



NMCB-8 NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 2, ISSUE 3

SUMMER 2000



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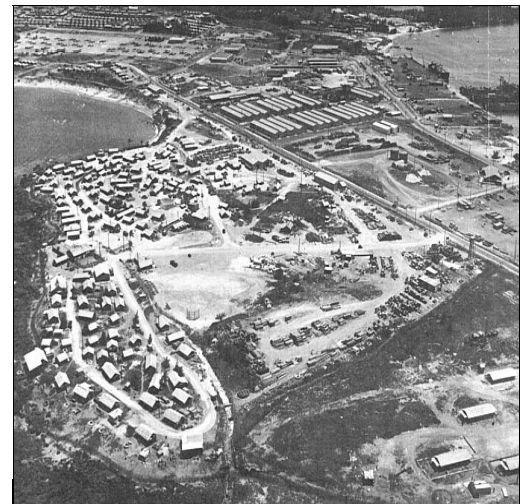
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JAMES O MILLER

UTP-2 James O. Miller was mortally wounded during a mortar attack on the Tam Ky Detachment, February 6, 1967. He was the first NMCB-8 Seabee to be killed in action in Vietnam.

At a ceremony on July 9, 1967, Admiral Mike Marschall, Chief of Civil Engineers and Commander of the Seabees, dedicated Camp Miller in Petty Officer Miller's name.

Miller hailed from Colorado. He decided on an occupation in the building trades and was a plumber prior to entering the Navy under the direct procurement program. Like countless others before and after him, Petty Officer Miller chose to defend his country by joining the Navy and serving his country as a Seabee.



Camp Miller, Chu Lai Vietnam

From Your President

The major focus of this newsletter is to pay tribute to those NMCB-8 Seabees who lost their lives in Vietnam. We were there and can tell the story which should refresh memories for some, relate the details to others and possibly provide comfort to family members.

Certainly these were courageous young men doing their duty defending the battalion compound, remote work site, or involved in other hostile actions. We want to ensure that these brave men are remembered.

I want to mention too that our NMCB-8 medical personnel and the field hospital teams deserve a lot of credit for trying to save the lives of our critically injured Seabees. I was in the field hospital triage unit when Michael Estok was being treated and know that the doctors did everything possible to save his life.

I hope you will enjoy Harry Davis' coverage of these brave Seabees which will add perspective to the memorial service

Gordon Gilmore

scheduled for our July reunion.

Apart from this tribute, I should note that our association membership continues to grow and there has been a good response to our request for payment of dues. On page two of the newsletter you will find a list of members who are up to date on their dues. If your name appears on the list, your membership is current through July 1, 2001 and you will continue to receive the newsletter. For renewing your membership in the future, dues are always payable by July 1st.

Nominations are still open for officers of this organization for next year. Any NMCB-8 Seabee is eligible. All you need is a computer, telephone, and some "Can Do" spirit.

For those of you that did not receive the last newsletter, you should know that RADM Ben Montoya, CEC, USN, (Ret) will be the guest speaker at the reunion dinner. The July reunion is shaping up to be a great one. See you there.

Gordon

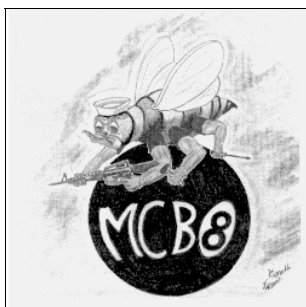
NOW YOU KNOW

EDITORS NOTE: A couple of people asked when *EIGHT* changed their logo from the eight ball being excavated by a steam shovel to the one showing the SEABEE on top of the eight ball. Tom Burton's article clears up this mystery.

During NMCB-8's 1966-67 deployment to Chu Lai, a widespread dissatisfaction began to be expressed with the Battalion's logo. Particularly, the depiction of a construction shovel digging into the side of an eight ball. As I recall, the most influential opinion was expressed by the CO Pap Phelps. So we held a contest within the Battalion to select a new design.

I do not remember the winner's prize, but in my view the results were outstanding. The winning design was submitted by Russell Larson—the traditional "We Build We Fight" SEABEE on top of the eight ball, ready for action.

Russell gave me the original art work—he should have it. If anyone has his address, please give it to Harry or Gordon or to me at jtb2@peoplepc.com.



Tom Burton (XO) '66-'68

WHERE HAVE ALL THESE SEABEES GONE?

The list keeps growing. If anyone has information i.e. addresses, phone numbers, e-mail addresses, etc. on the whereabouts of any of the ex-NMCB-8 personnel listed below, please notify Gordon at his e-mail address CECCB27@aol.com or, if you don't have access to e-mail, please drop him a line at his address on the back of the Newsletter.

E.A. Austin, R.E. Baird, Jr., D.L. Champagne, R.W. Chilton, John R. Clark, Donald E. Conradson, H.C. Edwards, W.L. Enderle, Paul B. Fitzgerald, N. Johnson Franklen, J.W. Gaster, C.F. Gilman, John Heppel, Timothy R. Holmes, J.L. Howe, Jr., J. R. Irwin, R.E. Keel, M.S. Kofoed, John Krielin, J. Kuit, Roger Labrie, Russell Larson, James R. Lathan, T. Forman Lindsey, Alan Maden, A.T. Marks, Tom Mazako, J.B. McCarthy, George A. Metcalf, E.A. Meyer, Jr., L.R. Neel, E.B. Olson, Leroy Pass, Richard E. Platt, Richard Quinn, Homer Reynolds, Louis Ricco, L. M. Selvidge, D.L. Starrett, 1st SGT W.A. Todd, USMC, L.J. Wallace.



ATTENTION NMCB-8 ASSOCIATION MEMBERS AND PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS

Our membership list continues to expand. As of this issue of the newsletter we have a total circulation of 334 with 108 dues paying members of the Association. For those of you receiving the newsletter but who have not yet joined the Association, this will be your last issue. However, if you join the Association by July 1, 2000, your membership will be good until June 30, 2001 and you will continue to receive the newsletter until that date. In order to not miss future issue of the newsletter, please submit dues (\$5.00) to Ken Bingham, 1773 Tamarin Ave. Ventura CA, 93003. In the future, all membership dues will be due annually in July for the next year.

If you find your name below, you're paid in full through June 2001 and you'll receive the newsletter until then. We're still learning, so if you don't see your name but have sent in the five dollar membership dues, contact Ken Bingham at jordan2323@email.msm.com or at his snail mail address above.

Dean Babb
Thomas Barba
Bart Bartholomew
Lou Beland
Richard Berry
Bob Bersani
Ken Bingham
Hosia Blankenship
Weldon Bradley
William Bricking
Vance Bryson
Tom Burton
Rick Clark
William Cleland
William Clerke
Patrick Corbett
Barry Cote
Ron Cottman
Charlie Cummins
James Daniels
Skip Dautel
Eric Davis

Harry Davis
Earl Day
Joe De Franco
Robert Degon
Ron Dougal Sr.
Pat Dukes
Jimmie Evans
Steven Everret
Alfred Ferrazano
Ronald Fields
Bruce Flocton
Archie Floyd
Clarence Foster
Steve Frankum
C.R. Frash
Don Frohm
Keith Galusha
Joseph Garitta
Gordon Gilmore
Jim Glasgow
Donald Glass
Jack Groat

Chuck Hall
Dallas Hanson
Dr. Jerry Hazouri
Joe Henley
Don Hess
Charles Hoover
Ken Kerr
Gerald Lacey
Elizabeth Laime
Quentin Larsen
Fredrick LaRue
James Leinaeweaver
Kenneth Lenniger
George Lichoff
Pete Loberg
Ray Longaker
John Malmos
John Marchand
Ronald Maxon
Howell McCormick
Leonard Mechels
Roger Mechels

Henry Merry
Frank Nagel
Thomas Navin
John North
Bill O'Ferrall
Jack O'Leary
Don Partain
Joe Patterson
Mike Pero
Edward Plummer
Charles Polanski
Howard Potter
Bertil Quist
Alfredo Ravasco
John Reed Jr.
Rick Reese
Gene Reilly
Ray Roberts
Thomas Ryan
Harold Schell
Hal Schoolcraft
George Schuster

John Seites
Dave Sharp
Loren Sibilla
Lon Slocum
Bill Smart
John E. Smith
John L. Smith
Miguel Soliz III
Richard Swallow
Curt Tack
Howard Talley
John Teichman
Larry Thomas
Roy Vahoviak
Ralph Vatalaro
R.J. West
Bob Westberg
Roland Wilson
Ron Wunderlich
Paul Wyman

Skipper's Corner

Bob Westberg relieved Jack O'Leary on 16 July 1968 at Phu Bai. After the Phu Bai deployment and six months in Port Hueneme, the Battalion returned to Vietnam, this time to Danang in March of 1969. After returning to Port Hueneme at the end of the Danang deployment, the Battalion was decommissioned on 20 December 1969. On retiring from the Navy in 1979, Bob and his wife moved to Trinidad, California. Bob still does some engineering consulting on a part time basis.



As I see on TV the current publicity on the 25th anniversary of when the United States lost the war in Vietnam; where over 50,000 Americans gave their lives in a war poorly led by our government, I think back to my experiences in NMCB-8 in 1968 and 1969.

I joined NMCB-8 at a time when the men in the Battalion were exceptionally competent and experienced. No matter what were the assignments, the Battalion proved the motto of "Better Built by Eight". Although the workweek was 65 hours per week (10 hours a day except Sunday when we worked only 5 hours), the morale remained high and the performance outstanding. Do you remember the Sunday we took the whole day off and had a barbecue? I really got in trouble for that one. I did not know I had no authority to declare a holiday.

When I am asked about my experience in Vietnam my response is always positive. I remember being able to review the work done to build the road through the rice paddies from Hue, east to the ocean. Also, several bridges were rebuilt and living quarters were built for the Army in I Corps. During the Danang deployment, we had detail Zulu in Hue running an asphalt plant and paving about 25 miles of road to the north. Other projects included a 1200-man cantonment at the Force Logistics Command, rebuilding the Camp for the Third MP and Freedom Hill Exchange which was damaged by explosions, constructing Steel Arch Aircraft Shelters, as well as several other projects. We also had two Seabee Teams, which were deployed in the Delta south of Saigon. Every project NMCB-8 worked on was completed on schedule and met the highest standards. Regrettably, we lost one of our fine men, Chief Bill Legat, of the Delta Company during the Danang Deployment.

Although it has been over 30 years since we were involved in the above mentioned jobs, I am sure that all of you who were in those deployments of NMCB-8 have many memories of your experiences. That is one of the advantages of the reunions. We have a chance to meet old friends and recall what we went through during our deployments in Vietnam

Looking forward to seeing you in July.

Bob

WILLIAM C LEGAT

"I WAS LOST AND NOW AM FOUND"

EDITORS NOTE: These were the words of Chaplain Jim Harris when he responded to Gordon by e-mail last month. We searched and searched for Father Harris all over the country, hoping we could find him and invite him to the next reunion to lead us in our Memorial Service. Finally, Jackie Kerr, after receiving a tip that he lived in Florida, began calling all of the James Harris there. On the first try she found him.

Chaplain Harris was EIGHT's Chaplain from 1966-69. He deployed with the Battalion to Chu Lai and Phu Bai. The remainder of his message is included below.

"Gordon, your note to me was a real homecoming, as I have had no contact with NMCB-8, other than in my constant memory, for too many years. In this case out of mind was not out of sight as memories endure. The faces and names blur, but not the constancy of experience tucked away in my mind's eye for instantaneous recall.

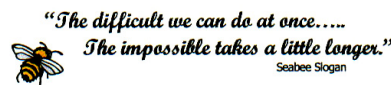
It is more than thirty years now since battalion days, yet much is ever present. I am ever mindful of the support of all the men of NMCB-8, and the many who worked with me in those tasks that aren't always perceived as of the highest priorities within a military environment. But somehow all that was always set aside—for which I am and continue to be thankful to all SEABEES.



Chaplain Harris

I shall make every effort to attend, but I must confirm at a later date as I have some commitments for summer travel. In the meantime keep me apprised of all the news, as I want to share in all those memories. Please extend my prayers and blessings to all.

I remain as ever NMCB-8 Chaplain Fr. Jim Harris--mailing address: 78 Farragut Drive, Palm Coast, Florida 32137-8222 (904) 445-1476. I am now a married Catholic priest working for reform of the Roman Catholic Church, my wife's name is Mary Jane, and I have a 13-year old son, Andrew. That makes me a very senior parent. So Gordon, thanks again for finding me."



NOW HEAR THIS!

A limited number of souvenir NMCB-8 ball caps can be purchased and made available to reunion attendees if we can generate enough interest. If you would like to purchase one or more of these one-of-a-kind souvenirs, let me know by e-mail at hdavis@kpud.org or drop me a note at 4720 NW Terrace View Drive, Bremerton, WA.

The caps will be tan featuring the EIGHT logo with a Fighting Seabee flying over the eight ball. It will also have "NMCB-8 Reunion 2000, Port Hueneme, CA" located on the side or back of the cap. COST — \$15 if we can generate enough interest with payment to be made at the reunion.

In order to allow time to make and purchase the caps, the cut-off date for ordering is July 1st. There will be no more made after the reunion. Sorry, no mail orders.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WALL 32 YEARS LATER



Eternal Father — The "Navy Hymn"

Lord, stand beside the men who build,
And give them courage, strength, and skill.
O grant them peace of heart and mind,
And comfort loved ones left behind.
Lord, hear our prayers for all Seabees,
Where'er they be on land or sea.

R. J. Dietrich (1960)

MICHAEL J WILSON • MICHAEL J AN
Q BOETS Jr • DAVID C BOREY •
AVAROCCHI • JOHN W COGHILL •
UIVEL • MICHAEL D ESTOK •
RRISON • GLEN G BURT • TOMMY V
C HOWE • DENNIS L HUBBARD •
ONOPA • ALAN LANE •
E • KENNETH C MARLEY •
QUIM VAZ REBELO • RONNIE L PHEL



Thirty-two years have passed since my second deployment to Vietnam with NMCB-8. Thirty-two years! Seldom does a month go by when I don't flash back with memories of one of the biggest influences on my life.

Reading my orders to Vietnam for the first time. Loading up the C-141. The enormously long flight. The dust. The penetrating, drizzling cold. The stifling heat. "SEABEE Number One". Col Co Road. The Citadel Wall at Hue. TET Offensive. The rancid smell. The drone of choppers overhead. Route 1. "Incoming" rocket attacks. Sappers. Fear. Beetlenut teeth. Vic Morrow in "Combat" on the outdoor screen. The indescribable feeling of *touchdown* at Pt. Mugu.

All of these are but words and phrases to those who weren't there. To us who lived them, however, they are forever indelibly imprinted in our mind. We lived them and we returned.

This past March, I had the opportunity to visit the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington, D.C. for the first time. It was raining during the day but when it eased up in the evening, I went to the Washington Mall with a friend. Because of the recent rain, only few other people were there.

The night was pitch black. The dim flood lights cast from the ground up onto the black granite panels produced an aura of graceful mystery. As I reached the beginning of the wall, goose bumps engulfed my body. The first sliver of a panel had, maybe, five or six names. Then, as I slowly moved downward along the wall, the lists on each panel grew...and grew...and grew. By the time I reached the 10-foot high Apex, I was completely overwhelmed by the

enormity of more than 58,000 names. I just stood there, drenched with emotion, tears rolling down my cheeks, asking out loud, "Why?" Why was I allowed to come back and they were not? Why were they chosen to be the ones who would never have the experiences that I and the others who returned would have these past thirty-two years?

And a scene from "Saving Private Ryan" came to mind. Tom Hank's character, after successfully leading a squad of soldiers to find Private Ryan, is dying and says to Ryan, "Earn this".

Whether we were trudging through the jungles, patrolling the rivers, delivering the bombs, or building the bridges, we were all in harms way. We have not a clue why most of us came back but 58,000 did not.

I believe I finally found the answer to the question of why, in recent years, have I been motivated to get involved in volunteer programs...to make a difference in lives of those in need...to answer that call for help...to try to be a decent person.

To many this may sound corny, but I think subconsciously I have been attempting to earn the right to not have my name on that wall.

Ltjg Rick D. Clark, CEC, USNR



REMEMBER WHEN

EDITORS NOTE: *This article was submitted by George Schuster who served in EIGHT at Chu Lai in 1966-67. He was close to Mike Estok and recalls the night he was killed. Many of you were there also. I was moved as I read his account, and remembered "that night".*

I joined NMCB-8 in late August 1966. I had come from Davisville IPO school. I had no idea of what to expect except that I was going to Vietnam! I had enlisted two days before my draft notice arrived. I enlisted because I had read about the Seabees, had worked as a builder, and figured if I was going to Vietnam anyway, and it was very likely at that time, I may as well do what I was best at and enjoyed. It took me nearly five days to get to California on an airline with a pre-paid ticket.

This new service duty and service life was very boring the first couple of months with NMCB-8. I began to wonder what I had gotten myself into. All of a sudden there were classes, military training, and I began to feel I was "earning my keep". When we landed in Vietnam, I was pleasantly surprised. The Seabees were everything I had read they were and more! I was awed by their organization and accomplishments. I knew I had made the right choice. These memories both good and sad would come to last a lifetime.

One of the first new friends I met after joining NMCB-8 was Mike Estok. Like myself, he was an IPO. He was in my squad and bunked next to me. I remember he must have been an automatic rifleman because I can see his M-14 with the tripod laying on his rack. Mike was not a big kid but very well built and very strong for his size. His voice was very deep and almost didn't match his body. Mike and I ended up in the same hut in Chu Lai. We seldom worked together (revetments only) but I do remember Mike enjoyed his work. He often talked about where he was working and pouring concrete.

Mike was a smoker and like many of us enjoyed his beer. His best friend was Bob Mayberry. Mike was very much in love with his girl friend. He wrote her nearly every night and received a letter from her nearly every day. He would talk about her often. He learned she was pregnant not long after the deployment started. They were to be married before the baby was born. Emergency leave had been arranged with the Red Cross and Mike worked with Chaplain Harris. A date had been set, and I think he was booked to go home and marry a matter of days from "that night". I don't remember ever hearing of the birth of Mike's child. He or she would today be some 33 years old.

I have vivid memories of "that night", but I couldn't tell you the exact date. I would only guess it must have been late April or early May 1967. I was one of the first to wake up as I have always been a light sleeper. The incoming whistles followed by explosions got closer and closer. They were no more than 10 to 15 seconds apart. For reasons I will never know we all fully dressed, took full gear and rifles, and headed to our holes at the ocean front. This was

a distance of at least 200 to 300 ft. uphill! Bob Chilton and I ran up the hill at the same time. The rounds were hitting very close behind us as we ran. Our hole was directly behind the shower building straight ahead of the path and across the roadway. I don't remember how many guys ran behind us, but Mike must have been one of them.

Shortly after we were in our hole, and as the rounds began to hit, Elroy Fulps (sp.) joined us. He was a very big guy. There were now three in a two-man hole. Fulps was actually covering some of our bodies! He was heavy, and he was hurting me, but what did I care! Several rounds hit in the area of the showers. The tin roof and walls were "pinging" from all of the debris and gravel being thrown. We found Mike after it was all ended. He was on the roadway slightly left of the shower. I believe he suffered very little. He was less than 50 feet from his hole.

Our hut by this time became an actual family. Like any family we had our share of problems. I remember we all joined together for our own "healing". We had many open group discussions of what had happened. Some blamed themselves for what had happened to Mike. After all we should have just jumped out the door into our bunker in any form of dress! None of us had done that and none of us were to blame. I hope no hut members still think they were responsible to this day.

The members were as follows: Ron Sabatis, Ken Reber, Bob Wachtler, Jim Moorehouse (sp.), Terry Richart, Rich Cunningham, Mac McElligot (sp.), Bob Chilton, a Seabee named Winchester (sp.), and myself.

I have thought of Mike and "that night" from time to time over the years. Since my service years, I have marched Memorial Days, with the exception of one when I was in a hospital. I join fellow veterans on that special day of the year and it is Mike I think of.

Thirty-one years later, in the summer of 1998, the "Moving Wall" came to a nearby town. I had never seen "the wall", so I went. I didn't go in search of any "closure". That had happened many years before. As I stood for the longest time just staring at Mike's name in the sea of names, I can't begin to put on this paper all of the things that went through my mind. I was *indeed* moved in ways I *never* felt possible! I was glad that I had gone and seen, but in ways I wish I had not. I don't know what to say when people ask.

Mike's name appears on panel #19, line #105 on the East Wall Section.

BU2 George H. Schuster



The Vietnam Era Seabees are looking for new members

Quarterly Newsletter, Reunions

Seabee Camaraderie.

Membership \$5.00 per year

Write to:

Vietnam Era Seabees

P.O. Box 36781

Richmond, VA 23235-8016

From Your Editor**Harry Davis**

In the last issue of the newsletter I indicated that this issue would be dedicated to those EIGHT Seabees who lost their lives serving their country. After the newsletter went to press, I began wondering how I should approach such a personal and possibly emotional subject.

One day I got an e-mail from Rick Clark saying he was going to D.C. and would be visiting the Vietnam Memorial. Then I received a note from George Shuster asking if I wanted some thoughts and reflections on his friendship with Mike Estok. Of course my answer to both was a resounding yes!

I'm grateful for their taking time to put their thoughts together, in a personal way, to pay tribute to the men of EIGHT who died serving their country. Sharing one's thoughts and memories about places and events all but forgotten is what reunions are all about. This is your newsletter. I invite you all to use it to share thoughts and experiences with your fellow SEABEES about our fallen comrades-in-arms whose names appear in the newsletter.


ATTENTION!

Enclosed in the last issue of the Newsletter was a flyer detailing the All West Coast Seabees Reunion in Port Hueneme from 27 July to 30 July. If you plan on attending the reunion but have not yet sent in your reservation form, please do so as soon as possible. If you do not have a form and want one, contact Ed Kloster at (626) 280-9495.

NMCB Eight is participating in this reunion. The following accommodation information is provided for those planning to attend. If you plan to stay at the Channel Islands Inn & Suites, which is the reunion hotel, please make your own reservations by calling the 800 number listed below.

***Room availability may run out,
so reserve early!***

Channel Islands Inn & Suites

1001 East Channel Islands Boulevard
Oxnard, CA 93033

800-344-5998 (Mention All West Coast Seabee Reunion)

Room rates:

\$69.00 a night for room; **\$79.00** for a suite. Both come with a complimentary breakfast.

**PERSONAL
REFLECTIONS**

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following is a first-person account of the thoughts and actions of a member of the Security Platoon of U.S. Naval Mobile Construction Battalion 8 while standing his watch in Chu Lai, Republic of Vietnam.

I will walk my post in a military manner and I will take charge of all government property within my view.

I see the spectacle of war around me yet remain untouched.

I walk the lonely road of a sentry through the night so that others may be safe.

A front row seat to the war is mine. Across the channel, the sky is lit up statically with shell bursts. For split seconds, the clouds are outlined in the night while far away the barrels of 105 howitzers smoke with the heat of long gone projectiles. No report is heard and this is strange.

It is an unreal war, this sight but no sound, like shadows on the wall. Men may be dying a few short miles from my post. Yet no sound tells of their passing, only light.

It is a war of light—bomb bursts, illumination flares, winking wings of light of jets high in the sky returning from a mission.

A scout plane circles overhead, its lights go out, the engine gears down and it becomes a glider, looking and listening so that others on the ground may search and destroy.

The waves crash against the rocks below me

and my sense of hearing is useless. The blackness blankets my area and I am without eyes. But I listen and I see and walk.

Around me is an enemy who searches for me through the darkness as keenly as I for him. Two men at odds with each other, fighting in a major war yet engaged in a very personal battle of survival.

During these long, often tense, hours I think of many things—of home, family, and friends. Of the day when my duty will be done and I can return to it all. I think of life and I think of death. But I do not let these thoughts monopolize my attention or dull my alertness, for during these dark hours I am the most important man in the camp.

My sight, my hearing and my judgment represent the safety of this battalion. I am the first line of defense. I make my tour, report in and walk my post again. The hours pass slowly. When morning comes, my job will be done.

I will walk my post in a military manner.

Ken Bingham will supply copies of cruise books less the cover at cost plus 10% (should be less than \$22.00), including shipping. He will have to wait until all orders are received in order to get the best volume rate.

Contact Ken at his e-mail or home address which can be found on page 2.

Seabee Memorial, Washington, D.C.



IN MEMORIAM

In remembrance of those who served with us



We recently learned from John Buckmaster that Dennis Collins from New Hampshire and Seabee Team 0811 passed away a couple of years ago. Harry Swallow reports that Richard (Bud) Dunning passed away 3 or 4 years ago. Also information on the passing of Roy Heller was received.

If additional information is available concerning the passing of friends who served in NMCB-8 that someone would like to post, please provide the information and we will publish it here. Tributes are also welcome.

NMCB-8 VIETNAM HONOR ROLL

During the Vietnam War 174 Seabees were killed in action. Seven Seabees from NMCB-8 died during this timeframe. Three died from enemy fire, one from natural causes, three from accidents in RVN, and one from an accident while serving with NMCB-8 STAT team 0808 in Thailand.

UPT2 James O. Miller (Camp named)

Feb. 6, 1967

Killed as a result of a mortar attack on Tam Ky
Quang Tin Province.

BUR3 Ray L. Williams

March 13, 1967

Killed as a result of an accidental shooting in Chu Lai
Quang Tin Province.

BUR3 Michael D. Estok

May 13, 1967

Killed as a result of a mortar attack on Chu Lai
Quang Tin Province.

UT1 Harry H. Middaugh*

April 25, 1968

Killed as a result of a vehicle accident on a Seabee jobsite.
Bung Kan, Thailand
NMCB-8 STAT-0808

SWF2 Loren F. Studer

May 31, 1968

Killed as a result of electrocution while working a steel tank.
Thua Thien Province.

EON2 Rudy P. Krissman

July 10, 1968

Killed as a result of a tire explosion at Gia Le.
Thua Thien Province.
NMCB-8 Det. YANKEE.

BU1 William C. Legat

Oct. 30, 1969

Died as a result of a heart attack. He was 37 years old.
Quang Nam Province.

**Because UT1 Middaugh was not killed in Vietnam, his name does not appear on the Wall.*

1405 Corte Canalete
Bakersfield, CA 93309

President	Gordon Gilmore
Treasurer	Ken Bingham
Recruiting	Harold Schell
Newsletter	Harry Davis

SEABEES "CAN DO"



Membership & Support Application

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone/e-mail: _____

Please check one of the following:

_____ Yes, I would like to support the NMCB-8 Newsletter and I plan to attend the All Seabees West Coast Reunion in Port Hueneme.

_____ Yes, I would like to support the NMCB-8 Newsletter but I will not be able to attend the All Seabees West Coast Reunion.

Enclosed is my contribution of \$5.00 which will help offset the cost of maintaining the NMCB-8 Newsletter for the next year.

Please make checks out to Ken Bingham and mail your contribution to him at **1773 Tamarin Ave. Ventura, CA 93003.**

In order to continue to receive the newsletter, your Association dues must be kept current. See page 2 for details.

ATTENTION: Anyone interested in submitting articles to the newsletter should send them to directly to Harry Davis at his e-mail hdavis@kpud.org; or home address 4720 NW Terrace View Drive, Bremerton, WA