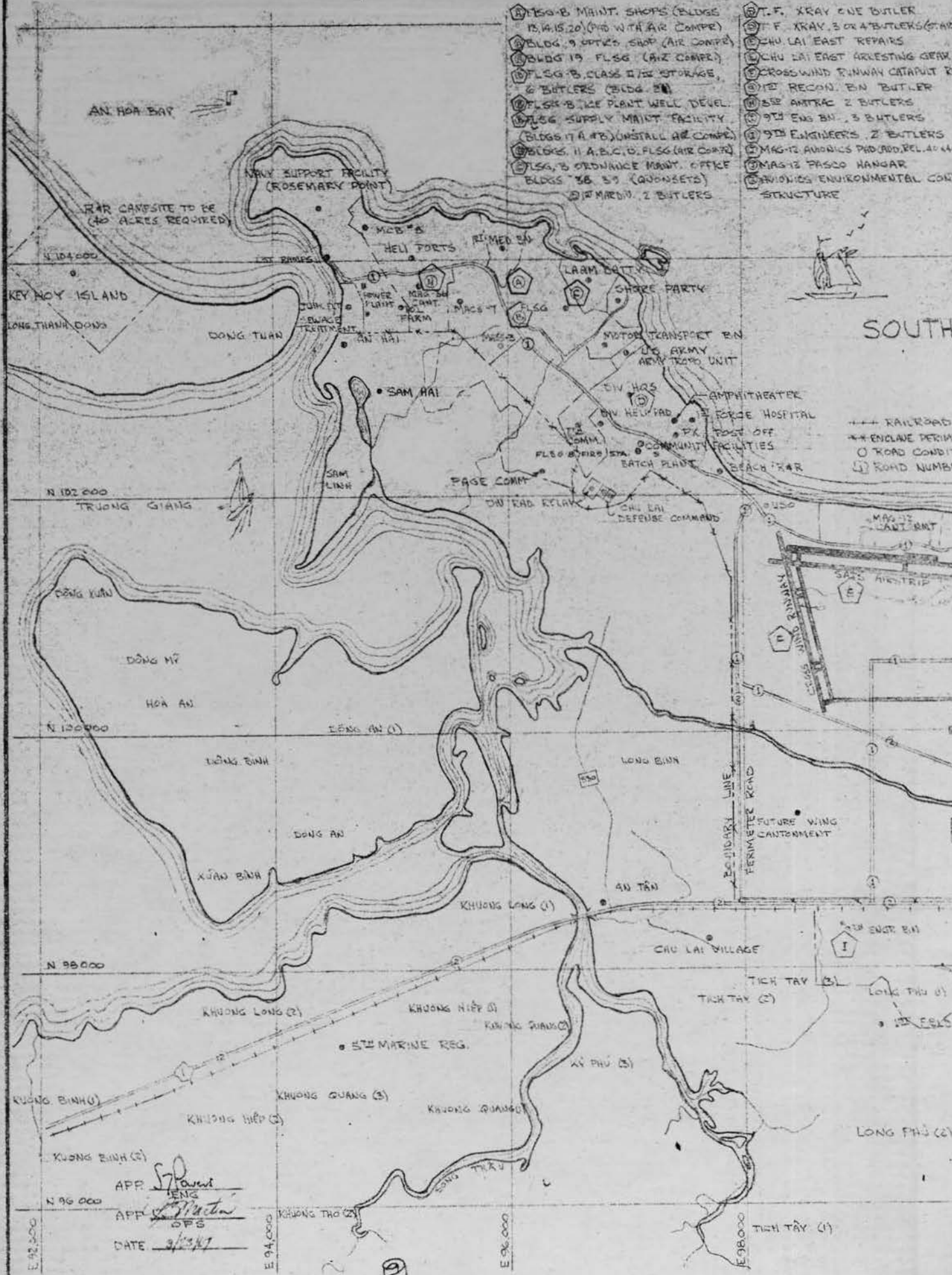


VIETNAM : 1967
U.S. Naval Mobile
Construction Battalion
SEVENTY-ONE



- 1. BLDG 8 MAINT. SHOPS (BLDG 13, 14, 15, 20) (PND WITH AIR COMP)
- 2. BLDG 9 OPTIC'S SHOP (AIR COMP)
- 3. BLDG 19 FLSSG (AIR COMP)
- 4. FLSSG-B CLASS II AIR STORAGE & BUTLERS (BLDG 20)
- 5. FLSSG-B ICE PLANT WELL DEVEL.
- 6. FLSSG SUPPLY MAINT FACILITY (BLDG 17 A, B, C, D, UNINSTALL AIR COMP)
- 7. BLDG 11 A, B, C, D, FLSSG (AIR COMP)
- 8. FLSSG-B ORDNANCE MAINT. OFFICE BLDG 36 39 (QUONSETS)
- 9. BIRMARIN 2 BUTLERS
- 10. T.F. XRAY ONE BUTLER
- 11. T.F. XRAY 3 OR 4 BUTLERS (START)
- 12. CHU LAI EAST REPAIRS
- 13. CHU LAI EAST ARRESTING GEAR
- 14. CROSSWIND RUNWAY CATAPULT RE
- 15. RECON BN BUTLER
- 16. AMTRAC 2 BUTLERS
- 17. 9TH ENG BN 3 BUTLERS
- 18. 9TH ENGINEERS 2 BUTLERS
- 19. MAG-12 AVIONICS PRO. ADD. REL. 40 40
- 20. MAG-12 PASCO HANGAR
- 21. AVIONICS ENVIRONMENTAL CONT STRUCTURE

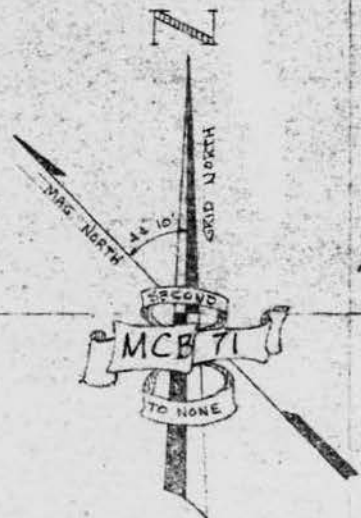
APP *S.P. LENS*
 APP *Martin OPS*
 DATE *2/13/67*

THIS MAP HAS BEEN CHEERFULLY PROVIDED FOR YOUR INFORMATION AND EDIFICATION THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF YOUR FRIENDLY "TOTAL ENGINEERING SUPPORT" TEAM

CHU LAI SCALE
 US NAVAL MOBILE CONS
 T. D. COUGHLIN CDR CEC USN

- BUILDING (PACOE)
- AMMUNITION BUNKERS
- POL TANKS
- CENTRAL POWER
- MAG 13 HANGARS
- MAG 13 HEADQUARTERS
- MAG 36 HANGAR (DUDLEY)
- AIRFIELD MAINT. 3 AIRFIELDS
- OPLSG & FIRE STATION
- QUARRY / CRUSHER
- BATH PLANT
- MCE CONTAINMENT IMPROV.
- CAMP SHIELDS

- AIRFIELD LIGHTING MAINT.
- 3 FIELDS
- CAO LAI WEST IMPROV. (1000R RUNWAY)
- AMPHITHEATER
- ROCK CONTONMENT (20 MI. SOUTH)
- USO QUONSETS
- OPS1 PROTECT (30 MI. SOUTH)
- AIRFIELD FACILITIES
- SECURITY FENCE
- ASP
- AIRFIELD ROADS
- BARGE WHARF



CHINA SEA.

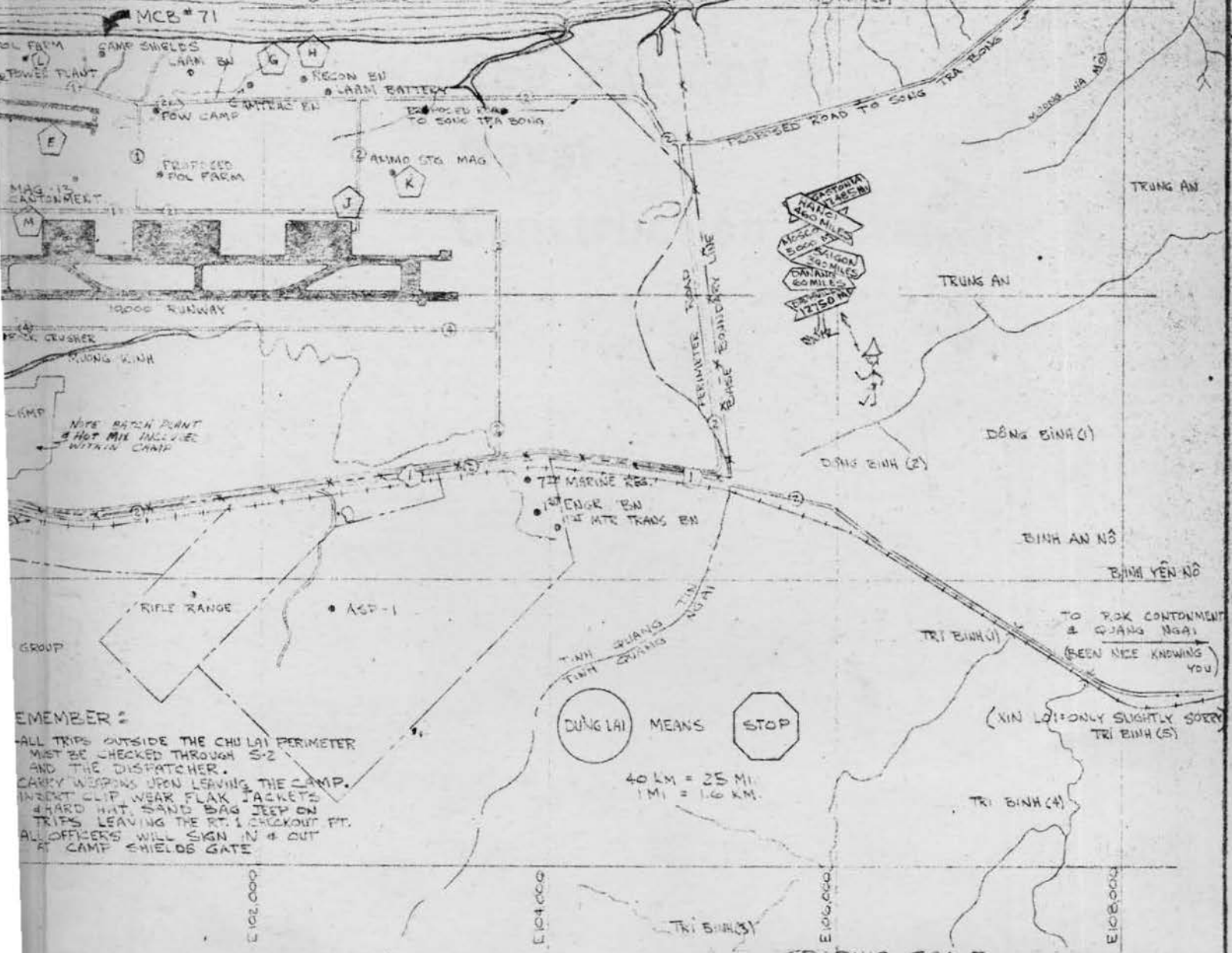
VUNG DUNG QUAT

LEGEND

(CLUE CAR ON THE SIDE)
 (DEPENDS ON WHICH SIDE YOU'RE ON
 (LOUSY TO NON EXISTENT)
 (# 1. THE ONLY ONE)

CONDITION OF ROADS

- ① PAVED / ASPHALT
- ② GRAVEL
- ③ SAND / LATERITE
- ④ UNPAVED



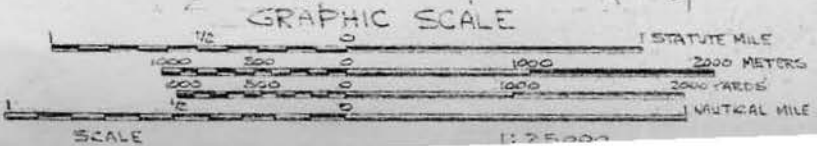
DUNG LAI MEANS STOP

40 KM = 25 MI
 1 MI = 1.6 KM.

REMEMBER:
 ALL TRIPS OUTSIDE THE CHU LAI PERIMETER
 MUST BE CHECKED THROUGH S-2
 AND THE DISPATCHER.
 CARRY WEAPONS UPON LEAVING THE CAMP.
 INSERT CLIP, WEAR FLAK JACKETS
 & HARD HAT, SAND BAG JEEP ON
 TRIPS LEAVING THE RT. 1 CHECKOUT PT.
 ALL OFFICERS WILL SIGN IN & OUT
 AT CAMP SHIELDS GATE

ENCLAVE

CONSTRUCTION BATTALION 71



Ronald L. Hernandez

419 Sherman Drive

Valparaiso, Indiana

10/20/88

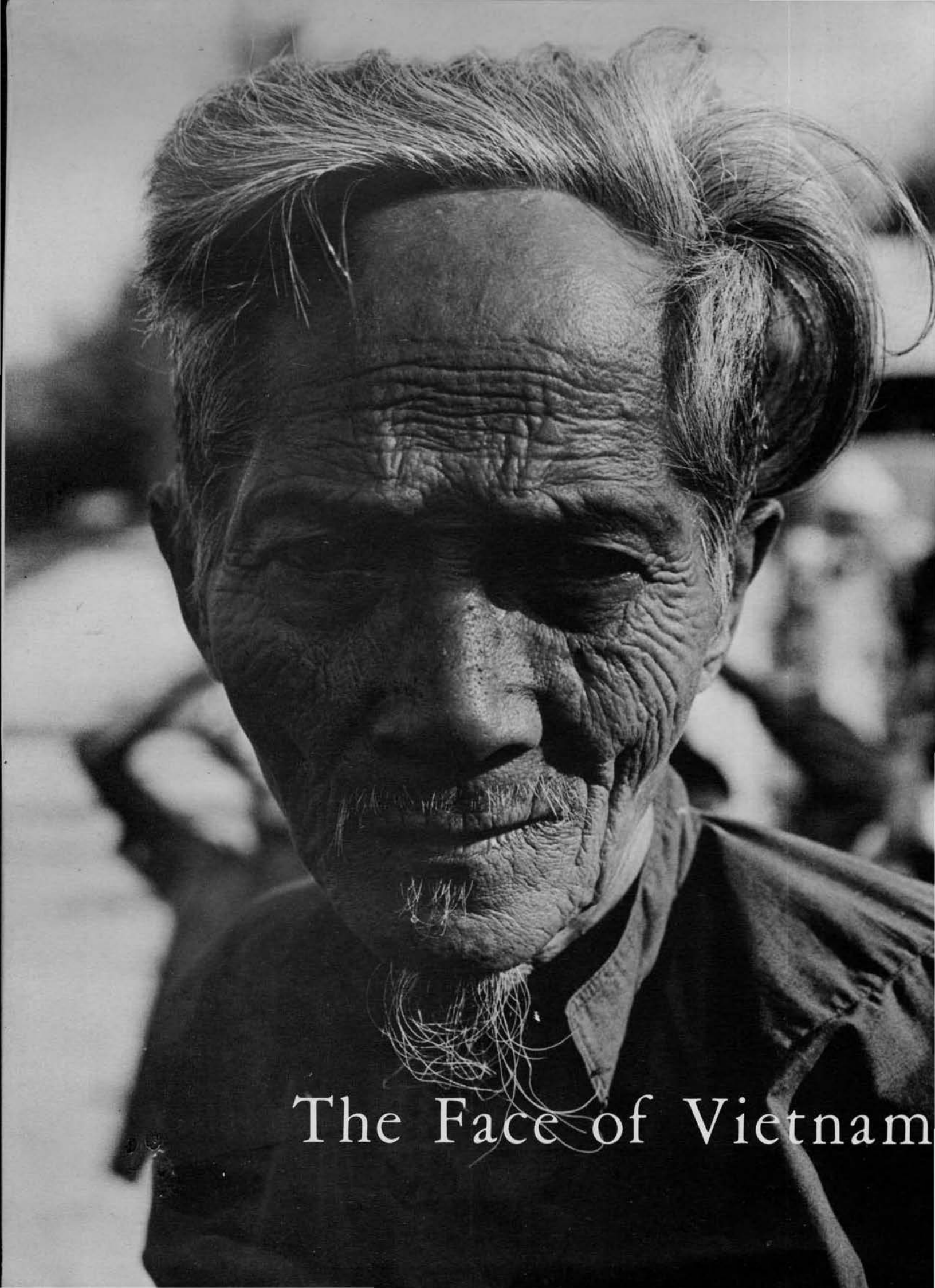
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THE SEABEES

The Story of a

Naval

Construction Battalion



The Face of Vietnam

1966 - 1967
CRUISE BOOK

UNITED STATES

NAVAL

*MOBILE CONSTRUCTION BATTALION
SEVENTY-ONE*

Davisville, Rhode Island to Camp Shields, Chu Lai, RVN

OFFICERS

OFFICERS

Commanding Officer CDR R. D. Coughlin, CEC, USN
 Executive Officer CDR G.H. Brown, CEC, USN
 Public Affairs Officer LT(jg) J.A. Smith, USNR
 Special Services Officer LT(jg) T.W. Bone, CEC, USNR

STAFF

STAFF

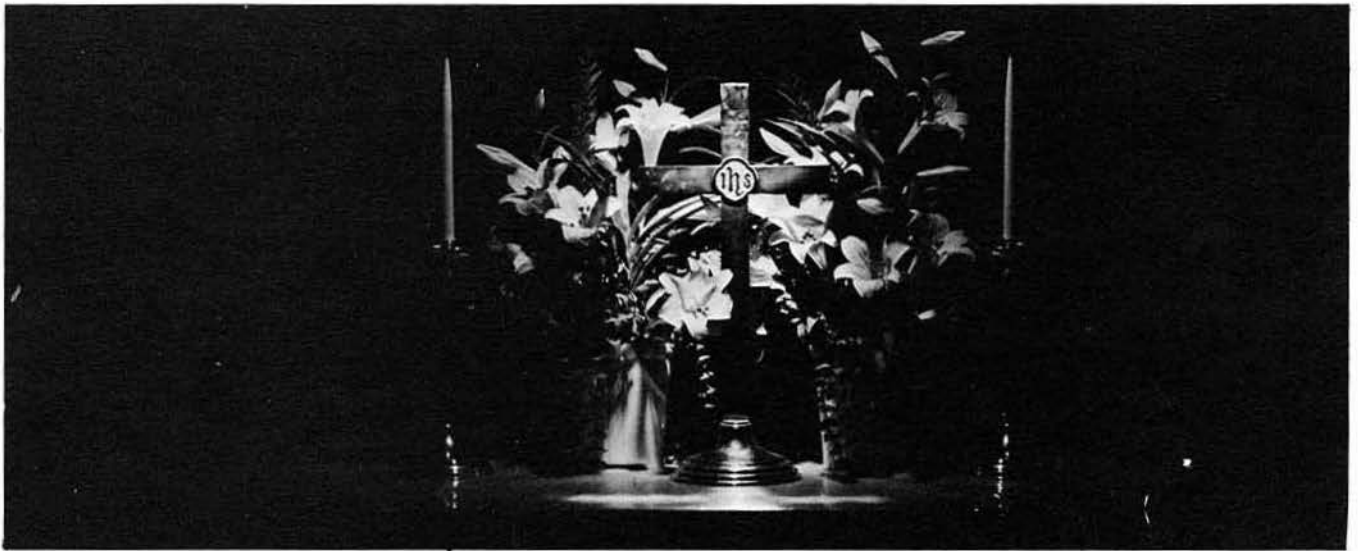
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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the Seabees the world over and specifically to the men of MCB-71 and their loved ones. There have been Seabees since the beginning of time. Perhaps they used a different name, but they exemplified the "Can do", "Make do" spirit. Later it was seen in Nehemiah, and then in the Founding Fathers of our nation. The strong, hard-working, brave young men of this battalion have proved that this spirit is still with us. Under adverse conditions these men showed rugged determination and bravery in helping to build a new nation. No small part of their success is due to the fine Spirit of those who bore the anguish of waiting at home, who held things together while the men were gone, and who gave encouragement to these brave men.

Introduction



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The SEABEE STORY



The Seabees were born in the dark days of Pearl Harbor when the task of building victory from defeat seemed almost insurmountable.

The first Seabee detachment took the field early in 1942. It had been scheduled for Iceland. Following the Pearl Harbor disaster, it was hastily rerouted to Bora Bora in the South Pacific. There it began to build and safeguard the "Allied Lifeline," the vital supply route from the United States to Australia. These pioneer builders and fighters were the vanguard of more than 325,000 Seabees who served in World War II. Their officers were drawn largely from the Navy's Civil Engineer Corps and while serving with Seabees, officially became Seabees. This "construction army" built the airfields, fuel depots, roads, dock facilities, key supply installations, and the ship-to-shore pontoon causeways, from which counterattack could be mounted.

The first Seabees were drawn largely from the construction trades. They were can-do types who built bridges and dams, erected tall buildings, strung power lines, drove tunnels. More than 100,000 of them volunteered in the first months of war. Their average age was 37.

Young or old, Seabees won the respect of the men they served with. Side by side with Marine and Army troops, they fought in more than 400 actions.

General Holcomb of the Marines said, "Wherever Marines have gone, they have seen their Seabee comrades performing miracles of construction and repair, often under heavy fire."

General MacArthur said, "The only trouble with the Seabees is that we don't have enough of them."

The Seabees were not yet 6 months old when they came under fire the first time. At Guadalcanal they followed the Marines ashore in what became known as the battle the United States must win. They helped hold a narrow beachhead against nearly overwhelming attacks. At the same time they converted a muddy Japanese airstrip into Henderson Field, a major all weather airfield capable of supporting a Piper Cub or a B-17 bomber.

The construction job was difficult enough. Complicating it were bombs and shells that ripped in the field day and night. Seabee "crater crews" filled these holes almost as fast as they were made. The Seabees stockpiled Marston matting (pierced steel planking used as airfield surfacing) beside the runway in bundles sufficient to repair the average hole. They placed trucks loaded with sand and gravel at strategic points. They often worked under heavy fire. Forty minutes after a bomb or shell exploded, the field was repaired.



During the 3-month battle, the Seabees performed wonders in expanding Henderson Field and keeping it going. They continued work even when the Japanese troops pushed the Marine line back to within 150 feet of the field. During one attack, the Japanese blasted 53 bomb and shell holes in the airfield over a 48-hour period.

Despite the worst the enemy could do, Seabees kept Henderson Field functioning throughout the bitter campaign. Their success in keeping Marine fighter planes in the air played a large part in U.S. victory at Guadalcanal. The United States won the battle it had to win. Thus began the Seabee "can do" tradition.

At every place there was a battle, there was a structure, a man to build as well as a man to fight. Often improvising, often working against almost insurmountable hardships and difficulties, short of tools, plagued by disease, heat, rain, mud and enemy bullets, a man structured the road to Tokyo.

In the Pacific alone, Seabees built more than 100 major airfields, more than 400 piers, 700 square blocks of warehouses, hospitals for 70,000 patients, tanks for storing 1 million gallons of gasoline, housing for 1½ million men. At Tinian, they placed enough asphalt to pave a road from New York to Boston, at the same time excavating enough coral for roadfill to build three Hoover dams.

In Japan they repaired housing, electric and telephone systems, roads and public buildings. They surfaced airfields, constructed chlorination plants, dock facilities and many other installations.

In the Atlantic field of operations, the Seabees worked and fought in the jungle, ice and desert paving the way with the Army, Marine and Aviation Engineers.

Symbolizing their building and fighting prowess were the ship-to-shore pontoon causeways which enabled the United States and her allies to put men and equipment ashore in landings considered impossible in any previous war.

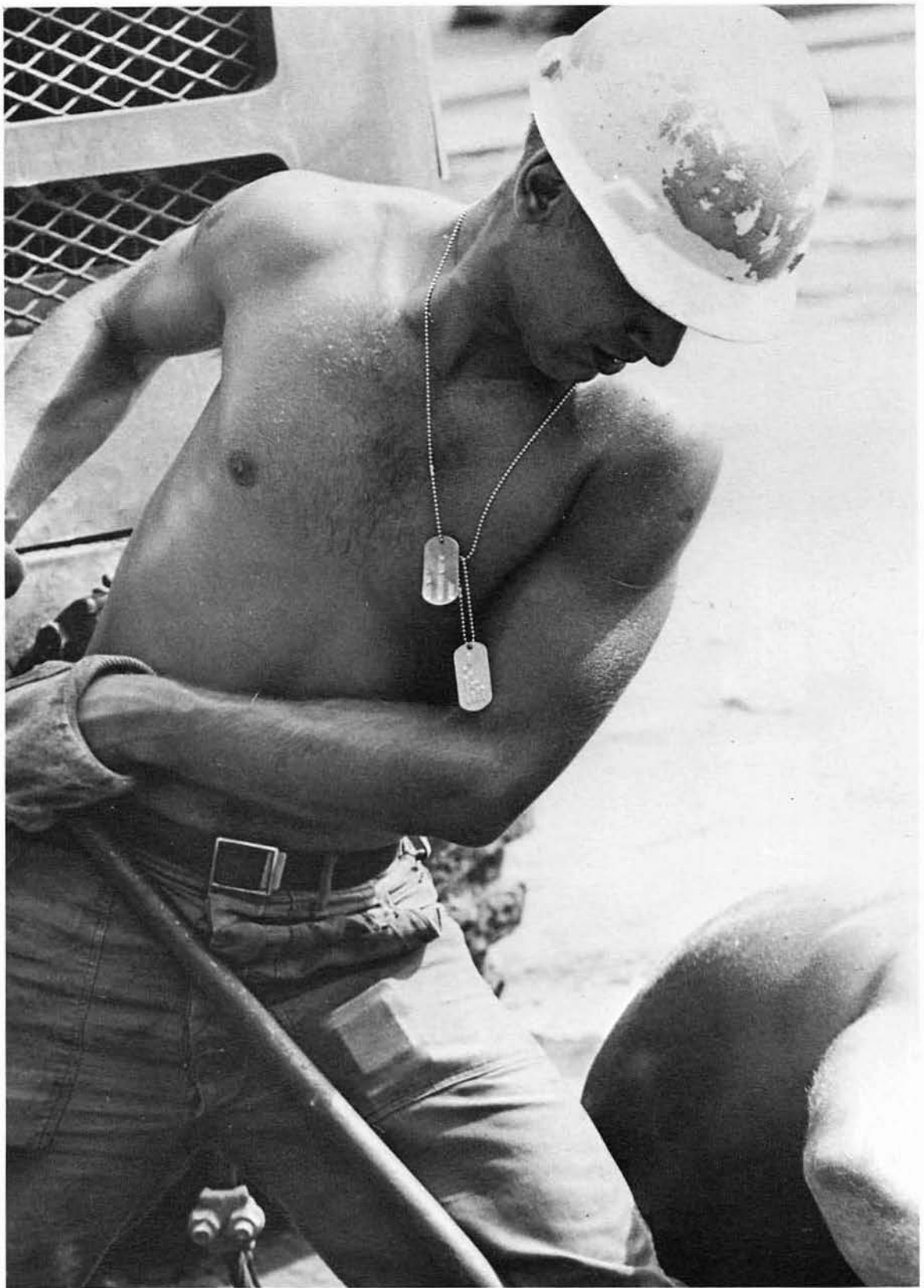
Seabees not only assembled the causeways, often under blistering fire, but literally rode them to the beaches.

Pontoons became known as "magic boxes" because of their versatility. They could be combined to make piers, barges and even floating dry-docks. They could be powered to become launches or ferries. They could be fitted with cranes, piledrivers and dredgers and become waterfront workhorses, creating harbors and ports where wilderness had existed a few hours before.

At the end of World War II, the rapid demobilization of the Seabees followed the same pattern. . . "as that of" . . . the other Armed Forces. By June 1946, only 20,000 men remained on active duty.

Just before the beginning of the Korean War in June 1950, the number in active status had dwindled to 3,300. With the declaration of the emergency, the active duty force was increased to over 14,000. This rapid expansion was possible because of the existence of the Seabee Reserve Organization.

In Korea, the Seabees rose to the challenge of the cold war in the tradition of their "Can Do" predecessors. At the Inchon landing, the Seabees positioned pontoon causeways within hours of the first beach assault and did it while under continuous enemy fire and in the face of strong tides with enormous reach.

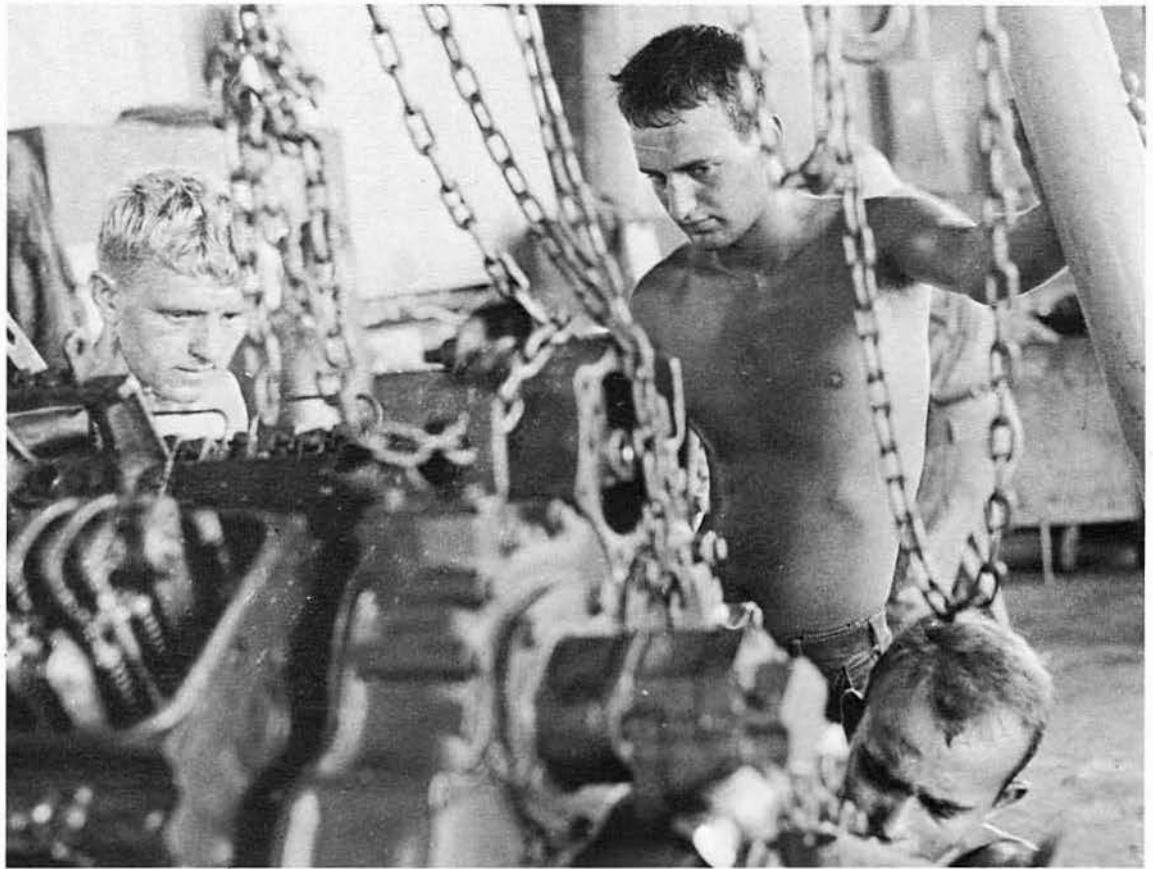


During the heavy fighting for Inchon and the approaches to Seoul, the First Marine Division was pushing inland when a locomotive steamed toward them from enemy territory, approaching on tracks miraculously left intact following a heavy mortar and artillery duel. The Marines, expecting North Korean troops, aimed their rifles and bazookas. Then they were surprised to see green fatigue uniforms of a strictly GI cut on the train's occupants, and at first mistook them for members of an enterprising U.S. Army unit. A veteran Marine sergeant, who had seen action in World War II corrected that erroneous view as the

locomotive drew near: "It's just them damn Seabees — at it again." Ten Seabee volunteers had liberated the locomotive from a point several miles behind enemy lines and were returning — in style — from their successful mission.

Seabees also participated in the landing at Wonsan and remained in Korea during the ensuing campaign to build airfields and other facilities.

The rapid demobilization that followed World War II was not repeated after the signing of the Korean Armistice on July 27, 1953. Commitments for Seabee operations were maintained at a high level.



In South Vietnam, Seabees are establishing a new reputation as builders and fighters. From Hue and Phu Bai in the north to the Delta Region in the south, they are creating the structures necessary to support the allied commitment, while at the same time fighting side by side with Marines, Army troops and the forces of U.S. allies.

At Phu Bai, Seabees are building warehouses, cantonments, and supply depots. At Chu Lai, they completed an 8,000 foot aluminum plank runway for Marine Air squadrons, as well as a warehouse complex, camp facilities, petroleum lines, communications and roads.

At DaNang and East DaNang, Seabees have completed a 400-bed hospital, an Army cantonment, a warehouse complex, storage and equipment parking areas and have alleviated a critical ship tie-up in DaNang harbor by rapidly constructing a new 300-foot pier.

But Seabees have been active in peace as well as in war. They have helped in disaster relief — following earthquake, windstorm, fire and flood— whether in Alaska, Chile, Haiti or California. Recently, under the Navy's Civic Action program, Seabee teams have worked in foreign countries in programs of community development. In Ethio-

pia, Costa Rica, the Central African Republic, Southeast Asia and elsewhere, Seabees and local citizens have carried out projects in construction and development of roads, water systems, sanitation facilities, schools and hospitals. Medical aid has been an outstanding feature of this work.

Today in Vietnam, Seabees are once again building and fighting for freedom alongside Marine and Army troops. They are producing construction at the rate of approximately \$10 million a month and have given technical aid to thousands of Vietnamese citizens.

Every Seabee unit in South Vietnam has adopted at least one orphanage. These orphanages are being repaired, rebuilt and . . . "modernized by the U.S. Seabees, and the orphaned children are finding 'foster fathers' among the Seabees." Seabees do their best in many ways to aid the civilian population, young and old.

In combat at Dong Zoai, East DaNang and elsewhere, Seabees have distinguished themselves. They have been decorated for gallantry in action and for repelling key enemy attacks. A Seabee has won the Medal of Honor for heroism while under enemy fire.

Building and fighting, today's Seabees are establishing a new chapter in a great tradition.





The BATTALION

The Beginning

They came from all over. From Port Hueneme, DPPO School at Quonset Point, from Naval Reserve units in Brooklyn, destroyers, aircraft carriers and fleet oilers. They came from the "Ice", cab driving duties in Washington, public works at Annapolis, from OCS and CEC School, from Vietnam. They were sailors, Seabees, old salts and young boots just out of recruit training. The DPPO's came from construction jobs in Texas, Idaho and Chicago. They were plumbers, carpenters, telephone linemen and steel workers, they operated heavy equipment; dozers, cranes and huge earth movers. Five weeks before they had been high paid civilian construction men, now they were Seabees, if in name only - later they would prove what it was to be a Seabee.

They came from all over in those first weeks of September and October arriving in tens and twenties. Seaman Ron Ready, a hefty Brooklyn Irishman, met them all with a fist full of forms to fill out, reminding them that this was still the Navy and not entirely the Seabees. There were next of kin forms, page two's, chow passes and liberty cards, forms for BAQ and COMRATS, forms for schools, forms for berthing and forms for breathing. After officially becoming part of a still unofficial Naval unit, for the battalion was still un-commissioned, the Seabees and Fleet-bees, were interviewed, classified, assigned to companies, given barracks assignments and put on various lists. Lists for schools, lists for duty sections, lists for military training at Sun Valley, a place that soon became famous for its strict discipline and rigid schedule.

The month of September was a study in confusion. Officers reported aboard, the Executive Officer arrived and took charge of things. Lieutenant (jg) John Camera gave a sigh of relief as he relinquished his OIC post and moved into Operations. Each morning the ranks that formed in front of C-105 and C-106 grew. The Seabees who were arriving from Port Hueneme and DPPO school at Quonset Point were now attending schools, while still others were undergoing two weeks of military training at Sun Valley.





FLEET - BEES

A large part of the personnel to arrive aboard the soon to be Seabee battalion were not Seabees, they were the "fleet-bees", the support personnel. They included: barbers, storekeepers, yeoman, personnelmen, postal clerks, cooks, a radio operator, electronics technician, a journalist and three bewildered, salty boatswain mates who couldn't understand what had happened to them. Some of these fleet sailors had no idea of what the designation NMCB on their orders meant - Nuclear Missile Command Boat or Naval Mine Control Boat? They were in for a surprise when they stepped off the bus in front of the Seabee sign at Davisville. They, in fact all the newly arriving personnel, were in for an even ruder awakening when the checking-in yeoman announced: "Fill out this, this and this. Sign here, here and here. Welcome aboard U.S. Naval Construction Battalion SEVENTY-ONE, and oh yes, we're all going to Vietnam next spring!"



RE-COMMISSIONING

The build-up in Vietnam was felt by those 600 Seabees and Fleet-bees that were arriving at Building S-8 in Davisville — the build-up was the reason for their assignment to NMCB-71. One of seven projected Seabee units to be formed and trained, 71 was to be sent to Vietnam to build, protect and support the forces there.

As was the custom, this new battalion was to take its designation for a former Seabee unit that served with distinction in the Pacific during the Second World War. In this case, the old Naval Construction Battalion 71 was being recommissioned as Naval Mobile Construction Battalion SEVENTY-ONE twenty-one years after its decommissioning. The date for the ceremony was set for the morning of October 4, a Tuesday. Weeks before the recommissioning date, officers and chiefs were busy organizing and planning for the big day. A color guard was picked, Chief Boatswain Mate Al Lagerstrom shined up his boatswain pipe — the only time the old Navy whistle was ever used in the battalion's existence until Chief Smith's retirement, and the press was notified, because the forming of a new battalion was big news.

The morning of October 4 was bright and clear, with a blue fall sky and a nip in the air. The men formed up in front of their barracks, fitted out in their dress blues, and anxious to get things over with — there was a party planned for that afternoon. The 600 men marched to the 'grinder' and stood for an hour and a half in a chilly Narragansett wind while guests arrived, the Admirals made their way to their seats and the new Seabee band played a few traditional Navy tunes.

The then, Lieutenant Roger Martin, called the battalion to attention, reported to Lieutenant Commander George H. Brown, the unit's Executive Officer, that everybody was present and took his post — that started off the commissioning and the existence of an organization that traveled half way 'round the world a few months later to sweat

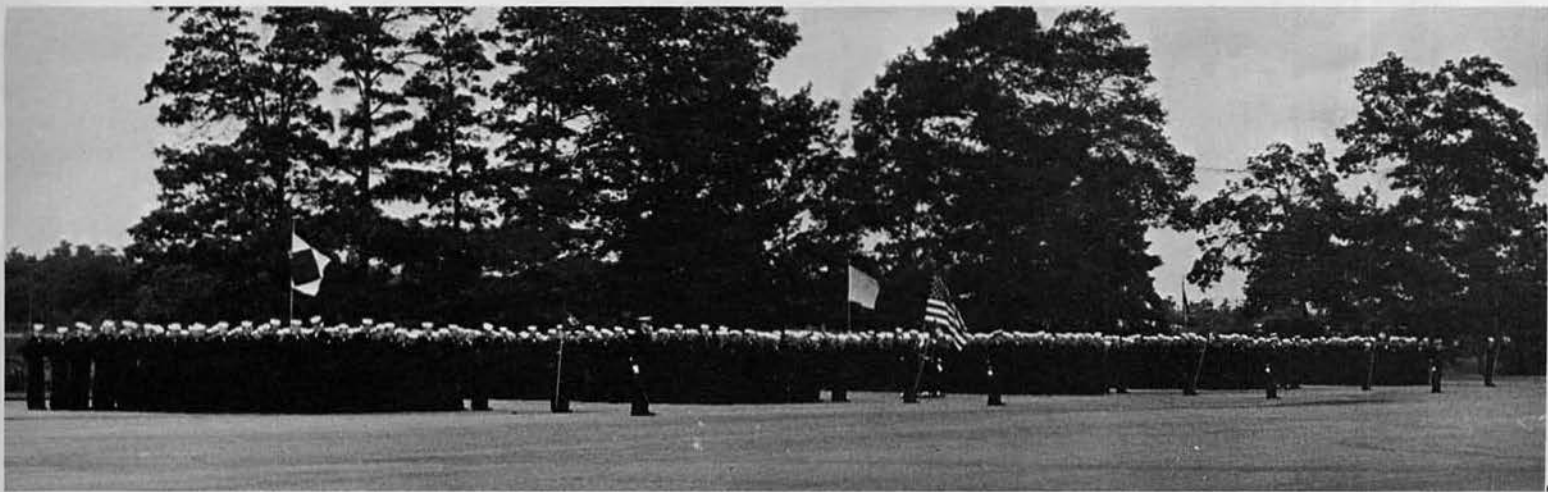


under a super-hot tropical sun and listen to and watch a war being fought before their eyes.

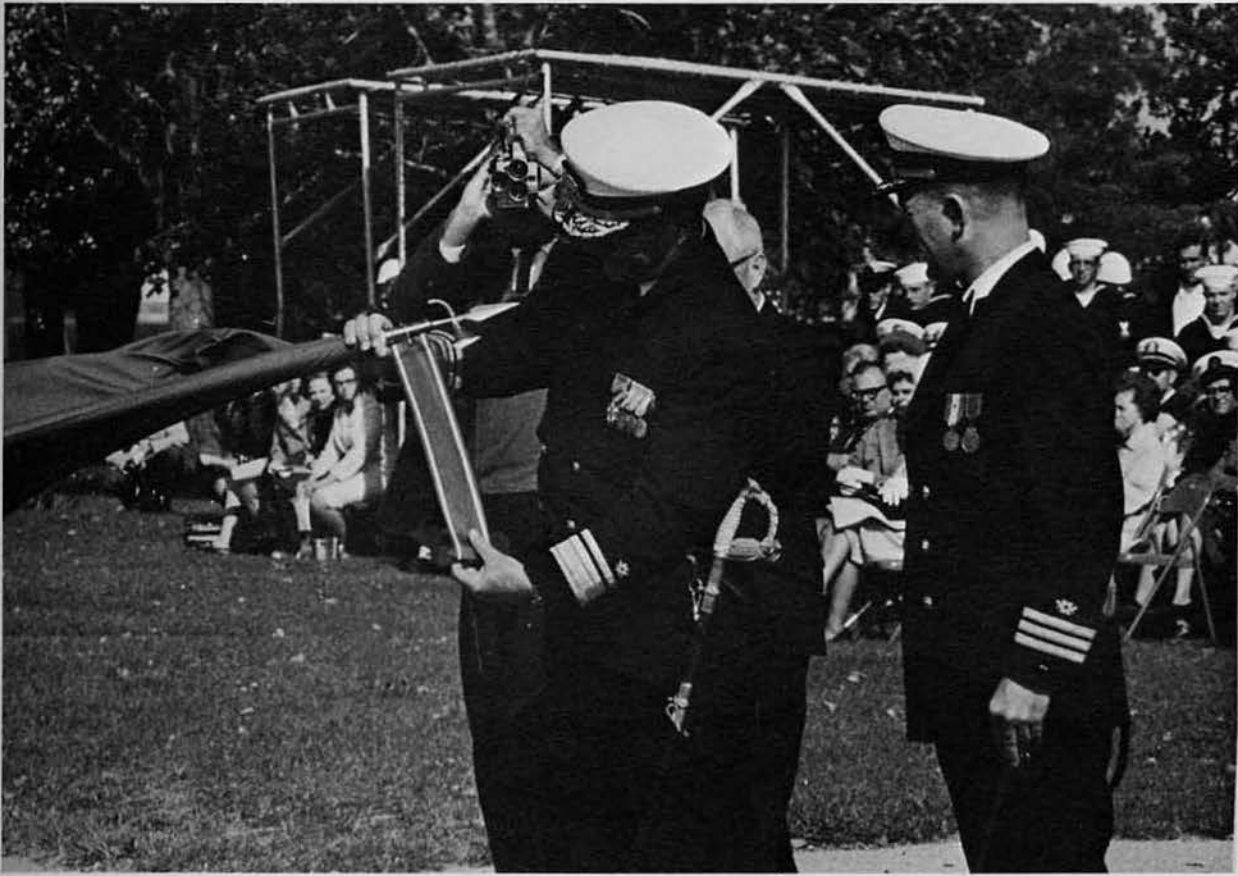
This was the beginning.

Vice Admiral Ignatius J. Galantin, USN, Chief of Naval Material presented the unit's blue Seabee flag to the Battalion's new commanding officer, Commander Richard Coughlin, commissioning the unit as U.S. NMCB SEVENTY-ONE. Rear Admiral A.C. Husband, CEC, USN, Commander, NAVFACENGCOM recalled the battalion's past pointing out the original 71's accomplishments in the islands of the Pacific and presenting the new unit with the old unit's Unit Citation — a long green, red and yellow pennant that floated above the large blue Seabee flag.

The commanding officer assured the people gathered, that he and his men would not let them down in the assignments that were given them. The men marched off the field and the fun began for MCB-71 was now a Battalion developing a close-knit camaraderie— there was a small celebration which lasted longer than expected.







The HISTORY

During World War II there was a sign on the Pacific island of Bougainville. It was erected by Marines of the Third Marine Division and read:

So when we reach the Isle of Japan,
With our caps at a jaunty tilt,
We'll enter the city of Tokyo,
On the roads the Seabees built.

That was in 1944 at the Bougainville Airfield, the Naval Construction Battalion SEVENTY-ONE built while fighting off the Japanese. Here is the history of that battalion from formation to de-commissioning. From BOUGAINVILLE to PI-TYILU, from LOS NEGROS to OKINAWA, Naval Construction Battalion SEVENTY-ONE tore down, put up, moved, filled, dynamited, dragged, plowed, nailed, welded, blasted and built: airfields buildings, hangars, huts, houses, hutches and heads. Roads, bridges, piers, recreation centers, and even swimming pools were constructed by 71 during its years in the SOUTH PACIFIC war zone.

A new book of SEABEE history was begun on April 28, 1943 when 71 was formed in Williamsburg, Virginia. Immediately the battalion was transferred to Camp Endicott, Davisville, Rhode Island for six weeks of combat training and advance schooling. The battalion was commissioned in May under the command of Captain Austin Brockenbrough, Jr., CEC, USNR and began prep-

arations for moving to the west coast and embarkation for the war zone.

SEVENTY-ONE departed for the South Pacific in early September, 1943. Their first assignment "take a portion of the island of BOUGAINVILLE, now held by the enemy, and construct an airfield." November 1, 1943, fourteen men from the battalion went ashore with the first wave of Marines to clear the beach and erect landing markers. Within two days, the Seabees were busy surveying the area behind the beach for the proposed airstrip. Occasionally the men found themselves behind enemy lines dodging sniper fire. Construction began as soon as the heavy equipment arrived. Work was hampered by swampy terrain, enemy air attacks, and snipers; but the clearing of the jungle went on day and night with a rifle always handy. Rain, insects and the blazing, tropical sun added to the miseries of the Seabees. Within 24 days of the invasion of Bougainville, 71 had the airstrip sufficiently completed to allow a Navy SBD 165 to make an emergency landing. Work was slowed on occasion, while the Seabees took up positions to defend the field against enemy counter-attacks. Throughout the construction of the Bougainville Airfield, U.S. forces held little more than 1% of the island's area, the rest being under enemy control.

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By the 10th of December, five weeks after the first Americans went ashore, the airfield was operational with the first Navy Corsair dive-bomber, U.S. Air Force, and Royal New Zealand Air Force aircraft arriving on schedule.

Construction continued with the support facilities, hardstands, buildings for the air-group ground personnel and recreation facilities completing the complex. On March 25, less than five months from the date of the invasion, 71 packed up its gear and put to sea. Stopping at Guadalcanal to pick up supplies, the battalion sailed on through the South Pacific to Island "X" — a new assignment. They slipped through the Dampier Strait, which separates the islands of New Britain and New Guinea, steamed past surf washed tropical islands and arrived off Pityilu Island in late April. Enemy resistance was low and the Allied Forces took and held the small island with little difficulty. The battalion put ashore in force on the 25th of April — six days after the invasion. The assignment, as before, was to construct an airfield complex.

Hindered by mud, daily afternoon showers, heat (Pityilu is two degrees south of the Equator), and a lack of materials, the men of 71 improvised, invented, converted, scrounged, sweated, strained and completed the airfield in 35 days. While putting the final touches to the Pityilu airfield, the battalion constructed a fleet and airmen's recreation center that soon became one of the most talked about in the South Pacific; complete with ballfields, boxing rings, outdoor theater, swimming pools, and the legendary DUFFY'S TAVERN.

Later that summer (1944) 71 pulled up tent stakes and moved. This time their assignment was to replace MCB-ELEVEN on neighboring LOS NEGROS. Relieving 11 was no easy task. SEVENTY-ONE found itself completing the construction of a Naval Base that 11 had started. Roads made of crushed coral and mud, buildings, tank farms, pipe-lines bridges, harbor facilities, seawalls, docks, and landing areas were all constructed in three months by 71.

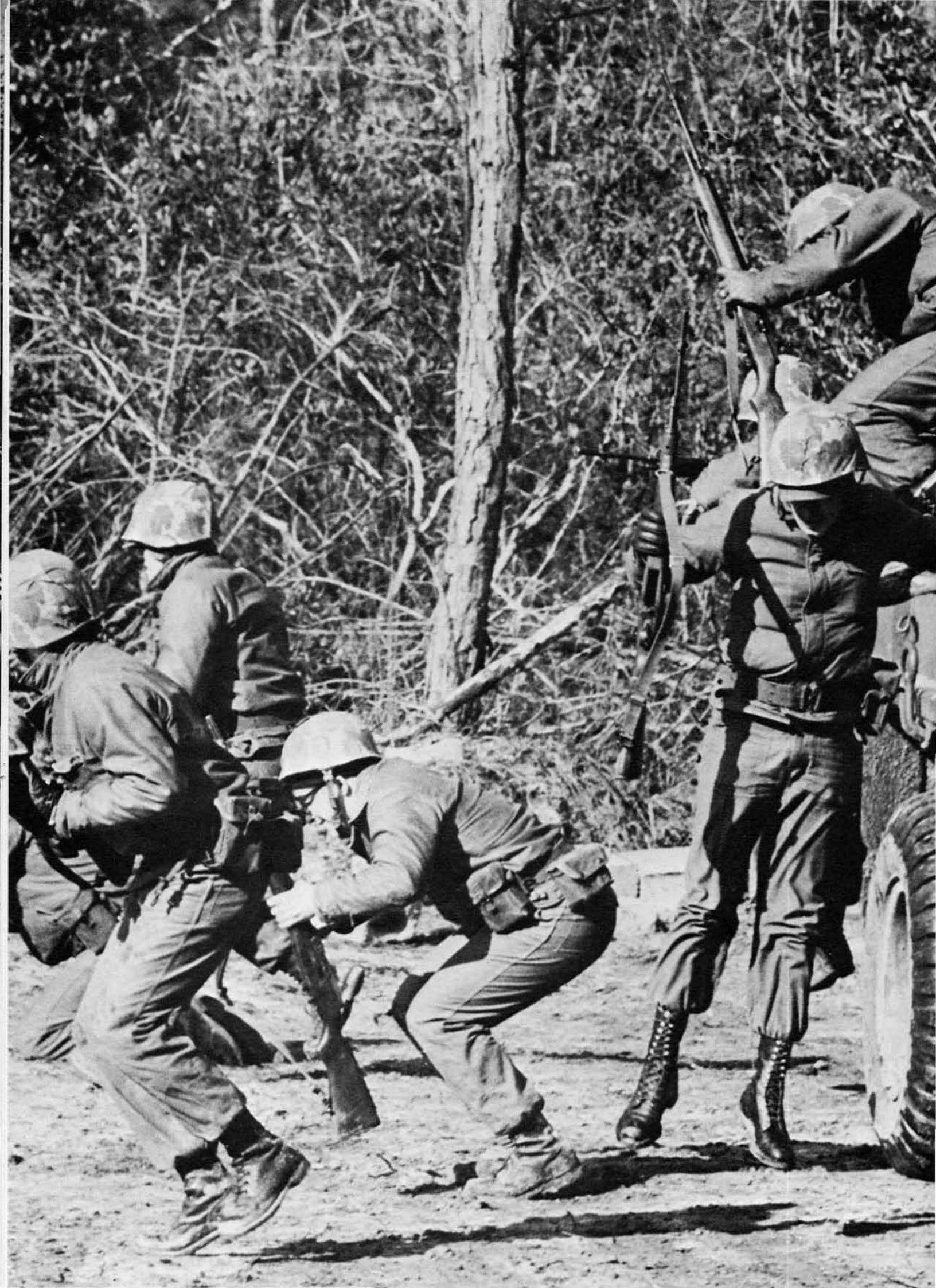
On the 8th of December, 1944, the battalion

went aboard the USS C.G. MORTON and left the Admiralty Islands. They moved back to Guadalcanal for a period of combat training, re-equipping, and much needed rest. The next assignment was to prove the most difficult — and the most celebrated — in the battalion's history.

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1945, THE INVASION OF OKINAWA.

SEVENTY-ONE stepped ashore on Blue Beach the day following D-Day. Eight days later construction began on the famed Route 1 that would later link the southern part of the island with the still enemy held north. Bridge building, reconstruction, and widening of bomb-damaged bridges and existing roads kept 71 busy along with the Japanese dive-bombers. A small 1,000 foot reconnaissance plane landing strip was built on a mountain top to support the land forces. A few months later the field was used by a damaged C-47 for an emergency landing. Overnight the strip was lengthened by 150 feet to provide the large plane with enough runway to take off following hurried repairs. Under repeated air attacks the work on Route 1 continued. Mud and tropical rains, that swept in from the sea every afternoon, all but stalled traffic and construction. Vehicles were of little use in the bottomless mud and much of the earth moving was accomplished by hand and back. For their work in keeping Route 1 open to the north, 71 was awarded a citation from the Secretary of the Navy, James Forrestal. MCB SEVENTY-ONE was detailed to improve the Yontan airfield which had been taken from the enemy in an unusable condition. Runways were lengthened, landing strips were repaired and smoothed, and ground facilities were rebuilt. The air facilities completed on time, their next task was the construction of FEAF Headquarters Camp that would house Generals MacArthur and Kinney. Work on Route 1 continued until the news of the Japanese peace offer was announced.

MCB SEVENTY-ONE had built airstrips, recreational facilities for the fleet, roads and Naval Bases from Guadalcanal to Okinawa. Each job was a part of the road that led to Tokyo. The battalion was decommissioned, December 1945.





COMBAT TRAINING

USMC 199232

LEVEL 0
SHIPMENT
10/66



SUN VALLEY

"Ready on the left! Ready on the right! All ready on the firing line. You may commence firing when your target faces you!" The drill instructor's harsh command was followed by a period of silence, then all hell broke loose. Fifty M-14's opened up, filling the air with 7.62mm slugs and an ear splitting crash. The cold November morning, with the hint of winter sweeping in on a biting wind off Narragansett Bay, was filled with the sounds of war — the sounds of small arms fire. Fifty cold and shivering Seabees were laying on frozen ground squinting down the barrel of their M-14's. This was just one phase of their training that readied them for combat duty in Vietnam — a place as unlike this fleeting gray New England countryside as one could imagine.

Small arms firing, the .45 pistol, heaving grenades, the M-60, firing rifle grenades and watching the back-blast from a 3.5 rocket launcher, this was the Seabees first taste of Sun Valley, the military training facility in southern Rhode Island used by Seabees and run by Marines. Next week in this two week schedule the real training would start. The warm classrooms and home-every-night would be gone — next week the real test would begin.

We boarded those gray busses Monday at 4:30 a.m., and as I remember it was pretty cold. The steel barrel of my M-14 was too cold to touch and I was too cold to talk, we were all cold. The 20 minute ride to Sun Valley, our new home, was over and we piled out of the busses and formed up into ranks, a way of life that was becoming quite familiar. Morning was still night when the Seabee instructors led us to the six small quonset huts that each housed a squad. They were cold, more like ice boxes than a home with one small oil burner in the middle of the floor, and double bunk cots arranged along the walls — this was home?

Our second hand "782 gear" was layed out on the dusty mattresses, a conglomeration of mud covered web belts, salty combat helmets, well worn ponchos and knap-sacks. We, however, didn't have time to dwell on the state of our "new" equipment, because the instructor entered with orders for setting up our lodgings and posted the day's routine. A routine that looked as if it would take three days to complete. By the end of the day we felt as if it had taken three days.









Classes in map reading, camouflage, night sounds, patrol movements, first aid, battle dressings and equipment used by the Marines and Seabees in war, more marching, a lunch of cold "C" rations and more classes and marching. It was to be a full week, but thank goodness just one week — we still had three weeks of combat training to look forward to with the Marines in Camp Le-Jeune — we all moaned at the thought. A meal at Sun Valley is an experience. The military has developed a carton of 24 separate meals, called "C" Rations. They are designed to give 24 men sustenance for a period of 12 hours, plus a few luxury items such as toilet paper, chewing gum, five cigarettes and coffee mix. We began to look on these luxuries as the high-light of the day — there were no others. A sink full of lukewarm water was used to take the chill off the "main course" which might take the form of succulent pork slices or delicious beans and meat balls, or perhaps chicken and noodles or that all time favorite: lima beans and ham, Ugh! We all became experts at opening cans with our P-38's and by the end of the week each man was the proud owner of one of these small metal devices — the sign of a trained killer.

Tuesday brought the infiltration course, more harrassment and an afternoon of crawling around on the ground and sniffing colored smoke. One of the "boot" platoons that went through the course got wound up in the rope bridge. When one of the men didn't "lean out", but pulled back on the hand rope, sending five of his buddies into the mud twenty feet below and entangling the other four in the long rope. It took six Seabee instructors one-half hour to undo the tied up troopers, but training went on. The high crawl the low crawl, instruction in how to "hit the deck". We were yelled at, cursed at and sworn at. The frozen ground under the barbwire pulled and tore at our greens scraping the skin off our hands, the smoke screens laid down by the instructors burned our eyes, but as each man crossed the log barrier at the end of the course he was pulled to his feet by his buddies, brushed off and allowed to stand with the rest yelling encouragement to the men still trapped in the wire maze.

We didn't lose anyone during our four-hour night compass problem in the backwoods, although our instructors assured us that we were so stupid that they were getting prepared for an all-night search for the lost patrols. We learned that you can see a cigarette light at 400 yards, hear a bolt go home at 300 yards and on a still night, hear whispers at 200 yards. We watched flares of every description shot into the night air — flares that would become old friends once in the country of Vietnam.

Thursday was our BIG day, the day both platoons would march off into the Rhode Island backwoods, the "Road-to-Paris" style to be harrassed by the "aggressors", our Seabee instructors. This was the war games part of our training, it was fun, but a lot of hardship, frozen ground to dig into, and a cold night to live through, but Friday morning brought a hot meal, the written test and the "field day" before the busses arrived to cart these 120 battle seasoned, combat hardened, bragging heroes back to civilization.

Now that WAS a week.









101

CAMP LEJEUNE

The training of a fighting man takes a lot of equipment, time, unseen patience, and sharp orders – things the Marines have a plenty. The Seabees from 71 had not only a productive time at Camp LeJeune, but enjoyed the majority of the four weeks.

There was mud, pain, rain, cold and a heap of fun during that four week period and the retelling of the LeJeune story at cocktail parties will take on glorious and grand proportions – here is an account of those January days in the tall southern pines of North Carolina – just for the record.

After the C-130's flew the battalion to Cherry Point, N.C. and the men were crowded aboard man hauls for the two hour trip to our home south of the Mason-Dixon line, the Seabees arrived at Stone Bay Camp, a small World War II compound stuck in the extreme southern section of the huge Marine training facility. We were housed in small white concrete huts, each with its own kerosene heater and musty bunks. The camp was miles from anything, even the chow hall, which required a 15 minute march on the "Burma Road", but it was all ours.



It was January, just after all the celebrating, that 71 arrived at Camp Stone Bay, and the weather wasn't the best. The first days of our basic training were wet. More than wet, they were muddy and cold. The drizzle came down through the tall pines, dripping off helmets, running down necks and rusting the barrels of our M-14's. But 71 was together, friends were around and we faced the hardships together — all of us, chiefs, officers and enlisted. We sat on wooden benches in the rain and listened to Marine instructors drone on about the relative merits of the M-5 grenade "Willy-Peter", and the various smoke grenades. To break the routine there was an afternoon of war games as the Marines took us into the North Carolina woods for squad movement instruction and some crawling in the mud. The six days of infantry training wore on and the Seabees began to learn a bit more about LeJeune and North Carolina. The "slop chute" at Stone Bay ran out of beer every evening and the Marine manager said they had never sold so much beer. Others made the treacherous trip through the mud and dark up to the rifle range for the evening movie and the "gedunk" there — miraculously no one was lost during the return trip.

A couple of fleet-bees from headquarters company got their hands on a few small booby-traps and mined the trail one night. The trip wires gave way as a bunch of "A" Company's men made their way up to the nightly movie and the resulting BANG nearly scared the living daylights out of them. During the last week of training, a small celebration at the rifle range gedunk resulted in a party of Seabees breaking song as they passed the officers quarters and started down the Burma Road. About half way down the trail, a squad of be-slipped and hatless officers ambushed the unwary lot and collected I.D. cards. Now that wasn't cricket.

The second week of training saw most of the battalion broken up into various schools. The surveyors set up their mortars as Marine instructors began mortar school. Others shot up \$500,000 worth of 105 mm ammo and 3.5 rockets. Training these Seabees was an expensive business. The cooks set up shop in a couple of tents on the other side of the base, and with some Marine cooks, began learning how to cook on field ranges, set up field kitchens and put together submersion burners so the Battalion could later wash their steel mess gear— a rare treat. While the Seabees were freezing during night firing and warming their hands over bonfires of old munitions crates, the corpsmen were undergoing even more difficult field training during Field Medical training. The ETs and RMs were attending field communications school and the Advance Party that had visited Camp LeJeune in November with MCB 133 was ferrying the men around to the different schools.



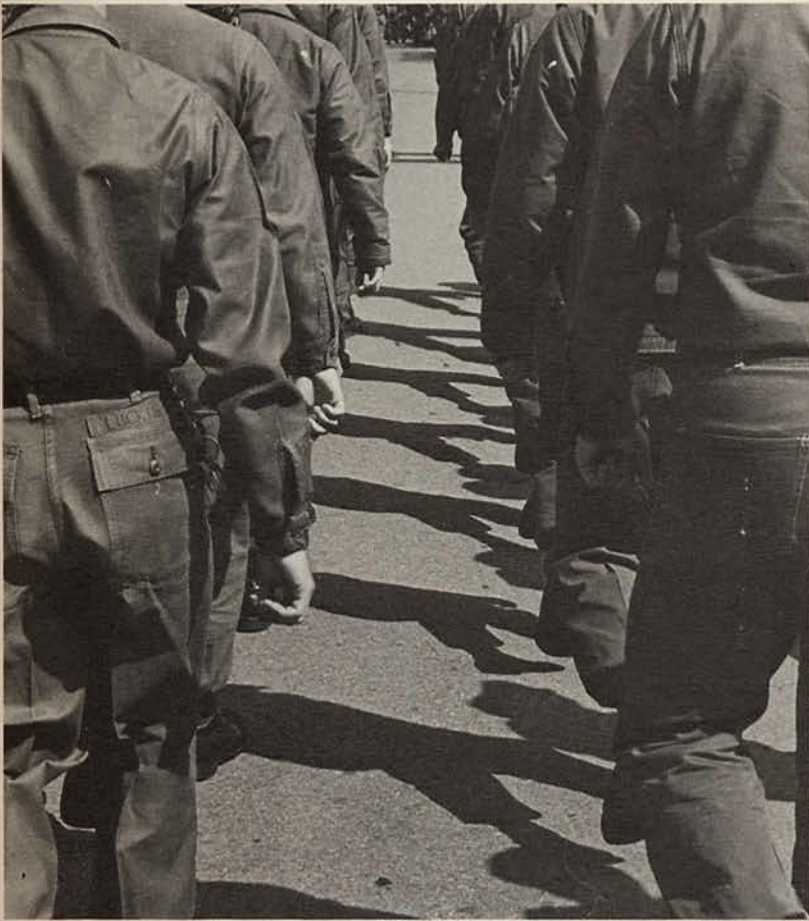




The training of the Marines at Camp LeJeune is geared for the not-too-bright teenage boot, fresh out of Paris Island. The Seabees, for the most part in their early and middle twenties, and with a little more on the ball, showed their instructors what Seabees are really made of. One of the Seabees, Bob Lloyd of Charley Company shot his M-60 machine gun so well he nearly beat the Marine course record and won a letter of commendation from a Marine General. The EAs in Mortar school blasted down an old dead tree that the Marines had been aiming at for years — the Marines had to find a new target. The platoon of Seabees that attended anti-guerrilla war school had an interesting time — they got a first hand taste of what war with the Viet Cong was like. Ambushed, punji stakes, pits and booby-traps were only part of the training. Night patrols and repelling an ambush on a convoy let these 70 Seabees know what they were going to be up against when they arrived in Vietnam.

“Hit back, and hit back hard and fast.” These were the words of the Marine instructor, a veteran of two hitches in Vietnam. “Ambush parties are small and they bank on surprising you. Get down on a blanket of protective fire, get off those trucks and into the brush.” This was a new type of warfare that was being fought in Vietnam. It took a lot of training and a lot of courage.

... march, march, march





The JOHN WAYNE Course













THE FEX

Operation Moon-pie got underway on a Monday morning when the Battalion unloaded from the man-hauls and started to move down a dirt road into the North Carolina woods. This was an exciting time. Each man had a full clip of M-14 blanks in his rifle and watched the woods intently for signs of an ambush — it never came. This was the start of our last week of training with the Marines, a three day bivouac in the open — it was great fun, even if there was no beer, only “C” rats to eat and ice cold water to shave in.

The battalion arrived at the “camp site” and began setting up their two man tents, digging drainage trenches and setting up the protective perimeter — we were digging in, and the entire area was on the air of a circus setting up — it was a ball. The ETs and RMs, Pase and Frenchie, along with Beebee started to string com wire through the trees to the CP. Alpha Company’s machine gunners began digging their bunkers and the rest of us were busy digging fox holes, unloading trucks and stacking supplies. The weather had taken a change from the first days of our stay in LeJeune and was comparatively warm —

and dry. That first night we stood watches and waited for the enemy.

An enemy aggressor force had launched an invasion along the east coast of the U.S. and by mid-summer an area which included Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia was occupied. By Christmas U.S. Forces had launched an offensive along the North Carolina coast. An amphibious assault over Onslow Beach was conducted by the IIMEC, consisting of the SECOND MARDIV, FOURTH MAW and the FOURTH MEB to which MCB SEVENTY-ONE was attached. Bases were established throughout the area and MCB SEVENTY-ONE had been involved in constructing one of these enclaves at Camp Stone Bay, with their work done they were ready for the next step. The Mission Order read: Deploy outside the TAOR (Tactical Area of Responsibility) to area M. Establish a defensive perimeter and set up a Base Camp. Occupy and defend campsite against any and all enemy forces and provide construction support to friendly combatant units away from the campsite as directed.



This was how our three days of war games came about. The orders were written so that squads of Seabees would leave camp every morning to perform construction tasks back at the Rifle Range. This was to simulate a more realistic war situation. Lieutenant Roger Martin had devised this phase of the FEX, team training, which was something new with Atlantic Seabee units.

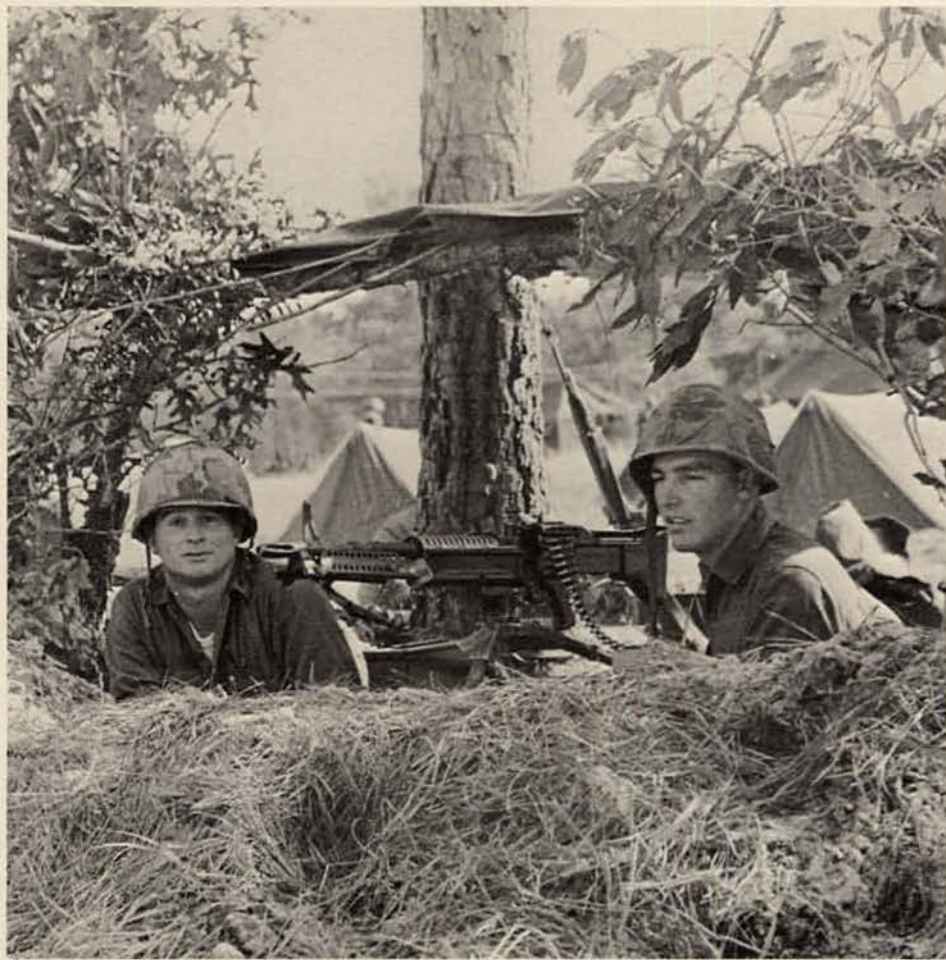
"Now war is a lazy man's job" one Seabee wrote home. During the day, after a breakfast of lukewarm boned turkey, cheese and crackers, and policing the area the Seabees crawled into the tents and slept most of the day — those that weren't out on construction jobs. There was little to do during the day, but during the night every one was kept awake by the harrassment from the aggressors off in the woods. The camp was attacked on a couple of occasions but the CP was still in tact. One of the bunkers reported to the CP that they were under automatic weapons fire and requested permission to return the fire. The neighboring bunker called in reporting that their M-60 had jammed and they couldn't stop it from firing. So it went. The XO's jeep didn't have the required windshield sticker when he approached the camp. He was stopped, harrassed and searched before someone came out to identify him — well, we were all playing by the rules, no exceptions.

The final morning of the FEX, Wednesday, witnessed an attack which was repelled, and a lot of shouting and firing into the air. A casual observer might have mistaken the war game for a Fourth of July celebration. We folded our tents, filled in the fighting holes and Headquarters, for some unknown reason, was picked to give the entire area a policing, ugh!

Thursday was devoted to practice for the Pass-in-Review ceremonies. And Friday was the big day. SEVENTY-ONE must have been very important because the reviewing officer was to be none-other than the Camp LeJeune Commanding General, Major-General J.O. Butcher. The Battalion marched, paraded, stood at attention, trooped, and eye-righted. The affair was sober enough, but most of the men had their thoughts' on the afternoon party with free beer. The party lasted into the night, Roop, EO2 succumbed to jeers and wound up drinking his beer out of a combat helmet.

The Battalion returned to Davisville following the three weeks of training. A staging and embarkation exercise kept some of the men busy, schools and leave kept still more busy, but most were just waiting, waiting for the C-141s to arrive in April to take them to Vietnam. There was a lot of waiting during February and March, but the waiting just before departure was the worst. Six months of training schools, Davisville chow, the "QI" and the "Tee Pee" Sun Valley and LeJeune were behind us. They seemed short compared to the few days we sat around waiting to leave.

There was no work to do, all equipment, and supplies had been packed and was on its way "over", the offices were closed. The flights, aboard Air Force MAC C-141s, began leaving Quonset Point Naval Air Station on Thursday, April 5. Flight NINE the last, left 5 days later. Those that left on the early flights were envied by those that were to leave later — their waiting had ended. The flight took over 25 hours. The big aircraft climbed to 36,000 feet, over six miles up, headed north west and eight hours later landed at Elmendorf Air Force Base outside Anchorage, Alaska. Another eight hours later the C-141 set down at Yokota AFB fifteen miles from Tokyo, Japan. The eighty-odd men aboard each MAC mission set down on the west runway at Chu Lai five hours later. They had passed through twelve time zones, over the international date line and traveled 13,000 miles — half way 'round the world.





Pass-in-Review





NEXT



THE WAIT



VIETNAM



A turtle carries its house on its back. An aircraft carrier is a small floating city. And like these, a Mobile Construction Company takes with it all the necessary people and facilities to build and operate a small town.

To date we've not mentioned much about the the "support" personnel and rates, that keep the EO's, BU's, and UT's building in the field. But without their help in the shops, the offices, the clubs, and the mess, the building-Seabees would be a disappointed lot.

Camp Shields is a complete town, with a library, barber shop, three restaurants, three bars, a general store, three garages, a water system, phone network with operators (male only), police

force and even a small security army, a bank, school and all-denominational church, a bakery and post office, garbage collection service and sewage system (the honey bucket team), complete medical and dental facilities, taxi service, travel agency, generator plant and ice plants, supply and lumber yards and beach-side resort—and Camp Shields, RVN, even has its own newspapers.

Bravo Company provides Camp maintenance while Headquarters mans the various offices, services and our NUMBER ONE galley. Our hats off to a great bunch of guys who have been doing their part to make Seventy-One the finest MCB in Vietnam.

Take a bow!

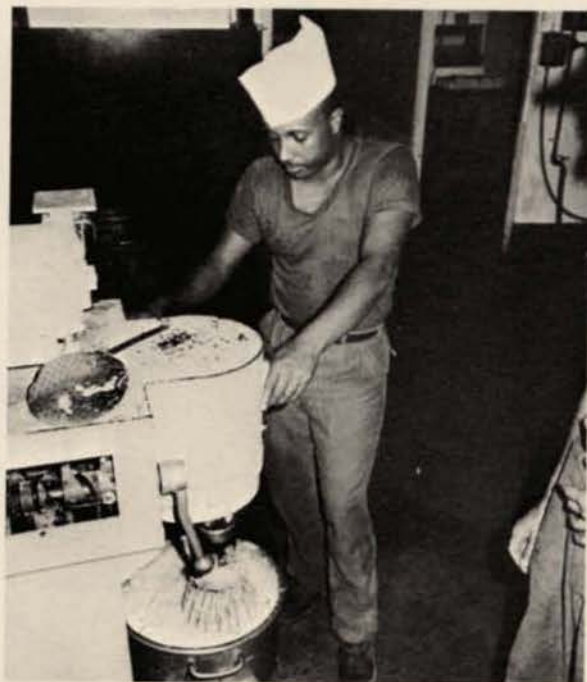


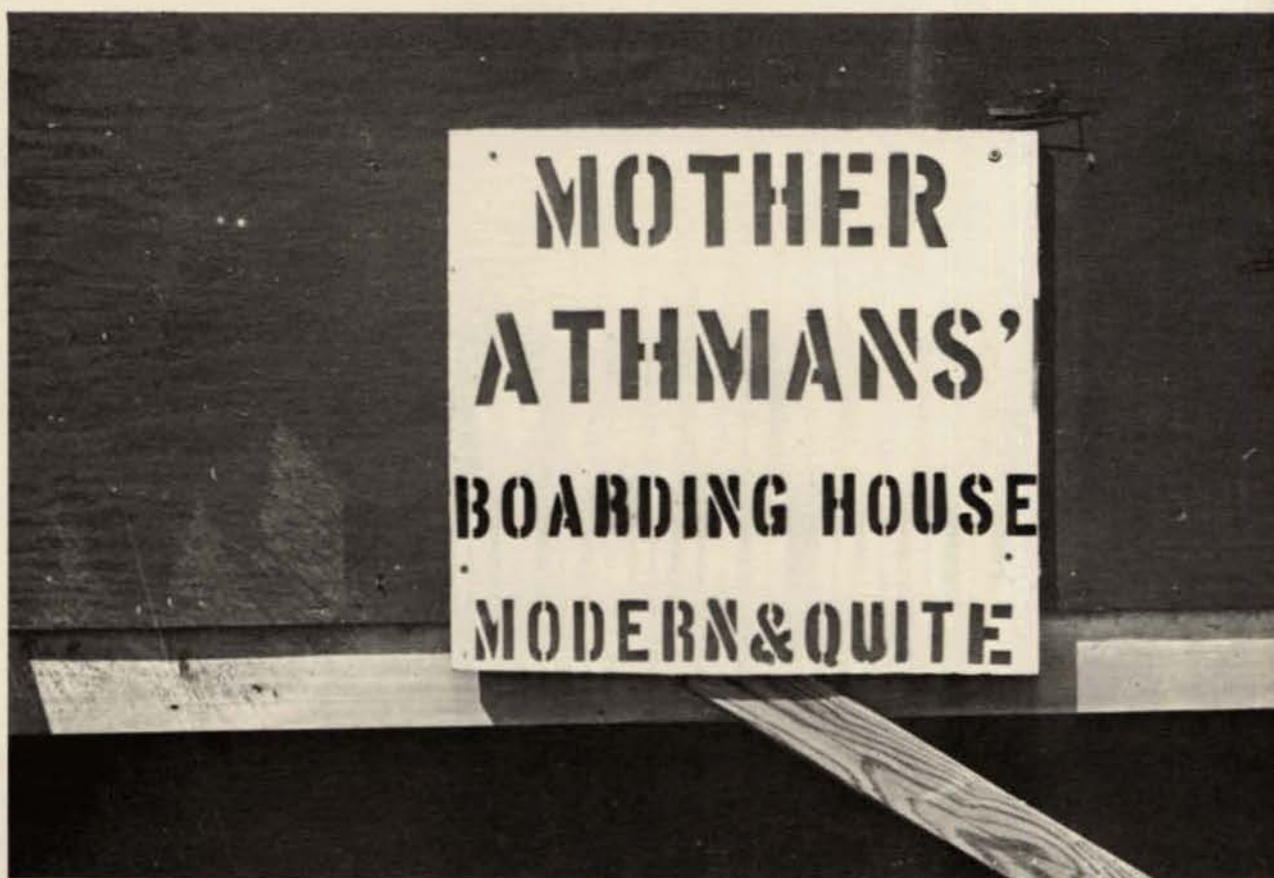
Camp Shields, . Small town RVN

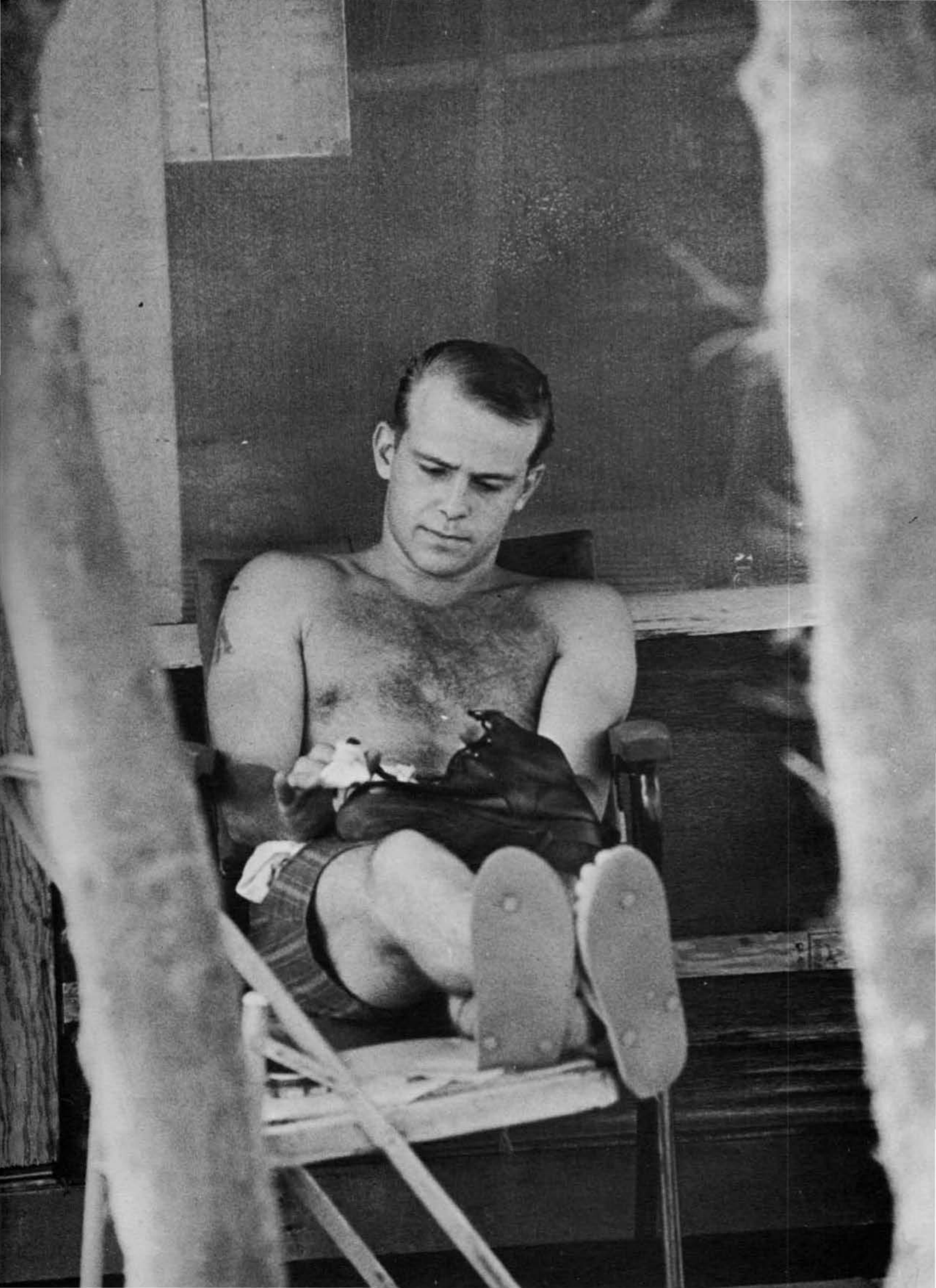








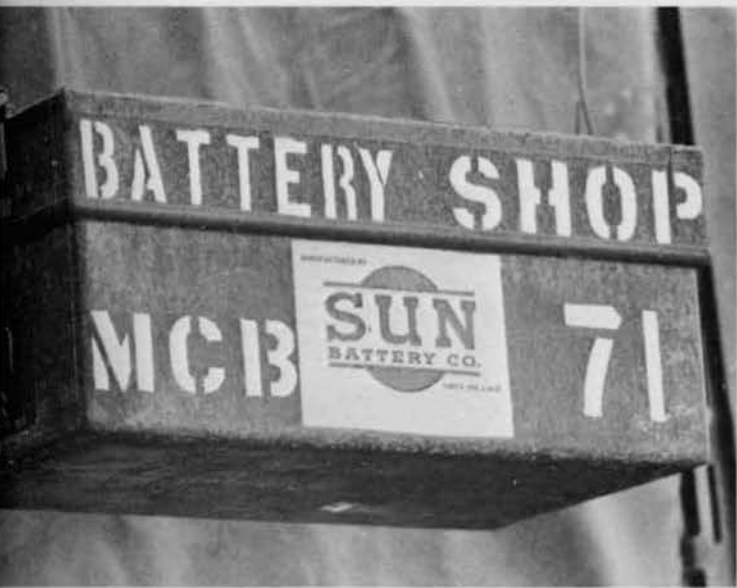












MCB-71 . . Accomplishments in Vietnam



The Navy's Seabees have returned to South-east Asia, where, twenty-five years ago, they fought, built and made their name famous. The Seabees welded their name to the islands of Guadalcanal, Bougainville, the Admiralties, Okinawa and the Solomons AND now their name is part of the conflict in South Vietnam.

And what are the Seabees doing in Vietnam? MCB 71 in Chu Lai sixty-miles south of Da Nang, has been in Vietnam since early April building everything from camps for the ROKs and ARVNs to helicopter-ports for the U.S. Army. They've drilled wells, repaired bomb-damaged section of runways, installed underwater pipe-lines and helped the Vietnam people rebuild their homes, hamlets, and lives. The Battalion's assignments have sent crews to Saigon and Vung Tau in the Delta region and to Quang Ngai and Binh Son in I Corps.

Approximately ONE MILLION cubic yards of sand, gravel, laterite and crushed-rock have been pushed, hauled and moved in connection with the Battalion's construction projects. Over 75 buildings of steel, wood and concrete were built; some of those buildings include huge airplane hangars and vast storage structures. The plants operated by MCB 71's Seabees have turned out over 20,000 cubic yards of concrete (a new deployment record), 100,000 cubic yards of crushed rock (also a new deployment record), and have the capacity to produce over 150-tons of asphalt an hour.



A former Texas oil-well driller, now with the Seabees, has put down eight fresh water wells in Chu Lai — the only productive wells drilled in the area in over a year.

Here is a list of some of the projects tackled by MCB 71 during its first six months in Vietnam:

- Completion of an 8,000-seat out-door amphitheater.
- Complete R & R facilities for American and Korean Forces on the beach at Chu Lai.
- Two huge acre-and-half Ready Service Ammunition Magazines for the two Marine Air Groups in Chu Lai.
- Building two rush helicopter-ports—on time—for the Army's 14th Aviation Battalion.
- Preparation of the drainage system on the five-miles of main road through the Chu Lai complex before the arrival of the fall monsoon rains.
- Fabrication and installation of seven 60-foot observation towers for Marine and Army units guarding the Chu Lai perimeter.
- Initial earth moving and site preparation for PHASE ONE of the massive 6-acre "Major Ammunition Stock Point" on South Beach.
- Scores of buildings put up include: two hangars for the Marine Air Groups, storage buildings and several Butler, Pasco, Quonset's Stran Shell and Cholon Buildings.
- Completion of top priority repairs on the cen-

ter seam of Chu Lai's 2-mile runway four days ahead of schedule.

In addition to all of the construction and building MCB 71's Seabees have been responsible for repairing Chu Lai's two-mile-plus section of SATS aluminum and steel runway. A new innovation devised by Seventy-One's Seabees has cut the repair time by more than half.

Five details from the main body have been sent to such strange sounding places as Vung Tau, Binh Son, Quang Ngai and Duc Pho. They have built hospitals for the Korean Forces, living and administration facilities for an entire Vietnamese Regiment, repair and living facilities for the Commander of Naval Forces—Vietnam. A sixth group of Seabees—13-man Seabee Team 7101, has returned to the States for intensive training prior to re-assignment to a remote part of Southeast Asia. Another Team is now forming and will begin training within a few weeks.

The Battalion's Engineering Department has put out over 200 drawings, involving some 63 projects worth over \$2-million.

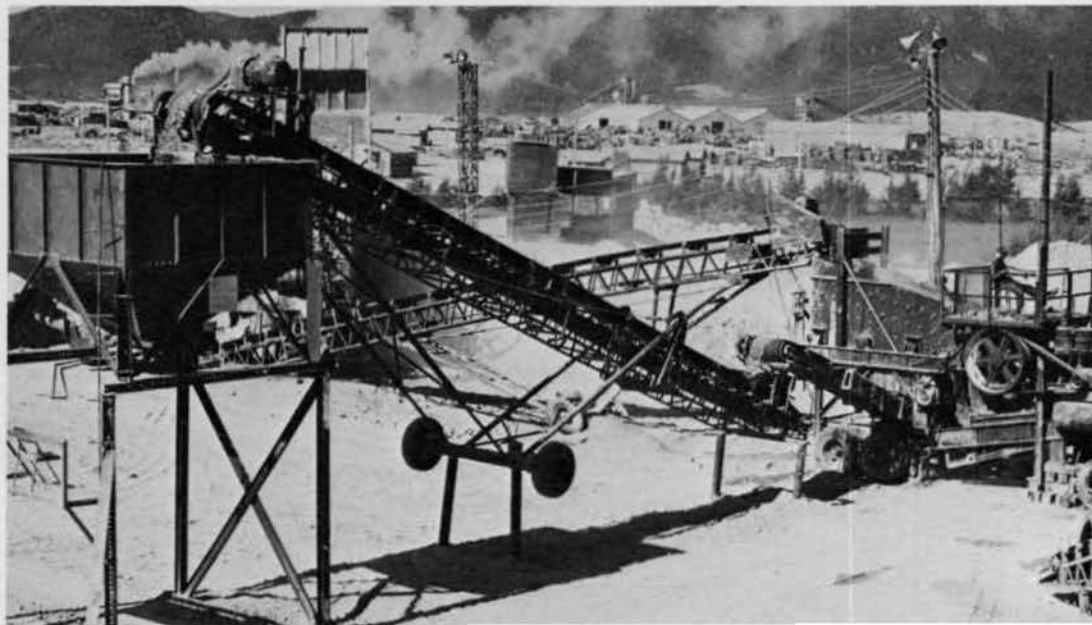
All this construction, amounting to 70,000 man-days and millions of dollars, has been accomplished with only five minor "lost-time" accidents—a fantastic safety record AND a construction record Chu Lai's Seabees are proud of.

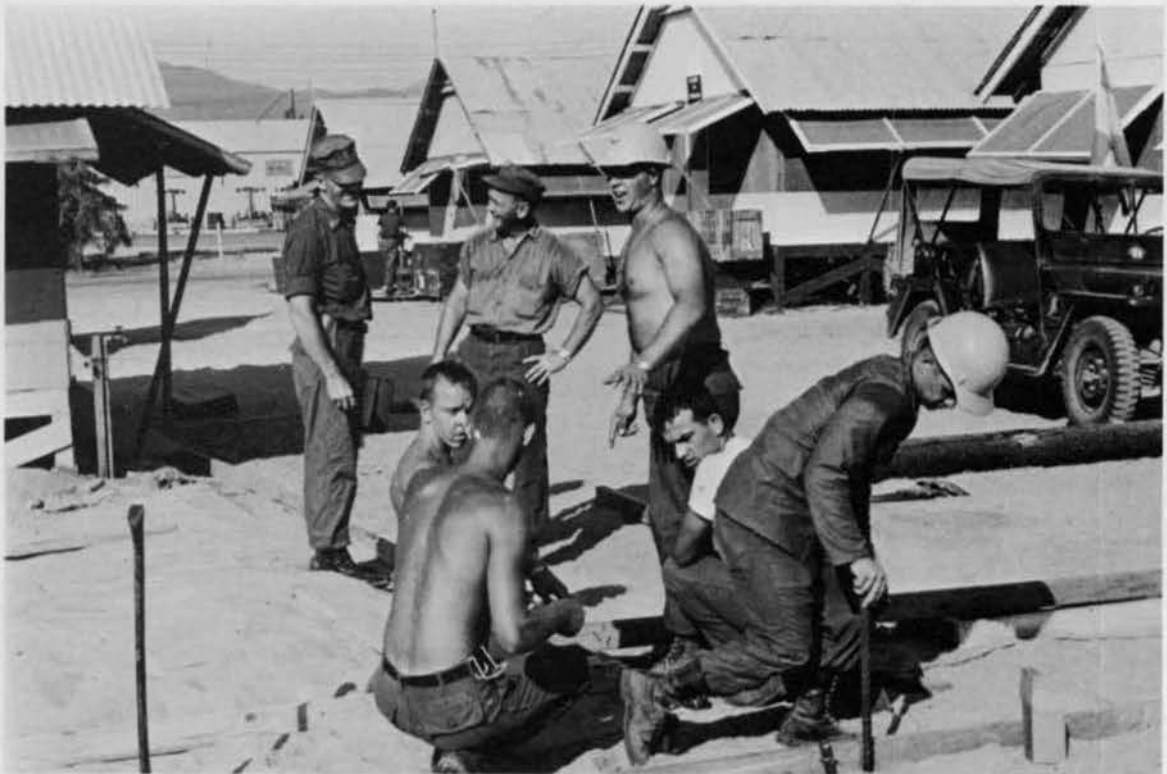




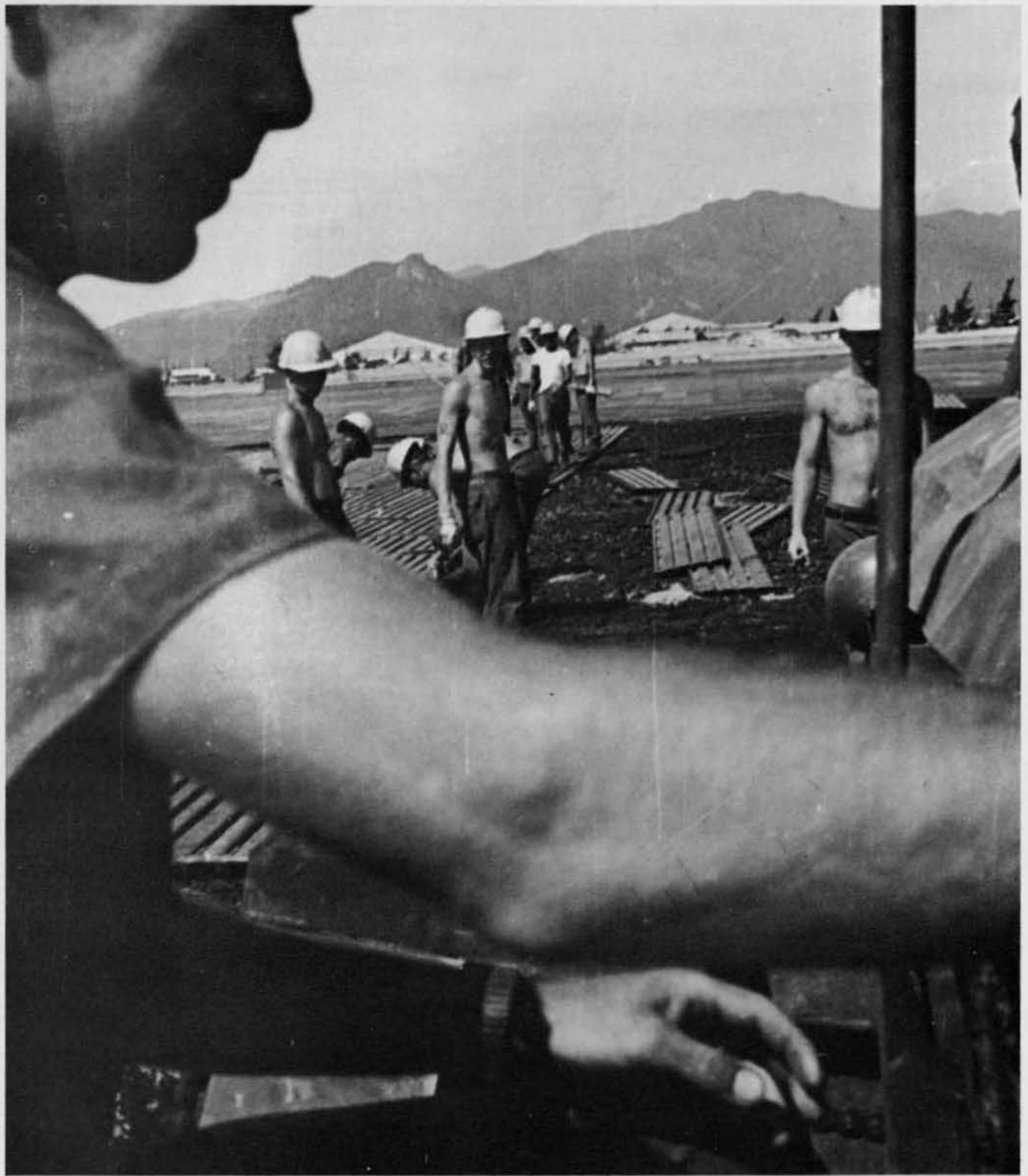










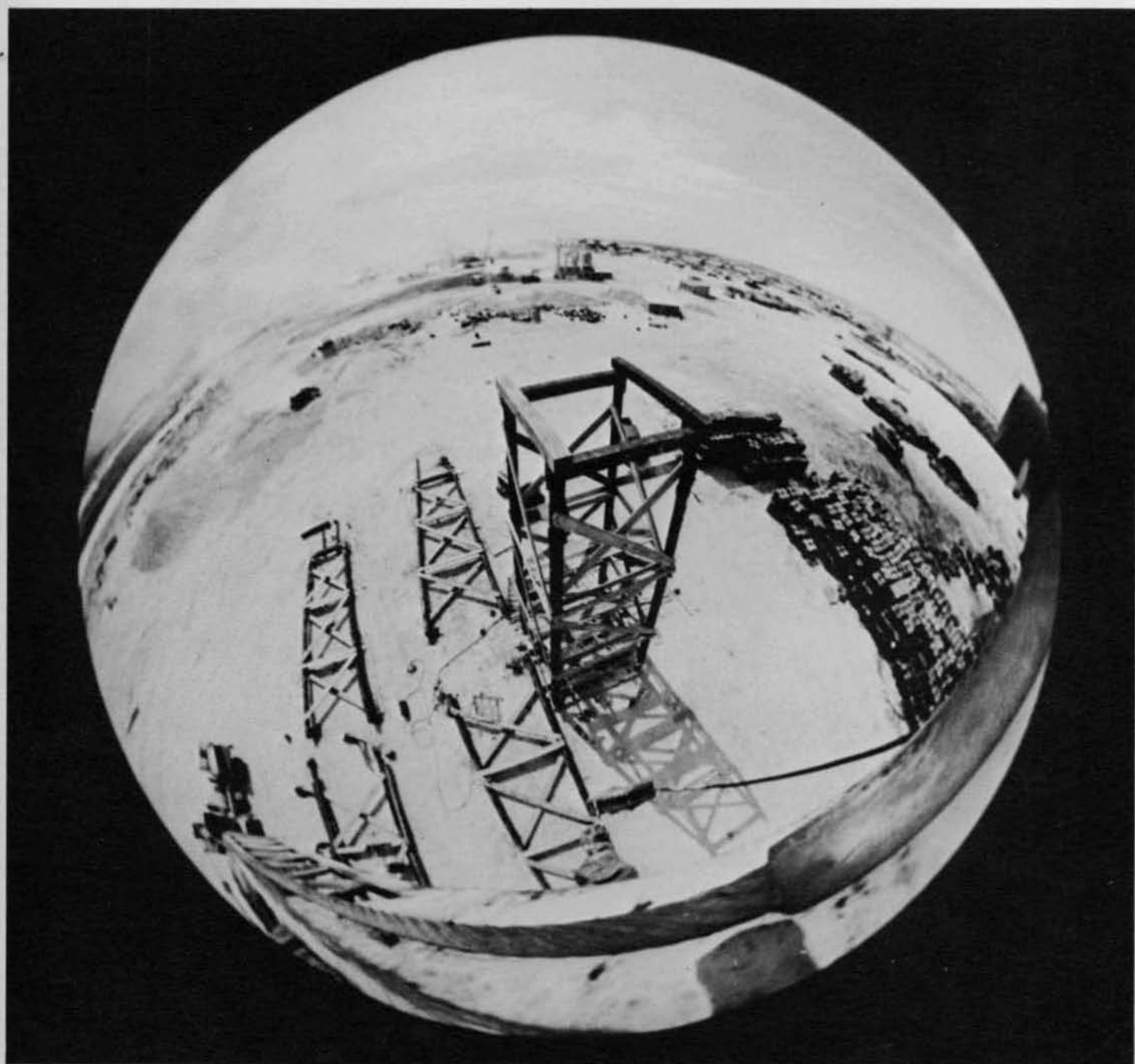




















Sugar Tank Convoy



Four huge steel tanks bound for a sugar plant in the capital city of Quang Ngai, South Vietnam lay on a barge at the Sand Ramp in Chu Lai. They had just made the six-hundred mile water trek from Saigon. Seabee equipment operators and truck drivers were laboring throughout the night swinging the tanks into place on the flat beds of four 60-ton tractor-trailers. A hard, nerve-racking 35-mile haul lay ahead for the four drivers and their "shot-gun" guards—35 miles of rough road through Viet Cong territory.



The U.S. Third Marine Amphibious Force in Da Nang had requested Navy Seabee Battalion MCB 71, in Chu Lai to provide heavy-equipment trucks and experienced drivers for the hauling of four large evaporators, south to the city of Quang Ngai. The tanks, fabricated in Japan were destined for a sugar refinery under construction by Vietnamese civilians and the ARVNs (Army of the Republic of Vietnam). Seabees, the only military unit in the area capable of carting the massive load, were at the Naval Support Activity "boat ramp" all night loading the massive tanks. Three of the tanks weighed just over 22-tons, the fourth tipped the scales at 47-tons. Navy Engineer Ensign Bernie Johnson, 25, from Gainesville, Florida was to ram-rod the convoy—a veteran of more than 25 convoys over Route ONE to Quang Ngai.

Following the Marine and Army sweep of Route ONE for land-mines that morning, the Seabee truck convoy moved out. The lead truck, carting the largest of the four tanks, the 47-ton monster, plodded along the dirt road that was Route ONE. Top speed reached 6-miles per-hour. Ensign Johnson, driving a tiny jeep, scooted back-and-forth as the convoy lumbered along. Traffic was halted as the convoy moved south.



Passing under phone and communications lines, the convoy was slowed, as the "shot-gunners" hopped on top of the tanks to "walk" the line over. The convoy rolled to a snail's pace as they wound through Noch Mon, Binh Son, Son Tinh and on into Quang Ngai. Demolished bridges were skirted, wires and palm trees pushed aside. The convoy plodded south. The 35 miles to Quang Ngai took the convoy over 5½ hours of tedious driving. When they arrived they were far from finished with their hauling job. They still had to off-load the heavy cargo.

A 100-ton capacity floating crane had been dispatched from Da Nang the day before to meet

the convoy on the banks of the Song Tra Kruk (river) to off-load the tanks—it was stuck fifteen miles down-river. A quick huddle of ARVNs, civilian and Seabees came up with the idea of rolling the tanks off the trucks. A truck-bed high ramp, a building foundation, was found near the sugar mill site. The trucks rolled up next to the improvised ramp, the convoy's wrecker dug in opposite the trucks and its powerful winch rolled the 22-ton and 47-ton tanks off their beds onto the earth foundation.

The Seabee had done it again, they had proved their 25-year old slogan—"CAN DO".



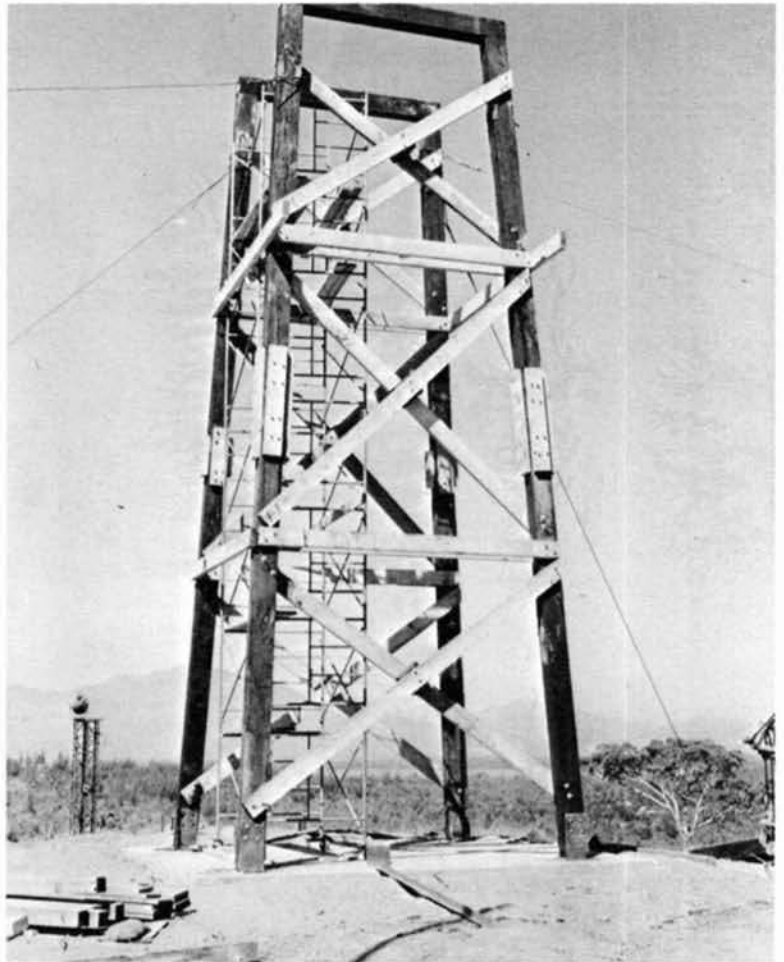


Tower Building , Seabee Style

A huge green Marine CH-53A helicopter hovered over the crest of Signal Hill, its down-draft kicking clouds of red dust into the hot morning air. Beneath the hovering craft a team of 13 Navy Seabees scrambled to undo the harness that connected the 'copter to their "bucket" of concrete. One Seabee, his face streaked with sweat and grime, gave the "all clear" – and up thrust thumb –and the bird moved slowly away from the hill leaving the 'bees to man-handle two tons of concrete into waiting forms—forms that would support a massive 60-foot observation tower.

Dust still swirling around the mountain top, the Seabees set up a "bucket brigade", transferring the cement from the improvised "jet engine shipping container—concrete bucket", in pails, to the forms. The 'copter circled the mountain top once, then headed north, back to Chu Lai and another batch of concrete.

The work order for seven observation towers came down to Naval Construction Battalion 71 from the 30th NCR in Da Nang. The towers, found so useful in spotting Charley's movement in DMZ were to be used by Army units surrounding the Chu Lai military complex. The problems did not start till the locations of Towers 6 and 7 were found to be in extremely inaccessible locations—Tower 7 was on top of Signal Hill, a mountain top only a goat or a Marine could climb. Project Officer, Navy Civil Engineer, Lieutenant Wells enlisted the help of first the Army and then U.S. Marine helicopters, at a cost exceeding \$1,600 an hour—to ferry materials pre-mixed concrete and the towers themselves to the two hard-to-get-at sites.





Tower 6, overlooking the Song Tra Bong (River) was the first Tower to utilize the Helo service with Army Chinooks ferrying in more than a dozen loads of concrete for the lowers' bases.

Tower 7, perched on top of Signal Hill above the Vietnamese town of Nouc Mon – ten miles south of Chu Lai – was the home of three Army communication technicians, a mess of radio gear used for relay and two lizards. They were joined by Willy Gehl BU2, Marty Mains BU2, Howie Proplesch and 10 other MCB 71 Seabees from Bravo Company who fitted the forms of the Tower's base, then waited for the 'copter to arrive.

U.S. Marine Major Lee, Captain of Number 29, a huge Marine "Jolly Green Giant", his second Lieutenant Ted from MAG 16 in Da Nang, along with a Seabee coordinator lifted eight loads of pre-mixed concrete eleven miles to the top of Signal Hill in one day. Days later other 'copters ferried out the completed 60 foot Towers themselves the job was complete.

The Seabees had spent five weeks on the seven towers, most of that time waiting for a free 'copter. The use of the Marines' "Jolly Greens" was the first instance of concrete ferried in jet-engine packing cases. Seabee units to the north had utilized 'copters to carry their tower sections, but MCB 71 was the first to use the birds to ferry concrete, water and the towers themselves.







Construction



The dust rose under the constant chatter of the compressed-air-drills biting deep into solid rock. The air was filled with the sound of heavy machinery. Mammoth shovels scooped tons of rock and boulders into the waiting bodies of huge Euclid trucks. Dozers, D-8's, grunted and scrapped the loose rock into piles for the shovels—each piece of equipment driven by sweating a dust covered Seabee.

This was a rock quarry complex under the boiling Vietnam sun.

The tons of gray granite were carted two miles to a sprawling steel monster that heaved and shook, grunted, rumbled, and chattered, chewing the boulders into bite size pieces, spewing them into waiting trucks. The "Old Flintstone," as her Seabee operators call her, is a rock crusher with more years of Naval service than most Seabees. Dust and noise filled the air here too. The operators wore flightline ear muffs to deaden the machine's thunder. Producing yard after yard of crushed rock, more than any other machine in Chu Lai, "Old Flintstone" provides material for runway foundations, road beds, parking lot and building bases and aggregate for concrete and asphalt other plants turn out.

Vietnam based Seabee battalion, MCB 71, is presently operating more "Big Dollar" machinery than any other similar unit in-country. Lieutenant Robert Sharp, Alpha Company Commander, assisted by Lieutenant (jg) J. F. Conroy, is responsible for the huge rock quarry complex, used by Marines, Army, and other Seabee units. 24-hours a day, the Rock Quarry crews blast and load tons of granite, working outside the Chu Lai perimeter under the watching eyes of Viet Cong. Master Equipment Chief Sturges, Quarry boss, handles a crew of over fifty skilled Seabees, some veterans of prior service, but most seasoned professional "stone" men in civilian life that joined the Seabee's DPPO program last year. About half of his crew operates "Old Flintstone" a fifteen year old Rock Crusher that has seen Naval service from Alaska to the Philippines and here to Vietnam—she still is operating, although just barely. Despite her age, the old girl is producing more crushed rock than any other crusher in Chu Lai. 6,000 tons of rock comes tumbling off the conveyor belts each week. Only one other Seabee outfit in Vietnam tops "Old Flintstone" for production, MCB 4, with four machines running holds the title. EO1 Norman is in charge of the day crew and EO1 Assland the night crew.

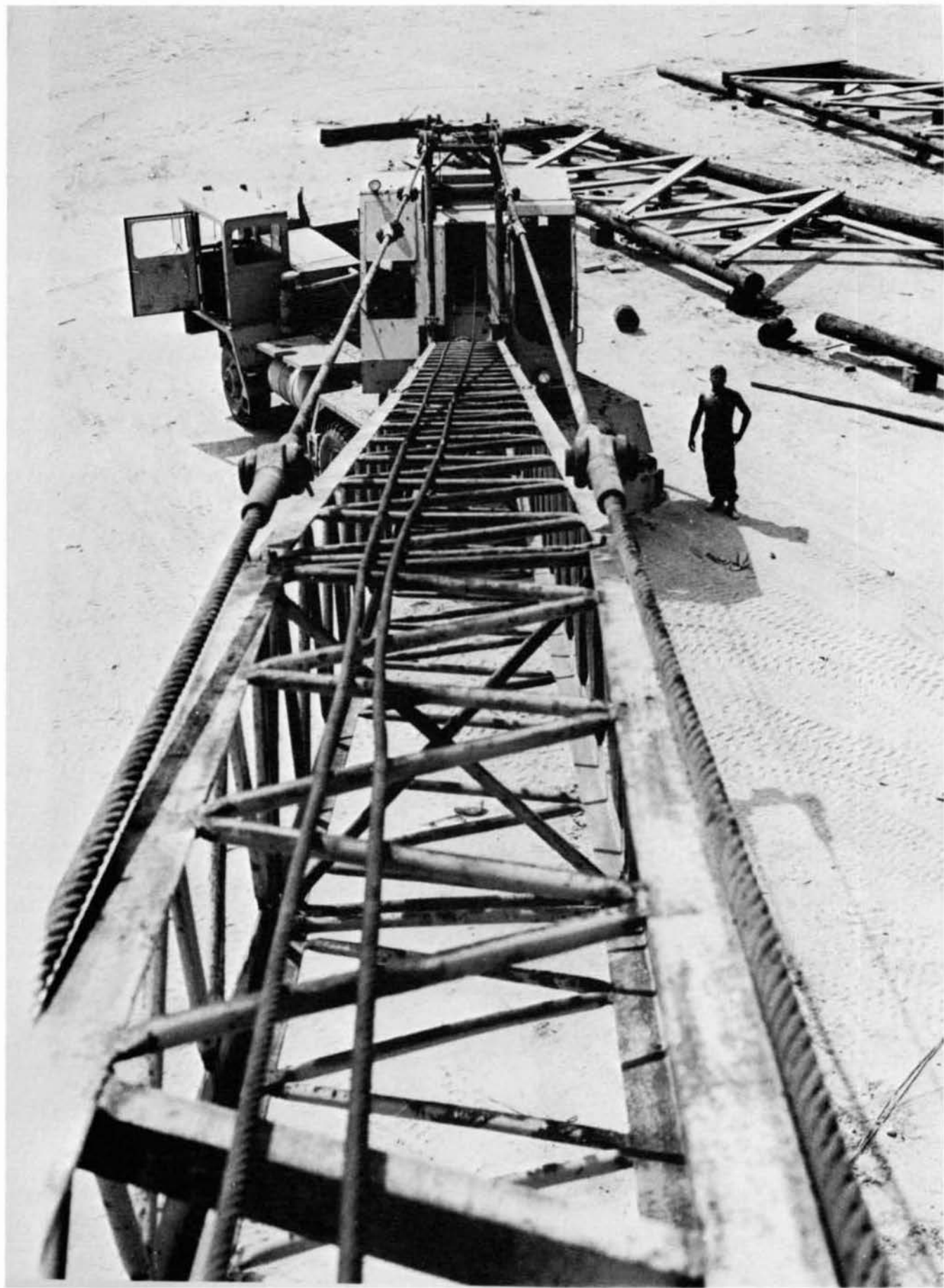
The blasting and drilling crew, directed by EON2 Carnahan days and EO1 Sadler at night, uses 40,000 pounds of dynamite monthly.

Soon after MCB 71's arrival in Vietnam, civilian contractor, RMK, made ready to leave and turned over the operation of both her asphalt and concrete "batch" plants. The machines, standing over four stories high, are valued at more than four million dollars, transported and set up.

The asphalt plant, a modern 200-ton-per-hour complex is large even by Stateside standards. Chief Napier and his squad from MCB 71's Alpha Company are currently going through a process of "quality control" by treating their supply of aggregate to eliminate the dirt and dust that deteriorates the finished "mix." Builder Fielding handles the concrete "batch" plant operations in the old RMK yard. Rated and able to produce a maximum daily capacity of 1800 cubic yards of pre-mixed concrete, the operation is limited to the small number of "transit-mixers" used to move the mix to the work site. Producing all the pre-mixed concrete for Seabees, Marines, and Army Engineers, MCB 71's plant crews deserve a "hats off!"









—Reveille 0530 (disregard)—and disregard they did. MCB 71's 800 Seabees in Vietnam were celebrating their first birthday and had started off the day by "sleeping in." The Battalion's Commanding Officer, Commander Richard Coughlin, had announced weeks before that this was to be a day to be remembered — and remembered it would be.

Brunch, for those energetic enough to show up, was followed by a visiting stage show from Korea—with girls. The show was a grand success, which may be attributed to the fact that the clubs were open an hour early and beer was allowed in the Camp Shield's "Star-lite" theater for the special occasion.

The Captain read greetings from our fellow Seabees up the beach at MCB SIX, and a commendation from Commodore Turner, introduced a few distinguished guests, drew names for the color television set, awarded the Seabee of the month award to a rather joyous and "happy" Danny Moxley, handed out the first plank ownership certificate to Seabee Smith, the first enlisted man to be assigned to MCB 71 AND then on came the girls.

Birthday Party









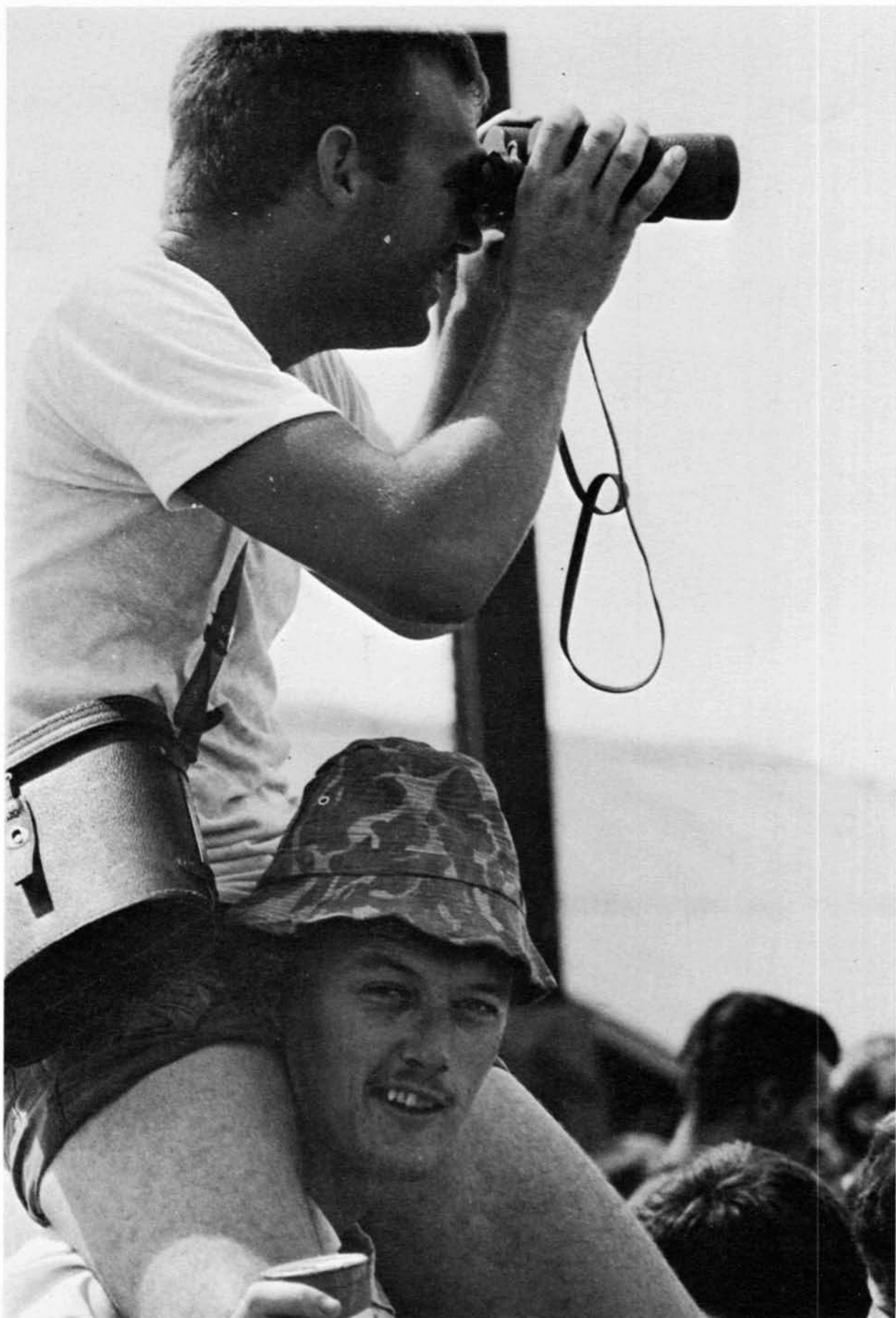
The hour-long show was followed by steaks, lobsters, chicken, beer, and birthday cake on the beach. Many of the Battalion's Chiefs and Officers (not to mention the "Old Man" himself) received a not too ceremonious dunking in the South China Sea.

A 30 pound pig was turned loose for a "greased-pig-chase", but someone forgot to grease up the little devil and he was so scared of the 500 Seabees stumbling down the beach after him that he ran into the nearest pair of arms he could find. A fine pig chase that was.

The Captain hoisted the new Battalion Flag which was presented to him during the stage show, the clubs stayed open all evening and SEVENTY-ONE's Seabees did indeed make their First Birthday a rousing success AND a day to remember.







The Nicer Moments



















TOKYO IS :

COFFEE

Somo

茶 その

季節料理
お茶活の
おにきり
焼鳥

京風 西亭
祇園茶屋

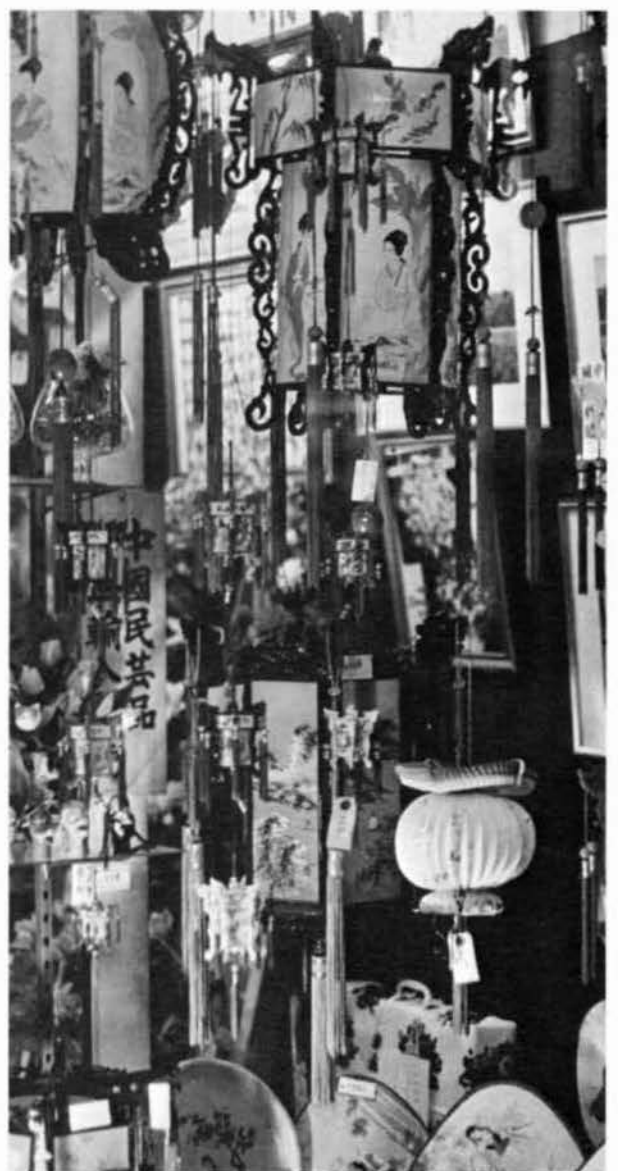
級トルコ
祇園

5.6.7





jammed streets and tall buildings



colorful shops and busy store windows



night, streets and friends—new and old—Tokyo is fun



alleys, lined with bright signs, full of intrigue—and fun



well dressed white collar workers on their way home



the Japanese lantern



the Kimono and the peddler



James Bond looking down a busy street



tradition



religion and a love for nature and peace-and-quiet



secretaries, hostesses and waitresses—TOKYO is girls



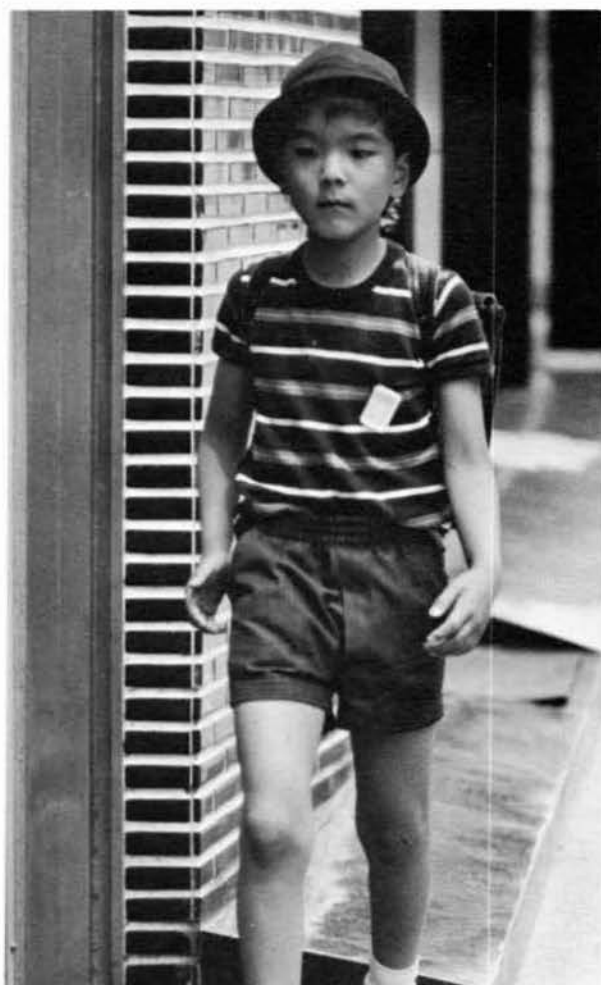
people, just people



the crowded Pachinko parlor, jammed with white collar workers



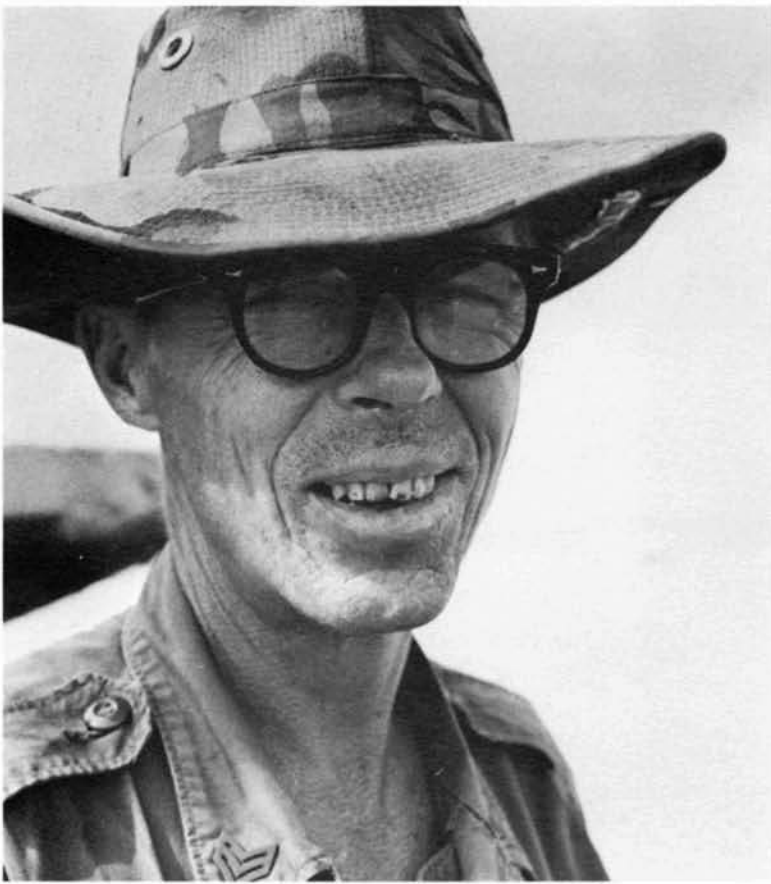
a youngster on the move



a young student on his way home



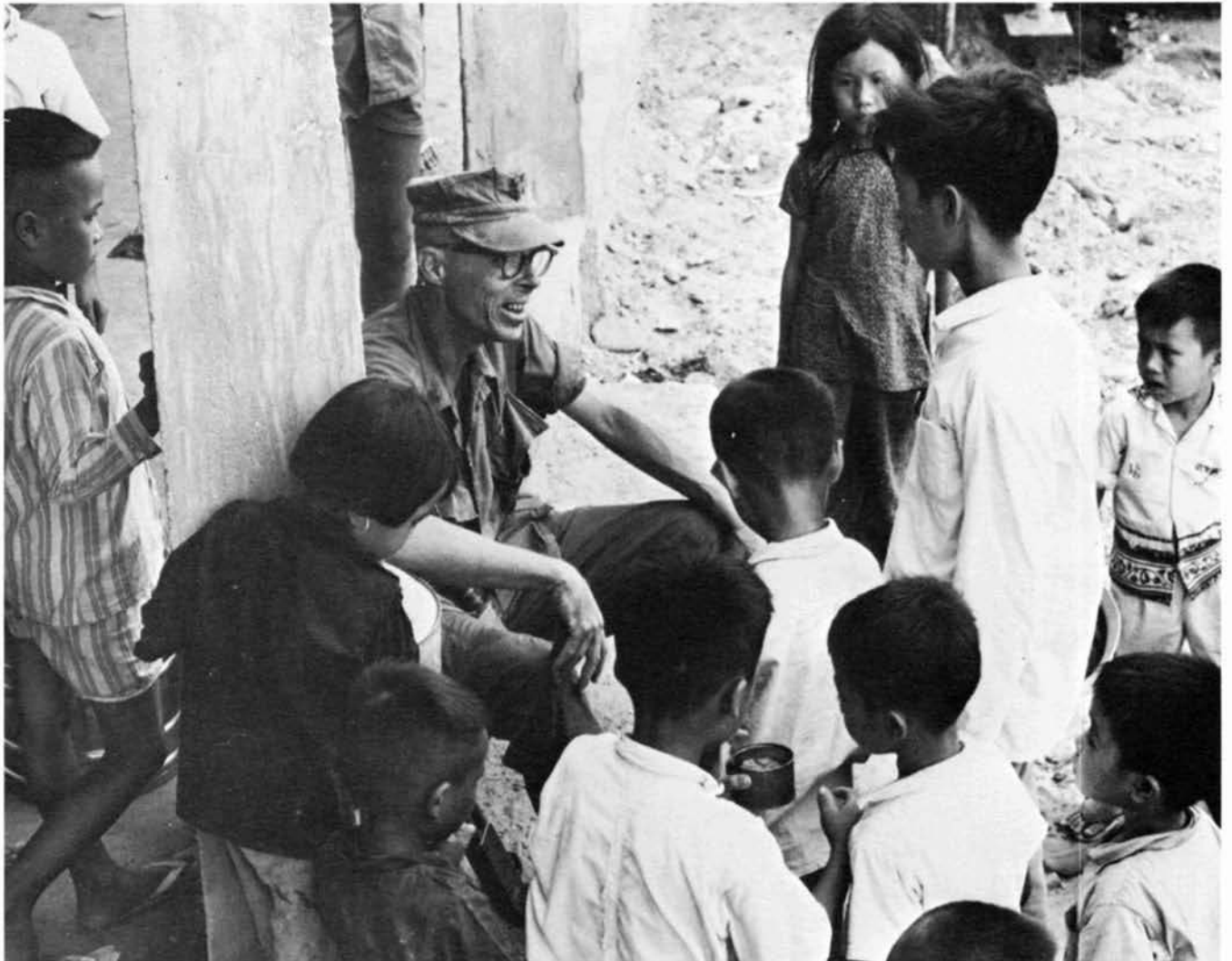
playing Pachinko after dinner or a show



October 1966, the eyes of the world rested on Manila, the Philippines. On the 24th, General William Westmoreland made a statement to the Manila Conference: "For many people the only noteworthy parts of the war in Vietnam are the major battles. The fact is, however, that all of the military power which we can bring to bear can achieve only one thing: a state of security in which the people of South Vietnam can develop their institutions of government, their natural resources, and their potential for production." The General went on to say: "The military units and the individuals of all the countries represented in South Vietnam have turned with enthusiasm to what we call civic action."

May, 1967 US Naval Seabee battalion, MCB 71, resting comfortably on the Chu Lai beach receives a call from LT Henry Brown; "the village of Ly Tra was razed last night by the V.C. can you help." The next day a truck bursting to the seams with scrap lumber leaves the Camp Shields gate for the 45 minute trip to Ly Tra. To the Americans a truck load of scrap lumber seems insignificant, but to the, now homeless Vietnamese this is the chance to build a new home - to rebuild what the V.C. destroyed.

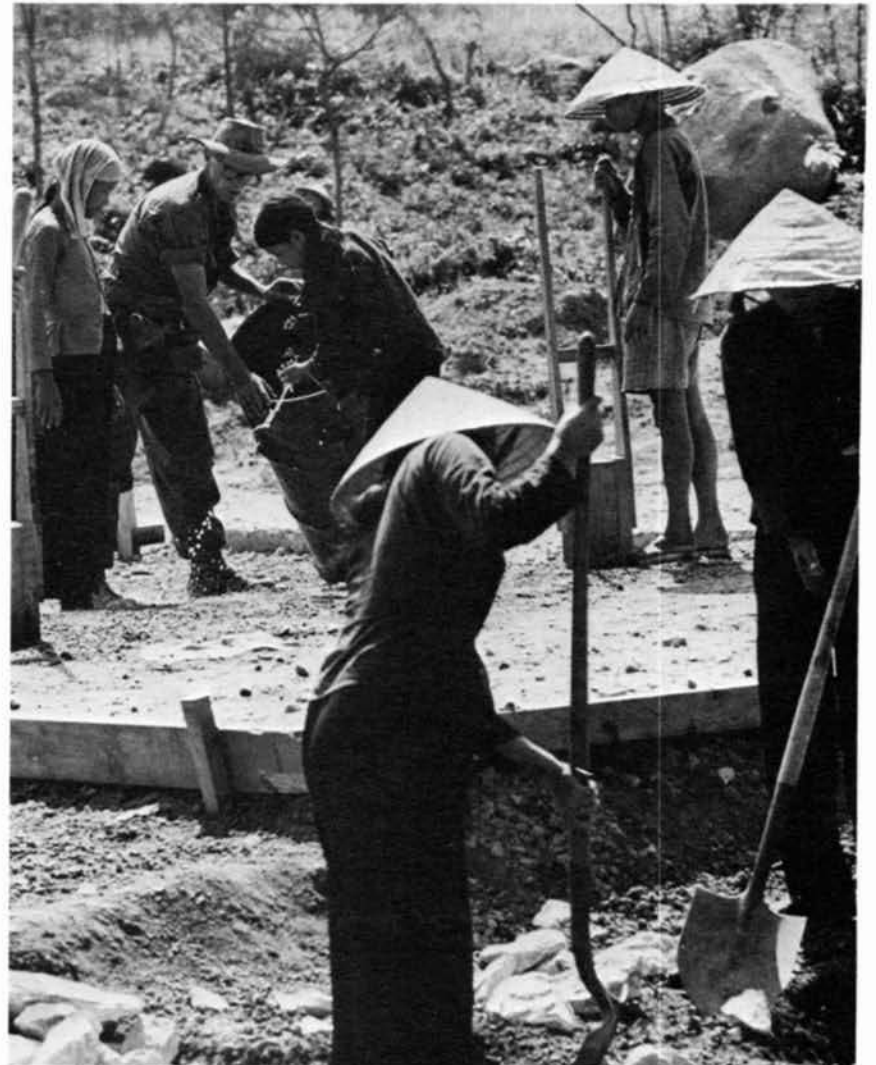
Civic Action and the People





This is Civic Reaction, the Americans coming to the rescue, rebuilding what the supposedly National Liberation Front, destroyed. Helping the hapless farmer in his need, but more important than Civic Reaction, is the daily Civic Action Program carried on by units of the Armed Forces in Vietnam. The road that the Americans can help build to open markets in a small Hamlet, the MEDCAP (Medical Civic Action Program) that may save the eye-sight of a young Vietnamese child, or the dental care given the old lady who knows not why her teeth have turned brown. This is the Civic Action Program.

Wednesday May 3, 1967 – Chaplain Bill Dennis (MCB 71's Civic Action Officer), Doctors Jerry Hubbell, and Sam Winsper (battalion dentist) climb in their trucks with their staff and head north on route 1 to the village of Khuong Long (in order to organize the Civic Action Program units are assigned responsibility for certain villages and hamlets).







The Doctors course is clear, they will set up office hours in a truck and with the help of Calisi HM2 and Sakelaris DT3 treat the myriad of ills that one encounters in a small underdeveloped village. Mostly the people need care for skin infections and as they treat, the Doctor and his Corpsmen pass out bars of soap, which we take for granted, to prevent these infections in the future. Doctor Winsper and Sakelaris settle down to extracting teeth beyond repair. "I'll make you a movie star" rattles off the Dentist's lips as he goes about his work. For some of these people this is the first relief that they have known from the consistent pain in their jaw.

The Chaplain's course is not so clear. As Civic Action Officer he is charged with the socio-political field. He is the man that the village chief must look to for that new road, the new school, the opportunity for pure drinking water. Yet it is not a simple task, for Chaplain Dennis must be above all tactful. The guise of an American defender will not win these people to our side, the Chaplain must foster a community spirit, stimulate the villagers to help themselves, this is Civic Action. While the Doctors treat patients, treating their ills, the Chaplain tries to mobilize their desires for a better life, "surveying the proposed road if we can only get a moment may help," crosses the Chaplain's mind. "Perhaps we can free some men and cement to build the dispensary so badly needed by the people." Little by little the Chaplain sees an effective Civic Action Program jell. Maybe one project will be completed, maybe more, but the impetus must come from the people with the American prodding. If the Americans help the Vietnamese build a road it is the Vietnamese's road. The V.C. will have a tough time mining the Vietnamese road, but perhaps not such a tough time with an American gift.





This is Chaplain Dennis's job, to stimulate, cajole, prod—aid the Vietnamese in their drive for a better life. If he does his job well MCB 71 will leave something tangible to a village and the country of Vietnam, if not the V.C. will return to the village each night after the team leaves to find, if not solace, at least begrudging acceptance.

This is Civic Action. The day to day struggle with the V.C. for the life of the people. Doctor Hubbell and Calisi make their mark by treating the sick, Doctor Winpser and Sakelaris attempt to alleviate pain and help give people pride in their appearance, the Chaplain tries to stimulate a society millions of years old to help itself. It's not an easy struggle, the Vietnamese question the motives, the American people often don't understand the importance of this fight, but it is the future of this country and as part of the "Navy's Peace Corps" Chaplain Dennis and his Seabees are willing to jump in the fray.















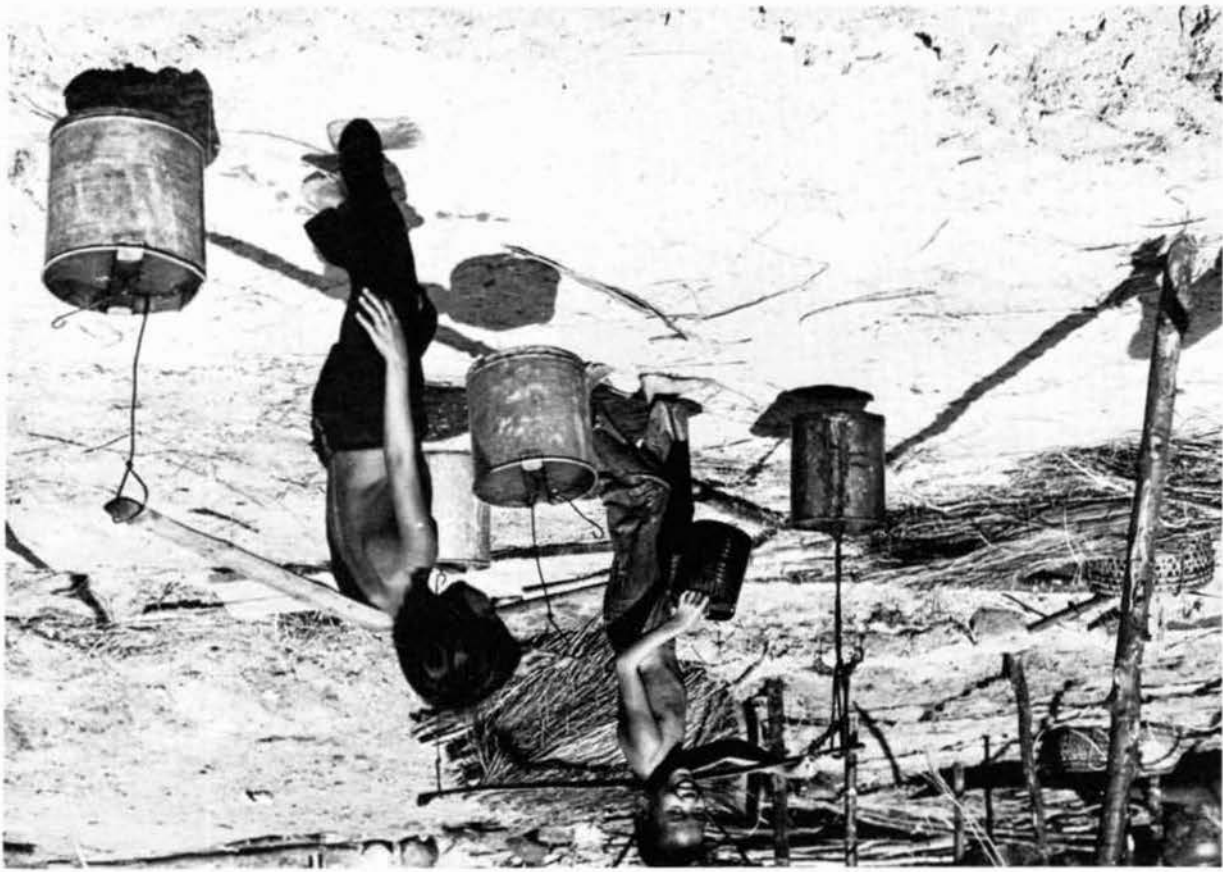


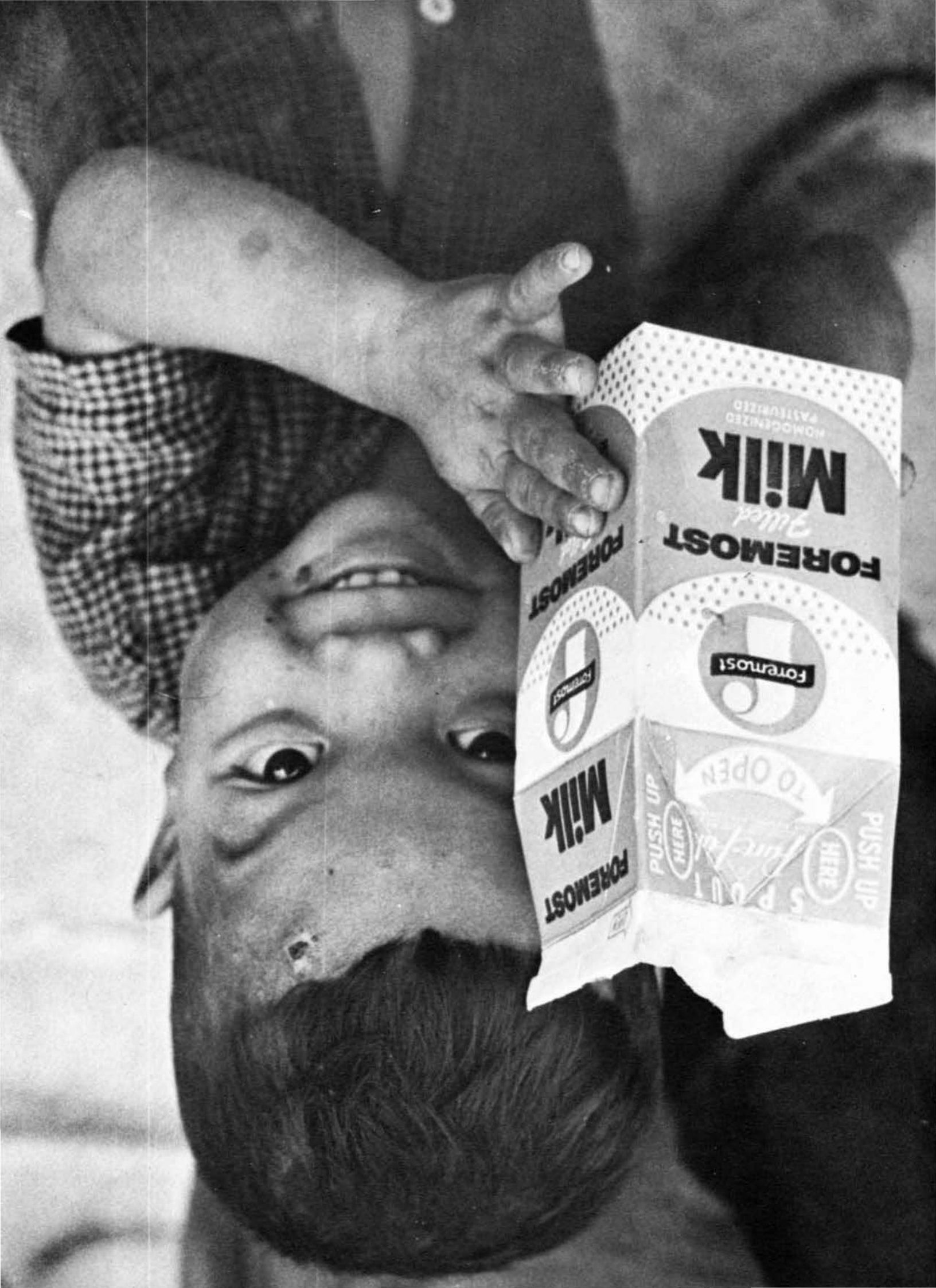












Milk

Foremost

Milk

Foremost

STERILIZED
PASTEURIZED



TO OPEN
PUSH UP
HERE
SPOUT
HERE
PUSH UP















Commanding Officer

Commander R. D. Coughlin, CEC, USN

"I can think of no other billet in the Navy that could possibly please me more than this one with these splendid men of Mobile Construction Battalion 71." These were the words of Commander Richard D. Coughlin as he accepted command of his new battalion in commissioning ceremonies, October 4, 1966 at the Home of the Atlantic Seabees in Davisville, Rhode Island.

The Commander, a native of Blythe and Montrose, California and a graduate of the University of Southern California, comes to the Battalion from the Force Development Center, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Virginia where he served as Seabee Projects Officer on research and development projects. The Commander received his Master's degree in Civil Engineering (Construction Management) in post graduate work at Purdue University in 1965. Since his commissioning in the spring of 1952 into the Civil Engineer Corps of the U. S. Navy, Commander Coughlin has served as: Instructor, CEC (Civil Engineer Corps) School, Port Hueneme, California; Company Commander and Assistant Operation Officer, Mobile Construction Battalion THREE on Okinawa; Assistant Operations Officer on the staff of the Pacific Seabees and Public Works Officer, U. S. Naval Engineering Lab, Annapolis, Maryland.



Executive Officer

Commander G. H. Brown, CEC, USN

The Commander, born December 29, 1930, is a native of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Following graduation from high school he attended Wilkes College in Wilkes-Barre from 1949 to 1951, then transferred to Lafayette College in Easton, Pennsylvania. He graduated from Lafayette in 1953 with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Civil Engineering. During high school, the Commander entered the U. S. Naval Reserve as an enlisted man. Following college he received his commission as an unrestricted Line officer in the Reserves in the winter of 1955, then reported to Salvage Diver's School at Bayonne, New Jersey.

Commander Brown successfully completed salvage school and reported to the USS HITCHITI (ATF-103), a fleet tug, as Diving Officer, where he served until June 1957. During that summer he changed his designator to the Civil Engineer Corps through the Regular Navy's augmentation program.

Following this change to the CEC branch of Naval Service Commander Brown was assigned as Assistant Public Works Officer at the U. S. Naval Air Development Center at Johnsville, Pennsylvania, then on to the U. S. Naval Air Station at Minneapolis, Minnesota as Public Works Officer. From 1962 through April 1964, Commander Brown served as Assistant Operations Officer for the Construction Battalions of the Atlantic Fleet. His last assignment prior to becoming the Executive Officer of MCB 71, was as the Head of Management Department of the Caribbean Division, U.S. Naval Facilities Engineering Command.

The Officers of MCB-71



LCDR J.F. PATTERSON



LT. B.V. DENNIS



LT. R. GRAY



LT. J. HUBBELL



LTJG BRYNGELSON



LTJG J. CAMERA



LTJG J.F. CONROY



LTJG J.M. DOUGHERTY



LTJG J.A. FLYNN



LTJG A.B. JOHNSON



LTJG W.C. MONTGOMERY



LTJG J.A. SMITH



LTJG J. WILKINSON



LTJG T.W. BONE



ENS C.D. STEARNS



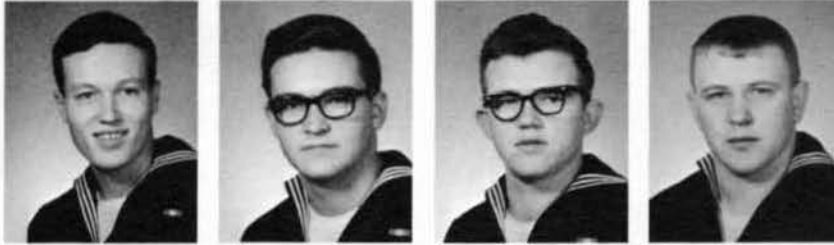
ENS K.R. REIM



ENS J.R. WITTAUSCH



GALLAGHER
ABRELL
AKERS
ALLSWORTH



AMRHEIN
BACCA
BAILEY
BAILEY, R.R.



BALES
BARNABY
BARTKO
BARTON



BASKEL
BAUER
BEASLEY
BENNETT



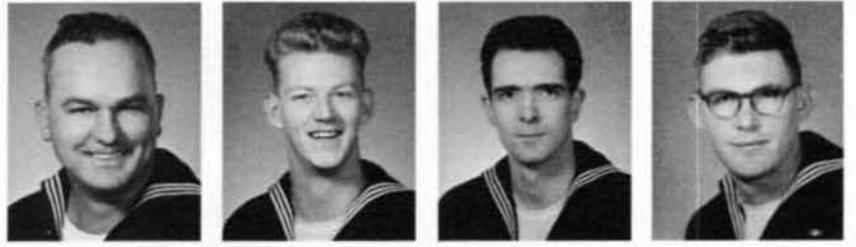
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BIPPEN
BISCHOFF
BISH



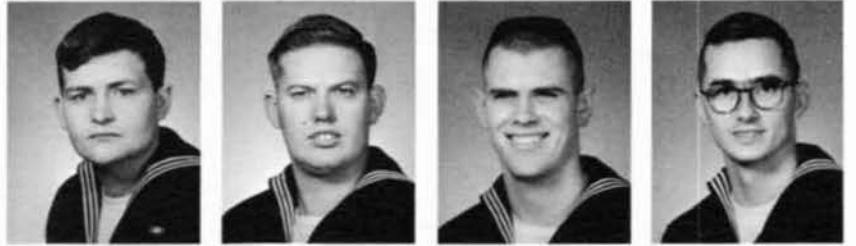
BLACK
BLACKMON
BLUMKE
BOERNSEN

alpha company

BOOTHE
BOWERS
BOYDES
BRAAZ



BRESETT
BRIGHT
BRITTIAN
BROWN



BRUNER
BULMER
BURNS
CAMERON



CANNING
CARNAHAN
CARTER, D. L.
CARTER, R. T.



LASATER
CASTILLANO
CAWELTI
CHARLES





CHEADLE
CHINELL
CHRISTENSON
CLAERHOUT



CLAUSS
CLELLAN
CLINE
COATS



COX
DAMETRICK
DEGENHARDT
DISSMORE



DOBRONZ
DRAPER
DUBOSE
DUNFEE



DURHAM
FARMER
FLEISCHMANN
FORD

FRANCE
FRIES
GABOH
GANN



GEARHART
GETZ
GLOVER
GOAT



GOFORTH
GOKEY
GONSALVES
GOWERS



HAIR
HAMILTON
KIDD
HEALY



HEMBREE
HENSON
HOLLOPETER
HUCKINS





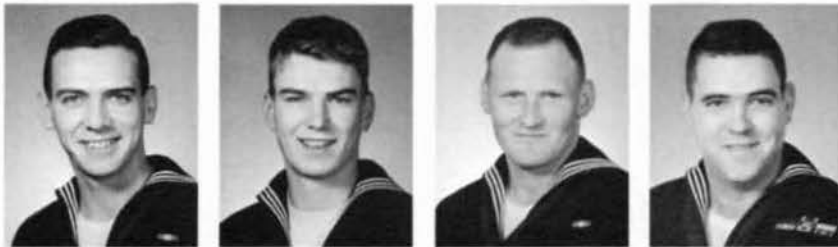
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HUMPAGE
INGRAM
JACKSON



JANOTA
JANQUET
JEFFREY
JONES, D.K.



JONES, G.D.
JOST
KAYE
KELLY



KINCAID
KLAKSVIK
KLANG
KNAPP



KUCHNICKI
KURILLA
KYLE
LA CROSSE

LA FERRIERE
LAIRD
LAKTASH
LAPEKAS



LAVER
LAWRENCE
LESIUK
LEWIS



LOUDENSLAGER
LOVE
LILLENTHAL
MACHADO



MANENICA
MARTIN
MASLIN
MAYNARD



MC BRIDE
MC GOHAN
MC GREW
MENELEE

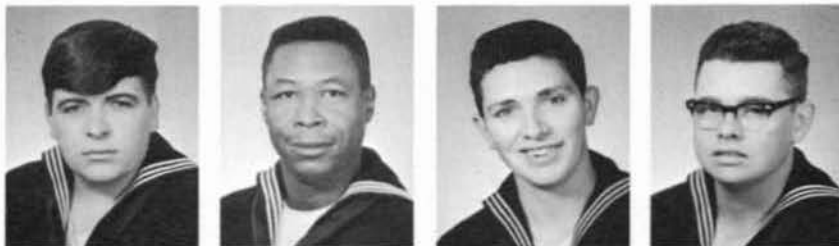


MEYER
MOCK
MOE
MONTECUPO





MOORE
MORAN
MORGAN, A.R.
MORGAN, R.E.



MOXLEY
MURPHY
NIER
O'DONNELL



OLIVER
OLSON
OLSON T.R.
OTTE



PAQUIN
PATASEL
PEELER
PENTON



PERRY
PLATT
PREVETTE
REINFUSS

RHEAUME
ROBERTS
ROBBINS
ROBINSON



ROCHE
ROLFSON
ROOP
RUDDOCK



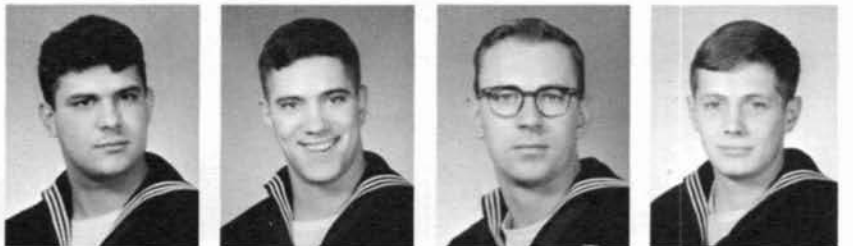
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RUSKIN
SADLER
SAYLOR



SCARBROUGH
SCHMITT
SCHROEDER
SCOTT



SCOZZAFAVA
SEGER
SHAFFER
SHAW





SILER
SLAGTER
SMALL
SMITH, J. F.



SMITH, W. L.
SPINNER
SPRAU
STANLEY



STAPLETON
STERNS
STOCKLEY
TERRELL



THAYER
THREATT
TICE
TILTON



TOWNSEND
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WEYLAND



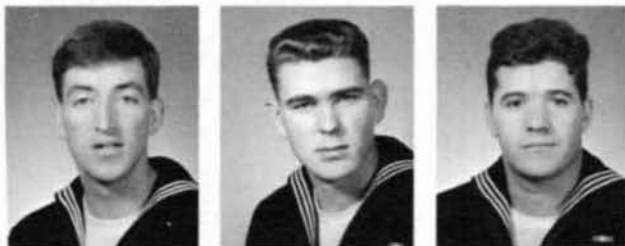
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WOOD
WRIGHT



WYCKOFF
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ZAPPY





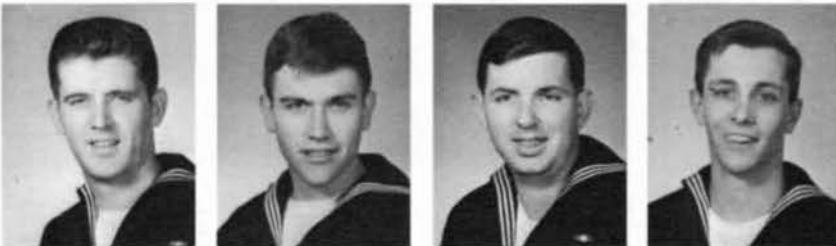
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KINSLOW
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SHERROD
ALEXANDER
ANDREWS
BANES



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BAYCLIFF
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BORDNER



BOSWELL
BUDD
CONNELLY
COURNOYER



COUEY
CROMPTON
DANSEY
DELMONACO



DICE
ELDRIDGE
FERGUSON
FITCH

bravo company

FORBES
FRENDER
GILBEY
GLATTHAAR



GORSKI
GRAHAM
JONES
HALL



HATCHER
HEARN
JENNINGS
KELLY



KLEEZOWSKI
KNAUSS
KOONCE
LA PAGE



LA ROCHELLE
LELOUP
LEMERISE
LEWIS





LONG
MARTIN
MATHIA
MC CORMAC, C. S.



MC CORMACK, A. R.
MEYER
MONTGOMERY
MYERS



NICOLINI
O'MALLEY
OWENS
PAIVA



PEREZ
PERKINS
PHILLIPS, E. A.
PHILLIPS, J. W.



PHILLIPS, R. T.
PIPKIN
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POOLE



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SASSER
SCATES

SCHWARTZ
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SCHEMBECK



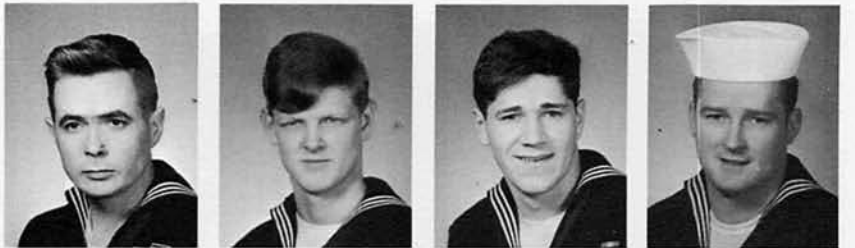
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SMITH, C. S.
STELTZ
STEVENSON



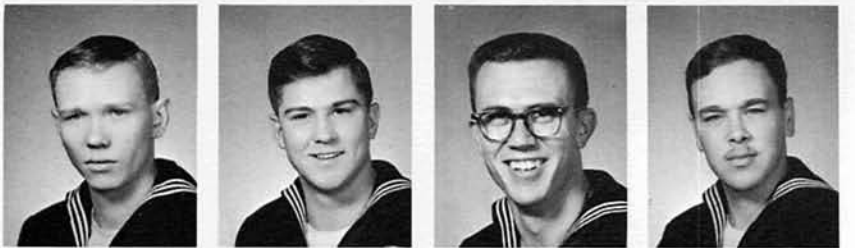
STROUB
STROUD
SWETLAND
TILLEY



TOLSON
TRIPP
VARCARDIPONE
VINCENT



VOWINCKEL
WEBER
WHEELER
WILBUR



WILCOX
WILSON





FUNK
RUBE
WADE
ARMSTRONG



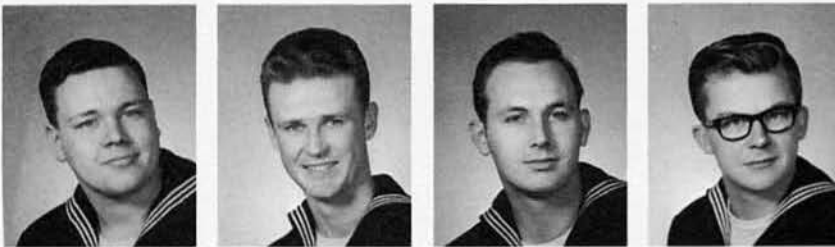
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BELINAK
BENTZ
BOWMAN



BRETTSCHNEIDER
BRITT
BROWN
BROWNING



BUEHLER
CANTRELL
CHAPMAN
CLIFTON



COPE
COLE
COX
CYR

charlie company

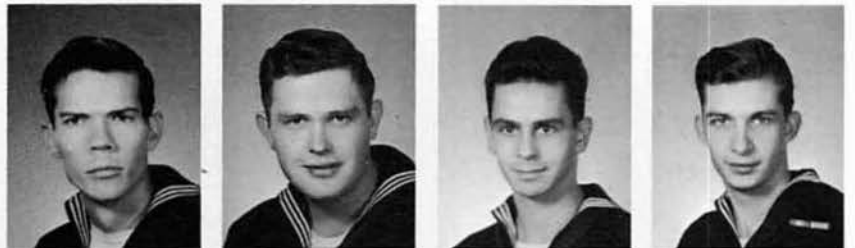
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EAST
EDWARDS
FARLEY



FARNSWORTH
FLEITZ
GARDNER
GEHL



GEORGE
GILLESPIE
GORSKI
HAIDYS



HALTERMAN
HARRIER
HARTMAN
HASTINGS



HIXON
HUFFINES
HUGHES
JETT





JOHNSTON
 JONES
 KEHM
 KRAMER



LAMOUREAUX
 LANOUE
 LARSON
 LE FEVERS



LLOYD
 MAGUIRK
 MAINS
 MC AULEY



MERRILL
 MOLLETT
 MOODY
 MOULD



NEW
 NEWHOUSE
 NOCELLA
 NORDAUNE

ORTIZ
PALLADINO
PAYNTER
PECK



PERRY
PROPLESCH
PROVENCHER
RICE



ROWARD
SATTER
SHEPARD
SNEAD



STOFFLE
STREETER
TAYLOR
VARGAS



WRIGHT
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ZELINSKY

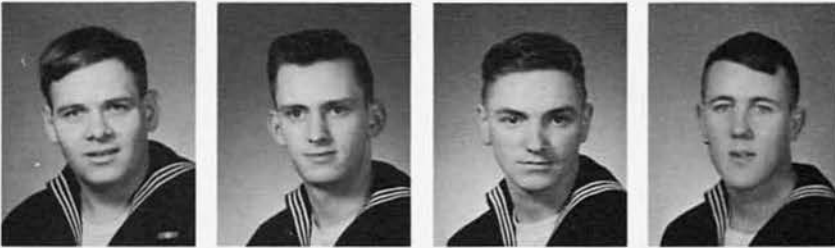




BRUCE
GIERLOFF
JORDAN
ADAMS



ANDERSON
BALLARD
BASKIN
BENJAMIN



BIMAT
BLACKMORE
BRADY
BRINSON



BRUSQUINI
BURKOWSKI
BURRIS
BUSCH



CARTER
CASSIDY
CHILCOAT
CHILDS

delta company

COONS
CROMPTON
CRUMBLY
CUSANELLI



DEBISH
DECKER
DOYLE
DUFFELMEYER



DUNCAN, G. G.
DUNCAN, GARY
FARMER
FARRIS



FIELDING
FRANCZAK
GALLAGHER
GOLD



GOLDSMITH
GRAFTON
HATCH
HAWKINS



HERNANDEZ
HOLOBOWICZ
HUFFMAN
JOHNSON





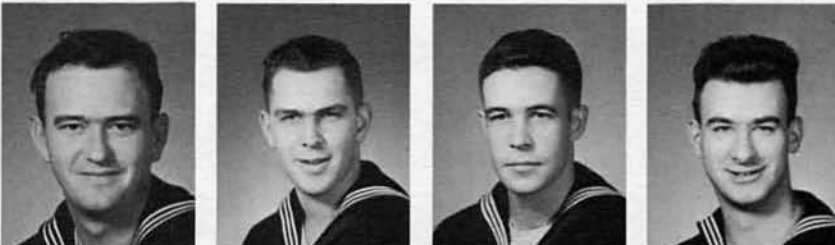
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JONES
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KEHL



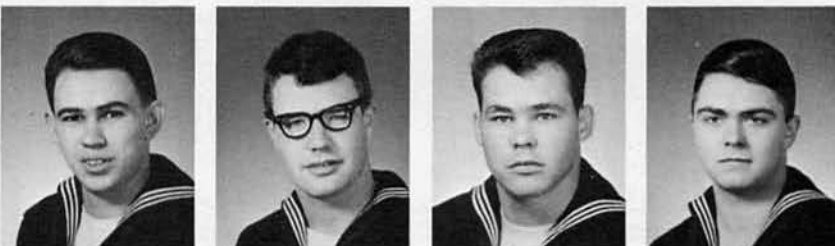
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LEVESQUE
LONEY



MARKIN
MARKLEY
MC GUIRE
MAC PHERSON



MILLER, J.
MILLER, O. W.
MOON
NAESER



NELSON
NESSER
ODUM
ORELL



OTTE
PALMER
PARKER
PAST

PREDMORE
PRICE
REICHENBACK
REILLY



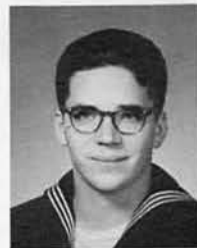
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ROWE
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STANCZYK
STEIDLE
STINGER
THAMES



THIERRY
THOMPSON
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TOUHEY
TUTHILL
YOUNG





BLISS
HAYES
SHEPPARD
SMITH



SUPPO
ANDREWS
BAUER
BERNINGER



BOWER
BROWN
CALISI
CARBON



CARROLL
CLIETT
COLE
FELCH



FENYUS
FIELDS
FINLEY
GIDDENS

headquarters company

HOLLAND
HYAMS
JACKSON
JOHNSON



KISER
LAPAN
LUCKINO
MARCURIO



MC DONNELL
MC MILLAN
MEALEY
MICHEL



NEUROTH
NOWAKOWSKI
O'BRIEN
PARSONS



PINCKNEY
POOR
PRITCHARD
PUTT





REEDY
SELLERS
SHANAHAN
SHIBAK



SULLIVAN
TATRO
TURNER
UTLEY



WAGONER
WHITEHEAD
WILKOLAK
ZUPON

ELKINS
JESCHKE
KRAL
L'HEUREUX



ABRELL
BAXTER
BENOIT
BIDBY



BOYLER
BUDD
CAMERON
CAMPBELL



COATS
COX
DELMONICO
DIERKS



GWYNN
FRANCZAK
GLUCKSMAN
HANNA



HAWKINS
HEINEV
HINEBAUGH
HOFFMAN



the stragglers



HOLDEN
HUME
JANOTA
JASPERSON



JULIANO
KIEFFER
KOLUSER
LACOUNT



LAUER
LEHMAN
LISS
LORD



MAYNARD
MILLER
MITCHELL
MOCK



MOODY
OSBORNE
PARSON
PEMBERTON



PREVETTE
RAYMOND
REGAL
RICLEY

ROBERTS
ROBICHEAU
ROSETTI
SANDERS



SCHROER
SEMPLE
SHEARS
SHEETS



SMALL
SPRADLIN
SUTTON
THIFFOULT



TROUTMAN
TYMA
WATERMAN
WILLETS



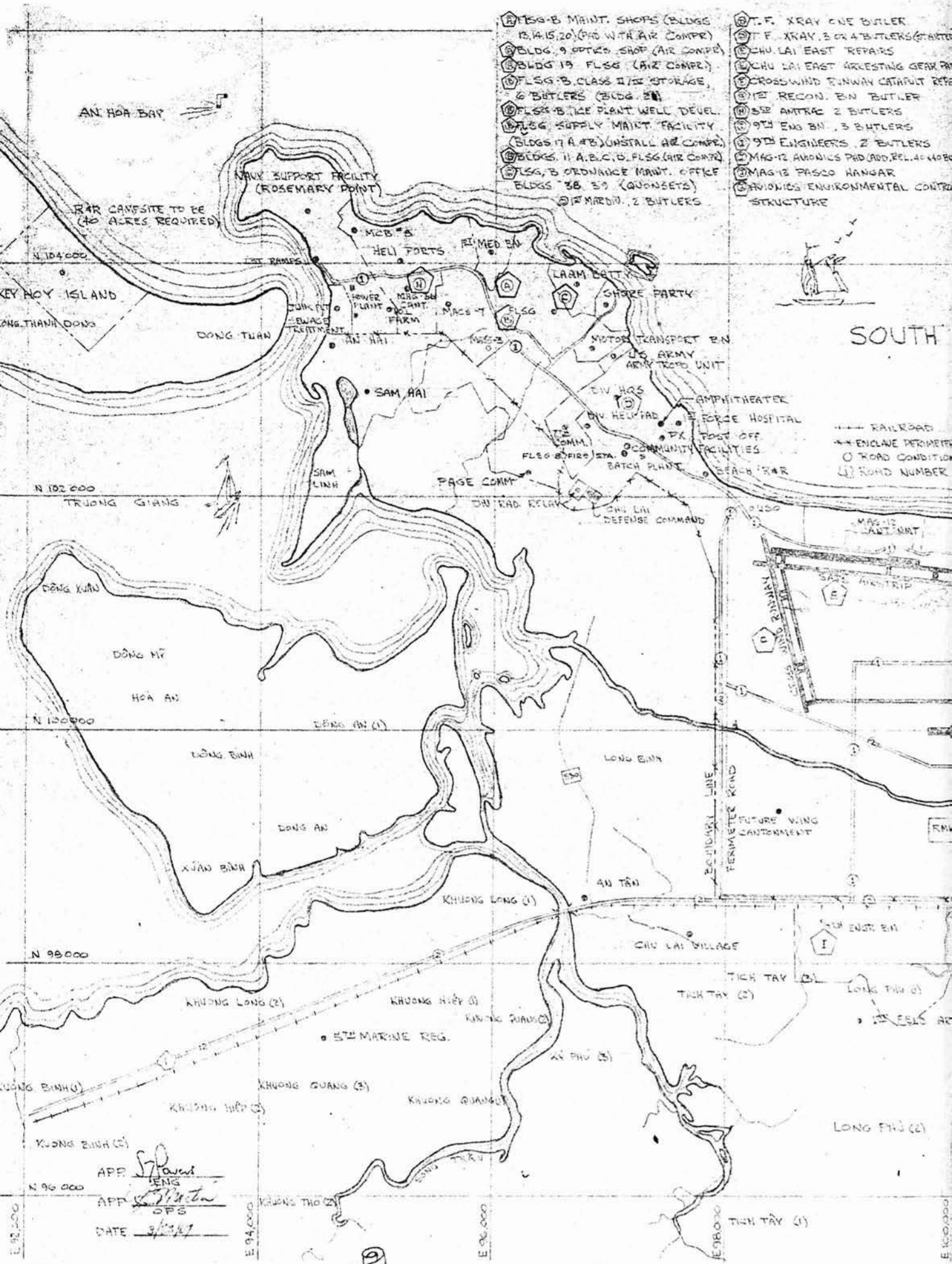
WURSTER
ZIMMERMAN
HOLISTER



WELCOME



HOME



- ① B155-B MAINT. SHOPS (BLDGS 13, 14, 15, 20) (PAD WITH AIR COMP)
- ② BLDG. 9 OPTIC. SHOP (AIR COMP)
- ③ BLDG. 19 FLSS (AIR COMP)
- ④ FLSS-B, CLASS II/III STORAGE, 6 BUTLERS (BLDG. 21)
- ⑤ FLSS-B ICE PLANT WELL DEVEL.
- ⑥ FLSS. SUPPLY MAINT. FACILITY (BLDGS 17 A, B) (UNSTALL AIR COMP)
- ⑦ BLDGS. 11 A, B, C, D. FLSS (AIR COMP)
- ⑧ FLSS, B ORDNANCE MAINT. OFFICE BLDGS 38, 39 (QUONSETS)
- ⑨ 12 MARBIO, 2 BUTLERS
- ⑩ T.F. XRAY CUE BUTLER
- ⑪ T.F. XRAY, 3 OR 4 BUTLERS (STAIRS)
- ⑫ CHU LAI EAST REPAIRS
- ⑬ CHU LAI EAST ARRESTING GEAR PAD
- ⑭ CROSSWIND RUNWAY CATAPULT REPAIR
- ⑮ 12 RECON. BN BUTLER
- ⑯ 552 AMTRAC 2 BUTLERS
- ⑰ 9TH ENG BN, 3 BUTLERS
- ⑱ 9TH ENGINEERS, 2 BUTLERS
- ⑲ MAG-12 AVIONICS PAD ADD. REL. 40-4000
- ⑳ MAG-12 PASCO HANGAR
- ㉑ SAVONNOS ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL STRUCTURE

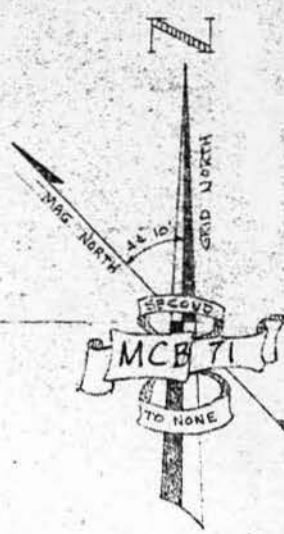
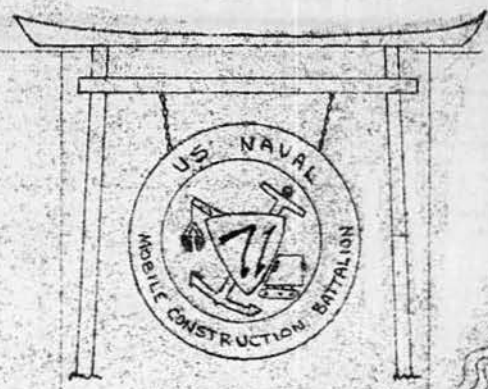
APP *S.P. Paves*
 LENS
 APP *S.P. Paves*
 OPS
 DATE 3/13/71

THIS MAP HAS BEEN CHEERFULLY PROVIDED FOR YOUR INFORMATION AND EDIFICATION THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF YOUR FRIENDLY "TOTAL ENGINEERING SUPPORT" TEAM

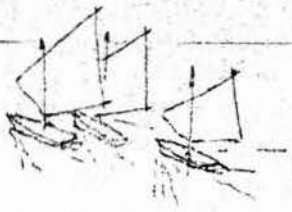
CHU LAI SCALE
 US NAVAL MOBILE CONST

- BUILDING (PASCOE)
- AMMUNITION BUNKERS
- FUEL TANKS
- CENTRAL POWER
- M1G-13 HANGARS (2)
- M1G-13 HEADQUARTERS
- M1G-36 HANGAR (DUDLEY)
- AIRFIELD MAINT. 3 AIRFIELDS
- OIL & FIRE STATION
- CANNERY / CRUSHER
- BRITISH PLANT
- OMS CONTAMMENT IMPROV.
- CAMP SHIELDS

- AIRFIELD LIGHTING MAINT.
- 3 FIELDS
- CHU LAI WEST IMPROV. (1000 FT. RUNWAY)
- AMPHITHEATER
- ROK CONTAMMENT (20 MI. SOUTH)
- USQ QUONSETS
- PSI PROTECT (30 MI. SOUTH)
- AIRFIELD FACILITIES
- SECURITY FENCE
- ASP
- AIRFIELD ROADS
- BARGE WHARF



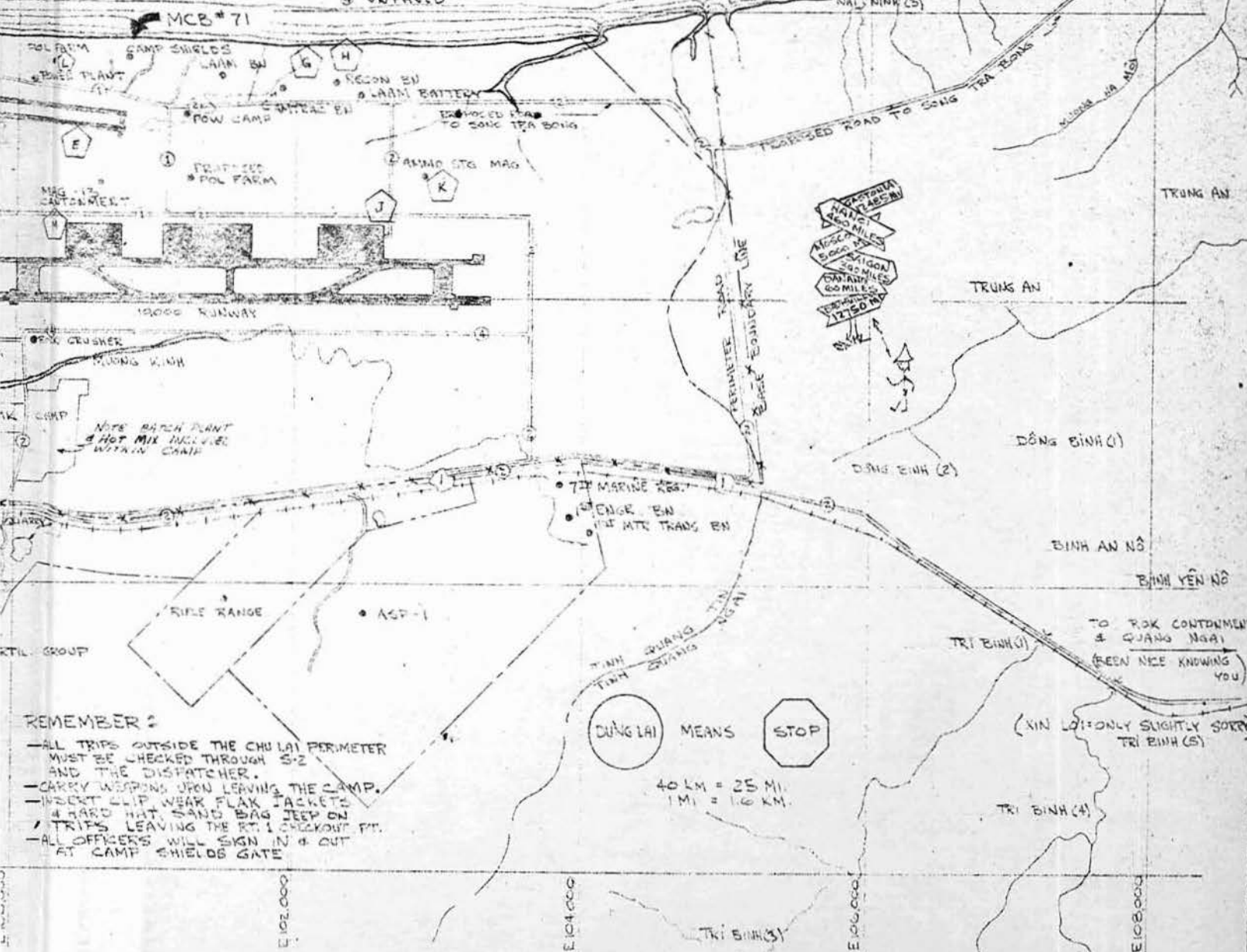
CHINA SEA
YUNG DUNG QUAT



LEGEND

(CLUB CAR ON THE SIDE)
DEPENDS ON WHICH SIDE YOU'RE ON
SOME (LOUSY TO NON EXISTENT)
*1. THE ONLY ONE

- CONDITION OF ROADS
- ① PAVED / ASPHALT
 - ② GRAVEL
 - ③ SAND / LATERITE
 - ④ UNPAVED



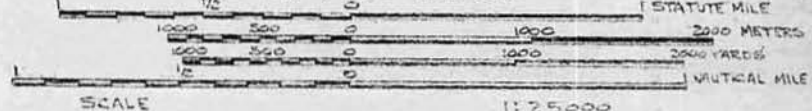
REMEMBER:

- ALL TRIPS OUTSIDE THE CHU LAI PERIMETER MUST BE CHECKED THROUGH S-2 AND THE DISPATCHER.
- CARRY WEAPONS UPON LEAVING THE CAMP.
- INSERT CLIP, WEAR FLAK JACKETS & HARD HAT, SAND BAG JEEPS ON TRIPS LEAVING THE RT. 1 CHECKOUT PT.
- ALL OFFICERS WILL SIGN IN & OUT AT CAMP SHIELDS GATE

DUNG LAI MEANS STOP

40 KM = 25 MI.
1 MI = 1.6 KM.

GRAPHIC SCALE



ENCLAVE

CONSTRUCTION BATTALION 71

