

U. S. Naval Mobile Construction Battalion

Bermuda-Eleuthera



1957

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MCB 4

Bermuda-Eleuthera 1957



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In Memory

There is one incident that will dim the bright memories of the Eleuthera Deployment for all the personnel who were present during the early months of 1957. On 21 May, Charles W. Martucci, Jr., CD2, USN, left the camp with three companions on an evening's fishing trip. The party experienced engine trouble and was stranded several miles off shore.

Since rescue efforts had not yet been successful the following day, Charles could not be restrained from an attempt to swim ashore in order to seek help. Although in excellent condition, he never was seen again. The other members of the party were rescued the following day. They were joined by the entire Battalion in search efforts, but to no avail. Charles was presumed to be lost at sea.

He was an excellent driver, a leading petty officer, and a credit to the Navy. Always one to be active, he was a hustling participant in athletics for "A" Company. Both on and off the job, he was known by his winning smile.

Shortly to be discharged, his disappearance was particularly untimely. With sorrow at his loss, the Battalion dedicates this 1957 Cruise Book to Charles W. Martucci, Jr.



Charles W. Martucci, Jr.
Construction Driver, Second Class
United States Navy

The Authors



This is the Seabees—the dry land “Can Do” black-shoe Navy. We’re pretty far removed from other members of the Nation’s Defense team, but we have our place.

There is little similarity between us and the Air Force high above among the fleecy clouds in their sleek and supersonic jets, or even “on the beach” in their shiny new chrome and blue sedans; or the modern Army with their fancy uniforms bedecked with all sorts of insignia and hardware; or even the Navy of mighty warships—carriers and guided missile cruisers—and the smart and cocky little ships that come and go on the high seas with a kind of chest-bursting pride. This is the Navy of slow-moving LST’s, and tough and sweaty work in ditches in Seabee greens, of “cum-shaw” and scrounge; usually, of “making do”.

U. S. Naval Mobile Construction Battalion FOUR has maintained a reputation for being sharp, smart, well-run in all facets of its administration, and for really producing on the job. Not only can we produce in quantity (at Guantanamo Bay, for instance, 129 permanent housing units in 129 days), but also in quality, which, we believe, is a notch or two above that of our peers.

We pride ourselves on being a happy ship; perhaps this is to some extent due to such things, but usually, we believe, it is the cause of them.

Such a reputation is neither acquired nor maintained by accident; it requires painstaking attention to duties day in and day out by every officer, petty officer, and nonrated man, because what we are and what we do is the sum of what each of us is and what each of us does. Through it all—to stay on top—there must be acceptance and recognition, by every FOUR man, of the fact that each job must not only be done to the best of his ability, but that it must also be done better than elsewhere: that FOUR demands and rates the best.

It is the men of FOUR, both past and present, who have made it the best, that this book honors. They wrote this story.

FOUR'S LOG:

8 March 1951	Commissioned at Norfolk, Virginia CDR C. A. Whyte, CEC, USNR, Commanding
8 March 1951 April 1951	Deployed to Bermuda Detachment ABLE sent to Port Lyautey, French Morocco
May 1951	MCB 4 deployed to Port Lyautey

October 1951	MCB 4 deployed to Davisville, Rhode Island (home port) LCDR P. R. O'Donnell, CEC, USN, Commanding
January 1952	MCB 4 deployed to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba
May 1952	MCB 4 deployed to Davisville
August 1952	MCB 4 deployed to Argentia, Newfoundland
December 1952	MCB 4 returns to Davisville
March 1953	MCB 4 deployed to Guantanamo Bay
August 1953	MCB 4 returns to Davisville
September 1953	LCDR J. V. Bartlett, CEC, USN, Commanding
October 1953	MCB 4 deployed to Port Lyautey
May 1954	MCB 4 returns to Davisville
August 1954	MCB 4 deployed to Guantanamo Bay
February 1955	MCB 4 returns to Davisville
May 1955	Detachment CHARLIE sent to Bermuda
May 1955	MCB 4 deployed to Port Lyautey
July 1955	LCDR G. A. Busbee, CEC, USN, Commanding
December 1955	MCB 4 returns to Davisville
February 1956	Eleuthera P & E Group established
March 1956	MCB 4 deployed to Argentia
March 1956	Detachment CHARLIE returns to Davisville
April 1956	CDR George G. Cornwell, Jr., CEC, USN, Commanding
June 1956	Detachment CHARLIE rejoins MCB 4
August 1956	Detachment FOXTROT sent to Davisville. Advance Party Eleuthera sent to Davisville
September 1956	Detachment FOXTROT deployed to Bermuda. MCB 4 returns to Davisville
October 1956	Detachment ECHO remains in Newfoundland
December 1956	Advance Party joins Detachment DELTA in Eleuthera
January 1957	Detachment ECHO rejoins MCB 4
April 1957	MCB 4 deployed to Eleuthera; absorbs DELTA
July 1957	Detachment ECHO decommissioned
October 1957	Detachment FOXTROT returns to Davisville
December 1957	MCB 4 returns to Davisville; absorbs FOXTROT
	Detachment GOLF remains in Eleuthera
	Detachment GOLF rejoins MCB 4; is decommissioned



CDR George G. Cornwell, Jr., CEC, USN
Commanding Officer

FOUR's Skipper

Executive Officer's Message

Past duty stations are never lost in memory. As you look at this Cruise Book your memories of our cruise to Eleuthera, and Bermuda will have begun to mellow into various shades of humor. I cannot help but wonder what it is that you now recall.

Will you recall the fact that FOUR was the outstanding Battalion in the Atlantic Fleet? I doubt it. Rather would you recall the hard work, and long hours that earned this reputation for FOUR. But even more than the hard work there will come to mind the friends that made the team. The friends, and the "Esprit de Corps" which they created to make life within the Battalion an experience not soon to be forgotten.

Each time I pick up my Cruise Book I'll hear a resounding "Well Done." But much more gratifying will be the knowledge that "Esprit de Corps" is more than a phrase, it is a living thing.

Commanding Officer's Message

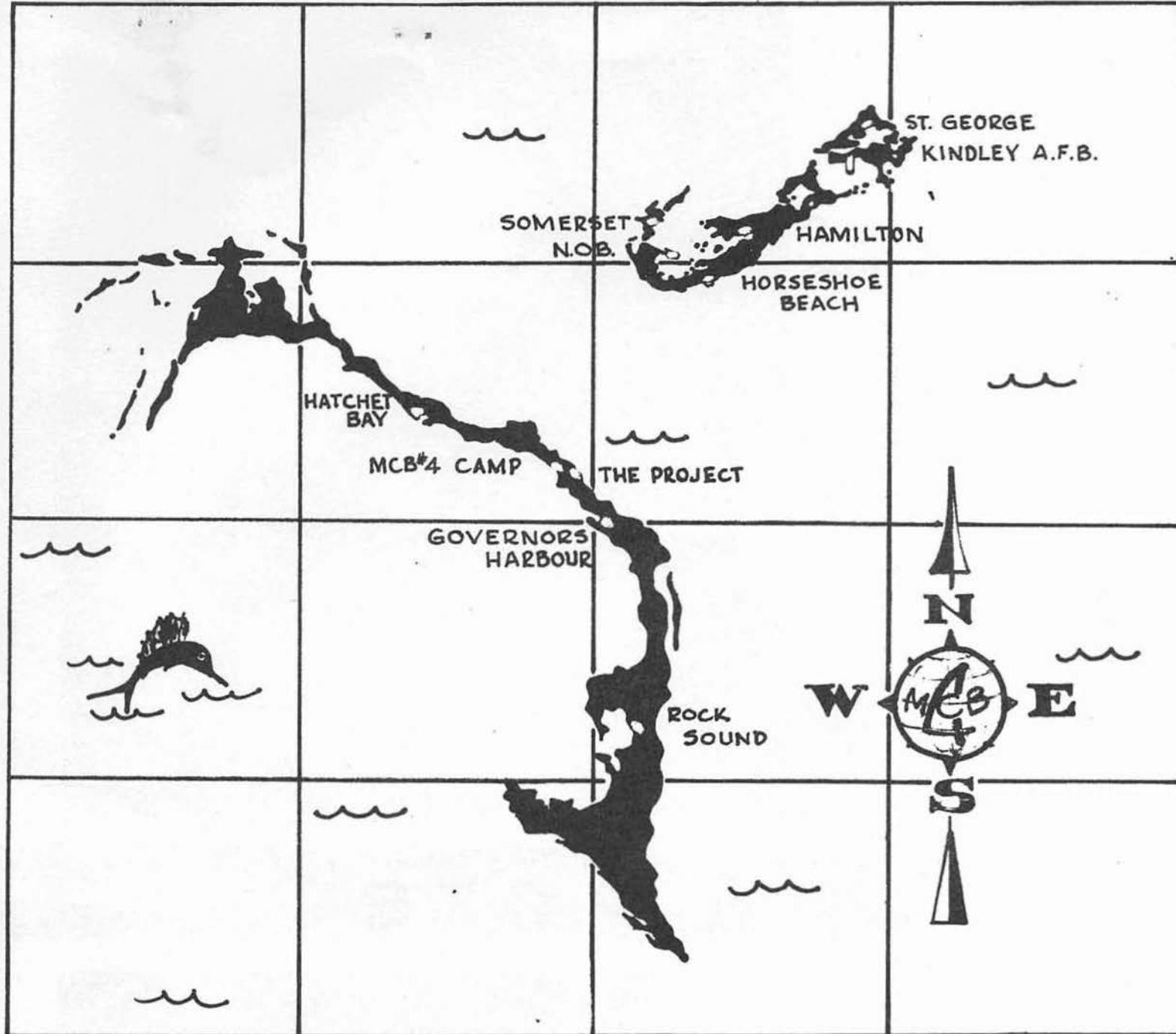
Startling announcements of satellite, rocket and missile accomplishment in recent months have caused eyes and minds suddenly to be focused skyward and beyond into space. Among the forces he has summoned from the unknown, man stands frightened. Any rash act may precipitate the destruction of our civilization if not of the human race. We must be constantly on the alert without panic or hysteria. We must be prepared to meet aggression if it comes. We must maintain our military arms at a level of strength that will deter a would-be aggressor. Even in selfish terms of survival, our obligation is not to find a co-existence but to oppose and overcome the forces of evil.

As my tour with the Battalion ends, it is my regret that I shall no longer share its achievements which add to your dignity as men, your perception of the truth, and your faith in universal good will.

and his "Exec"



LCDR Foster M. Lalor, Jr., CEC, USN
Executive Officer



FOUR's Story:

THIS IS THE STORY of two islands—Eleuthera, in the Bahamas, and Bermuda—and U. S. Mobile Construction Battalion FOUR, usually referred to simply as "FOUR".

There is something about islands that captures the imagination of men. Perhaps it is their isolation, their complete removal from the ordinary hustle and bustle of landlocked existence. Perhaps it is the fascinating and romantic history of many islands. It is true that islands have throughout the ages exerted a special appeal to adventurous and romantic souls.

It was an even more compelling force, however, that brought the men of FOUR to their two islands: in Navy jargon it is called COMSERVLANT Movement orders. We came to build, and build we did. This is the story of what we did, a story complete with plot, climaxes, and even a few anti-climaxes

thrown in for good measure, aside from the daily crises always met and somehow solved on any construction job at the tail end of a long and sometimes completely baffling chain of requisitions, ship schedules, dispatches, stock numbers, and purchase orders that collectively are known as "The Navy Supply System."

In this story the first few chapters seemed to drag on interminably. It all began way back when FOUR was deployed at Port Lyautey, French Morocco in 1955; the magic word "Eleuthera" (which means "Freedom") then entered FOUR's vocabulary when notification was received that this island was to be the site of an ensuing deployment. This was to be a new type of deployment for a Battalion; we were going to handle it lock, stock, and barrel, from all the preliminary planning to material procurement for the project, to shipping, to moving in on the

island completely independent and completely self-supporting, to building a complete Naval activity—right down to putting the last piece of furniture in place. This is not the way Seabees normally operate when deployed at established Naval Stations.

It was a challenging job and a big job, and it called for a lot of careful planning. The first step was to establish a Planning and Estimating Group to tackle the mammoth job of tying down all the loose ends—to take the plans and specifications furnished and insure that all the necessary material, tools, and equipment was ordered, not only for the project but also for erection of complete living facilities for the Battalion for a period of many months; to see that the right stuff got there at the right time, and to do all the necessary detailed planning for a smoothly-operating construction program once the entire Battalion arrived at the site. This group, one officer and twelve men, set up shop at Davisville, Rhode Island, in February, 1956. From the first there were problems. One of the major problems was acquisition of land for the site, all of the dealings being at the State Department level with a foreign Government.

Since FOUR had returned to Davisville from Port Lyautey in December, 1955 and circumstances prevented deployment to Eleuthera the following March, the end of the normal three-month Stateside deployment, the Battalion was temporarily deployed to Argentia, Newfoundland, until Eleuthera "broke." Literally, if not figuratively, put "on ice."

The Newfoundland story is another story—and another book. It had an end that was quite a bit longer in coming than foreseen at the outset. Throughout the many months of snow and ice, fog, rain, mud, rock, long work days, and interminable quonset huts to build—over a hundred of them erected in triple-size units in a peat bog—the magic faraway island "Eleuthera", like some vague will-o'-the-wisp, beckoned us on. A three month deployment, bit by bit, dragged out into a seven month deployment as we waited for the word: "Come back to Davisville and outfit for Eleuthera!" We knew the Island was still there; we had sent another officer with a twelve man detachment down there in February to take over and play housekeepers to the remains of a tent camp left by the Army Engineers that we had plans to live in.

We had finally reached the stage that we were vaguely aware that Eleuthera was still in the works but hardly realized that the words had meaning anymore when, in mid-July (just a couple of weeks after the Newfoundland summer, which came and went on the Fourth of July) we got the word, but it had more syllables than we expected: in August we were to send back to Davisville an Advance Party for Eleuthera, and send

back a detachment to deploy to Bermuda as well! Such was the origin of Detachment **DELTA** and Detachment **FOXTROT** (although the stationkeeping group on Eleuthera formed the original Delta). It seemed unbelievable when the LST 1153 slipped into Placentia Bay in the morning fog of 10 August and the slow transfer of Battalion personnel toward Eleuthera was begun!

FOXTROT had a quick—if head-spinning—time of it in the States, shipping out for a ten-month deployment in Bermuda scarcely three weeks out of Newfoundland. The Advance Party merged with P&E and shipped out for Eleuthera on 4 October less than a week after the main body returned to the States leaving another Detachment, appropriately named **ECHO**, behind to carry on in Newfoundland.

Detachment **ECHO** which had, in order, LTJG W. K. Morrow, LT D. M. Feinman, and CWO L. F. Cole as officers in charge, subsequently returned to Davisville in December, but was assigned a project at the Sun Valley Rifle Range and not decommissioned until the following April.

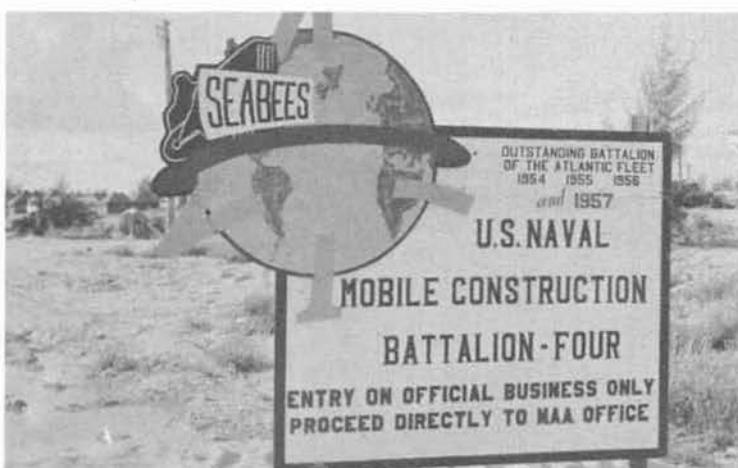
"Mobile" somewhat inadequately described this Construction Battalion during this period of reshuffling; "Fluid" would be a better term. Little bits and chunks of FOUR were scattered all over the Atlantic. At one time before the main body left Argentia there were more Battalion officers in Davisville in connection with the comings and goings of different segments of the Battalion than were left in Newfoundland! The mother hen had a lot of chickens.

Although it means the beginning of a long separation from family, normal Stateside life and in this case even a great many of the accepted conveniences of day-to-day living, usually everybody's anxious to get out into the field again. Somehow a Battalion just doesn't seem to be its real self until "out on deployment."

It's not surprising then that, following the routine of leaves, military training, ceremonial reviews, special and not-so-special liberties, and all the other things that go to make up a Davisville Deployment, it was with a great sense of anticipation that the two "lifts" of Battalion personnel pulled away from the snow-whitened Davisville Pier in the LST 694, encrusted in ice, in late January and early February, respectively.

This was it! This was to be THE deployment. A tropical Bahamian paradise, a really challenging project that was ours and ours alone, a completely reorganized Battalion, a real opportunity to operate as a completely self-supporting Mobile Unit.

the coral islands



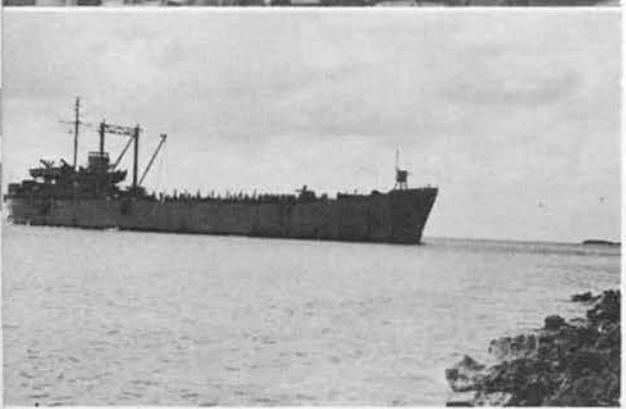


An inspection and review is an integral part of the Davisville deployment. Here, CWO L. F. Cole presents "B" Company to Captain H. G. Clark, COMCBLANT.

Many of us got our first look at Eleuthera from the air, joining FOUR after the deployment had already begun. This photograph gives a good idea of what the Island is like. The triangular peninsula in the center of the picture was the campsite, next to the airstrip. The island to the left was the favorite spear-fishing spot. Below the camp, and appearing to stretch all across the Island is the project, and immediately below this are the Naval Experimental Facility and PanAm. Distinctive features of the landscape are the two water catchment areas, PanAm's (black) and the one we built (white).

For a period of several months, FOUR men were coming and going in every direction. The pictures below show FOXTROT and the Advance Party, fresh from Newfoundland, debarking at Davisville; DELTA underway to Eleuthera; the main body pulling into the Eleuthera landing; and members of the second lift debarking at Eleuthera to join their shipmates.

FOUR's Story:



The beautiful clear blue, and then green waters off the Florida coast; the warm, fresh breezes of the Bahamas; the cool, moonlit nights at sea when phosphorescence danced in the jet-black turbulence around the milky wake of the ship; then, finally, a long thin dark-green line of the horizon; Eleuthera at last! In a way—to those who had been in FOUR for awhile—it seemed like an end rather than a beginning. We had arrived at the promised land.

But it was the beginning of the Eleuthera deployment—eight months of tent life, good solid work "on the hill", spear fishing among the coral formations, liberties in Governour's Harbour, a trip or two to Nassau ...

Eleuthera is not a large island, long and curving, with a length of 90 miles and breadth of normally a mile or so. And there's not much on it, except for a few "native" villages and three settlements that remotely resemble extremely small-sized American towns. FOUR called it "The Rock" and such it was, with irregular coral and limestone terrain densely covered with man-high underbrush but hardly any trees. Not the sandy, palm tree covered island you picture from the travel folders. But it does have incomparable green waters and beautiful pink beaches, and, of course, the gentle Bahamian climate.

DELTA had done its work: the camp was ready for use when the Battalion arrived. A red clay gash on the hillside marked the project site for those of us gliding into the landing aboard the "T". No time was lost in commencing work on the structures "on the hill" for there was much to be built in a few months—and in squaring away our living and operating spaces "down in the area"—for we were going to spend some good eight months there, and, besides, we were due for a full-dress inspection within a couple of months. We were shooting to cop the title as outstanding Battalion of the Atlantic Fleet for the fourth straight year by being the outstanding battalion. We knew we could—and would.

But there were more pressing sources of concern at times. Some found the Bahamian winds can be pretty chilly at night whistling through a flapping tent, when the only way you can get warm is to go to bed. The necessity of moving bunks around in the middle of the night to avoid rain pouring through leaks in the canvas could get a little annoying. And you wondered if you'd remember to use the flush handle when you saw a commode again.

The word "Fluid" has been used to describe the Battalion. Perhaps at no time is this more apt than when a Battalion moves into a new location: just as water must always seek out and adapt itself to the shape of the container into which it is poured, the Battalion, too, must quickly adjust itself to its new situation and settle down in its new environment.

A lot of effort made the camp the neatest and most comfortable that could be had. As a followup to the Battalion reorgani-



movement and change

zation, a flood of mimeographed instructions and notices issued from the Administrative Office as the Battalion orders were all brought up-to-date. Comparatively high standards of appearance and conduct were established (even if in dungarees and crowded tents). We settled down for the deployment—and the inspection. We began to get accustomed to living and working on Eleuthera, and, in general, found that it did in fact have it all over Newfoundland, even if there was hardly anywhere to go.

March saw a triple birthday celebration: the Seabee's 15th birthday on 5 March, FOUR's sixth birthday on 8 March and the Civil Engineer Corps 75th birthday on 2 March. It was an all afternoon and evening party, ending with an amateur show in our newly-completed thatched-roof beer garden. And who else as the guest of honor but Clarence Blocker, the one remaining plank-owner of the Battalion?

The COMCBLANT inspection team came, saw (they were given the full treatment, including a dress white review, the only occasion we ever wore whites on account of the shortage of water for laundering), and judged. We knew we were the best, and they agreed with us, filling their detailed inspection report with excellents and outstandings after delving into every detail of how we lived and worked. We were a pretty proud outfit.

Life on Eleuthera, in its way, was rather pleasant—especially at this time of the year before the weather got too hot. Of course, there was a daily routine, punctuated by bugle calls that told us when to get up, go to bed, go to church, the movies or even chow. But you got used to that. We didn't even mind the shifts in the daily routine, as we went from a "normal" day to daylight saving time and tropical working hours, and then finally winding up toward the end of the deployment with a semi-tropical work day on standard time. At least these changes furnished as little variety in day to day life, although it was funny that first morning on tropical hours when we got up at what we had been calling three thirty a.m. (0330) and mustered for quarters in complete darkness. Things did get a little lighter within half an hour after we went to work! When the Chaplain scheduled a sunrise service for Easter morning it just meant that everyone could sleep in a little later than usual before going to chapel.

A construction battalion is unique in the military. A very definite Naval and therefore military organization, it functions at the same time like a contracting corporation; it is essentially a working organization that must produce a concrete finished product. And this finished product, which is normally expected to be constructed with an acceptable degree of skill and craftsmanship, must be done in large part by people with only a minimum of training or experience in that type of work. This is part of the theory that sustains such Battalions in existence: the training and experience that we get in deploying overseas and tackling such jobs. But it means hard work, just as any con-

struction job means hard work—some of it just pure labor and sweat and some of it calling for high skill and infinite patience to produce a finished product you'll be proud of. Construction commitments, too, usually require exceptional efforts on the part of Battalion personnel to meet required completion dates with a finished job of acceptable workmanship. It is the rule, rather than the exception, for Battalions to work extra long hours (usually much longer than neighboring Naval activities) in order to meet all these requirements. But we get used to it, and accept the fact, and even take a kind of pride in it—though sometimes it can wear a little thin.

The long afternoons left by the tropical working day were pretty nice—fine for liberty, or skin-diving, or boating if you happened to own a boat or be "in" with someone who did. But we got quite a jolt when tragedy struck one of these boating expeditions: four men helplessly floating adrift in the beautiful Bahamian waters for a night and a day, and only three came back. A full-scale sea-air-land search for a number of days yielded no clue to the missing man's fate, and many pairs of boondockers were worn out in the search on the sharp and jagged coral formations where Eleuthera abruptly stopped and the sea began.

Then, acceptance of the fact that Charles Martucci was dead, and a solemn Requiem Mass by Father Strang in the Mess Hall.

The workday routine was broken by one institution known as "Training Saturdays"—a few lectures on various military and general informational subjects and a monthly dungaree pass-in-review. Had to keep in practice on that sort of thing. The fancier marching we left to Chief Robillard and his drill team, who did a lot of practicing in the afternoons and waved the flag for FOUR over in Miami on Armed Forces Day. At least, though, there was some point to trying to look like sharp sailors when you marched: with this new inter-company "Gung Ho" competition your Company might find itself with a day off! That wasn't too hard to take (though in typical Seabee fashion most people protested they'd rather work on the hill than put up with the whole idea of training; of course, the training officer insisted they just didn't get the point!) By this time some of the old timers with FOUR were really drifting out in numbers, although it was surprising how many even older-timers were back in the Battalion again, many by request. A Battalion is like that: in a constant state of change, with men coming and going every day. Sometimes this can yield great fluctuations in size, even in a short time. In Cuba we had over a thousand, in Newfoundland from five to six hundred, and here in Eleuthera our total population was a little over four hundred. We kept thinking that more men to help us would get our work done quicker—but the limited water supply hauled several miles from James Cistern (no cistern at all, in fact, but a great big natural well with both fresh and salt water) could support only so many. The Exec kept reminding us every day: take a shipboard shower—watch the water.

At any rate, for the number of us there was we had a lot to do; the duty section could count on a real workout in off-loading the "M" boats and "T's" that came in if the working forces siphoned off the project failed to complete their work by the end of the work day. Fresh provisions, milk, project supplies sand, gravel, and tons and tons of cement stored in Sphinx-like masses of pallets covered (if somewhat scantily) by ragged and leaky tent canvas, the best shelter available. Sometimes when a ship came in there was no rest for the weary. But all this sort of thing goes to make up a deployment.

"The Happy Wanderer" poking fun at us in our resort life in his weekly column in the "Basemaster" helped us to laugh at ourselves as we sweated our way through each day in the tents in camp or up on the hill. Through it all, slowly and hardly noticeably to those who worked on it every day, the project grew. It began to take form. You could go up on the hill and get a rough idea of what it was to look like when it was finished.

It was about this time that we had more visitors: a group of civilian writers flew in to study us and how we lived and worked for several days to write a Navy manual on the administration of a Mobile Construction Battalion. It was something of a compliment, we thought, that we were the only battalion they visited in the field. Sometime earlier we had half-way expected another visitor to the island. President Eisenhower spent several days cruising Exuma Sound, south of Eleuthera, on his way out to Bermuda. It is a fact that the Columbine III also spent several days on the airstrip next to the camp, that helicopters plied between the strip and the "Canberra", and that there is a top-flight golf course at Cotton Bay, on the South end of the island.

The days of the summer seemed to go by fast—at least compared to the previous year in Newfoundland. Every four days you had the duty, and oftentimes when you had the duty you spent four extra hours slapping mosquitoes in the darkness on the hill or guarding the life and property of FOUR from the

little gate sentry shack or whiling away the time in the MAA tent—and occasionally there was a little excitement like an accident on the road, or once a stolen pickup, or that sort of thing. The duty UT must have had quite a time of it keeping the galley going from the number of calls for him over the squawk box. (It also used to sound a trifle funny to hear the imperious voice over the squawk box instructing the duty section to "lay down behind the Master-at-Arms shack!" For muster—not rest.)

The initiation of the "boot" chiefs, the days when you got soaked in the rain coming into camp in the manhaul, the movies that started before dark because taps was not long after dark, weekend "camera" trips, Governor's Harbour, the Clear Tide, the Buccaneer, the Rock Sound Club (perhaps the most complete removal from Seabee existence to be found on the Island)—all these things ticked off the days as the end of the deployment grew nearer, and the red line on the progress chart by the parade ground climbed slowly upward. At least a couple of times you could get special liberty and hop over to Nassau on the BAL plane and forget you were in the Navy for a weekend. That was as far away as you could get, though, because a Seabee can't take leave to go home once he's out on deployment. Not like the civilians at PanAm, or the Naval Facility.

At one time it was said that we were to be done and gone by the first of August, but that was way back at the beginning of the project. Then the date of 1 September was mentioned, but it was still up in the air until we were told that ship schedules were set up for October. There was a certain uncertainty about the whole business. It got a little tough to get the word, even if in garbled fashion, once they stopped having the duty driver pick up dispatches and bring them back to the MAA Office. But the Battalion Command, recognizing the need for a well-informed crew, was quick to put out the poop as soon as it had definite information in hand. One thing we were told from the beginning: "We don't go home til we finish!" This turned out to be true.

The Softball team, which had made a good record for us on



FOUR's Story: the

Both Bermuda and the Bahamas, FOUR found, were interesting places: they had (for us) many of the advantages of foreign countries, but few of the disadvantages (a language barrier, for example). Front Street, in Hamilton, Bermuda (top picture), could almost have been transplanted to Nassau and called Bay Street (second picture), so striking were the similarities. In other respects, however, Bermuda and the Bahamas were vastly different. In the third picture the Skipper and Blocker put the sword to FOUR's birthday cake.



dressy side of it



the Island with the PanAm base and the Naval Facility, and had gone over to Nassau to play a couple of times, brought back a little of glory when they went off to Norfolk to become runners-up in the COMSERVLANT tournament. Meanwhile, the manhaul continued to go back and forth to the project twice a day, and the liberty bus to ply back and forth to Governor's Harbour every night. And the buildings got flesh in their hollow shells. Time flies! It was startling on Eleuthera just how fast it can fly!

Then came the rains, the slow process of orderly dismantlement of the camp, and plans to leave and set up a detachment to remain behind. The last big push on the project was at hand, all special liberties were terminated, and a growing expectation awaited publication of the lists telling who was going on the first lift, who on the second, and who was staying behind. (Sort of like that weekend of tension in Newfoundland right before the word was put out on who was going to Bermuda, who to Eleuthera, and when, and who was staying in Newfoundland.)

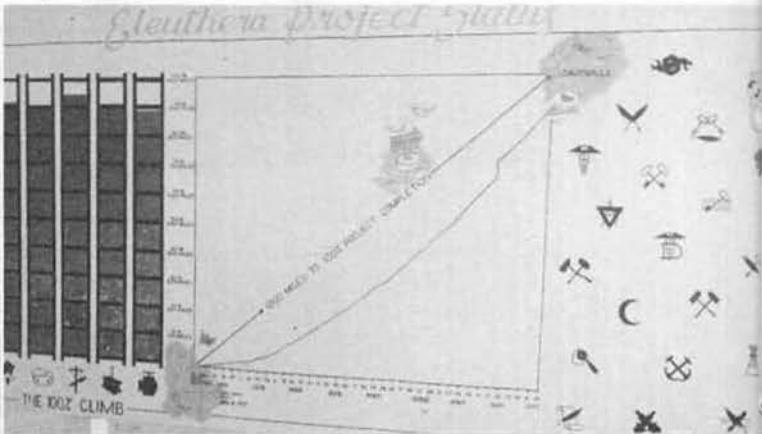
By this time the project was nearing final completion, and a source of pride it was to those who worked on it. The draftees caught it in the neck—or so they thought: they were all eligible for an early "out" but were all likewise going to remain in the detachment to be shipped out directly to separation as their work was done. This plan made sense on the battalion's part, since it avoided having many men stay in Eleuthera till December, only to ship out for Lyautey (for Port Lyautey and Morocco were next on tap for FOUR) in January; however, this sort of logic had no appeal to the draftees.

On 3 October the first lift left, and those who remained forgot about quitting time, weekends, and everything else to knock the project out and leave a minimum of work for Detachment GOLF, which was to stay behind. Sputnik 1, which had just signaled the dawn of a new era of speed and distance, was still whirling around in outer space at 18,000 miles per hour as the LST 694 plowed northward at ten knots.

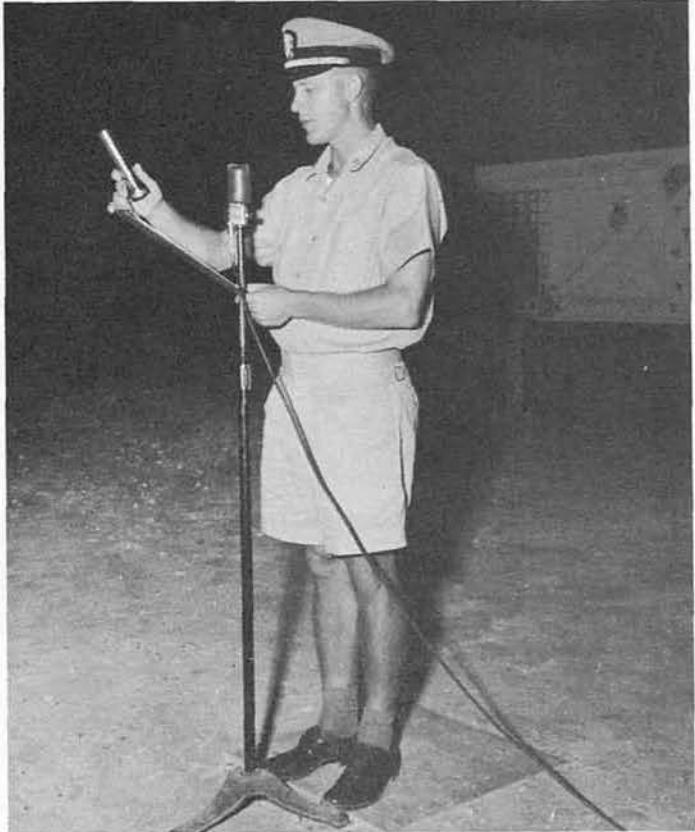
Above is a sight very few of us had an opportunity to see: FOUR forming up for the COMCBLANT inspection and review on our camp parade ground. At left, the Commodore, with his staff, receives the salute of the Executive Officer and staff during the review.



FOUR's Story: the



The drill team used to practice a lot in the afternoons; the rest of us confined our marching to Training Saturday days (left). But we did have a military formation at quarters every morning (below), though at one period we held quarters in complete darkness (right). Unloading LSTs and LSMs (far left) was a routine chore, to keep us and the project (below, left) supplied. But eight and a half months saw us done, and ready to cash in that round-trip ticket and leave!

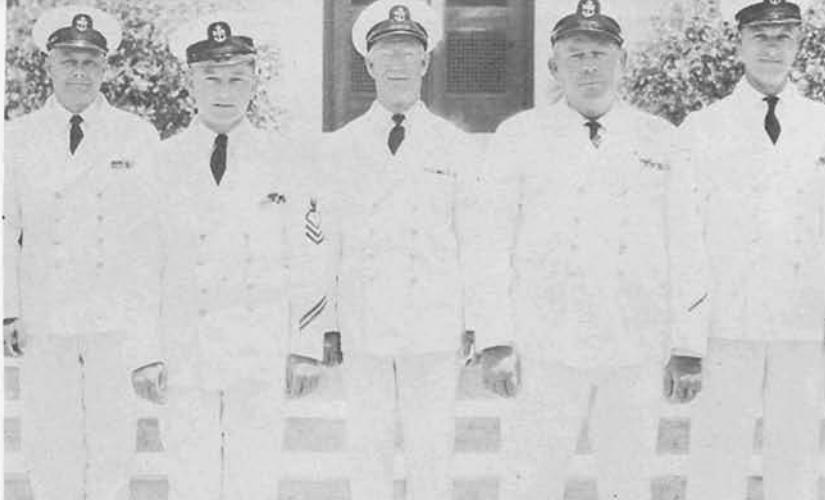


routine side of it

The deployment was over, and we were headed back to Davisville and home, then back to that place of fond memories, Port Lyautey, and that place of happy promise, Rota, Spain—and not down to San Salvador and Grand Turk as had once been rumored. "SEVEN"—whom we had been rivaling with their similar project being done at the same time down at Barbados—would have that double-barreled nightmare. And they would have our camp and a lot of our equipment plus the benefits of an engineering study we had made for them as well. We were just as happy to be headed eastward again. Islands are all right—up to a point! Some of the DELTA people especially, who had been on The Rock for a year, thought it would be nice to see what civilization was like before they were too old to enjoy it.

The deployment was over, but it had been a classic in its way, it would be a long time before FOUR would have another nearly so ideal. It was not at all a typical Seabee deployment, but it was the way you'd expect a typical Seabee deployment to be; sort of like the rare occasion when you visit some famous place you've never been before and find it's just like you expected it to be. We had lived a lot and learned a lot, but were just as glad that it was over. We had left a permanent monument behind us that our own labor made peculiarly ours—that sort of self-satisfaction is one of the great rewards of construction. We had enjoyed it, we would be left with many memories, but it had now become a part of the past, to be lived over again only in this book.

This is our story . . .



Detachment FOXTROT Chief Petty Officers: W. A. Koebke, BMC (CMAA), L. B. Stevens, BUC, R. B. Kolb, BULC, C. Lea, CDC, J. F. Yerashunas, SWC. Not shown: T. M. Anderson, CDC, and E. J. Reynolds, SWC, J. R. Clemons, CDCA.

Detachment Foxtrot:

JUST AS THE ELEUTHERA DEPLOYMENT seemed to epitomize a normal Seabee deployment in those very things which, in fact, made it untypical—an independent deployment on an isolated island with only one project—so the deployment of Detachment FOXTROT at Bermuda was also a study in contrasts: it typified the type of deployment normally experienced by a full-scale battalion but not at all representative of what such a Detachment might expect. For FOXTROT, deployed at a Naval Station such as Atlantic Battalions have normally been in the past, had a multitude of unrelated projects on its construction plan—over 40 in all, scattered all over the Station—that required it to function in almost exactly the same way a Battalion usually does, except on a smaller scale.

But FOXTROT, by the time it arrived at Bermuda, had during its brief existence become used to odd and unexpected twists. Even its inception was unexpected: in the middle of July 1956, like a bolt from the blue, FOUR was directed to commission a fifty-man detachment to deploy to Bermuda with a brief stopover at Davisville to pick up another 100 men. Within three weeks this nucleus of FOXTROT had been commissioned (at quarters in Newfoundland, on the 9th of August, 47 men with LTJG Sullivan as officer in charge and ENS Buenz as Assistant Officer in Charge) and were underway to Davisville; Bermuda sounds great, and anything to get out of Newfoundland!

There wasn't much time for leave—the only one we would get for well-nigh a year—and that three week period in Davisville, saw FOXTROT reduced to little more than a collection of duplicate copies of leave papers in the MAA shack. But in the meantime there was work to be done for those who remained: to find out just what our job or jobs would be in Bermuda; to determine requirements and then completely outfit with all those multitudinous items that would be necessary for a ten month deployment as a separate Naval activity; to check over all the heavy equipment (and we had enough to do justice to some battalions!); to find and then process into FOXTROT the additional 100 men; to organize the Detachment and rough out our program for the deployment; and to arrange for shipping out. There were a few who didn't get much of that precious leave.

Finally, two days prior to departure, the new men arrived: 85 in all, almost all from MCB ONE (on its way to the Antarctic), including 11 petty officers. The rest would report to FOXTROT in Bermuda, after having volunteered or having been drafted from SEVEN's Detachment GOLF, whom we were relieving on site.

We left two days earlier than expected: only four hours

after the deadline when all leave had been set to expire. You had hardly reported back aboard the CBC but what you picked up your seabag and boarded the bus for the pier.

For land-lubbing Seabees the trip out was a pretty rough one (an LST isn't quite a floating island like a battleship) but within a couple of days, noisily plowing forward through the quiet night in the inimitable way of an LST, we first sighted the distant lights of Bermuda, shortly before the nightly on-deck movie. What a promise those beckoning pinpoints of red and white lights seemed to hold out to us through the clear darkness, which concealed all indications of Bermuda's character!

Eager with anticipation, all hands except mess cooks and compartment cleaners lined the decks in the bright mid-ocean sun the following morning as the LST slowly made its way alongside the green, foliage-covered shore, intermittently dotted with neat, white-roofed little homes. Past Spanish Point, Ireland Island, and Her Majesty's Dockyard we slipped, finally easing alongside the Naval Station pier at 0830.

Then began perhaps the most hectic single day in FOX-TROT's existence: the on-site relief of SEVEN GOLF. There was cargo, mostly in the form of equipment, to be offloaded (almost all of it through the bow); debarkation; moving into our new quarters; offices to be set up; more men to receive from GOLF; tools and equipment to be inventoried for receipt; projects to be inspected; and that first liberty in our new home! By that night the five "task teams" into which the Detachment had been divided to accomplish all these functions had taken care of these matters and many more, FOXTROT was unequivocally established in its new home, and GOLF and all its equipment and personnel were aboard the "T" waiting for the morning sun to shove off for the States once more.

We were not so fortunate as GOLF in assignment of spaces: the impending arrival of VP-45 on permanent transfer from Coco Solo created new problems on the overcrowded Naval Station, and it turned out to be the Seabees who had to cushion the impact of this transfer. We could not, for instance, have SEVEN's barracks. Instead, we had to take over a virtually abandoned building not previously used as a barracks, and live in it at the same time we were remodeling it to make it liveable, while half of us were established in a separate wing of the permanent Naval Station barracks. We had to live out of seabags for many weeks while the Station waited for additional lockers to arrive on the "Short Splice."

And—as might be expected—there was a "hot" project: to pave an additional seaplane parking area that SEVEN had brought to subgrade, this to accommodate the additional P5Ms coming in with VP-45.

Somehow, we quickly found ourselves organized—into four platoons, each commanded by one of the chiefs, and working crews, each normally headed by a First Class—and lost no time in getting to work. The excellent senior petty officers (including three of our four chiefs) and men who joined us either willingly or unwillingly from SEVEN were a big help in those early days due to their familiarity with the jobs, the local situation, and all.

Now we were neither from FOUR in Newfoundland, ONE, CBBU, or SEVEN: we were MCB FOUR Detachment FOXTROT, and we could lick anything! Even the job: our Drivers put in a lot of extra time to speed up that asphalt-penetration paving, from loading aggregate on the barge at Kindley AFB on the other end of the Island or ferrying it through the narrow, winding, left-hand drive, 20 mph roads in the big International dumps, to spraying asphalt until late at night. The block plant was rehabilitated and production recommenced; the MEMQs,

which had dragged on through several deployments, were invaded; several remodeling jobs were commenced, and FOX-TROT soon found itself the strong right arm of the Public Works Department.

The number of autocycles outside our barracks quickly grew, and the familiar yellow ball (used originally in Newfoundland to distinguish FOUR's equipment and vehicles from that of Public Works) became a familiar sight on the Station as our equipment and vehicles went about their workday tasks. Shortly, it began to look as though we owned the Naval Station as our distinctive "yellow ball" signs rose in every corner to mark our projects, offices, or shops, each proudly indicating the petty officer in charge of that particular activity.

Bermuda, in its rather diminutive way, was enchanting—although some of the disgruntled old-timers there would disagree with this. With its lush, tropical vegetation (more so than Eleuthera proved to offer), its picturesque limestone hills

off to Bermuda



LT D. M. Feinman, CEC, USN
Officer in Charge (Jan-Oct)



LTJG E. M. Sullivan, CEC, USNR
Officer in Charge (Aug-Dec)



ENS J. F. Buenz, Jr., CEC, USNR
Assistant Officer in Charge

lined with the blight-killed cedars, its beautifully-colored waters; and its charming people with their "foreign" (yet likewise strongly American) ways, its fine hotels, cocktail lounges, and the wonderful change in weather from Newfoundland, why shouldn't we be happy.

Within three weeks of our arrival we were hit by the Reservists: four groups in succession, to be followed by three more in the Spring, all on two weeks' training duty. Mostly they fitted in pretty well, working alongside us on the crews but living in another barracks, even though they did cause Chief Kobl to get a few more grey hairs every two weeks trying to second-guess the erratic schedules on which they arrived at Kindley.

Within only a few weeks after our arrival, we commenced work on our Number One project, to construct a new seaplane ramp. FOXTROT's "Project 5: Construct Cofferdam and Re-build North Seaplane Ramp" was a real challenge. There were those who said the Seabees couldn't do it. "Not so!" said LT Paul Jasper, then the Naval Station Public Works Officer, who had designed the cofferdam and ramp. The original ramp had been built in the early Forties, consisting of concrete pontoons sunk in place and connected to the shore by a concrete slab. So deteriorated it had to be condemned, it was to be replaced by a solid concrete ramp projecting out into the water on a one to ten slope to a distance of over 100 feet, the slab being in some places four feet thick. A "cofferdam"—to the uninitiated—is simply a hole in earth or water (or both) surrounded by a temporary dike, dam, or retaining wall to hold back the earth or water, permitting construction "in the dry." In this case, it was to be a U-shaped dam abutting the shore, with forty foot wide walls of steel sheetpiling (well-braced together by heavy steel tiebars and wales) filled with over 13,000 cubic yards of sand. The plan was to build the cofferdam, then pump out the water (a cofferdam is considered "successful" as long as water can be pumped out faster than it will flow in) then pour the gigantic concrete slab, then remove the cofferdam and leave the Naval Station with a nice, brand-new seaplane ramp on the opposite side of the peninsula from their existing ones, to permit operations regardless of which way the wind was blowing.

But the North Seaplane Ramp was not the only project we had by any means: we had paving to do, drainage problems

to solve, buildings to reglaze and repaint, water catchment areas to work on (one to resurface and one to construct), and several good building construction projects.

FOXTROT worked hard on its projects (although we had adopted local working hours, which meant we probably had the shortest hours of any Seabees on deployment in the Atlantic, we still worked longer and harder than anyone else on the Station) but at the same time was out to prove that it could be about the smartest and sharpest Seabee unit in the Atlantic. Our first month saw the start of formal monthly personnel inspections as we preened ourselves before high-ranking officers of the various Naval activities: Captain Lang, Commanding Officer of the Naval Station, Commander Owens, senior Aviation Unit Commander, even Rear Admiral Nunn, Commander Service Force, Atlantic Fleet, who was said to have left Bermuda more impressed with the Seabees than anyone else. We wanted to make a good impression on the Admiral, since we were the first Seabees for him to visit in his new job as our big boss. We had to do the honors for the Navy in Bermuda by furnishing a marching contingent for their local Remembrance Day observance in Hamilton (we used to call it Armistice Day; now it's Veteran's Day). We made it a point to keep our spaces neater and cleaner than those around us. We were proud of FOXTROT, and we knew we were in FOUR, the best of the lot!

We played hard, too: a dramatic last-second play in the afternoon sun of Thanksgiving Day gave us victory over the Marines in the final game of the Naval Station touch football series, and gave us the Naval Station championship as well, this at about the same time that DELTA was walking off with the softball trophy of Eleuthera. We worked hard for the basketball trophy, as well, but you can't win 'em all! We were, however, represented by three men on the Naval Station team when it went to Norfolk for the SERVLANT tournament the following February.

The same week Admiral Nunn visited the Naval Station, in mid-December, we had a visit by Captain H. G. Clark, COMCBLANT, and FOUR's skipper, Commander Cornwell, on a quick trip to get acquainted with the situation in Bermuda. This was a "get-acquainted" for many of us, too, the first time those of us new to FOUR saw our Battalion Commanding Officer.



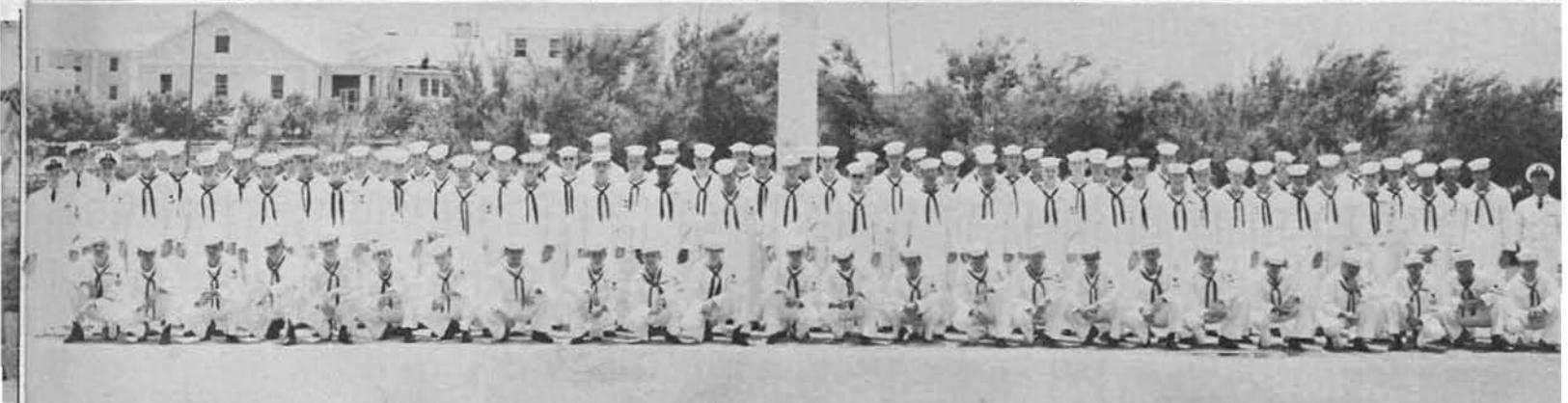
Detachment Foxtrot: we

Bermuda was a pleasant change after Newfoundland, or, for personnel from ONE, perhaps a welcome alternative to the Antarctic. The Island is unquestionably beautiful, the most scenic stretches being along the South Shore (top right). Like DELTA, FOXTROT had its monthly inspections, when awards were usually presented (second row). FOXTROT traditionally looked sharp. Captain Lang, Commanding Officer of the Naval Station, made several of the inspections; the center photograph shows Miss Nancy Walters, FOXTROT's guest Queen Bee for the birthday celebration, going through the ranks.

On Thanksgiving Day FOXTROT's touch football team won the Naval Station crown in a real thriller. Trophies were presented to all team members by Commander W. R. Denekas, Executive Officer of the Naval Station at the personnel inspection on New Year's Eve (third row). This inspection had other significance, too: it was followed by the change-of-command ceremony, where we lost our skipper to the Main Body, and got another one from ECHO. At right, FOXTROTTERS and guests celebrate the Seabees' birthday with an elaborate birthday ball in the Naval Station gym.

FOXTROT was commissioned on 9 August 1956 at Argentia, Newfoundland, with two officers and 47 men. But it quickly grew, absorbing personnel from ONE, CBBU, and SEVEN GOLF, so that on deployment in Bermuda it comprised some 140 men (above right).

FOXTROT had to "make do" (a habit with Seabees) for living quarters when it arrived at Bermuda, half the detachment moved into the Infirmary Annex and converted it into living quarters (removed from the morgue only by the boiler room). Before long we staked out claims around the station, such as this typical "yellow ball" sign on our MEMO project. We let them know FOUR had arrived.



were still in **FOUR!**





Foxtrotters on the job



Christmas came and went. Although away from home, most of us fared somewhat better over the holidays than DELTA in their isolated camp in the Bahamas; we, at least, were in civilization! The flaming poinsettias blooming throughout Bermuda added a Christmasy touch to the semi-tropical atmosphere of the islands.

New years always seem to hold great promise—or at least change. 1957 was no exception for FOXTROT, as far as the change went, for we started off the New Year with a new skipper: LT Feinman, who had visited us briefly with Commodore Clark and our Captain Cornwell, relieved LTJG Sullivan as officer in charge on the afternoon of the last day of 1956. The Change of Command ceremony followed inspections of all phases of our operations, and a personnel inspection was held in the gym on account of rain.

Mr. Sullivan left Bermuda in time to reach Davisville and catch the last "T" lift down to Eleuthera and the deployment of FOUR's main body. He sounded sort of sorry to leave FOXTROT. LT Feinman had, earlier in the month, brought Detachment ECHO back to Davisville from Newfoundland before joining us in Bermuda.



—and a royal visitor

A barracks improvement program that had been in the works for a little while began to bear fruit about this time, with the TV sets (yes, they have TV in Bermuda, though the government is reluctant to allow antennas to break up the simple white lines of the Bermuda roofs) finally being installed in the barracks, and drapes set up to partition off a recreation area we had established.

Then there was the Big Move to relocate and consolidate our office space within one wing of the Administration Building. The Personnel Office "coke mess" even blossomed forth with a refrigerator, and soon developed into a sort of local gedunk—for "coke breaks."

FOUR may have had quite a Seabee birthday party down in Eleuthera, but FOXTROT's was a better one, if not bigger (which it probably was!). A real ball it was—literally!

We joined forces with Public Works and had as our guest and Queen Bee for the occasion Miss Nancy Walters, of the New York TV world. She was a real Queen!

High spot of our celebration was the Seabee Ball in the gym, complete with formal cake-cutting ceremony, entertainment, free beer, etc. LT Jack Devlin, the cooperative Public Works Officer FOXTROT worked for and with in its construction, and his Public Works Division, shared in all our festivities. Earlier in the day Nancy had reviewed FOXTROT at a formal personnel inspection, and pinned medals on seven men.

The end of March saw FOXTROT getting ready for more ceremonies, for President Eisenhower was on his way to Bermuda (coincidentally, after taking several days' vacation cruising Bahamian waters near Eleuthera, where FOUR's main body was deployed) and an Honor Guard would be needed. FOXTROT was just a little flattered that we were to be represented by a disproportionately large number of men compared to other units aboard the Station, but, as it turned out, no honor guard was used. The President did, however, visit Bermuda and the international conferences were held.

More visitors! Commodore Clark and staff, returning from their annual administrative inspection of FOUR in Eleuthera, dropped by on their way back to Davisville about this time (the first week in April). The visit was a brief one, and they couldn't even look around much because of rain. But during this same week there were others looking around, at every little detail: Rear Admiral Nunn, COMSERVLANT, was visiting Bermuda again, conducting the annual administrative inspection of the Naval Station and inspecting our quarters, facilities, and projects in the process.





The approach of Summer found the beaches very popular, and organized beach parties were a regular thing. Bermuda's beaches are similar to Eleuthera's: the sand is much the same, with the same sort of pinkish color, and the waters exhibit the same beautiful combinations of rich greens and blues, though perhaps with a little more surf. But the "fixtures" on the beaches—especially the South Shore beaches—were unique: strange and ruggedly beautiful coral rock formations, sculptured by endless years of wind and tide. Unexpected caves, holes in the rocks, tunnels and arches—endless fascinating variations in shape of this odd natural building stone—made the Bermuda beaches unforgettable. The size of many of these structures, and the panoramic views you get from the heights of the South Road, put it on a grander scale than the beach scenes on Eleuthera. Horseshoe Beach, in particular, was the popular spot.

Meanwhile, our softball team was getting a workout, ending the season with a favorable 6-4 record. Sasso, Hale, and Chase represented us on the Naval Station All-Star team which played the All-Star team from the Atlantic Fleet type commands at Kindley.

But time was growing short for FOXTROT. Our last personal inspection in Bermuda was held on 15 June. On behalf of FOUR, Gotberg, an old CHARLIE man, presented Captain Lang, the inspecting officer, with three plaques containing the Battalion emblem to commemorate CHARLIE and FOXTROT in the Naval Station's three service clubs.

Slightly more than two weeks later we said goodbye to Bermuda, coincidentally shipping out on the same LST that had brought the original members of FOXTROT out of Newfoundland. Some of us, though, stayed behind: the nucleus of the "cofferdam crew" joined Detachment NOVEMBER of SIX which relieved us on site.

FOXTROT arrived at Davisville on the Fourth of July, the same day that torrential rains in Eleuthera were making a shambles of the uncompleted water catchment area and generating several weeks' work. Mr. Buenz, our "exec," was detached almost immediately. By the time everyone returned from leave after ten months out of the States, FOXTROT had seen almost exactly one year of commissioned service, and, as happens with such units, the Detachment was beginning to break up. Between discharges and transfers of personnel to SEVEN in Barbados, FOUR in Eleuthera, and an advance party to SEVEN's KILO in Port Lyautey, there wasn't much left of the proud group of FOXTROTTERS who had made a name for themselves in Bermuda.

Military training and a couple of minor projects filled the time for a couple of months until the first lift of the main body of FOUR returned from Eleuthera to rejoin FOXTROT at Davisville in early October.

FOXTROT was decommissioned the day after arrival of the second lift with the thirty-five FOXTROTTERS remaining being transferred into FOUR's main body and LT Feinman stepping into the post of Battalion Operations Officer.

Detachment Foxtrot: the

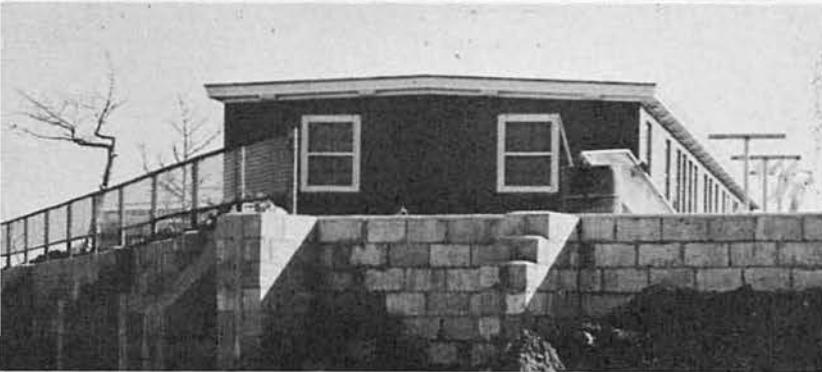


FOXTROT had a multitude of scattered projects. One of our first jobs was to put up the batch plant we had brought (upper left), but the "hot" project when we got there was to pave a seaplane parking area (upper right showing also building 8, another project). First job completed was the remodeling of two test cells (second row, right), while Gotberg had one of the nicest jobs, the Squadron Training Building (third row, right). We worked on hangars, too, painting them, reglazing them and installing new siding, and repainting all the trusses (left, above). The Facility Road (fourth row, right) was quite a problem in drainage we had inherited. FOXTROT had its catchment areas to worry about, too, both an existing one (right) which we resurfaced (Gunite rig shown at right of picture) and a new one to build (left). But there were other projects, too.

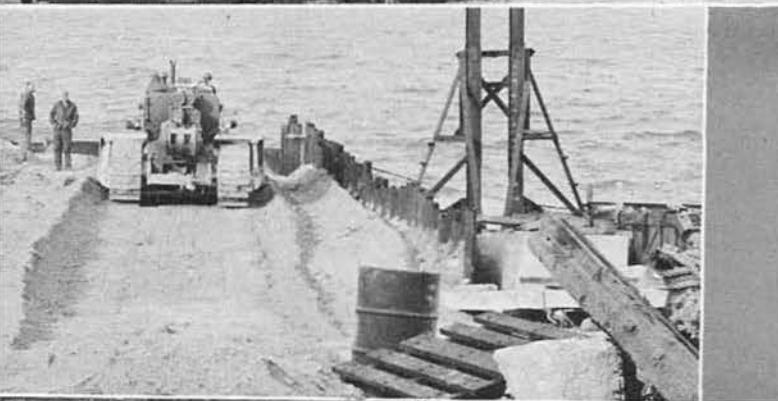
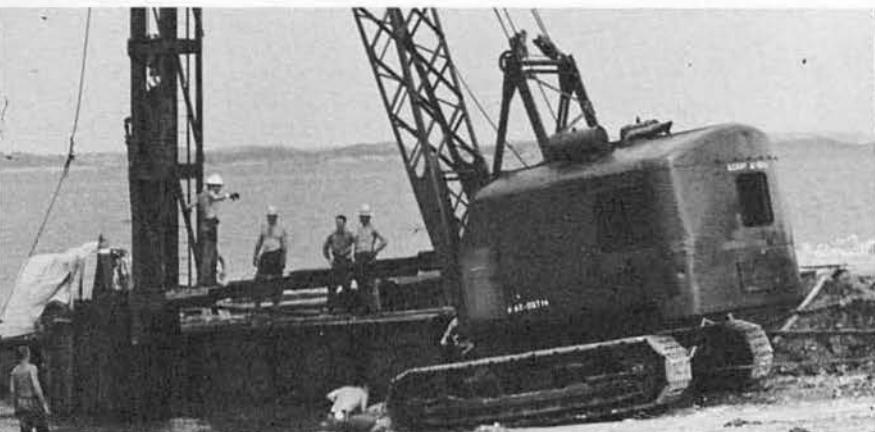


projects





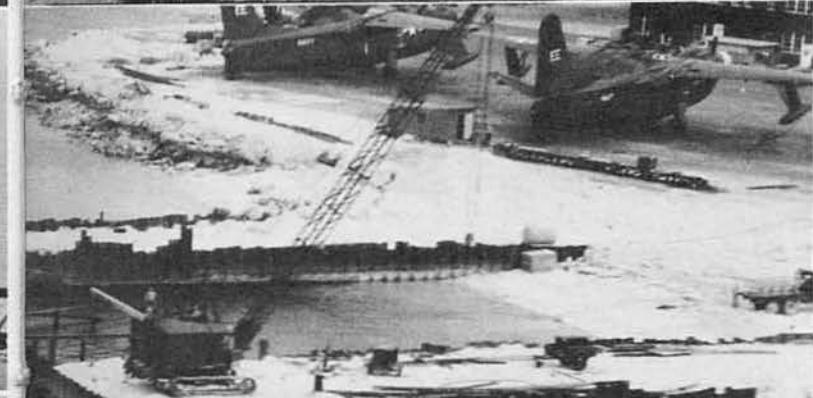
Detachment





On our building construction projects we had to "make do" with what was available, a situation we inherited but which was slowly changed into a more effectively-planned program. One the MEMQ project, for instance (as pictured to the left), there was hardly an item that had not been salvaged or manufactured on the premises by Seabees: concrete block, doors, windows, kitchen cabinets; almost everything that went into the buildings was manufactured from scratch by SEVEN GOLF or FOXTROT. At first we were even getting into the design end of the business, but we changed that. The MEMQ project involved completion of three apartment buildings somewhat similar in construction to those buildings FOUR was to put up on Eleuthera, building a retaining wall, and landscaping, with sidewalks and parking areas. Other building construction or remodeling projects were the Link Trainer building, test cell buildings, ordnance shop building, the training building (new construction), and replacement of sash and siding of one hangar. Paving projects were the major seaplane area and two additional areas, plus the Tudor Hill road. Painting projects included two hangars, hangar trusses, radio towers, and signs for the Station roads. One catchment area was repaired and refinished, and work was commenced on a new catchment area. In addition, there were a number of special projects, such as precasting curbs for the main road, overhauling fire hydrants, rewiring the galley, checking the orientation of rhombics, etc.

Foxtrot: the bigger jobs



Originally construction of the cofferdam had been planned for the summer months, when calm waters would have permitted piledriving operations from a barge, but delays in obtaining the steel sheetpiling postponed commencement of the job until after FOXTROT had arrived in the fall. The outlook for winter weather appeared to preclude such a technique, and the decision was made to place fill in the walls as we progressed away from shore, using the partially-completed walls as a working pier on which we could run the fifty-ton crane and its piledriving rig.

It was a long job; took longer than any of the original hazy estimates because we weren't in a position to make any good estimates with all the uncertainties involved: seldom hit good rock imbedment as the design had contemplated; encountered greater depths of water (down to 35 feet) at the outer end than the design data showed; had a lot more trouble with water inflow around and under the walls than assumed in the design; had to make modifications in design due to shortage of sheetpile; and had to adopt a different type of pumping system than planned, due to costs. The temporary retaining walls truncating each sidewall successively marked off our progress through the months as we approached, then reached the outer end on each side (130 feet away from shore), then started working parallel to the shore to make the closure. Wind and wave action took their toll: in May, part of the bracing was carried away, and underwater splices cracked; the piling was rebraced and bolted.

There were delays in receiving additional sheetpiling needed, but by the end of May the cofferdam was completed. This, however, was only the first part of the job. Dewatering operations began the first week in June, and there were more problems: while the cofferdam walls were very effective in holding back the water there was a considerable groundwater flow. Boils developed in the bottom as the water level was lowered, and several techniques were attempted to cut down this flow, including pressure grouting with the Gunite machine. It was at this point that FOXTROT's deployment ended, and the job was turned over to SIX's Detachment NOVEMBER, which finally succeeded in plugging the boils with concrete and pouring the concrete ramp by the end of November.

Adams, Carl E.
Adcock, Walter T.
Anderson, John E.
Anderson, Thomas M.
Anrig, William S.

Bachus, Jerry L.
Bastford, Kenneth E.
Bashour, Joseph E.
Bassett, John A.
Bayham, John R.
Beals, Thomas L.
Bell, Claud L.
Bell, Ralph H.
Bileca, Dennis (n)
Bird, Richard O.
Bodnar, William M.
Boone, James M.
Boscia, Nicholas (n)
Bradberry, Gleason G.
Bray, William J. Jr.
Brown, Willard S.
Budach, Richard A.
Burgess, James B.
Burke, John J.

Cameron, Ronald L.
Campbell, Quintrel L. Jr.
Carmona, Salvador (n)
Carsairs, James J.
Chase, Clifford F.
Cheney, Lawrence E.
Childress, Volney C.
Christian, Harold F. Jr.
Clayton, William R.
Clemons, James R.
Clusman, Henry W.
Cogan, Eric A.
Colwell, James L.
Cooper, Lewis M.
Coulter, James J.
Crowe, Jerry D.

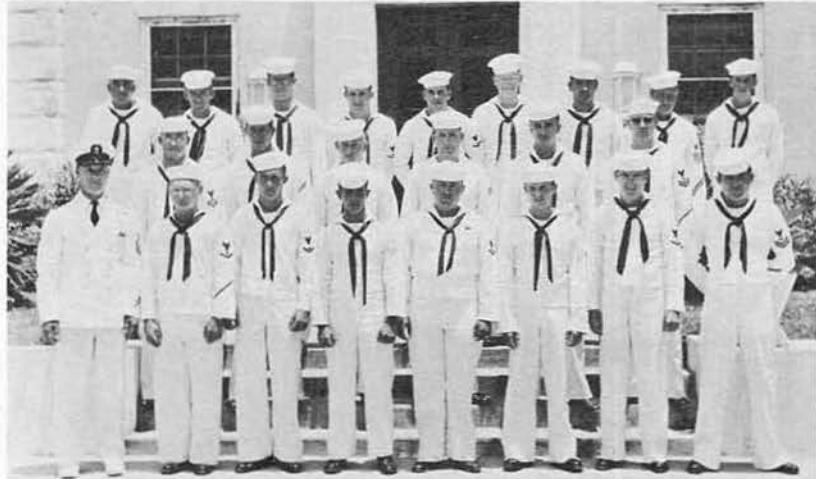
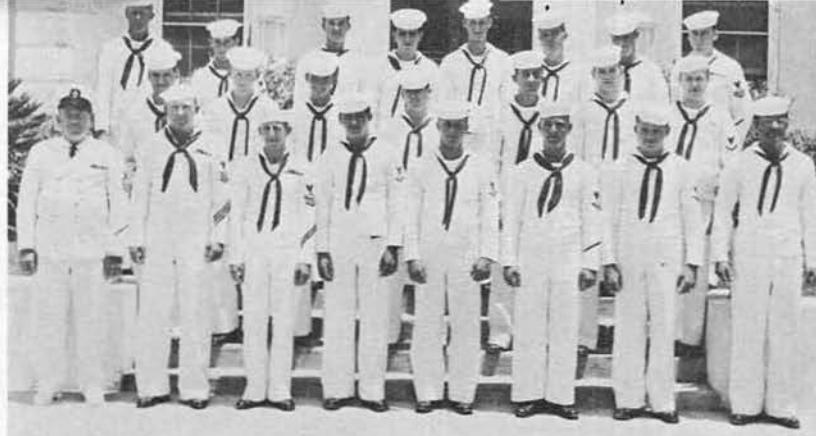
Daigle, Gerald A.
Dangelo, John J.
Davis, Clifton (n)
Davis, Thomas J.
Della Camera, Joseph J.

Heltanville, Ind.
New London, Conn.
Aurora, Ill.
Millington, Tenn.
Wells, Nev.

Kinston, Tenn.
Middletown, Ohio
Detroit, Mich.
New Castle, Del.
Frayser, Tenn.
Marlboro, Mass.
Sequin, Wash.
Norfolk, Va.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Clendenin, W. Va.
Donora, Penn.
Carriizze, N. Mex.
Easton, Penn.
Philadelphia, Penn.
Belfast, Maine
Earville, Ill.
Dexter, Maine
Virginia Beach, Va.

Bastrop, La.
Lecomptia, La.
Galveston, Tex.
Rochester, N. Y.
Haverhill, Mass.
Saginaw, Mich.
Lynchburg, Va.
W. Albany, N. Y.
San Fernando, Calif.
Bearden, Ark.
Brooklandville, Md.
Detroit, Mich.
Norfolk, Va.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Greensburg, Kan.

Mexico, Me
Boston, Mass.
Lakewood, Fla.
Bahonne, N. J.
Roslindale, Mass.



Detachment Foxtrot: the

Seaplane Ramp

Reynolds, E. H.	SWSCA	Anderson, J. E.	BU2
Morgan, J. E.	BUI	Karchner, H. A.	BU2
Burke, J. J.	BU2	Anrig, W. S.	BU3
Hanning, D. E.	SW2	Bashour, J. E.	CEG3
Ramey, M. D.	SW2	Beals, T. L.	BU3
Crowe, J. D.	BU2	Cheney, L. E.	BU3
Miller, M. S.	MM2	Cogan, E. A.	BU3
Perrilliat, L. C.	SV3	Gomez, R. J.	BU3
Duke, B. B.	MM3	Haines, J. W.	BU3
Hickey, D. J.	CD3	Leblanc, N.	BU3
Harris, S. A.	BM3	Opalka, W. P.	BU3
Mullen, J. A.	CN	Rossman, G. M.	BUL3

Link-Trainer Building

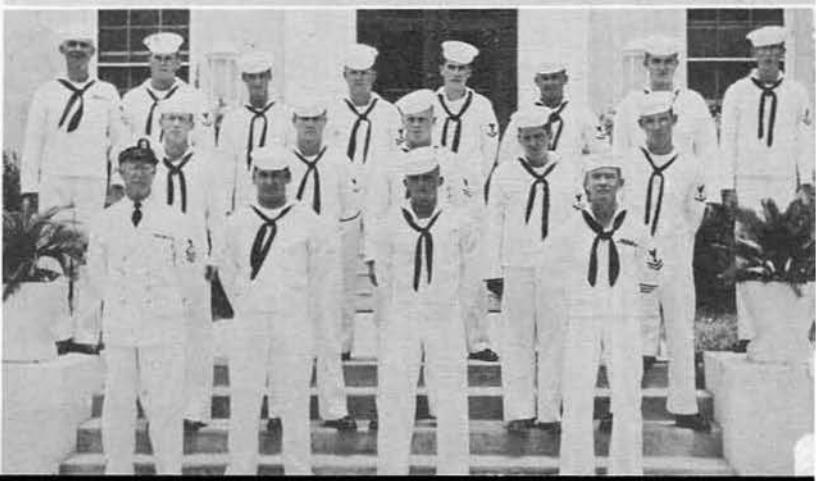
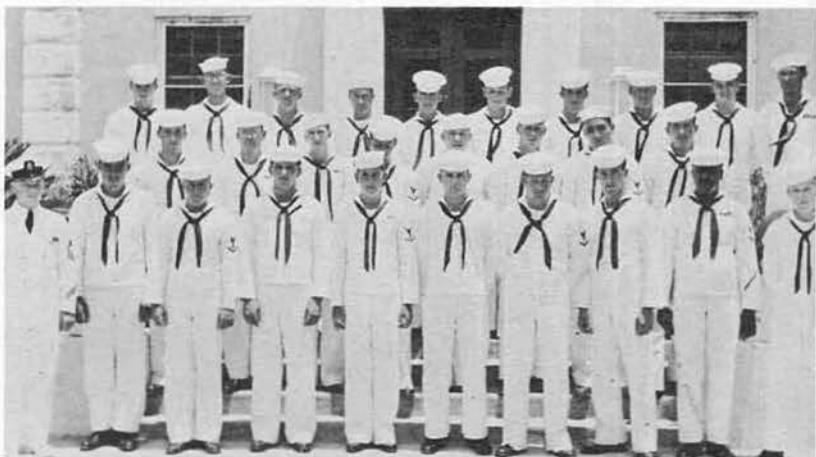
Stevens, L. B.	BUCA	Shuster, J. L.	BU3
CPO in charge		Ullmark, P. J.	BU3
Gotberg, R. C.	BUL1	Kramer, E. E.	BU3
in charge		Daigle, G. A.	CN
Kinsey, H. J.	BUL2	Ferrier, J. E.	BUCN
Van Alstine, R. A.	BU3	Hillman, D. E.	CN
Schuerman, K. R.	BU3	Smith, F. G.	BUCN

Batch Plant and Block Plant

De Rosa, F. A.	BU3	Kolb, R. B.	BULC
Klinner, R. J.	CN	CPO in charge	BU2
Hawkins, J. R.	SN	Bray, W. J.	BU2
Smith, F. G.	BUCN	Karchner, H. A.	BU2
Hilsmann, C. H.	SWCN	Beals, T. L.	BU3
Bassett, J. A.	CN	Gomez, R. L.	BU3
Coulter, J. J.	BUCN	June, L. N.	SW3
Genualdi, V. J.	CN	Kramer, E. E.	BU3
		Leblanc, N.	BU3
		Kolter, J. B.	BU3
		Sasso, J. N.	SW3
		Twidt, R. K.	UT3
		Hilsmann, C. H.	SWCN
		Adams, C. E.	CN
		Fielding, J. A.	CN
		Johnson, R. V. P.	SA
		Pipe, R. E.	SA

MEMQ

Stevens, L. B.	BUCA	Adams, C. E.	CN
CPO in charge		Fielding, J. A.	CN
Mueller, R. W.	BUL1	Johnson, R. V. P.	SA
in charge		Pipe, R. E.	SA



De Rosa, Fabrice A.	Huntington Sta., N. Y.	King, David R.	Buffalo, New York	Reynolds, Ellis J.	Mt. Pleasant, S. C.
Dominguez, Jose (n)	Cincinnati, Ohio	Kinsey, Harlis J.	Bannerdale, Ark.	Ridl, Steve G.	South Heart, N. D.
Driscoll, Clinton E. Jr.	Hartford, Conn.	Klinnert, Robert J.	Elgin, Ill.	Roberts, Jack G.	Sylvia, N. C.
Duke, Bryan B.	Granville, Tenn.	Knoepfel, Donald I.	Everett, Wash.	Robinson, William E.	Columbus, Ohio
Duschinski, Joe E.	Houston, Tex.	Koebeke, Walter A.	College Park, Md.	Rogers, Lloyd (n)	Whitehall, N. Y.
Elwell, Daniel R.	Council Bluffs, Iowa	Kolb, Richard B.	DeQueen, Ark.	Rollins, Almon A.	Beach, N. D.
Ewart, Alden H. Sr.	Woonsocket, R. I.	Kolter, James B.	Chicago, Ill.	Rosenzweig, Sidney (n)	Baltimore, Md.
Felska, Lloyd E.	Hamilton Square, N. J.	Kotes, John M. Jr.	North Terrytown, N. Y.	Roszman, George M.	Maple Shade, N. J.
Ferrier, James E.	Manchester, Md.	Kramer, Elmer E.	Chicago, Ill.	Rouze, David W.	Trenton, N. J.
Fielding, Jack A.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Kusch, Emil H.	Long Branch, N. J.	Rundell, Paul L.	International Falls, Minn.
Fischer, Robert W.	Hopkinsville, Ky.	Lanier, Rayford H.	Chinquapin, N. C.	Ryckman, Raymond M.	Westfield, N. D.
Frazier, Merlin N.	Dunlap, Iowa	Lea, Clem (n)	Port Deposit, Md.	Sabel, George A.	Youngstown, Ohio
Fritze, Herbert E.	Bronx, N. Y.	LeBlanc, Norman (n)	Mahopac, N. Y.	Sanders, Douglas A.	Schenectady, N. Y.
Gallagher, James J.	Maple Shade, N. J.	Martin, Robert B.	Perryville, Md.	Sasso, Joseph N.	Corpus Christi, Tex.
Gawlak, Frank C.	Sission Highway, N. Y.	Mayer, Jon S.	Elmherst, N. Y.	Saundry, Richard W.	Pompton Lakes, N. J.
Genualdi, Vincent J.	Chicago, Ill.	McIntosh, Cecil (n)	Asheville, N. C.	Saylor, George F.	Elkin, N. C.
Gomez, Ronald J.	Glennwood Springs, Colo.	Mead, Robert L.	Mahopac, N. Y.	Serrett, Stonewell (n)	Baton Rouge, La.
Gotberg, Roland C.	Sandy, Utah	Miller, Lloyd E.	Madison, Ohio	Schuerman, Kenneth R.	Dayton, Ky.
Gray, Frederick S. Jr.	Portsmouth, N. Hamp.	Miller, Merl S.	Arlington, Va.	Shelton, Richard V.	Brentwood, Md.
Guglielmo, Jerry (n)	New York City, N. Y.	Misturak, Paul F.	Chicago, Ill.	Shirley, James C.	Winchester, Va.
Haines, Joseph W. Jr.	Croydon, Pa.	Morgan, James E.	Choudrant, La.	Shuster, Jay L.	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Hale, Edward C.	Levittown, Penn.	Muckelrath, Ralph F.	Abilene, Tex.	Silveri, Gerald J.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hanning, Dale E.	New Castle, Ind.	Mueller, Robert W.	Santa Ana, Calif.	Sims, Thomas (n)	Greenwich, R. I.
Harbert, Bruce R.	Canton, Ohio	Mullen, James A.	Cliffsides Park, N. J.	Smith, Frederick G.	Hamden, Ohio
Harris, Sherman A.	Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.	Nelson, Larry D.	Boone, Iowa	Snell, Robert L.	Champion, Mich.
Hawkins, James R.	St. Johns, Mo.	O'Donnell, John L.	Pittsfield, Mass.	Stafford, Eugene W.	Rock Island, Ill.
Heck, Hayward D.	Phoenix, Ariz.	Opalka, William P.	Leetsville, Penn.	Stevens, Lee B.	Colora, Md.
Hendershott, David J.	Mexico, Mo.	Paolillo, Ralph J. Jr.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Thompson, Jerry G.	Lancaster, S. C.
Hickey, Daniel J.	Mt. Clemens, Mich.	Parker, David A.	Wethersfield, Conn.	Tucker, James L.	San Diego, Calif.
Higdon, William J.	Osgood, Ind.	Paxton, Mack (n)	Rochester, N. Y.	Twidt, Roger K.	Laceyville, Penn.
Hillman, Donald E.	Coldwell, N. J.	Peffley, Harold V.	Goshen, Ind.	Ullmark, Patrick J.	Athens, Ohio
Hilsman, Charles H.	Bronx, N. Y.	Pelkey, Phillip E.	Presque Isle, Maine	Underwood, Charles R.	Nashport, Ohio
Hinson, Edward C.	Greensboro, N. C.	Perrilliat, Louis C.	New Orleans, La.	Van Alstine, Richard A.	Evansville, Wis.
Jewett, Harry J.	N. Attleboro, Mass.	Pipe, Robert E.	Caton, N. Y.	Ward, Joseph Scott F.	Atlanta, Ga.
Johnson, Allen L.	Dublin, Ga.	Potts, Robert E.	Huntsville, Ala.	Wehrly, David G.	Eaton, Ohio
Johnson, Harold A.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Pruett, Robert E.	Atlanta, Ga.	Weiner, Donald L.	Nashport, Ohio
Johnson, Steele L.	Jackson, Miss.	Pryor, Lester E.	North Westport, Mass.	Williams, Robert M.	Norfolk, Va.
Johnson, Raymond V. P.	East Carnegie, Penn.	Puryear, George T.	Waldorf, Md.	Wilson, William J.	Boston, Mass.
June, Leroy N.	Chas. Heights, S. C.	Ramey, Michael D.	Phoenix, Ariz.	Woods, George R.	Keyser, W. Va.
Karchner, Henry A.	Loganton, Penn.	Ramsey, John F.	Wilkesbarre, Penn.	Yerashunas, Joseph F.	Kingston, Penn.
Kaskeski, William J.	LeCompte, La.	Reay, Charles T.	Brasher Falls, N. Y.	Young, Arthur R.	Phoenix, Ariz.

men, and what they did

Transportation and Heavy Equipment		Water Catchment Area		CE Crew	
Anderson, T. M. in charge (Oct-Dec)	CDC	Gray, F. S.	CN	Rosensweig, S.	BUI
Lea, C. in charge (Jan-Jul)	CDC	Guglielmo, J.	CN	Beals, T. L.	BUD
Clemons, J. R.	CDCA	Kelly, A. A.	CN	(duty driver)	CN
Fisher, R. W.	CDI	Mead, R. L.	CN	Mead, R. L.	CN
Bell, R. H.	CMG1	Paolillo, R. J.	CN	(duty driver)	CN
Woods, G. R.	CMI	Underwood, C. R.	CN	Rouze, D. W.	CN
Thompson, J. G.	CD2	Johnson, R. V. P.	Operations	Reay, C. T.	CN
Tucker, J. L.	CD2	Pipe, R. E.	SA	(duty driver)	CN
Bird, R. O.	CM2	Higdon, W. J.	SA	UT Crew	UTI
Bradberry, G. G.	CM2	Wilson, W. J.	CP	Kaskeski, W. J.	UTI
Brown, W. S.	CM2	CPO in charge	CP	Mickelrath, R. F.	UTI
Budock, R. A.	CM2	Stevens, L. B.	BUCA	in charge	UTI
Childress, V. C.	CM2	Felska, L. E.	BUA	Muckelrath, R. F.	UTI
Ewart, A. H.	CM2	in charge	BUA	in charge	UTI
Gawlak, F. C.	CD2	Peffley, V. H.	BULI	Stevens, L. B.	UTI
Hendershott, D. J.	CM2	Chase, C. F.	BULI	CPO in charge	UTI
Williams, R. M.	CM2	Anrig, W. S.	BULI	BUCA	UTI
Clusman, H. W.	CM2	Basford, K. E.	BULI	Bray, W. J.	UTI
Heck, H. D.	CD3	Bashour, J. E.	YNT3	in charge	UTI
Davis, T. J.	CD3	Cogan, E. A.	YNT3	Cheney, L. E.	UTI
Kramer, E. E.	CD3	Davis, T. J.	YNT3	LeBlanc, N.	UTI
Bell, C. L.	BU3	Schuerman, K. R.	YNT3	Coultier, J. J.	UTI
Burgess, J. B.	CD3	Adams, C. E.	YNT3	Genualdi, V. J.	UTI
Hickey, D. J.	CD3	Bileca, D.	YNT3	O'Donnell, J. L.	UTI
Ramsey, J. F.	CD3	Daigle, G. A.	YNT3	CE Crew	CEI
Rundell, P. L.	CD3	Genualdi, V. J.	YNT3	Stevens, L. B.	CEI
Ryckman, R. M.	CM3	Jewett, H. J.	YNT3	CPO in charge	CEI
Stafford, E. W.	CM3	Potts, R. E.	YNT3	BUCN	CEI
Weiner, D. L.	CM3	Johnson, R. V. P.	YNT3	Bray, W. J.	CEI
Hilsman, G. H.	SWCN	Pipe, R. E.	YNT3	in charge	CEI
Hillman, D. E.	CDCN	Towers	YNT3	Cheney, L. E.	CEI
King, D. R.	CMCN	Yerashunas, J. F.	YNT3	Genualdi, V. J.	CEI
Parker, D. A.	CMCN	CPO in charge	YNT3	Gallagher, J. J.	CEI
Adams, C. E.	CN	Adcock, W. T.	YNT3	Genualdi, V. J.	CEI
Fielding, J. A.	CN	June, L. N.	YNT3	Ridl, S. G.	CEI
			YNT3	CE Crew	CEI
			YNT3	in charge	CEI
			YNT3	in charge	CEI
			YNT3	Serrett, S.	CEI
			YNT3	Martin, R. B.	CEI
			YNT3	(duty driver)	CEI
			YNT3	in charge	CEI
			YNT3	in charge	CEI
			YNT3	Sabel, G. A.	CEI
			YNT3	Johnson, S. L.	CEI
			YNT3	Wehrly, D. G.	CEI
			YNT3	Young, A. R.	CEI
			YNT3	Bashour, J. E.	CEI
			YNT3	Rollins, A. A.	CEI
			YNT3	Boone, J. M.	CEI
			YNT3	Cooks	CEI
			YNT3	Ward, J. S. F.	CS2
			YNT3	Davis, C.	CS2
			YNT3	Cooper, L. M.	CS3



LT G. W. Schley, CEC, USN
Officer in Charge, P & E Group



ENS J. H. Sood, CEC, USNR
Officer in Charge (Jun-Oct)



CWO H. S. Colgrove, CEC, USN
Officer in Charge (Mar-Jun)

FOUR first came to Eleuthera as DELTA in March, 1956, well over a year and a half before the last of us finally left the island as Detachment GOLF in the final month of 1957. In FOUR's chronology this was at the beginning of the Newfoundland deployment; the Eleuthera Project—for the rest of the Battalion—was a long way off yet.

Preliminary study of the situation at Eleuthera resulted in the decision to establish the Battalion in a campsite formerly occupied by the Army's 806th Aviation Engineers while constructing the asphalt landing strip of the Eleuthera Auxiliary Air Force Base (run by Pan American Airways under contract to the Air Force). The Engineers had moved out and left the remains of their camp; we could save ourselves a lot of trouble by taking advantage of this.

But Eleutherans are poor people; lumber, tent canvas, and such like could be very useful to them if left unguarded on the deserted peninsula for long. Such was the genesis of DELTA. CWO Colgrove, barely returned from Bermuda with Detachment CHARLIE, and thirteen selected enlisted personnel were shuffled aboard a plane for Eleuthera to play housekeepers and security guards.



CWO B. S. Jacobson, CEC, USNR
Assistant Officer in Charge

LT W. W. Gentry, CEC, USN
Officer in Charge

Detachment Delta:



This small group became our first pioneers to this island populated, as George Thompson once said, "only by Negroes and Conkie Joes."

DELTA took up residence at the little forty-man Naval Experimental Facility (next door to Pan Am's radar tracking station) which would eventually be torn down by us after furnishing NEF with a brand new home. It was a life of routine—mostly watches.

In June, Mr. Colgrove received orders back to Bermuda, to the Public Works Department of the Naval Station. There he would be associated with yet a third detachment of FOUR, FOXTROT, though this time from the outside, not the inside. ENS Sood left his desk in FOUR's personnel office in Argentia to fly down to Eleuthera to relieve him.

The real transfer of FOUR personnel to Eleuthera in quantity began in August, when the advance party left Newfoundland for Davisville to pick up the P & E group and depart for Eleuthera in early October. By this time, LT Schley, who had set up P & E and nursed the project through the entire planning stage, had since departed for a new Seabee job as Executive Officer of the Naval Construction Schools at Port Hueneme. He was relieved by LT Gentry, our "new" Operations officer (and acting Exec) from Newfoundland.

Coincidentally, LTG Sullivan who started this move to Eleuthera by serving as officer-in-charge of the advance party as we rode the LST out of Newfoundland with the newly-commissioned FOXTROT, Bermuda-bound, finally wound up the move five months later by bringing down the Rear Echelon of FOUR in February after a four month stay in Bermuda.

The advance party was the first to undergo that five day LST trip between Davisville and Eleuthera, the first of five such trips carrying us to—and later from—Eleuthera. As the "T" put out there were 110 of us aboard, including LT Gentry as officer in charge and CWO Jacobson, who had joined us in Davisville as assistant officer in charge.

Like FOXTROT, DELTA was composed almost wholly of volunteers, and back in Newfoundland there had been a lot more volunteers than we could take; consequently, we were feeling pretty good to be on our way. Most of us were feeling especially good to be out of Newfoundland.

Anticipation grew as we neared Bahamian waters: what would this yet mysterious island hold in store for us? How "rough" would "roughing it" be? There is an element of ex-

citement in the unknown, especially when you know it's nothing like the known.

Conjecture and daydreamed images concocted under the balmy sun of our southern cruise quickly gave way to reality just as the boredom of the five day journey quickly gave way to a fast tempo of work. Our first sight of Eleuthera was late in the afternoon of 9 October. It was not until long after dark that the "T" was beached at the landing south of the camp site.

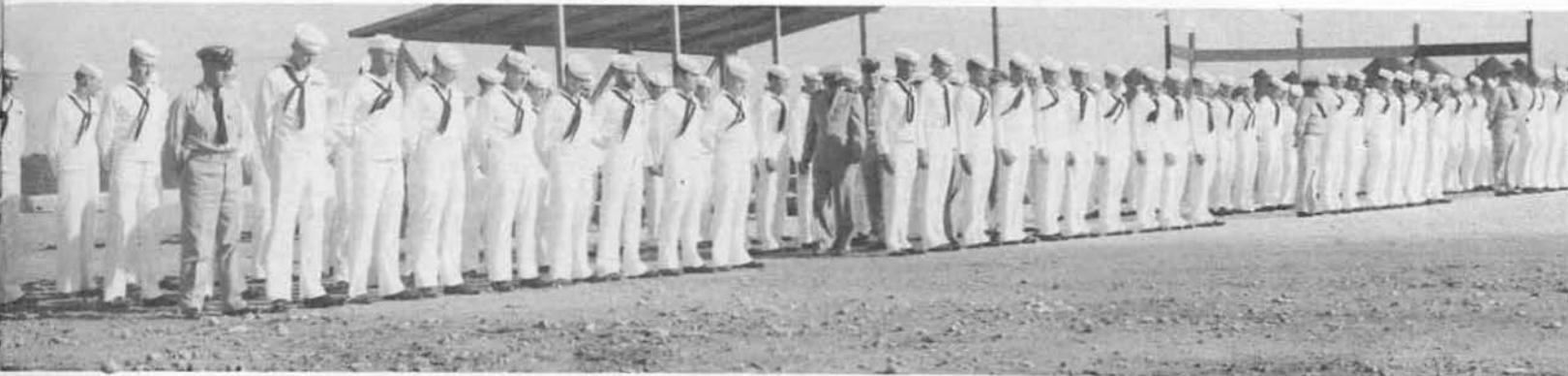
Long-held expectations of good Bahama weather were severely frustrated by the unwelcome winds and rain that greeted us at our new tropical home. It was at 0645 the following day that the first vehicle rolled down the ramp through the gaping bow of the "T". At 0700 quarters on the tank deck (inside the hold, for the weather was too nasty outside), LT Gentry officially relieved ENS Sood as officer in charge of the detachment and the 14-man DELTA suddenly found itself blossomed forth with three officers and 121 men.

There was a lot for this outfit to do, too. By that night we were all ashore in the remains of the camp; by 1400 the next day we had offloaded and transferred to camp the 500 tons of equipment and material we had brought; by the same night we were also eating in camp. Through it all it rained—and the wind blew. We were discovering that "roughing it" meant just that. Meals were cooked over plumbers' furnaces—until we got a range hooked up.

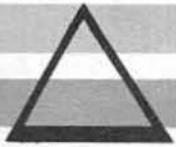
Over nine inches of rain recorded in the first three days! Gusts up to 61 knots. Water everywhere; big ponds, puddles, streams. All the living tents wet! One tent actually blew away the night of the 12th, leaving the eight occupants ruffled but unhurt. They scurried to the head, trucks, and other tents to ride out the storm.

The storm left behind it a huge lake in the middle of the camp, a sight FOUR would see many times within the next year. The uncharacteristic mud, formed of coral sand, was strongly reminiscent of Newfoundland (which some of us will always remember for the mud). High weeds made the camp look like a jungle, almost enveloping the dead tent frames with their bare and water-stained rafters and loose boards.

It was a dismal sight if you had time to stop and think of it that way, which we didn't. We had a lot more important things to do. The first and most important job was to make the camp liveable, not only for ourselves but also for the outfit. This was DELTA's mission. (Of course, first things first; a

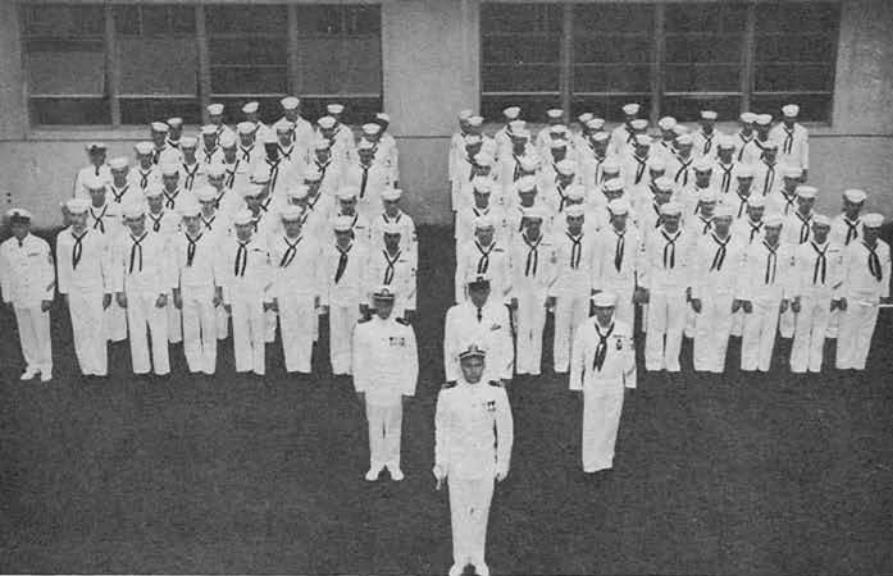


the first pioneers



DELTA stands inspection by LCDR Tarver, Commanding Officer of the Naval Experimental Facility, on the softball field.

FOUR's camp was DELTA's "project". Here it is, as seen from the Queen's Highway, across the air strip. In the center is the mess hall, DELTA's "Taj Mahal" (according to Mello). Looks a little different from when DELTA started.



C Platoon
 3rd Squad:
 Beyrer, SN, Dorsett, BU3, Conway,
 MEI, Warner, BU3, Bolland, CN,
 Calkins, BU3, Hahn, BULI, Hurley,
 SN, Heidel, BU2
 2nd Squad:
 Baty, SWI, Holder, CN, Nudera,
 SW3, Eastwood, SWCN, Miller,
 CN, Engle, BU3, Midkiff, BU3,
 Poley, SWCN
 1st Squad:
 Wimer, BUH1, Rebinskas, SW1,
 Chu, BUH1, Drake, SW3, Loftes-
 nes, BU2, Alexander, SWS2, Ber-
 nath, SW3, Cecero, CN

H Platoon
 3rd Squad:
 Thieringer, CN, Churchill, CN,
 Kresia, CN, Owens, CN, Annun-
 ziata, CN
 2nd Squad:
 Pennington, HMI, May, BUI, Hick-
 ox, CS3, Konruff, SVCN, Bier-
 mann, CN, Edmiston, CS2, Sag-
 mang, DMI
 1st Squad:
 Waltrip, SVCA, Kisselman, SN,
 Dickinson, CN, Eutsler, CN, Hall,
 SKI, Fall, YNSN, Rice, CN, Esco-
 bar, SD3

CWO Jacobson

Lane, BUC
 LT Gentry

DiAngelo, BMI (MAA)

Delta's Mission: make

beer hall was opened on the night of the 12th). A six day work week, 0745 to 1700, was adopted.

During our first week, the British Colonial Secretary, the American Consul, the RAF Liaison Officer Group Captain Tyn dall, and others interested in our scheduled construction project visited us and the project site.

The following day, CWO Jacobson ("Mr. Jake") who had been suffering from a throat ailment since Newfoundland, had to leave us temporarily for the Naval Hospital in Jacksonville. Hardly a week later, Chief "Pappy" Miller, the only Chief who had come down with us from Newfoundland, was discovered at night in a coma, a continuation of the illness he had suffered in Newfoundland. He was evacuated the next day.

"Pappy," a plankowner of FOUR, was almost a legend in the outfit. It hit close to home throughout the Battalion when word of his death was received, shortly before the arrival of the main body.

By the end of the month working hours had been modified, but this served only to make room for reminders that we were still in the Navy. Military drill and our first personnel inspection were scheduled for the first Saturday in November, with LCDR Tarver, skipper of NEF, as inspecting officer.

The inspection was held, but the drill failed to come off due to rain. This was a better (or worse, depending on how you look at it) record than FOXTROT's first scheduled inspection a month earlier, which wasn't held at all because it rained the whole day. No one really regretted Nature's cooperation in either case! But we weren't too happy to see more tents giving way to this weather.

The big job now was the mess hall. It required a large concrete slab, heavy timbered framing, and a maze of piping inside the screened and corrugated sheathing exterior. We (some of us, that is) vowed we'd eat Thanksgiving dinner in the new mess hall. At the same time we were making a dent in the hillside where "the project" was to be: clearing the thick and almost impenetrable 12-to-14-foot-high brush off the land then legally available, preliminary grading, surveying the site, and laying out on paper the elevations and locations of roads and structures to be built. Chiefs Westcott and Waltrip were handling this, while Chief Lane was pushing work on the camp.

On Veteran's Day, while FOXTROT marched in Hamilton, Bermuda, and the main body marched in East Greenwich, R. I., DELTA took the day off. There's no place in Eleuthera to march!

The long and anxiously-awaited "rates" had finally come in. On 16 November, 21 men were advanced at a brief cere-

mony at morning quarters. Mr. Jacobson was happily welcomed back from the hospital the same day. It was in good time, for another officer was on his way out: ENS Sood, who earlier in the month had been replaced by an inexperienced jaygee of the same name and face, left aboard the LST 325 for his new duty station at Quantico, Virginia. Along with him went the "original 13," the plankowners of DELTA, returning to Davisville.

Thanksgiving was postponed a day to offload the 325 when she came in. Although only the concrete deck slab was in, several "never say die" men made a point of carrying their Thanksgiving dinner over onto this slab to eat, in fulfillment of their pledge "Thanksgiving dinner in the new mess hall!" The framing started to go up and the galley boiler was being hooked up at this time.

The following Sunday night was a nightmare for Pennington, (our "doc"), Di Angelo (our MAA), Mr. Gentry, Mr. Jacobson, and a few others as well, perhaps most of all for the five Seabees most directly involved. A weapons carrier, returning from a Governor's Harbour liberty run late at night, failed to negotiate a turn; the truck was a total wreck and all five occupants injured, four severely.

"Doc" Holliday, an osteopath from Pan Am, was a help to our frazzled HMI that night, while the emergency air evacuation plane was on its way out from Patrick. It was a night not soon to be forgotten.

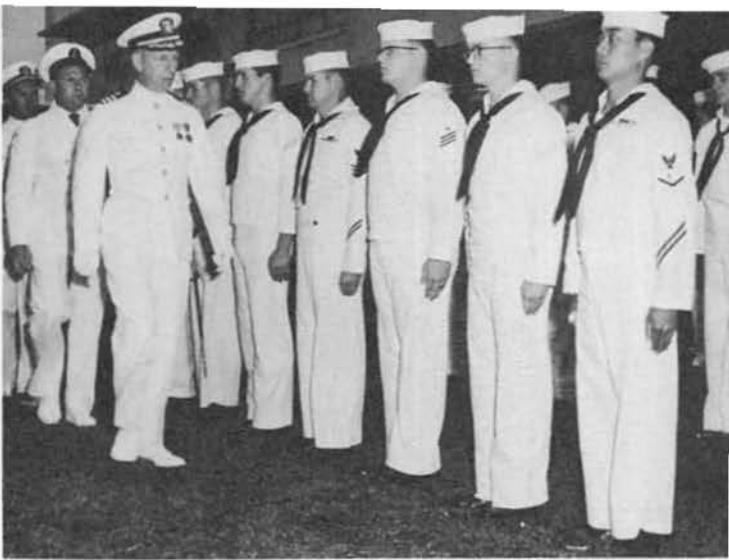
Softball had become one of DELTA's favorite pastimes, our practice on the diamond paying off in playoffs with the Naval Experimental Facility. This netted us the crown as 1956 softball champs of Eleuthera. A nice trophy went along with the title.

Another break in the busy work routine was the training program, run in conjunction with the Saturday inspections and drills. Just as the main body was then receiving, back in the States in the Davisville military training routine, and FOXTROT was getting in their duty sections, we were exposed to lectures of various sorts. You can't get away from it! One of DELTA's weekly reports truthfully noted, ". . . this enjoys a limited popularity with the men."

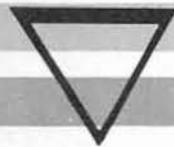
We were receiving supplies and project material at regular intervals, too, by LST and LSM, which always meant time out for offloading. Perhaps we didn't make the fuss over this operation later made, but we got the stuff off as necessary. One load in particular was in abominable shape when it arrived.

But work continued apace. The camp was progressing well: it was actually beginning to look like something. Blasting on the project, in a limited way, had commenced in early December. Construction of the temporary supply warehouse and tool

The Commanding Officer takes a look at DELTA before the Detachment leaves Davisville for Eleuthera. Below: DELTA at the "T" landing, just after hitting the beach. The camp was a mess when they arrived, but they moved in anyway (they had to). The old Engineers' mess tent was used while FOUR's "Howard Johnson's" was under construction.



ready for MCB 4



room on the site was well underway. Erection of the block plant was begun shortly before Christmas.

We may have dreamed of a White Christmas that year, but none of us saw it—at least nothing more than the powdered chlorinating compound we used for snow in decorating our Casurina Christmas tree robbed from the beach and adorned with lights, streamers, and tinsel.

Work stopped at 1200 on Christmas Eve and our celebration was on. DELTA played Santa Claus (in the person of Thurber) to some 50 native kids brought in from the scattered villages to share the holiday with us, including gifts, turkey dinner and a movie.

Christmas Day 1956 was spent improving suntans on the beach, listening to Christmas carols on the Miami radio stations and thinking of home.

New Years, of course, signaled another party, this one quite an affair, with fireworks, and free food and beverages in the beer hall, where the Jolly Boys (a local calypso aggregation) held forth with lively limbo music until the wee hours. 1957 had come—and it would be one of FOUR's most memorable years. But DELTA was going the way of '56: within little more than a couple of weeks it would be a thing of the past.

The first week in January the rock crusher and block plant were set in operation and the mess hall was finally completed, while work was in progress on the sick bay and laundry. We felt things were looking pretty good in camp for the first lift of the main body when they put in, though confident that they would never appreciate what a mess this place was in when we arrived. To us, who had been here "when," accommodations now seemed pretty comfortable, if not luxurious; we wondered (and doubted) whether they would have the same appreciation of our comfortable facilities, fresh from civilization as they were. But they would have plenty of time to get used to it!

They finally arrived on the 16th of January. (By this time, the question of legal availability of the project land, which had been bouncing back and forth like a volleyball, had settled into a "no" again, right after the "T" left the Davisville pier for Eleuthera with the skipper, eight other officers, and 129 men aboard, but within another two weeks this became a "yes" again.) DELTA was de-commissioned the morning after they arrived.

Glad as we were to see old friends we'd left behind in Newfoundland five months before, happy as we were to be once again an integral part of the proud, cocky, slightly cynical group of men who formed the foremost Battalion in the Fleet, we were sort of sorry to see the end of DELTA. Associations cemented by shared experiences are strong ones. We'd been through a lot together; now as Eleuthera-wise pioneers, we could clue in the new men with everything there was to do in Eleuthera. This could be done in less than sixty seconds, but we still had nine months to go on The Rock, too.





LT. W. W. Gentry, CEC, USN
Operations Officer
Project Manager



A

Company

C

Company

B

Company

The Project:

"U. S. NAVAL FACILITY, Eleuthera, Bahamas" . . . so read the sign that we planted at the foot of the roller-coaster access road that sort of crazily dropped down the steep hillside to the Queen's Highway.

But to us who built it it was something much more than a little out-of-the-way facility on a beautiful but semi-deserted, lush, overgrown tropical sand bar. It was "the project": a year of planning, four months of on-site preparation, nine months of hard work, and a lot of invaluable experience.

To "A" Company it was a lot of hauling, earthmoving and hookwork; a lot of vehicles and equipment that, somehow, had to be kept running day in and day out. To "B" Company it was a series of neatly-designed concrete masonry buildings that had to be built with a high degree of skill and precision, and painstakingly finished. To "C" Company it was the "nerve" system that had to be installed: all the mechanical paraphernalia that modern man finds necessary in his structures to improve on Nature. To all of us it was a lot of sweat and work—but work of the sort we like.

In reality, it was a complete (though small-sized) Naval activity, a small city with all the essential facilities and a few we thought at times not so essential: ten major buildings and six minor ones, complete utilities from a water collection, purification, storage and distribution system (including a separate salt water fire system) to the electrical system, which distributed power from the Pan American Base to all lights, air conditioning systems, ranges, pumps, and so forth; and a completely cleared and graded site, even planted with grass before the last of us left! It was all this, and everything in between.

There were many things unusual about this job for Seabees. Perhaps the most unusual was that it was to all wrapped up in one neat little (well, we didn't really think it was so little) package. We carried the ball from the earliest planning stages down to installing the last piece of furniture and delivering the buildings scrubbed down and well-nigh ready for Captain's inspection.

Another unusual thing was the scope of the complete project: it had everything, as far as construction went—full of different and challenging construction jobs that gave us a wonderful opportunity to learn.

Another thing was the attitude of the Command. This was to be a top-quality job. Specifications would be strictly adhered to; workmanship would be the best. When we left we wanted to be proud of what we left behind and not run the risk of having it said, "Oh, well, what can you expect of Seabees?" FOUR would have none of that; FOUR could not accept anything less than the best.

Some of us, having worked on jobs where quality, performance, had to be sacrificed to quantity, appreciated the opportunity to take pains and let our craftsmanship show. Some of us appreciated the opportunity to sharpen our skills on the Eleutheran grindstone. Some of us (and probably most of us) didn't really know too much when we came, but figured we'd try our best and learn as much as we could—it was an excellent chance. It was this majority of inexperience that perhaps made the project the greatest challenge, and it was also perhaps those of us who were inexperienced who took the most pride in what we suddenly found out we—as MCB 4—could do, because we think we did a pretty doggone good job.

Some of us, too, just wanted to get the job done and get off The Rock!

It was a lot to push out of the way, with an attitude like that: it was originally estimated at some 40,000 man-days and over \$3,000,000 in value. With a battalion of approximately 425 men in Eleuthera and 240 of them on The Hill, it took us eight and a half months, from February through the middle of October, to complete the job, with an actual input of 36,500 man-days.

It all began with P & E, alternately blessed and cursed by various officers and crew leaders throughout the deployment. But P & E had expected that; it would have been a miracle had it been otherwise.

* Back in February, 1956, after FOUR for the first (but cer-

tainly not the last) time received the green light on Eleuthera, Lieutenant Schley and his 12 hand-picked men tackled the mammoth job of planning for the project. They had to pour over the half-inch thick set of plans time and again; check, cross-check, double, and triple-check with the voluminous specifications; consult hundreds of manufacturers catalogues; wear through the General Stores Catalog; cut loose with a steady stream of requisitions that would get for us every single nail, close-nipple, and electric light bulb that we would need.

They had to analyze each job and make sure we would have the necessary tools and equipment; figure out how long it would take; make sure that the right stuff got there when we needed it, but not too soon before it could be properly stored. They had to devise a system to insure that the right material would get to the right phase of the job before it had been diverted in another direction. As a sideline, they had to determine where and how we would live, and make complete designs for all our temporary living and working structures. And they had to make the detailed arrangements to get everything to Eleuthera.

It was a tall order, but P & E was in business to come up with answers, and we thought they came up with some pretty good ones. For instance, the "master bill of materials system" wherein all items were listed on large schedules showing every conceivable bit of information about each item, including where it was to be used, furnished a tight control over material expenditure and went a long way toward licked what is usually one of the biggest headaches of Seabee operations; not being able to draw out the right material for the particular job you're working on. In Eleuthera, when you run out, you can't just run

down to the corner hardware store or the nearest builders' supply yard and get what you need, or you'd still be looking. If you don't have it, you just don't have it, and may not get it for another couple of months.

Of course there were boners and fluffs, but there were also over 8,000 items listed on the B/M's.

DELTA made the first step toward having that bronze commissioning plaque finally installed at the entrance to the Administration Building: in mid-November, 1956 the hillside was partially cleared and preliminary grading done. Then the land became legally unavailable to us again, and waited until the first lift of the main body arrived in mid-January before it once more gave way to the unyielding steel blades of the bulldozers. With the coming of the second lift in the early part of February, we were in a position to commence work on the buildings.

Now the full weight of the Battalion began to make a dent in the rocky hill, and a dent it literally was, too; no place is it truer than in construction work that you've got to start at the bottom and work your way up. There were knolls to be blasted down (Eleuthera ate up over ten tons of dynamite on this job) over 13,000 yards of fill to haul from the borrow pit, earth "pads" to be placed for the buildings (under the watchful eyes of the Surveyors), foundations to be dug, water and sewer lines to be laid.

These jobs almost spelled out the new organization FOUR had adopted on a semi-experimental basis for this deployment. Instead of the usual four, there were only three construction companies, organized along craft lines. "A" Company, as in the past, was the transportation and equipment company, "B"

it was quite a job



This is what the project site looked like as we got started on the job. To the left, near the opposite shore in the picture, is our supply warehouse and materials compound, while the eleven tents in the center of the site, store cement under cover. Above and to the left of the cement storage is the carpenter shop, utilities shop (two-peaked tent), and silo-precasting yard, while to the right the two cranes are being used to pour the deck slabs of the EM Barracks. In front of the barracks site is our batch plant, with its aggregate stockpiles, and over to the right the first lift of forms are going into place and reinforcing steel being set in the IE Building, approximately 100 feet above sea level. Several of the other buildings are just getting started, and the pad is being put in for the foundations. In the foreground, the bulldozers have begun to reshape the sand dune slope for the water catchment area (one dozer can be seen below the batch plant).



The Bachelor Officers' Quarters is representative of the type of construction we did. Walls are concrete block, and the concrete canopies project a distance of four feet, being two inches thick at the edge. The porch roof is eight feet deep. Smooth plaster and clay tile interiors throughout, with aluminum doors and jalousies. At left is the BOQ site at commencement of the project, as seen from the same angle. The BOQ has 12 rooms, six bathrooms, and a large lounge. Estimated cost: \$111,000.

The Project: the



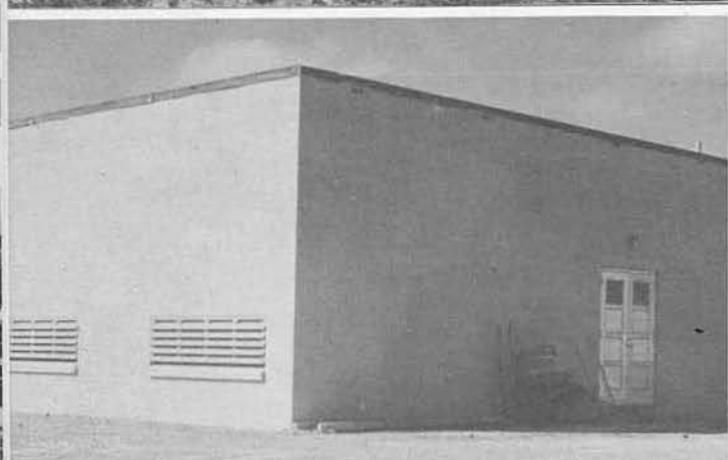
The Auditorium Building was the last we started. Many tons of rock had to be blasted from this small crest before a level grade could be obtained. The building had its own air conditioning system, GOLF put it into commission and saw movies here. Estimated cost: \$28,000.



The Garage had a lot to it, including the Fire Station on the left end and its own tiled washroom in the opposite corner, also a spare parts room and tool and battery room. Estimated cost: \$30,000.



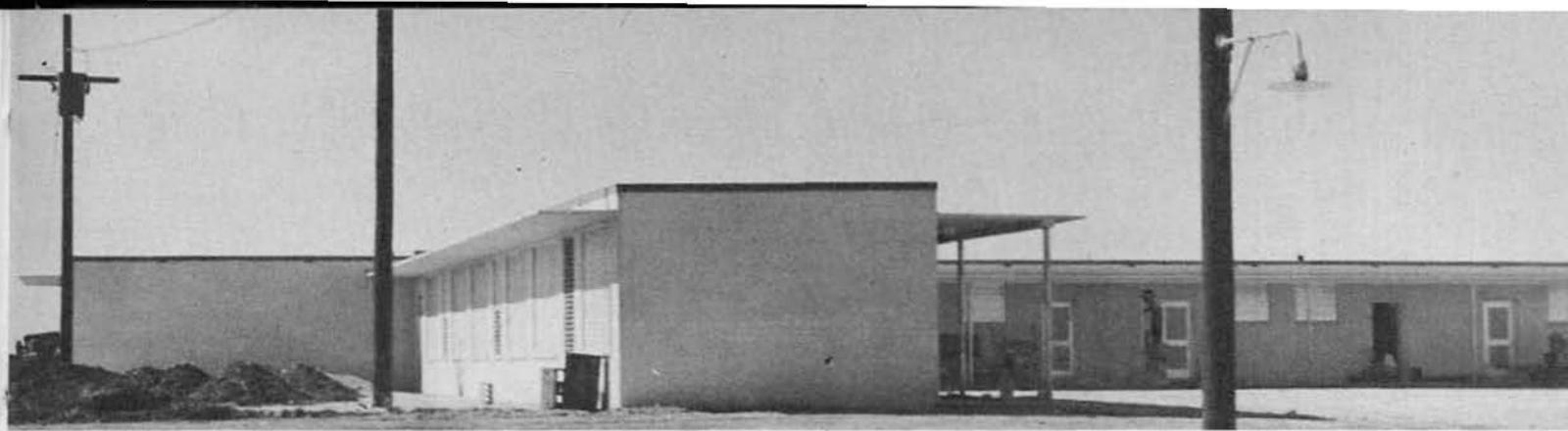
The Recreation Building was another that had a lot of equipment requiring installation: soda fountain, refrigerators, assorted snack bar items, barber equipment, cobbler and tailor equipment. It had three rest rooms, and a lot of interior wall space, all of which had to be adjusted for perfect operation. Estimated cost: \$116,000.



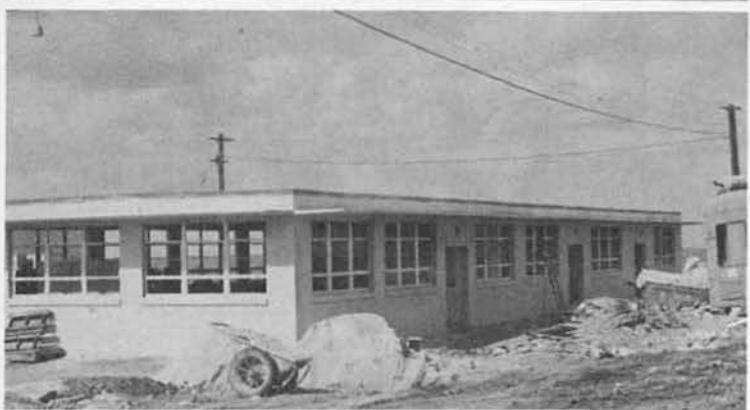
The Shop Building was another we got good use of. It was roofed in pretty early, and our Sheefmetal Shop set up business there, fabricating ductwork for the TE Building. We put good equipment into this building: better even, than the equipment we had had to build the place with. Estimated cost: \$106,000.

The Administration Building is the only one resting on sand rather than rock. It was to contain all offices, plus an Armory, Brig, Post Office, and three heads; there was a lot packed into this little structure. Estimated cost: \$58,000.

The Transmitter Building was one of two that we changed the location of (the other being the Storehouse) due to inconsistencies between the plans and features of the terrain. In this building, at least, we left the equipment installation for others.

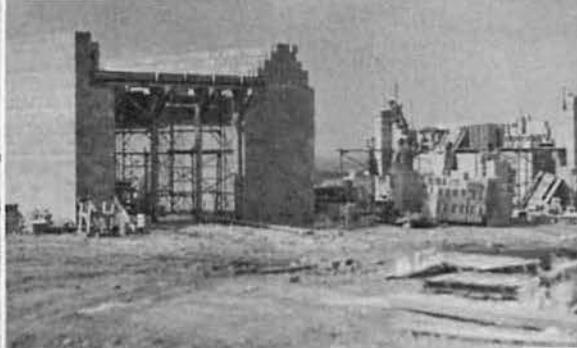
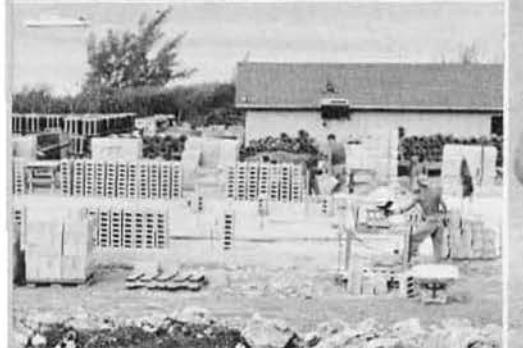
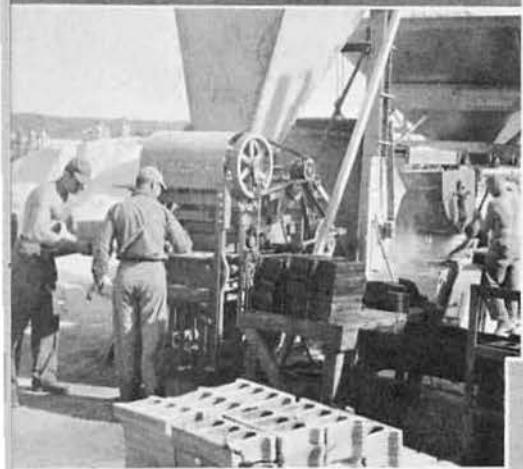


major buildings





The Project:



Orderly materials stockpiling and issue were essential. DELTA had set up the Supply shed and compound before the main body arrived.

This is the way the project site looked to members of the main body upon arrival. Shown are the Surveyors' tent, Subsistence Building site, and our camp near the horizon.

getting underway

The first job, of course, was to make sure we put everything in the right place. Peters squints through the transit; McBride holds tape.

Then, usually, we had to blast the rock away to bring the earth to a level grade. This particular blast was a mammoth one in the borrow pit.

Tons of broken-up rock had to be hauled away—to the crusher if it was "sound"; to use for fill if it wasn't.

Many thousands of cubic yards of selected "fill earth" were hauled from the borrow pit to give us good foundation material.

The fill was spread into place where building grades required. Here Noga, who died of a heart attack shortly after being transferred from FOUR, dozes it out.

The "pads" were graded and rolled for compaction, for they would support the concrete decks directly. Then footings were dug and poured.

Meanwhile, the block plant was winding up production down in camp.

Over 46,000 blocks had been made and neatly stockpiled. Like the concrete we poured, it too, had to be properly cured.

A lot of effort goes into moving materials to the right place. Block was hauled up to the hill as needed. We learned something about stacking block on pallets.

With the deck slab in, block walls went up fast. But your work had to be organized. Winston, Myers, and McIntyre (at the saw) on the Recreation Building.

The masonry work brought us a number of compliments. Some of us learned how on this job, too. Here Gipson watches Ericsson close a course.

As the walls and piers rose, lintels were formed and poured. Meanwhile, Fullam's crew also precasted all the concrete window sills.

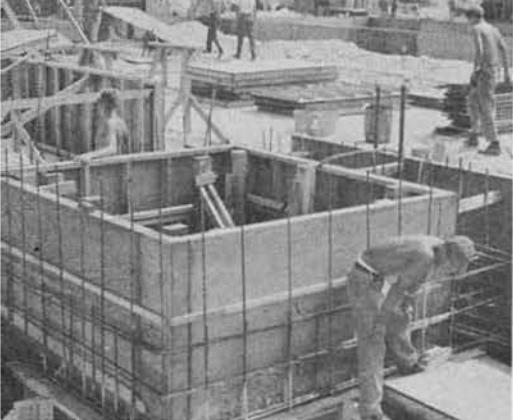
Company contained all the Builders, and "C" Company contained the other Seabee ratings: Surveyors, Steelworkers, Utilities Men, and Electricians. Each company had its own particular phase or phases of the overall project to complete, and each Company Commander served as an Assistant Project Officer or superintendent for those phases of the work. The three companies, in their project work, operated directly under the Operations Officer on a subcontractor system, with the Operations Officer serving as general Project Manager. For once, you now mustered with the same people you worked with; no more of that old confusion of the dual chain of command that sometimes in the past had sent people to the Chaplain simply because they weren't quite sure who else they really ought to see!

In December, 1956, before the arrival of the Main Body, Mr. Jacobson and a crew of seven DELTA men had set up the block plant; by mid-March they had turned out over 46,000 concrete blocks of eight different shapes. Before long, "A" Company had hauled them up from the camp and they were patiently and carefully being mortared into place as the buildings rose. Good blocks they were, too: they stood up well under testing and brought compliments from the masons for their trueness. Plumb and true the walls rose, surrounding the carefully trowelled concrete slabs that covered a maze of electrical conduit and sewer lines, all neatly set in place where walls and fixtures were to rise months later. Overlooking the Atlantic and the rugged, up-and-down, sand dune slope which was to be almost magically transformed into a water catchment area by moving over 100,000 yards of sand and depositing over 2200 yards of concrete in the right places, a jungle-like maze of reinforcing steel, plywood panels, and bracing also rose from the ground where the TE building would stand.

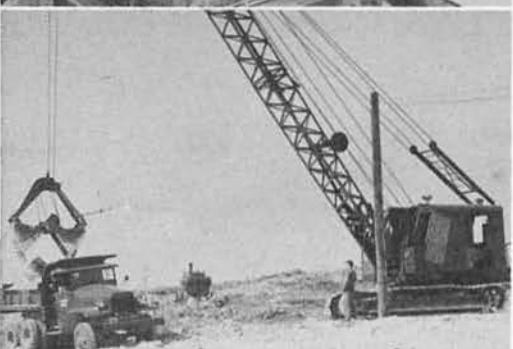
At this stage, you wonder if you'll ever be finished. The completed product is a long way off; it's hard to picture it right now. First you've got to do the job that's in front of you, then the next one, and the next one; drive wedges behind these form braces, caulk this lead joint, tie this reinforcing "basket". It takes all of that, plus the "man behind the man behind the hammer": the mechanic who keeps the temperamental transit mixer running (well, at least most of the time); Chief Wallace (yes, he's still in FOUR), who's been sitting in Norfolk for over a year accumulating material and shipping it out to us; Chief Foley and his Rear Echelon back at Davisville looking after our needs there; the cooks and mess cooks who feed us; the yeomen who (we hope!) are keeping our records straight.

And what you do is pretty well inspected, too. Rigid quality controls are set up for concrete, for instance; specifications will be followed. The chiefs, the officers, everybody's keeping a sharp eye on what's done. Sometimes you find that the Old Man has the sharpest eye of all, which, although it means you can't "get by" with something, makes you feel pretty proud to have him for a Commanding Officer. He's serving not only as General Contractor on this job, but as Officer in Charge of Construction as well, which means he's got an unusual double responsibility to see that things are done right.

Through it all, a continuous flow of material rode the LSM's and sometimes the LST's that beached every now and then



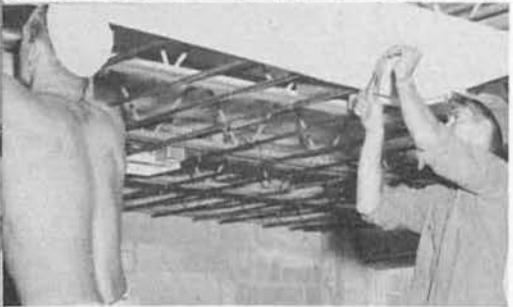
The next job was formwork and reinforcing—a big job for the Builders and Steelworkers. The TE Building, of course, was all formwork, while the others needed the "canopies" and "bond beams" formed (BOQ, Administration, and Barracks Buildings shown). Then concrete.



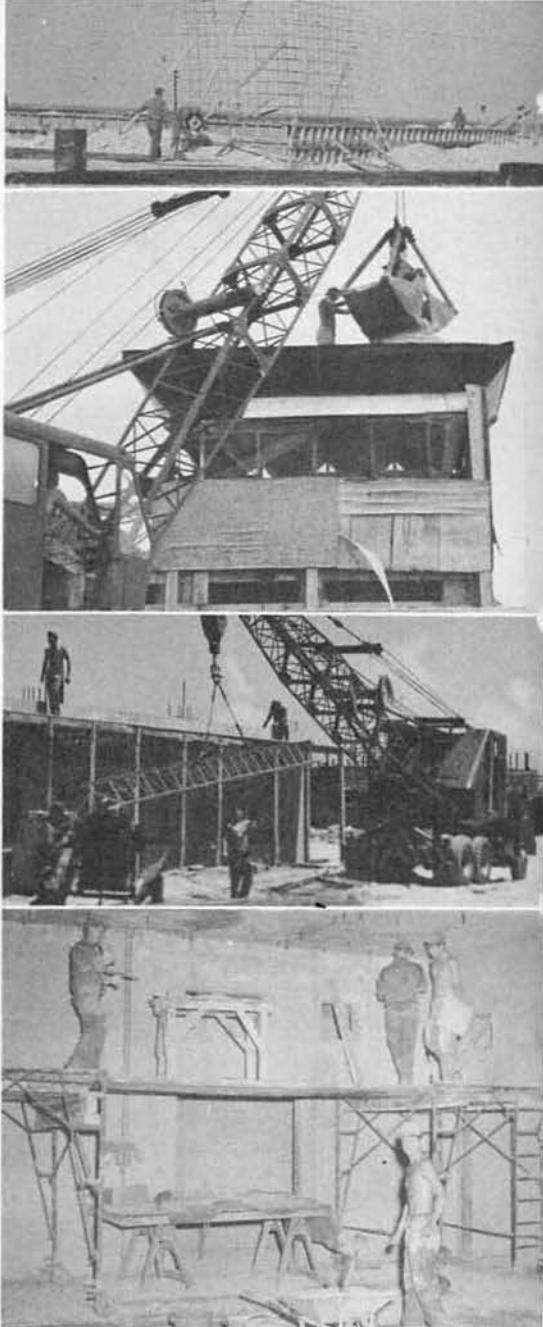
A lot goes into concrete. Good local rock was picked up, run through the crusher, and used for concrete where "specs" permitted; imported rock was used for the best work. Rock, sand, and cement were mixed at the batch plant, water added at the mixer, and the resultant mix usually bucketed into place, and vibrated with internal vibrators.



After a seven-day curing process, during which the concrete was kept wet, forms were stripped. Then the roof joists went up, and bridging was bolted or welded in place (Barracks shown). The joists supported gypsum roof panels (Recreation Building shown), in turn covered by a five-ply felt and gravel roofing.



There was a heck of a lot to do inside the building. It started with furring, stud partitions, and lath. Then plastering (TE Building shown), tile work, wiring, piping, all mechanical equipment, painting, and furniture. Here the skipper watches Martin hook up the galley dishwasher, inspects the TE Building air-conditioning system with Scott and Sherwood, and jokes with Cecero and Hopper, setting asphalt tile in the barracks.



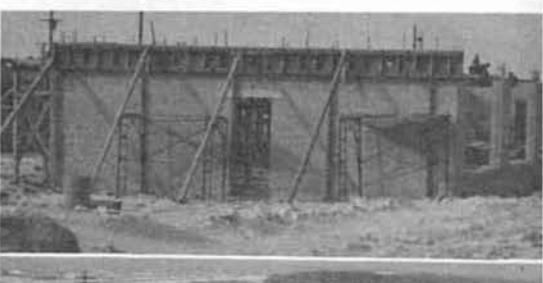
The Project: the buildings



Growth of a building: the Barracks building seems to rise almost magically when the progress pictures are put together, but it took a lot of Seabee hours—and eight months—to make this transformation, from Brown's footings to Chief Johnson's finished building.

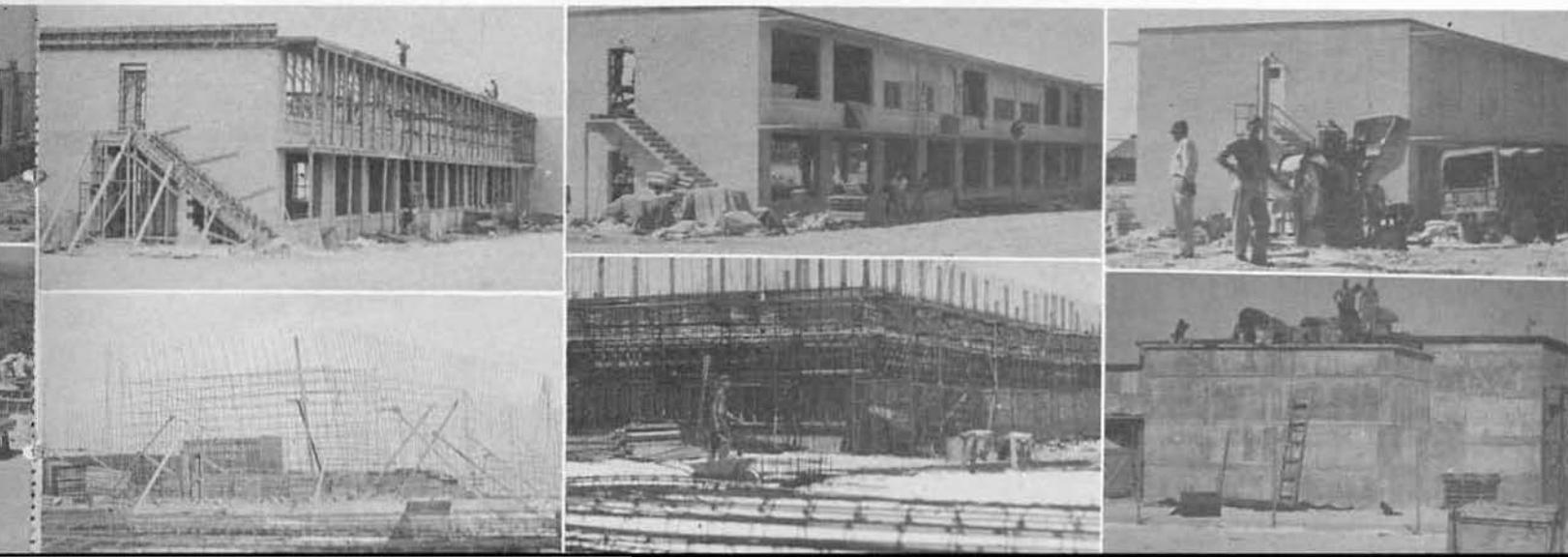


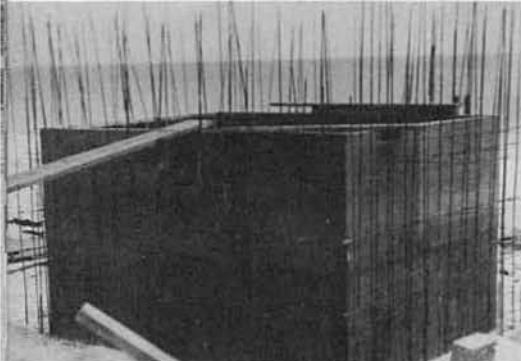
The TE Building was quite different from all the others: it evolved first as a giant birdcage of reinforcing steel then as a huge plywood box, then as a massive concrete shell. The last photo shows an additional room (a sudden change in the plans) and the roofing operation (our recommended modification to the specs) in progress.





rise





The four Advance Base type bolted steel tanks were a special Steelworker job; a potboiler that gave them plenty of work when the buildings didn't require their attention. Each tank held half a million gallons. Builders did foundations and painting.

The Salt Water Pump House was an engineering challenge. It was built above ground, on the beach, just a few feet from the Atlantic, and sunk in place. The building alongside is Pan Am's Pump House. Water-filled pontoons were used for weights; the fire hose for jetting. At far right, a pontoon bulkhead holds back the surf, while the bottom of the caisson is 18 feet below water level.

The Project:

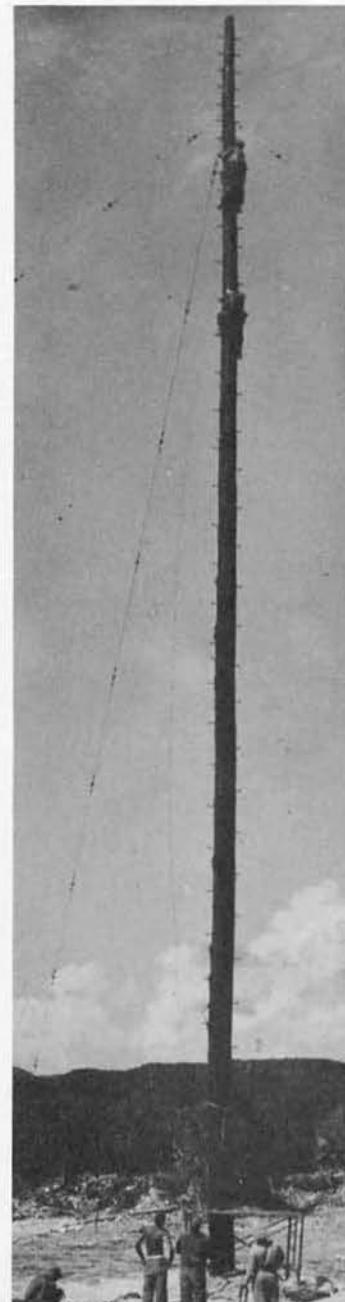
at the rocky landing, and "stake" trucks and working parties (where they ever got the term "party" for that would be interesting to learn) would vanish from the project to off-load the "boat". And through it all, a continuous stream of requisitions flowed out—sometimes by dispatch—as additional requirements became known. Norfolk and Miami were the points of supply, and sometimes it required some real fast work to get a particular shipment lined up before the ship left.

We put good material into this Facility! Everything had been selected by P & E with a great deal of care. Even sand and rock for concrete (You're no Seabee if you call it "cement"—that's the stuff that comes in bags) were imported.

We griped a lot about the drinking water (there never did seem to be enough water cans to go around and sometimes they were late, or there wasn't any ice) but then they started the "gedunk" run, and that made a good break. Got even better when they started passing out sandwiches in the middle of the day, for the tropical work day could get pretty long without a meal break. We griped about transportation, too; never could find a truck with a trailer hitch on it to haul those compressors, or generators, or welding machines, or water buffaloes, or mortar mixers, or concrete mixers. And we griped about materials and why Supply was being so hard-fisted about them, about tools and why somebody else always had what you wanted, about why four different people wanted the forklift or crane at the same time, and a hundred other things. And we learned that people don't solve our problems for us; we've got to solve them ourselves! We learned that to be a good Seabee you've got to learn fast; that the best of planning is never perfect and never will be: Perhaps we learned self-reliance. At any rate, we lived and worked through it.

We had it repeated to us several times that, according to a construction rule of thumb that writes off one man's life against each million dollars' worth of construction, we could expect at least one serious accident or two if we weren't careful. That shook us up. So well, in fact, that the "on job" accidents were peanuts compared to the "off job" accidents; we made a good safety record.

Although it could hardly be said that it was "before we realized it", it was nonetheless almost unbelievable when we began to see the end approach. Final completion—that vague and faraway goal that we had been working towards for so many months—became something that we could actually begin to see. Although we had at least once had the LST schedule pushed back to allow us more working time, we could now see that there would be a "finished product" before we left!



Utilities structures: the Catchment Pump House, Water Treatment Plant, and Septic Tank. The Pump House had two engine-driven pumps, and the Treatment Plant had two filter systems, plus chlorinating and test equipment. The Salt Water Pump House resembled the Catchment Pump House when completed.

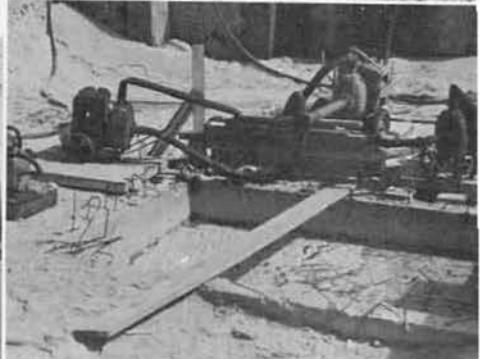
Like foundations, sewer and water lines commenced with blasting, with close-in work required near buildings. The backhoe dug out the loose rock, but there was plenty of hand work left.

Sewer lines, of course, had to go deepest of all. The clay pipe was laid to grades determined from the batter boards, and surrounded by soft sand before the trench was backfilled.

A lot of work goes in place underground where nobody ever sees it. Here, the sewer line gets laid by the Subsidence Building, a section of the catchment drain pipe goes into place at the Pump House, and the fresh and salt water lines lie waiting for backfill alongside the route of the main road. Above-ground utilities that do show are also evident: the distribution poles, and (minutely) the TE Building transformer.



The antennas were a special job. Here, two "flagpole sitters" work aloft on a 105-ft. pole erected by Alabaster Bluff.



the utilities



Strange how it sort of grew on you, so that at the end you had a hard time remembering just what the project looked like when we started; you would look at some early photographs and think, "Gosh! we've come a long way!" But that's the way with construction work.

As in most jobs, the "finished product" takes a long time to get really finished. There are countless odds and ends that must be wrapped up; little discrepancies that must be corrected; a big "push" to get it all done before that "T" comes back and we're all gone. But the tempo steps up; lights burn late; overtime increases as the inflexible deadline nears: will it ever be other than a mad rush right down to the wire?

Interest is high too, at this stage of the game. All our work and sweat is being capped with that thin veneer of finish that to the casual observer suggests the skill with which all has been done before. By this we will be known, and judged. And it is with a great deal of satisfaction that we put the finishing touches on what we, ourselves, are satisfied is a good job. Perhaps the

The water catchment area was a big job all by itself. Commencing with a rugged, brush-covered hillside of high sand dunes and deep hollows, Chief Westcott's bulldozers pushed around over 100,000 cubic yards of earth to make what Captain Fry, Navy Officer in Charge of all "down-range" construction, described as "the prettiest catchment area in the range." The sand was all capped by several inches of fill from the borrow pit, and covered with three inches of concrete (an area of six acres), with the ponding area at the bottom (another acre) receiving six inches of concrete. At right in the lower picture is the pumphouse.

The project was beginning to shape up when this aerial photograph was taken, shortly after the Fourth of July rains had made a mess of the unpaved catchment area (below). To the left is the Naval Experimental Facility, and, going clockwise (starting by the road), can be seen the Administration Building, Storehouse - Garage - Shops - Transmitter Building complex, Recreation Building, the "L"-shaped BOQ, Subsistence Building, Barracks (with gypsum roof plank being installed) three of the four water tanks and the foundation for the fourth, the TE Building, and one of the sleeve antennas. Part of the main road has been brought to rough grade, and part of the water line lays in an open trench, marked by the power poles. Before we left, tennis and volleyball courts were constructed where the cement storage tents stand.

The Project: catchment





area and roads

best lesson you could learn at Eleuthera was to become the most critical judge of your own work.

Happily, our judgment was confirmed by others as well; quality of work received an "outstanding" in the detailed report of the administrative inspection, and COMCBLANT had words of high praise for the job after visiting it in November with COMSERVLANT, after we left. We also heard flattering comparisons between our job and similar projects of other battalions, (this from a number of sources.)

We think that in a well-operating utilities system, the neat canopied yellow buildings, the carefully graded roads and grounds—all perched on the rocky hillside surrounded by the bright green brush of Eleuthera—we left behind us a permanent monument to MCB 4. We're sort of proud of it.

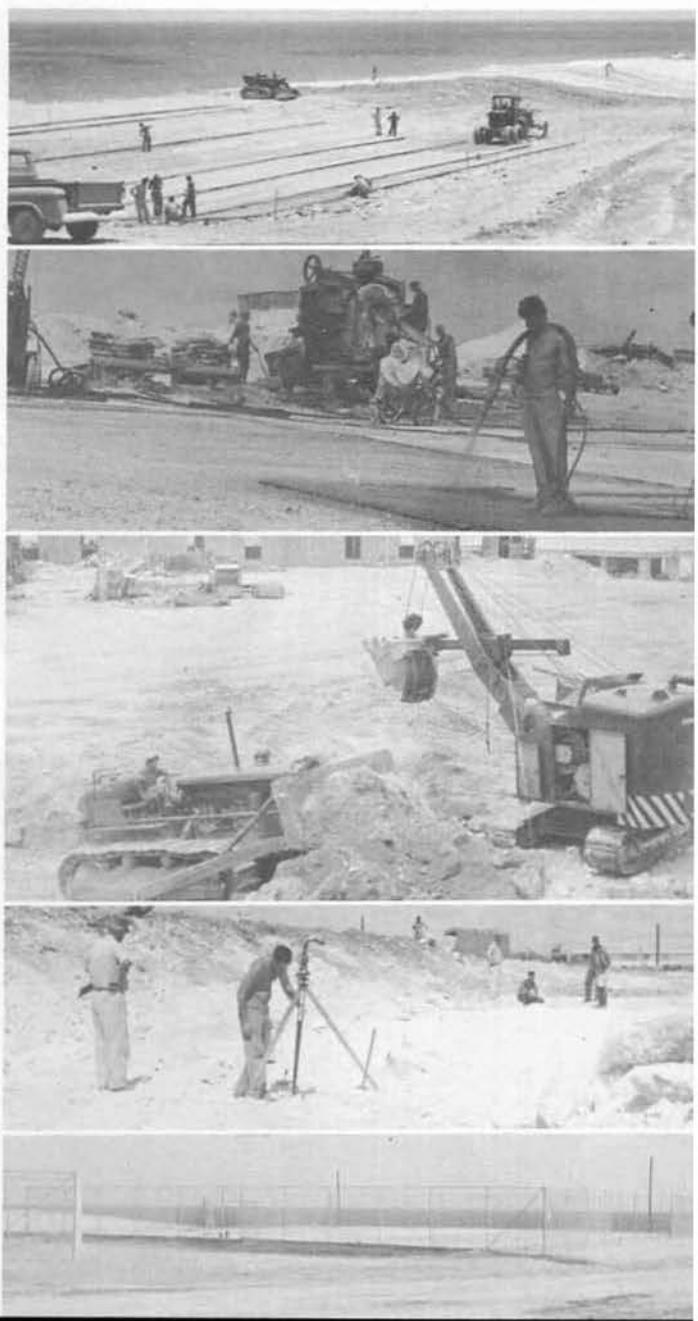
DETACHMENT GOLF

Detachment GOLF had the job of "wrapping up". But this didn't really involve a great deal since the project was pretty well secured when the main body left: the main jobs consisted of completing the asphalt paving (which couldn't be done earlier due to construction traffic and bad breaks from the weather), painting the interior of the Auditorium Building, constructing an addition to the tennis courts, installing miscellaneous items that didn't get there soon enough, finishing the landscaping, and demolishing the existing temporary Facility buildings.

Apart from the project, GOLF had to disassemble our camp and ship all usable material (in nine LSM loads) "down range" for SEVEN's use.

GOLF was commissioned on 13 October 1957 with LT E. J. Bischoff as officer in charge, ENS M. M. Miller as Assistant officer in charge, and 69 men, including Chiefs Clark, Fine, and Winn. Within a couple of weeks most of the work was done, and most of the men ("short timers") were sent to separation.

Upon completion of repairs to sections of the Queen's Highway damaged by our heavy construction traffic, the remnants of GOLF flew back to FOUR at Davisville, and the Detachment was decommissioned.



THE FIRST of the three construction companies was the Transportation and Equipment Company, and it seemed to be first in the hearts of many seabees, too, judging by the number of men who tried—although in vain—to get to be drivers. "A" Company consisted of two groups of men: those who ran the equipment and those who kept it running.

Of course, one of the most fascinating parts of our job was running the heavy equipment. This was done under the supervision of Chief Westcott, who came down with DELTA and stayed till the end of the job. His three bulldozers (four, if you count the antique) stripped the hillside bare and then pushed the rock around after it was blasted so we could get a roughgrade for the building foundations. But our biggest dozing job was in the sand hills below the TE Building. There, in one month of two shift operations, we turned a wilderness of hills, valleys, and brush into a huge bowl for the water catchment basin. Then too, there were jobs like pushing up fill in the borrow pit, pulling the rooter around to break up the ground, and general touch up work as well as pulling those sand and gravel pontoons off the M-boats.

The two mobile cranes were to be found all over the project and down in camp—loading sand and gravel in the bins for concrete, loading dump trucks with fill, topsoil or rock for crushing. Or hoisting concrete buckets, steel joists, gypsum board roof planking and other materials for Builders or Steelworkers. And, of course, there was the memorable job of emptying the south head.

We had three crawler cranes too, the big Manitowoc and two Northwests. One Northwest was rigged as a shovel for the whole job, while the other worked as a backhoe a few times. The backhoe cut trenches for building footings until the Builders decided it made more work than it saved. After that it stuck to cutting trenches for water and sewer lines. Our shovel spent all its time loading dump trucks with fill in the borrow pit, and rock for crushing on the hill. The Manitowoc with its 80-foot boom handled all the jobs that the other cranes couldn't. We needed her to get the concrete to the roof of the TE Building and the joists in place for the barracks roof, as well as putting up the 10,000 barrel steel water tanks.

There were other pieces of heavy equipment to operate, too. The motor graders kept the camp roads and parade ground in shape and graded our building pads to within a gnat's hair of proper level, later getting a workout on the paving job. The big

two wheel roller was used only on camp maintenance until the last few weeks when we finally got started on paving the project roads (a hot asphalt reverse double-penetration process). To round it out we had a couple of front end loaders, a cherry-picker (swing crane), sheepsfoot roller for fill compaction, and the Pettibone CaryLift, which was a type of forklift that could do everything but think for itself when it was running.

One of "A" Company's least popular jobs was operating the rock crusher. But it had to be done: crushed rock was needed for block manufacture, concrete (where specifications permitted local aggregate), and gravel for roofing.

But the wheeled vehicles represented a much larger portion of our work. There were dump trucks, stake trucks, pickups, and truck tractors. Most of the dumps worked directly with the project, hauling dirt, sand and gravel for various uses. Some of the stakes put in a lot of time hauling materials to the site, besides hauling men to and from the project. Cookie's lowboy trailer hauled a lot of concrete block up The Hill and was mighty handy in carrying dozers back to camp for repairs. Two of the highboys were fixed up with seats and these "cattle cars" hauled most of the men to work whenever both truck tractors were running. Lots of fun when those "Gentry rains" hit us.

The rest of the driving was less exciting, but the outfit couldn't have gotten along without it. Two trucks worked full time hauling water from James Cistern in 3200 gallon trailers, and they brought us none too much, as we all know—and the day that the water pipe broke at the cistern everybody really appreciated them. Another dump truck did nothing but haul trash from camp to our dump where Helen the "head honcho" took over. And, of course, we had "one-bun" and his gedunk wagon, bringing bug juice and cake to the poor unfortunates who had eight hours from breakfast to dinner.

Outside of working hours "A" Company had that most important job of carrying FOUR off to enjoy the night life of Eleuthera. Trips ran several times a day to Hatchet Bay, while the Yacht Club was open, and to Governor's Harbour. The bus line wasn't too luxurious, but this sure beat Tent City sometimes.

Another job that usually ended up being not only an outside-of-working hours but also an around-the-clock proposition was off-loading ships. "A" Company could count on a long work day when an LST or LSM hit the beach.

Running all this equipment takes a lot of paperwork and we had the men for it in the Transportation Office. For the first half

A Company: the



"A" Company Chief Petty Officers: C. L. McGee, CMC; W. Gongaware, Jr., CMC; R. M. Westcott, CDC; W. M. Knight, CMC. Not shown: A. T. Beets, CDC; L. W. Linder, CDC; M. J. Carpenter, CMC.



CWO K. O. Hester, CEC, USN
Assistant Company Commander



LT E. J. Bischof, CEC, USN
Company Commander



WO W. R. Revolinsky, CEC, USN
Assistant Company Commander

equipment men

of the deployment, Chief Beets was in charge of the office and all equipment in "the pool". After Chief Linder came he took over the office and Beets went up on the project to devote more time to his job as Safety Chief as well as help to keep things moving smoothly.

As noted earlier the other big part of "A" Company's job was keeping things running. Our grease monkeys didn't see too much of the project but we'd have never finished without them.

The first thing in keeping equipment in shape is something you never notice unless it isn't done: night maintenance. Of course machines won't run at all without fuel so we had two tank trucks—one for gasoline, the other diesel fuel—cruising the project and checking to see that fuel tanks didn't run empty. Then we had our PM's (preventive maintenance checkups). Every 40 working days each vehicle, no matter how indispensable, was brought into the shop and checked thoroughly. A

complete grease job was given, lubricating oil changed, transmission and rear end checked. Horns, windows, brakes, lights, steering, and everything else imaginable was inspected. That's how we were able to keep so much of the equipment running. For the heavy stuff we had a truck rigged with a lube skid which could go right to the equipment and give it the works on site. This saved a lot of time which otherwise would have been lost.

In the parts room the magic word was 6101. This was the designation for the new spare parts setup which was supposed to provide the exact number and type of parts we would need on the deployment. Well it didn't quite work out that way, but it was an improvement over past experience. And we did get nearly all the parts we needed with a big boost from the Marines at Miami and Jacksonville, or Jack Sweeting with his contacts at Nassau. The parts room boss was Chief McGee, who also put in a lot of time as ham radio operator.



A Company: the drivers



Water Supply

Chase, H. A.	CD2
Knight, C. E.	CD2
McGehee, A. L.	CD2
Wise, R. P.	CD3
Robert, J. H.	CM3
Westmoreland, R. J.	CN



Heavy Equipment

Beets, A. T. CDC
(weight handling)

Bridgeman, C. J.	
Christopher, J. W.	
Galbreath, R. E.	
Green, F. N.	
Klaers, D. W.	
McCormick, M.	
Arntz, L. H.	
Durst, D. R.	
Hawkins, N. G.	
Howard, J. W.	

CD1	Johnston, A. W.
CD1	Konemann, W. T.
CD1	Martucci, C. W.
CD1	Noga, R. J.
CD1	Thompson, L. V.
CD1	Beaudette, J. P.
CD2	Buss, E. J.
CD2	Conover, E. R.
CD2	Crow, L. W.
CD2	Eastwood, B. C.





Dispatchers

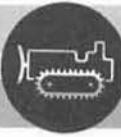
Barnes, D. J.	CDI
Crandall, F. M.	CDI
Gannon, J. W.	CDI
Green, F. N.	CDI

Records Clerks

Coles, R. D.	CDI
Swaby, J. A.	CD2
Geiger, C. D.	CM2
Coleman, V. J.	CMCN



It's operated it



Fuel Supply

Gay, C. L.	CD3
Coleman, V. J.	CMCN



Gedunk Wagon

Ford, M. J.	CD3
Panzeca, J. F.	CD3
Sheldon, W. H., Jr.	CD3
Owens, C. R.	CDCN



Operators

Westcott, R. M.	CDC
(earth moving)	

CD2	Emerson, G. K.
CD2	Harbert, P. L.
CD2	Heck, H. D.
CD2	May, L. D.
CD2	Thurber, D. W.
CD3	Travis, T. F.
CD3	Zimmer, M. J.
CD3	Baker, M. L.
CD3	Leitzel, M. A.
CD3	Cosgrove, J. F.



Transportation Pool

Beets, A. T.	CDC
in charge (Feb-Jun)	
Linder, L. W.	CDC
in charge (Jun-Aug)	
Coles, R. D.	CDI
Green, F. N.	CDI
Hawkins, N. G.	CD2
Clark, J. D.	CD3
Conard, W. D.	CD3
Ellis, W. G.	CD3
Ford, M. J.	CD3
Geiger, C. D.	CD3
Milliser, G. R.	CD3
Olson, W. G.	CD3
Pope, B. A.	CD3
Priest, W. A.	CD3
Panzeca, J. F.	CD3



Tire Shop

Crow, L. W.
Ketchum, L. R.
Roerdon, C.
Coleman, V. J.

CD3
CM3
CM3
CMCN

Battery Shop

White, C. G.
Hopper, C. D.

CM3
CMCN

A Company: the

The Mechanics did a lot of big and little repair jobs on Eleuthera, everything from rebuilding a Caterpillar diesel engine to repairing the rear end on the Captain's sedan, which was damaged when the Pan Am Base Manager hit the gas instead of the brakes. Chief Gongaware had charge of the whole garage operation while Chief Knight was responsible for patrolling the job site to see that all equipment up there was operating properly.

LTJG Stillman, who joined FOUR immediately before the Rear Echelon embarked for Eleuthera, served as Company Commander and Safety Officer until April, when he swapped jobs with LT Bischoff who had been holding down the desk of the Administrative Officer. LT Bischoff saw "A" Company through the remainder of the deployment, then stayed behind with GOLF to finish up the paying work (which couldn't be done earlier) among other things.

A couple of months later, CWO Hester, by now one of FOUR's old-timers—he, with "Pappy" Miller, had run "A" Company all through the Newfoundland deployment—was transferred to Roosevelt Roads and relieved by WO Revolinsky, a new arrival from ACB 2.



Field Crew

Knight, W. in charge
Woods, G. R.
Knight, C. E.
Lewis, C. H.
Németh, J.
Strohmann, W. E.
Hornburg, H. W.

CMC
CMI
CD2
CM2
CM2
CMCN
CN



Machine Shop

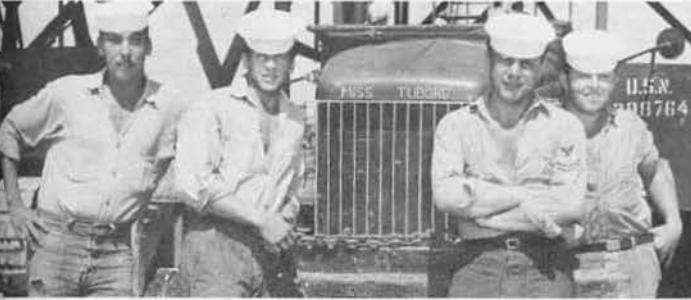
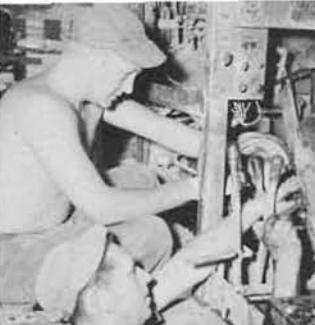
Johns, C. D. in charge
Tongco, J. C.
Lowery, C. E.
Edel, T. R.
Woolever, K. W.

MRI
MR2
CM3
FN
FA



Gongaware, W. Jr.
in charge

CMC
CMC
CM2
CM3
CM3
CM3
CM3
CM3
CM3
CMCN
CMCN
CMCN
CMCN
CMCN
CMCN
CMCN
CMCN
CN
CN
CN
CN



Company Clerk

Myers, P. H. Jr.
Buettnner, W. L.
Sheldon, W. H. Jr.
Coleman, V. J.

CD2
CM3
CD3
CMCN



Honey Wagon

Player, C. W. CM3

mechanics made it run



Heavy Equipment Mechanics

Wiggins, L. F. CMC
Alexander, A. J. CDI
Botz, S. W. CM2
Bress, L. L. CM2
Stork, W. E. CM2
Millsap, H. R. CM3
Murphy, P. R. CM3
Yanish, H. E. CM3



Parts Room

McGee, C. L. in charge CMC
Champion, C. L. CM3
Marshall, L. E. CM3
Myers, N. A. CM3
King, A. D. CMCN
Marsh, R. J. CMCN



"A" Company could walk—when it wanted to or had to. Here, "A" Company's First Platoon, led by Chief Beets, and Second Platoon, led by Chief McGee, give "eyes right" to Commodore Clark. "A" Company has traditionally looked pretty sharp in FOUR's reviews, despite loud vocal protestations to marching.





ENS R. M. Leahy, CEC, USNR
Assistant Company Commander



LTJG E. M. Sullivan, CEC, USNR
Company Commander



CWO L. F. Cole, CEC, USN
Assistant Company Commander

B Company:

UNDER the new battalion construction organization, all Builders were assigned to "B" Company, which was responsible, in general, for all building construction (less steelworking). Since the Eleuthera project was primarily one of constructing buildings, "B" Company, throughout almost the entire deployment, was considerably larger than any other Company, numbering up to 140 men.

The Builder is the leading Seabee rating, according to BuPers Manual, for he personifies BUILDING—which is what a Construction Battalion is in business to do. It is he who normally controls and coordinates the work of other specialized personnel, and it is he who is trained by experience in those crafts which form the bulk of the average construction job. On this project the Builder's work was carpentry, concrete placement and finishing, masonry, roofing, lathing, (along with Steelworkers) plastering, tile-setting, painting, and a good deal of just plain labor.

Immediately after arrival of the Second Echelon from Davis-

ville, "B" Company was organized into the full-scale company for the first time, and the transfer of personnel from work on the camp to the project site was begun. Unlike the other companies, "B" Company was soon functioning entirely on "the hill", without the requirement of maintaining a number of people in camp to support day-to-day operations, such as "C" Company's generator or UT watches, or "A" Company's transportation section or garage. Other than one maintenance carpenter in camp, building "cruz" boxes and that sort of thing, "B" Company was all what we termed "direct labor" on the job, with one goal: get the buildings up! There were no deviations, no diversions from this goal—not even when almost everyone else in the Battalion (it seemed) took off on the search for Martucci; not even during what would otherwise have been normal afternoons off, as the deployment wore on.

At first the only thing Builders could do was prefabricate several hundred plywood form panels for the concrete work we were to do—and dig foundations as "A" Company provided the

earth "pads" (compacted selected fill earth, graded to proper level and elevation on the building site.) "B" Company spent several months in the ground, one foundation after another, at first pushing for more pads so we could properly spread out manpower to the different buildings for efficient work. Immediately behind the diggers came the concrete crew to pour the footings, then the form builders on the TE Building and block layers on the others. In the meantime, a special crew was busy precasting all concrete sills for the different buildings.

By the time the COMCBLANT inspection party arrived in March several of the buildings were beginning to rise from the ground; even the first deck window sills were being set in place in the barracks, and the main deck was poured. Everybody felt better to be climbing out of the coral ditches; some of us were accomplished hands with paving breaker, pick, and shovel by then—if not accomplished, at least blistered hands! We found out that the fill "A" Company was hauling up from the borrow pit was good stuff indeed; when set it was like rock to dig through.

Foundation, deck slab, and walls, the buildings grew fast in this pattern (with neat blockwork that brought many compliments, it might be added)—and then a grinding halt, for each building, with only a few exceptions, had an eggshell-thin (2 inch) concrete canopy and bond beam crowning its blockwork, and this meant a slow and tedious job of formwork, and tricky concrete placement. The canopies were, in fact, the biggest single phase of the job in terms of the amount of work required. Then the gypsum roof slabs and the five-ply built-up gravel roofing, and the many mornings when one member of the crew pulled the duty of going up early to light off the tar pot.

And then we were inside! But that was worse, once you tackled that metal lathing: Builders shared with Steelworkers the painstaking job of cutting, bending, and wire-tying that "stuff" at six inch intervals on all the overheads and all the interior partitions we had laid out.

Everybody got into the act on plastering: everybody wanted to try it at first, then hardly anyone wanted to see plaster again. It's staggering to think of the tons of plaster slowly and carefully troweled into place in each building, but at the end of the day you felt as though you had put it all up there yourself. Even a few of the UTs lent a hand on this job (and very capable hands they were, we found out) as we double-shifted to get the most use out of our two mortar mixers, or, in some cases, mixed all the plaster by hand, as we did on the Administration Building.

The plaster was put up in three coats: scratch, brown, and "putty" or a white lime gypsum finish coat. This finish coat

plastering was all done by a special crew, and was a delight to behold: true in plane and slick as glass, a neat job.

By now we were beginning to see the end: structural facing tile, ceramic tile, mosaic tile, acoustical tile, quarry tile, asphalt tile, hang doors, install aluminum jalousies, paint, clean up, move in the furniture—then you're through! It's an interesting thing about buildings, you can erect the structure only one way, from the ground up; but once you get inside you've got to work your way from the top back down to the ground! This interior finish work—working our way down to the last step of putting the finished deck in place—was one of the most interesting phases of the project, because now the building was taking final shape; this product of your day-in day-out work over many months was beginning to look like a finished product. Outside, the native laborers we had hired (supervised, as a sideline, by "B" Company) were applying the distinctive yellow "suntan" water-cement paint to seal the blockwork against water and dress up the buildings as well. (Pretty soon, everything exposed on the project was covered with this distinctive color, which we left behind us almost like a trademark.)

"B" Company, as the project got going, had adopted a novel approach to job assignments, dispensing with the normal "assembly-line" practice where certain specialist crews go around from building to building doing the same job in each. Instead, a permanent crew was assigned to each building to complete it themselves, with the help of a few specialist crews in the less common trades. More interesting that way, and you get much better experience. Everybody got a chance to do everything (indeed, he **had** to!); to work on every phase of the construction. And you knew it was **your** baby. And, perhaps not surprisingly, everybody did a good job!

By the time you were finished it was with a lot of satisfaction you could look at "your" building and know that you had brought it practically all the way, from the ground up.

It was a big job for concrete. We were pouring concrete everyday somewhere or another, scratching our heads wondering how to keep covered from the unpredictable weather the tens of thousands of bags of cement they kept shipping in; pulling duty in the batch plant loading the transit mixers with the stuff when your crew was pouring; finishing concrete until well after dark under floodlights; going up to the project in the afternoons to wet down the newly-poured concrete and keeping it wet for seven days.

There were a lot of concrete decks to be poured and finished, and the aforementioned canopies and bond beams. One of the big users of concrete was the Terminal Equipment Building—

the builders



B Company Chief Petty Officers: (back row): C. H. Weber, BUCA, F. T. Fine, BUCA, F. C. Clark, BULC, L. H. Winn, BULCA; (kneeling): C. E. Dameron, BUCA, D. J. Johnson, BUCA, J. Nuceder, BUHC. Not shown: E. A. Roy, DCC, J. E. Williams, BULC, I. F. Copp, BULC.



Blasting Crew

Nuceder, J.	BUHC
Redwood, W. H.	SW2
in charge (Mar-May)	
Winbarg, A. A.	SW3
Boyer, D. M.	BU3
Ellis, W. G.	CD3
Davies, D. M.	BUCN
Grundy, M. E.	SWCN
Kropp, W. D.	CN
Tobler, W. W.	CN
Goodall, T. E.	CN
Burnes, E. C.	CN
Eutsler, C. D.	CN
Dendler, D. W.	CN
Rash, L. D.	CN
Blanchard, W. H.	CN



B Company: the



Auditorium Building

Suddeth, J. L.	BULI
in charge	
Hartzell, P. R.	BU3
Clark, B. I.	BUL3
Myers, P. H.	BU3
Hubscher, W. H.	BUL3
Winston, G.	BUL3
Ericsson, R. W.	CN
Gipson, G. M.	CN
Quisenberry, C. B.	CN
Dendler, D. W.	CN
Taylor, W. C.	CN
Dixon, J. L.	BUCN
Rust, M. L.	BUCN



Garage, Storehouse and Transportation Building

Paulius, K. D.	BULI
in charge (Feb-Jun)	
Tuzzo, V. P.	BU2
in charge (Jun-Oct)	
Miller, J. R.	BU3
Josko, J. M.	CN
Silver, D. G.	CN
Clancy, T. D.	SN
Droth, E. C.	CN
Crutchfield, G. K.	SN



Concrete Crew

Smith, E. S.	BUI
in charge (Feb-Jun)	
Portka, A. J.	BU2
in charge (Jun-Oct)	
Spaulding, J.	BU2
O'Neal, K. E.	BU3
Dobson, G. E.	BUCN
Pharr, R. A.	BU3
Dixon, J. L.	BU3
Panaro, J. F.	BU3
Taylor, W. C.	BU3
Gipson, G. M.	BU3
Betzmer, L.	BU3
Chesley, W. D.	BU3

Subsistence Building

Whiston, F.	BUI
in charge	
CN Stewart, J. W.	BUI
CN De Sautell, G. S.	BUI
CN Hicock, H. A.	BUCN
CN Shurtz, P. E.	BU3
CN Corso, V. A.	BU3
O'Connor, P. M.	BU3
Todd, L.	BU3
Powell, C. L.	BU3
Holder, F. V.	BU3



B Company started out in the ground, as buildings must start, and spent many days digging foundation trenches. Here Rash uses a paving breaker to dig for the BOQ footings. The following pictures, in order, show the general sequence of construction followed on all the buildings.



building crews



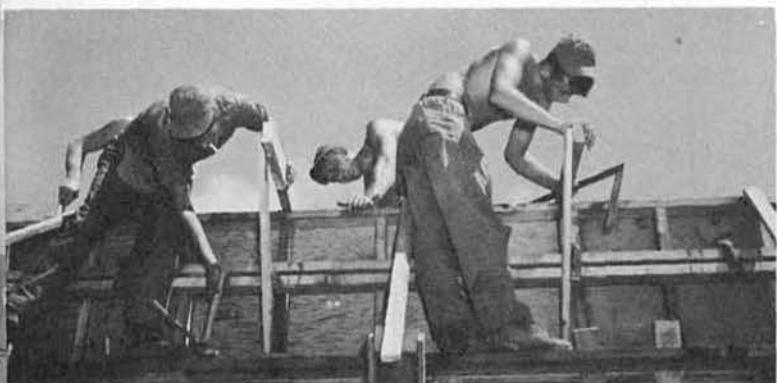
the only large, all-concrete structure, and at the same time the biggest single item of work of the entire project.

The TE Building was the first we started; for weeks it stood as a skeleton of reinforcing steel, flapping in the breeze, as the plywood forms slowly climbed their way up the walls ("slowly" because we were going to be doggone sure it was "accurately," too—though the one builder worrying about a form being half a 32nd out **was** overdoing it a bit!), to be followed shortly after by concrete. It took over \$12,000 worth of lumber to erect the elaborate plywood "box" we built, but all the form lumber was used over several times again elsewhere on the project; we got good, economical, use of it. The TE Building, CWO Cole's special project, had "B" Company's biggest crew, since it was our biggest job and had the earliest completion date.

Another concrete monster was the catchment area. "A" Company used to think of it as "their" project—as indeed it was a mammoth job of earthmoving—until "B" Company got in there to put the surface on. Day after day we poured, screeded, and floated the concrete pavement, first in the ponding area, then slowly and laboriously up the bowl-shaped hillside. We kept thinking how far behind we'd be if we were still trying to shoot that pneumatic mortar into place as originally proposed and later changed. We'd tried that, but just didn't have what it took: a lot of experience and decent equipment.

It took a lot of overtime to whip that catchment area—particularly with the undependable transit-mixers we had. (At one time, in desperation to keep things moving, we kept a battery of three hand-fed mixers going and hauled the concrete in dumps.) It took over seven straight weeks of double-shift work on the part of the same crew of men. But this was not uncommon in "B" Company: it was done from time to time by almost every crew, especially the TE Building, Barracks, Administration Building, and Salt Water Pump House crews. It was the rule, rather than the exception, every day for some "B" Company personnel to be on the hill long after quitting time after working since early morning; it was the exception rather than the rule when the construction schedule permitted them any compensatory time off.

One of "B" Company's most challenging jobs—from the standpoint of engineering—was construction of the Salt Water Pump House, ten feet away from Pan Am's similar structure on which, it is said, the contractor lost his shirt. What made it interesting was that the reinforced concrete structure had to be built on a wave-swept beach, with a well extending down to a depth of at least ten feet below normal water level. An "open caisson" (a bottomless concrete box, 11 x 14 feet, and



B Company: the



Terminal Equipment Building

CWO L. F. Cole, in charge

Noble, K. E.	BUC Hopper, J. L.
Owenby, G. E.	BU1 Lorenz, P.
Fuliam, M. E.	BU1 Clark, B. I.
Heidel, M. P.	BU2 Sidinger, W. R.
Campbell, G. P.	BU2 Weir, M. R.
Beal, J. R.	BU2 Akin, D. L.
Hubbell, W. L.	BU2 Hartzell, P. R.
Sheppard, J. P.	BU2 Danner, P. A.
Zmarzlak, J.	BU2 Wesenberg, R. G.
Miller, A. C.	BUL2 Grubisic, J.
Andrews, F. T.	BUL3 Collins, J. J. J.
Dorsett, D. E.	BU3 Chesley, W. D.
Gardner, R. T.	BU3 Haley, A.

Copp, I. F., BULC, in charge (Mar-Apr)

BUL3 Breitenbach, R.	CN
BU3 Reed, C. E.	CN
BUL3 Ekstedt, C. C.	CN
BU3 Scott, W. D.	CN
BUL3 McCarthy, J. M.	BULCN
BU3 Spusta, A. J.	CN
BU3 Nicholas, G. W.	CN
DM3 Bettes, G. L.	SN
CN Corso, V. A.	CN
CN McIntryre, E. L.	CN
CN Nack, R. A.	CN
SN Mamula, P.	CP
CN	



Shops Building

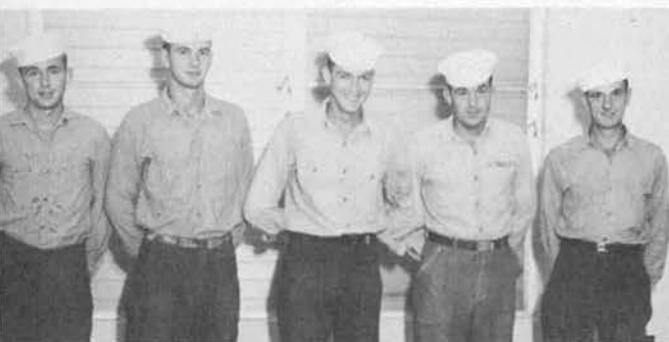
Johnson, N. G.	BUL1
in charge	
Day, M. M.	BU2
Hubbell, W. L.	BU2
Kisselman, F.	DMM3
Phillips, L. T.	CN
Fielding, J.	CN
Samia, R. L.	CN
Josko, J. M.	CN



E. M. Barracks Building

Johnson, D. J., BUC, in charge
Rodgers, G. H., BU2, in charge (Oct)

Hicklin, C. W.	BUI Matthew, T. M.
Warner, H.	BU2 McIntryre, E. L.
Wachtel, J. F.	BU3 Di Marfino, M. A.
Hopper, J. L.	BUL3 Stiland, L.
Gwaltney, W. S.	BUL3 Nikunen, G.
Sidinger, W. P.	BUL3 Barnes, C. L.
Andrews, F. T.	BUL3 Rodman, J. M.
Payne, J. H.	BU3 Seighman, W.
O'Neal, K. E.	BU3 Lundy, D. A.
Krejsa, W. R.	BUL3 Ericsson, R. W.
Fletcher, F. W.	BUL3 Fielding, J.
Horne, P. R.	BUCN Samia, R. L.
Jordan, J. A.	BUCN Schumacher, R. F.
Cecero, W. S.	CN



Administration Building

Hillhouse, J. W.	BUI
in charge	
Healey, J. E.	BU2
in charge (Sep)	
Nauta, J. R.	BU3
Miller, R. W.	BU3
Danner, P. A.	DM3
Weir, M. R.	BUL3
Theriault, E. J.	BU3
Binkley, J. C.	SN
Eutsler, C. D.	CN
Collins, J. J. J.	SN

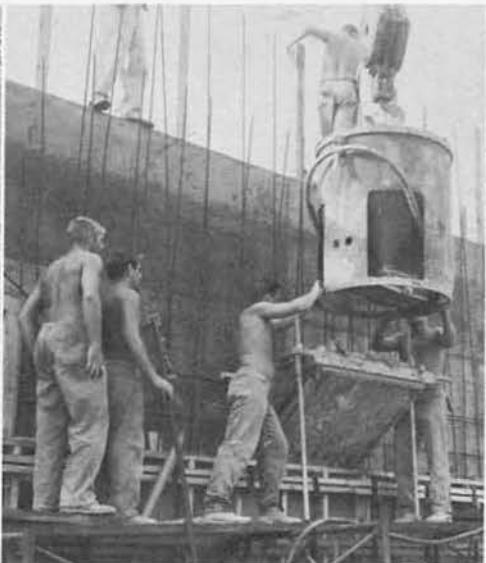


Saltwater Pump House

Brown, W. C.	BUH1
in charge	
Spaulding, J.	BU2
Leibslay, R. S.	BU2
Morgan, J. P.	BU3
Hubscher, W. G.	BUL3
Betzmer, L.	CN
Bucuzzo, J. R.	CN
Luhman, J. M.	CN
Ego, P. D.	CN
Bradley, B. A.	BULCN
Rust, M. L.	BUCN
Davies, D. M.	BUCN



building crews



Recreation Building

Reeve, R. C.	BUI
in charge	
Quiett, G. T.	BU2
in charge (Oct)	
Wright, H. P.	BU2
Hubbell, W. L.	BU2
Miller, A. C.	BUL2
Bollard, R. C.	BU3
Blasczyk, C. M.	BU3
Annunziata, R. A.	BUL3
Gies, L. T.	BUCN
Hawkins, J. P.	SN
Murabito, C.	SN



BOQ Building

Roberts, W. E.	BUI
in charge	
Beck, V. A.	BUI
Healey, J. E.	BU2
Becker, J. F.	BU2
Davis, R. H.	BU3
Blicker, F. P.	BU3
Hoe, D. D.	BUL3
Young, D. T.	BU3
Sasman, C. J.	BUCN
Jordan, A. J.	SN



Water Treatment Pumphouse & Ponding Area

Clark, F. C.	BULC
in charge	
Brown, W. C.	BUHI
Spaulding, J.	BU2
Leibley, R. S.	BU2
Morgan, J. P.	BU3
Hubscher, W. G.	BUL3
Krejza, W. R.	BUL3
Bradley, B. A.	BULCN
Peterson, R. S.	BUCN
Ego, P. D.	CN
Crump, R. E.	CN
Betzmer, L.	CN
Bucuzzo, J. R.	CN
Rash, L. D.	CN
Hurley, D. J.	CN



Catchment Area

Fine, F. T.	BULC
in charge	
Smith, E. S.	BUI
Portka, A. J.	BU2
O'Neal, K. E.	BU3
Hicock, H. A.	BU3
Krejza, W. R.	BUL3
Fletcher, F. W.	BU3
Crump, R. E.	CN
McIntyre, E. L.	CN
Schumacher, R. F.	CN
Hunt, J. M.	SN
Quisenberry, C. B.	CN
Dixon, J. L.	BUCN
Beaulieu, F. L.	CN
Shepard, J. P.	CN
Underwood, C. R.	CDCN
Bradley, B. A.	BULCN
Gipson, G. M.	CN
Taylor, W. C.	CN
Mamula, P.	CP





Plastering Crew

Weber, C. H., BUC, CPO in charge
 Wellman, H. D., BUI, in charge (Jul-Aug)
 Miller, A. C., BUL2, in charge (Aug-Sep)

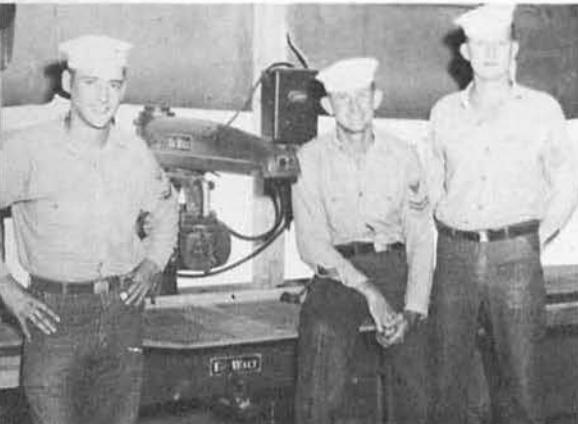
Hoe, D. D.	BUL3	Peterson, R. S.	BUCL
Kennedy, W. K.	BU3	Dendier, D. W.	CN
Silveri, J. G.	BU3	Solvig, L. O.	CN
Pharr, R. A.	BU3	Fielding, J.	CN
Dawson, W. R.	BUL3	Phillips, L. T.	CN
Kisselman, F.	DMM3	Samia, R. L.	CN
Dobson, G. E.	BU3		



Paint Crew

Winn, L. H., BULC, in charge (Aug-Oct)
 McDonald, W. B., BU2, in charge (Jul-Aug)

Lord, G. L.	BUL2	Sheppard, J. P.	CN
Beal, J. R.	BU2	Nack, R. A.	CN
Payne, J. H.	BU3	Samia, R. L.	CN
Hopper, J. L.	BUL3	Peterson, R. S.	CN
Holder, F. V.	BUCL		



Carpenter Shop

Miller, J. W.	BUL2
in charge	
Gardella, A.	BU2
Reuther, A. C.	BU2
Neitzke, M. T.	BUL3
Davis, R. H.	BU3
Jordan, J. A.	BUCL
Collins, J. J. J.	SN



Pre-Cast Sill Crew

Fullam, M. E.	BUI
in charge	
Akin, D. L.	BU3
Hartzell, P. R.	BU3
Ekstedt, C. C.	CN

18 feet deep) was built on the surface and was slowly sunk out of sight as the sand was removed from the inside. Pump, dig, blast, dig (with a "clamshell") the cycle went. It was a slow and tricky job, complicated by rock below the surface, inadequate pumps, sand boils, and competition with other people on the project for the necessary equipment.

"You'll never make it, ha! ha!" a doubting Pan Am employee had scrawled on the wall of the unsunk caisson—but we did, and his pessimistic prophecy is now forever covered by 12 feet of ocean-washed sand on the beach.

True, this strange structure down on the beach, mysteriously removed from most of us on the hill, did at one time show an awkward list to the sea, but this was satisfactorily corrected, the bottom poured with concrete, the water pumped out (almost miraculously, it seemed), and a last minute race before the second "T" came back saw the job completed before we left. At one stage we did take a leaf from FOXTROT's book and use one of our pneumatic mortar machines for pressure grouting to plug up underwater holes.

One special "B" Company crew that bore little relation to the others was Chief Neuceder's blasters—"Little Johnny's Rock Busters" they called themselves. They had a big job, for the project site was covered with rock, especially where sewer lines, water lines, foundations, roads, even underground cable, was to go. The job was complicated by the land acquisition problems that prevented doing a lot of blasting before other work started. We had to keep two shifts busy all the time—jackhammers running incessantly—to keep the blasting up to schedule.

Aside from Chief Neuceder (who was borrowed by SEVEN in Barbados for awhile); Chief Dameron was the only "B" Company Chief to see through the entire deployment; he served as Company Adjutant after Chief Williams' transfer in June. Chief Copp started out with the TE Building, but was transferred to the hospital about half way through the deployment.

The other "B" Company Chiefs—Clark, who supervised the native working force; Fine, who put in the catchment area; Webber, who ran the plaster and tile crews; Johnson, who built the E. M. Barracks; and Winn, who handled the great majority of the painting—all came to Eleuthera after the deployment was underway, the last three making Chief during the deployment.

Chief Roy spent a short time with "B" Company as equipment coordinator and materials expeditor before taking over the Sheriff's job.

LTJG Sullivan was the only "B" Company officer to see through the entire deployment, ENS Leahy and CWO Cole both arriving at Eleuthera in April. LTJG Sullivan also served as Battalion Training Officer and Shops Officer, a duty Mr. Cole inherited near the end of the deployment, and ENS Leahy served as Battalion Legal Officer.



	Title	Crew	
Weber, C. H.	BUCA	Carpenter, J. T.	BUI
CPO in charge		in charge	
Portka, A. J.	BU2	Baier, E. G.	CN
Winston, G.	BUL3	Hurley, D. J.	CN
Hubscher, W. G.	BUL3	Panaro, J. F.	CN
Dobson, G. E.	BU3	Jordan, J. A.	BUCN
De Fazio, B.	BU3	Dixon, J. L.	BUCN
Sidinger, W. P.	BU3	Taylor, W. C.	CN
Myers, P. H.	BU3	Kammerer, K. G.	CN
Hawkins, J. P.	SN	Mamula, P.	CP



the special crews

Company Administration

Company Adjutant (Feb-June), Williams, J. C., BULC
 Company Adjutant (Jun-Oct), Dameron, C. E., BUC
 Native Labor Foreman, Clark, F. C., BULC
 Equipment & Materials Coordinator, Roy, E. A., DCC
 Camp Maintenance, Cruz, H. A., BU3
 Company Clerks
 (Jan-Mar), Ekstedt, G. C., CN
 (Mar-Jul), Eutsler, C., CN
 (Jul-Oct), Ego, P. D., CN
 Drivers
 (Jan-May), Hurley, D. J., CN
 (May-Jul), Burns, E. C., CN
 (Jul-Aug), Silver, R. E., CP

B Company used to consider itself a pretty sharp company, and picked up two guidon streamers in the inter-company competition. Here, Commodore H. G. Clark, COMCBLANT, inspects B Company.





LTJG D. E. Warrick, CEC, USNR
Company Commander



ENS M. M. Miller, CEC, USNR
Assistant Company Commander



CWO B. S. Jacobson, CEC, USNR
Assistant Company Commander

C Company: steel,

C COMPANY as the third of the three construction companies, contained an assortment of diverse construction ratings: Construction Electrician's Mates, Steelworkers, Surveyors, and Utilities Men. Thus, "C" Company, more than any other Company, was involved in every phase of the project, from laying out buildings and roads and controlling all grades, to installation of the vital but hidden steel skeletons of all structures, to construction of the electrical and mechanical "nervous" and "circulatory" systems of the concrete and block creatures that we built.

The Surveyors—who could truly boast "Where everyone else goes, we've been!"—formed the project Engineering section under CWO Jacobson with a dual responsibility: surveying and quality control of concrete and concrete block. Surveying (a direct responsibility of Chief Waltrip until he was drafted for operation Deepfreeze), of course, involved the accurate

positioning of all structures, roads, utility lines, etc.; setting all grades, including adjusting several designed building grades for the sake of better drainage or construction in accordance with the best engineering practice; development of a functional drainage system to control and minimize erosion; and preparation of a finish contour map of the entire completed project. Frequently, too, the Surveyors were called in by the Builders to set accurate elevations for roof lines, canopies, and joists. The engineering sideline involved concrete mix design and control, and countless quality control tests on concrete (in both wet and dry form) and concrete block. Such painstaking "bird dogging" of our basic construction materials assured structurally sound products, and also played a part in the decision to substitute concrete for the pneumatically-applied mortar design of the water catchment area.

Literally and figuratively, from their lofty tent-office with the million-dollar view and the priceless breeze, or through their

transits and telescopes spotted from day to day around the site, the Surveyors "kept an eye on things."

"C" Company's Steelworkers were working a bit far afield at the beginning of the deployment, for it was they who formed the nucleus of the block plant crew, another sideline of Mr. Jacobson's. This work, however, was pretty well completed by the end of February when things really began to pick up "on the hill." At the outdoor fabrication area set up almost a hundred feet above the blue Atlantic surf, Steelworkers began to turn out a multitude of oddly-shaped combinations of reinforcing steel: "mats", "baskets", hooked dowels, corner bends, etc., with each combination of two or more "rebars" carefully wire-tied to hold its shape when subjected to the disturbing placement of wet concrete. Steel that was to be imbedded in concrete made with the salty local aggregates furthermore had to be "slurried" with cement to protect it from direct contact with injurious solutions.

Under the demanding eye of Chief Rebinskas the carefully made grids, cages, and bars were tied into the Builder's forms, and many a Steelworker pulled duty standing by during a concrete pour to insure that the reinforcing, to be forever hidden inside the man-made rock, ended up in the right position. Into every structure on the project, with the exception of the catchment basin, "C" Company's Steelworkers embedded their ubiquitous reinforcing including all the block walls.

As the reinforcing work diminished, another job grew: installation of the open web steel joists (commonly called "bar joists") in all the buildings. Bearing plates had to be cut and set, and grouted and bolted into place by Builders and Steelworkers; the joists themselves had to be set and welded; and bridging had to be installed to prevent excessive vibration or localized deflections in the roof structure. Then there were metal stud partitions and furring channels to install, and metal lath to be tied, for weeks and weeks on end.

Few of us wanted to take up lathing as a career after this job; a more monotonous job could hardly be devised by man. Push, pull, twist, clip! hour after hour as you slowly constructed a brig-like cage around yourself. (Why didn't we bring enough end nippers?) But it had to be done, and soon Builders, Surveyors, UTs, and even officers were cramping themselves into tight corners or moving about the larger rooms on stilt-like scaffolding to put the knuckle-skinning "stuff" in place.

The big Steelworking project—one that was peculiarly the property of the Steelworkers—was the four giant 10,000 barrel

water tanks, three for "raw" water and one for fresh. Unlike the other work—reinforcing, joists, studs, lath: the "guts" that were always neatly hidden inside finished construction by the Builders—the four tanks formed definite and impressive fixtures on the landscape, almost overshadowing the big TE building itself.

They were Advance Base type tanks, each held together with 36,000 bolts. Our job: bolt them together on the concrete foundations "B" Company put in. And make doggone sure they don't leak! Water would always be a critical problem to NavFac when we left.

There was one more major job: ductwork. There was a lot of air to be carried in, out, and throughout the TE Building. The Auditorium and Subsistence Buildings had cooling systems, too, and there were quite a few intake and exhaust vents and hoods to be installed on the outside of the buildings. We had a pretty busy sheetmetal shop set up in the new Shop Building in addition to the Steel Shop down in camp.

By the end of the project there were a number of new faces. ENS Miller had reported aboard and relieved CWO Jacobson as officer in charge of Steelworkers; Chiefs Hudson and Redmond, and later Albin, had come in, while Chief Rebinskas had long since left. The installation of metal partitions for barracks cubicles and commode stalls, and industrial fences and pentachlorophenol-treated wood-and-mesh fences wrapped up the project for Steelworkers; they ended up working a little far afield, too!

Like the Steelworkers, the UTs spent most of the time, it seemed, doing work that will never be seen (unless some of it needs repair someday!). Like the Builders, too, UTs had to start in the ground, only more so! There were sewer lines to be laid (of vitreous clay) deep into open cuts blasted out of solid rock, or somewhat uncertainly excavated through the shifting sands. But all these trenches had to be dug out first; no matter how good a job the almost-human backhoe would do it always left a lot of work for the hand-powered shovel. Then there was a mechanical-joint cast-iron salt water fire protection line to lay, clear over from the Salt Water Pump House at Pan Am, and the main water line itself, paralleling the salt water system, to provide outlets in each building. Over three miles of underground work, in fact.

Before any building deck slabs could be put in the earth pad had to be dug up in criss-cross patterns and the lead-caulked cast-iron plumbing and galvanized water pipes had to be accurately spotted. As the buildings grew, the copper piping

utilities, engineering



C Company Chief Petty Officers: E. H. Locke, CEGC, M. M. Hudson, SWCA, A. E. Albin, MECA, T. R. Marshall, UTC. Not shown: C. W. Robillard, Sr., UTC, D. A. Bebensee, BMC, V. V. Rebinskas, SWCA, L. A. Redmond, SWCA, G. B. Waltrip, SVC.

C Company: Sv's

system followed the walls and overheads to fixture locations, and only after all this did the UTs finally get to something that would really show in the finished product. But whether it showed or not was really not of too much importance to the UTs; did it work? All systems, of course, had to be given hydrostatic tests to answer this question affirmatively.

Water can be the key to existence in a place where it's scarce, so the water system in Eleuthera was a big consideration. First there was a pumphouse at the bottom of the catchment area that would shift the rainwater Nature had been kind enough to give up to the giant water tanks; there we installed a water-treatment plant to filter and chlorinate the water, and finally a constant pressure distribution system which delivered the water to all the various sinks, basins, commodes, scuttlebutts, and special galley fixtures we installed. The project was well-supplied with heads; someone once calculated that there would be one commode for every 2½ people, based upon the scheduled occupancy.

One of the most challenging jobs was the refrigeration and air conditioning; the former in the Subsistence Building and the latter in the TE Building. Sherwood was the Honcho on that work, and came through with the systems in fine order for acceptance inspections, even though it did require some night work till the wee hours, on occasion. By the time that "wrap up" phase of the project came, Chief Robillard had long since been relieved by Chief Marshall as "boss UT."

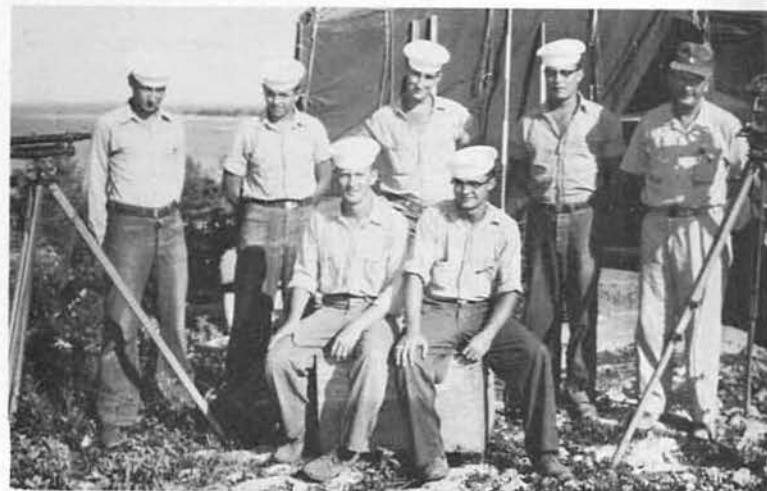
UTs had a side line, too; we still had a camp to keep running, hot water to supply for the galley and showers, our own drinking water to worry about—kept the "duty UT" in camp hopping quite a bit!

Chief Locke, who headed up the Electricians, was the only "C" Company chief to see through the entire deployment. There's something peculiar about Electricians in a Battalion; no one ever really bothers them much because hardly anyone quite understands what they're doing, complaining only when something doesn't work, or you can't get power for a Skil Saw when you want it, or something like that. Suffice it to say there weren't many complaints against this group of Electricians. (Well—there was an argument or two between them and the Builders when their conduits would end up filled with concrete!) In a quiet and efficient way they were usually up with, or ahead of everybody else in their particular phases of the job. On the buildings, of course, the electrical work must be coordinated with everything else: the CEs began in the ground, too, setting a maze of rigid conduit in place before the concrete decks were poured; running it up through the block walls as they went up; installing the lighting fixtures after the plaster was trowelled in place. There were ranges, fans, and ventilating units to be wired, too, and all the shiny new equipment going into the Shop Building, which the Electricians took it upon themselves to set into place.

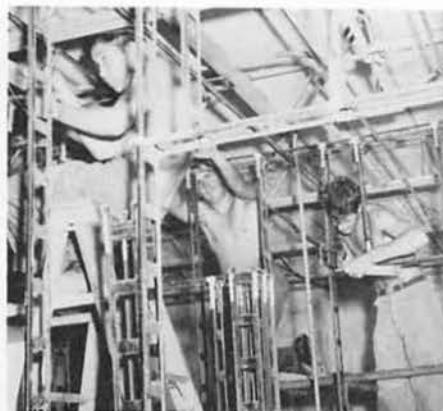
It took over three miles of elevated and underground power cables to carry "juice" from the Pan Am generators (the reason we built no generators) to all the buildings; this was done by a special Line crew which set all poles, strung lines, and installed transformers.

Like the UTs, the CEs had to keep a permanent contingent in camp to keep it supplied with power. Of course, as we said, nobody ever thinks about this—but just let the power go off!

A unique "C" Company crew—"C" Company's not so much because of the work they were doing, but because they were almost all "C" Company men—was Chief Bebensee's Antenna Crew. They came into existence fairly late in the deployment when the scope of our work had been increased by the erection of five 100 foot antenna poles down near Alabaster Bluff and four "sleeve" antennas. This was a "little" job that most of us on the hill were hardly conscious of, but we began to take more



C Company:



s kept an eye on things



CWO B. S. Jacobson, CEC, USNR
Engineering Officer

Waltrip, G. B., SVC
in charge of surveyors

Surveyor Crew

	SVC
Waltrip, G. B. in charge	
Churchill, A. R.	SV3
Fox, B. A.	SV3
Piepho, D. A.	SV3
Spina, C. G.	SV3
Thieringer, A. R.	SV3
Konruff, D. L.	SVCN
Peters, H. A. Jr.	SVCN
Route, W. W.	SVCN
Steiner, W. H.	SVCN
Tuttle, D. H.	SVCN
McBride, J. F.	CN
Rice, G. A.	CN



Quite a few non-construction personnel wondered what a "slump test" was when the term was used in an early battalion training lecture to the duty sections. Here McBride uses such a test to measure the consistency of concrete before it is deposited in forms.



Steelworkers work was hidden



Rebinskas, V. V., SWCA
in charge (Jan-Jun)

Redmond, L. A. SWCA
Hudson, M. M., SWCA
in charge (Aug-Oct)

Field Crew

Wilkie, V. M. in charge	SWI
Alexander, L. D.	SW2
Sparks, P. F.	SW2
Bryant, E. S.	SWS2
Beeler, D. J.	SW3
Cover, E. O.	SW3
Dickinson, T. P.	SW3
Gecewicz, F. J.	SW3
Belframini, A. E.	SWS3
Martin, H. E.	SWCN
Dessureau, F. C.	SWCP
Baughman, H. E.	SWCP
Don, R.	SWCP
Fiebelkorn, R. C.	SWCP
Howard, W. L.	SWCP
Knabb, D. M. III	SWCP

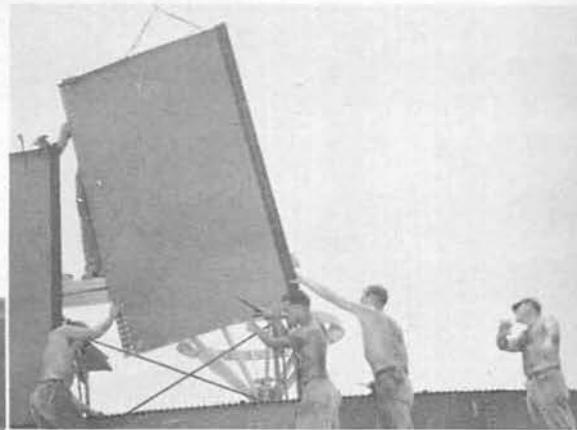


Sheet Metal

	SWC
Hudson, M. M. in charge	
Kelly, R.	SW2
Nudera, J. W.	SW2
Van Heel, R. P.	SW2
Amick, H. E.	SW3
Brown, J. E.	SW3
Cover, E. O.	SW3
Dickinson, T. P.	SW3
Encinas, A. D.	SW3
Belframini, A. E.	SWS3
Bowers, J. E.	MES3



Tank Crew			
Redmond CPO in charge	SWC	Hoekstra, D. R. in charge	SWI
Glenn, C. O. L.	SW2	Nelson, L. D.	SW3
Nudera, J. W.	SW2	Poley, T. E.	SW3
Drake, E. D.	SW3	Zaske, M. G.	SW3
Eastwood, R. L.	SW3	Bell, E. E.	SWCN
Lacy, W. R.	SW3	Dalton, C. E. Jr.	CP
Morris, K. V.	SW3		



C Company: Utilities Men



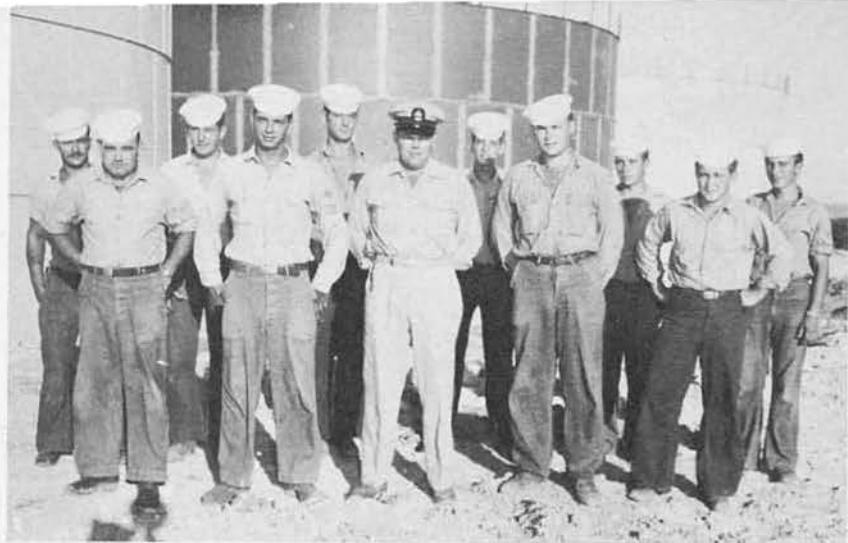
Utilitiesman Crew (Outside)

Robillard, C. W., Sr.	UTC
CPO in charge (Jan-Aug)	
Marshall, T. R.	UTC
CPO in charge (Aug-Oct)	
Jacobs, G. W.	UTI
in charge	
Redman, B. D.	UTI
Baumeister, J.	UT2
Frazier, M. N.	UT2
Sullivan, R. E.	UT2
James, H. M.	UT3
Monahan, R. L.	UT3
Tartaglio, J. J.	UT3
Kontagianis, A.	UTCN
Shaffner, R. E. Jr.	UTCN
Beyer, W. A.	CN
Covertt, R. G.	CN
Knapp, E. A.	CN
Morris, J. W.	CN
Nevins, R. A.	CN
Smith, L. M.	CN



Refrigeration

Sherwood, G. L.	UTI
in charge	
Scott, D. E.	UTI
Beal, H. L.	UT3
Couchman, C. M.	UT3
Ellis, V. L.	UT3



Shop

Baty, F. R.
White, R. J.
Williams, F. L.
Deforest, I. T.
Quillin, J. C.
Romano, A. M.
Savole, R. J.
Lindholm, R. C.

SW1
SW1
SW1
SW1
SW1
SW2
SW2
SW3

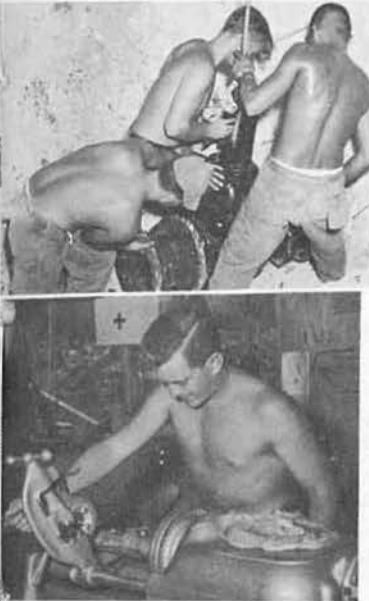


It started in the ditches



Robillard, C. W., UTC
in charge (Jan-June)

Marshall, T. R., UTC
in charge (Aug-Oct)



Utilitiesman Crew (Inside)

Lobach, C. N.	UT1
in charge	
Adkins, O. L.	UT2
Keosayan, G.	UT2
Schuhardt, L. L.	UT2
Crawford, W. P. III	UT3
Haller, J. A. E.	UT3
Jacobs, R. R.	UT3
Johnson, D. K.	UT3
Mackay, W. H.	UT3
Tomovick, D. S.	UT3
Watson, J. W.	UT3



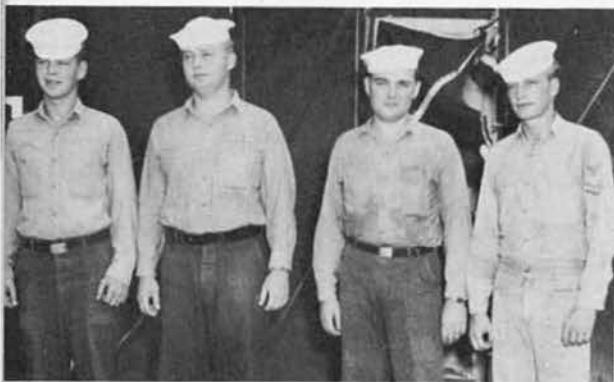
Camp Maintenance

Opell, G. R.	UT2
Eppard, V. L.	UT3
Lutzen, N. P.	UT3
Miguel, D.	UT3
Owen, F. R.	UT3
Price, R. L.	UT3
Winn, E.	UT3

Company Clerk

Smith, H. A. Jr.	UT3
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C Company: Electricians



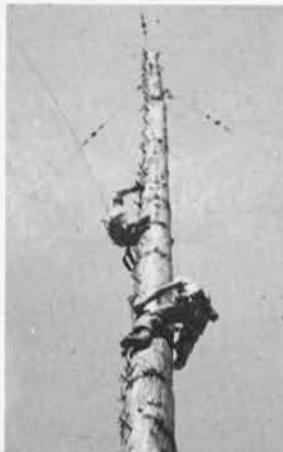
notice of this crew when they started spotting "sleeve" antennas about the project site itself. With their odd pole-platform "Japanese lantern" design, these antennas were a distinctive trademark to leave around—and they were all around!

Far from suffering from the diverse elements that went to make it up, "C" Company, in a way, seemed to thrive on it.

There were those of us who thought "C" Company had a lot of esprit de corps—evidenced in such ways as throwing our Company Commander into the drink when he was promoted to LTJG Warrick! (An unwitting and unwilling victim of this burst of enthusiasm was Chaplain Foster, who "fingered" Mr. Warrick, only to emerge, dripping, from the drink himself a few seconds later and learn he had just made LT!) Three times "C" Company won the Inter-Company "Gung-Ho" Competition, more than any other company could boast.

LTJG Warrick additionally served as Legal Officer (until April), Postal Officer, and Special Services Officer, and was relieved as "C" Company Commander by ENS Miller on the occasion of his transfer from the Battalion on 1 October.

C Company: Antenna



Antenna Crew

Bebensee, D. A.	in charge	BMC
Kraus, R. J.		CEG2
Roberts, J. G.		BM3
Kean, D. D.		CE3
Backhaus, F. H.		CEL3
Swanner, J. F.		CEL3
Davis, R. H.		CECN
Pool, L. E.		CECN
Davis, W. C.		CN
Henderson, J. E.		CP





Generator Watch

Ferguson, J. J.	CE2
Stephens, G. W.	CE2
Aschoff, R. E.	CE3
Mikkelsen, K. G., Jr.	CECN
Manchester, B. E., Jr.	CN
Rejda, R. E.	CN

Locke, E. H., CEGC
in charge

Construction Electrician (Inside)

Locke, E. H.	CEGC
Blanton, D. G.	CEI
Jewett, K. B.	CEI
Martin, R. B.	CEI
Miller, C. L.	CEI
Bandre, A. J.	CE2
Kristiansen, L. S.	CE2
Theileman, D.	CE2
Hornet, W. F.	CEG2
Johnson, S. L.	CEP2
Shenefield, J. W.	CEP2
Colburn, C. R.	CE3
Elenko, R. L.	CE3
Johnson, D. D.	CE3
Sanders, D. A.	CE3
Beaudry, R.	CEG3
Davis, G. E.	CEG3
Nast, M. W. Jr.	CN
Nickens, R. E.	CN
Shaffer, J. J.	CP
Smith, S. H.	CP



Line Crew

Gerold, W. H.	CE3
McMillion, C. B.	CE3
Dick, E. L.	CEP3
Schafer, L. R.	CEP3
Schloredt, J. L.	CECN



Crew

Bebensee, D. A., BMC
in charge



Commodore Clark inspects Chief Waltrip's platoon during the administrative inspection. C Company was adjudged best appearing during this inspection and review.



LT M. R. Levy, MC, USNR
Medical Officer (Jul 56-Aug 57)



LT J. W. Brizee, MC, USNR
Medical Officer (Aug. 57-)



LCDR W. E. Stephens, SC, USN
Supply Officer



LT L. A. Foster, CHC, USNR
Chaplain (1955-Aug 57)
(Presbyterian)



LTJG J. E. Henshaw, CHC, USNR
Chaplain (Aug 57-)
(Presbyterian)

H Company: the

BEHIND THE SCENES in every Construction Battalion are the office workers who keep things running smoothly for the men in the field. This was the job of "H" Company, which consisted of men in 17 fleet ratings ranging alphabetically from Boatswain's Mate to Teleman, with the usual addition of a Photographer from the airdales.

While our work was not obvious to all it was nonetheless indispensable in a small tent city such as we had.

Upon arrival in Eleuthera, all offices except Supply, Disbursing and the Post Office set up shop in tents identical to the ones providing living quarters. They were identical all right—complete with leaks. This, at times, proved to be exasperating: papers had to be weighted down when the wind was blowing, or moved to a dry spot when it rained, and then the continual coat of sand didn't help keep things neat and orderly. The other offices set up shop in two quonset huts, Medical and Dental moving from a tent into one of the huts upon completion

of interior renovation, and Supply and Disbursing into the other.

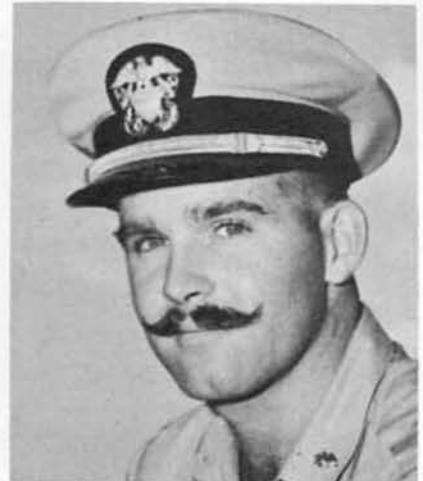
The nerve center of operations was in the Administrative and Personnel tents, where the clerical work was under the supervision of the Administrative Officer, first LT Bischof and then LTJG Stillman, with Chief Pontes there through the whole deployment cracking the whip. The big job, of course, was paperwork. At first nearly all of the Battalion instructions had to be rewritten before the COMCBLANT inspection in March.

But the biggest job in Administration was correspondence: incoming mail had to be routed and answered, reports made, and the inevitable mound of filing. More than once an "admin" yeoman was up long past midnight to get a report or court-martial typed up.

As for Personnel, it sounds routine to say that the job was simply to maintain personnel records. But that's a lot of work when you consider that we had an average of over 400 records to contend with, plus a turnover of about 50%. Checking in and out alone called for a full-time yeoman, and sometimes two.



LT I. J. Post, DC, USNR
Dental Officer (Jan 56-Jul 57)



LT J. E. Shinn, DC, USNR
Dental Officer (Jul 57-)



LTJG W. E. Stillman, CEC, USNR
Company Commander
Administrative Officer

support departments



H Company's Chief Petty Officers: R. F. J. Courtney, HMC, J. M. Ritch, CSC, W. O. Carson, SKC, E. F. Pontes, YNC, E. A. Roy, DCC. Not shown: P. J. Sincavage, GMC.

There were also watch bills to prepare, liberty cards to make out, and the on-board count to keep accurate and up-to-date so Supply would know how much to fee us. And then too, there was the big job of making out TAD orders for per diem payments. FOUR's men can take confidence in the fact inspections repeatedly reveal their records are maintained in an outstanding manner.

Supply was the biggest single Department. LCDR Stephens, our Disbursing Officer as well as Supply Officer, had his hands full with the ship's store, beer hall, laundry, and the general mess also under his supervision. Supply was responsible for ordering, receiving, storing and issuing everything to be used during the nine-month stay on the island: construction materials, food, clothing, ship's store stock, replacement parts, and BEER.

Issuing of supplies was divided into two completely different operations: the issuing of office supplies, greens, and general stores was handled in camp, while on the hill the men behind the counter were kept busy doling out the building materials and tools from our construction warehouse or the sprawling materials compound.

All these supplies took a lot of men just to keep track of them: their movement, location, issuance to the proper people, and accounting for the money spent on them.

Every now and then the laundry would scorch our clothes or mix them up, but it never stopped going day and night—with a little help from the Duty UT. And sometimes the boys really had to work to keep up, like the week we had to get whites ready for the CBLant pass-in-review.

Our ship's store sold everything from perfume to nuts—when they had it. But considering our isolated location we were pretty successful in getting the things we really needed. The big operation was the Bee's Retreat. There FOUR consumed enough beer and soda to float an LST.

Chief Ritch's boys in the galley operated in a world all their own. Up in the middle of the night and hustling to finish before the evening "flick" started in the mess hall meant a long working day. Whenever we wanted it, though, the food was there—even at odd times for crews working late on the hill. For quite a while our cooks had to prepare four meals a day, if you include the mid-morning snack for project personnel. But there were always plenty of fried eggs and pineapple pie, though we never could seem to keep that ice cream machine running!

The Chief Master at Arms did have a little more to do than play those bugle records for us; camp maintenance kept quite a few people busy. There were trash cans to empty every day, water buckets to keep full, and heads to clean. A few times we had to watch somebody in the cage, too. Chief Sincavage wore the Sheriff's badge—until he got transferred and Chief Roy left his "expediting" on the hill to take over.

H Company:



H Company:

Carson, W. O., SKC
in charge (Supply)

Supply		Disbursing	
Carson, W. O. in charge	SKC	Barrows, W. H. in charge	DKI
Calhoun, H. A.	SKI	Muratore, M. F.	DK2
Dent, J. J.	SKI	Grott, F. J.	DK3
Buford, J. R.	SK3	Guether, R. C.	DK3
Godinich, F.	SK3	Masulit, J. G.	DK3
Quam, D. E.	SK3		
Ruth, H. H.	SKSN		
Crawford, P. W.	SN		
		Ships Store	
		Godin, R. P.	SH2
		Wagner, M. R.	SH3
		Muratore, M. F.	DK2



Beer Hall

Blocker, C. L.	SHI
Goins, C. E.	SHI
Paxton, M.	SH2
Connors, R. J.	SH2
Wagner, M. R.	SH3
Blakely, W.	CN

Laundry

Blocker, C. L.
in charge
Connors, R. J.
Goodwin, C. C.
Sims, T.
Clotfelter, R. E.
Stiffey, R. H.
Bettes, G. L.
Camberg, J. E.
Harris, O. C.
Reed, E. E.

Barber Shop

Goodwin, C. C. SHI
Escobar, P. B. SHB3
Ghianuly, T. G. BUL3



Administration and Personnel

Pontes, E. F. YNC
in charge



Post Office

Spurrier, D. L.	TE(YN)I
Fall, J. A.	YN3
Myers, E. J.	YN3
Sell, B. G.	YNSN
Steiner, W. H.	SVCN

Administration and Personnel

Pontes, E. F. in charge	YNC	Gold, S. H.	YN3
Caruso, F. A.	YNI	Myers, E. J.	YN3
Fortini, J.	YNI	Radanovic, R. J.	YN3
Lisko, E. S.	YNI	Steele, A. C.	PNT3
Lusk, D. B.	YNI	Adamy, J.	YNSN
Spurrier, D. L.	TE(YN)I	Soll, B. G.	YNSN
De Grasse, W. V.	YN2	Sokoloski, D. F.	PNSN
Gay, C. W.	YN2	Wilson, H. C.	PNSN
Petropoulos, F. J.	YN2	Hopkins, D. T.	SN
Bouck, W. III	PN3	Webb, G.	SN
Fall, J. A.	YN3	Webb, H. S.	SN



Supply had many faces



Stewards

Moss, W. W. in charge	SD1
Rances, F. F.	SD2
Weeks, J. L.	SD3
Harris, O. C.	TN
Neal, P. C.	TN

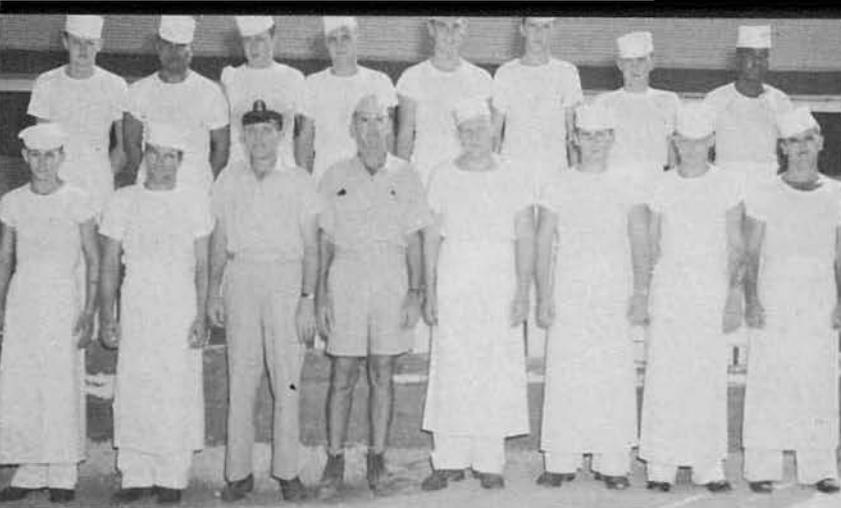
Although all this outdoor life and tropical climate kept us in pretty good health the Medical and Dental Departments were thriving businesses with inoculations, little aches, big pains, an accident or two, and the dentist trying to catch up on the neglected teeth of DELTA men. Coral poisoning and heat rash were common, too. Every morning there were the inevitable lines at sick call (strange how short the lines were on holidays!). Chief Courtney kept the corpsmen stepping for Doctors (in order) Levy and Brizee. We also had two different dentists in Eleuthera with Doctor Post being relieved by Doctor Shinn.

But there is more to man than toothaches, heat rash, and bodily aches and pains: if you had a problem you were usually started on the road to a solution when you'd "tell it to the Chaplain"—first Chaplain Foster, then Chaplain Henshaw. Counselling, however, is not a Chaplain's major duty: the regular Sunday Chapel Services had a steady turnout. The Chaplain's duty also included Information and Education (I&E), the publication of the weekly newspaper, the "Basemaker," and much of the detail of running the Special Services organization.

Special Services, under the supervision of ENS Warrick, did a lot to make leisure hours more enjoyable. We had a well equipped hobby shop for leather-working, model building, and photographic development. There was a thriving sports program for all hands, which drew enthusiastic participation until the rains drowned out our ball field and we lost all of our volleyball players. The big treat was the movies we had every night—not all two years old either.

Our small Operations Department was also part of "H" Company. LT Gentry's men kept track of all the time expended on each job, prepared the detailed progress reports required, made estimates of materials, and kept track of all special orders.

As a company we didn't get together very often. In fact, the only occasion when we were all in one place at the same time were the inspections and pass-in-reviews we had for CBLant and a couple other times. The cooks and mess cooks especially seemed remote, usually because they were always working when the rest of us weren't and vice versa. But we all did have the same company commander to sign our request chits and to come to with problems. LTJG Bischof was the officer who had this job until May when he was promoted. Shortly thereafter he swapped jobs with LTJG Stillman.



Cooks		
Ritch, J. M.	CSC	Hengerle, H. G.
in charge		assistant in charge
Johnson, W. F.	CSI	CSI
assistant in charge		
Downey, M.	CS2	Hickox, H. B.
Edmiston, W. W.	CS2	Javier, L. S.
Groover, T. M.	CS2	Johnson, E. N.
Harpole, J. D.	CS2	Lightcap, R. J.
Inkster, W. A.	CS2	Mecredy, R. F.
Mellon, G. J.	CS2	Tucker, F. R.
Montgomery, I.	CS2	Ward, J. L. F.
Bain, J. G.	CS3	Wood, R. V.
Downing, M. H.	CS3	Brown, B. G.
		CSSN

H Company: Medical,



Medical and Dental	
Courtney, R. F. J.	HMC
in charge	
Lauder, P. A.	HM1
Pennington, L. E.	HM1
Reynolds, C. T.	HM1
Baker, R. L.	HM2
Paladechuk, W. M.	HM2
Archer, D. J.	HM3
Gordon, S. B.	HM3
Jackson, A. D.	HM3
Shell, R. F.	HM3
Kane, H.	DT2

Chaplain's Office and Basemaker Staff

Piepho, D. A.	SV3
Porter, R. J.	SN
Crutchfield, G. K.	SN

I & E Office

Williams, B. R.	DM3
Desmarais, A. P.	SN

Special Services

Crow, B. N.	PHI
in charge	
Hannigan, R. J.	BU2
Laduke, R. N.	CN





Special Services, I & E, MAA

Courtney, R. J. F., HMC
in charge (sick bay)

Sincavage, P. J., GMC
CMAA (Jan-Jul)

Roy, E. A., DCC
CMAA (Jul-Oct)



Master-At-Arms Force

Sincavage, P. J.	GMC
CMAA (Jan-Jul)	
CMAA (Jul-Oct)	
Roy, E. A.	DCC
Albin, A. E.	MEI
Gaines, K. L.	BMI
Harris, E.	GMI
Quillin, J. C.	SWI
Connors, R. J.	SH2
Day, M. M.	BUL2
Gladu, L. J.	BM2
McDonald, W. B.	BU2
Owen, D. E.	DC2
Panzeca, J. F.	CD2
Stiffey, R. H.	DC3

Inspections and reviews are the only times H Company really all gets together in one place, working in so many different jobs, some at the oddest hours. Here, Commodore Clark gives Chief Ritch's platoon the once-over.



Supply Warehouse

Kuepker, D. L.	DC1
in charge (Jan-Jul)	
Mello, J. J.	CE2
in charge (Jul-Oct)	
Loftesnes, C. A.	BU2
Engle, R. G.	BU3
Miller, R. W.	BU3
Wandolowski, W. E.	UT3
Zimmer, M. J.	CD3
Helm, P. G.	CECN

Operations and P&E

Johnson, N. G.	BUL1
Richardson, P. R.	BUL1
Schroeder, A. T.	DM2
Sutherland, J. V.	SV3
Rash, L. D.	CN



ELEUTHERA means many things to us of FOUR who spent an irretrievable part of our lives there.

Perhaps, in looking back over this one period of our existence that now seems a bit unreal and far away, some of our clearest memories are of "the camp," our home and base of operations on The Rock.

To most of us, "camping out" had previously been associated with a weekend in the woods, or boy scout days; to many who hailed from the larger cities it was a totally unfamiliar experience. But to a bunch of landlubbing Seabees (apologies to the salts of "H" Company) it didn't really seem too odd when we hit Eleuthera to dress like the sailors that we were, work like civilians, and live in camp like soldiers, which we never fancied ourselves to be (or wanted to be either).

After a little while of tent living you get used to it—in a way. At least it becomes sort of a habit that you grow into and accept, until you realize with a shock when you visit Rock Sound or Pan Am or Nassau that civilization has progressed a bit farther than this crude existence! It certainly was a different, if primitive, way to live.

But it was as good as could be had under the circumstances: a temporary affair at best, the camp was laid out and erected with careful planning and a great deal of care. As seen from the air, nestled between the lines of stately Casurina trees that fringed the delta-shaped peninsula we had appropriated for our use, or as seen from the higher elevations of the Queen's Highway that cut across the hillsides on the other side of the hot and barren asphalt landing strip, the camp made quite a sight. With neat and orderly rows of tents flanking the dominating mess hall, with Transportation on one side, offices on the other, and the officers' tents surmounting the point on the other side of the combination parade ground and softball field, the camp almost presented itself as an organization chart of the Battalion. Bright red fire water drums and yellow trash drums at regular intervals furnished a spot of color here and there to offset the pale green setting of the Bahamian waters.

Organization chart or not, it was home, and a home for us, of course, meant that it had to be almost a small city. Chapel,

sickbay, store, barber shop, hobby shop, library, fire truck, beer club—even the Sheriff and his office (with brig, of course)—all of these we needed for our long stay. There's not much on Eleuthera to count on.

The "houses" in this city were interesting to say the least. Probably they were better than some of us had expected when we heard we'd be living in tents. At least they were wood-framed, and screened. But they were tents, or at least the leaky piece of canvas that afforded all the available shelter against the outrages that Nature could dream up commonly went by that name, even if sometimes this seemed as though it was giving credit where no credit was due. Most tents were, in fact, two tents, side by side on one frame structure, which gave the whole a twin-peaked look, and gave rise as well to some interesting descriptive nicknames.

The average tent held from six to eight men, affording only limited privacy. Each man's area had a writing table, a place to hang a seabag, a footlocker, and a cot. As cot owner your immediate domain was that area above and below your "rack"; you were trespassing if you occupied more. Each tent had one more fixture: a "hut mother", usually a Second Class, who was there to see that things in general were kept on an even keel. But the tent relationship, strange to say, never really served as the basic bond of unity in our one-sided society; you identified yourself more with those you worked with than with those you lived with.

Back in the winter months even in the Bahamas we found that the ever-present wind from the Atlantic whistling through the tents could make things pretty chilly, and, in a tent camp, there's just no place you can go to be really warm. The noisy flapping of the canvas against the rafters would more than once wake you up at night. Then, later, we found that in the middle of the day there are few places more unbearable than an olive-drab tent under the tropical mid-day sun; what was at least intended to keep water out kept air out too! A few minutes inside and you looked as though you had stepped from the shower and forgotten to dry off.

Many of us acquired items that made life a little easier: a fan (ordered from Sears in Miami) or a board under the thin

Eleuthera: the





"tropical paradise"

mattress to keep the cot from looking like a canoe. Every effort was made to catch the breezes that, with decreasing regularity, blew through the camp; many sideboards, by the end of the deployment, had been replaced by a thin wire mesh allowing that delicious evening breeze to enter and make life just that much easier. As popular as these little currents of air were, there was a day when (due to an engineering oversight) the North Head had to be emptied; during this tedious day-long process even the slightest motion of air was unwelcome!

Perhaps the biggest problem was the rain; it really used to turn things topsy-turvy! Although we normally enjoyed good weather, in Eleuthera you could never be sure just when a rain would come up. Only toward the end could we be more sure than before, because it rained quite a bit then. "Gentry rains" we often called them, as they were more often than not outside of working hours, except for the last couple of months.

When it rains in Eleuthera it can rain torrents, though it will often stop as suddenly as it starts. The trouble was, often as not, it would rain almost as bad inside the tent as out. First it was leaks at the "valleys" of the two tents, but we got that fixed. Then the tents themselves started to go bad. And woe be

the poor inmates who had the "cap" blown off their tents in a rainstorm!

First the slight whispers of a drizzle outside, and then the deluge. Cots were hastily moved about (perhaps a few curses at the same time thrown at the tent); lockers dragged across the deck; clothing congregated in the driest corners; buckets strategically spotted under the leaks. All the while, with an almost deafening roar, the torrent beat against the unprotesting canvas.

Sometimes it rained at night, throwing complete chaos into a peaceful night's sleep. Less often it would rain during the day, leaving a soggy cot to greet the weary Seabee who came home from work only to find that he had once again failed to second-guess the weather and batten down the tent flaps that morning. There was a time when we used to keep the flaps up during the day to insure a cool tent in the afternoon; experience disproved the wisdom of such a policy.

The rain usually meant a curtailment of the sports program, at least until the softball field could be pumped out. After a rain we usually had our own private lake right in the middle of the camp, but this soon proved to be of advantage mainly to the frogs who would serenade us with a croaking chorus at night or



Eleuthera: accommodations





startle us in the morning by giving a sleepy-eyed stare from the washbasin. The Chrysler firepump used to get quite a workout on the softball field, which later found itself competing with the Catchment Ponding Area and the Salt Water Pump House for the favors of that overworked piece of equipment.

Utilities furnished other minor little problems. Plunk down on your rack with a good book at night: getting sleepy, going blind, or what? Dimmer and dimmer the lights would get, then flicker as in a death gasp—then overpowering brightness, and only occasionally a shattered bulb or two. Day in and day out, night in and night out, the generators in the middle of the camp incessantly roared like angry bulldozers, but after awhile you just don't even notice it anymore. The "JC" water, too, if it wasn't too cold, used to taste as though it came right out of the ocean, even though it did go through our treatment process first. Despite breakdowns, our "fancy" mess hall (a heavy-timbered structure sheathed with metal, it was the finest building in camp, so built to serve as storm shelter, if necessary) kept running and dishing out good chow, complete with pineapple pie for dessert.

The day wasn't usually complete without spraying down the tent with some sort of "bug juice" to discourage the carnivorous insect life. (It was sand fleas that first kept us scratching ankles for weeks, but later on the mosquitoes were a worse pain.) Many of us beat the rap by obtaining mosquito nets, which

were not luxurious



hung like a strange sort of jungle growth around the cots. Is there anything in this world as frustrating as having one mosquito in your net after taps?

But the nights on Eleuthera, we found, could be short-lived—especially after liberty to 2400. We used to get up pretty early, for a good period of time long before the sun. The day would have a rude awakening with reveille, and a dash to the chow hall in tune with the wild chirping of the bugle: da da da da daaa da, da da da da daaaa; then quarters.

The ritual of morning quarters will never be forgotten: first another bugle call, the musters, the reports, then the voice of the Executive Officer (after blowing into the microphone to test its reliability) repeating those immortal words "attention to orders and notices. . ." There was something about quarters that seemed to weld the whole battalion together; the entire outfit there at parade rest in neat and precise rows to get "the word". (Sort of like the simple ritual of Colors, it reminded you you were in the Navy.) Of course, in greens we may not have looked as though we belonged on the parade ground, but we were a working outfit. And we may not have always gotten the word, but it was pretty doggone early in the morning. For a while the Exec was using a flashlight to read the Plan of the Day (it was always a help to know that someone had Planned the Day for you). Strange how it often rained after quarters and seldom before!

"Platoon leaders, TAKE charge and carry out the Plan of the Day!" With quarters completed and the Plan of the Day digested we broke for the motley group of vehicles assembled in front of the tents. There were various modes of transportation to the project: in stake trucks, pickups, and the lumbering cattle cars we all jostled for position and were off, preparing ourselves—more specifically, our bottoms—for a bouncy ride into the Eleuthera dawn. After ten minutes of bumps and grinds in this strange caravan we arrived at the project and dispersed to the individual crews to commence the day's work. But some of us had to keep the camp running, and the paperwork flowing; "H"



Company didn't quite get the benefits of the "portal to portal" time of the Group Eights on the hill.

Tropical working hours gave us a lot of daytime hours off to enjoy what delights our Bahamas home had to offer. By a fortuitous choice, our camp had been situated along one of the finest stretches of beach to be found along the Island. The beautiful clear green shallow waters—strongly resembling the inviting waters of a swimming pool—attracted many, though the "Yankees" used to complain that it was warm and not "refreshing." They went swimming anyway. The beach itself, flecked with specks of delicate pink that gave it a rosy hue, found a lot of sun worshippers lolling about, book or magazine in hand and portable radio tuned to Miami or ZNS in Nassau. Several boats, both sail and motor, would cruise about occasionally while one strange gasoline-powered oil drum barge, like an odd water-bug, put-putted about.

Skin diving and spear fishing were favorite sports. The Hobby Shop did a big business in fins and snorkels. No wonder! Once you were under the water you were in a completely strange and different world. Silent and beautiful the waters off Eleuthera unfolded their secrets to those who explored them. Strange and unreal rock formations, small caves wave-beaten into the volcanic-like rock, odd growths of coral that stood like



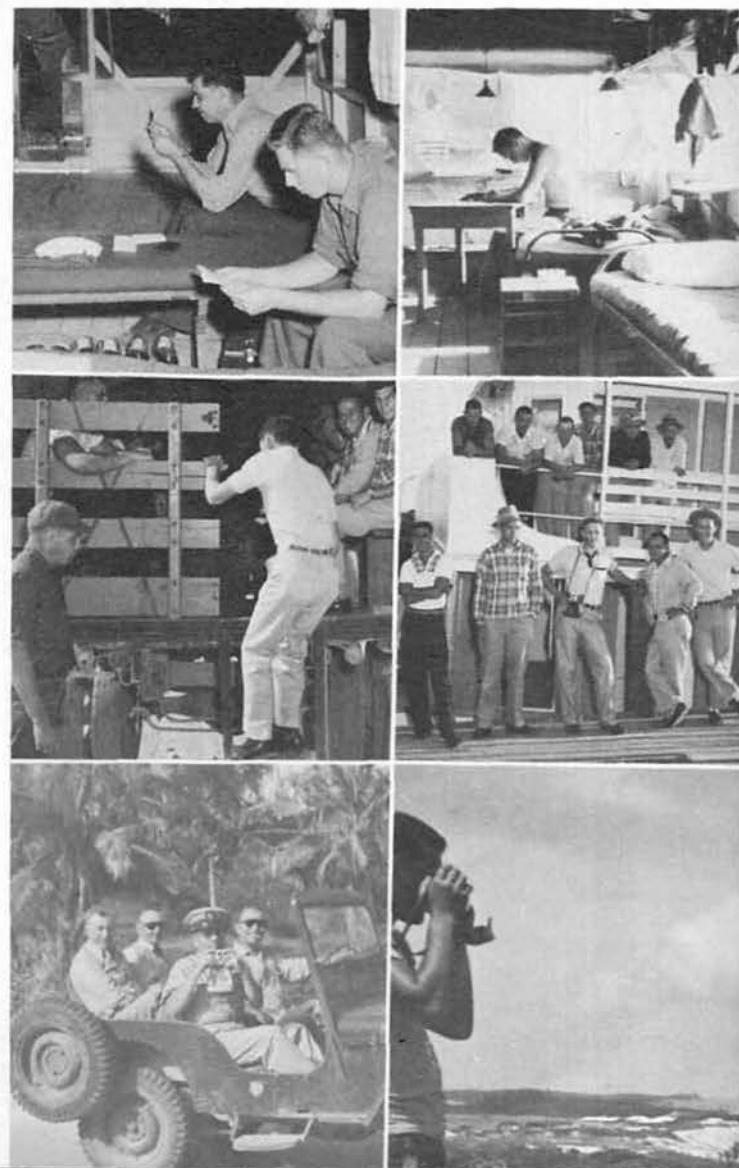
Eleuthera: chow, mail,

unworldly forms of plant life, brilliant-colored yellow, blue, and black tropical fish darting in and out among the leafy growths, and small clusters of langosta hiding among the rocks waiting for the deft thrust of the rubber-gun spear; here you were away from the Navy, the Seabees, the project, though separated by only a few feet of water over your head. Coral, starfish, sea urchins—all began to show up in various spots around the camp, were set out to dry (and bleach) in the tropical sun. Some picked up conch shells, a beautiful little piece of Nature's handiwork, stained inside with a deep pink. (Perhaps the main thing we all know about the Conch is "Conch ain't got no bone!"")

Softball furnished a lot of competition with the intercompany league games. There was a busy schedule: the mess cooks, the chiefs, the officers—everybody played! A few points could be picked up for the Company competition this way, too. Volleyball filled in the chinks in the sports program, but the officers (including the Skipper) walked away with the title leaving all competition behind. (They used to get a lot of practice.)

Foremost in the minds of many after a hot day was a cold brew or two (or more) in the Bee's Retreat. When the Chiefs got their club built on the beach opposite Alabaster Bluff they thought they had the finest spot on Eleuthera; the officers, with the wardroom and lounge they had energetically banded together to fix up (with a bruised finger or two in the process; no builders they!) thought they had the best location on the Island; but the white hat's club boasted more than either. A screened-in pavilion set in a grove of Casurina trees and jutting out over the gentle lapping green surf, it had been constructed with rubble-masonry walls, and a \$300 thatched roof (put in under Native contract). The Bee's Retreat was also the site of some memorable Battalion parties: the "welcome aboard" to men of the second lift when they arrived; the amateur show windup to the big birthday party; and the final "let's-get-out-of-here" parties that topped off the deployment.

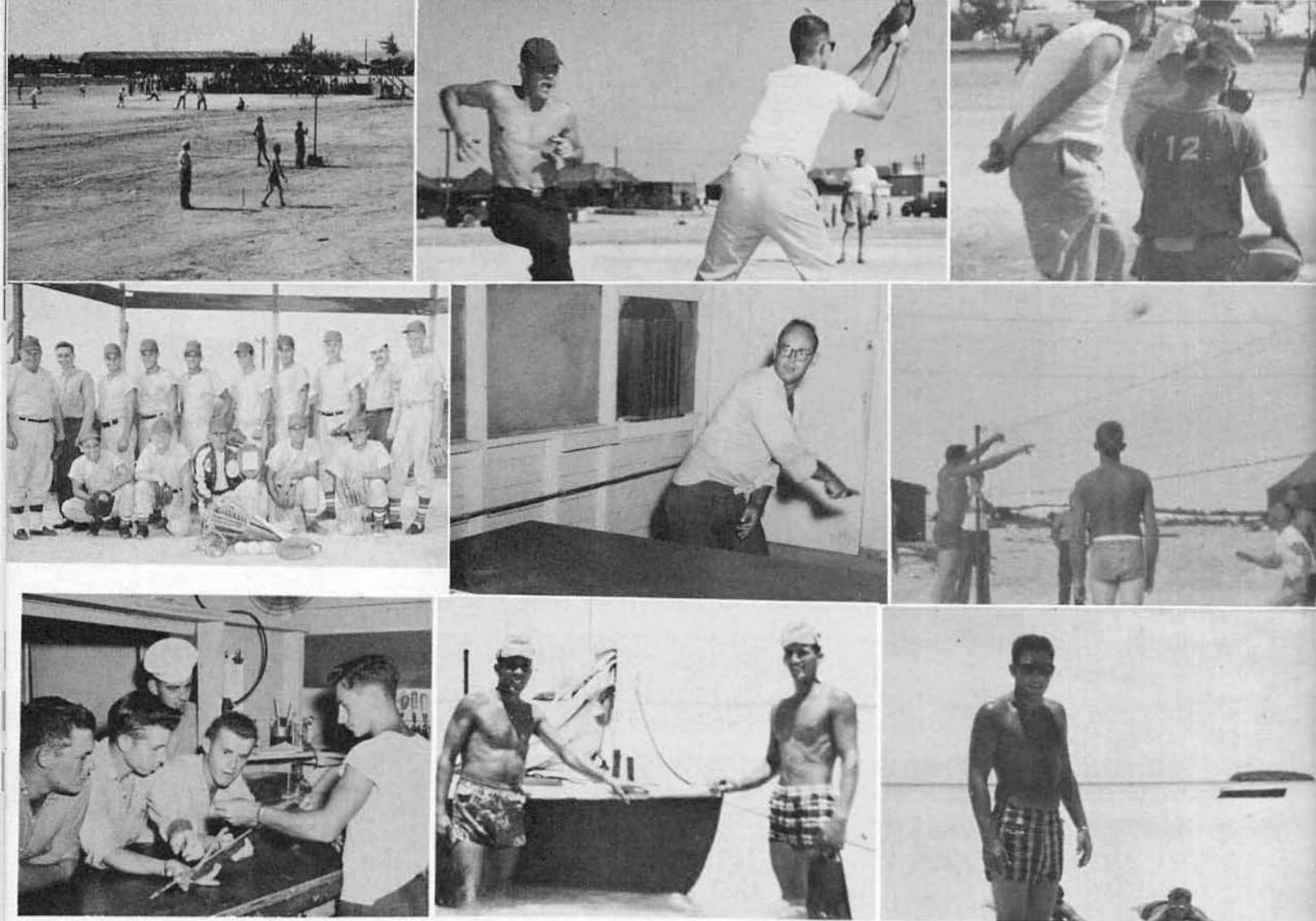
Many of the crews, the Companies—and, yes, even the remnants of DELTA—for a change of scene betook themselves to





liberty—most important!





Eleuthera: all work and





no play—sez who?



remote beaches on the island for their own parties, one of the favorite spots being Gualding Cay, a beautiful curving beach flanked by coral, palms, oleanders, and (more important) a beverage-selling beach club, which strongly resembled a screen-in closet.

"Camera trips"—group excursions in Navy pickups checked out for the purpose—were about the only way of getting around the Island to see what it was like or to visit some far off spot like the Rock Sound Club. If you weren't able to get away once in a while you'd go buggy; the main disadvantage of Eleuthera was that there was hardly any place to go to! Our cohorts in Foxtrot were doing better in the liberty department.

The nearest, and therefore, most frequently-visited spot was Governor's Harbour, just about fifteen miles down the Queen's Highway and one of the three non—"native" settlements on the Island. Governor's Harbour boasted only a small handful of white people, with a slightly larger colored native settlement on the mole-like Cupid's Cay that partially encircled the harbor; but Governor's Harbour also boasted a couple of taverns known as "The Clear Tide Inn" and "The Buccaneer" and consequently usually boasted as well a sizeable Seabee population during liberty hours. The "liberty bus" (if a bus company ever fielded a piece of equipment like that under the title of "bus" they would be laughed to scorn, but in the Seabees you have to make do—in this case with a manhaul or covered stake) ran a regular schedule between Governor's Harbour and the camp.

In the opposite direction was Hatchet Bay, also a favorite liberty destination until the Hatchet Bay Yacht Club (a small Bermuda-type house) closed for the summer. In the winter Hatchet Bay was a small mecca for yachts of the wealthy cruising Bahamian waters.

On the way to Hatchet Bay was Temptation—the off-limits native village of "J.C." (James Cistern), the source of both our water and a lot of business for our Legal Officer (and some for the Medical Officer).

And 50 miles and about 20 dollars (Bahamas Air Lines) away to the West was Nassau—the Nassau of waving palm trees, royal poinciana, bougainvillea, high prices, quaint surreys, crazy straw hats, comical silly-dressed American tourists, and locally famous night spots and entertainers, through it all running the very familiar, exotic Calypso beat. But Nassau was civilization, and civilization was fast becoming alien to us! Why the Windsor Hotel even had bathtubs, beds, showers you could just run and run and never worry about how much water you were using, and real commodes! You could even stop somewhere and buy a snack or a cup of coffee when you felt like it during the day! Best of all, there was another sex reasonably well represented on the Island!

Nassau was good for at least one, possibly two weekends—that was the most you could take. Although many a Yankee spends a fortune to get there, to many of us it was but a substitute for the States—to which we could not go. Nassau did, admittedly, boast the sale of 35mm color film in our Ship's store.

Some of us—sometimes to the surprise of our acquaintances—not only never got off the Island but never really got off the camp; there was enough there to satisfy you if your tastes weren't too demanding, and it was located in just about the

best spot on the whole island of Eleuthera. FOUR has always done a big business in leather goods in its Hobby Shop, and leatherworking appealed to many. And there was a movie every night even if you did have to digest a training film of some sort or another first. Model building and photography took up time, too.

Our MCB 4 Quonset Hut Chapel Sundays was the site of religious services not only for us but for NavFac and PanAm people as well, with its Protestant services by our own Chaplain and noon Mass for Catholics by either Father Strang or Father Paul, Canadian missionary priests of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society. Sometimes religious services would take us off camp, with several Seabees attending Sunday evening services elsewhere, and the Catholic personnel making one excursion to Rock Sound for the dedication of Father Paul's new church and another to Alice Town to represent the Navy in a Corpus Christi procession.

But regardless of whether you took every opportunity to "get away" from camp or whether you never left the place, whether you spent your days up on the hill or down in the quonsets and the steaming tent offices, your days started and ended in camp. Primitive but organized, vital yet dull, running-like a four hundred day clock—on the inertia of routine—the camp was home to FOUR, just as a ship is home to its crew. Like a ship, too, as an almost living organism the camp required its daily ration of energy to keep it going: cooks, MAA's, compartment cleaners, head cleaners, "honey wagon" driver, generator watch, UT watch—all these were the living marrow of this organism that had been nursed to maturity by DELTA and then died a quick and certainly not in the least bit painful death when it was suddenly abandoned to the Eleuthera darkness after supper on the 14th of October, and sudden silence replaced the noisy, year-long roar of the generators.

The ghost town of tents was torn down by GOLF by the end of October and much of it banded together for SEVEN, "down-range", and only a few months separated our once thriving city from an overgrown wilderness again. But it would take more than a little tropical brush to obscure vivid memories of the camp as a symbol of friendships formed and associations never-to-be renewed, a "different" little slice of our lives, a symbol of MCB FOUR.



Eleuthera: we had some





great parties





Eleuthera: means many





things to us of FOUR . . .



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 Sokoloski, Donald F.
 Solvigg, Lawrence O.
 Sparks, Paul F.
 Spaulding, James N.
 Spencer, Carl L.
 Spina, Carmelo G.
 Sposta, Andrew P.
 Spratt, Frank R.
 Spurrier, Donald L.
 Steele, Arthur C.
 Steiner, William H.
 Stephens, Gerald W.
 ♦Stewart, James W.
 Stiffey, Richard H.
 Stork, William E.
 Strohman, Willard E.
 Suddeith, John L. Jr.
 Sullivan, Robert E.
 Summers, Maurice L.
 Sutherland, James V.
 Swaby, John A.
 Swanner, James F.
 ♦Tartaglio, Joseph J. Jr.
 Taylor, William G.
 Theriault, Emile J.
 ♦Thielemans, Douglas L.
 ♦Thieringer, Arthur R.
 Thompson, Louis V.
 ♦Thurber, David W.
 Tobler, Werner W.
 Todd, Leroy
 Tomovick, Donald S.
 Tongco, Jose C.
 ♦Travis, Thomas F.
 Tucker, Frank R.
 ♦Tuttle, Dennis H.
 ♦Tuzzo, Victor P.
 ♦Underwood, Charles H.
 Valley, Arthur W.
 Vanasdale, Larry E.
 Van Heel, Ralph P.
 Vitz Charles H.
 ♦Volpi, Vincent D.
- Battle Creek, Mich.
 Springfield, Mass.
 Providence, R.I.
 Elizabeth, N.J.
 Covington, Va.
 Lancaster, N.Y.
 Lansing, Mich.
 Herkimer, N.Y.
 Memphis, Tenn.
 Cambridge, Mass.
 Bonner, Mont.
 Houghton, Pa.
 Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
 Port Chester, N.Y.
 Indianapolis, Md.
 North Platte, Neb.
 Hamburg, N.Y.
 Munhall, Pa.
 Wheaton, Minn.
 Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Bolivar, Pa.
 Decatur, Ill.
 Windsor, Col.
 Inman, S.C.
 Somerville, Mass.
 Decatur, Ill.
 Tucson, Ariz.
 Tamaqua, Pa.
 Washington, N.C.
 Bridgeport, Conn.
 Mangham, La.
 Taunton, Mass.
 San Antonio, Tex.
 Troy, N.Y.
 Tionesta, Pa.
 Plainfield, Vt.
 Pittsfield, Mass.
 Little River, S.C.
 Whitewood, S.D.
 Wickford, R.I.
 Moundsville, W. Va.
 Worchester, Mass.
 Elkhart, Ind.
 Torrington, Conn.
 Nashport, Ohio
 Cambridge, Mass.
 Plymouth, Ohio
 Melrose, Minn.
 North Haledon, N.J.
 Philadelphia, Pa.
- Wachtel, James F.
 Wagner, Marvin R.
 ♦Wahlert, Delmar R.
 Wallace, H. R.
 ♦Waltrip, George B.
 Wandolowski, William E.
 Ward, Joseph S. F.
 Warden, Kenneth R.
 ♦Warner, Harry E.
 Warner, Lawrence E. Jr.
 ♦Warren, Frank A.
 Watson, James W.
 ♦Webb, Gary
 ♦Webb, Henry S.
 Webber, Chesley H.
 Weeks, James L.
 Weir, Martin R.
 ♦Wellman, Harry D. Jr.
 Wenberg, Ronald G.
 ♦Westcott, Richard M.
 ♦Westmoreland, Robert J.
 Wheeler, Jim R.
 Whistler, Frank
 White, Calvin G.
 White, Ronald J.
 Wiggins, Leo F.
 Wilkie, Vincent M.
 Williams, Brian R.
 Williams, Fuller L.
 Williams, Joseph E.
 Wilson, Henry C.
 ♦Wilson, Leslie H.
 ♦Wimer, Robert W.
 Winbarg, Albert A. Jr.
 ♦Winn, Earl
 Winn, Leonard H. Sr.
 Winston, George Jr.
 ♦Wise, Ronald P.
 Wood, Russell V.
 Woodring, Marian B.
 Woods, George R.
 Woolever, Kenneth W.
 Wright, Harold P.
 ♦Young, David T.
 Yanish, Howard E.
 ♦Young, Bobby L.
 Zaske, Myron G.
 Zimmer, Michael J.
 Zmarzlak, James E.
- Massillon, Ohio
 Neillsville, Wisc.
 Cincinnati, Ohio
 Matoon, Ill.
 New York, N.Y.
 Atlanta, Ga.
 De Quincy, La.
 Cheshire, Conn.
 Millford, Conn.
 Elkville, Ill.
 Delta, Utah
 Waldo, Fla.
 Davisville, R.I.
 Barnwell, S.C.
 St. James, L.I., N.Y.
 Clinton, Conn.
 Van Dyne, Wisc.
 Santa Barbara, Calif.
 Harrison, N.Y.
 Sweetwater, Texas
 St. Petersburg, Fla.
 Dumont, Iowa
 Medford, Ore.
 Forest Grove, Pa.
 Marianna, Ark.
 Detroit, Mich.
 Quitman, Ga.
 Parkersburg, W. Va.
 Reeds Ferry, N.H.
 Waynesboro, Va.
 Natchitoches, La.
 Norman, Okla.
 Athens, Ga.
 Loveland, Ohio
 Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.
 Woodland, Calif.
 Henderson, Ky.
 Keyser, W. Va.
 Lancaster, Ohio
 Chester, Pa.
 Cincinnati, Ohio
 Mariposa, Calif.
 Billings, Mont.
 Hawthorne, N.J.
 Stanford, Conn.

♦Member of Detachment Delta

♦Member of Detachment Gamma

