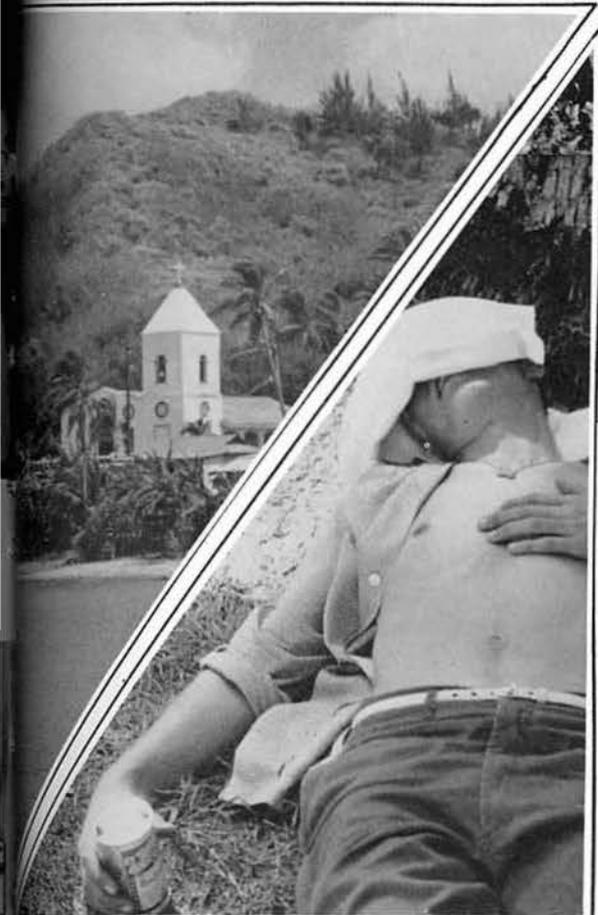


The Postman — he undertook the task of sending folks back home a few correspondence courses teaching them how to write



Special Services men for Eleven.

Off Duty Hours



Christmas



58



CHRISTMAS on Guam was celebrated at the Breakers Club and provided a cheerful night for all. Special thanks go to the Skipper for his generous donation to the refreshment fund.



WE'RE SEABEES

Lost in the isles of the Marianas,
Guam is the spot.

We're doomed to serve our time,
In a place that God forgot.

We are the men of the Navy,
Earning our monthly pay.
Guarding those who have millions,
For two and a half a day.

We toil, we work, we sweat,
It's more than a man can stand.
We are just a bunch of SeaBees,
But defenders of our land.

Down on the red hot grinder,
Down where the men turn blue,
Out in the middle of nowhere,
A million miles from you.

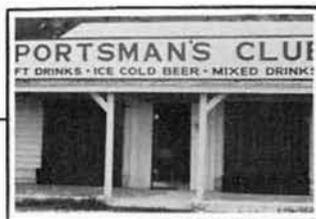
Few people know we're living,
Few people give a damn.
Although we are forgotten,
We belong to Uncle Sam.

Living here with memories,
Waiting to see our gals,
Hoping that while we're away,
They haven't married our pals.

But when we get to Heaven,
St. Peter will surely yell.

"Fall out, you men of the Marianas,
You've spent your time in hell."

Sweet Pea



MISS-11



Miss MCB ELEVEN 1959
Miss Cecilia Ann Kennedy
Sponsored by C. J. Kennedy

It is only fitting that we have a few pages devoted to the Sweethearts and Wives of our men. Although their beauty is unlimited, space is, and we can't put in all the photos received for the contest as much as we would like to.

Balloting was held in May, and the men scratched their heads more than once trying to pick the best Miss and Mrs. from all the attractive contestants.

The results—splendid, and far be it from anyone to say that SeaBees haven't very beautiful ladies.



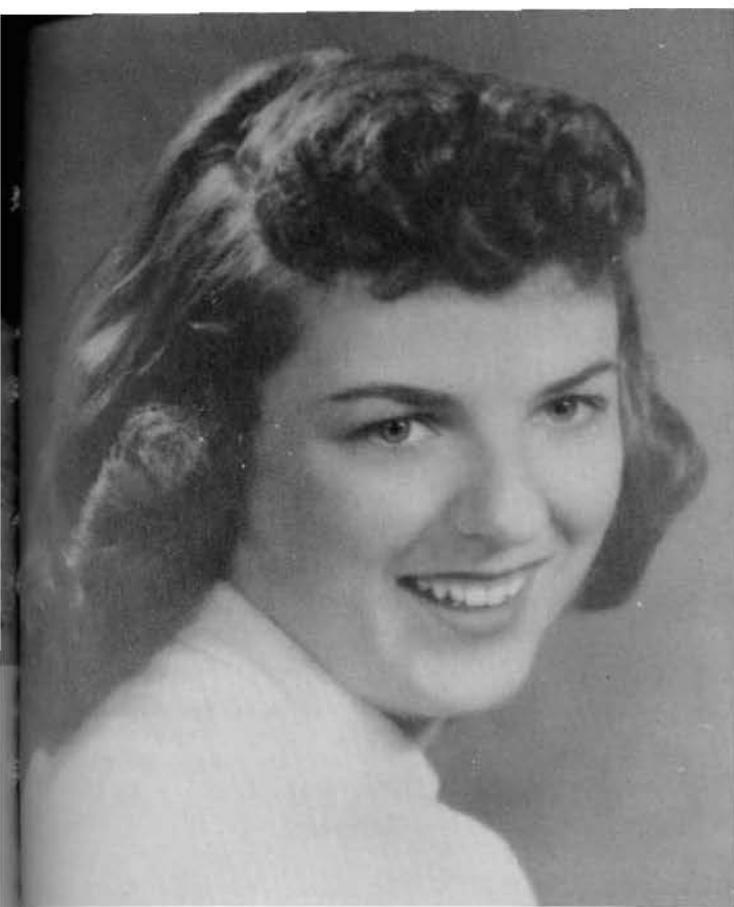
SECOND PLACE
Miss Nellie Ruth Lowry
Sponsored by J. F. McCarthy



THIRD PLACE
Miss Judy Grant
Sponsored by J. W. Wallis



FOURTH PLACE
Miss Doris Paton
Sponsored by C. F. Rati



Mrs. MCB ELEVEN 1959
Mrs. Marilyn Hill
Sponsored by S. W. Hill

MRS-11

A decorative graphic for the 'Mrs-11' contest. The text 'Mrs-11' is written in a large, elegant, cursive font. Below the text is a stylized flower with several petals and a central cluster of stamens. The entire graphic is surrounded by ornate, swirling lines.

Men entered pictures of their Sweethearts and Wives who live in many parts of the United States and the old myth that California has the best looking women in the world can go down the drain. These pages prove it conclusively.

Congratulations to the winners and runners-up, and all entries. We'll try to get more pages next time.



SECOND PLACE
Mrs. Bev Herron
Sponsored by D. C. Herron Jr.



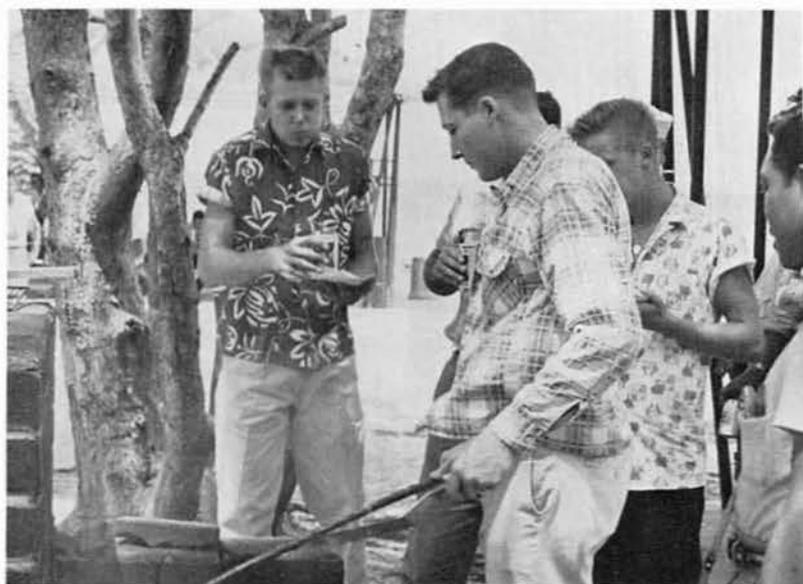
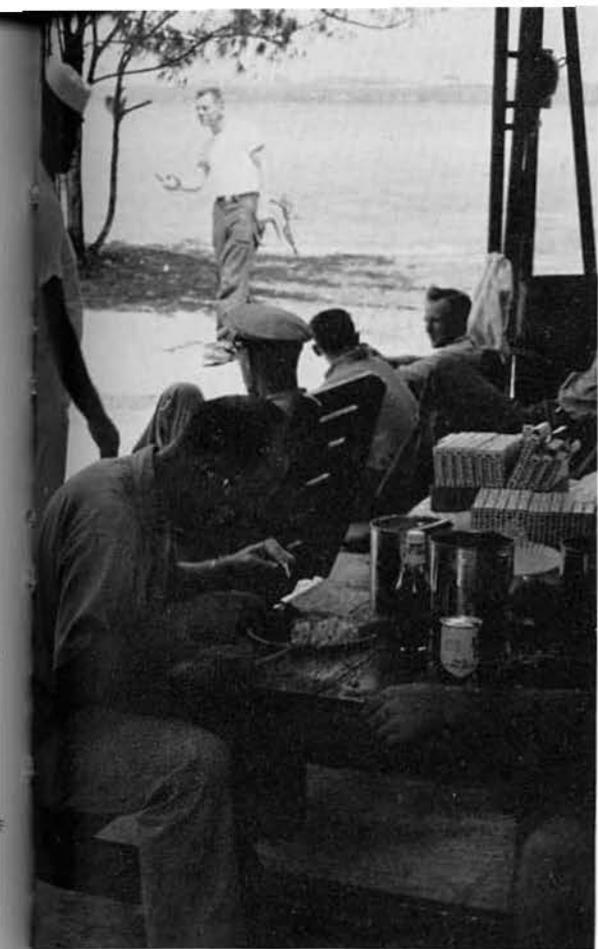
THIRD PLACE
Mrs. Gwendolyn Bayne
Sponsored by G. L. Bayne



FOURTH PLACE
Mrs. Barbara Sabitine
Sponsored by C. M. Sabitine

**SEABEES
HAVE
A
BIRTHDAY...**



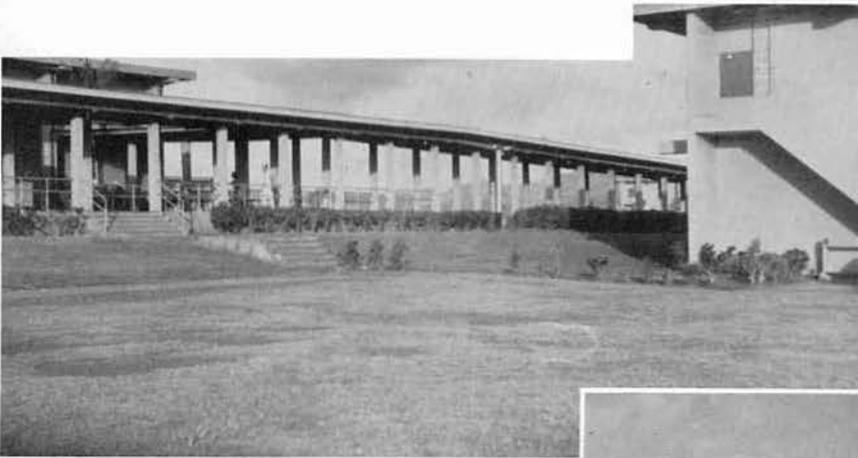
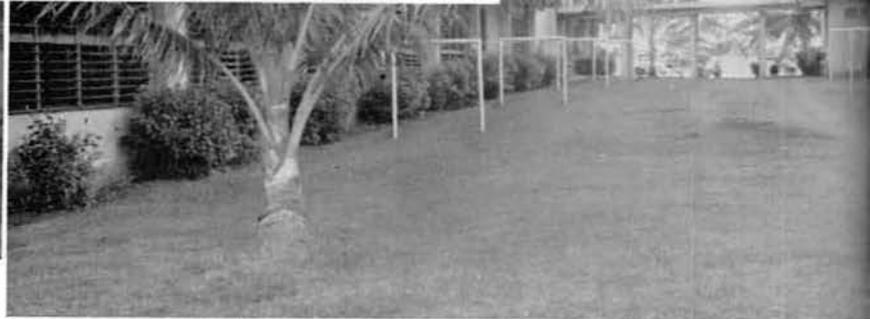


MCB ELEVEN celebrated the 17th birthday of the SeaBees while on Duva. Both the NOB and NAS segments of the Battalion attended the party at Gab Beach, and a very "burp" fine time was had by all—1½ inch thick steaks, birthday cakes, various trimmings and roughly 4,200 cans of 3.2 "white lighting"; it all added up to a fine and memorable event. Few Officers escaped getting pegged into the drink, and those who did *run* will be prime targets for our next party. We assure you, Mr. Jacob and Mr. Paradies, the water was very warm.

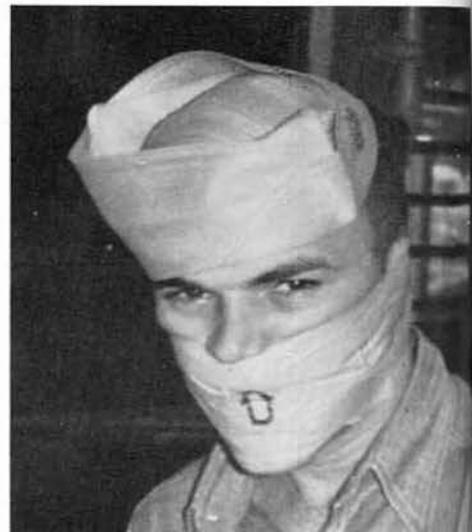


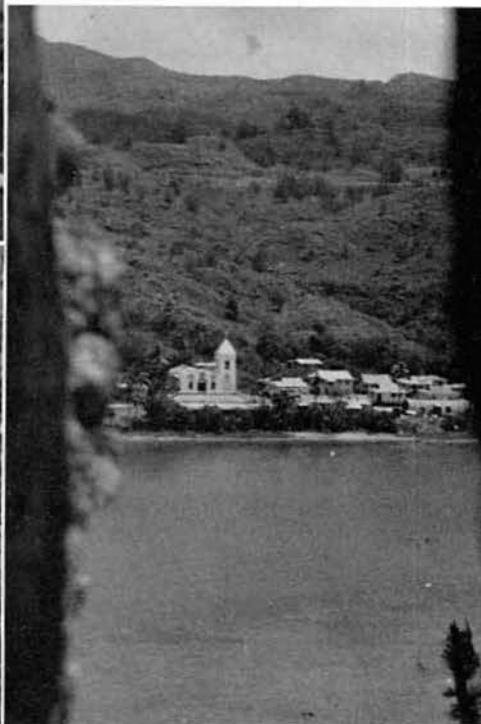
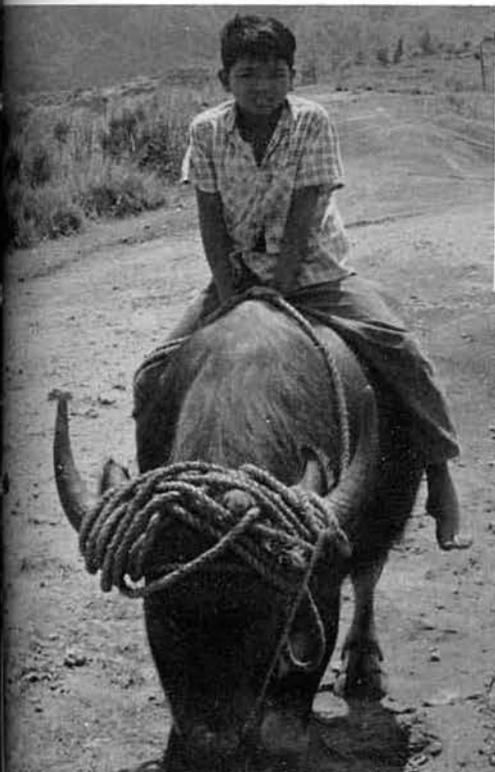
Roth crawls out from under the canvas.

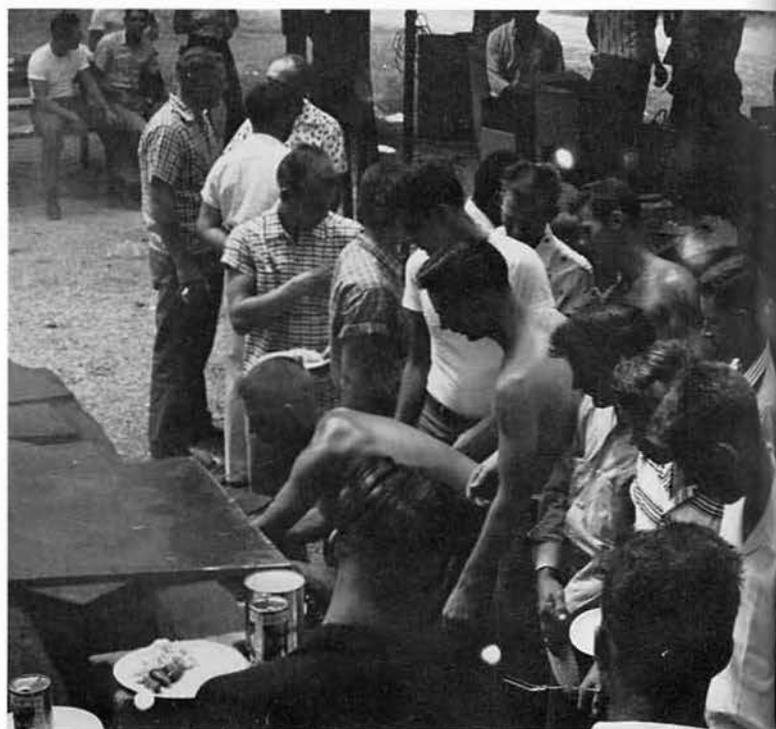
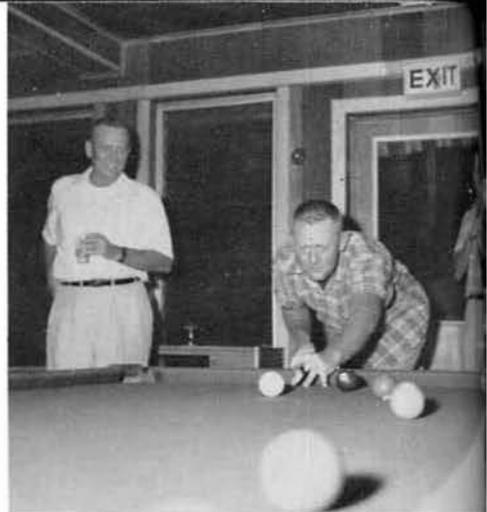


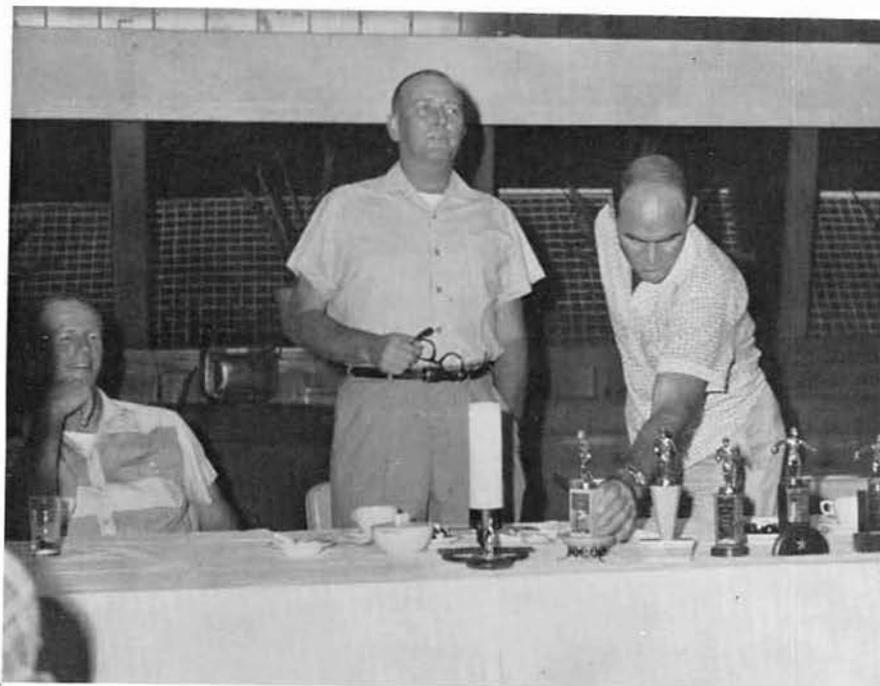
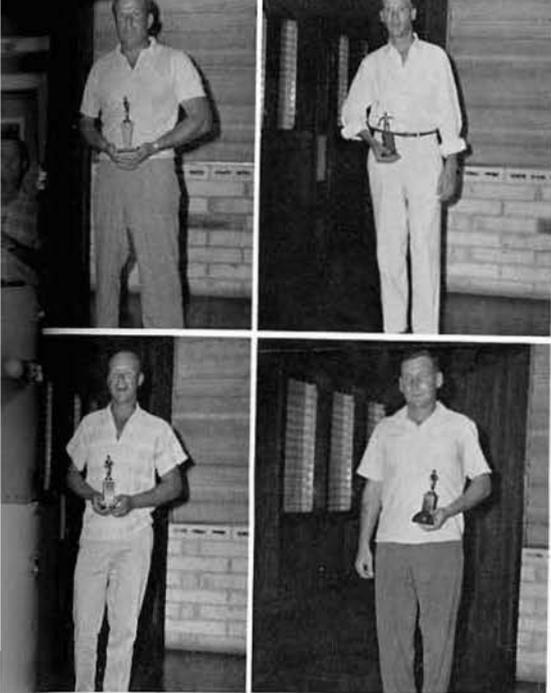












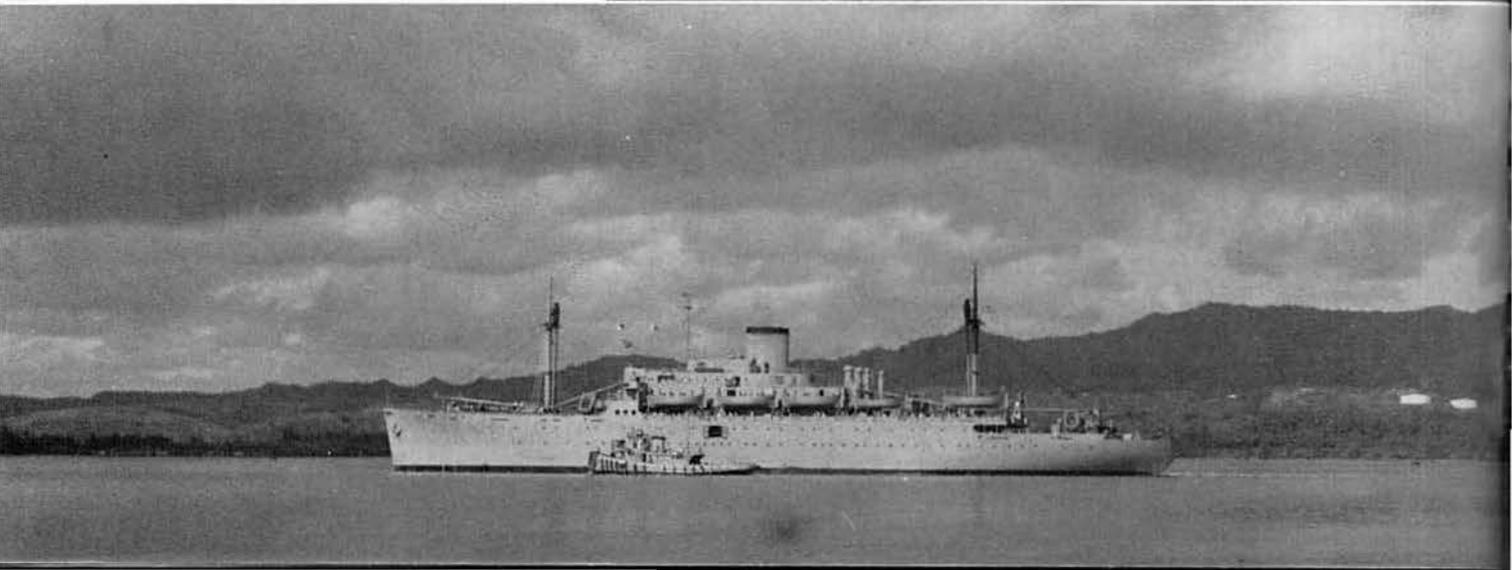
"Short Pin" Ellison beams happily with his low-game trophy . . . a mighty 64.

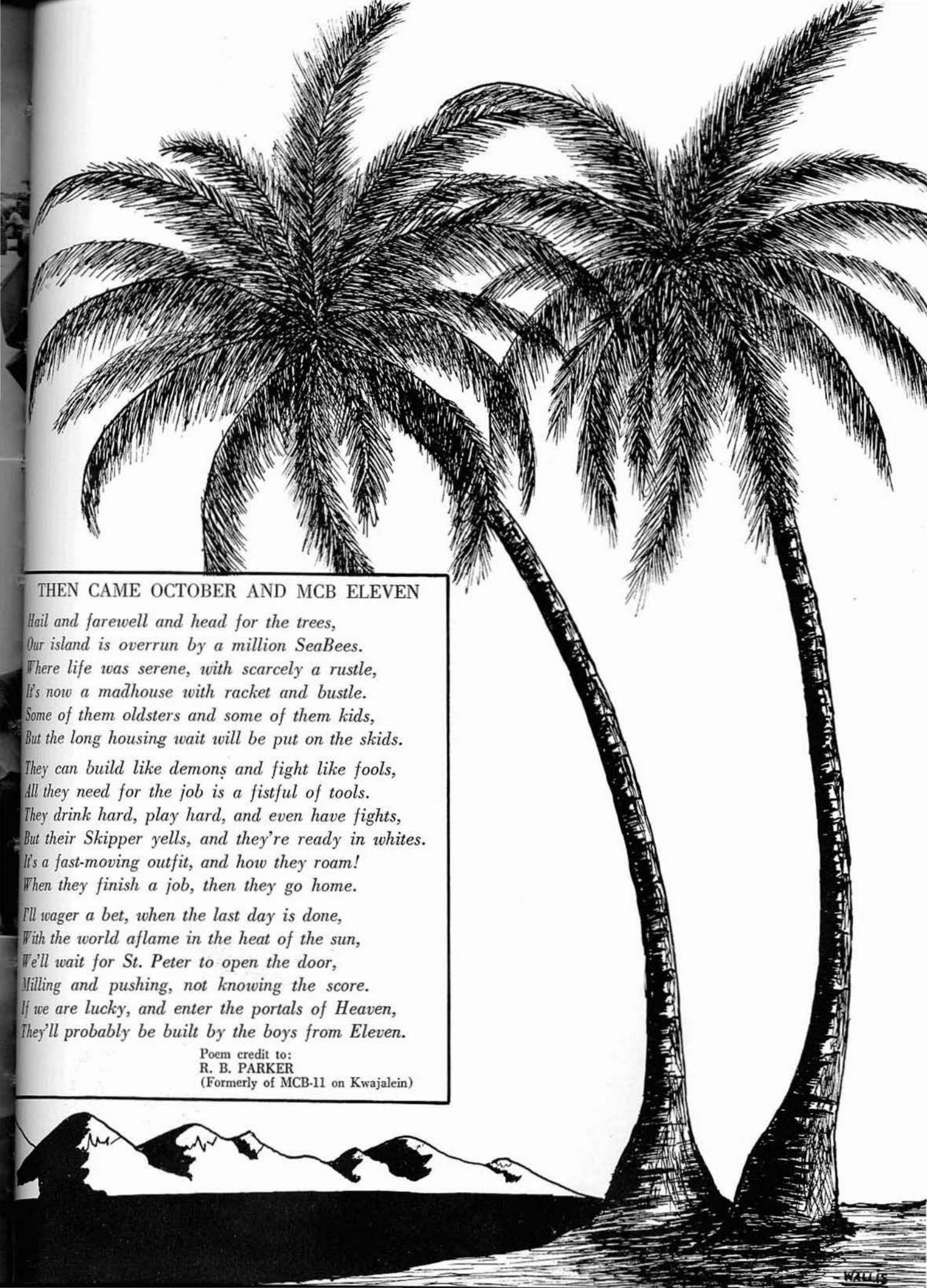
BOWLING . . . one of the men's favorite pastimes. We had two leagues and both of them proved highly successful tournaments for all involved. These particular pictures were taken at the first league's banquet, and considerable opinion was voiced concerning the capabilities of the "fleet" and the SeaBees. All present had an enjoyable and laugh filled evening as the Gunner proved to the Skipper that he had a better racket than the CO did.





Late in the deployment the Skipper received a dispatch from Commander, Naval Construction Forces, Pacific, stating that we would be leaving 11 June 1959 instead of our later departure date. Needless to say there were a lot of happy Bees when this news reached their ears. Packing and stowage of gear commenced almost immediately, and the day arrives when Eleven leaves Duva, on 10 June 1959.

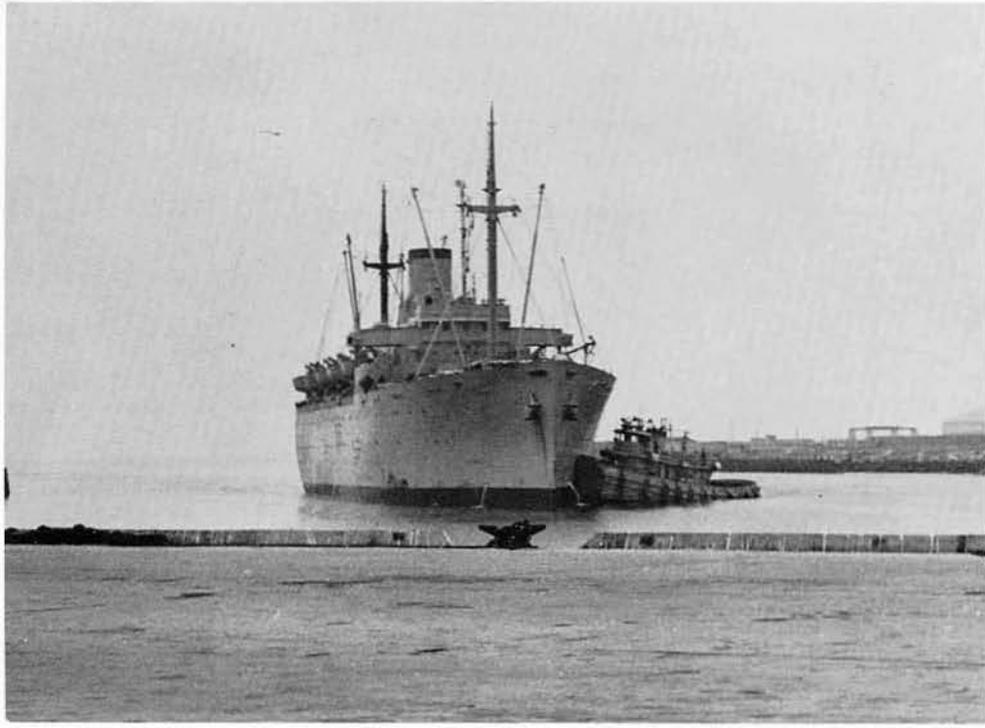




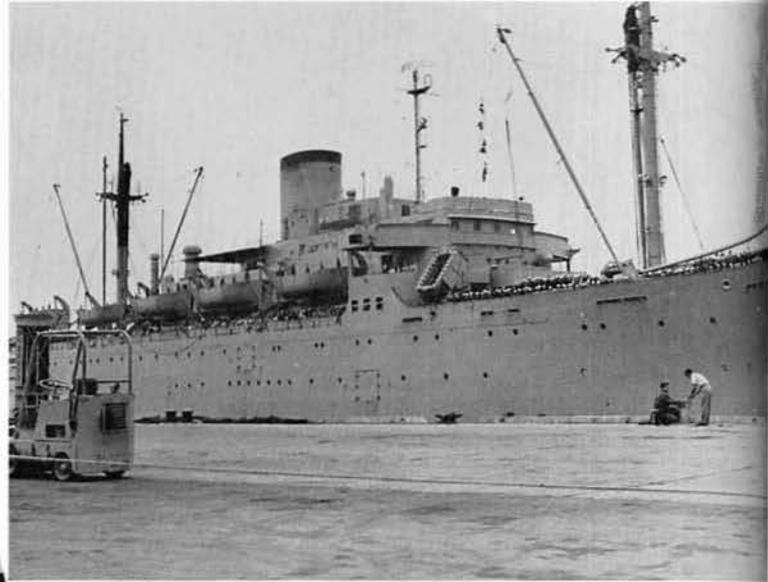
THEN CAME OCTOBER AND MCB ELEVEN

*Hail and farewell and head for the trees,
Our island is overrun by a million SeaBees.
Where life was serene, with scarcely a rustle,
It's now a madhouse with racket and bustle.
Some of them oldsters and some of them kids,
But the long housing wait will be put on the skids.
They can build like demons and fight like fools,
All they need for the job is a fistful of tools.
They drink hard, play hard, and even have fights,
But their Skipper yells, and they're ready in whites.
It's a fast-moving outfit, and how they roam!
When they finish a job, then they go home.
I'll wager a bet, when the last day is done,
With the world aflame in the heat of the sun,
We'll wait for St. Peter to open the door,
Milling and pushing, not knowing the score.
If we are lucky, and enter the portals of Heaven,
They'll probably be built by the boys from Eleven.*

Poem credit to:
R. B. PARKER
(Formerly of MCB-11 on Kwajalein)



and Home again . . .



a job very well done . . .

14580¢

