

117th U.S. NAVAL
CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

117



**THE 117 TH
REVIEW**



Anniversary Edition

Commander's Message

« « » »

On the occasion of the first anniversary of its formation, the 117th Battalion is to be congratulated upon its excellent record as a disciplined military unit and as an efficient construction organization. No doubt, the members of the Battalion are well acquainted with the reputation they have gained in these respects, but their folks at home, who in all cases, should receive a copy of this Anniversary Review, have not had the opportunity to learn of the Battalion's performance first hand. It should, therefore, be a matter of pride and satisfaction to the friends, relatives, sweethearts and wives of the Battalion to know that their men have established a fine reputation. And this knowledge should be a partial compensation to the people at home for the absence of those in service. This assertion is not made in a spirit of boastfulness or from personal knowledge alone, but from tributes paid to the organization by officers who are in a position to know and who have nothing to gain by flattering its Officer-in-Charge. The existence of such a reputation denotes the high quality of the personnel and the desire of all ranks to cooperate in the furtherance of the Navy Department's objectives and the aims of the Seabees to aid the winning of the war in whatever capacity required. The past record of the Battalion shows that it can be depended upon in the future to perform any task, either military or construction, assigned to it.

While the present progress of the war may be grounds for optimism as to the final result, there is no reason to believe that we are going to win it by any other way than the hard one. We face an enemy growing more desperate each day, whose only chance of coming out with a whole skin is that we will grow tired of the fighting before we pay him back for the sneak punch he landed on the honorable and unsuspecting American people. We of the 117th know what chance there is of the enemy's hopes being realized and while we are now happy to celebrate our first anniversary as an active-duty Naval organization, it is our hope and our expectation that we will have no opportunity to celebrate a second.

Michael J. Burke

~~1772-730.66~~

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COMMANDER MICHAEL J. BURKE, CEC, V(S), USNR
Officer-in-Charge

117th United States Naval Construction Battalion

Gaith M Lundberg
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Meet the Skipper



"THERE'S a gleam in his eye that befits his Gaelic heritage, the twinkle of a man who enjoys life. There's a squareness to his jaw that bespeaks determination and decision. He has the air of a man accustomed to accomplishment, to whom authority and responsibility are not novelties. He is MICHAEL J. BURKE, Commander, Civil Engineer Corps, United States Naval Reserve, Officer-in-

Charge of the 117th United States Naval Construction Battalion."

The above paragraph is a quotation from a profile on the Commander printed in the first issue of *THE REVIEW*. We've covered a lot of ground, and water, since then. Time and circumstance have confirmed the accuracy of original impressions. There isn't a word of that description which we would retract, and there are quite a few words which could be added.

The Commander wears well. There have been times when the men of this Battalion have not known where it was going, but they always have had the comfort and satisfaction of knowing that a firm, fair and square hand was at the tiller.

The father of four children in private life, Commander Burke is very much like a father to more than a thousand men of all ages in the Battalion. He has had the welfare and interest of his men at heart to a degree that would be rare in private industry, where, as an employer, he also would have enjoyed the privilege of hiring and firing. If any man has thought he could be more useful to the war effort or advance himself in the Navy by transfer to another activity, the Skipper has done all in his power to aid the individual. Within the limits of possibility, he has made a sincere effort to give every man the job he feels best suited for. His kindness, sincerity and understanding at Request Masts held twice weekly has materially assisted a large number of his men to solve some of the personal problems which have baffled individual attempt at solution.

Like the papa who has to spank, the Commander is responsible to the Navy for the discipline as well as the well-being of the men placed under his command, but we have yet to hear a man who has been disciplined deny that he didn't merit it. In almost every instance the man has realized that in other circumstances his penalty might

have been considerably more severe. Proof of the pudding is that the most enthusiastic admirers of the Commander are men whom he has been forced to take to task.

The Commander was born in Springfield, Ohio, and reared in the vicinity of Indianapolis. He was one of a family of six children. Two of the youngsters were in poor health. The Commander's father, a contractor who had emigrated to this country from Ireland, thought that the air of the Emerald Isle would be beneficial for the two ailing Burkes, and, rather than break up the family, he moved it intact. The original idea was to stay abroad for a few years, but once involved in the Irish educational system, it was decided to permit the children to complete their education in the old country. Thus it happens that the Skipper was graduated from the University of Dublin with a Bachelor of Engineering Degree in 1913. He returned to the United States the following year.

Starting as a timekeeper for a Cincinnati contractor, Commander Burke became assistant superintendent on a paving job, a sewer line and a power plant. He worked for the New York Central Railroad for four years, specializing in bridge construction and acting as Chief of Party on surveys. On similar activity he was associated with the Milwaukee Road and the Union Pacific for three years each, and for three years he supervised plant construction for the U. S. Gypsum Company. For eighteen years he was a construction engineer for the City of Chicago, where he designed and constructed such projects as the Outer Drive Bridge, the Western Avenue Improvements and the City subway. For eight months, from May to December of 1942, he was a civilian engineer for the Navy Department. His assignment was at Pearl Harbor, where, incidentally, he assisted in the reconstruction of the U.S.S. *Oklahoma*.

While in college the Commander played on the Varsity rugby team, boxed and played handball. Railroading didn't leave him much time for hobbies, but if you had dropped around the Burke home in suburban Chicago of a Sunday afternoon, you might have found the Skipper reborning the cylinders of his car. Of an evening, you might have discovered him working out a mathematical problem for relaxation.

During his sojourn in Ireland, the Commander learned Spanish and French, augmenting his text-book studies in the latter language by holiday trips to the Normandy section of France. He still retains a working knowledge of French, and can get along in Spanish, accomplishments which may come in handy before the war is over.

In World War I, Commander Burke enlisted as a private in the Marine Aviation Corps. When the whistle blew for the Armistice, he was a Second Lieutenant.

His main ambition at the moment? Even as every S2c, the Commander wants to get this war over so he can return to his wife and four children, return to his job. "I'm not in this because I like it . . . not that I dislike it," he said. "I'm here because there's a job to be done, I want to help do it, and do it as quickly as possible."

This Is The Exec

COMPARABLE to the job of vice-president and general manager of a big business organization is the post of Executive Officer of a Construction Battalion. Over his desk flow a million and one major and minor details of planning, training, project and personnel problems. He is the next-to-the-top link in the chain of command, the man responsible to the Commander for the coordination of the Battalion.

The Exec of the 117th is Lieut. Commander Charles G. Anderson, a native of Shoshone, Idaho, an unassuming gentleman with a dry sense of humor that has revealed itself in more than one passing remark to officers and men of all ranks and rates. He has a real enthusiasm for his job and a genuine interest in the officers and men with whom his job brings him in contact. His responsibility for the larger problems of policy and execution has not prevented him from becoming minutely acquainted with the cogs which make the wheels go round. No matter where the men of the 117th are working or what they are doing, they would not be surprised to see the Exec drop in, hail them by name, ask how the job was coming along, and display a friendly, helpful interest in their tasks and problems.

Mr. Anderson began his professional career while attending the University of Idaho. He obtained summer-time employment as a chainman and rodman with the Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior. Upon his graduation, in 1924, he became a permanent employee of the Bureau and spent five years in Oregon and Idaho on investigation surveys and construction of irrigation works for the Boise project.

He was Office and Field engineer on numerous dam projects, some of which are: the Deadwood Dam, the Cle Elum Dam, Washington, the Seminoe Dam and Power Plant in Wyoming, and the Shasta and Keswick Dams and Power Plant on the Central Valley Project in California.

For a hobby he is an ardent amateur motion picture photographer and also an archery enthusiast who has taken a number of prizes in contests in northern California.

According to the Officers' Country correspondent for this publication, he is an omnivorous reader with a taste for fiction, biography and technical tomes. Like a true construction man, he makes himself at home wherever he hangs his hat. A typical B O Q portrait, we are reliably informed, would be of the Exec, radio at his side, propped up in bed for an evening's perusal of a recent best-seller.

Mrs. Anderson and an eight year old son, Harry Walter, reside in Boise, Idaho, where the Exec hopes to join them after the war.



WE'RE THE 117th

We're the Seabees of the Navy, the 117th Battalion to be exact.

We come from just about everywhere. We come from the big towns, from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis, San Francisco, Denver and Dallas. We come from the smaller towns, from Mauch Chunk, Pa.; Sleepy Eye, Minn.; Powder River ("Let 'Er Buck"), Wyoming; Grass Valley, Calif.; Muleshoe, Texas; Moab, Utah; Ojus, Florida; Bellbuckle, Tenn., and Sacket's Harbor, N. Y.

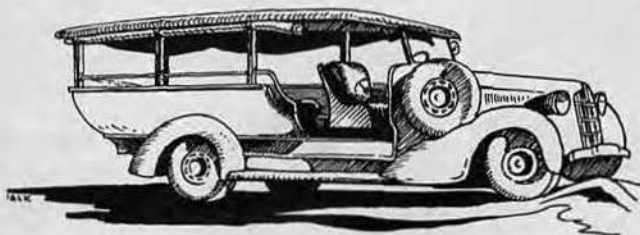
Some of our forefathers may have come over on the Mayflower. Many of our parents, and some of us, came over a bit later, from Canada, Greece, Norway, England, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, China, Mexico, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Italy, Austria, Poland, France, Portugal and Texas. . . but we're all Americans.

In our speech you can detect every sectional variation of the American language, from Charles Secoy's broad Mississippian to Allan King's sharply clipped New Englandese. We don't care so much how a man talks. We're more interested in what he has to say.

We're Baptists, Catholics, Presbyterians, Mormons, Lutherans, Orthodox and Reformed Jews, Methodists, High, Middle and Low Episcopalian and a lot of other things, but we have come to understand that in the hour of our need we all pray to the same God above.

We're Yanks and we're Rebels. We can argue all night as to who won the Civil War—or, if you prefer, the War

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The First Year's The Hardest

By BARNEY O'DONNELL and N. R. WATSON

DURING the second week of August, 1943, in the Battalion Formation Office at Camp Peary, the United States Naval Training Center at Williamsburg, Va., a yeoman fed more than a thousand perforated cards to an I.B.M. machine, which in turn, automatically typed a score of mimeographed stencils entitled "MUSTER SHEET, 117TH USNCB."

On Saturday, August 14, a group of officers of the Navy's rapidly expanding Civil Engineering Corps gathered in Area A-7 to meet Commander Michael J. Burke, Officer-in-Charge of the 117th. Copies of the muster were distributed, and as the officers glanced over the long lists, they probably wondered what these men looked like, these men who shortly were to join them for advanced training and overseas duty in the service of our country.

The men gathered the following day. They came from Area D-7, where some sixty per cent of the Battalion, who entered the Navy in July, had undergone boot training. A high percentage was drawn from Replacement Area, where, for a variety of reasons they had been languishing until their names appeared on the magical assignment bulletin board with the cryptic symbol, 117 CB.

Before moving into their barracks, the men who were to become the 117th did a thing that was to be typical of many a future action. They held a field day, scrubbing every inch of deck and bulkhead until it gleamed, disinfecting every nook and cranny of barracks and head, until they were spotless. Not until the job had been completed did they unpack their mattress and gear, eat chow and settle down for a well-earned night's rest in the excitement of new surroundings, new companions and a new organization.

Within a few days preliminary interviews had been completed and the Battalion was in the throes of advanced military training. We drilled under the direction of Marines and our ears still echo with the "hup twoop trip . . . reep for your lep, your lep, your lep, reep lep"—not a foreign language, but as closely as can be reproduced in print, the Marine dialect for counting cadence. Nor shall we forget the admonitions: "Don't stomp those



Mrs. A. E. Strausser Presents Battalion Colors to Lt. Comdr. Anderson

pieces on the deck!" . . . "Eyes front!" . . . "Don't look at me, I'm not in love with you!" Or, during the lectures, when the boys became drowsy from heat, "Hold that piece over your head and double time around that tree! Now, is there anyone else who would like to take a little run?"

Another indelible memory of A-7 are those hikes. We had hikes, plain and fancy. On the plain hikes we marched or double-timed along the alleged road. On the fancy hikes we deployed through woods and fields, sometimes erect, sometimes simulating a cat stalking a bird. On one of the more elaborately staged forays, we encircled the countryside to get to a bivouac area, marching fifteen miles to arrive at a point less than five miles from our starting point. It was on this hike that double-time seemed a pleasure compared with the 240 steps per minute cadence. Many a Seabee dropped by the roadside on that scorching day. A score landed in Station Hospital before the day was over. We had the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the Marines had taken over in relays, and at least one of them had passed out too. It was a tired, bushed outfit that returned to camp after that grueling hike. Some of the mates weren't exhausted sufficiently to prevent their taking the liberty bus to Richmond, 56 miles away, that very evening, returning to camp the next morning at 0700, just in time for the second of the two-day hiking orgy.

It was at Peary, after many weeks in the Navy, that we old salts saw our first ship, a dummy scaffolding which we used for mock "abandon ship"



Passing Reviewing Stand—Gulfport Parade

drill, and a dummy landing barge, from which we made some terrific beach invasions across an arid drill field. We were nearly convinced that our training was for the Arizona Navy, but one morning we were given a taste of the real thing—real landing barges and a real landing on the York River.

Taps had sounded one night in Peary when Commander Burke received a telephone call. Within a record time he mobilized several hundred men, carpenters, divers, welders, electricians and other specialists and a platoon of riflemen, and we were on our way to the dock area. It was all in practice, but it gave us an idea of the type of emergency we might meet and the need for organization, for knowing what men could do the best job in any given situation.

Remember the rifle range? There was the dry firing up near the beer hall where we learned our stance. Then we went down to the range itself, where the cry was "Ready on the Left, Ready on the Right, Ready on the Firing Line. . . Fire at Will". This was followed by the clatter of some fifty pieces, and the echo of firing from adjoining ranges. Remember "Maggie's Drawers," the flag which indicated a complete miss? It didn't fly very often, for most of the men qualified as marksmen, sharpshooter or expert. And who could forget pulling butts? That crack of bullets as they passed overhead, through or around the targets?

Remember the obstacle course? At any rate, we proved the theory of evolution. After climbing those rope ladders, pulling ourselves up a perpendicular log embankment, swinging across ditches and crawling across that cat-walk, there was no doubt that we were descended from something, but we weren't sure whether it was an ape or an antelope, although we have never seen an antelope swing on a rope bridge.

Next on the agenda was a concentrated period of platoon drill, company drill and, finally, close order Battalion drill. We were preparing for the great day, our commissioning and the presentation of our colors. That momentous day came on Saturday, August 28. It marked a climax in our training period. It was the day on which we received our diplomas.

A single-sheet forerunner of the 117TH REVIEW was THE STINGAREE, which survived only one issue. The only description of our commission-

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Upper:
Cat Island Maneuvers

Center:
Monsoon Season, Gulfport

Lower:
"Going My Way?"





WE SAILED *The Ocean* BLUE

(Excerpts from an unpublished manuscript,
"NOTHING HAPPENED, THANK GOD")

By HENRY SENBER, Y2c

TODAY we are at sea. As Commander Burke stated in the last Gulfport issue of THE REVIEW, we are on our way to do our part. We have been a long time getting here. The months we stood by in Mississippi seemed interminable. Now, as we stand on the deck of the U.S.S. (Censored) looking down upon blue water and white foam seething past the side of our vessel, the long, weary weeks of waiting are forgotten. We are on our way. We know that beneath the placid sea are men whose grim purpose it is to prevent us from getting there.

Less than a week ago we came aboard this vessel at our embarkation point. The sight of a ship ever has acted as a stimulant to the adventurous spirit of man, and the mates were susceptible. As soon as our packs were stowed in our tiered bunks, every man of us was up on deck watching, wide-eyed, the intricate process of stowing cargo. The compact versatility of the gear aboard the ship fascinated all of us. The ship, to us, was like an intriguing new toy, and we pried into every accessible nook and cranny on individual voyages of discovery.

In the harbor we saw many vessels of various types, but what seemed to make the greatest impression on many men were the bustling, powerful, little tugboats. I suddenly realized that this was the first time many of us had seen salt water, let alone sail on it.

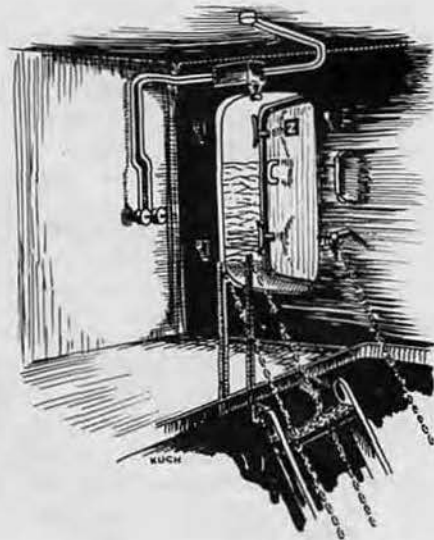
We had been aboard the ship for nearly a week before we embarked. One morning we began to feel a slight vibration. Then came a slight roll, about equal to that of a small sailboat on Long Island Sound. Someone called out, "We're under way." Someone else muttered, "It's about time." I thought of the scores of sailings I had covered as a reporter occasionally assigned to ship's news. They were hectic, frenzied affairs, with last minute telegrams rushed aboard while milling throngs waved to friends on decks. There had been a theatrical quality to these departures, carefully nourished, I suspect, by expert

publicity departments bent on injecting an air of glamor. To the best of my knowledge there only was one press agent around as we set out to sea. He was deep down in the hold with a couple of hundred other G.I.'s; a forlorn man without a craft, or, at any rate, with a professional experience for getting things in the papers that definitely was not in demand by his present employers.

* * *

Next to the question of "Where are we going?" the most important query in our minds as we set out was "Will we get seasick?" We soon found out. The roll of the ship increased, and our insides kept pace. Only those who have known the tortures of seasickness aboard a troopship fully can appreciate it. You lie on a hard slab of canvas that might be a bucking bronco. Your tummy does somersaults. You can take that, but when it comes to back flips!!! The slightest indication of movement, such as a field pack weaving, pendulum-like, before your eyes is apt to produce a violent reaction. You keep your helmet handy, make a half dozen trips up two steep ladders to the "head", and seriously debate whether life is worth the agony. Chief Broughton, an old salt from Marblehead, Massachusetts, tells me there was less seasickness in the "old" Navy because men slept in swinging hammocks rather than bunks. However, I have my doubts.

In our Battalion there were five distinct groups. At one end of the scale there were those who never missed a meal, or claimed that they hadn't. Then there were those who were stricken a few minutes after we were under way. Then there were



those who held out a few hours. Then came those, who waited until evening. And then there was that unfortunate group to which your correspondent belonged, the ones who didn't up-chuck, but oh, how they tried. . . . Even the sickest of us couldn't suppress a grin when word went round the ship that several of the boys had been in such a hurry that they forgot to remove their false teeth, which went merrily down the drain, slipperily eluding the unsteady grasps of those who tried to rescue them en-route. And there was a satisfaction in knowing that the ailment was a democratic one, no respecter of ranks or rates. Several of our officers looked green around the gills, and one ship's officer cheered us considerably when he nonchalantly let go over the side. We felt that perhaps we weren't such bad sailors after all . . . not that anyone gave a damn that night.

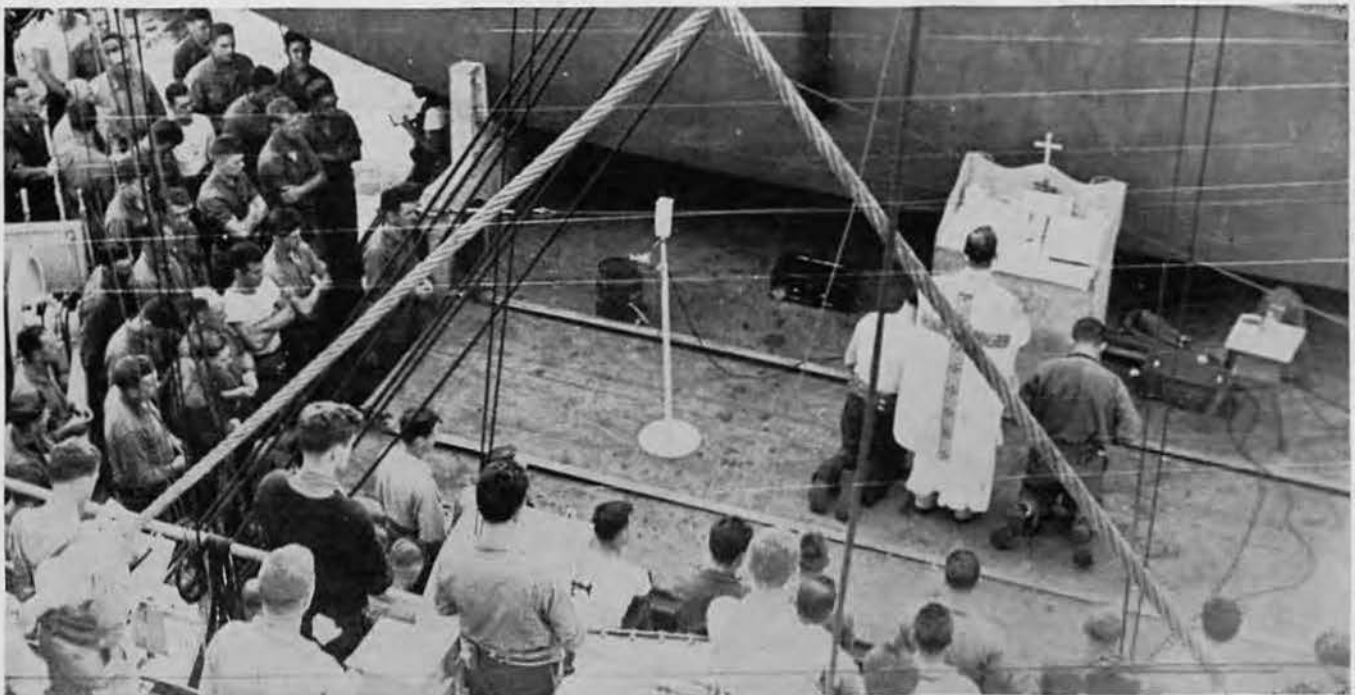
The next day was only our second at sea, but it seemed a lot longer. As the ship sailed along with no more of a roll than you would expect from the Staten Island Ferry, we counted noses and found that the most violently ill of the preceding day were up and about, gaily exchanging tales of their adventures. We heard some memorable "last words". There was Mike Tuzzo's bland "I wasn't sea-

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Right: "Troop Quarters." Sketch by Paul M. Falk

Below: Chaplain Toomey Conducts Divine Service





WHAT WE CAME TO DO

By LARRY T. BROOKS

SEABEES, by the very nature of their organization, constitute construction companies with the ability and equipment necessary in time of war to build and if necessary assist in the defense of the projects they build. Some of the units have even been used as forward echelons to aid in the assault on new bases but for the most part their duties have been the reconstruction and construction of forward supply depots which are being used to continue the flow of materials and equipment to the place of immediate need in the quickest and most efficient manner. The 117th Battalion's history at the moment falls under the latter category.

With this in mind, a brief history of our Battalion's accomplishments and an outline of our set-up on our present Island X should be of particular interest to the folks back home and a subject for future reminiscence by the fireside long after the sparks of conflict have died away.

Until our arrival on this Island X most of the work performed was along the line of training and the attempt at classification in relation to the men's fitness and dex-

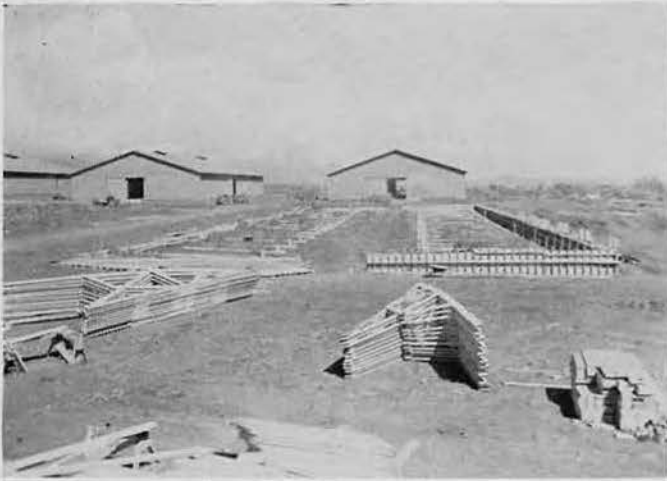
terity in certain branches. This we found to be of vital importance in knowing the right man for the right job at the right time. This information has also been invaluable in the successful and spontaneous manner in which we were able to take hold of the many and varied types of construction problems assigned to us.

The diversity and ability of our personnel can best be summarized with the knowledge of the scope of our work which is including such details of construction as the drafting of the plans, surveys and layouts, sewers and water lines, road building, power lines, pile driving, welding, heavy equipment maintenance and operation; in other words the complete project from beginning to end.

Interesting to note is the fact that we have among our Battalion personnel experts in the lines of Carpentry, Stone and Brick Masonry, Surveyors, Draftsmen, Artists, Cooks and Bakers, Musicians, Plumbers, Electricians, Cement Finishers, Plasterers, Steel and Sheet Metal Workers, Sand Blasters, Fingerprint Experts, Shipfitters, Watchmakers, Riggers, Sailmakers, Automotive and Heavy Equipment Mechanics and Operators, Powder men

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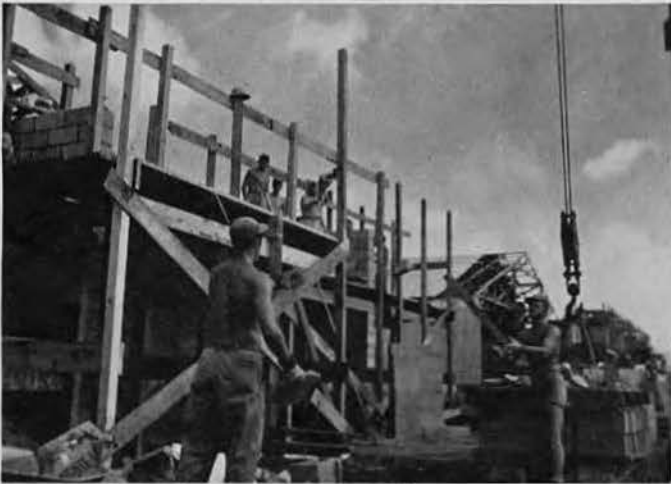


A DAY ON
"Island X"



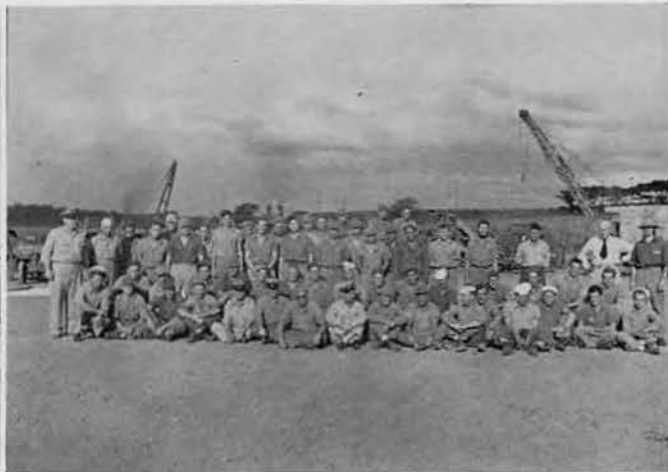
A DAY ON ISLAND X

COZHD



WORK GROUPS







Island X Vista



Looking For Seashells

First Year (Continued)

ing day which survives is the lead article of THE STINGAREE, which says:

"... but the brightest memory of all is that of the day the 117th was commissioned, the day we received our colors. Anyone who was present will never forget the thrill of pride that surged through participants and spectators alike as the Battalion, in immaculate whites, paraded against a background of green trees under a white-clouded blue sky. After each company commander reported his company 'present or accounted for', there was the dramatic climax when the Adjutant, Ensign Lieberman, reported to Lt. Commander Burke, 'Sir, the 117th Battalion is all present or accounted for!'"

Nor shall we forget Captain Ware's inspection, man by man, or the presentation of colors by Mrs. Albert E. Strausser, wife of our Company A commander.

Many wives had come to Williamsburg for the occasion, and after the parade there was a rush to the Personnel Office where "special liberty" passes were made out in wholesale. It was a gala day and a memorable evening in town.

The next two weeks found us assigned to special training schools, Marine Wiring, Huts and Tents, Heavy Equipment, Diving, B.A.R., etc. Excitement rose as we awaited our ten day pre-embarkation leave. On Monday evening, September 13, a convoy of trucks carrying 90% of the Battalion's personnel left for Richmond, Va., first lap of the trip home. It was the journey we had been waiting for, a ten-day respite from G.I. routine we had been talking about since our first days in boot. It was a happy cargo the trucks bore that night. The memories of that ten day leave live within each man.

Some hundred men remained behind. These were those from the West Coast who planned to take their ten day leave from Port Hueneme when we arrived there. They moved into Area B-2, part of Replacement, where they led a reasonably quiet ten days.

After the hustle and bustle of the full Battalion, it was a peaceful interlude for the West Coast men. Toward the end of the period they began assorting gear for the men who were away, placing the duffle and sea bags in the allotted bunks in B-2.

Not all the mates took their complete ten days. At the end of the seventh they began to trickle back into camp and toward the 24th of September the trickle became an all-night roar. There were far fewer AOL's than had been expected.

On the morning of September 28 a representation from the Camp Peary band wheezed away at the camp railway station. A convoy of trucks rolled up. The band switched into "California, Here We Come." We'd practiced assembling by car number for two days, so we got aboard with no confusion. A man from station force checked each car to make sure we were all there, and the train finally started.

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Liberty Scenes



Above: Lei Vendor



Upper Right: Outrigger Canoe

Lower Right: Coconut Palms

Below: The Hands Tell the Story



INNOCENTS ABROAD

By "POP" CONKLIN

Are you an optimist or a pessimist regarding the probable duration of the war? Take your pick of the following, or submit your own:

Win the War in Forty-Four.
Home Alive in Forty-Five.
We'll Stow Our Picks in Forty-Six.
Home and Heaven in Forty-Seven.
The Golden Gate in Forty-Eight.
The miners got to California in '49 and so will the 117th.

Add post-war plans: Knock that 4F in the head.

Hollywood Starlet:—"And did you see action in the Pacific?"

Jack Hirsch—"Yeah, I was in two bond shoots."

Seabee Medley

Sweet (CENSORED) moonlight fair
(This red dirt gets in my hair)
Bask on the sands of (CENSORED)
(Call the guard at half past three)
Pineapple, sugar cane, mongoose, banana
(Working party for (CENSORED))
Beautiful flowers and all kinds of fruit
(Square that hat and salute, you boot)
See that lofty coconut tree
(Ten mile hike for Platoon three)
Hula girl may lose sarong
(Liquid sunshine all day long)
Shall we see a hula show
Or go and watch DiMaggio
No mainland Scotch or rye with coke-Hell
(“Whisky, rum and gin, all local”)
What a lovely sandy beach
(Souvenirs five dollars each)
In this Paradise each gal's a vamp
(Taxi costs six bucks to camp)
Yaka, hiki, hiki dula
(Having fun costs plenty moolah)
Down here where the trade winds play
YOU PAY AND PAY AND PAY AND PAY.

Bye Bay Bunting; Pa Seabee's gone a hunting,
He's got a five, four, trey and ace
Now he's hunting for a deuce
If he draws and hits pay dirt
He'll bring you home a nice grass skirt.

Don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose eyes were so brown?
She drank the Kanake juice you gave her, Ben Bolt,
Now Sweet Alice lies under the ground.

Carry me back to old Virginy
(That's the only way you'll ever get me there)

First Year (Continued)

We didn't know where we were going. The scuttlebutt had it that we were originally scheduled for Hueneme, but for some reason our destination had been changed. It hardly seemed likely that we were going across the country in day coaches, so we figured the possibilities of Maine, Mississippi, or the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Soon we realized we were headed South and the boys who had bet on Maine paid off.

It was a hot, sooty ride to Gulfport. What little water had been aboard soon ran out. Our train seemed to be taking the most indirect route possible. We stopped at every white-washed fence, travelled for miles on single-track road, side-tracking, it seemed, for every passing handcar. It got hotter and dirtier. We rearranged seats in every way but sleep was out of the question for most of us. Finally, some few hours short of two days, we pulled into Gulfport, each of the two sections arriving during the night. We had boarded the train in dress blues, switched to coveralls, but at Mobile we donned the heavy dress blues again, probably to make a good impression on the citizenry of Gulfport who were all asleep anyway.

When the sun rose over the Gulf of Mexico, it shone down upon a hungry, dirty bunch. We dashed for the showers to attempt to remove the accumulated dirt and cinders. Some men took three showers in succession without complete success.

Somewhat cleaner, we began to inspect our surroundings. The trim, streamlined two story barracks were encouraging after the rudimentary accommodations of Peary, but all we got was the view. We moved into the Quonset huts around these skyscrapers. These huts, designed for eighteen men, and occupied by twenty-two, were richly furnished with the Victory model Simmons ever-spring-less camp cots. They sagged in such a manner as to leave little support for our bustle boundaries, and the fifteen minute morning "P.T." was a prerequisite to normal, upright posture. Our gear, for the most part, was left in duffle bags, for we were to remain but a few days before embarking for Island X, an actuality to be realized some five months in the future.

We continued our military training with advanced courses in camouflage, military tactics, first aid, disease control, and other essentials. Inter-company baseball and basketball teams were formed. Organized drill and a variety of competitive drill were sponsored to keep us in shape. We also had dances in our chow hall, attended by the local belles and visiting wives.

The liberty hounds had their first real taste of variety, visiting the nearby hamlets and cities for local entertainment, Bay St. Louis, Biloxi, Pascagoula, Bogalusa, Jackson, Hattiesburg and Pass Christian, for the less timorous souls and for weekend pass holders, and others, Mobile and New Orleans where sight-seeing and other forms of entertainment were available. When accommodations were scarce or non-existent, many slept in hospitals or hotel lobbies.

The local esoteric bistros like the Embassy Club, Leo's, the Silver Moon and Pud's soon came to know the 117th

and acknowledged it to be the best destruction battalion extant.

Railroad tickets were difficult to secure at Gulfport without a special pass, but the Battalion tourists soon found there were ways and means, such as purchasing their round trip tickets at the New Orleans end. It entailed a little extra expense, but it worked.

On October 18th we had our first long hike in the sunny Southland, nineteen miles of it, to the bivouac area. We were met a mile from the gate by the 117th Band which played us into camp, where we were billeted in wooden deck tents, dusty and stifling hot upon our arrival, furnished kerosene lamps and cross ventilation which circulated the air not one bit. There was a lovely swimming pool patronized by all, and natural springs of water which exuded horrendous odors and proved to be health-giving (say the medics) springs of sulphur water. The iodine-flavored water from the Lister bags was the only alternative.

The first night was a congealing experience. From hot dry air we were plunged into cold mists, which, by morning, had turned to a heavy frost. Many and varied were the methods used to keep warm after that first experience.

Extended order, led by Commander Burke, was frequent and covered much terrain nearby, sometimes along the banks of the river, sometimes in the woods. Sports, of course, were organized, and the more enthusiastic Isaac Waltons beat the streams to a froth with their lines while some of us laved our undies or went coon hunting.

October 22 we had a short fourteen mile jaunt to the rifle range for mock warfare and slight prevarications about individual scores on the target range ensued. Beards and other growths made their initial appearance. We had our first advance and charge with live ammunition and simulated land mines. There were no casualties other than ruffled dignity.

After a week we left the range at noon, stopped at the bivouac area for chow, and then swung into a real bunion derby covering the total thirty-three miles to Gulfport before midnight.

Chow at the bivouac area and the range was good because we had enthusiastic cooks who were willing and able to produce the best.

Few of the men failed to march the entire distance, although many finished on cushions of blisters. We were a hardier crew than at Peary.

Another liberty in New Orleans.

Two weeks later, November 15, all hands recovered from the after-effects of the long march and the New Orleans weekend, the 117th undertook the invasion of Cat Island in the Gulf of Mexico. We made the beachhead with some opposition being staged by part of our Battalion and then settled down to a three day preview of Island X conditions, living in pup tents, eating from mess kits and digesting large quantities of sand. By way of relaxing, we built a few Quonset huts, an incinerator, an air strip by the light of the moon, and also managed

Among the messages of congratulation received by the Battalion on its Anniversary was a birthday card from Anne Ryan, Sweetheart of the 117th. Miss Ryan inscribed the card with the following note:

"Hello Boys:

Certainly wish I could be present for your birthday party. Bet you'll have a grand time.

Eat a piece of cake for me.

Best wishes to all,

Your Battalion Sweetheart,

ANNE RYAN."

to fish and hunt for oysters. It was here a Brooklynite first saw a small herd of cattle and drove them through the tent area. Probably thought they were the Dodgers. Another of the lads discovered that a large bonfire should not be built in a pup tent. The loss by fire was negligible, but it was disconcerting to have three in a tent even for one night.

After the Cat Island cataclysm, a hundred men returned to the Rifle Range by truck for work projects. Additional barracks were erected to increase facilities for Battalions to come. We built roads, felled trees for lumber and firewood, cleared swamps, and lived in tents without heat or benefit of decks other than those furnished by Mother Nature. It was here a corpsman was seen cutting firewood. Mr. Ripley has been informed.

We had liberty every night and weekends off. A good deal for married men whose wives were in Gulfport.

Thanksgiving Dinner was a gala affair, with Chief Watkins and his crew serving a feast fit for a king. Printed menus enhanced the meal.

It was at Gulfport that "Pop" Conklin christened the outfit the Millionaire Battalion, and we lived up to the name. Through the efforts of Dr. Hunter and Dr. Wolff, the best band then appearing on the Gulf Coast,

Tony Di Pardo, was brought out to the Seabee Theatre for a special 117th Battalion Happy Hour. Mr. Di Pardo and his band played a return engagement at which the songstress of the organization, Miss Anne Ryan, formally was made Battalion Sweetheart. It was also through the auspices of Dr. Wolff and Dr. Hunter that the Battalion took over the Community House in Gulfport for a dance which remains as the high spot in Battalion social functions.

December 1 brought a casual draft which swept away some of our mates. They are now on a dozen Island X's doing sterling duty and we miss them. Almost on their heels, the Battalion suffered another loss of personnel in the form of a Pontoon Assembly unit, headed by Lieutenant Smith, Warrant Officer Schwartz and Chief Scotty Tailby, who were given a great send-off.

Christmas season on the base was heralded by serious emergencies in all parts of the country. Mortality rates threatened to rise to enormous proportions. It was like the opening of baseball season when the box offices are deluged with requests for tickets. The Red Cross was flooded with telegrams and requests from grandmothers—they may be grandmothers in thirty years—on death's grim stoop for a last look at John and Eddie. Reasons were varied and not lacking in imagination. It seemed that half the Battalion went home on "emergency" leaves. We who remained in Gulfport swallowed our disappointment and a most palatable Christmas Dinner and had a pleasant though wishful day. Father Toomey inspired the building of a creche and a Santa Claus going down the chimney of the Chow Hall. A large gaily lighted tree and many indoor decorations beautified the Mess Hall and added to our nostalgia.

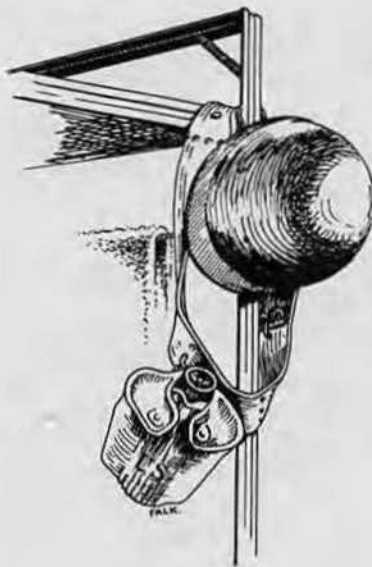
New Year's Eve was the signal for the release of many artful telegrams requesting extension of leave. Some of the reasons given were priceless and have been published in service papers the world over.

With the departure of the holiday season, Saint Nick and Father Time shoved off to make room aboard for Old King Scuttlebutt. We once more took up military training and rumors were rampant. We were about to sail for Burma, China, Italy, Africa, England, the South Pacific, the Aleutians, even perhaps, Tokyo, to welcome the Marines. Someone was rash enough to predict Camp Peary. His bets were promptly covered and he was removed silently and quickly into the psychopathic ward for observation.

Finally on February 20th we entrained with full packs and rode into our port of embarkation on Washington's Birthday. This time, being the Millionaire Battalion, we had Pullman cars and not a care in the world. We stepped off the train onto the gangplank of a ship built in Pasca-goula. And, here we are:

We came, we saw, we conquered.
Not the way we thought we would,
But by using brains and muscles
Where they'd do the most darned
good.

We shan't be classed as heroes,
When the war's done, by and by,
But the Millionaire Battalion
Has a spirit which won't die.



B.O.Q. PERSONALITIES

As appearing left to right on opposite page

By JAMES M. AVERY

Lieut. Albert E. Strausser, Company Commander; hails from Mt. Carmel, Pa.; studied engineering at Gettysburg and Bucknell Colleges; football and track were his athletic specialties; was later a semi-pro football man; prior to organizing his own construction company in 1938 was Resident Engineer for the State of Penn. As a lad was with the Penn. State Police, so no wonder his Company is so well behaved; nice man and second heaviest Officer; back to contracting after the war.

* * *

Lieut. James M. Avery, Company Commander; A Hoosier emanating from a stone Quarry in Bedford; earned his Indiana University tuition and expenses playing pea pool; did masonry and stone contracting in Cuba, Florida and Michigan; played some golf, tennis, baseball and bridge in early life, without much success; gets a kick out of the C B life; hopes to live in Miami after the slope heads are finished off.

* * *

Lieut. Edwin S. Davies, Company Commander; born at Crystal Lake, Minn.; studied at Hamline and University of Minn.; after serving as a buck private in an Army Engineering outfit during World War I, worked for Northern Pacific R.R.; for twenty odd years prior to entering the Navy served with the Minn. Highway Dep't as Senior Engineer; has two sons, one in the Army, one in the Navy; his old desk is waiting for him after the war; our champion cigar smoker—when he has them.

* * *

Lieut. George Wrigley, Jr., Battalion 1st Lieut., first appearance was Greenville, South Carolina; attended Furman University and Mass. Institute of Technology; at school was a standout football player and mean mashie wielder; was resident Engineer for a large firm specializing in paper mill construction; goes back to this firm after hostilities cease; a southern gentleman who looks vicious, but isn't.

* * *

Lieut. Robert G. Hunter, Senior medical officer claiming Jersey City as his birth place; after graduating from University of Cincinnati Medical school, practiced at Mt. Sterling, Kentucky; is a swimmer, football man, golfer and tobacco leaf expert; entered the Navy via Miami, Florida; after the duration intends specializing in Stork work, Mt. Sterling; a diplomat of the first water.

* * *

Lieut. Aurelien L. Moreau, Chaplin: Has the pure Massachusetts brogue, being born in Fall River; attended St. Charles College—Sherbrooke, Quebec; St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore; was assistant Pastor at St. Hyacinth's Church, New Bedford before coming to the Navy; a hard worker, broad-minded and good-looking.

Lieut. Nathan L. Marcus, Genial Medical Officer from the Blue Grass State; after completion of his medical schooling in the University of Louisville located in Tampa, Florida, where he left a fine practice to enter the Navy; he intends to resume this practice after the war; a crack tennis player and an all around good fellow.

* * *

Lieut. Roy M. Wolff, Youthful Dental Officer, born in Evansville, Illinois, graduating from St. Louis University dental school; he entered the Navy via Great Lakes; claims he was quite a basketball and baseball man; is Recreation Officer and Manager of the Bulldog team; a proven tactician with the weaker sex and our most eligible bachelor; will probably be a roving dentist after the war.

* * *

Lieut. Francis W. Kriney, Company Commander; met his father for the first time in Plainfield, New Jersey; after graduation from Rutgers University he was associated with his dad in the Construction business; The Equitable Life Assurance Society needed him and he was with them from 1935 until entering the Service; he functioned as an Engineer in the Real Estate department in various parts of the country very successfully; a worker in the Boy Scouts; will probably enter the legal profession after it's over; is a gifted orator with unlimited vocabulary—handsome too.

* * *

Lieut. Philip Kilpatrick, Company Commander, his soft voice heard in Adrian, Minnesota; worked his way through the University of Minnesota graduating as an Engineer; he worked as Civil Engineer for the State and Federal Government in Minneapolis—also St. Paul and Sault St. Marie Railroad; was Superintendent of Construction at Newfoundland Air Base before entering the service; is all-around athlete both interior and exterior sports; good looking, a Dale Carnegie memory.

* * *

Lieut. (Jg.) W. Edmund Baxter, Supply Officer; product of Richmond, Kentucky, attended University of Louisville; located in Washington, D. C. as Procurement and Property Director of National Youth Administration; in school was football and basketball man; entered the C B's via the Harvard Naval Supply School; plans to raise a family after the war; a true Kentucky Colonel, good-looking, neat and a real judge of Bourbon.

* * *

Lieut. (Jg.) C. L. Pond, Jr., Djsburning Officer; hails from Stuttgart, Arkansas; attended University of Arkansas; former credit manager for a Department store he entered the service a SK1c; had Fleet duty overseas prior to his attachment to the 117th Battalion; reports he has no children

yet and his post war plans are a civilian secret; a swell guy but doesn't like dogs; Flash! It was a Boy 6½ pounds.

* * *

Lieut. (Jg.) Ernest M. Thompson, personnel Officer from Ann Arbor, Michigan; attended Indiana Tech, Tri-State College; was crack basketball man; before entering the service in Midshipman School, Notre Dame, as apprentice seaman, was a Construction Field Engineer; after the festivities, plans going into road construction; hasn't any children, but is optimistic; runs personnel per Navy Regulations; a nice guy.

* * *

C. W. O. Albert T. Hirbour, showed up in Holyoke, Massachusetts a long time ago; attended Wentworth Institute in Boston; participated in baseball, hockey and soccer; owner of the Hirbour Electrical Company, Springfield, Mass. for twenty-three years prior to joining the Navy; is Communications Officer, an expert fisherman and demon tennis player; a good guy, somewhat overweight—as a postmaster should be.

* * *

Lieut. (Jg.) William J. Collins, Company Exec and Camouflage officer; they first saw him in New Orleans, La.; attended Mississippi State College, graduating as a civil engineer; worked in that profession around Biloxi before entering midshipman school at Notre Dame; after completion was assigned to C B's as an Engineer; he's the Father of a cute Son he has never seen; enjoys tennis and boating.

* * *

C. W. O. Lawrence N. Crum, Jr., from the Keystone state, Mt. Union to be exact; was a basketball and football man while in school; one of our very heavy officers, now going for tennis in a big way; knows all angles of building construction and was construction superintendent at the time he saw the Navy Procurement man; expects to continue in the building game after this is over.

* * *

Lieut. (Jg.) Robert M. Edison, Company Exec. Grand Rapids, Michigan, was the birth place, University of Michigan, the School; worked for his Father—a prominent road contractor before entering the Navy; a basketball, tennis player and golfer; at present is six foot three tall and still growing; has all the qualifications needed for the ideal husband; expects to rest up for a year after the war and then take over his Father's business.

* * *

Ensign William F. Wilson, Born in Barberton, Ohio; was a whiz bang for education as he attended Denison University, Ohio State University and University of Tenn.; his duties as a Topographic Engineer for the Tenn. Valley Authority necessitated his ranging across country from New York

OFFICERS OF THE 117TH



B.O.Q (Continued)

to Mexico; one of our really handsome Officers and Battalion social secretary; post war plans indefinite.

* * *

Ens. Raymond W. Lyon, Company Executive; his bright eyes first opened in Sac City, Iowa; attended Iowa State College where he was an outstanding polevaulter and basketball man; a fellow who's a natural in any kind of athletics; was structural engineer with Albert Kahn, Inc. before entering the C B's; usually quiet and sleepy; has no post war plans.

* * *

C. W. O. Don W. White, born in Logan, West Virginia and after finishing High School was Field Supt. for the Hoosier Engineering Company until he entered the service; has all the answers on outside-line and transformer work; intends to return to electrical contracting and pole work after the war; a bridge player of note and an all around good fellow; a swell looker when his hair is long.

* * *

C. W. O. Herman P. Hohl, Born Rochester, Penn., was a football player and ten second track man at Thiel College and University of Pittsburgh; after college he entered the construction field and was Superintendent of Construction for Booth and Flinn Construction Company, Rochester before entering the Navy; likes the beach and tennis; has a hearty laugh, works hard; Mrs. Hohl is doing her bit as a member of the Ration Board.

* * *

Lieut. (Jg.) Morris S. Lieberman, Company Exec and Military Officer, born in Pittsburgh, Pa.; played softball, football and basketball at Carnegie Institute of Technology from which he graduated; administrator in war department Ordnance before entering the Navy; another of our Bachelors, but the hard-to-get kind; intends to get into Metal work after it's over; Blond and Fat.

* * *

C. W. O. A. F. Dennis, Jr.; Wilmington, Del. was the place, although he's a Pennsylvanian now; after going through Spring Garden Institute went for building and his own construction company; was going big when he entered the service; says he wasn't athletically inclined as a youth, but does a lot of tennis playing now; genial, fat and bald, and is going to start where he left off when—.

* * *

C. W. O. Larry T. Brooks, Born in Columbus, Georgia, Suh—reared in Birmingham, Alabama and studied with LaSalle Extension University, Chicago; was an auditor for some years; in order to enter the service it was necessary for him to discontinue his own contracting business in Tulsa, Oklahoma, which he had operated successfully for nineteen years; an authority on concrete; is head of the 117th Band and Review; a good fellow you can't make mad.

* * *

C. W. O. John M. Houston, Armorer Officer from the Keystone State; Pitts-

WE'RE THE 117th (Continued)

Between the States—but we can work like the devil all day to make sure that the United States of America and her Allies win this one.

We're Democrats and Republicans, yes, and Farmer-Laborites and anything else you can mention. We can argue for hours about politics and we can disagree strongly with each other's views, but we acknowledge each other's right to have that view.

We've owned our own businesses, we've worked for other people. We've been shining lights in Chambers of Commerce and we've been organizers of labor unions. We've been riggers, truck-drivers, mechanics, farmers, clerks, electricians, bankers, bricklayers, newspaper men, bulldozer operators, printers, policemen, high school students, plant foremen, helpers, draftsmen, engineers, insurance salesmen, surveyors, laborers, cooks,



burgh was the birth place; attended Indiana (Pa.) State Teachers College where he was an outstanding tennis player; was a successful building contractor for many years before entering the Navy; has a son in the 4th Marines; knows his guns and mortars; our earliest riser.

* * *

Lieut. (Jg) Freeman W. Lohr, Company Executive and Mess Officer; born in Orange, N. J. and attended Swarthmore College where he was an expert tennis player and swimmer; before entering the service was operator of a Coke plant; has specialized in diving since being in the Navy and after hostilities cease intends to form a Marine Diving Corporation; a good bridge and pool player and an expert sack artist.

* * *

C. W. O. O'Neil Quinlin, Born in Portland, Oregon; went on to Chicago, Illinois when a mere lad; attended Loyola University where he was an outstanding center on the football team; having a hankering for pipes and wrenches, he learned their use and was operating his own plumbing and heating business when he entered the service; a hard worker and knows his stuff.

* * *

W. O. John M. Thompson, an Everett, Mass. product; attended Northeastern University where he was a soccer player of note; served four years in the Marine Corps Reserve (Aviation) and entered the Navy in February, 1942; prior to that date was Jr. Civil Engineer with Mass. Dep't of Public Works; a swell guy; popular with everyone.

metalsmiths, stenographers, riveters and high school music teachers.

We've had to go to work before finishing grammar school, or we've been granted degrees from small colleges and large universities. Regardless of what we did, or who or what we were in civilian life, right now we're doing the best we can on the jobs that need to be done here so that we can go home and continue our civilian careers.

We're the best gripers in the service. We can gripe—we use a franker word—about anything and everything, but we can go out and turn in a day's work with the best of them. And if you want to hear some real griping, just tune in on us when we run out of work.

We salute our officers as a token of acknowledgment of the fact that we are bound together in a common task. Our BOQ is "officers' country" but more than one enlisted man, sons and relatives of our officers, has stopped over there on his way to the front. One of them, a son-in-law of one of our officers, won't come back. He was killed on Saipan.

We salute our officers as a mark of respect to their responsibilities, but we know that in the good old American way we wouldn't be surprised to be working for them minus the salute after the war—and they wouldn't be surprised to be working for us.

We don't go in much for flag-waving, but we're an intensely patriotic crew. We express our love of our country by working for it.

We are the inheritors of a great, if but recent, tradition established by earlier Battalions of fighting artisans who have developed a new kind of warfare in a new kind of war.

We haven't been in an actual engagement, but we've been in places where we've taken our risks.

Some of our younger lads are itching for action. Some of us have seen it in World War I, and we're not volunteering for anything, but if "The Man" tells us to go in, we're going in. And while we haven't had the training of a Marine, we've done plenty of hunting. Many of us knew how to handle a rifle before the present generation of Marines was born, and the majority of us have qualified as marksmen, sharpshooters or experts.

We've come a long way together, in more than a geographical sense. We've trained together, lived together, worked together, and if necessary, we'll fight together. We've learned that you can't tell a man by a tag. We've learned that no matter what part of the country a man comes from, his main idea is about the same as his bunk mate's. He wants to get this war over with and return home; home to the love of his wife and children, home to his job.

And we're all going home together in the hope that some of the things we've learned while being away from home will make us appreciate America, and our fellow-Americans, ever so much more.

Henry Senber

SPORTS



Upper left, Bulldog Baseball Squad. Right, Basketball Team

Lower panel, L. to R.: Joe DiMaggio and Joe DiGangi; "Wildcat" Dougherty, receiving award in Seabee boxing tournament; Goodliffe, Stemler and Lyon, pole vaulters; Jac LaPorte, shot-putting.

By RUDY MELONE

AMERICA'S love of sports has paid dividends in World War II. Americans may not have had the universal military training of the young men of the nations which had been preparing for this war during the past decade, but on the diamond and grid-iron, they have developed individual initiative, personal coordination, physical stamina and, most important, a knowledge of teamwork that was readily adaptable to the rugged and grim demands of war when the necessity arose.

Like all other Americans, Seabees love sports, and wherever their Island X may be, they carry with them their favorite games. Next to a ten day leave or a twelve hour liberty, nothing attracts a Seabee as much as a good athletic contest.

During the earlier phases of the Battalion's history at Peary and Gulfport, there was little time or equipment for a completely organized program. The demands of military training, naturally enough, came first. Even then, however, we took time out for occasional inter-company softball games and many men found considerable relaxation in the old favorite, horseshoes.

The first recreation officer of the Battalion was Warrant Officer L. T. Brooks, who, in addition to his construction duties, also had charge of

the Band and the REVIEW. As we prepared to embark for Island X, Commander Burke decided to divide the responsibility with other officers who had more spare time. With Mr. Brooks retaining supervision of the Band and the paper, sports and other recreational activities were assigned to a three man committee composed of Chaplain Toomey, Lt. Hunter and Lt. Wolff.

Virtually every man in the Battalion contributed a dollar toward an equipment fund, and this money, plus an appropriation from the Welfare Fund, was utilized to purchase a stock of athletic supplies that would be a credit to a college athletic department, with equipment and facilities for both organized teams such as baseball and basketball and individual participation such as tennis, ping pong, horse shoes, archery and other sports.

As soon as our construction schedule was under way on Island X, a baseball and basketball team were organized under the direction of Lt. Wolff, who assumed sole responsibility for the Recreation Department, and Chief Specialist Hamm, former high school athletic coach. A Recreation Hut, under the supervision of Arthur Broadhurst and John Plociennik, was set up to enable men to check out Battalion equipment.

Baseball

After floundering around the first few games the Bulldog team finally rounded out and started showing its class by climbing up into a four-way tie for first place in the first half. In the round-robin play-off the Bulldogs won their first game and then dropped a close one to the Shellbacks to take second place honors. The second half, however, has been a different story. The Bulldogs have been performing brilliantly to take first place in the American League with nine wins and no losses to date. The way the team shapes up now is as follows: Manager: "Doc" Wolff, with no previous experience in handling a ball team. Doc has really pulled one out of the hat in giving the battalion a smooth ball club. He also manages to get in his licks at first base when needed, but sticks mostly to the coaching box.

Pitching: "Red" Rezack, a boy with a blazing fast ball and a curve that snaps like a whip. Mainstay of the pitching staff and among the league leaders in strikeouts. "Tex" Abrens, good control and plenty of stuff make him percentage leader of the chucking department with five wins and no losses. He can also be relied on to play a good game in the outfield and his bat speaks with a loud voice. "Cab-

bage-ears" Grace, like Ahrens, has lots of control and plenty of stuff. Grace handles the coaching with Doc Wolf and many a pitcher has wavered under his riding. Rudy Valenti, a southpaw who is being rounded out for use in the near future. Rudy has been showing plenty of hooks in practice games lately and appears to be ready.

Catching: Joe Di Gangi, a man who knows his batters and can handle a pitcher. Joe is a powerful batter who can swing from either side of the plate and can be counted on to deliver in the pinches.

Infield: "Fuzzy" Arnold, a smooth man around the initial sack and a long ball hitter with more extra base hits than any other man on the team. Joe Perenchio, a steady influence at second base, a good fielder and a consistent batter. Joe can also catch if the occasion arises and has plenty of savvy behind the plate. "Red" Spillane, sparkplug of the infield, at short-stop, with a powerful throwing arm. Red has been picking up from a batting slump and is showing power at the plate now. Perenchio and Spillane have formed a smooth double play combination that rates well with any in the league. Clair Stemler, a flashy man around the hot corner who has turned in many a sweet play. Clair has a swell batting eye and has more walks and has been on base more times than any other man on the team. This makes him the ideal lead-off man. He has also turned in many timely singles.

Outfield: Sitnick, a good left fielder who covers plenty of ground with a fine throwing arm. Runs hot and cold at the plate, but can really powder a

ball when he's on. Johnson: center-fielder who snags line drives in his hip pocket. His speed also aids him in beating out many a bunt. Tomb, lefthanded batter, and Hipp, righthanded batter, share the job in right field depending on the opposing pitcher. Both do a fine job of hitting and fielding.

Utilitymen: Travis and Padla who can hop in and take over various positions in the infield and turn in respectable jobs.

Many thanks to H. H. Schutte for the vital statistics reprinted below:

Batting Averages

Batter	A.B.	R	H	Aver.
Ahrens	51	11	20	.392
Johnson	52	13	19	.365
Stemler	60	23	20	.333
Perenchio	42	5	14	.333
Di Gangi	86	16	28	.326
Arnold	78	13	24	.308
Wolf	25	5	7	.280
Sitnick	58	8	15	.259
Tomb	43	5	11	.259
Grace	12	3	3	.250
Travis	35	8	8	.229
Hipp	14	3	3	.214
Spillane	68	8	14	.206
Rezack	30	7	5	.167
Padla	1	1	1	1.000
Valenti	1	0	0	.000
Misc.	28	5	6	.214
	684	134	198	.289

Pitching Records

Pitcher	IP	W	SO	W	L
Ahrens	43	7	15	5	0
Grace	20	5	17	1	0
Rezack	71	34	73	7	3

(Continued on page 53)

MASCOTS

A never failing source of companionship and amusement are the Battalion's mascots, pictured on the opposite page. Upper left, H. Beard and Saipan, of which he and T. B. Buckingham are the proud co-owners. The handsome Cocker Spaniel, top right, is Patsy, mascot of Co. A, and our only rated pet, having been made a CSP(D) by Commander Burke. Patsy rides in the truck driven by her master, Harold Willis.

L. to R., Second Row: K. S. VanKirk and Duke, J. S. Booher and King (owned by R. H. Templeton), Al Trolio and Kay and Beansy. Small left inset, the late Queenie. Right, C. Heckman's Rusty. Bottom row, L. to R.: Willie Williams and Stupid (Don't ask us which), A. A. Kalefsky and Tojo and F. B. Roberts and Tuffy.

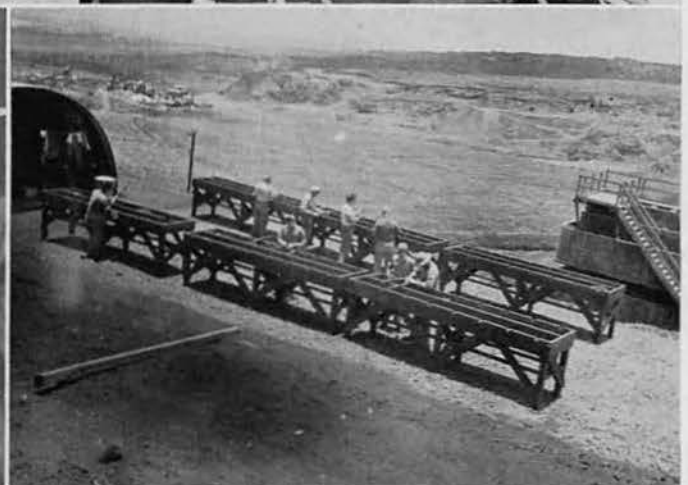




S-HONWIDZ



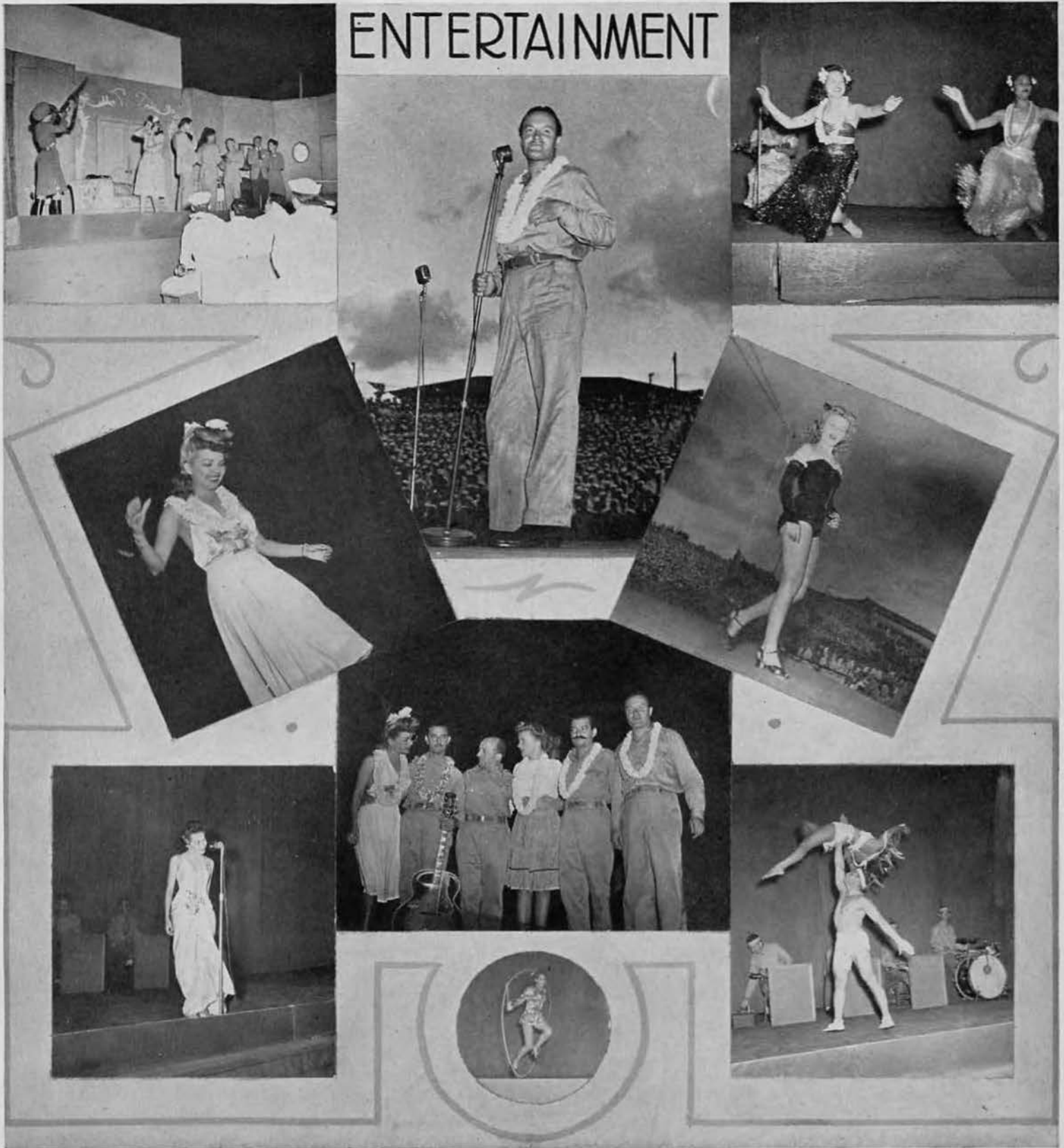
BASE FACILITIES





Our Quonset City is a self-sufficient community, with all the facilities of a small town. On page 24, left column, are the Chapel, Ship's Service Store, Library and Reading Room in the Chaplain's Hut, and the Pay Line. In the right column is the interior of a Quonset hut at Gulfport (how did that get in here?), a view of the Armory, with rifle cleaning racks, Post Office and Officers' Mess. On this page, left column, our Medical Officers, Lts. Hunter and Marcus are examining a patient in Sick Bay. The Ward Section of Sick Bay is shown below. Top right: Dental Officer, Lt. Wolff, treats a patient while Corpsman Swanson looks on. The other three pictures depict our worthy cooks and bakers preparing chow, and how we go for it.

ENTERTAINMENT



We go for shows in a big way, too. High spot of the entertainment season on Island X was the visit of Bob Hope and his troupe. Bob is pictured in the center layout. At left center, Frances Langford; at right center, Patty Thomas; while below is the entire troupe including Jerry Colonna, et al. Upper left corner, the Island X Community Theatre's production of "The Doughgirls" while the other three corners are occupied by various entertainers of USO shows.

117TH BAND



- DIRECTOR**
R. D. Hannon
- CLARINET**
C. R. Stenler
P. Puglise
J. C. Chapin
B. O. Hammerstrom
J. G. Snyder
P. A. Tomlinson
- TRUMPET**
L. L. Burkhead
T. L. Trezza
E. J. White
S. S. Schultz
W. V. Castagna
R. L. Jones
- ALTO SAX**
W. W. Ball
K. S. Micek
R. M. Thrane
- TENOR SAX**
P. B. Bergert
C. E. Piazza
M. K. Zangrille
- ALTO HORN**
L. D. Rogers
E. H. Lange
R. K. Edson
- TROMBONE**
R. L. Lockhart
J. A. Whitnell
- BARITONE**
V. N. Zimmerman
- BASS**
F. J. Arnold
R. E. Laverty
- DRUM**
C. W. Cliff
R. L. Larsen
F. S. Stanley
K. S. Musser
N. B. Grandone
- FLUTE**
H. W. Eastman
R. Steinberger

Upper: Playing an engagement—Gulfport, Miss.
Lower Left: In Concert on Island X
Lower Right: C. W. Cliff—Singing Troubadour

*Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.*

—Longfellow

DURING the days of early childhood for the 117th Battalion at Camp Peary, under the tutelage of Trumpeter R. L. Jones and the enthusiastic and "Never say die" watchful eye of Warrant Officer Larry T. Brooks, the nucleus of what was later to become the 117th Battalion Band was conceived and put into effect.

The road has been long and much water has gone over the dam in the first year of its existence, obstacles by the score have continually entered the picture but we have been blessed with the fact that our Skipper is a man with a musical ear, warm heart and watchful eye for the well-being of each individual under his command and has given his full support at all times.

The first instruments used were personal donations by Band Personnel and by their many friends. It was not until we had blossomed as a full fledged Battalion did we receive help from the Navy in the form of One Thousand Dollars in Band Instruments.

The days continued dark after our arrival at Gulfport (so far as a finished musical organization was concerned) until we received a ray of sunshine in the person of R. D. Hannon, who left his profession as High School Band Instructor to take his chances with the Seabees and who took over as Maestro DeLuxe.

From that day until this, after hours and between work, without extra pay, these men, thirty-four strong have moulded together a musical organization, while not of the Sousa quality yet will be worth their weight in Gold if we are ever called upon to entertain ourselves on Island X 'X' where entertainment would probably consist primarily of watching the Sun rise and set and the waves beat the sandy beaches.

Their work could possibly be termed selfish from the point of self satisfaction they have found from their efforts, but the pleasure they have given many of their mates and the many accomplishments that have been theirs through the playing during Christmas Season, Colors, Concerts, Parades, Reviews and the extreme happiness they expounded on the two occasions they played for the Veterans Administration on the Gulf of Mexico Coast for some four hundred first and second world war mental case casualties will be a memory never to be forgotten.

I believe the Christmas program played for this group would have brought a lump into the throats of any man had they seen those old fellows, deprived of the Love and Companionship of home life actually stand at their seats and cheer to the tunes of *Dixie*, *Yankee Doodle*, *Darling Nellie Gray*, and many of the other old time favorites.

So I think I can speak for the Battalion as a whole when I say "Hats off to the boys of the Band, your efforts ARE appreciated."

L. T. B.



We Sailed The Ocean Blue

(Continued from page 7)

sick—it was just the heat in the laundry that got me." And T. L. Treeza came in for a considerable share of the ribbing. On our first day out he had purchased a paper dish of ice cream at Ship's Service. Some one warned him about upsetting his stomach. "Go on", he retorted, "ice cream will keep you from being sea—oooooooooh" and he dashed to the rail.

Sunday saw our first excitement aboard. Late in the afternoon a shrill siren began shrieking. We scanned the horizon for the sight of a periscope, the skies for hostile airplanes. The shrieking continued and we were sure something big was up. Finally, the Voice of the Vessel, coming over the public address system, announced that all was well. The siren had gotten itself stuck. We breathed easier.

Today is Monday. We've been at sea for a bit more than 48 hours but we've settled down to a calm acceptance of the seafaring life, barring more rough seas, anyway! In the morning the anti-aircraft guns had a workout. We worried when the first balloon was missed, even though the shots were near enough to hit anything larger. The second balloon was shot to tatters and we cheered. This afternoon some heavier armament was given a chance. The deep boom was a contrast to the staccato of the morning's gunnery, and while none

of the shells landed on the tiny can, they came close enough to make us feel we can do battle with any cigar-shaped marauder that comes within range.

Our destination has been secret. There was a chance of our shooting across the Atlantic, but most of us seemed to think we were heading for the Canal. Today, the Voice of the Vessel, which heretofore had shunted us below decks in business-like tone, became quite confidential. In the tones of a Burton Holmes travelogue, we were told that we were going through the Canal, that we would pass such and such an island, that we would be near the spot where Columbus first sighted land. The Voice also gave us a history of the Canal project. Some of us wondered how akin the builders of the Canal were to the present-day Seabees.

After chow last night we sighted San Salvador. It was our first glimpse of land since leaving port, and even if no more than a dim, murky outline was visible, it was a welcome sight, reassuring us that somewhere in this vast expanse of water there was land. The Voice had reminded us that this was the first view of land afforded to a Spanish convoy back in 1492, and we thought of the conquests and conflicts that began in this hemisphere with the arrival of what is known as civilization.

The sunset was nothing short of

glorious. Low gray clouds hung over the island, and behind them sank the sun, oozing liquid fire over and under them. A Haitian has written of the "bleeding" sunsets of that region. I think I know what he means, now. Against this brilliant background was the sleek black silhouette of our destroyer.

While some of us were entranced by the combination of scenic beauty and historical interest, not all of us were lost in the same kind of reverie. One of our younger and more irrepressible cooks, John J. Sagula, SC3c, sighed: "Gee, I betcha they got dames on that island!"

The Powers-That-Be on the ship were kind to the G. I.'s last night, permitting us to stay on deck long after the ship was darkened. We certainly appreciated the boon. It was a lovely evening. Low, dark tufts of clouds which might have been made of cotton and suspended by string, floated under a purplish sky. The clouds were so low that we felt a man in the crow's nest surely could touch them.

This morning's sunrise also was something to see. Again there were clouds. This time they made a purple canopy through which the sun's rays poured. If there was one thought running through most of our minds, it was that some day we might make this voyage again, with our wives at our side. At least a dozen men around me expressed this hope. One's wife, a deck chair, and a tall cool drink, and life would be perfect! A far cry from the rugged reality of a troopship, but it's not against regulations to dream a bit.

After this trip we'll have a sympathy for the sardine. We're packed in pretty tight down below. It's hot, and the smell of mankind is sometimes almost overpowering. We sleep in bunks five tiers high. Above me is Ray Metcalf, who weighs some 200 pounds. When he sinks into his bunk the canvas sags so that it is perilous for me to raise my head. . . . The heat and humidity were stifling last night. Paul Falk had remarked about our being in the most dangerous waters of the entire trip and for the first time I began to think about submarines. I touched my life belt, made mental note of the position of my trousers and shoes. I don't think I'd ever have fallen asleep but I happened to think of Mabel Stuart Curry's poem, "The Crossing", which Clarence A. Day had submitted to us for publication in the last American edition of The Review. It had a calming effect, and when I awoke, the ship still was afloat.

The first lap of our voyage is over. We are docking at the Atlantic entrance to the Canal. The Voice is calling instructions to the crew.

This morning the Battalion added another unforgettable picture to our album of memories. After washing some clothes and taking a shower I came on deck to find that the convoy no longer was scattered in its ocean formation, but was cruising in a single line, just like in the newsreels. Our ship being the flagship, we were in the lead. To port we saw a symphony of gray, a gray sea, a gray mist which broke off sharply to disclose a deep

gray shore line and above it a pearly gray, luminous sky, broken by irregular opaque gray clouds. As we came closer to land we could see patches of a rusty, tired brown, then spots of bright green. There was one picture I would have liked to have painted; a long, low green shed along the water's edge with palm trees jutting behind it. As we came to the pier we noticed several vessels flying the flags of our Allies, including a small British aircraft carrier with its crew in white shorts. Also on view was a picturesque white two masted schooner which looked as if it had come out of a painting by Winslow Homer.

Today was an historic one for the Panama Canal. In all the years it has been in operation, never did a ship pass through its waters with a more excited, interested and enthusiastic group of passengers than those aboard our vessel.

"Ever since I've been old enough to read", one man said, "I've been reading about the Panama Canal. I never dreamed I'd ever see it. Gosh! Look how fast that water is rising on those rungs!"

A dozen Atlases appeared on deck as the mates traced the course of the Big Ditch and discussed its history. Chief Welborn gazed on the canal with a deep reverence. "I sure would have liked to have been on this project from the start, with the first survey crew, and kept on it until it was finished", he said quietly.

Even chow, usually the most important thing on the ship, could not compete with the Canal. The harassed M. A. A.s, who usually stand as a barrier between the mates and the chow hall, herding them into line, etc., had a new problem on their hands tonight; to get the gang down to eat. One of the M. A. A.s was imploring: "Any of you fellows want to eat now?" After the long, long chow lines which stretched around the ship, this was even a greater miracle than the Canal, and for the first time I walked along an unobstructed passage right into the Chow Hall.

I returned to the deck before we had gone very far through the first set of locks and soon witnessed the only competition offered the Canal that day. As we were entering the lake between the locks, we saw a group of Army men, and with them creatures garbed in strange attire—skirts! We couldn't believe our eyes. Yes, they were women. Real, live, female women! Men rushed to the port side for a glimpse of this almost forgotten rarity in our wholly masculine world. Officers on the bridge swung their binoculars as one man. We all waved madly and the girls waved back with commendable enthusiasm. Women! Even the beauty of the mountain lake failed to erase the memory completely.

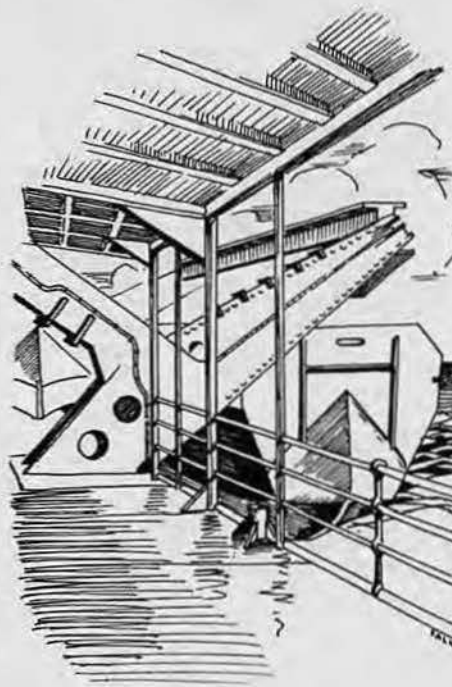
Taking advantage of the abundant supply of fresh water, the decks were washed with vigor. The crew had plenty of assistance from the Seabees, who turned out in bathing trunks or just waded in completely dressed to have a turn at handling the hose and sweeping down the deck. Quite inadvertently, of course, one hose crew occasionally would splash a stream of

water on the other, and quite by accident (of course!), the other crew would return the favor.

It was grand, good-natured horse-play while it lasted.

Oh yes, we saw another woman. A trim speedboat passed and she was in the stern, a magazine advertising vision in a crisp white skirt that whipped in the breeze as she stood and waved to us.

Later in the evening Dean Prowse took me up to the signal bridge, the



highest point on the ship except for the crow's nest. I could see the guide lights of the narrow end of the lake as they approached the Pacific locks, and, in the distance, what appeared to be the lights of a city.

A city! Lights, the sound of a woman's laughter, people walking on a paved street; a restaurant where you could sit down to eat; a drug store with a fountain that serves chocolate sodas; or a hotel lobby with music off in the distance and a Scotch and water in a small bar off to one side of the lobby. A city! I wonder when we'll be seeing one again!

From the picture in the Grade Six History book, I always had conceived of the Canal as a long series of locks flanked by gleaming white concrete. It was a surprise to find only a few locks at one end, a big, beautiful mountain lake, then a few locks at the other.

Although we left the Canal several days ago, I learned this morning that we still are not as far West as San Francisco. This came to us as we listened to a San Francisco radio station which had the time as five after six when our watches were consider-

ably later. Lt. Baxter tells me that by the time we are due South of San Francisco half of our voyage in the Pacific will be completed; also that the Panama Canal is East of Florida, not directly South of it as I always had imagined. Why didn't I pay any attention during geography lessons?

We learned this morning that we were going to (Censored), for a while, anyway. Lt. Kilpatrick, our company commander, called a meeting of the men in the hold and asked for better cooperation in keeping our quarters clean. There was a hint of a twinkle in his eye as he said that if the entire company was put on report it might mean the loss of our first liberty in (Censored). Such is the way we receive official confirmation of our own scuttlebutt!

The officers have a ward room which serves as their dining room, conference room and club room. Our club room is the Chow Hall after supper. The open deck is a great gathering place but for the men who want to play cards, write a letter, or join in the evening's musicale after the ship is darkened, the Chow Hall is the place. One of the main attractions is Robert Payne, one of the Negro Marines aboard, who used to play the piano in night clubs in and around Cincinnati. He is a little fellow with the kind of an innocent smile that makes you want to grin all over when you see it on the faces of little colored children. He's a whiz at the keyboard, and from his night club experience has acquired a repertory that is astounding. How he can breathe with the mob that always is around him is a mystery, but perhaps the night club training also is the answer to that. Payne plays popular stuff from the time the Chow Hall opens for revelry until taps is sounded. Then, as his fellow-Marines and most of our men go to their holds, he starts working on his own arrangements and compositions. He has composed a song entitled "Dreams Are Such Wonderful Things", and for my money it's as good as anything on the hit parade. He also has been working on an arrangement of "Stardust" for our band, which has been giving concerts aboard.

Editor's Note:

Robert Payne, Marine mentioned in this article, is a member of the Marine Company mentioned in the following dispatch recently printed in YANK:

SAIPAN—The first Negro marines to see combat are members of an ammunition company which hit the beach here on D-Day under the heaviest artillery and mortar concentration ever to meet American invasion forces in the Pacific.

Originally scheduled to move ammunition from the beach to dumps a short distance inland, many of them delivered their cargo to within a few yards of the Japs and one, Pfc. John M. Jenkins of Norline, N. C., destroyed a Jap machine gun nest with a grenade. One man was killed in action and several wounded by shell fragments.

Leo Mann, professional boxer of Houston, Tex., who once defeated Lew Jenkins, is a sergeant in the

ammo company. Pfc. Robert L. Payne, Jr., formerly was an orchestra leader in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Pfc. Fred E. Washington was a licensed Baptist minister in Los Angeles who conducts services for the men, assisted by Pfc. August C. Witcher of Charlottesville, Va. Sgt. Ernest W. Coney of Lake City, Fla., now a clerk, was topkick of a CCC outfit for three years.

Commanding officer of the company is Captain Louis P. Shine of Osage, W. Va.

—YANK Staff Correspondent.

Sleeping on deck is now legal and not half as much fun.

The officers have devised a new form of physical training known as abandon ship drill. You go to your compartment, wait for the signal, then dash up two steep flights of stairs (or ladders, to be nautical about it) and go out on deck until the game is called off. We can clear the hold in a few minutes. It is a necessary precaution and not too boring.

As another precaution we always wear our life belts, rubber tubes which may be blown up by mouth or inflated by Sparklet-type siphon cartridges. They add to the heat and are a necessary nuisance. Every now and then I find myself without the belt and I hurriedly retrace my steps to find the darned thing. It is a court martial offense to be without one but no one has noticed my occasional derelictions.

The clouds were so low this morning that the sea seems lifted to the top of the universe. One mate said that the sea had a "swollen" appearance; another said it reminded him of a sunrise in Wyoming viewed from a mountain top on a clear day. As the sun cleared the horizon we watched it cast a path of gold over a silvery sea which appeared as smooth as glass. In one respect we have been fortunate thus far. Except for the day we left port, our journey has been on truly pacific waters. The comparison with the Staten Island Ferry still goes.

Yesterday we had gun practice and one crew hit the target, a small can floating well away from the ship, on the first round. Actually, to hit the water anywhere near the tiny can would win the "Good Shooting" commendation from the Voice, on the theory that an enemy craft would be hit by a shell which came that close. To sink the can target is said to be a rare feat and we were proud of the ship's gunners.

We sent our clothes to the ship's laundry the other day and it was returned today in a confused jumble. We had quite a time sorting over all the stuff, calling out the owner's name as we read the stencil on each garment. Our underwear had acquired a dun color that was christened "battleship gray."

This morning at about seven o'clock, things began to happen up in the bow, where the dogs are quartered in their boxes on deck. Queenie,

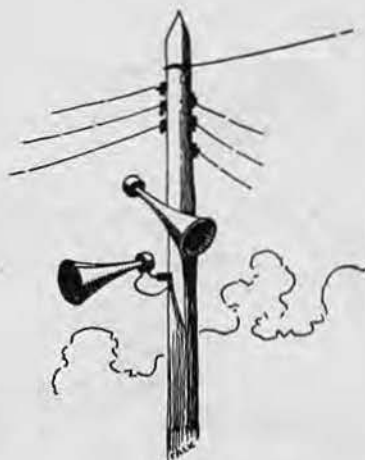
a German shepherd belonging to F. B. Roberts, became a mother, and how! By noon she had given birth to a litter of thirteen squirming puppies, and from all over the ship officers and men were making a pilgrimage to see the new additions to our muster roll. One of the boys in Co. B was scratching the tired Queenie's ear as a gesture of comfort while a dozen (one had been born dead) blind puppies all attempted to suckle, a mathematical impossibility. To further complicate matters, early in the afternoon two more puppies arrived, making a grand total of fifteen born, fourteen alive, which we believed established some new kind of maritime record.

Although Queenie is a shepherd there is some reason to believe that the father was not. The puppies provide a wide variety of coloring.

F. B. Roberts, titular owner of Queenie, looked as wan as any father who ever paced a hospital corridor. The mates suggested that with such a large family he could now apply for an increase in his dependency allotment. Harold Willis, owner of Pat, Co. A's cocker spaniel mascot had an explanation for the large litter. He blamed it on the fact that Queenie was quartered under one of the machine gun emplacements and just had acquired the habit.

Big event of the day was the refueling of the destroyer which is escorting our convoy. We were cruising along slowly when the destroyer shot up from our stern. A light line was shot across, and the crew on the destroyer systematically used it to pull over the heavier rope and finally a heavy hawser. Several other lines were hauled over by the same system and finally the oil line, suspended from a boom, was sent over.

These operations completed, we had a chance to inspect the destroyer at close range. It was a long, slender affair, looking like an overgrown submarine to which parts of a battleship had been superimposed. Guns bristled from every inch of its deck. . . . The crew of the destroyer seemed very



much at home and were drinking coffee on deck.

To keep both vessels under control a good headway was maintained during the operation, a very tricky one it seemed to us.

Seeing the destroyer reminded me of the first paragraph of Marcus Goodrich's account of life aboard one, "Delilah." Read it sometime.

Thanks to the Council on Books in Wartime, a non-profit organization of American publishers, librarians and booksellers, we have a rich library of handy, pocket-sized volumes. The titles, for the most part, represent a cavalcade of best sellers of the past decade or two, and have been selected with authority, intelligence and consideration for the variability of taste. Many of us here renewed the reading habit on board ship. Our main trouble has been to find a place to read. The deck is crowded and we aren't permitted to go to the holds during the day as the Captain of the ship thinks we should get some sunshine. (We gripe about this, but we'd gripe more if we weren't allowed as much freedom of the deck as we've been enjoying.) Just as you get settled and after you do find a place to roost, someone decides it's time to wash down the deck again, and you have to move. The only sacred corner of the vessel is the small triangle of deck where Queenie is ensconced with her puppies. The crew purposely ignores this maternity ward. The fourteen tiny pups are doing well, and this afternoon the Mess Hall M.A.A. was arranging a system of feeding shifts, complete with early chow passes.

Before the ship left port, the Battalion's metalsmiths were salvaging old lockers on the dock and rebuilding them into shelving for the signal bridge. The men designed and constructed a bronze head rest for the dental office, made gear lockers for landing boats, installed a ship-to-shore telephone and a ten-station inter-ship communications system, repaired Jacob's ladders, made and installed leather cushions for a Commodore's gig, repaired evaporators to increase their capacity 25%, rearranged ventilating systems, welded bulkheads, cleaned and repaired guns; stood watch in the engine room, at the guns, on the Signal Bridge and in the radio room.

The Battalion's cooks helped in the galley to prepare meals for ship's crew and other military units aboard as well as the 117th's enlisted personnel. Our men constructed coffee urns for the Main Galley, tore down an electric oven in the bakery and redesigned brick work and shelving for more efficient operation, installed emergency chutes for life rafts, made numerous copper vessels such as urinal cans and instrument trays for the sick bay. We redesigned brackets and made general repairs to blinker lights, stripped down and completely rebuilt an officer's stateroom and head, rewound motors, made electrical repairs and improvements throughout the ship, painted some 600 signs throughout the ship and seven decorative murals topside. Our Band was busy, too, playing six concerts during the voyage.

Before we left the ship we found we didn't have a monopoly on confusion. We chuckled when we recalled the officer who asked us to rebuild his stateroom so as to even up the deck. It was quite a job, ripping up welded furniture, installing new beams, etc. Just as the boys were about to put it together again, a higher officer came by and wanted to know what was going on. "Harrumph," he harrumphed when told, "stuff and nonsense. A deck isn't made to be level and if he can't walk on it the way it was built he ought to be assigned to shore duty."

We disembarked with a new perspective, a new pride in ourselves and our outfit.

* * *

Here we are on Island X.

Yesterday, at sea, our eyes strained for the sight of land. Suddenly one man pointed ahead and said: "There's a lighthouse. See the flashes!"

It wasn't a mirage, but it wasn't a lighthouse, either. Soon we saw smoke blossoms against the sky and we realized it was a ship firing anti-aircraft shells. Unperturbed, a plane hovered by.

Bits of driftwood floated by and someone said he had heard a ship had been sunk in that vicinity a few days before.

It was not until we came up from the mess compartment after noon chow that we saw the dim outline of mountains off starboard. Soon we zig-zagged and made for this promised land which ran in rocky ridges from the sea to the clouds where its shape was lost in mist.

Soon, over the blue water we could make out a strip of beach and a fringe of foliage. As we came into a narrow channel a man was spearing fish. We looked back toward the ocean and the water took on a variety of hues. Against the ship it seemed a dark, neutral color. A little further away it was yellowish, then a deeper green, and against the horizon a deep blue.

As we entered the harbor the mountains seemed to open up for us and above the piers and sheds we could see large expanses of green fields and strips of red earth arranged in casual pattern on the slopes leading to the hills.

It was an unaccustomed picture for us. We were not used to seeing the skeletons of cranes rising above palm trees, captain's gig with white uniformed seamen standing smartly in the stern, and camouflaged LCTs. All this helped to give the scene the quality of a Coca-Cola advertisement.

We passed through hallowed waters. We saw a recently-raised vessel with its ensign flying proudly astern, signifying that it still was in the fight. And in a scrap pile ashore, we saw parts of ships that would fight no more.

Soon we were tied up at a pier. Someone brought a few copies of the local newspaper aboard, and there was a mad scramble for them. Officers on the upper decks trained their binoculars on the headlines and read them aloud. Somehow, when newspapers came aboard we knew we were back on terra firma, that our journey

was over, for the time being, at least.

Within an hour we were clambering aboard trucks and on our way up a hilly road. There was a lot of traffic. We went through ravines of reddish earth, covered with green foliage, and we saw plenty of cactus. "Looks like California to me," one man said. "Looks like Oklahoma to me," said our M.A.A. Harold McDowell. And Davey Huber said the green hills reminded him of Kentucky.

As we climbed the hills we had a splendid view of the panorama of sea and shore. We eventually came to a small village of Quonset huts built against a red-soiled hilltop, and at what seemed the peak, the trucks stopped conveniently close to a beer line.

Just as it happened at Peary and Gulfport, and, as I suppose it would happen if a group of Seabees were suddenly to land in Heaven, we were soon besieged with questions "Anyone from Texas . . . anyone from West Virginia . . . New Hampshire . . . Ohio . . . Connecticut?"

"Is there a guy named Joe Parker in your outfit?"

We were equally curious. We wanted to know about the beer line, the liberty situation, the living conditions. The sight of doubledecker bunks, many with springs, was almost too much for us after five months on camp cots at Gulfport and nearly a month on pipe berths at sea. We were amused to find pineapples growing in orderly rows in the red dirt behind the huts. We had not satisfied our curiosity when a loud speaker announced that a neighboring battalion's chow hall was ready to serve us. Down the hilly, narrow path between the huts the Battalion stampeded, giving a good imitation of the Gold Rush or the opening of the Cherokee Strip. The food was good, but the sight of tables and benches was better, for we had stood for meals on the voyage. After chow we found a ship's service store where we bought ice cream, milk shakes, cans of pineapple juice and coco-colas. We were intrigued by attractively printed books and souvenirs such as grass skirts. Some of the mates said they were made in Brooklyn.

As night fell on the camp, the lights of the city below twinkled invitingly, but we were glad to turn into our

bunks. We missed the gentle rocking motion of the ship. The reaction of being on shore was too much for some of us. Joe Del Orfano, a cook who had been uneasy during the entire voyage, was so relieved to be on land that he kept chattering long after lights out. He was genuinely amusing and we laughed, a bit too loudly perhaps, for the OOD soon came over and told us to pipe down.

* * *

We were lined up for muster this morning when Roberts and another mate came along. They were carrying Queenie's box. There was a look on Roberts' face that made me feel something was wrong.

"How's Queenie?" someone asked. He didn't answer for a minute. Then, in a toneless voice, he murmured, "Queenie's dead."

A moanful sigh, as heartfelt as it was brief, went up from every one of us.

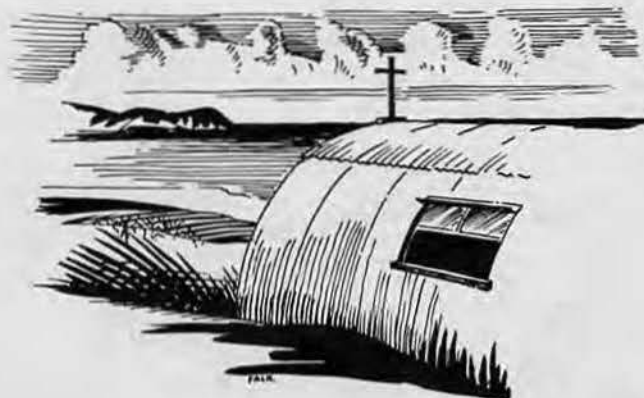
* * *

This afternoon we received our mail, our first word from home in what seemed like years. The folks had been writing every day and almost everyone of us had at least a score of letters. We read them avidly and eagerly shared choice paragraphs with the fellow in the next bunk.

Not all of the letters were cheerful. I learned of the death of a friend back in Redding Ridge and Paul Huskins, one of our cooks, learned of the death of his mother. I tried to tell him I was sorry, but I don't know whether he heard me.

This morning Chief Witmyer took our company for a hike into the hills beyond the camp. We walked along a narrow path on a ridge, looked down into deep green valleys covered with a carpet-like shrubbery, thick, but dwarfed. We noted a small blue flower, but we didn't know its name.

On our way back we passed Commander Burke and Lt. Commander Anderson standing together, looking over the camp and the vista below. In Gulfport we usually saw them only in the grayish offices. Now, in the sunlight, they seemed to take on added stature. They were on the job. The sight of them standing there together so calmly gave me a feeling of confidence. I imagined that they were looking over the scene of our Battalion's future activity and were pleased with the prospects.



MASS. LEADS BATTALION PERSONNEL

The long-standing controversy as to which state has contributed the most men to the 117th Battalion is now settled. Definitely and finally, as of late July (just before the last batch of replacements arrived), the Statistical Department of the 117th Battalion's Company Clerks' Assn., that exclusive and snug little group in Hut E-20, announced that Massachusetts leads all the states in Battalion representation with a total of 107 men, not including two officers.

Pennsylvania came in second on enlisted personnel with ninety-six men and first in the gold-braid bracket with six officers, bringing the Keystone State's total to 102.

New York State, including upstate, Brooklyn and the Bronx, came in third with ninety men, but no officers.

The survey showed that every state in the union with the exception of Delaware was represented in the Battalion. How Delaware happened to be omitted remains unexplained, but it is felt that this oversight will be corrected before the Battalion is very much older.

The result of the survey shows the following ten states in the lead:

State	Men	Officers	Total
1. Mass.	107	2	109
2. Penna.	96	6	102
3. N. Y.	90	0	90
4. Ill.	77	3	80
5. Calif.	64	0	64
6. Texas*	47	0	47
7. Ohio	43	2	45
8. Mich.	38	2	40
9. N. J.	28	2	30
10. Iowa	27	1	28

* Hooray!

The largest block from any state in any one company revealed by the survey were the thirty-two Codfish State enlisted personnel in Co. C. To Co. D the same state contributed twenty-six native sons.

Pennsylvania's largest individual group was in Co. A, where there were thirty-one Keystone Staters, including Company Commander Strausser and Chief Warrant Officer Dennis.

Other states and their combined totals (enlisted men and officers) included: Kentucky 25; Indiana 24; Minnesota 24; Wisconsin 24; Alabama 23; Oklahoma 18; Oregon 18; Connecticut 16; Missouri 16; Tennessee 15; Maryland 14; Washington 13; Arkansas 12; Louisiana 12; Georgia 11; Florida 11; Mississippi 10; Virginia 10; Colorado 9; Maine 9; Nebraska 9; West Virginia 9; Kansas 8; Arizona 7; North Carolina 6; Montana 5; New Hampshire 5; South Carolina 5; Utah 5; Wyoming 5; Idaho 4; New Mexico 3; Rhode Island 3; North Dakota 2; District of Columbia 1; Nevada 1; South Dakota 1; Vermont 1 and Bermuda 1.

Thirty-two

Battalion Congratulated

SECOND NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BRIGADE

c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

From: Officer in Charge.
To : Officer in Charge,
117th Naval Construction Battalion.
Subject: Anniversary of commissioning.

1. The Officer in Charge takes pleasure in congratulating the 117th Naval Construction Battalion on the attainment of its first birthday. In the few months which your organization has been under this command it has demonstrated fine aptitude for the important tasks to which it has been assigned. The pride which your officers and men take in your organization is well justified and gives promise of contributions of great value to the successes in the Pacific areas.

2. The Officer in Charge extends his best wishes for continued success and the eventual return of each officer and man to his family and fireside with the satisfaction of having served well the needs of the nation during this war.

(Signed) W. H. GODSON, JR.

Acting.

ALOHA BUT NOT GOOD BYE

The following is a list of the former members of the Battalion who left the organization for various good reasons. The best of luck to them. Lt. Michael L. Toomey (Chaplin), David O. Beard, Helmuth Burger, Joseph C. Butz, Bert S. Engelmann, Leonard J. Everhart, James Gillespie, Tobe W. Henderson, Thomas J. King, Felix S. Knight, Harold M. Knapp, William D. Leigh, Jr., Clifford W. Morris, William H. Mortzfeld, John E. McHugh, Louis W. McHugh, Alexander Nemeth, Jr., Allen C. Roach, Robert R. Roth, Edwin R. Satt, William L. Schoonover, Ole H. Skelbrok, Harvey D. Smith Sr., Herbert P. Spiegel, Lyle S. Steward, Rudolph Steinberger, Phillip K. Stauch, Cecil D. Tatman, Harold E. Wagner, Ronald W. Wagner, Ernest R. Weiss, John T. Jordan, Edward J. Sarcione, William F. Meis and Robert R. Russell.

Many New Chiefs

Just as our Anniversary Issue was going to press a number of rerates were announced, effective August 1. Included in the list were a number of men who were elevated to the rank of Chief Petty Officer, but as the announcement came too late for the "Who's Who" in this issue, we take this opportunity of congratulating the following on their promotion:

Frank R. Miller, Jr.	William E. Dull
Clyde V. Swofford	Paul M. Falk
Lawrence Veneman	Phillip H. Bartels
Joseph W. MacNeal	Thomas E. Dierks
James M. Thomas	Edward J. Glish
Henry B. Williams	Lynn L. Doud
William A. Gerdes	Paul S. Tofte
Lowell W. Jackson	William H. Hux
Clarence A. Day, Jr.	Leslie D. Rogers
Frederick Walker	Clayton W. Wall
Andrew Tesseyman	W. E. Spencer
Vernon N. Zimmerman	

WHAT WE CAME TO DO

(Continued from page 8)

Welders and in addition to these and many others of the skilled trades, the young men just out of school skilled in no particular craft but with stout hearts and strong hands willing to do any job assigned to them.

These men under the supervision of well qualified Officers working in groups have constructed or have under construction work which would be comparable in the States to a contract of approximately Three Million Dollars valuation. In comparison the amount of materials used would completely build a village of some one hundred-sixty average size five room modern frame residences including the Paving, Plumbing and Electrical work.

A breakdown on our work would reveal such structures as eighteen enormous warehouses, thirteen Frame Barracks, Second story addition to an important Administration Building, many one story, and five of the latest two story prefabricated Quonset Huts,

Post Office, Officers Recreational Facilities and Tennis Club, Dyke and Spillway. To perform this work we have assigned to us such equipment as Dump, Cargo, Water and Pick-up Trucks, Weapon Carriers, Reconcs, Jeeps, Sedans, Trailers, Motor Graders, Tandem and Sheepsfoot Rollers, Sampans, Busses, Generators, Tractors, Cranes, Shovels, Ditchers, Ambulance, Concrete Mixers, Compressors, Welding Machines, Bulldozers, etc.

Speed and efficiency is our war cry. With the Pacific Campaign now reaching a fever pitch many of the projects being built are being brought into use long before the final doors are hung. In many instances the two story Barracks are being occupied downstairs while the upstairs is still under construction and the warehouses are half filled before they are painted. Great quantities of foodstuff and materials of war are being warehoused so that our Boys in the thick of the fight may

have the most when they need it, and incidentally they are getting it; which to Hirohito should serve as sufficient warning: his days are numbered.

Linked with this immense construction program is the ever present problem of morale which is being taken care of by the incidental construction of recreational facilities within our own camp area.

Rest assured, folks back home, that your boys are fully on the job and doing a great piece of work as is evidenced by many letters of commendation and praise for their achievements from high ranking Naval and Marine Officials and in addition by their dirty, sweaty, smiling faces as they return each evening from their day's work. I think I can speak for each of them when I say they go about their daily grind with the one thought of hurrying to finish this mountainous mess and the return to you back there.

CAMP PEARY, WINTER STYLE

By HAROLD E. KIDDER, S2c

I SUPPOSE that to the majority of the Battalion who went through boot in the Summer, Camp Peary recalls the picture of a steaming swampland on the South Bank of the York River in what is sometimes referred to as beautiful and historic Virginia.

To some of the rest of us, namely the Seamen from the Special Drafts, 3000 to 3004, mention of Peary evokes a somewhat different memory. We were among the last men to go through Peary before it was converted into a regular Navy Training Station. When we arrived, in October and November of 1943, men were coming in at a terrific rate. Peary was packed to the gills with men sleeping in the drill halls and even outside of them.

The lucky ones of us had barracks where we had fire watch all night to keep the stoves going. The mates next to the stoves always got roasted while the ones at the ends of the barracks froze. Then, too, it was not unusual for someone to let the fire go out.

Due to the shortage of coal we had to use wood. There was never a duty day but what some of us got caught on a wood detail. I, for one, have many fond (???) memories of pulling logs out of Virginia swamps.

Like all Seabees before us and, I suppose, like the few after us, we had to visit that place called the obstacle course, and some of the fellows took

a ducking at the water hurdle. They can testify to the temperature of the water, which, incidentally, had a skim of ice over it every morning. The cold water did away with washing the board sidewalks in the morning, be-

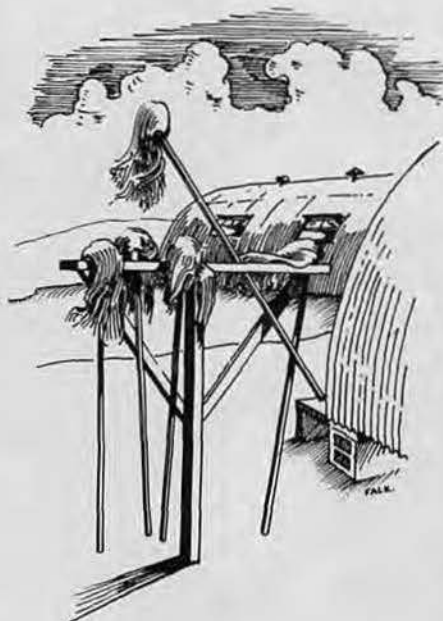
cause any water that was thrown on the walks froze, with often embarrassing results.

There are some things I don't think anyone who was in Special Draft 3000 ever will forget. There were those days at the rifle range when the dress of the day went something like this: Long underwear, blue jersey, dungaree shirt and pants covered by utility greens, then peacoats. The bravest took off their peacoats when on the firing line, but the brave were not too numerous.

Another thing to remember was the Battle of Seabee Hill. This was an embankment at the Pistol Range in A-1. One company would establish itself at the top of the embankment and three other companies would attack and try to dislodge the defenders. It was a game of King of the Mountain on a large scale.

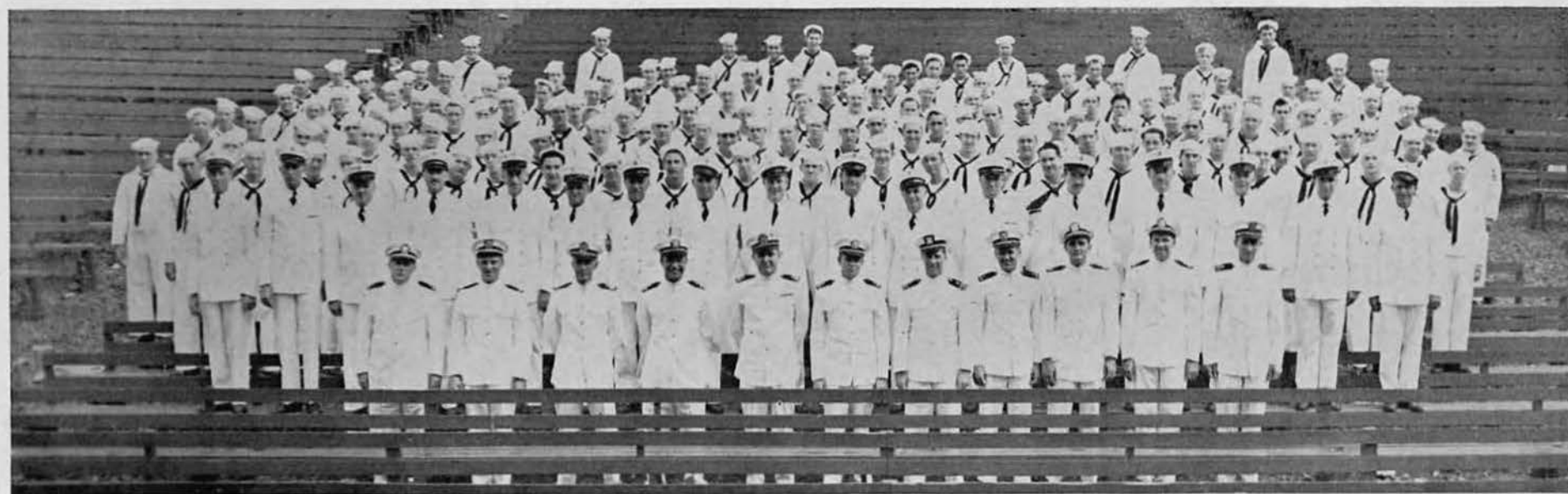
Then there was the time we loaded all of our bags into a truck at 0600 to move and then unloaded them at 1000 and returned to the same bunk in which we had been sleeping.

The rest of this story is known to you all. How in December and January we came to Gulfport and joined the 117th Battalion, which was badly in need of new blood to bring back its waning strength. (EDITOR'S NOTE: Hear the man rave!) Honest, fellows, we couldn't help it because none of you were strong enough to be Messmen and feed yourselves.

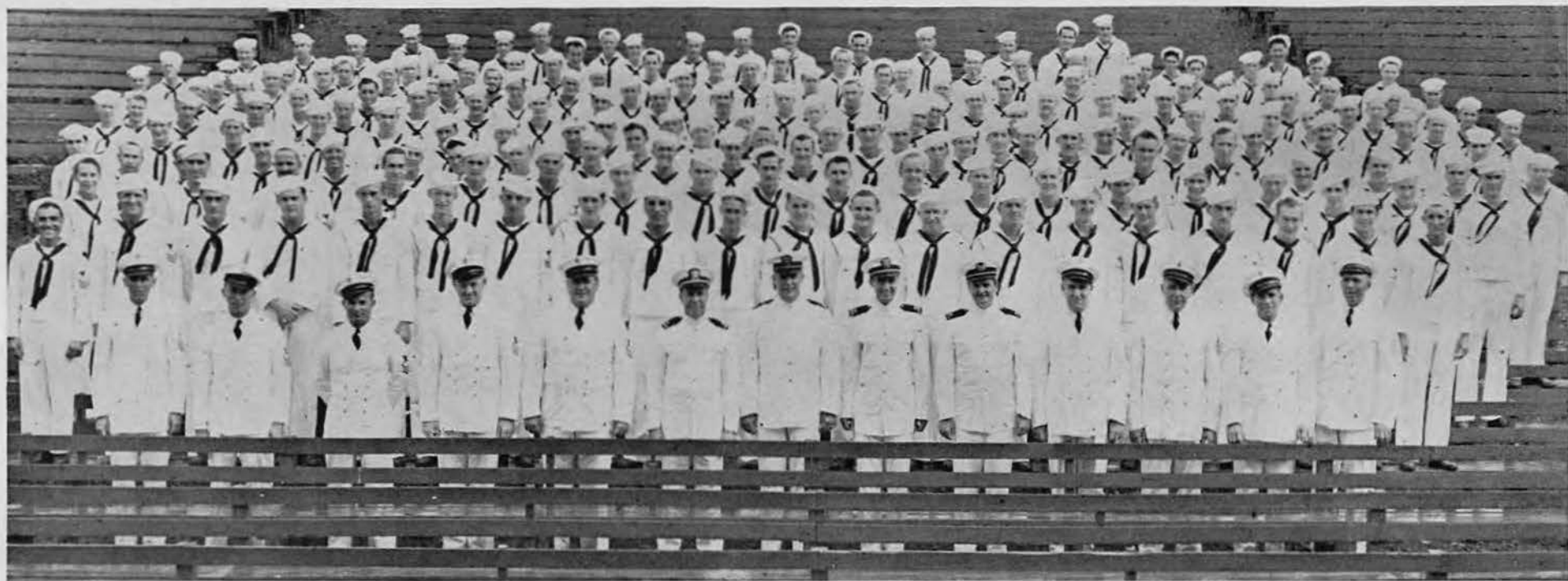


COMPANY

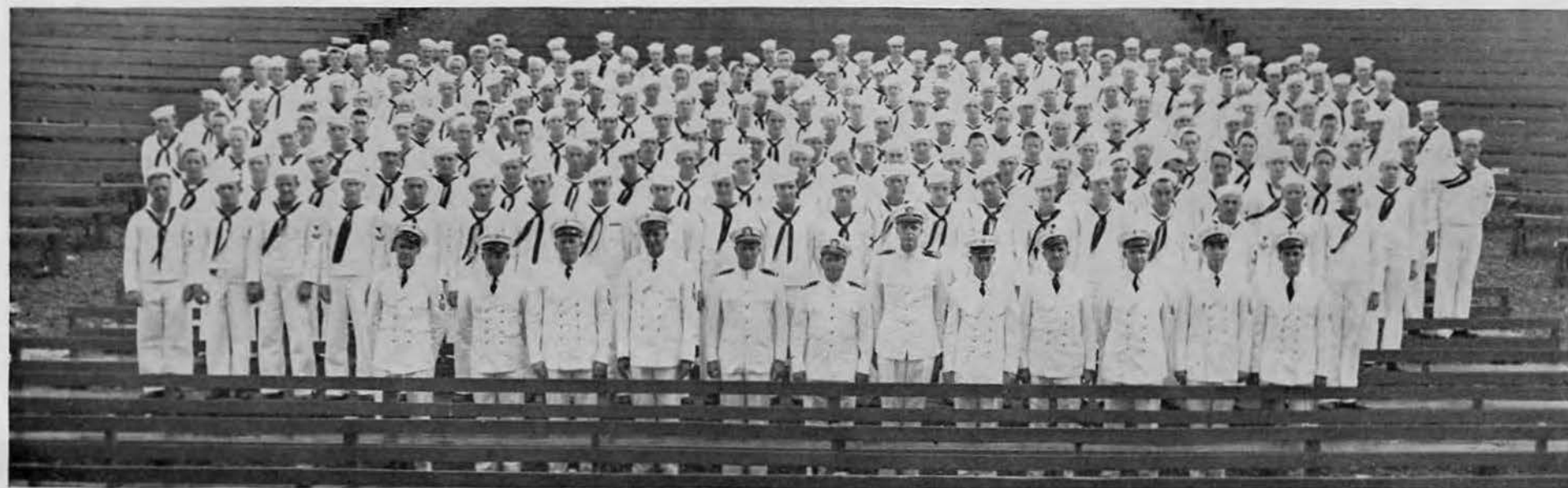
PICTURES



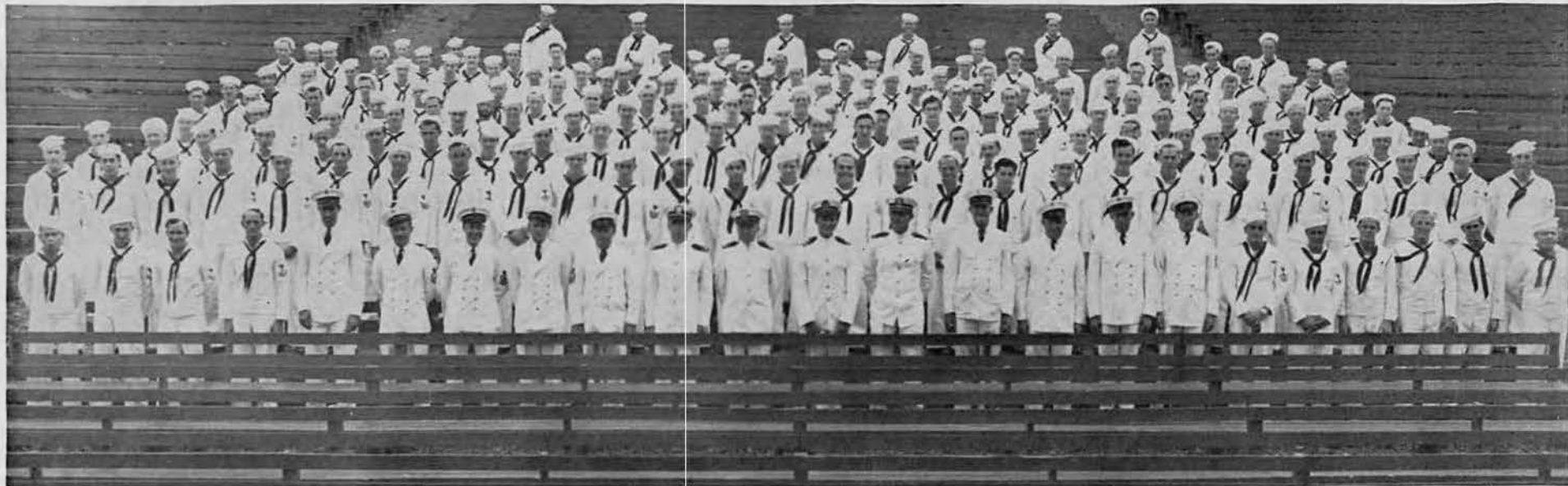
HEADQUARTERS COMPANY



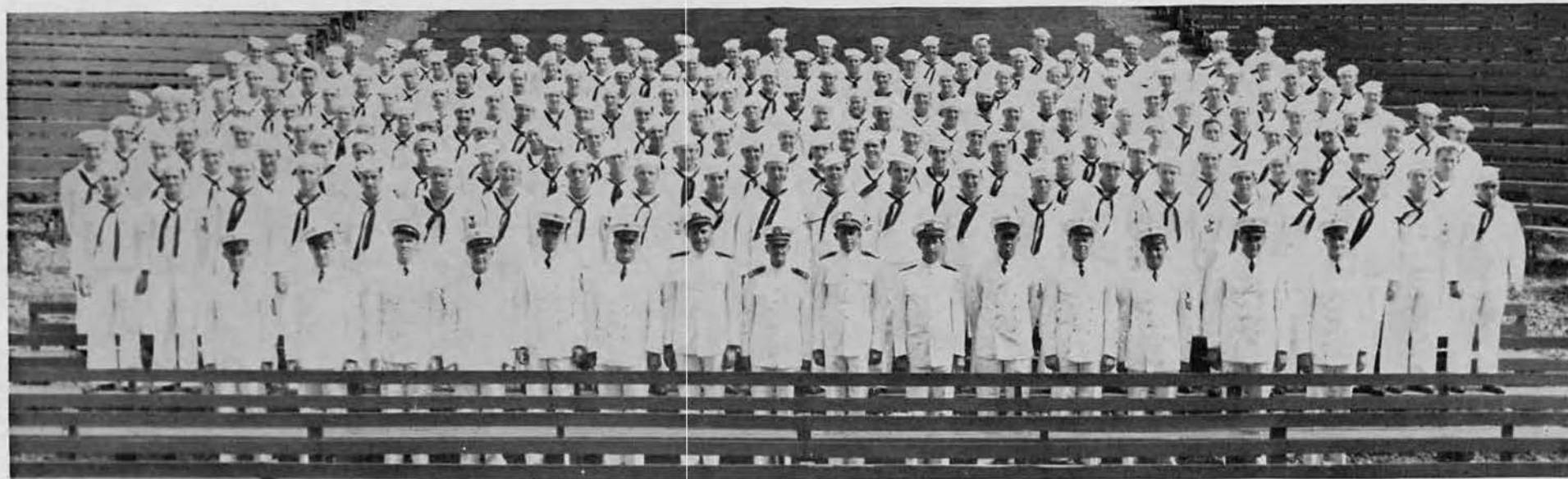
A COMPANY



B COMPANY



C COMPANY



D COMPANY

Meet the Mates of Headquarters Co.

First, let's introduce our Chief Petty Officers, or CPO's. First man on the list, alphabetically, is **Charles Blish**, the Shining Light (after taps) of the CPO hut; then there's **Glover Broughton**, Marblehead's gift to the Battalion and one of its most popular chiefs; **Harry W. Camp**, a kindly gentleman who assists in paying us off twice a month; **Marcus Eacker**, who looks like a movie actor, but we just can't remember which; **Otey B. Fortune**, with whom we've had many a chuckle; **Chester Fox**, ex-aviator and mechanical expert who keeps our equipment rolling; **Edward L. Gallant**, "Stress and Strain" we call him, a good egg and a lot of fun; **Phillip J. Hamm**, our athletic specialist, best known by his battle cry, "You're the Money!"; **Jack H. Hogue**, a veteran from way back who is proud of his Seabee son; **Henry Keyes**, our champ junior O.O.D.; **Jac La Porte**, the debonair Gallic influence from Brooklyn; **William Elam Lee**, the Philadelphia man who made chief; **Frank K. Murdock**, ex-football coach, Cornell, M. A. (Nothing to do with Master-at-Arms, dopey!) and one of the best; **Jay W. Shank**, a hand-level and eyeball artist; **William S. Stevens**, the man with the real old-fashioned walrus moustache; **Irven W. Watkins**, who has the hardest job in the Battalion, that of feeding it!; **James Welborn**, who always seems to find something amusing and last, but not least, **Clyde H. Witmyer** (this is actual spelling and not as pronounced in the CPO hut), the handsome company chief of Hdq. Co., a good leader, executive and construction man whose popularity is deserved.

Now, let's take a look at the mates. Some of them are pretty good to look at. We haven't room to do them all justice, but we'll try to give a brief description which may help you place them in the years ahead. Forgive us if we haven't hit the nail on the head every time:

PLATOON 1

Harold J. Anable, who yearns for Potsdam, N. Y., where he left his heart; **William C. Beck, Jr.**, the best-natured lad in the Battalion; **Neil S. Biting**, our friendly, intelligent corpsman who is always good company; **Claud Borcharding**, proud of his son; **Charles M. Boylston**, our literary-inclined Bosun's Mate who is one of our handiest craftsmen; **Clifford D. Brown**, the lad with the dry sense of humor; **George A. Bundy**, whose bark is worse than his bite; **Fred P. Buscietta**, or "Bosco," a lad we've always been glad to have around; **George L. Chisholm**, future mayor of Somerville, Mass.; **Carlton A. Currier**, the grinning PhM with a down-east accent; **Gerald V. Donaldson**, a pleasant, serious-minded West Virginian; **William A. Finke**, the Beau Brummel of the Battalion; **Avery M. Hampton**, our soft-spoken diving expert; **Alexander T. Hazlett**, cherubic in appearance but Herculean in strength; **Robert L. Hennesen**, the fastest man on the track and the slowest out of the sack.

Tracy D. Jones, our on-the-ball corporal of the guard; **Norvil N. Manning**, courtly, bemused, Kentuckian and one of our top PhMs; **Harold R. McDowell**, company MAA, always writing his wife; **Thomas R. McLaughlin**, so modest you'd never know he was one of our best all-around athletes; **Irving G. Murray**, a proud papa; **Zackerias A. Newby**, who expresses pleasure with a broad smile and displeasure with a loud stomp; **John H. Norton**, senior member of the Norton-Murray debating society; **Ruben M. Parra**, "Poncho," our hot tamale; **Mario Pataccoli**, "Vitaphone," whose hands are handy . . . with the basketball, we mean; **Donald C. Paydon**, a far-seeing lad deep in post-war plans; **Forrest W. Pritt**, a darned good youngster from West Virginia with a sense of humor and a knack of enjoying himself; **J. F. Prueter**, the quiet boy whose heart is wrapped up in Ohio; **Douglas C. Pyan**, "Bird Legs," a good kid from Sleepy Eye, Minn., who tries to emulate Jimmy Lynch.

Clarence I. Reynolds, who wakes the shack with his crooning; **James N. Reynolds, Jr.**, "Jimmy", one of our alert guards; **P. T. Roberts**, Island X agrees with him, but he could get along anywhere, **William H. Rumpf**, The Handsomest Man in the 117th and was he embarrassed!; **Leonard J. Sanford**, one of our hardest-working fellows with his own private upholstery shop; **Rufus D. Sewell**, a Texas rancher who has been deep in the heart of California; **Clifford E. Silliman**, the Tarentum lad who likes his sleep; **W. B. Snyder**, quiet, well-bred lad from Staunton, Va., who helped build Peary but we'll forgive him; **John F. Sweeney**, the "Mate" from Mauch Chunk and his description of how to get there; **Franklin P. Taylor**, the big leather man from Michigan; **Albert F. Trolie**, who helps keep things exciting; **Rudolph Valenti**, our own version of "The Voice"; **Lawrence Veneman**, who helps Chief Lee keep things running; **Carl G. Wagner**, good old "Gus", bless him . . . a lot of fun all the way; **Harry O. Wright**, who also has helped to make things merry; **Marlin E. Young**, the lad who married the beautiful Bay St. Louis girl.

PLATOON 2

George Adair, who can be found after the war in his tourist camp at Del Rio, Texas; **David F. Barry**, "I wanna go back to the nail factory"; **Arthur Bender**, the most industrious man in the outfit and a one-man bracelet factory; **P. L. Black**, who doesn't like double-time and we don't blame him; **Leslie H. Conklin**, reformed journalist and turf prognosticator who turned his talents to signaling and scuttlebutt; **Einar R. Danielson**, who plays a harmonica the way an angel tickles a harp; **John F. Dickey**, "Here's to a worthy cause," but no one has found out the cause; **Paul M. Falk**, our staff artist in whose work we all take great pleasure; **Wilbur M. Haas**, lean Wisconsin Engin-

eering alumnus who turned the first spadeful of earth on Island X; **Malcolm C. Hay**, "Mike," a shining light of the engineering office; **David Huber**, the broadly grinning homespun philosopher; **Scotty D. Huntington**, our handsomest corpsman; **Gilbert J. Lopez**, eventual governor of New Mexico and "Leapo" to us.

Peter F. Mattei, one of our most spontaneous spirits; **Hugh F. Reddy**, effervescent and cherubic Bostonian (lace curtain variety) who has been good for a lot of laughs; **Warren E. Reese**, a pleasant lad and an expert marksman; **Charles A. Reid**, just back from the hospital; **Gerald J. Rezack**, or "Red," the all-around athlete and stellar pitcher; **Robert E. Richards**, or "Richie," the last man in the hut to get up; **Charles E. Rickman**, the "Deacon" and his side-splitting "Massa Jordan" skits; **Robert A. Sarbacher**, who also likes to sleep; **Harry F. Schadlich**, quiet but capable and a good voice; **Herman H. Schutte**, lanky censor and authority on baseball and other topics, and the only man who can out-argue Pete Mattei; **Harold B. Shane**, serious-minded young fellow from Kentucky who has definite ideas on anything he has ideas about; **John Walter Sienkiewicz**, the musical snorer, good sport, and man of property; **Charles L. "Joe" Socha**, who is always making something; **Wilford E. Stipp**, a quiet lad we hope to know after the war; **Edward R. Sullivan**, another lace-curtainer from Somerville and how he argues with Chizzy.

Edmond J. Swanson, our on-the-ball junior dental officer; **James E. Thacker**, our champ at minding his own business; **Edward R. Thompson**, a unique red-head who doesn't talk much, but works a lot; **Howard V. Thomas**, a man who lost the baseball team, but not his sense of humor when we kidded him about it; **Floyd B. Travelstead**, all-around good guy and that covers it; **Robert James Travis**, good athlete, quiet fellow, good worker and one of the best; **Anthony Tudone**, one of our more intellectual mates who helps keep the mail moving through the Censors; **Clair G. Umberger**, another lad we've got a date with when the whistles blow; **Charley VanHoose**, "My Old Kentucky Home," whose helpfulness has endeared him to the gang; **Bennie Villa-real**, as natural a comedian as the Panda and about the same shape; **Gerald Frederick Waite**, handsome enough to make any girl's heart flutter; **Page Watson**, whose heart is set on succeeding Roosevelt in 1960 or so; **Charles F. Wilde**, who helped us write this! He's good-natured but his wit has a barb; **Harold C. Wilhelm**, champ debater with the infectious laughter; **Walter R. Williams**, our expert on transportation and another good egg; **Salvatore A. Zuccaro**, tonorial expert who makes the morning gay with his operatic renditions; **Ralph L. Jones**, "off to Buffalo," when the war is won, heading for a wedding; **James A. Josey**, our Don Juan, and a refugee from an egg-beater.

PLATOON 3

C. F. Meyer, who invites all the CB & B's to California after the war; A. G. Paul, the 10 o'clock ghost, or wooden shoes after taps; D. E. Turpen, the Katzenjammer kid; C. J. Duguay, waiting for three stars on his service ribbon; G. J. Tatem, "Creepy the Mailman"; W. D. Fields, "Mr. Hughes," the Sea-lawyer; R. D. MacEachen, paternal influence in the cook's flophouse; George Music, whose return to the Batt. we welcomed; F. R. Miller, the row-boat that sank; E. S. Stern, the man with a lot of war paint; R. Newman, the soft beverage king; D. H. Osborne, a quiet cook, a rarity; E. S. Dec, "Pedro" the very occasional "Hot from the Galley" correspondent; P. J. Huskins, the best left in the business and he needs it to run the cooks' flophouse; F. L. Potts, whose heart is in Gulfport; D. Castings, "Got a cigarette?" . . . "Now give me a light"; Nick Modarelli, Sagula's shadow.

B. Conapinski, "Red," the smiling pixie; R. E. Laverty, the pin-up boy; B. Z. Chandler, deserting Alabama for Ohio; J. J. Sagula, wanting a one-way ticket to Youngstown; M. Kachmer, "D-Day means Discharge Day"; R. L. Huntley, Dec and Sagula's only competition for beer championship; P. Keller, so good that he was made Officers' Mess chef; R. E. Cozzens, "Brother, could you spare a dime"; P. Capuzzo, the artistic baker who

decorates the cakes; J. Del Orfano, the DeMaupassant of the cooks; M. J. Coute, "I wanna go home and I mean home" (so he made a tray big enough to sail home in); C. Rutherford, "Got room for me, Coute?"; M. Zizas, ambitious and industry personified; Ngook Lim Lee, armchair strategist deluxe and expert on Pacific Geography; A. J. Chandler, B. Z.'s brother, the mystery liberty man; P. Sturgeon, the proud papa who wants to see more of his son; J. Swartzlender, the wig-wag conversationalist; J. T. Short, "Shorty Short from Buffalo, N. Y."; O. H. Anderson, one of the most popular men in the shack; F. Nicholson, "Destination Florida!"

PLATOON 4

Charles Waldo Berry, who smiles with his eyes as well as lips; William C. Bulger, the Commander's yeoman and a considerate soul; Tracy M. Collier, Chaplain's yeoman who doesn't waste energy; Richard G. Comfort, lanky Philadelphian—Island X agrees with him, too; John P. Curran, veteran cum laude of World War I and our genial postmaster in this one; W. E. Dull, "The Autograph Hound," a kindly person who scampers all over the island to get signatures on his requisitions; William E. Enslin, unofficial circulation manager of THE REVIEW and Dallas banker; Jack J. Federico, the lad with the friendly smile; Gene A. Gillespie, or "Doc," our Hdq. correspondent; Julius E.

Heck, demon radio man and genius of our communications dep't; Leonard C. Jones, the quietest of the storekeepers and a friendly fellow; Allan S. King, the yeoman with the down-east accent; Clement P. Lambert, Kankakee's gift to the Battalion and we've been glad to have him with us; Everett E. McKinnon, "Gawguh" who passed out a carload of cigars when the baby was born; Ray H. Metcalf, husky Arizona lad who seems inseparable from his fellow Arizonian, A. C. Montgomery, Jr., better known as "Ace". They're quite a team.

Shannon W. Murphy, a witty North Carolinian who ought to write musical revues; Dennis O'Kelly, who really does the work at the warehouse; Walter H. Peck, our nominee for post-war ambassador to Korea, and it's not that we want him to get far away; Dean K. Prowse, the lad with a genius for organization that ought to make him a million; Emrys F. "Whitey" Samuelson, who wants to see some action; S. B. W. Schramper, a likeable Texan, Darrell Schroeder, poet laureate of the Battalion; Henry Senber, who likes the 117th; Edgar A. Swallow, ex-Mayor of Powell, Wyoming, and another man who helps make Hdq. Co. and the 117th the kind of outfit it is; Clyde V. Swofford, the key man in the Supply Dep't who has put in plenty of long hours; Ralph Gutierrez, a bright lad who is a recent and welcome addition to Hdq.

A Company Notes By L. C. Johnson & N. R. Watson

In the process of gathering material for our annual, let us not neglect the necessary evils of our organization. Let us touch on them lightly, but not too briefly, in the order of their standing in the alphabet, thus detracting no whit from their importance, self or other-wise, to the Battalion. For the sake of posterity we give you the Company Chiefs.

O. A. "Army" Armstrong, a wood-butcher with a propensity for travel. Mechanical skill and a disregard for personal safety account for his traveling in what he fondly calls an automobile. There, gentlemen, is the proof of a sense of humor. T. P. "Freddy" Frederick, whose knowledge and skill are not limited to the twirling of a key on a chain. Lack of callouses on his hand attest to his skill in this art. A fiddler of no mean ability, he upholds the traditions of his home state. W. F. "Blackout" Gaitens, the "Blackout" originated from a certain discoloration of one keen orb, said to have come in contact with wood suspended from hinges. Our silver-tongued orator should have recourse to a more subtle explanation. E. J. "Ed" Koski, although on detail off the base, has been seen lurking in the vicinity of the CPO hut on several occasions. His platoon has a photograph of him which they gaze upon from time to time in order to remember his cherubic mien. J. M. "Joe" Leslie, poker player of high standing, is one of our "strictly on-the-ball" protean exponents of construction.

Languid in appearance he is effusive in action. E. F. "Stud" Marable, our Georgia peach, Master Electrician who is practiced at stringing a line electrically or socially. Has no cadence-counting counterpart in any military organization. Loves to swim in the altogether. R. P. "Roge" Rodgers is one of our better plumbers. Not limiting his talents to pipe work, he has delved into the mysteries of malts and hops and humor and mixed them into a happy medium. R. E. "Whitey" White, hunter of renown, whose cheerful cooperation and genteel manner, is effectively contributing to our high morale. R. F. "Chubby" Wright, our senior chief, whose wit and wisdom are challenged only by his girth. One of the big men of the Battalion, he has that jocular smile which overcomes the scruples of the volunteers like "You and you and you!"

Who's Who or Why in Platoon 1

E. S. Baker, That cellar waiting at home; C. C. Heckman, Owner of "Rusty"; T. O'Hara, Our expert diver; E. E. Petty, The quiet wood butcher; E. H. Beswick, Deep in the arms of Morpheus; Nick Simeone, "Jersey Bounce" personified; C. G. Secoy, Mississippi River pilot; J. D. Lloyd; Machine gun chatter; L. Dean, Baltimore Bell; G. Lowerts, Spud specialist; R. M. Petersen, Smiling sadist; F. Scisciani, Haunts houses; C. R. Stemler, Seven letter man; W. J. O'Brien, New York yankee; R. Deeter, "Call me early"; W. F. Gross, Hale

and hearty; J. J. Lackey, Early to bed and early (?) to rise; R. E. Preininger, Another Wm. Penn; D. Reid, Correspondence courses and corn; L. R. Shipp, Cuts cards or lumber; C. J. Rybicki, Inveterate tourist; J. M. Sullivan, Horse wrangler (nights when asleep); J. Venditti, Jap lingo specialist; A. F. Kruse, Genial critic of Proper nouns; E. Visker, Jumps at noises; E. F. Armentrout, Local early bird; H. B. Williams, Michigan minstrel; P. Bartels, Seldom bad and never mad; J. A. Whitnell, Owner of the small barrel; G. E. Couturier, The Lewiston legend; G. W. Garcia, Defender of Louisiana; J. D. Vance, Cadence counter when cadence counts.

Erstwhile Rugged Second Platoon

B. Borvansky, Salami connoisseur; J. Farkas and L. J. Schnell, Jewelry manufacturers; P. J. Panaggio, Always glad and never sad; A. A. Reichle, Will fix anything; A. T. Atkinson, L. R. Green and R. T. Grimstead, Beachcombers; J. Kissel, Collector of verse or worse; N. R. Watson, Reads; B. Williams and E. S. King, Reminiscing about Arkansas; L. Tippit, Our cheerful cherub; C. A. Glomboske and G. Goodman, Our Damon and Pythias; J. H. Weinberg, Wisful wishing; J. G. Bey, The company Mischa Auer; J. B. Searle, Trucking along from beach to beach; E. A. Granahan, Ah, for some liquid sunshine!; F. Croto, Busy as a bee; J. A. Nugent, Detests mess detail; D. E. Bell, Hates to go to bed; E. E.

Voelker, Company cut up; C. O. Davis, More Iowa cheer; E. D. Trambie, "Where's the mail?"; K. R. Schmidt, The demon welder; O. S. Blount, Transportation on call; J. C. Gathright, Soft ball pitcher deluxe; B. M. Schulberg, Our senior messman; W. L. Guin, I'll swear you didn't call me; C. T. Poeling, The other mail specialist; C. L. Nichols, Never a dull moment; W. H. Hayse, Mail every day.

Platoon Three Sidelights

S. A. Burns, The Albany philosopher; J. S. Capps, The jumping pacifist; E. J. Glish, The dignified fireman; C. C. Hardamon, The Louisiana trader in trinkets; D. E. Schuster, The quiet lad who gets around; J. F. Swender, Nurse to "Pat"; C. Veator, The head man; J. N. Young, Who laughs with a broad "a"; I. M. Kempton, Who plays the "Pipes of Pan"; H. S. Willis, Senior mascot's mascot; M. Paganello, "Mario"; S. J. Brazil, B. A. R. maestro; C. A. H. Jones, Our natural alphabet; J. C. Kasica, Our camera fiend; H. F. Koch, Leader of "Koch's Kiddies"; D. L. Pellman, "Pelican by nature"; J. S. Spero, Dodgers rooter; D. T. Waugh, Local politician; J. S. Perenchio, Veteran catcher; A. C. Harl, Early riser, if urged; E. R. Brabaw, The kings' jester; A. P. Sudberry, Photo coloring expert; R. J. Eckman, The Penn. pusher; W. C. Patterson, Our local ferry pilot; O. C. Schonert, F. C. Schwiem and L. Twardoski, The polka patriots; F. G. Michaud, "Times are hard!"; C. J. Jurczyk, Literature lover; J. Vandenburg, "Trader Horne"; F. H. Thurman, The Barlow bruiser; L. C. Johnson, Photo fanatic.

Platoon Four Whimsies

F. G. Singer and A. Sheldon, Jr., "on the beam" radio masters; G. Y. Masiko, Claims to be anti-social; L. H. Fielder, Technicality Kid; T. E. Dierks, Silent Tom; W. W. Page, Inveterate fisher-

man; L. J. Matsko, flying enthusiast; E. Tretyak, The mad Russian; J. F. Varnerin, The sad philosopher; M. R. Tuzzo, Body Beautiful; J. P. Smola, The Iowa idolizer; H. R. Shearer, Schuster's shadow; O. G. Phelps, tourist; L. C. Cline, Bridge wizard in a cloud of cigar smoke; C. T. Hoffman, disconcerting, eh, Bud?; R. M. Milliken, Kentucky Colonel; S. S. Schultz, Brooklyn boy-diplomat; J. J. Slepicka, long on literature; T. H. Chaddick, "Racial Orator"; W. H. Green, "Yeahhhh"; R. D. Hannon, "Horizontal Hannon"; J. F. Harbison, "Nipple twister", and erstwhile plumber; C. C. Jones, "Deadwood Clyde"; J. G. Maypole, "Muscles"; E. A. McLain, "Tinkerer"; H. T. Miller, I ain't a gonna do it; R. T. Mulligan, I wanta go home; A. W. Popish, Colorado Kid; A. M. Rushton, Civilian at heart; W. S. Scofield, Baseball authority; E. E. Spragg, Our chow hall representative; F. E. Stoner, Where's your mirror?; T. N. White, Jr., Miller's keeper; M. E. Willard, Sparky to us; W. E. "Baby-Face" Williams, doesn't smoke, swear or gamble.

Platitudes from Platoon Five

J. R. Cathey, R. A. Delisle and J. R. Swope, The silent trio; O. G. Bert, Never mentions Texas; H. R. Uland, Cheerful Shorty; J. J. Tomasello, Our stalwart sailor; T. A. Stevens, Full of life; G. G. Gilson, An enigmatic misogynist; J. M. Thomas, Hi sheriff; J. J. Sullivan, Silent partner of the silent trio; T. J. Pauline, H. D. Rhone and A. M. Rusinski, Fugitives from the mess hall; S. Szekely and P. J. Domalavage, Students of the light fantastic; C. A. Ley, Stirs up old bones; M. T. Russell, The silent sheriff; J. F. Ryan, The tin type terror; R. F. Vrabec, one of "our gang"; M. G. Fitzmaurice, "—but a good cigar is a smoke"; C. F. Hada, The magic mechanic; R. L. Larson, Cause of that Sweet potato dirge; W. N. Roddenberry, Florida

supporter; J. W. McNeal, The patient painter; A. E. Sieloff, The bane of the censors; J. E. Trissel, Another camera addict; E. J. White, the tireless trumpe-ter; C. M. Williams and D. R. Limppo, Practice the good neighbor policy; J. F. Enos, Why stationery was invented.

Ballew's Casino—Platoon 6

R. C. Ballew, Hey! Wait for me; J. C. Borrell, I can't get the print of the sack off my back; J. I. Bright, Take me back to the still in Kentucky; T. A. Brockman, Where does this cable go?; J. O. Castagnera (In his sleep) Hand me a block, Enos; R. E. L. Chubb, To be home early with Shirley; R. R. Conley, Boy! What I couldn't do if I were home, J. DeCesare, I just love to read after working hours; S. A. Dolan, What shall I do with the Ace of clubs?; F. F. Eslick, Take me back to Okie; A. H. Jursnick, Let's take a muster; G. J. Nugent, He went thata way, sheriff; J. W. Olsen, Gawd a' mighty; L. F. Parks, That's the last straw; L. M. Parmly, This is the life; G. C. Ralls, The stretch out kid; R. E. Rogers, Where's Elmer?; T. V. Rodriguez, The Chile con kid; M. I. Rosen, A potential home breaker-upper—the cad; D. Schripsema, Take it away, Henry; C. C. Schooling, Take me back to Frisco; G. F. Skidmore, O. K. Doc.; A. R. Skrocki, The Million Dollar Kid; J. G. Snyder, Oh! No blue ones today?; S. Spagnola, Why call me Sad Sam?; T. J. Spellman, How about a fast round?; E. L. Stabert, Dear Ann; J. F. Starr, O. K. Spellman. Bring your towel; J. B. Surdyk, Let's not get nose-y, Bub; C. C. Sutton, This is my night to howl; W. M. Thomas, No show to-night. We stripped the gears; H. Tombe, It must be jelly cause jam don't shake like that; C. J. Virtuoso, The Golden Gate in '48; A. B. Wellmuenster, Do you suppose it will be alright?

Browsing With B By Henry A. Sloane

CHIEFS

James R. Caldwell, I'll hold you for highway moper; Enea F. Terenziani, It's all right with me; Lester Gartland, What happened?; Merton F. Brown, I'll get to see the blueprints someday; Leo M. Scoggins, I still think the 117th will go to California; Samuel G. Marshall, This is going to be rough. Here's where we separate the men from the boys; Hiram G. Webb, I don't know, but according to Article six, Section two, Paragraph four it states that; Frank J. Naughton, All I know is what they told me; Franklin L. Reinhardt, I really think this will be a "good deal."

My Impressions of B-1

John Brocato, It takes two for a correspondence, "Pop", why don't you write?; Homer H. Cooper, "Ape-man" because of his love for jumping from bunk to bunk; Paul Doyville, A Missouri Mule and twice as stubborn; John G. Gage, "Agitator" is the General's right hand man except for bunk fatigue; Phillip L. Gattens, What does

Sinatra have that Phil will never accomplish?; LeRoy H. Goesel, Shakespeare's rival, loves to recite "Life Is Real" especially after taps; James L. Gray, Will do anything for the sake of an argument; John V. Hario, "Mr. Moto," velly solly, please; Milton J. Henderson, "Big Stoop" the Maine lumberman, likes this rugged life; William R. Henry, Cane-cutter from Mississippi and what a girlfriend; Joseph J. Hutchins, If talk would win the war; Lewis H. Hutchinson, "Silent Yokum" except for that guitar; Joseph F. Itzin, Charles Atlas the second. My, what muscles; Lowell W. Jackson, The tutor of Benny, but still has to do all the work; Dee H. Lawless, A loyal Texan, says the Seabees is the place for him; Vincent M. Lynn, Reminiscent, jitterbug, hot times ahead, Vince; Rudy J. Melone, Oh Boy! Another baseball game, another day off!; Abel Moreira, Lover of Harry James' music and the beautiful things in life; Karl S. Musser, Our beloved maestro and red hot bugler; Doyle D. Owen, It took a war

to bring him back to "Island X"; Arthur L. Rice, Rates one year in Seabees higher than nine in the Army.

George D. Rinehart, Chaplain's yeoman who might use some of his examples; Marlin L. Slough, "Simon Legree," who is sure Pennsylvania will win the war; Keith D. Stark, Corn-fed Iowan with the curly red whiskers; Frank E. Stewart, Favorite song "Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning"; Orien E. Taylor, "Shonuff" I'm from Mississippi, and proud of it; Harold R. Thornton, "Skinny" with the firm foundation; Paul S. Tofte, I'll tell you what I'll do. We wonder why; Lloyd J. Trout, "Mousemeat" the Sad Sack, especially after liberty; Kenneth S. VanKirk, "Stumpy" and his dog, Duke. May they never be separated; Henry J. Withrow, His talents for invention will be seen after this war is over.

Lament from B-2

Richard T. Alamong, He looks at her picture, then sits down to write, and tells of his love, 'til we turn out

the lights; Gerald O. Clark, He came in limping, with a cane in his hand. Oh Doc! Can I go back to the promised land?; William H. Crouthers, If Baseball information you desire, our statistics kid is for your hire; Robert K. Edson, He walked his post in the dark of night, A Texas Ranger a raring to fight; John A. Fenker, "A hard day at the office." He's sure to say, and we all know he didn't work today; William A. Gerdes, Meet the sheriff in his sack, whenever you look, he's on his back; Arnie P. Goans, A smiling man of Mess Hall fame, whenever you see him, he's always the same; Elijah L. Grunberg, If it's discussion you want, put on the brakes, our money's on Grummy and we'll hold the stakes; Orven E. Hall, To hear him talk, his work is rough, but do you think the sack's so tough; Anibal H. Henriques, A brand new citizen of the U.S.A., his apartment houses are paying his way; James J. Hosford, The "Little Beaver" from Boston way, He never lacks for something to say.

Helon H. Hubalek, He writes to "Bing" three times a day, we often wonder what he has to say; Thomas W. Hurn, "Brother Hurn" from the deep southland, with a friendly smile and a helping hand; William Ingram, To all inventors: Please beware, here is a man that will get in your hair; Clarence Justiss, With an M.A.A. badge upon his chest, he never gives the boys a rest; Jack L. Kingery, King Kong Kingery, his dreams are wild, during the day he's very mild; Raymond J. Lamontagne, A Scullery mate with a happy grin, he'll wash 'em up if you bring 'em in; Ronald J. Lelievre, We call him "Frenchy", he drives for supply, and he's a man on whom to rely; Ralph W. Miller, He carries a pass-key to our sick-bay, if he's not there, he's on his way; Thomas J. Payton, Tom and Muerling are birds of a feather, when they're not apart, they're always together; William W. Peeler, This is "Flat" Bill from Alabam, he uses "flat" instead of gosh; Otis H. Power, Yes, he's from Texas and if that's a crime, he's willing to return and serve his time; Lloyd W. Snowdale, This mate is an other K.P. hound, where the dishes are piled is where he's found; Laurence L. Stephen, Steve is the man with the awful yen, wonder if he'll make the Chiefies' den?; Hurshel Symmonds, Here's a swell mate to have around, I doubt if a better one could be found; Eugene F. Szymboriski, Zombies come and Zombies go, here is one you ought to know; Claud L. Taylor, He's long and slim and full of fun, he never quits 'til his day's work is done; John P. Terlecki, He chatters by night and he chatters by day, you never can tell what he's apt to say.

Carl F. Thomsen, The mail came in, apricots were there, five eighty-five was the total fare; Randolph R. Toney, Ruben is a member of the Meurling clan, there's nothing that George can't do with that man; Eugene D. Uhlig, The McKeesport flash, our squarehead mate, conventional haircuts are sometimes his fate; Walter Urbanski, From the Windy City comes "Little Square", when the work comes 'round, he's never there; William G. Vint, We call him Mabel and yet we know,

that Mabel's at home, where he wants to go; Alexander Williams, Willie and Stupid are inseparable pals, Willie likes Stupid and Stupid likes gals; James H. Williams, If you can match his stride all day, you'll be entitled to a J.G.'s pay; Laurel L. Williams, "Ace" Williams is the Decatur kid, always telling of the work he did;

It's all in fun, don't take offense, a lawsuit involves a great expense.

By Their Words Ye Shall Know Them Company B-3

Elmer L. Barkley, Come on fellows, Church starts in five minutes; Lorrle L. Burkhead, I think Adel will soon be the capitol of Iowa; Lynn L. Doud, My wife and baby are the most beautiful in B Company; Edward D. Dunning, That will be five bucks mate, don't you think it's worth it?; Kenneth R. Gorkin, I think I'll write a book; Richard W. Griffith, Why did they change my name from Bubbah to Horizontal?; Alvin G. Guidry, Oh boy; Only six more days 'til liberty; Oscar H. Harris, There'll be no more show cases in St. Louis until I get back; Arthur R. Hess, I wonder if I would feel better if I did a day's work?; Archie A. Jacobs, There must be something I can do; Stanley J. Johnson, I would rather be on the truck with George than anywhere; Dale Kennedy, I don't only have to think for myself, but for Mort too; LeRoy R. Kirk, The only man in the Battalion to find a local blonde; Henry C. Kodak, I will receive my discharge serving on the line; Arthur G. Martin, I won't go to a show till I can go with my wife; Harold McMahon, I love'm, I love'm, I love'm all, I'm going to marry 'em; Octavio Mendicola, No! I think I'll go on liberty alone, again; Richard Merrill, Just give me time, I'll catch on to all those jokes; George A. Meurling, I don't see why you fellows go on liberty. But, I guess I'll go too; Edmond F. Money, Still hollers at night trying to ride that night-mare.

Alex Morris, Just what will he make next; John F. Piotrowski, You'll think I ain't a logger? Root-te-toot-te-toot; Ira J. Pradmore, When I get back to Texas—I think that's where I'm from; Leighton L. Reimer, He just couldn't be that wild about Mass.; Francis D. Roberts, Congrats on first Seabee and sixteenth wedding anniversary; Donald T. Schmitt, Oh! For the war's end and matrimony; James A. Snider, We like his hair cuts, do you?; Theophil F. Szklar, My, my, all that noise from one man?; LeRoy T. Tomlinson, What a liberty town! I was there five hours and "Bang" I spent a dime; Harry J. VonHandorf, Boy! She sure is a grand girl to write; Harold L. Wilson, No, I don't serve 'em, I work in the scullery; A. S. Youngson, Gol Durn It, I sure wish I was home; George T. Beckman, I'll be in boys, right after lights out; Robert G. Blatzheim, Honest fellows, I didn't do it; Leon N. LeBlanc, Are you sure, young man, that that's true?; Raymond C. Marlow, I'm from Alabama, can't you tell.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS Company B-4

Onerato J. Belluzzo, Bernabel, what would you do without me?; Frank Bernabei, Scabouch, I'll meet you on the cawnah, with my hoss and team;

Ralph W. Bodine, That's what I say, I don't give a gol darn; Arthur R. Broadhurst, Men, we'll commence P.T. with the West Point Breather; James G. Brown, Boys, I'm going back to the States—when the war's over; Billy W. Deaton, Frankie Swoonatra does something to me; Ignatius J. Deleski, I've seen everything now; George H. Dougherty, Kid, look what I found in the scrap pile; Louis Dover, Lend you a buck, sure, when do I get it back?; James T. Dugan, Boy, oh boy, I'll have to work you over at noon; Frederick Grossman, Let's get tattooed or go swimming; Harvey W. Hite, Hey boys, let's sing a tear-jerker; Floyd L. Huett, Any films in town today?; Robert L. Johnson, Let's go down and get some pineapple juice; William F. Knack, You guys better not cut my sideburns; Martin G. Kuch, Have you seen the picture of my family?; Frank J. Kuta, Hey, what's the story?; Elmer H. Lange, I don't like to work under a first class man; Merl L. Langley, Mac, don't kid your Uncle Merl; Milton J. O'Rourke, What two men want to go down to the pineapple patch?

Peter C. Ott, Me feet hurt, I can't clean up this hut; Robert A. Owen, I'll have another coke; John A. Plociennik, Any of you guys seen Broady?; LeRoy J. Prejean, That's what I told 'em, they wouldn't believe me; Bernard L. Printke, Dugan, watch out, I'm gaining weight; Bert Rydberg, Yah, aye tank aye get a discharge; John S. Samples, I've been in the Seabees a year and I'm a captain. That makes us even, I reckon; Edward J. Tobin, Brother, I'm a good fellow, aren't I?; Robert H. Trowbridge, "—————" The strong silent man; Robert D. Welsh, Boy, don't give me no trouble; Everett D. Whitehead, Oh! You don't like it, eh?; Vernon N. Zimmerman, I think I'll get my head shaved again.

FAVORITE SAYINGS

Company B-5

Holdridge J. Altazin, Baton Rouge will be proud of me; Arthur W. Bishop, They do things different, up where I come from; James S. Booher, The Tennesseans are winning this war; Jay C. Chapin, I can handle myself, I'm not a child anymore; Marvin L. Dorton, "Sho Nuff" I'm from Georgia, and darn proud of it; Charles S. Flanagan, Gee, I wish I could pick some prunes in California; Samuel Gasin, Anyone want an argument?; Anton F. Gierat, Quiet boys, I had a hard day today; Marvin M. Harmon, No foolin' boys, we'll be on our way home by Christmas; Gerald W. Harrell, You-all don't appreciate the south; Russell E. Headlee, You'll have to show me, I'm from Missouri; Frank W. Hoofnagel, Sure wish I was home with my honey, now; John W. Karge, California was always good to me; Bent A. Larsen, Let's have a friendly game, for a change; Charles F. Lewis, So I took the fifty million dollars.

John H. McHale, Don't forget to call me in the morning; Gardner A. McLean, Only four letters today, what the heck is the matter?; Norman W. Merrill, Guess the Navy's in my blood, I'm from Annapolis; William E. Mills, I'm on the ball, they just don't appreciate my talent; Harry P. Minnick, I'd clean up if it was my turn; Michael E.

Mizak, Anyone got any soap? I'm fresh out; Bernard W. Murray, Hey, any one know what we have for breakfast? Milton H. Phillips, Who wants a cup of coffee before lights out?; Henry M. Rohmfeld, I'm ready to go home now, Texas was all right for me; Robert R. Roth, Peace, it's wonderful; Frederick W. Schmidt, Just call me "Smitty the Riveter" and forget Rosie; Clifton S. Scott, Let's get the boys together for a swimming party; Henry A. Sloane, Did I tell you how busy I was today? August W. Stahnke, Let's have some "aih" in here; Robert W. Street, Gee I can't wait until I get home; Robert H. Templeton, They can't do this to me much longer; James J. Tuohy, Just wait 'til I get to New York.

Gaylord A. Blahna, Don't wake me up tomorrow, I need my beauty sleep; Benoit S. Lewis, I want to go home; Kenneth S. Micek, Listen, our town has all of two hundred people in it.

COMPANY B-6

As I remember them

William H. Anglin, At last has time to catch up on his fishing; William W.

Ball, Still trying to figure a way to spend more time in his sack; George Balser, Always buying gifts to send home to his wife; R. D. Barnhart, A hard working Seabee with little time for play; Joseph F. Bebola, The "Key" man of the plumbing gang; Dewey A. Brister, Still manages to get late chow; Clyde A. Burger, Attention dice, I mean right now; Servio Corso, Boss of the warehouse crew; Jay J. Gray, Spends too much time away from his mates; David W. Hague, The hot rivet man; Eugene E. Harover, Still trying to get some closeups of the U.S.O. shows; Bernard A. Hebert, "Jeep" still shearing heads after working hours; Ralph Jensen, What a collection of valuable "junk"; Fabien J. J. Korza, Proud Papa who couldn't find cigars at the right time; Erwin J. Koziak, Doing a swell job at the B.O.Q.

Frank Lee, The song composer, still going strong; John W. Lee, Aerial artist supreme; William G. Moore, Always first in chow line; David R. "Doc" Morris, A swell guy but how he loves his sack; Naith S. Patton, A pattern of patience; William T. Richard-

son, Paces the floor nights just for practice; Claude W. Roy, Spent most of his spare time in the Chaplain's hut writing; Pasquale J. Rozzi, Never worried about anything—but his girl; William R. Ryan, So happy when relieved of guard duty; Robert E. Smith, The latest in information—direct from Reader's Digest; Joseph Stammer, Always made the most noise after taps; William R. Suschenko, The only one who can croon himself to sleep; Donald E. Ravelle, Battling mosquitoes on guard duty; John A. Garza, Always sitting at his lookout post; Roy E. Forseth, Better known as "We won't leave Gulfport before Easter"; Walter F. Snow, The five-letters-a-day kid from Mass.; Armand J. Tarsitano, Anxiously awaiting the "male", addition to his family—he hopes!; Roy M. Trane, "Hard Rock's" right hand man; Mario S. Tribune, Hillbilly from the Bronx; Mark E. Watkins, The boy who topped them all on fish tales; Edward F. Zabinski, Wants a soap box for after the war to re-organize labor; John B. Veltman, The Real Estate man.

C Chatter

By Wayne A. Hill

C Company's Fondest Memories and Favorite Sayings

Chiefs

J. M. Ponder, Don't shoot till you see the gold; W. J. Hogue, Carry me back to Illinois; F. A. Clements, Noted for his temper of steel; E. N. Seibert, A wire twister with a yen for carving; E. N. Tremblay, Of all the islands, I'll take Cat Island; M. L. Piotrowski, Ride and the world rides with you, walk and you walk alone; B. Gage, A love for higher arts—Tattooing; J. E. Edwards, Simon Legree of Company "C"; F. L. Halbin, "I changed my rate to a Bo'sn's mate. So I can . . ."

Hut 32

W. E. Hutchins, Out of High School and right in the Navy; E. J. Martin, "Come up my way sometime, and get some free beer"; M. A. Marina, Asleep . . .?; W. C. Goldberg, "I sure could do a lot of hustling back home"; R. H. Westbrook, Most fellows don't care for Mississippi, but that's where I'll be right after this "mess"; F. E. Kasbaum, "I'll never forget the time at Bogalusa, La. . ."; D. A. Deeds, Entered Camp Peary a year ago tonight; R. Heath, Best time in the Service—Boot Camp; E. A. Keys, Peary, Gulfport, the boat ride (Censored), but there's no place like California; R. E. Lane, Take me back to "Leo's" at Gulfport; H. G. Straight, Hope I am at my Home address soon; H. O. Gentert, "Not talking"; C. A. Day, "I'd like to blaze new trails in good old Wisconsin."

U. S. McCutcheon, "Hey fellows of the 117th!" In Austin, Texas, the phone number is 9414. Gimme a "buzz" any ole time. (Note!!! No long distant "collect" calls accepted); A. D. Kitta, Pennsylvania—land of black diamonds (Coal); A. Goins, "I like the

117th"—a grand gang of mates!!!; A. H. Lewandowski, Mum . . .?; W. A. Oliver, "Carry me back to old Virginia"; M. E. Kasiske, "Take me back to Iowa where the tall corn grows"; E. L. Johnson, The best week—Home on "leave" in sunny Pasadena, Calif.; W. P. Waller, Too long, too long, I've been in the "Seabees"; T. D. Hyde, "I'll know better the next time"; E. J. Hunter, The last three weeks in Gulfport—my best in the "Seabees"; S. Kliska, I'm still waiting for some of the men to get over their childishness.

Hut 33

R. E. Kail, The man just inside the door; W. H. Hux, Going aboard Ship at Norfolk, Va.; R. D. Parker, "What's at the theatre tonight?"; J. D. Bourgeois, Standing Radio Watch with the Navy aboard Ship; R. S. Currie, "No Comment"; J. H. Pebley, Approaching and entering Port; C. R. Lilly, The parade in which our Battalion was Commissioned; J. H. Thomas, Going home on my ten day leave to see my girl; W. E. Sandoe, Going through gate 2½ at Gulfport to see my wife; P. B. Borgert, Oh, for the good old days of Gulfport—and no lumber yard; K. C. Young, "What's for chow tonight?"; J. Baker, The first three days out on ship was spent in my sack; S. D. LeBios, The first time the 117th went aboard ship they got seasick. All but myself because I'm a seaman in civilian life; O. J. Gronquist, "As Chief Seibert would say, 'I get quite a buzz out of the Seabees.'"

F. I. Germ, Our trip at sea, especially going through the Panama Canal; A. G. MacLeod, Going to see Dr. Hunter, for an operation, "on vital organs"; L. W. Hall, "Texas forever and a day, one day"; A. J. Foisy, "I miss my beans, give me good old

Boston, Mass.;" L. F. Sweet, Coming through induction center—clothes issued and how they fit; A. J. Hutter, "Come up and see me sometime after the works"; L. A. Carithers, The days are long here—but better days are on the way; J. Koss, There's no place like home; H. Portney, War is serious—but we have a lot of fun; E. E. Eisemann, The thing I miss most in the Navy is civilian life; Ericson, I find state side girls much better than these Wahines; G. A. Lyman, What makes the grass grow green Granddad?; J. B. Lindsay, The good old days in Boot Camp and that first Liberty; L. R. Robbins, I shall never forget the chow here.

W. R. Williams, Five card stud with an ace in the hole; W. E. F. sher, Seeing Bob Hope looking over 40 rows; C. M. Farley, Ridge Running is better in Kentucky than on Island X; W. F. Heustess, Refighting the "Civil War" with the D. . . . Yankees after taps; C. J. Voelker, "Pebley, where's the mail"; R. P. White, Topside guard duty while the sea is angry, Strong Stomach—life line came in handy; J. D. Pryor, It hasn't happened yet!; M. Ostrinsky, I'll never forget the bull sessions after lights-out; L. D. Rogers, I'll remember the Marines working shifts to wear us out; L. R. LeGare, I have a strong stomach and a weak mind since I've been in the "Seabees"; A. J. Nichols, Home by 1950 guaranteed. See me—Satisfaction assured.

Hut 34

F. Walker, Turn those lights out; K. K. Smith, I dug a ditch—but not in Wichita; T. L. Treeza, Hot Dog—I don't care if I never die; E. M. Gunnin, I want my mama; H. P. Woodward, It can't last forever, I hope; C. J. Schultz, So they called me "stump jumper"; C. W. Wall, Repre-

senting God's Country—The Blue Ridge Mountains; C. R. Vaughan, A short circuit from Texas; F. H. Palo, Home was never like this; J. H. Blaylock, A seven before a point is my motto; W. T. Spillane, Don't forget the house mates; E. W. Farish, I ain't talking; C. R. Murphy, Tell 'em where you got it boys; J. E. Hughes, All my mates know my secrets; C. E. Herrick, Where's Skipper?; K. M. Ekborg, Where's my clothes?; P. Puglise, "Wrestling is my line, will take on all comers"; R. Williams, It's hard to choose, St. Louis or Gulfport; J. E. Harrison, I'm not going home—never?

M. W. Carter, "Florida was never like this"; M. H. Mathews, Boy if I ever get out of this; F. A. Walker, All this meat and no potatoes; L. Arneson, Just for the duration and six months; T. L. Reems, Oh, for the Florida Swamps; J. Kuzara, Don't need ten words to tell how I miss my wife; J. Palmer, Where there's a buck to be made, I'll be there; C. F. Vrbanic, Did I get my mail today?; R. E. Plourde, Keep the Dark Clouds Shining, Mates; E. Fogel, "Porkey"—the man that never stops eating; A. M. Posch, It's not "What" you know, it's "Who"; G. W. Tripp, There are games when I can't make a dime; H. J. Johnson, All this and Heaven too!; H. H. Sewell, I may be an old man, but I'll stay with any of them; J. T. Toucheloshkie, When Mickey needs a tamper, I'll be there; P. E. McQuillan, You're only as young as you feel; J. J. Singleton, Best of luck, mates. God Bless you all. "J. J."

C. S. Phillips, "Hey Moe," "Hey Moe"; A. Dennis, Every little bit added to what you've got makes a little more; J. Mickatavage, Three days—Can you imagine that; J. V. Larene, I've made a million—Not money, but friends; J. H. Yarina, We've worked, We'll fight, Finish, then home; F. R. Plusquellic, A whistle and spark, what lark in park; R. E. Ball, I know you got me beat, but you'll have to call me; E. B. Mather, Good, Better, Best; Never let it rest 'Til your Good is Better and your Better, BEST!; C. J. Grace, Boy, I had a shut-out. I did it; W. R. Myers, We may not be the "Bees" that make the honey, but no one gets stung in our Bee Hive.

Hut 35

G. M. Butler, (Censored) might be wonderful, but take me back to the Colorado Rockies; M. R. Sabat, The 117th—mixture of Rebels and Yankees—Rubes and City Slickers. Like hamburger a little bit of everything; P. A. Peterson, The best fellows you'll ever meet are in the 117th; J. E. Wise, Just waiting for them to play "California Here I Come"; S. F. Vogelsang, The tomato Busting alarm clock; W. D. Welch, A swell bunch of fellows, and an orchid to my pal from Mississippi. "Cotton Picker Savarese"; C. D. Satterlee, Best of luck to all, and take me back to the good old times in Osage, Wyoming; J. J. Savarese, "The Cotton Picker" I hope we're all back by Xmas picking cotton; T. J. Cormier, I dream of Home Sweet Home with my sweet Danny in East Douglas, Mass.; R. L. Morrison, I've enjoyed the past year and I'm sure its memories will help

me to enjoy the future; J. M. Lally, You'd never meet a better gang, and good fellows to have around.

G. M. Lundberg, Always remember me as "Lindy the (Censored) Kid" when you get old and gray; V. N. McCormack, I'll never forget the feud of Bergen and Sheriff Walker; H. P. Lester, Waiting for the day, I can enjoy some good old "Tennessee corn"; D. E. Young, Slumberland and the bed time stories after taps; W. J. Hollis, What we need are more emergency leaves; R. T. Lambert, the grass is not always greener in the back yard. Take me back to good old Mass.; J. P. Lee, In my book the Yankees and many friends are O. K. I wouldn't trade them for anything, but the state of Texas; E. A. Robillard, The envy of the common Navy and Army are the "Seabees". I'm proud of being a part of them; W. L. Gavin, Best Battalion out of Peary. God Bless it and bring it back in its entirety; P. O. Harmon, Just "P. O." to my friends, and the best of luck to a good M. A. A.; R. E. Davis, I could use the nuggets we divers found on the "Old Fort Mass." off the coast of Miss.; E. V. Thomas, When you're in Indiana drop in. The Welcome mat will always be out; D. F. Fischer, I want some of the old Pittsburgh smoke.



J. J. Di Gangi, I'd sure love to lean against that tree in Brooklyn; R. E. Pond, Cheer up fellows—the war will be over in three more years! ! ! W. A. Hill, My happiest day, when I sail through the Golden Gate; W. G. Broyles, The best is none to good for the 117th; W. V. Castagna, Good Luck mates—now and always; F. J. Barletto, I'm always thinking of my Darling "May"; J. B. McKay, I would like to build a levee on the Mississippi River again; H. W. Eastman, Remember the battle at Gulfport and the S. P.'s; L. R. Mulrean, Maybe those fellows who yelled, "You'll be sorry" had something there; L. A. Giuricich (censored) makes you realize Hut thirty-five isn't so bad after all; J. A. Nugent, I never knew Malden was so wonderful; J. A. Nyquist, Give me the keys to San Francisco, the city that knows how.

J. E. Duncan, If the sheriff isn't waiting for me when I get home, a sweet little girl is; C. L. Madsen, That fox hole stuff was just a gag; S. S. Grim, Hope I'll see my mother and girl very soon; R. L. Tanner, Give me that sweet little discharge. Yes, sir!; O. E. Archer, Home Sweet Home. That's me—"the Alabama Kid"; V. T. Morrow, A swell gang of fellows, even if they give me h-- for turning out the lights in "Slumberland"; L. E. Root, I want to travel—HOME; J. B. Easley, Can't wait to see those Smokey Moun-

tains again; E. R. Parker, Just let me find a blonde; F. B. Watson, I wonder how many suits of whites I have pressed for the boys; W. L. Garner, The old 117th on the ball—it's Bulldogs they are—God Bless them all.

Hut 42

C. L. Ellis, Says "Seabees" are fine, but would rather be with his Ginny at home; D. F. Lane, "Seabees" are fine, but take me back to my boots and saddle; R. C. Patino, "Seabees" are a working outfit—wrong outfit for me; D. E. Eller, My conscience isn't my guide; R. J. Waldron, My heart stood still when I boarded the transport; F. A. Estock, The night spent with the S. P.'s in Gulfport was the best time I had in the service; J. M. Wilson, Remembering the "strain and strife" of the 117th Garage; J. C. Pearce, Remembering those loveable days on K. P. ! ! ! ; B. A. Talkington, What he thinks of the "Seabees"—(Censored); V. T. Phelps, Take me back to Texas; E. Pacek, Oh well, I always did want to see the (Censored) Islands; A. J. Pensch, Wants to be a Traveling Salesman—the kind the jokes are about; L. J. Duncan (Censored) isn't what the Movies say it is; I. E. Osburn, Always looking for a piece of paper—Discharge paper.

Hut 43

J. Sousa, I want to go home; F. R. Grady, Wish I was home; O. J. Kratch, Let's get back home; P. P. Lissa, I've always wanted to see (Censored)—well, now I've seen it!—Nothing much, eh! A. O. Larson, What is there to say after I say I'm sorry; C. C. Lee, I've nothing to say; E. V. Riley, At last my name is in the Battalion paper; J. D. Hammond, To hell with the Japs—let's get it over; E. W. Wargowsky, There's no place like home—let's go.

Messmen

J. F. Peter, Cheer up Mac. The beginning of the end is near; F. H. Yee, Don't like whiskey—Don't like beer. But I never disagree; J. L. Gregory, "Seabees" best outfit serving Uncle Sam—always first on any job; W. R. Hallmark, Just marking time waiting for the day to blast the Japs; A. L. Harris, When this "mess" is over, you'll find me in good old San Diego; W. J. Kittley, I'm still waiting for the day for a swim in one of those lakes; J. M. Welsh, The town is good and so is the swimming, but Oh how I long for those Pittsburgh women; H. C. Long, Wish this was was over—give me good old Brooklyn; O. B. Olsen, A working "bum" from Brooklyn—and proud of it; A. H. Fantini, This life isn't bad—but brother there's no place like home; C. J. Fatula, Some like Texas and some Caroline, but I'll take Pennsylvania any time; A. Grech, I like the outfit, mates and all. Let's fight together and get home; L. J. Myers, I wasn't a wolf when I left, but wait until I come back—Girls, beware! ! ! ; C. Padla, I'll always remember that Kleenex deal (So will we, pal); J. Padula, I may have been small when I came in, but be-gad look at me now; B. G. Satterwhite, Deliver me to those Hills of Tennessee; R. R. Jones, I like the grub, I don't like drilling. Heading home will sure be thrilling.

D Diggings

By Barney O'Donnell

THE CHIEFS

Elvin Bradshaw, we hope you're feeling fine and back with us soon; Angelo DeRoia, the Timber from Oregon; Everett Getten, the "on-the-ball" man from Minnesota; Tom Howington, a true Southern gentleman from South Carolina; W. C. "Hutch" Hutchinson, the cadence king of Co. D, and a swell guy; Chester Leppert, Hey, Jake, we'll meet you at the Embassy; Ivo Miller, "I'm from Alabama, don't get me mixed up"; Robert E. Murray, the "Smiling Irishman from San Jose"; John Rohatsch, though we call him "Bullwhip" he has a heart of gold; Jack A. Scott, now starring "The Equator-Crossing Man," or "The Barber's Nightmare"; Earle Kincaide, the Two-Gun Cowboy from Now-Whata place, Oklahoma.

BY THEIR WORDS AND DEEDS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

ALCATRAZ HAVEN OR E-31

Melvin Lee, "Well, by Gosh, I'll try it once more or go to sick bay"; Tilly Gerber, "Who's got a pinch of snuff?"; Bob Lockhart, "Transportation leaves now, in two minutes, soon"; Joe Dutton, "Now when I was in Nicaragua . . ."; Herbie Fry, "I'll stomp him to the ground"; John Valerio, "I gotta write a letter"; Henry Wilson, Showers' Shadow; Art Showers, Wilson's Vice Versa; Bob Coe, "Very definitely—Ahem—could be, oh yes, by all means"; Lloyd Mether—"Let's go to Richardson's, Ernie"; Piggy Smith, "Who the heck was on my bunk"; Mal Malenfant, "No use standing, I'm working nights, might as well sleep"; Stinkey Davis, Bring me some coffee; Cy Piazza, "Hey, ya know, hey"; Jim Farnum, "Want to get decked?"; Clarence Good, Red Hill's Junkman; Paul Tomilson, The "Head" clarinet player, Tommy Dorsey's shadow.

Deacon Foster, Dusts his clothes with a paint brush; Jake Hynal, "I know a place better, and cheaper"; Tubby Lush, "Let's eat, let's eat, let's eat again"; Tex Daniels "What no pay again"; "Barney" O'Donnell, "No harm meant, I just wanted to fill the column."

MISERY HALL or HUT-37

Al Geddes, Always calm in the middle of the storm; Angus Garrett, Florida's gift to the Seabees, and a good one too; Les Brooks, The "After-lights-out Orator," and authority on machines; Bob Fikar, The camera hound from Chi; H. L. Yates, "Don't lose the blue-prints for that dream house"; R. C. Gilchrist, The fugitive from the Buzz-Saw; Jim Murphy, "Who cares, it was lots of fun"; Bob Reid, The shine-up kid. Ask Chief Lee; Georgie Strapp, "The only thing moved was my mouth. I wasn't scared"; Bob Stone, "I gotta see Spencer first. Where oh where is he"; Bill Broderick, Philly's (West) gift to the silent sippers. Keep it iced; Odell Hicks, A rarity indeed. A quiet man from Texas; Joe Trendt, "Why don't you like plumbing?"; Jim

Pappas, The Akron Oh-hi-ho Tire'd Man; Bob Merschman, The clerk who "clicks" with the boys; Nick Catino, Joisey just ain't got no Swamps, has it "Nick"; Lou Grieco, "Now in Astoria they would do it like this"; Ken Graulich, The Casanova of Gulfport, or the Barrymore of (CENSORED) Beach; Phil Lunt, The Speed Demon?? Why hurry anyway?

Bob Patterson, I wish our town was in the big league, (Brooklyn, Mich.); Al Hirsch, Old high-pockets from Cal. Paramount please take note; Don Andrew, What you gonna teach in St. Louie?; Olaf Hammerstrom, One Swede who really got ahead; F. J. Arnold, A one man ball team?? M. D. Judd, Just a silent man who does his job; Al Noble, Vas you efer in Zinninati, Buck's shadow; Ed Buck, Some time I'll try liberty with Noble; Max Solaro, The "Two-Gun Sheriff" from Kaleyforney (Grass Valley); Tex Ahrens, The only Seabee with a sergeant's rate. Our "Star" pitcher; John Hartley, Look out boys, from experience, he might swim back home; Harry Perkins, Work? Nup. Me and "Big Sandy" is gonna raise chickens; Clyde Ashcroft, Now you see, Internal Combustion is . . . uh . . . ah A'hem; George Page, The fighting "Oakie" from Nevada; Dick Burrell, Swing that boom, lower that boom. Boom, Boom; Kit Carson, The Midnite Gabber, or who set-em up for who?

C. A. Smith, Please put the radio under my arm, I'm too sick; Arnold Brugge, We'll be looking for those dizzy spells anytime now; Ancil Williams, Let's go fishing, I'll dig the worms—maties; Paul Welsh, The ACE HIGH kid, that keeps a STRAIGHT face; Rod Stadin, The Cow-hide Cobbler, who needs a lot of rest; M. G. Schimelpfenig, The successor to "Jimmy Durante" or who NOSE what? Ed McGrath, In his heart, there's quite a bit of ERIN; Al O'Brien, Any old rags, any old bones, any old iron today?; Vic Harris, Just a "YANK" from Kentucky; Tom Martin, A "LIMEY" from IRELAND—"GOD SAVE THE KING"; Nine-Block Nier, Gimme a smoke, mine's in the locker. When's payday?; Everett Bouldry, Meet us at the U.S.O.; Henry Graf, Let me take your photograph. Always smiling; Nick Grandone, If we make it Henry, we won't hafta buy it; Len Greenspon, The fugitive from the Chow Hall.

Hut E-38—Better Known as

DUFFY'S TAVERN

Hersch Emerson, The little man from Alabama!; Marston Bennett, Welcome to the 117th; Marty Zangrille, Pittsboig isn't doity—it SOOTS me; Jake Orr, River St. Charlie; Johnny Gayhart, Ah, Biloxi, AH, ME; Pee Wee Heatherington, Boy, can she jitterbug!; Ernie Gillespie, How does it look back home?; Ed Holmes, What, I gotta change stripes again?; Archie Kalefsky, At least, I could get Seaman Foist; Red Santosuosso, Oh I might get married someday, after

the war; Bill Streeter, Be careful what I say? O.K., Francis Burton; Carl Keller, Yes, what? Oh yes, St. Louis; Austin Larrabee, Now, me lad, watch the CANUCKS take them; "Silent" Larsen, If I don't holler nobody listens; Arnie Manke, O.K., Mac, I'll sweep up tomorrow; Mac McLellan, Yeah, like heck, I always do it. Sure I'm a Democrat; Andy Lakatos, They can't put me on K.P.—I mean Messcook; Johnny Mohr, I been mixing paint for twenty years, so what?; George Riggs, Too much light, out of focus. Who said crap-game?; Al Tomle, Who cares about a re-rate? My wife loves me; Dick Stupay, Anything's better than messman; Bill Carr, Hey Bill, are you that quiet at home?; N. L. Stanley, They make the same thing in Kalamazoo; Jim Sisson, A real early bird. What's for the chow, Jim?; Vic Sitnick, So I'm leading the league. Batting is me specialty; Bill Hayden, Don't believe him; Bill Green, Why don't you mates go to sleep?; Tom Purcell, Did I ever tell you about Calcutta?; Will Gonzales, Likes art, likes music and a likable guy.

Tom Chumbley, How about some more of those poems; Bob McCulley, The Ironman from the South; R. "Teddy" Davis, Just a (well-rested) veteran of World War number two; "Wiggle" Wagle, Who talks in his sleep; Morrie Hipp, Where's the game? I feel lucky; Jim Hoover, Don't worry little guy, you'll make Chiefy bye and bye; Ed Chapman, The family man par excellence; Scott Stanley, Just a great big smile—no talkie; D. W. Russell, Welcome mate, we can use you; George Goodliffe, What goes up, must come down, especially Brooklyn; J. W. Barnes, We hope you like us; Carl Lundin, I Tank I go back to Sveden, sum tam; "Blackie" Marsh, Tennessee's gift to the gift shops; Jim Brothers, The bearded Kube King. "Double four dice, please"; O. T. C. Wilson, Our smiling rolle-pollie; Jack Gresham, Who's going on liberty?; "Norm" Denby, The California Kut-up; Albert J. Kern, The Kane King from KOONESS, LOO-ZE-ANNA; Roland Rodrigue, The boy with the Pepsodent smile; John Sluckis, The Impresario of the Squawk Box. Yah Volt; Serce Etheridge, The heavy equipment man and no Bull-dozer; Charlie Schwab, "Now Starring" THE MIRACLE MACHINIST or KEEP THOSE SHAPERS SHAPING; Tex Scrivner, Show me a man whose satisfied and I'll etc, etc.

DEW DROP INN or E-36

Truman Casson, Chiefs come and go, but I'm first class forever; Willie Webb, I ain't a going to argue, but I'll still take Mississippi; Bob Lemoine, The Houston Flash, with a Noo Awleans accent; Al Lander, The Common man's Rembrandt, with lots of local color; Pat Patterson, The "Great Impersonator." But who—Stalin or Colonna?; "Russ" Chaney, The "Liberty Hounds' Terror," or the "Gum-shoe" from Georgia; Claude Irwin, I can do it Chiefy, I'm an old

military man; Ernie Vajgrt, Hey Mal, ya gonna get any beer today? Where's Lloyd?; Johnny Wasilk, Wait till I get back to Minneapolis—Wow!; Willie Winger, Chicago's Loop King, the "Baron of GROGVILLE"; Jack Currier, The "Prince of Thrills," or the photographer's dream; Ralph Thompson, The switchboard male with the voice that won't fail; Georgie Stuart, The short circuit's friend, and volt happy too; Jim Gilzean, A "TWO" or "THREE" spells "WOE" to me; Chas. Buck, "Reach the Sick-Bay in time, saves piling the PINE; Joe Urbano, The Hog calling, Hod carrier, from UPYA; Ben Boyd, A smoothie at the old "Shell Game," let's string one; Joe Mannes, A Manhattan Edition (addition) of Brownie Wilson; Miles Gladhill, Crank-case Charlie, can you grind my valves?; Leroy Wilson, St. Louis has the "BROWNIES", we have Oregon's Wilson; Cliff Benner, The "Charlie McCarthy" of the carpenter shop, Maine's only DEMOCRAT; Al Bourque, The "DEACON'S" always seekin'—another re-rate slip; Harold Drews, The hobby-lobby man from San Pedro; Max Kozak, Make me one "Gus" I'll supply the findings; Stud Porter, Here's hoping you strike oil in Old Oklahoma.

Clay Albright, The "Speed King" from Ide-hoe. The old "Tractor-Doc-

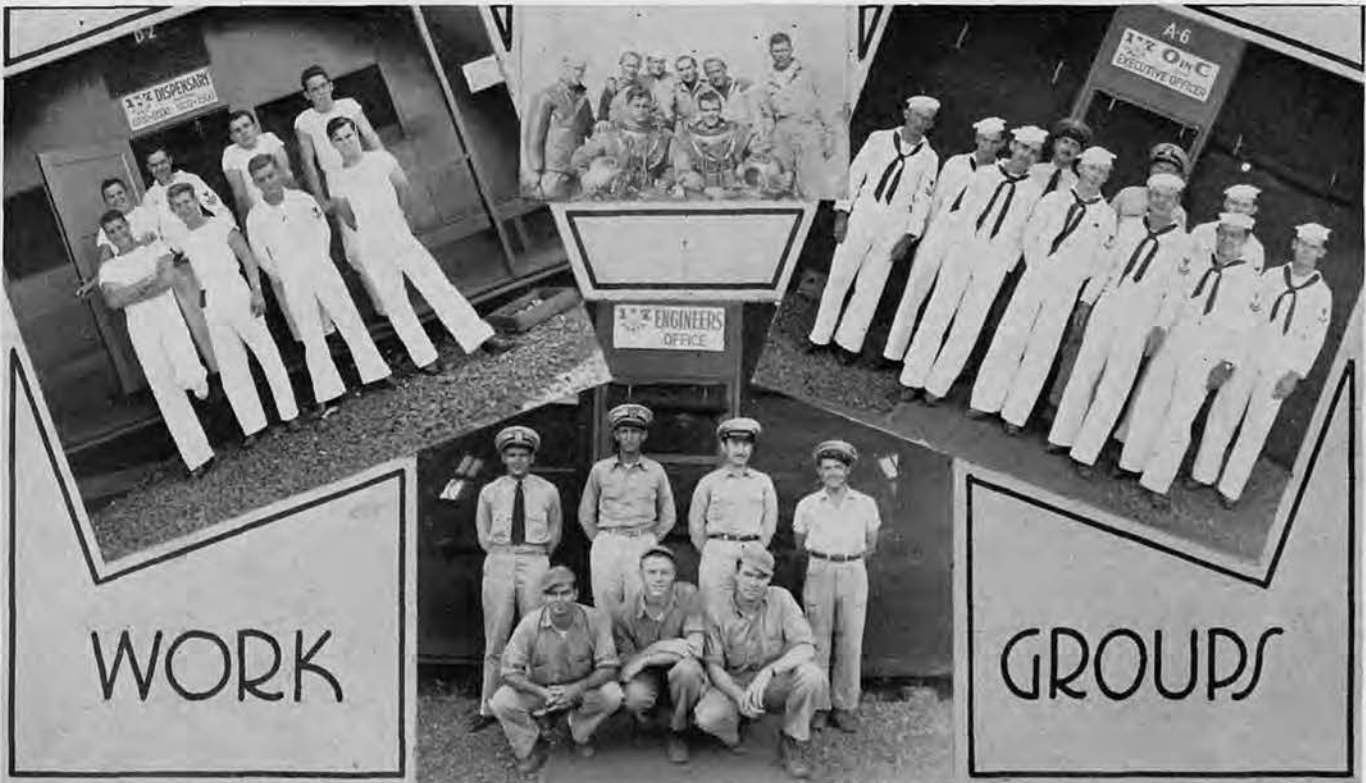
tor" himself; Andy Tesseyman, Yeh-yeh, yeh-yeh, I might get it next month; Don Green, Wisconsin's quiet man, until the brew arrives; Cyril Butz, We hope you're feeling fine; Win Spencer, I will if Stoney goes. Where is Stoney?; Dewey Burrous, Smiling all the time. Ipana, Colgate—take notice; Pete Giacomoni, I'll press 'em for you, Chiefy; John Gilhooly, Manhattan's Latin Lover; Carl Cliff, Our unforgettable Singing Troubador; Claude Herren, All Volts and no amps will never light those Edison lamps; Jack Hansen, The Blond Adonis of Company D; Mike Michiels, The wedding was swell. We're not over it, either!; Russ Parker, Did you ever see an X-Ray walking?; Barney Hanratty, The kid is now a man, via the Seabees; Walt Price, When I get near beer, I get near-sighted; Bonnie Baker, A hazard (?) from Hazzard, Kentucky; Erik Rasmussen, A Seabee Chippendale; George Shrader, Wake me up when it's over, my feet hurt; Tony Starczewski, Just a quiet guy from Utica, N. Y.; Floyd Lippert, The horizontal champ of Company D; Nello Lenard, A true son of the SOUTH, and Mississippi's loyal rooster; Hugh Phillips, In that Greyhound uniform, you'll hafta shave that beard; Paul Radziewicz, Shamokin should never forget you, cause you don't forget

Shamokin; Lyman Johnson, All I ever see is twelves.

Russ Corea, The WONDER MAN—he wonders, we wonder too; Henry Foerster, Stay away from Pimlico, it's too fast for you; Howard Coay, Do the lights still go out on Springfield time??; Harold Knapp, There's no place like NEE-BRASKEY; Ed Satt, We will always remember Ed; Jean Wakefield, Glad to have you back; Don Grant, O.K. Silver-top, we'll be seeing you; Frank Walbridge, Good luck to you, fellow.

THE EARLY RISERS ASS'N.

S. J. Gianni, The student of German and calculus; G. W. Graham, The man from Oklahoma and proud of it; A. Igneri, It's time for the show; M. J. Soja, The Mobile Unit Kid; H. E. Kidder, You said you didn't care what I wrote; R. P. Dick, Champion of his native state, California; L. H. Flurie, The pipe collector; F. Gebert, It's a great life; W. T. Goodlett, Look out, now, I've got Tofte's hat; D. F. Tegman, Take me back to Tulsa, I want to get married; E. A. Shatto, King of the Sack; A. B. Leach, The Kelso Kid; J. J. Konopka, Hartford's gift to the women; V. J. Wormwood, Just call me lucky; W. C. Holt, The Battalion wouldn't be the same without "Hooker"; A. C. Rogal, Quote "I want my mamma" unquote.



Top Row: Left—Corpsmen
Center—Divers
Right—Yeomen

Center: Engineers

Bottom: Cooks & Bakers

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Welcome to the 117th

We welcome to the ranks of the Battalion the following men who joined the 117th just as the REVIEW was going to press. Many of them are veterans of earlier Seabee Battalions and already have seen service in the Aleutians.

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SPORTS---Continued

Basketball

Over on the basketball floor we find another Bulldog team showing their stuff. Under the able coaching of Chief Specialist Hamm, the basketball team is coming to be a major threat in the Seabee Summer Basketball League. The boys got off to a shaky start due to the short time they had to get organized, but are now showing their ability by winning four of their last five games for a record of six wins and four losses as this goes to press. The quintet showed beautiful ball handling, but were lacking the scoring punch. Now that they have their eye on the hoop they are going to town.

Coaching: Chief "You're the Money" Hamm has nine years' experience as a head coach and a Physical Education teacher in several High Schools in Alabama and also has instructed in the Navy's Physical Fitness classes at Norfolk, Va. and Newport, R. I.

Guards: Joe Belluzzo, acting captain and spark of the defense and a good ball passer who sticks to set-up shots. Clair Stemler, a smooth man both on defensive and offensive play and is a good feeder for set-ups.

Center: "Old Man" Broadhurst who keeps up well with the younger and fast opponents. Broady is a very good ball handler and has a few tricks shots that fool the best of them. Spelling Broadhurst at center is Red Rezack who does mighty well and can be used in other positions in case of injury or for relief.

Forwards: Pat Pataccoli who, fresh out of school, is feeling his oats and has been hitting the hoop for his share of the scoring honors. His speed and stamina have given many an opposing player a bad time. With Pat is Lt. (jg) Edison. "Speed" is a lanky sharpshooter who has shown in the last few games that his height and unique shots will give the Bulldogs more scoring boosts in future games.

Giving the first string a good run for their positions and doing a grand job in relieving men are Ensign Lyon and Wormwood. These two are all around players and can handle the ball and shoot as well as the rest. Newcomers to the squad and able substitutes are Tretyak, Valenti, Hennesen, Montgomery, Chandler, Swartzlander and Silliman. With a little more practice, and these subs to call on, the Bulldogs will soon have a quintet that will be hard to beat.

Thanks to L. C. Johnson for the assistance with this basketball article.

Total Scoring:

Name	fg	ft	pf	tp	ftm
Edison	25	10	12	60	9
Pataccoli	24	10	7	58	7
Broadhurst	19	11	2	49	3
Belluzzo	22	7	10	49	1
Rezack	16	10	4	42	1
Stemler	17	5	5	39	7
Wormwood	7	1	5	15	1
Lyon	5	1	6	11	1
Montgomery	0	2	1	2	0
Chandler	1	0	0	2	0
Silliman	1	0	0	2	0
Tretyak	1	0	2	2	2
Valenti	0	1	0	1	2
Swartzlander	0	1	1	1	1
Hennesen	0	0	0	0	0

Boxing

Bouncing around in the ring world we find that our men have also done themselves proud in another field of sports. Out of four men that entered the All Seabee Boxing Tournament, two of our boys went all the way to the finals before being eliminated in a couple of fast and furious bouts. Both men lost by very close decisions.

Trainers: "Pop" Grimstead, who has handled a stable of fine boxing material and has done a fine job of making Rodriguez the fine boxer he is. Frank Bernabei, has done quite a bit of semi-pro boxing and has a knack for rounding out sluggers.

Manager: P. J. Huskins, more of a wrestler by trade but a man who claims he has the best left in the business.

Lightweight: "Wildcat" Dougherty who has seen a lot of action in the amateur brackets. Can box or slug it out depending on the opponent and was one of the two that went to the finals in the Seabee tournament. Dougherty has appeared in other all-service affairs and has made a good showing in all of them.

Flyweight: "Chico" Rodriguez, who has come up under the watchful eye of "Pop" Grimstead. Chico also got up to the Finals in the Seabee Tournament. He won the flyweight championship back in Gulfport, to make us plenty proud of him also.

Lightheavy weight: J. T. Dugan, a slugger from the word go, has no previous experience in the ring, but has the punch and stamina to take anything served up to him and hand it right back.

Welterweight: Frank Kuta, like Dugan is a slugger with no previous experience, but can give and take as well as the next. Kuta and Dugan have provided the men in the Battalion with plenty of recreation in smoker bouts.

It is a shame that facilities can't be set up for more boxing, as many of the men would enjoy getting up and sparring a few rounds and a great many more would enjoy watching the show. However, as I said before it is difficult mainly because of the time element and also because of the lack of materials. As it stands now we are putting most of our time and material into winning this main event.

IMMORTAL LINES

"You'll be sorry!"

"Anybody from Brooklyn?"

"You have exactly three minutes to put your clothes in the box."

"We do not stencil your soap."

"End of the line, Mac."

"On the ball!"

"Knock it off!"

"Hit the deck!"

"Fall out for P. T."

"Take a deep breath . . . Hold it!"

"Heave out and lash up!"

Service Memories

(This and the following page are yours. You may write a story about yourself, annotate any story we've written, collect autographs, draw pictures, attach photographs or anything you desire. Maybe we should warn you that if you write on these pages it will cost more to mail the book, but, after all, this is the Millionaire Battalion.)

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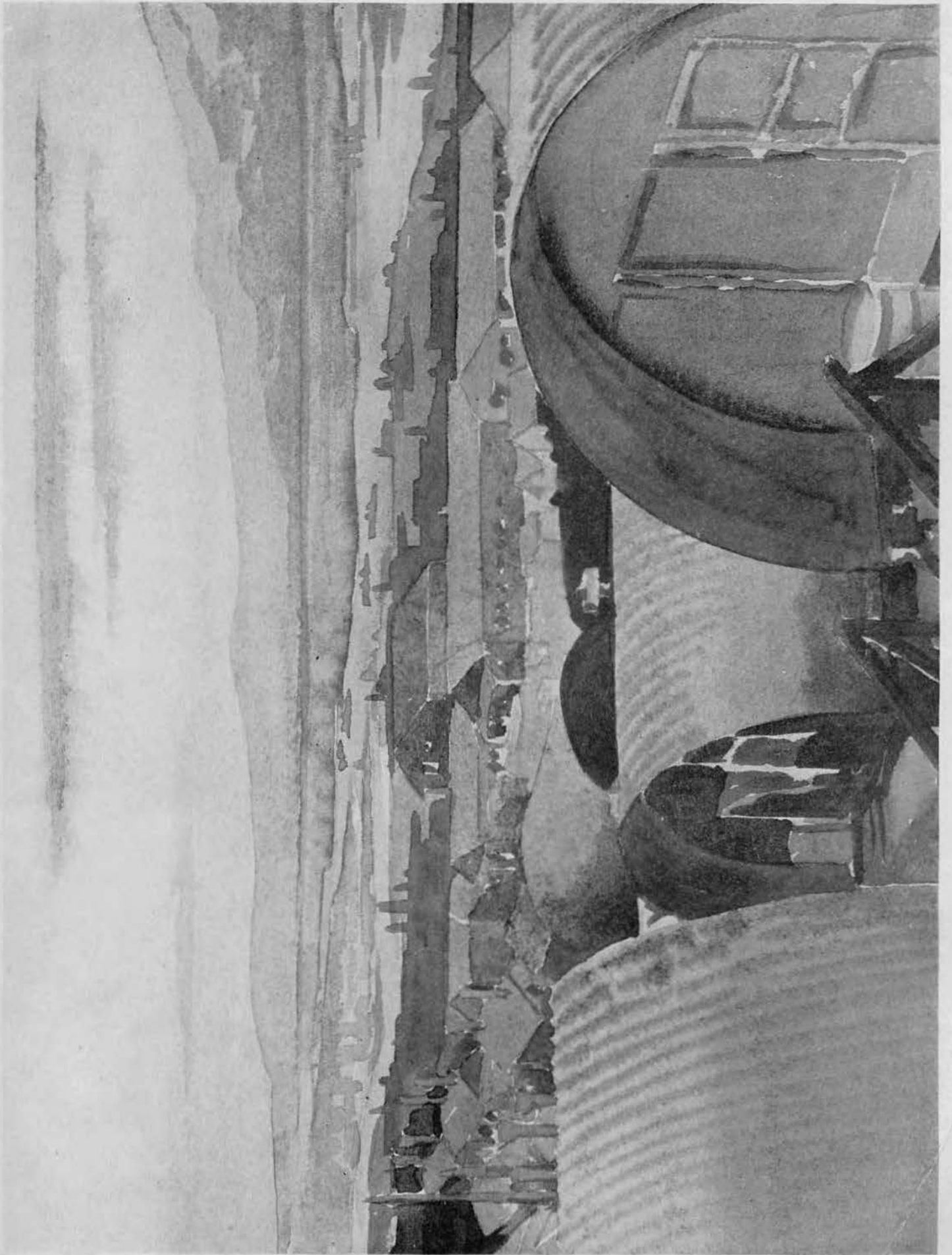
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 J. J. Hutchins, M1c; J. A. Snider, GM1c

STAFF NOTES

C. W. O. LARRY T. BROOKS was appointed to govern the policy and to serve in the capacity of "faculty advisor" for THE REVIEW but soon was pounding a typewriter with the rest of the staff. He also served as business and production manager of this Anniversary Issue . . . PAUL M. FALK is an architectural designer. Prior to entering the service he was with the Inspection Board of the United Kingdom of Canada, in charge of the Artillery Ammunition Drawing Office . . . GEORGE L. RIGGS is a skilled movie cameraman as well as a still photographer and has taken a number of colored movies on Island X . . . JOSEPH DeCESARE travelled the Eastern seaboard as a journeyman printer until he married and settled down five years ago. He's been a typographer for sixteen years . . . RICHARD J. TOBIN began as a "printer's devil" sixteen years ago and until recently was with THE LAWYERS PRESS. His wife is a first lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps . . . N. R. WATSON is an unmistakable Bostonian, a literary purist, an incorrigible punster and a shipfitter who prepared for his craft at Darmouth, of all places . . . C. A. H. JONES is another veteran printer, now on leave from the composing room of THE N. Y. POST . . . WAYNE A. HILL, alias "Hill the Hilarious", sold tobacco and wines and built ships for Henry Kaiser before joining the Seabees . . . BARNEY O'DONNELL is a former football player and star salesman who has contributed many innovations, including the home front memoranda and "Verse or Worse" in his column in the weekly REVIEW . . . HENRY A. SLOANE worked for Pierce-Arrow, Consolidated Aircraft and Curtiss-Wright before becoming the Boswell of Co. B . . . RUDY MELONE, our sports editor, has worked for a foundry, optical company and a shipyard . . . WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS formerly was employed by Goodrich and other Akron firms in their printing departments . . . L. C. JOHNSON's career embraces an Iowa farm and several Illinois plants. He has been covering Co. A and the basketball team and taking an active part in both . . . HENRY SENBER is a temporarily retired theatrical press agent (in chronological order, for Orson Welles, Tallulah Bankhead, Ethel Barrymore and Katharine Cornell) who says the Seabees are putting on the best show he's ever seen.

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