





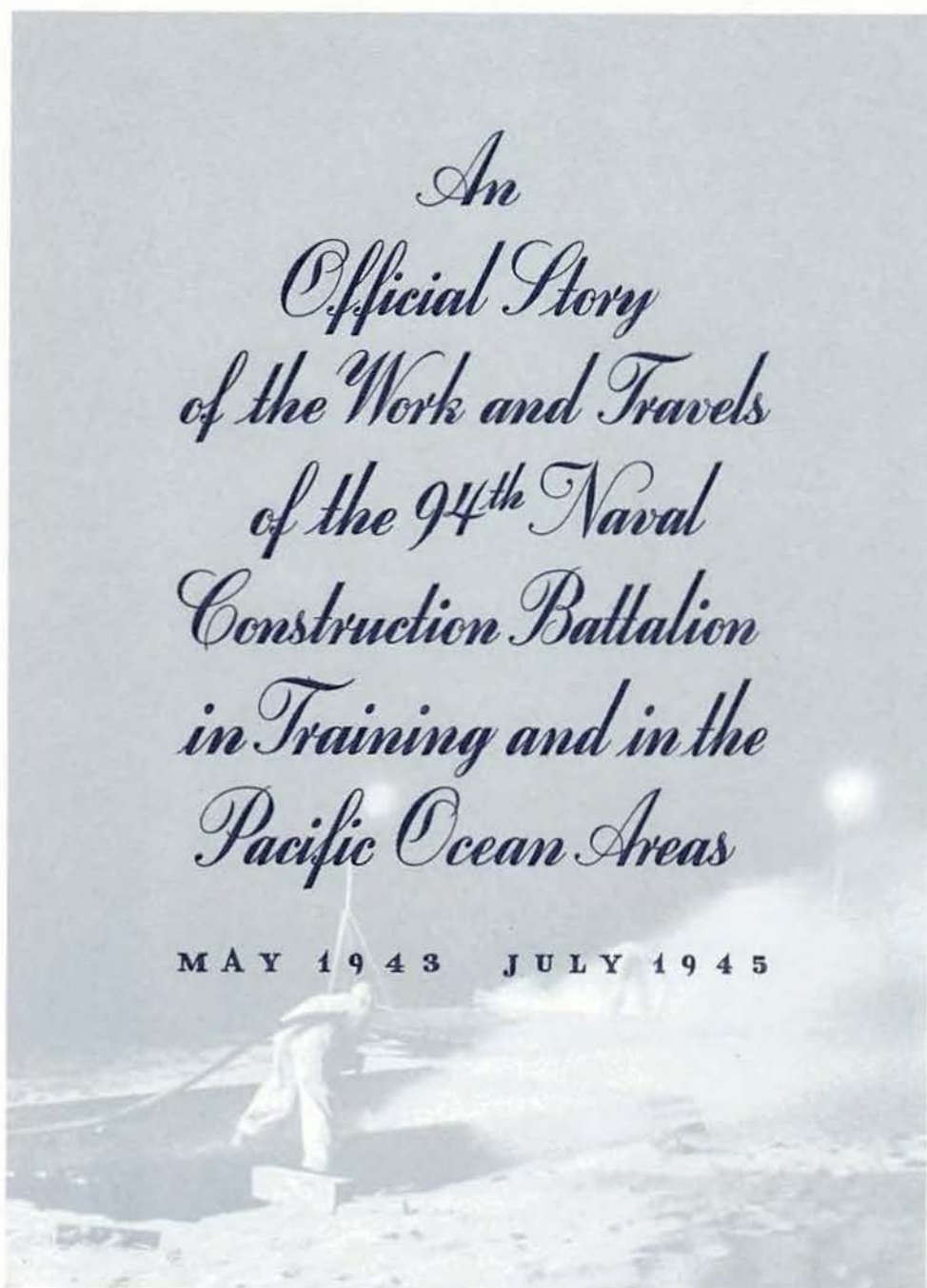


PACIFIC DUTY



*An
Official Story
of the Work and Travels
of the 94th Naval
Construction Battalion
in Training and in the
Pacific Ocean Areas*

MAY 1943 JULY 1945



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94CB/P21-1
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NINETY-FOURTH NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

From:
To :

The Staff.

All Hands of the 94th Naval Construction Battalion.
PACIFIC DUTY - Report on.

Subject:

1. In this book we have tried to avoid all the recruiting catch-phrases, such as the overworked "Can Do", and give you an honest picture of what you did to further the prosecution of the war. How well we have succeeded you alone can judge.
2. Seabees are prone to belittle the work they have done in this war because big construction jobs have been all in the day's work for construction men, war or no war. Give them the blueprints and the heavy equipment and they will do a job that will appear a miracle to the layman. But they are not miracles to men who have built Boulder dams and Empire State buildings and the war plants that out-produced the rest of the world.
3. Your reputation in this war is based on the fact that without the Seabees, the nation's fighting men would not have had the bases from which to carry the war to the enemy. Your common, every day labors have thus assumed titanic proportions when the complete picture of the war is drawn.
4. This book was conceived for your pleasure and as a means of showing your families and friends where the war currents carried you, how you lived and how you worked. May it bring back to you memories of some interesting days and many close friendships. Until we meet again, so long and good luck!

THE STAFF.





- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| ① CAMP PEARY, VA. | ⑤ PANAMA, C.Z. |
| ② DAVISVILLE, R.I. | ⑥ HAWAIIAN ISLANDS |
| ③ LIDO BEACH, N.Y. | ⑦ MARSHALL ISLANDS |
| ④ NORFOLK, VA. | ⑧ MARIANAS ISLANDS |

★ ★ ★ B I R T H O F A



Camp Peary



Maybe you listened to a glib recruiting officer when you should have been home reading a book. Maybe you liked the colorful design of the bellicose, white-capped Seabee carrying wrench, hammer and Tommy gun. Maybe you thought the Seabees could employ your talents to the best advantage. Maybe you got into the Seabees by accident, or maybe you were drafted.

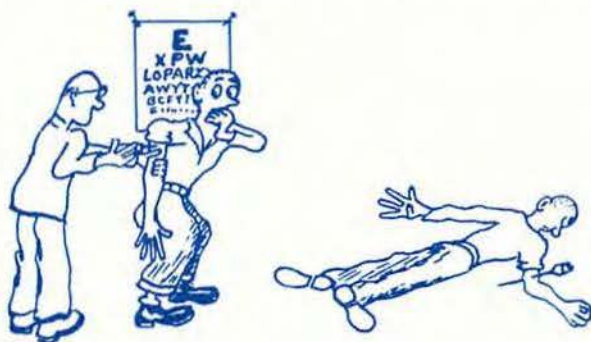
Whether you knew what you were doing or not, you all wound up at Camp Peary and at some time or another became members of the 94th Naval Construction Battalion. You came from all stations of life and from all sections of the United States. Booted Texans wearing pearl gray Stetsons met zoot-suited boys from Brooklyn. And then they threw you all in the mill and you came out wearing the same uniform.

A great many of you were veteran construction mechanics. Others had civilian occupations foreign to any kind of construction. Some construction specialists wound up performing jobs they had never done before; clerks became carpenters, merchants found themselves on cement gangs. Some of you found jobs related to your civilian employment in service organizations.

Most of you were called to active duty in March, 1943. You reported to the nearest recruiting office and left with small groups of recruits. You boarded a special coach and merged with other groups. Your coach hooked on to a special train and by the time you pulled into Williamsburg, Va., the train disgorged an army of raw recruits.

The prospect was far from encouraging when you walked through the gate into Camp Peary's induction area. You began to be visited with calculated indignities. Station force men, who probably had beaten you to that same gate by only a few weeks, shouted derisively, wanted to know where you had been keeping yourself all this time. Wherever you went these morons hollered, "You'll be sorry!" You grinned the half-scared grin of a boot and inside you wanted to throttle them.

You ceased being an individual the minute you hit Peary. Chief petty officers lined you up and ordered you to surrender cameras, knives and straight-edged razors. You marched to a warehouse where you picked up bedding and GI underwear, then marched to your induction area barracks. You wondered how you were ever going to find that building again among all those rows of



BATTALION! ★ ★ ★

wooden shacks that looked so much alike.

That first night your world became a bleak and hopeless one. You had been a free civilian only a few short hours ago. Here you had to remain alert, listen to orders that were barked in uncivil tones. A sadistic instructor ran you all the way to the distant chowhall over rough, unfamiliar terrain in pitch darkness. You wondered what evil spell had befallen you and if you would have to maintain this pace for the duration.

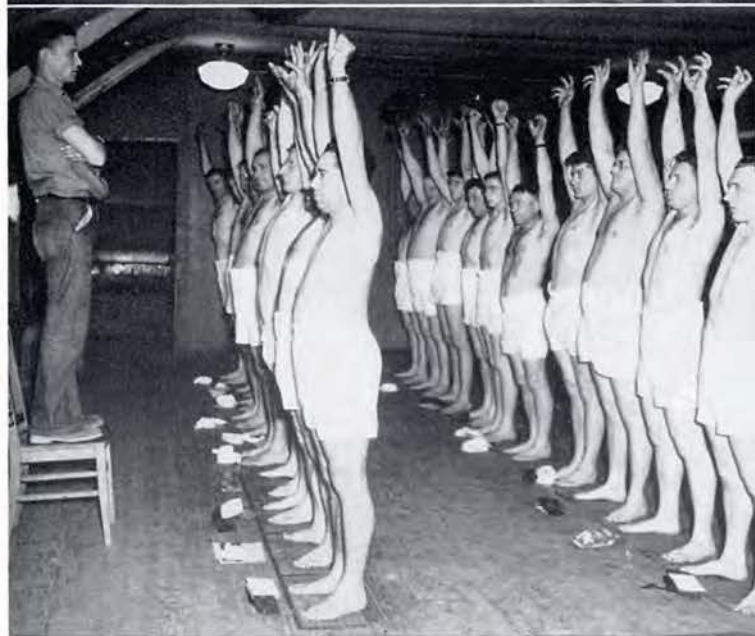
Early next morning you were awakened by a bugle, the barracks lights glared on and a hoarse baritone ordered you to "hit the deck." You raced through your morning toilet and were marched to the chowhall. Then you began what probably was the worst day of your life. While it had taken several days to process earlier recruits you were given the works in one exhausting period from dawn to late evening of the first full day.

First you lined up in front of a row of empty cardboard boxes. Within 60 seconds you were supposed to strip, place your civilian clothing in the box before you, seal the box and address the attached card. Later your wife or mother would laugh at the crumpled results of your packing, or maybe she'd cry a little bit.

They herded you into the medical center, painted a number on your chest with mercurochrome. You were shoved from one medic to another and every portion of your naked anatomy was examined. Rapidly, step by step, moving as an automaton, you gathered your GI clothing. You donned dungarees, white hat, heavy shoes, a blue woolen sweater. The instructor, in the role of a Judas goat, led you to a shearing house where your wool and your pride were cut to the quick in the rapid snippings of a barber's clippers. You were pushed into another building, encountered the devilish machine that records those horrible ID photographs. You heard the photographer chant: "Look in the mirror... take a deep breath... ho-o-old it... next man!"

They gave you enough clothes to last for the next five years. At one end of a long, wooden warehouse you jotted clothing sizes on a slip of paper and moved along the counter, catching the items in a sea bag as you walked along. You had no way of knowing if you had received the correct sizes, but you signed the chits anyway and relieved the storekeepers of further responsibility. You had to keep moving.

Somebody asked you about insurance allotments and from somewhere in a deep void you heard yourself answering, you hoped, intelligently. Another frozen faced individual asked questions about your civilian background, then wrote: "Construction Laborer." Someone asked how many war bonds you wanted to subscribe to.





Night came at last and you struggled to your temporary barracks with unwieldy seabag and mattress cover jammed full. You dropped off into troubled dreams as soon as your head hit the pillow. The next day, or maybe it was a couple of days later, you hoisted seabag and mattress cover on round shoulders, staggered to the street, loaded the bags in one truck, crawled into another, and were jolted to your boot camp area.

Had you seen the blueprint of your training program for the next few weeks you might have contracted to sell your carcass to a medical institution. However, the first training stages were easy and your none too supple body survived. In fact you were quite proud of it by the time you broke boot. You probably have not been in as good condition since.

One of the most dreadful phases of the Camp Peary training period was the needle, or human pin-cushion phase. If your shepherds had just led you through sick bay, and allowed the corpsmen to stick you it wouldn't have been so bad. But they told tall stories about square needles in delicate places, garnishing the tales with details horrible enough to create panic among scare-silly boots. Some passed out at the mere sight of the needle, and there followed nights of high-fever and sleep-talking. Before the ordeal was over you had been lined up and "shot" for tetanus, typhus, cholera, yellow fever and small pox.

You profited mentally as well as physically. You learned to hear orders clearly and obey them instantly. You scrambled from your sack at an unheard of, middle-of-the-night hour and made a hasty toilet. You coughed, cursed, grunted and groaned through 15 minutes of West Point warm ups, windmills, push ups and the other racking cruelties of setting up exercises. Then off you marched to breakfast and by the time you finished the morning repast dawn was breaking.

Each day began like that and ended with you wearily scribbling a letter to the folks, reading, or bull-sessioning with your new mates. All daylight hours were given over to training. The instructor would march you to the drill field, give you a couple of hours of close order, march you to an auditorium or warehouse for a lecture, march you to the chowhall. Before you could digest the heavy midday meal he would march you to another building, seat you next to a pot-bellied stove and order you to stand at attention if you dozed during the droning lecture. Then off to the drill field again and you'd get 15 minutes of physical training and more close order.

You were issued wooden victory rifles and taught the manual of arms. You learned to parry and thrust with imaginary bayonets and wooden machetes. You hoped, for goodness sake, that you'd never run out of bullets if you ever got into a scrap with the enemy. From close order you went into extended order, but you were always going back to close order.

Every fourth day was duty day. Your duties were varied. One day you'd stand guard duty, feverishly trying to memorize the 11 general orders, and another day you'd put in a long stretch on kitchen police. Or you'd don boots and ride down to the swamp to clear brush for the eternal Camp Peary mosquito control project. Some duty days you'd clean heads, dive bomb cigarette butts, or spread oil on a camp road. Some nights you would spend on fire watch tussling with those ugly, squat stoves that burned either wood or coal and were always either too hot or too cold.

If you were one of the charter members of the 94th Battalion you completed boot training early in May, 1943. By May 15th you had been assigned to a company and were ready for advance training.

Advanced Training ★ Davisville

Rhode Island



The train pulled into Camp Endicott about 5 o'clock in the morning of May 23, 1943. The cloistered life of boot camp was behind you and scuttlebutt indicated you'd have it easier. On the ride up from Camp Peary you had enlivened the hours by swapping stories of the gay 62 hour liberty.

It had been raining, but by the time you disembarked at your Rhode Island advance base the rain had stopped. You marched immediately to the new area. You couldn't get a very clear picture of your surroundings so early in the morning, but you felt you'd arrived at a very big place.

You were assigned to barracks and began unpacking some things before going to chow. One of the yeomen came running in from an early reconnaissance with astounding information. Liberty every fourth night! Thirty-six hours every other week-end! And Providence a hell of a swell liberty town! You glowed all over.

Training began two days later. There may have been some honest students among you, but when you learned you could avoid entire half days of military training by going to school, you all tried to get into something. You learned about machine guns, anti-aircraft, heavy equipment, refrigeration, sub-grade construction, diving. Those who couldn't get into a school spent mornings on the drill field, listening to the old familiar chant, "a-one, twuup, threep; threep, fourdalapt"; or, "harelip, harelip"—the lyrical content depending on the instructor.

You met and licked the tough obstacle course, although you always slowed down at the half way mark when you encountered the tempting wares of the "good humor" merchants from town. You sweated through days of bayonet drill with those clumsy Lee Enfield rifles, which weighed at least a ton and a half. You practiced the manual of arms. Hour after hour you cocked, sighted and pulled the triggers of un-

loaded rifles in dry firing practice.

From training as platoons, you marched as companies, and then the entire battalion practiced mass formations in preparation for receiving colors. The big day arrived and the 94th paraded onto the drill field, marched to marked positions, halted and stood at attention. Your skipper, Lt. Commander Nielsen, stepped forward and received the colors. It was a thrilling spectacle, witnessed by a large crowd. Many of you old timers had a lump in your throat when you marched off the field to the strains of "Anchors Aweigh."

Providence lived up to its reputation as a great liberty town. Every fourth night you bathed, shaved, dressed and galloped to the OD's office for liberty chits, then joined the long lines of liberty hounds at famous Gate 5. You dreamed up schemes to wangle special 36's on odd week-ends. The public address system was always blaring out with: "Harry Schmaltz, seaman second class, your wife is at Gate 5." Or something like that.

You got to Providence either by hitch-hiking or crowding into the creaking busses. You enjoyed the town's "Sunday in the Park," a weekly entertainment feature at Roger Williams Park. There was music, dancing, entertainment by movie actresses and radio singers. The narrow streets of the old port town were crowded with sailors and girls on a Saturday night. There were attractions for all... the Elks Bar, the Pirates Den, the China Clipper, Pier 76, Port Arthur, the Crown Hotel. The Biltmore boasted four bars.

Chartered busses carried you to Boston and New York for week ends. Some of you were interested in seeing places where history was made. Most of you wanted to make history. The nearby town of Arctic intrigued you. You heard there were so many women working at the textile mills that they hunted men in packs. You went there to investigate.

The Battalion adopted a number of mascots during advance training. The favorite was Boomer, a big dusty-red Chesapeake retriever, who was quickly spoiled by his many masters. His favorite sports were ripping towels, hats and other GI issue, and leaping





playfully on unsuspecting passerbys. Boomer and the 94th reached the parting of the ways at Lido Beach, however, because the friendly canine failed to restrict his cavortings to the enlisted men. He was transferred to the Coast Guard and trained as a watchdog.

About the second of July, the men living east of the Rocky Mountains left Endicott on 10 day leaves and later in the month the Pacific Coast men took off for 15 days. The time you spent at home sped by. You treasured every moment. You paraded down the main street of your home town, were toasted and cheered by your townspeople, and were loved desperately by your wives and mothers. The leave-taking was more difficult than the first time.

Back at Endicott you had more dry firing practice, but this time it led to the actual thing. Armed with carbines you went to the rifle range at Sun Valley and had a full week of firing real bullets at targets. It got so you could hear that "ready on the right . . . ready

on the left . . . ready on the firing line," in your sleep. On the seventh day you fired qualifying rounds. The average score was not so good, but some of you established yourselves as sharpshooters.

Lt. Commander Nielsen left the 94th about this time and a new skipper came aboard. He was Commander Harald Omsted, who had commanded a battalion in the Aleutians. He laid down his policies in a meeting at the FG-4 theatre, stated his likes and dislikes bluntly, and said he was expecting great achievements of the 94th.

As advance training came to an end, you began to hear scuttlebutt that the outfit was moving to Mississippi, to California and to Maine. Some moonstruck monger even came up with the information that you were going to Maine to dig potatoes. As a matter of fact, you casually walked two miles over to Camp Thomas, which had been well scouted by 94th personnel. You had been there before to quaff beer at "The Barn," which, incidentally, was the most famous landmark at Camp Thomas.

You really liked those small Quonset huts at ABD. Living in small groups, you got better acquainted. The liberty set-up was more generous than at Endicott, and you lived for those off-duty hours. Your play-boy hours were to provide stories of he-man guzzling and lady killing for years to come. You'd tell them so often you'd bore everyone but yourself.

Now the 94th began to operate as a complete unit within itself. Already the supply, disbursing, personnel, welfare, MAA force and other departments were in operation. The galley was organized and, for better or for worse, you had your own cooks and bakers. You found that, given the proper ingredients, they could turn out a pretty tasty meal.

While the men from the Pacific Coast were enjoying their leaves, the rest of you were issued .03s and walked over to Sun Valley again to try your luck with the heavier weapon. The scores were better this time. When you weren't on the range you were building sewer facilities and performing public works jobs, including the "honey wagon" detail.



After a week at Sun Valley you marched back to Camp Thomas and landed smack into your first real job of the war. Week after week, working three shifts a day, you bolted pontoons together, strengthened them with jewelry, and constructed a field of pontoons large enough for launching airplanes. Your time was your own when you were not working and a great many of you reveled in long hours of liberty, went without sleep.

The job lasted the better part of two months. You worked hard and were thrilled by the visible progress you made with the sweat of your labors. Construction men began to fit into their rightful slots. You admired the men who, lacking in the finer points of close order drill, found their element in work.

You didn't know exactly what you were building, but you knew you were doing a job for which you had joined the Seabees. Later you heard many stories about what happened to the result of your handiwork. The story most credited was that the vast pontoon cluster was towed to the European theatre of operations, and used in the invasion of the continent.

Just to prove you were a working outfit and not a fighting unit, you spent a day and a night on Dyer Island playing war games. After pup tents had been pitched, most of the island's defenders scurried off clam hunting or went to sleep. The assaulting forces played you dirty by arriving ahead of schedule.

Stories about the skirmishing that day and night are varied but one account goes something like this:

Several hours ahead of the appointed time, assault barges churned across Narragansett Bay and approached the island. One of the attackers halloed to a sleepy guard: "Is this where the 94th is camped?" The guard answered in the affirmative. So the invaders swarmed ashore and "captured" the defenders!

The attacking force had its casualties, however. One intrepid Ensign leaped from the stern of his assault boat, shouting "Follow me, men!" and fell into 16 feet of water. The battle was held up temporarily while he was hauled out. A well-known chief, trying to inject a spirit of war into the shindig, threw a tear gas bomb into one of the boats. There followed a confused scramble for gas masks amid an hilarious



scene of colliding men, packs and rifles.

Ashore, the invaders began shouting, "You're captured!" at men asleep in pup tents. More sadistic-natured attackers slipped tear gas bombs inside the tents. Then you'd see a pup tent suddenly rise from its pegs as the occupant tried to free himself from the smarting fumes.

Capping the story of the Dyer Island expedition was the account of the three Seabees who played hokey and went to sea in a raft. The current took hold in the middle of the Bay, and swept them out beside the big ships. They were rescued by a Navy PT boat after frantic signaling.

Those happy days in New England will long be remembered. Rhode Island is a small state, but the impression it made on you was large. The people were friendly and helpful, the summer and fall weather ideal. You were sorry to leave, but you had spent five months there . . . and you were ready to get on with the war.





Lido Beach



Of course it was raining that day in October, 1943, when you piled out of the Long Island Railroad coaches, formed ranks and hiked the short distance from Long Beach to the Advance Base Amphibious Training Camp at Lido. It always rained when the 94th was on the move, but current scuttlebutt had it you were to undergo rigorous amphibious training here, probably to prepare you for storming ashore on some distant Mediterranean beach, and you didn't mind the wet at all.

Despite this he-man I-can-take-it spirit you were glad to see those double-decker, steam-heated barracks, with built-in heads. And, either the scuttlebutt was wrong, or about this time some change took place in the prosecution of the war, because you got no amphibious training. Officially, your training consisted of seven weeks of interminable close-order drill and hikes as far distant as Jones Beach. Unofficially, well... the great city of New York was just 50 minutes away and there was liberty every other night, plus 36 hours every other week-end!

The salty northeast winds brought chilling rains and the long chow lines often ended in disappointment, but these incidents failed to dampen your spirits. Especially enjoyable to the numerous New Yorkers in the outfit, the stay at Lido was relished by one and all as long as the night hours and the bank-roll held out. When you ran out of filthy greenbacks you could always attend the current entertainment cooked up by the good people of Long Beach, just a five-minute taxi ride from camp.

Maybe New York with its mighty, far-flung boroughs, was a mite too big for the 94th to make an impression on her, but, according to some of the oft-

told epics, certain sections were influenced by the Battalion's hardier guzzle and romp boys. At any rate the 94th became an adopted son of the people of Long Beach.

They opened up with a big Navy Day show-and-dance at their USO, gave a dinner-dance on November 10th and climaxed the series of parties with a Thanksgiving Eve frolic. In between these highlighting events they promoted boxing shows between squared ring hopefuls of the 94th and 114th and arranged other types of entertainment. The lathstring was always out if you wanted to drop in for a piece of cake or pie and a cup of coffee.

The young ladies of Far Rockaway, Lawrence and other Long Island settlements also had a hand in your recreation. Busses brought you to their places of entertainment where you could enjoy a few hours of rhapsodic shuffle-and-glide. Those were the days when war was a pleasure!

If you had troubles and didn't care to take them to your Chaplain, you could always find an attentive bartender in any of the many bars that made up the bulk of Long Beach nightlife. There were various gradations of these grogshops dotting the city's wide streets and you usually wound up at Richard's Place, the nearest approach to what you imagined a waterfront pub should look like.

Inside camp there were distractions from cadence and GI lamb stew also. Several USO shows visited there, the new theater was opened, you were reviewed and inspected by Captain Sheehan, the base commander.

On December 1, the 105 replacements from Camp Peary arrived and the Battalion was at full complement. You knew your frolicsome days at Lido were numbered then, and the scuttlebutt began to take on a "where do we go from here" undertone. The secure date came and on the evening of December 9 you marched with full pack to the Long Beach railroad station. You were off on a long journey.



Norfolk ★ Panama ★ Pearl



The Custer



The Navy attack transport, Custer, loomed before you in the early morning haze of December 10, 1943, as you stood on the dock at Norfolk, weighted down with full pack. You had been standing two, three, maybe four hours, and had long since tired of examining her rugged lines. You wanted to get up that steep gangplank and get going.

The fast trip down from Long Beach, by train and ferry, had left you nervous and tired. At last you moved forward, answered muster, and climbed aboard. A crew member draped a rubber lifebelt over your shoulder. You wrestled your heavy duffle bag down precipitous ladders to the hold, half sliding and hanging up on your rifle a few times.

Below you found a confused mass of pushing humanity. Hundreds of you were crowded into compartments crammed with bunks five high to the ceiling. Compensations were the ice water fountains, air-conditioning and freedom to roam the deck, fore and aft.

You spent the first night still tied up at the dock. Early in the next afternoon the Custer slipped out of the harbor and joined segments of a convoy being formed in the open waters of Hampton Roads. Already you were learning how strict Navy regulations were aboard ship. You were told the waters off the United States were infested with German submarines. If you fell overboard you were out of luck, because the ships would not alter course nor change speed. You must keep your lifebelt with you at all times.

Off Cape Hatteras the Atlantic kicked up a ruckus and 80 percent of you became deathly sick. You disgorged over the rail, in your helmets, on the deck, in the stinking heads. Some became so ill you thought you'd die; others didn't care one way or the other. Many of the crew joined you in sea sickness.

Thirty-six hours out of Norfolk something went wrong, either with the steering apparatus or the signals. It was a clear Sunday afternoon, but the Custer failed to make one of the regular seven minute direction changes. Another transport crossed her bow and into her side the Custer smashed. Both ships shuddered to a sickening halt and you raced to your position in a real abandon ship drill.

A hasty examination showed that neither ship was in sinking condition, but both were as vulnerable to

submarine attack as sitting ducks. While a motherly destroyer escort circled around, the two stricken transports cut loose from the convoy and limped toward Charleston, South Carolina. They reached the friendly harbor in two long, worrisome days.

You laid up in an Army camp while the Custer's bow was repaired. It was cold in Charleston and you shivered in the last snow and ice you were to see in two years. Five days later you again boarded ship and sailed for Panama. The convoy was now much smaller and you made faster time.

Past the Gulf Stream and through the Windward Pass you sailed as the temperature climbed. You studied the purplish coast of Cuba and read the daily newssheets which carried the latest war news. You celebrated your strangest Christmas with services on the after deck as the top-heavy Custer revolved in the choppy troughs of the Caribbean. Your Christmas dinner was a messy serving which consisted mostly of chicken bones. Your Christmas presents were cigarettes and candy bars handed you by a fat Santa Claus wearing an outlandish uniform, dyed with mercurochrome and trimmed with surgical cotton.

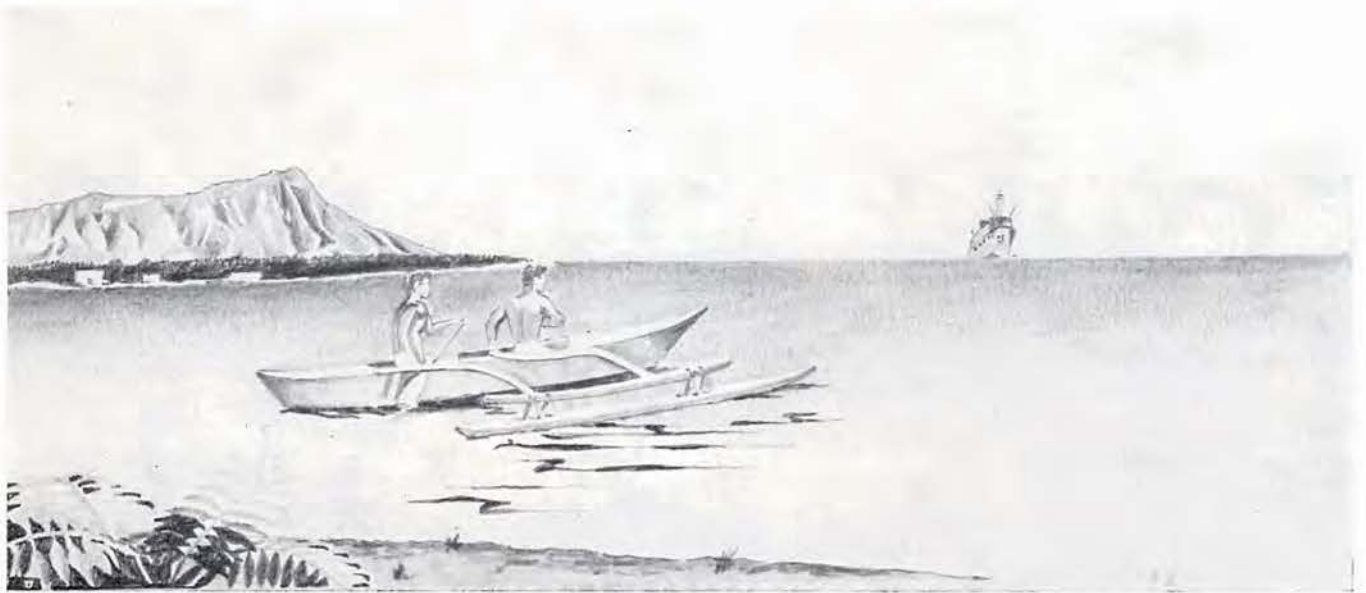
Early on the morning of December 26, a German sub slammed a torpedo into the side of a tanker as she sailed on the horizon within sight of the Custer. The tanker signaled that she was not hit fatally. A Navy patrol bomber circled overhead a few minutes later, and you knew then that the constant abandon-ship drills were not a game. At noon of that day you were happy to reach the safety of the Panama locks.

As the ship started through the Canal you found a vantage point from which to watch the mechanics of the locks that carried you uphill across the narrow isthmus. You were impressed by this great monument to man's ingenuity. The band blared forth on the forward deck to add a festive air to the occasion.

The Custer docked to take on supplies at Balboa. You were escorted ashore on a couple of two-hour dungaree liberties and consumed all the beer and ice cream you could hold. Some of you took off on unscheduled liberties. Some of you were caught.

On December 29, the Custer sailed out into the Pacific and at last you learned your destination. Pearl Harbor! You celebrated a very dry New Year's Eve while the ship skimmed over the placid waters, unescorted. The thirteen days from Balboa to the land of the hula, save for a temporary water pump breakdown, were quiet, uneventful . . . and long.





★ O a h u ★

The 94th on Oahu



First glimpses of the enchanted island of Oahu were interesting ones. The isle appeared as a hazy, purple land mass as it broke into the monotonous vastness of the Pacific horizon. Here and there were hints of greens, as the bright Pacific sunlight sought out the mysterious details. You ocean-weary GIs, who lined the Custer's rails, drank in each changing aspect as the ship skirted majestic Diamond Head for the gliding passage into Pearl Harbor.

The harbor called Pearl was just another busy port in a world of busy ports. Except for the mysteries attached to all ships of the sea by the casual observer, the harbor presented a commonplace scene of bustle and motion, of loading and unloading. The aura of mystery ended at close inspection. The ship tied up, and you began to wrestle with your pack, gas mask, rifle, ditty bag and sea bag. Up two decks of ladders and onto the top deck—if you were man enough. Then, down the gangplank, and you were a land sailor again.

A short, laborious walk along the pier on legs unused to terra firma, and you piled into a waiting truck. The truck jolted to a start and you were on your way to a new home.

Red Hill was not an impressive camp site on January 10, 1944, but it was a relief to be on land again after the discomforts of life aboard a transport. The barracks were dirty, the plumbing in a bad state of disrepair, and the naked red earth offered nothing but sticky mud or eye-filling, nose-choking dust.

It has been bruited about that no enlisted men in the service live better than the Seabees. Like the well-shod shoemaker's son, they apply their craft to home-building with results that amaze GIs from other branches of the service. The transformation of the Red Hill camp was a good example of how the Sea-

bees provide for themselves. Work details got busy immediately after arrival. Living quarters were



Mecca for Tourists.





For the Gourmet

furnished, the plumbing repaired, the grounds policed—and life was good again.

The first liberty at Red Hill was a thrill that almost vied with that occasioned by the first mail from home. Honolulu was a name that rolled on the tongue and smacked of mystery and romance. And stretching beside the Oahuan metropolis was Waikiki Beach, made famous in lilting love lyrics by which the Hawaiians were known to land-bound mainlanders before the war.

The degree of your disappointment depended largely on what you were seeking in Hawaii. If you sought grass-skirted maidens with insinuating hips and inviting eyes, the disappointment was overwhelming. The only wahines in grass skirts were working in USO shows. Femininity was rationed to a few and the women waiting back home had little reason for worry.

While Hawaii proved to be a shoddy and tinsel make-believe to those who did not venture beyond the penny arcade atmosphere and the lines of Honolulu, or

the crowds at Waikiki and the Breakers, there were some hardy souls who looked for other delights—and found them. They found the real Hawaii by turning their backs on the crowds, and seeking out the few spots untouched by the grime and bustle of war.

The first explorations were sponsored bus tours which carried you over smooth highways through luxuriant tropical verdure to the heights of Nuuanu Pali where, in 1795, Kamehameha's invading forces drove thousands of Oahuans to their death. From the 2,000 foot high cliff, the wide valley of green plantations, villages and military secrets spreads out below to give you the impression of looking at a miniature. Other sights of those first trips were the Upside Down Falls, which apparently only perform for Robert L. Ripley; the Blow Hole, which spews water high into the air when the surf is heavy, and the motordrome-like drive down from Nuuanu Pali to the windward side of the island.

The planned tours continued for some time, but one such trip was enough for most of you. Smaller groups began to go out on liberty in weapons carriers (the perfect picnic conveyance), and even jeeps. A favorite excursion was the Tantalus drive. A good highway spirals around and around Tantalus, and from the summit the vista of ridges, farms, cities and seascapes is breath-taking. Other scenic miracles were Manoa Valley, rich in tropical growth, and the Punch Bowl, a crater overlooking Honolulu. Readers of Earl Derr Biggers' detective stories would recognize the Punch Bowl as Charlie Chan's favorite stomping grounds.

For miles upon end, the red hills and deep valleys of Oahu have been cultivated for the growth of pineapples and sugar cane. At first hand you could study the processes by which these familiar Hawaiian products were prepared for shipment to the American mainland. A tour of any of the sugar mills proved interesting, but a visit to the Dole pineapple plant was a delightful experience. The company provides automatic fountains of iced pineapple juice and a corps of hospitable island beauties to escort visiting

Street Scene . . . Honolulu . . .





Blow Hole.

parties about the premises.

Those hardy souls, who managed to avoid Richardson's beer line on a Sunday afternoon, might also revel in the artistry of Oahu's gardens. Gardening has reached a high plane there and even a few rows of onions are a joy to behold. There were many quiet gardens, laid out in well-ordered rows, along the roadsides. Two of the more elaborate, eye-compelling ones were the Foster Gardens and the Moanalua Gardens.

Sights for the tourists included the Queen Emma Museum, the Sacred Falls, the Mormon Temple, the Bishop Museum, the Aloha Tower, the Palace, the Library of Hawaii, Kawaiahao Church, the Statue of King Kamehameha, Kewalo Basin and Makapuu Pali. Tourists would naturally flock to famous Waikiki Beach, but GIs learned there were other beaches on Oahu, too. For instance, if you cared to engage in a bout with 12 foot waves, you took a little trip around Koko Head to Makapuu Beach. Body surfing there was a challenge to the hardy. Makapuu becoming known to initiates as Beach Mayhem.

The gourmet, who liked refreshments with his meals, found a great deal of satisfaction in such establishments as P. Y. Chongs, Trader Vics, Lau Yee Chais, the South Seas and the other eating houses that give Kaukau corner its name. Some surreptitious souls strayed off the beaten path to find uncrowded nooks abounding by comparison, in wine, woman and song. They kept their secret well, not in a spirit of selfishness, but in the knowledge that to pass the word around would have made a blight of the quiet oasis.

Others found pleasure in the easy chairs, the food, the generous helpings of ice cream, and the entertainment in such USOs as the Army and Navy Y and the Victory Club. The Breakers and Maluhia furnished the familiar beer line, along with excellent music and a limited amount of dancing, 85 wolves to each tanned gazelle.

To many of you, especially those who spent their time riding around in crowded buses and those who never got out of the "Coney Island" section of Hono-

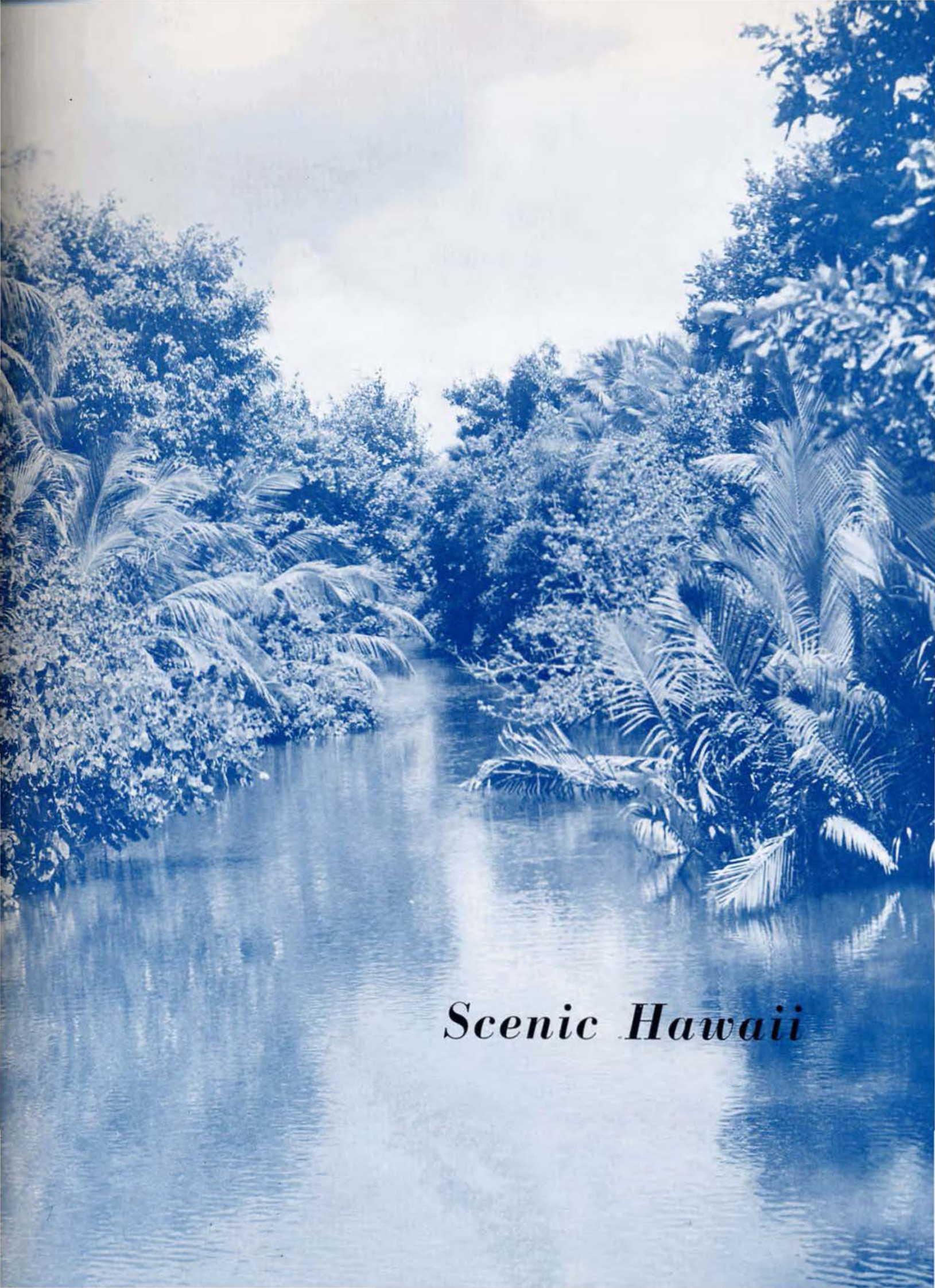
(Continued on page 26)

More to . . .

the hula . . .

than the hands . . .





Scenic Hawaii



Famous Waikiki Beach.



King Kamehameha.



Spires . . .



Beach Mayhem.

Maluhia . . .

Halekulani . . .

Kaukau Corners.





Church of Christ.
Mormon Gardens.

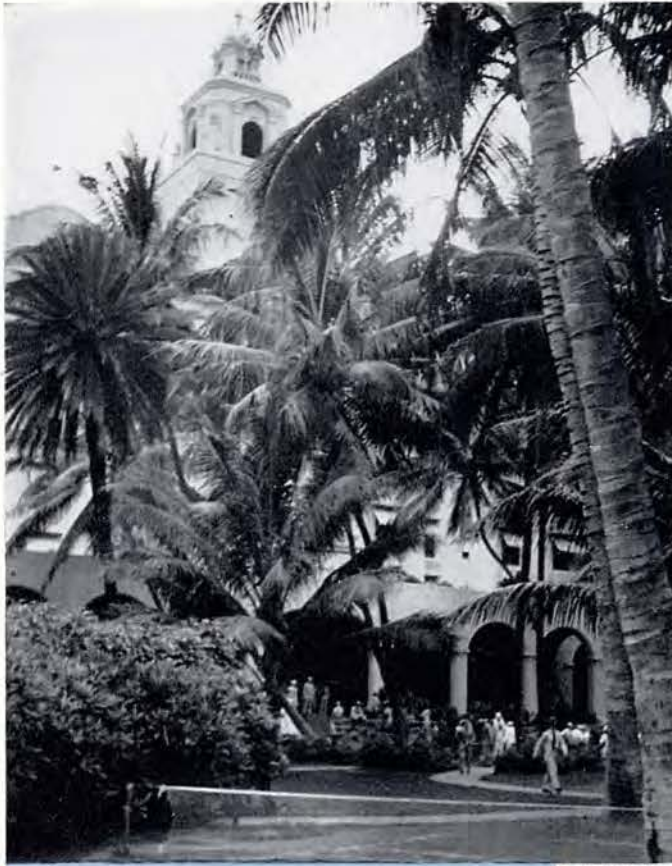


Honolulu City Hall.
Mormon Temple.



Oriental Corner.





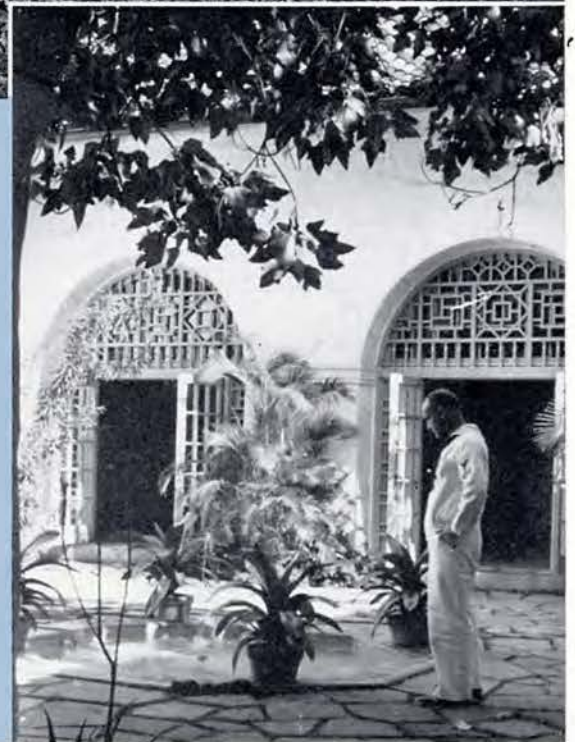
*Royal Hawaiian Hotel.
Chinese Church.*



*Suburban Home.
Miles of Pineapple . . .*



*Courtyard
Reverie.*





Sugar Cane Special.



Floral Symmetry . . .



*Papaya Tree.
Mountain Road to Pali.*



*Peace in Profusion . . .
Civilian Housing.*





In No Setting Is War Glamorous . . .

lulu, Oahu will remain a place crowded with eagle-eyed, killjoy MPs and SPs, writing down names in little black books. Others will recall to their dying day that the quality of Hawaiian liquor was such that a drinking man would not mention the subject. It made you long for the dear, departed days of bathtub gin and moonshine whisky.

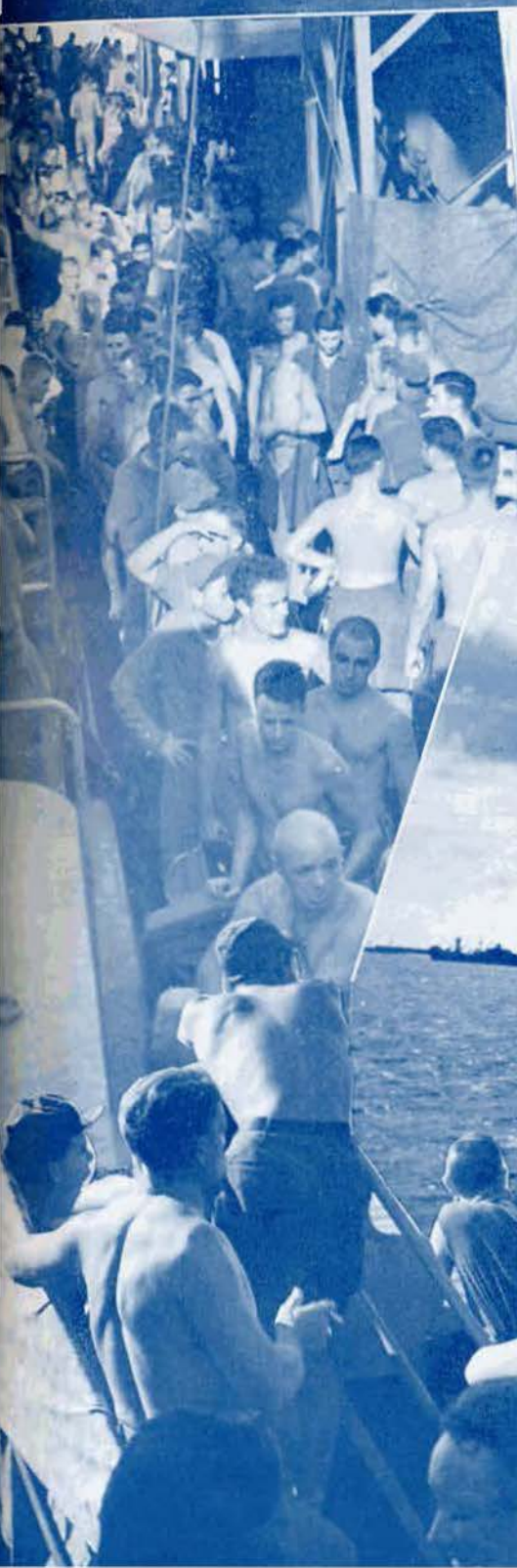
Some of you, of course, became enamoured of the island's charm and were told that you had "gone native." The indications were varied, but one sure way of telling was when you began understanding directions as given by a native Hawaiian. And when you began giving directions in Oahunesse it was an indisputable sign that you could no longer benefit by a return to the Mainland. There was no east, west, north or south on Oahu. You either went Ewa (eh-vah), meaning toward Ewa Plantation; Waikiki, toward

Waikiki Beach, Mauka, toward the mountains, or Makai, toward the sea.

You learned a lot about the hula in Hawaii, too. You learned, after close and careful study, that the dance of the islands is NOT based entirely on the proper use of the hands. There is a certain slow revolution of the hips, sometimes confused by foreigners with the Cuban grind, or what devotees of the Minsky circuit vulgarly refer to as "the bumps." The roll of the hips in the hula, if properly executed is as different from the grind as is a caress from a slap in the face.

It is true that Oahu did not give the GI the picture of Hawaii painted by the travel ads; yet, it is not the drab place thousands of disillusioned servicemen would have you believe. You visited Hawaii at the height of a great war, and in no setting is war glamorous.





S.S. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS
BUILT FOR
U.S. MARITIME COMMISSION
HULL NO. 2003
BY
OREGON SHIPBUILDING CORPORATION
PORTLAND, OREGON
MAY 1943





“Pearl to Guam”

S. S. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS

One day early in September, 1944, you knocked off work and streamed up Red Hill to hear a talk by Commander Omsted. There was a spirit of wild excitement in the air. This was to be no ordinary “Report to the Battalion.”

This time you were not disappointed. The barracks had been seething with scuttlebutt for a week. Ordinarily the Commander joked about the spreading rumors, but this time he warned against such loose talk. Scuttlebutt becomes dangerous when it deals with probable troop movements.

The Commander gave you the formula for telling the folks back home that the 94th was about to move. Your letter began something like this: “Dear Folks—We will be moving soon to an advance base in the Pacific. The trip may take 30 days and don’t be alarmed if you don’t hear from me for 60 days.”

There began one of the most feverish periods of the Battalion’s history. Orders to move had given short notice. Measurements of equipment were made, the carpenter shop started turning out crates of all sizes and descriptions. The Battalion had a lot of stuff to move. Some of you went to Iroquois Point where a mass of materiel was assembled for loading aboard ship.

At the last minute new personal equipment was issued. You were handed bolo knives, machetes, hunting knives and other utensils needed in forward Pacific areas. Sea bags were packed and re-packed and finally the morning of departure arrived. You took one last look at comfortable Red Hill Camp as the trucks carried you down the road that led to the harbor. You were on your way again!

The transport did not tarry long after you came aboard. Within a very short time she was threading her way through the confines of Pearl Harbor, and once more you were on the smooth, blue expanse of the broad Pacific. The novelty of being at sea after eight months ashore soon wore off and you began to look about. The ship, you learned, was the Cushman K. Davis. She was stoutly built for service in the Aleutians, and that did not sound like comfort below decks. Your surmise proved to be correct and it was not long before as many who could were sleeping on deck.

Life’s values underwent a change during those 30 days you spent aboard the Davis. Before the ship hoisted anchor a commanding voice told you over the ships’ speaker system that there was a water shortage, that fresh water would be available only four hours a day, and that fresh water showers were out for the voyage. Your days and nights became a series of frustrated dreams of steaming, fresh water showers and night-long, restful sleeps on a yielding spring and mattress. Your dreams were of nights cool enough to snuggle under a blanket, and you lay there tossing and sweating in the breathless regions of the troop compartments.



Despite the discomforts your memories of the Davis are fond ones. During the long, sweltering days you watched the unending blue horizons, the tricky cloud formations and the other ships of the convoy. After evening chow you pushed through curtain-shrouded hatchways onto the darkened deck to drink in the cool air of the night. You moved slowly among the recumbent figures of fellow travelers until you reached a rendezvous at the bow, where you could converse with shipmates as you gazed, fascinated, at the phosphorescent spray racing by the bow of the ship.

The ship was jam-packed. The entire Battalion, plus a special detachment, were crowded into the forward half. Aft were the officers' quarters, and quarters for the Army administrative personnel and maritime crew.

The 94th Welfare and Recreation Department quickly opened for business, with a library beneath No. 2 hatch. A Public Address system was set up forward, and special Armed Forces transcriptions of favorite radio programs were played from dawn to dusk. At this time you got to know and respect Captain Preece, the ship's chaplain, who was an inveterate checker player. He applied himself constantly to the job of entertaining you and making life a bit easier.

You began to wonder what was happening in the world beyond the blue horizon and your desire for that knowledge was anticipated. The idea of a daily newssheet was discarded and instead a daily resume of the latest war news was given over the ship's speaker system. The master of the Davis made the radio room available to the 94th, and a staff appointed by Chaplain Larson took it from there. You were treated to a re-enacted pitch-by-pitch account of the all-St. Louis world series.

The skipper of the Davis was amazed at the manner in which you went about making life livable aboard his ship. A few of you forward-thinking men had brought aboard folding stools. Soon there appeared easy chairs made from crates. Ponchos were thrown up to provide shady spots on the forward deck. You browsed through the sunny afternoons in comfort, welcomed the cool sting of the line squalls.

Three times a day you lined up, by the companies, and formed a corkscrew queue on the starboard deck, armed with rattling mess gear and those bulky, dirty life preservers. Slowly you wound about the deck and up the few steps to the hatchway leading to the galley below. There you passed by the eagle-eyed MAAs, guardians of your morals and supervisors of your souls. You probably will never forget the imposing figure of the Paunch standing there togged out in GI shoes and that dirty handkerchief!

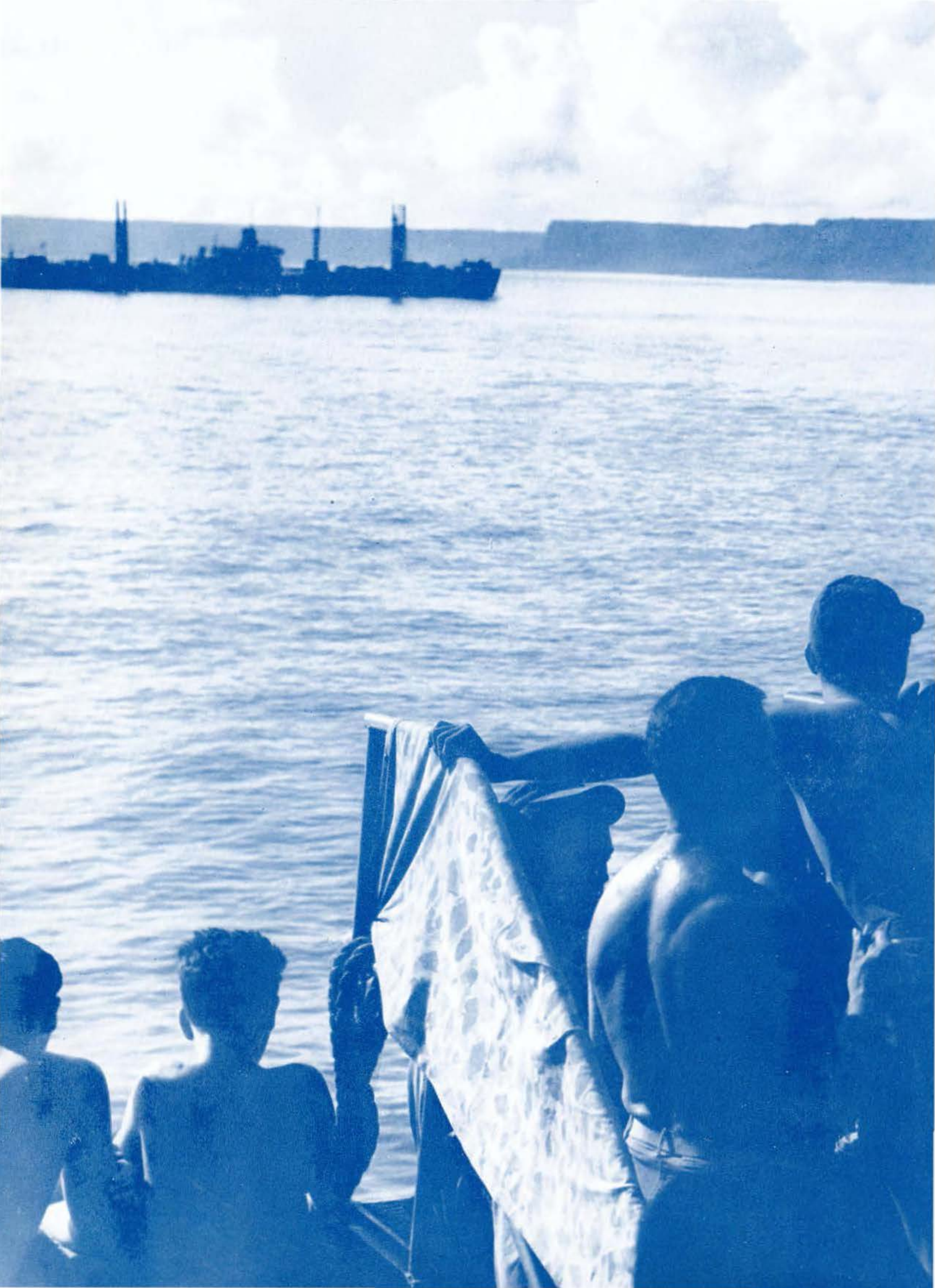
The serenity of the voyage was marred by the death of one of your mates, Gilbert Nodes, a member of Company "C" since the Battalion was formed. He suffered an acute attack of appendicitis and died after an emergency operation. He was buried with full military honors in a little strip of ground called Japtan, in the Marshalls.

Word of dirty weather ahead, a storm of such proportions that it damaged harbor facilities in the Marianas, caused the Davis to lie at anchor in the Marshalls for 13 days. Those were days that tried your souls and tested your abilities to pass unending time without becoming psychopathic cases. The fishermen saved the day here. From strange sources they came up with hooks, lines and sinkers, and cast their lures into the placid waters. You kibitzers passed the time think-fishing with the nimrods, who managed to pull out a few tropical specimens.

There came a day when the ship bustled with activity and the anchor rattled and wheezed up from the deep. Black smoke belched from the squat stack, and the Davis sailed out into open sea. You began watching the horizon with greater interest now, and several days later you were thrilled with the sight of an upright spot of land jutting from the water. This was one of the Marianas. This was to be your home for months to come.

Then you engaged in the usual sweaty confusion of packing sea bags, with grunts and curses. You disembarked. Only this time you didn't walk down a gangplank. It was full packs, helmets, pieces and ditty bags, and down the precariously swinging rope net you climbed—onto the bobbing deck of an LCT.

You had arrived!





Advance Base Pacific



The Marianas

As the heavily laden LCT threaded its course through the narrow channel to the docks, you peered out anxiously across the dark waters. That mass of land, with its hills and valleys, was Guam, only recently taken from the Japanese. It had been secured a couple of months before, but there still were Jap snipers. Well, you'd soon find out what it would be like.

There were no brass bands to welcome you when the ramp of the LCT was lowered to allow you to scramble ashore. Instead a stevedore looked up from his work, ejected a stream of spittle into the harbor and said: "Here comes another— Seabee outfit!"

Ashore, you assembled into something faintly resembling military order and walked about a block to the point where the trucks were to pick you up. Not enough trucks to haul the entire outfit, so you who were left doffed your packs, and settled down in the mud for a short snooze. A while later, exhausted by the excitement and lateness of the hour, you awoke with a start to realize the trucks were being loaded and you were being left. By disengaging your equipment and climbing aboard piecemeal you finally were loaded and headed for camp.

The jolting, halting ride was a wild, eerie experience. Military traffic had made mud bogs of the narrow, twisting roads, and ruts were ankle deep. The road wound past shells of gutted buildings, topless palm trees, ruined amtracks, and other items of war waste. That much you could see in the darkness. And the Commander had said you'd pitch your pup tents on a hill where a bloody battle had been fought.

The miry road turned from the seashore and headed into the hills at an abrupt angle. Once the file of trucks halted as one became stuck fast, but by prodigious effort it was freed. Finally the trucks turned off the road and there was the campfire! It gave off a friendly glow in the damp cool of the tropical night. On closer inspection, its flickering radiation disclosed rather dismal surroundings. Muddy, red earth, half-filled foxholes and clumps of the vicious sword grass. You were to learn about that sword grass on the morrow when you started cutting it.

Many of the pup tents were already up, but the hour was late and you rolled up in your poncho and dozed off. Early next morning you awoke, refreshed, even though you had slept on the bare earth, mates kept stepping on you in the darkness . . . and somewhere off in those hills Jap snipers were said to lurk.

You performed your morning ablutions with a helmet of water, and started the day cheerfully with a canteen cup of steaming coffee dipped from an open vat. Once, in the dim distance before Seabees, transports and pup tents, you would have squawked at such a haphazard concoction, but that morning you relished the coffee and the K rations.

Breakfast over, you sought out your company area, found a mate with whom to share a shelter-half and began leveling off a likely spot. You scraped the ground clear of rocks and shrapnel fragments, industriously applied bolo or machete to the sword grass. If you grasped the sword grass in one hand and swung the knife with the other you suffered a pretty bad cut. You learned fast, before long the ground surface was smooth, and you pitched the tent more or less in the manner prescribed by Camp Peary instructors. Only here it wasn't done by the numbers.



Pup tents . . . where a bloody battle had been fought.

The tent up, you and your mate trenched around it so the rainwater would fall away. Your mate heaved his short spade into the ground and fell back, bug-eyed. Holy smokes, he hit a live grenade! Somebody hollered and Seabees in the area raced to the four winds, like an expanding wave caused by a rock thrown in water. The grenade did not explode.

Later someone found a wire inside his tent and began pulling. He pulled and pulled . . . and up came a landmine! When you heard about that there was no more wirepulling in the 94th . . . for the time being, at least. Then you heard of the guy who slept with what he presumed to be a Jap skull under his pillow. No reason, unless just to prove himself bloodthirsty.

You got set up as comfortably as possible, then some of you began to be assigned to work details. Some helped put up the larger tents that housed the post office and sick bay, some went out to gather wood for the campfire. Some went to work for other Seabee battalions, such as the one rushing completion of the road you traveled the first night. Most of you just waited that first week, because materials were slow in coming.

With nothing else to do, you took stock of your surroundings and tried to re-live the bloody battle that had been fought on and around your hilltop camp site. Marines at the nearby searchlight said it had been a hell of a hill to take, and that the Marines had been driven from it twice before finally securing it.

Cartridges and grenades, exploded and unexploded, littered the field. Red flags marked unexploded land mines, and there were yards and yards of communications wire. Commander Omsted, in his talk aboard the *Davis*, had forewarned you of the unexploded 500-pound shell sticking in the hillside. And there it was, as big as life and ugly as death, until the day the Marines came with block-and-tackle mounted on a truck, and hauled it away.

A short distance down the hill, below a jutting brow of rock and soil, there was evidence of Marines who had paid with their lives for this piece of land so far from home. This was where the Japs rolled grenades downhill in a frantic effort to stop the Americans. There were bits of GI equipment, torn packs, a piece of a soap dish, a shattered toothbrush. You could read the names on some of the packs . . .

the owners probably lay sleeping the final sleep in those well-ordered cemeteries down below.

Some of you, variously described as hardy souvenir hunters or (damfools,) strayed far from camp, and brought back Jap field glasses, rifles, sabers, battle-flags and other familiar collector's items. Later they would bring a handsome profit, or grace that postwar den you planned to build. Luckily, none of you encountered an armed enemy in any of the caves you ventured into. Other outfits were not so fortunate, you learned later.

You grew tired of trying to take a bath in a steel helmet, in water hauled from a distant water point; so you went exploring and found a mountain stream that looked clear enough. You dammed it up here and there, doffed your sweaty clothing, and bathed and

Shells of gutted buildings . .



washed your clothes at the same time. Later a Battalion doctor okayed one of the streams for bathing purposes, but whether or not it was the one you bathed in, you suffered no serious aftermath.

The first few weeks in the Marianas you took turns standing guard duty, and you weren't playing at it. You had real bullets in your pieces, and those shadows might be cast by swaying branches, and they might not. You took no chances, and neither did your friends of the Battalion on the next hill. The nights were punctuated with popping carbines and cracking 03's. In your pup tent you hugged the ground a little closer when a shot whined overhead and you summoned the nearest guard if you had to leave your tent for any reason.

Ninety-fourth guards had fired many a shot at a suspicious shadow before one proved to be the McCoy. It was a dark night in March when an alert guard on the laundry job saw a "stump" that didn't belong on the scene. He talked it over with the guard at the next post. They challenged, and fired a few rounds. The stump moved, then lay still. Another honorable son of heaven had joined his ancestors.

Trucks, traveling in safe convoys, and accompanied by armed guards, began bringing materials from the docks and dumping them in the 94th lot. You began staking out the new camp and built plywood flooring. The five-man tents, which had been buried in the ship's hold, arrived last of all. A week after landing, your new camp was ready for occupancy. The day arrived when you gleefully tore down the pup tents, draped your GI possessions about you, and hit the dusty road to better living.

The pup tents, straddle trenches and many other inconveniences were behind you, but other conveniences were in the future. You got a daily report on the progress of the pipeline, watched work on the showers, the galley and the messhuts, while you continued to bathe in helmet or creek, and eat your distasteful C rations from rusty messkits.

One by one, the camp projects were finished. A few days after removal from the pup tent area you saw your first picture show in the natural amphitheatre southwest of the tent area. Before you knew it you

Houses . . . of odd combinations.



. . . War wrecked structures.

had relaxed in the luxury of your first fresh water shower since Red Hill. The mess huts, then the galley, were completed, and you put your feet under a table, ate from a tray again. The tables had a habit of careening wildly when someone across from you arose suddenly, but they were better than packing crates.

As the camp neared completion, material for the first big project began arriving in the harbor. The entire construction force was soon hard at work on one of the most important building jobs of the Pacific war—the new headquarters for Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific. It was high priority work and vitally necessary in support of the Navy's rapid advance toward Tokyo. The 94th had been selected to do the major portion of the job because of the excellent reputation won in the eight months on Oahu.

CINCPAC soon developed into a large Navy metropolis. In addition to the important administration buildings, that housed Admiral Nimitz and his various staffs, you built a most comprehensive public information center. The radio station was complete with sound-proof, air-conditioned studios. From it radiated four channels for direct transmission of news to the States, two channels for broadcasting direct to the big radio chains, and one channel for transmission of radio photographs. The auditorium was also a big job and in it Admiral Nimitz held his press conferences. Another important building was used as a gigantic Photograph Laboratory for processing the Fleet's still photographs.

Where once the famous 77th division had bivouacked, after assisting in the capture of Guam, a great Navy city took shape, complete with water lines, sewers and all the ordinary civic facilities. Within a few short months after the Seabees went ashore on Guam, the topography of the island underwent a more rapid change than since that distant day when subterranean forces pushed its 206 square miles from the six-mile deep floor of the Pacific. And your role in that transformation was an important one.

All along you could hear the battalion cynics, in the chowline, the beerline, or wherever you happened to meet them, inform all who would bend an ear that the Battalion morale was low. They'd tell you battalion efficiency had dropped 35, 40 or 50 per cent. But while the croakers and moaners caterwauled, the bulk of the battalion went right ahead doing their job day after day.

You built Brigade headquarters and turned out serviceable furniture for a large number of activities. One job began to merge into another. In rapid succession you built a motor pool, frame buildings for Army engineers, Diesel oil storage tanks, a Seabee camp, a Marine Corps Transient center, hardstands and ammunition shelters for a field depot, and hardstands and taxiways for an airfield. You built a fleet laundry, quarters for Admiral Nimitz's boat crew, a water

magic of modern American equipment.

Other important projects continued, side by side, with the airfield and road job. The electricians enlarged power facilities in the harbor, a carrier aircraft service unit camp was constructed at another airfield, recreational facilities were erected; you built pontoon barges and laboratory fixtures. The jobs went on and on, while you thought of home and wondered if that Seabee rotation plan would ever catch up with you.

Each evening you got what recreation you could. You attended the outdoor theater, read books and wrote letters. It was a lonesome existence, so far from the loving arms and warm laughter of those people back home. At the end of the first three months you had Sunday afternoon off. Occasionally you could relax for an entire Sabbath.

On these brief vacations you became acquainted



Watched work on . . . the galley and messhuts.

tower, and more electrical facilities.

Much of this work was done under conditions that required the presence of armed guards. While declared secure weeks before you arrived, the island was far from being free of Japs. About the time you began your second major project—construction of a road through dark jungle—a group of Navy men were ambushed by a Jap patrol in the road area, and most of them were killed. While guards armed with Tommy guns and carbines patrolled the locality, you went right ahead, cut and blasted a road through.

While the road builders lived apart from the main camp, the rest of you construction men put up storage buildings for the Red Cross, installed power lines for one of the many airfields, and built a fleet hospital. Then came the big job that everybody had wanted to do from the beginning—the construction of a base for those beautiful B-29s. There you got the feeling you were really in this war. You were providing the facilities from which the sleek, silvery sky giants could take off to tear the heart out of Japanese industry. Before long a good fourth of the Battalion had moved to the airfield, which began to take form under the

with the natives, learned to like and respect them. They were a cheerful race, who appreciated the open-handed Americans after the cruelties visited on them by the savage Japanese. Especially did you esteem the smiling Chamorros, whose familiarity with western civilization dates back to the 16th century when Magellan first discovered the Marianas. For the most part they dressed like Americans, and as a group were probably the cleanest people you ever encountered. Most of the women appeared to have just stepped from the bath into freshly laundered dresses.

Native fiestas were held on almost any pretext, and during the war servicemen almost always were numbered among the guests. Since the Japanese had confiscated the natives' musical instruments, most of the music was provided by GI dance bands. The Chamorros furnished large quantities of their tuba, which is not a musical instrument.

On Sunday you could escape the bustle of construction to catch glimpses of the Marianas as they were before they became a staging area for prosecuting the war. As you traveled about the island you still could see, here and there, a plodding carabao pulling the

odd, two-wheeled carts on which rode light-hearted natives, facing fore and aft. You noticed that when the natives rode carabao back they sat far forward on the beast's neck. It took a lot of leg to bestride the fat middle.

In the military zones you saw houses built of odd combinations, such as corrugated iron lean-to additions to grass shacks. Uncorrupted native huts predominated in the isolated areas. Many of the women still congregated about running streams to wash clothes. Once in a while you even caught sight of tawny, unblushing maidens bathing in some unsequestered swimmin' hole.

The bird and animal life on Guam left much to be desired. There was an almost complete lack of song birds. You noticed a few in remote boondock and wooded regions, but their musical croakings could hardly compare with the symphonies of American wood-warblers. Occasionally you would come upon a flock of stately, white cranes in swamp areas. Deer were said to abound on the island and several of the timid animals were seen from a distance; apparently most of them were killed and eaten during the Japanese occupation.

About the only forms of animal and insect life around camp were the brown rats and toads; the tiny chirping lizards; mosquitoes, houseflies, mosquito hawks, and the beetle called the lamp bug for obvious reasons. Native dogs, for the most part, lacked the affectionate qualities of American canines. Among the more spectacular reptiles was the iguana, found chiefly in the jungle. One five foot specimen was a camp mascot for a time.

Some of you borrowed underwater goggles from the Welfare and Recreation Department, went hunting for oddly colored shells along the seashore. You discovered a new world on the ocean's floor, a world populated by brilliantly hued fish and coral, and the weird anemones, jelly fish and other living masses, half plant, half animal. There beneath the Pacific's surface you also found more evidences of the waste of war—unexploded shells, grenades and fragments of amtracks.

When the 94th left Guam, and the writer is presuming that the departure would occur some day,

Chamorros . . . the cleanest people.



. . . Caves you entered into.

it was hard to believe the island was the same one on which the Battalion landed that damp October in 1944. The narrow, muddy roads had given way to miles of hard-surfaced highways. Buildings covered much of the bare red earth and the ugly patches of sword grass. Most of the war-wrecked structures of the nearby town had been torn down, and in their stead a new and more substantial metropolis was rising from the ruins.

Each day the signs of battle were becoming more indistinct, although here and there a mud-filled fox-hole or a rag-tipped post, that once served as an artillery range-marker, still could be seen. A palm tree, with shattered top or shrapnel-scarred trunk, gave mute testimony to the blood that had been shed in the drive on Tokyo.

The pages of history have touched the Marianas frequently since the March day in 1521 when Magellan discovered them, and named them The Islands of the Thieves, because the natives looted his ships. Great changes were made in the social structure by the Spanish Jesuit missionaries, who spread the gospel despite rebellious natives. Wars, famines and western diseases reduced the native population from about 100,000 in 1668 to a mere 3,700 in 1710. But by that time the intermarriage of Spanish and Filipino soldiers with native women had produced a stouter race of half-castes, who soon outnumbered the pure natives.

Spanish rule lasted until 1898 when the Iberian governor surrendered to the U.S.S. Charleston upon being surprised by the announcement that the United States was at war with Spain. America kept Guam after the war, but allowed Germany to purchase the rest of the Marianas from Spain for four and a half million dollars. Japan took possession of the German Marianas at the outbreak of the first world war and was allowed to control them under a mandate after



Spectacular reptiles . . .

cessation of hostilities. This left American-held Guam isolated in the midst of Japanese possessions.

The small force of Marines could not cope with the invading Nipponese in "black December" of 1941. They surrendered after resisting 24 hours. The Japanese put the natives to work fortifying the island, on the often-executed threat of beheading, in preparation for an American counter-attack. The bulk of the fortifications were man-made caves that failed to halt American occupation in June and July, 1944.

Saipan, Guam and Tinian fell to the invading Americans, in that order, and long before the smoke of battle had cleared the Seabees were hard at work. The impact of history, as written by the sweat, brawn and mechanical knowledge of the Seabees, has probably moved faster, and had more lasting effect, than anything that has gone before.

Plodding caraboo . . .





Island Scenes



Jap fortification.



Wrecked jailhouse.

... Mute testimony to bloodshed.

Jap landing barge.

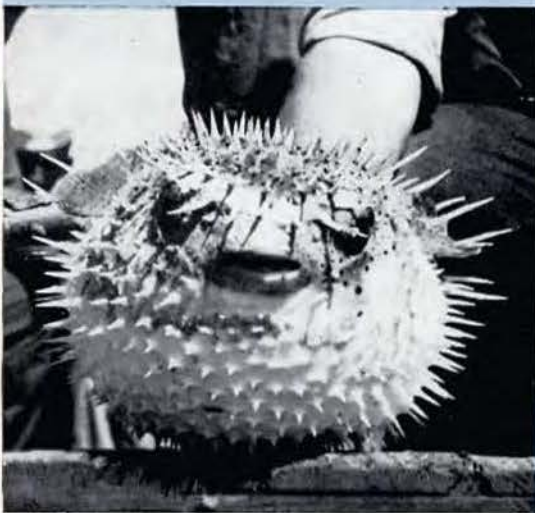




Carabao.

Tawny maidens . . . bathing.

Blow Fish.



Native outrigger canoe.



Native huts . . . in isolated areas.



Mission bell.



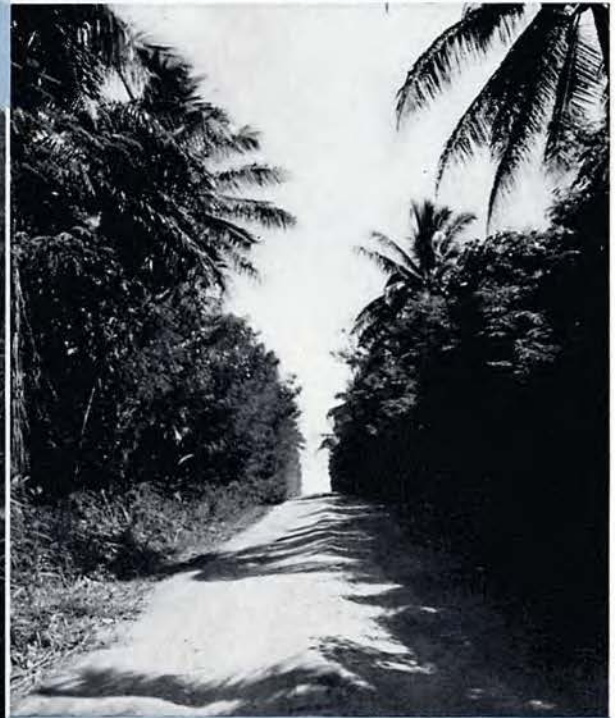
Pandanus tree.

Wreckage of Jap bomber.





*Jap's last port of call.
Ruins of old Spanish fort.*



Solid banks of jungle.



Three generations of Chamorros.



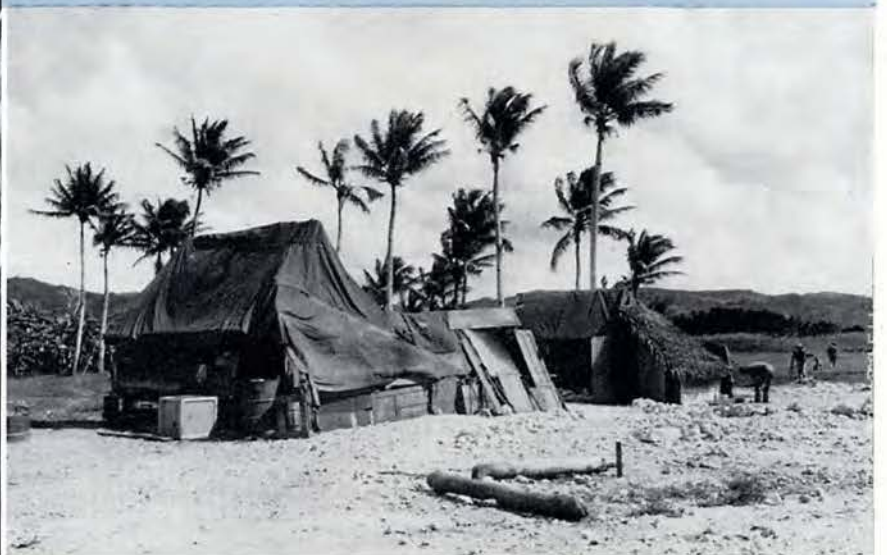
Makeshift hut.



Chamorro charmer.



In the wake of war.





Learned to like . . . a cheerful race.



A stouter race.



Little mother.



. . . in freshly laundered dresses.

Broader horizons . . . now.



Marianas debutante.



. . . Glimpses of the island as it was . . . before the war,

Weaving palm mat.



Hollywood setting.



The village square.

Personality kid.



**Battle
Scarred
Churches**



The Chamorros are deeply religious, as manifested by the many churches on the island. The church is usually the most permanent structure in the native villages, and a center of religious and social congregation.

Many native victims of Japanese oppression lie side by side here with Americans who gave their lives to liberate the island.





The Spanish and German missionaries left a lasting imprint on the island's architecture. The church is the dominant structure in nearly every native village.



A quiet village untouched by battle.



Military Training





Military Training

During your first 17 months in service, the Navy gave you a regular diet of military preparation for the day when you would reach the front line of the Pacific War. When you finally arrived at "Island X," the military phase of your existence ended save for one short session of "Condition Black" practice.

It sounds silly when you state it that way, but military training served a number of definite purposes. The Navy, of course, knew that some of its Seabees would have to fight. The blueprints did not reveal what units would have to take up weapons, so all Seabees had to be taught to defend themselves. That was the main purpose.

You probably cursed close order drill more than any other phase of training. No sense to it, you often growled at the fellow taking those 30-inch steps alongside you. No sense to it? Close order made you mentally and physically alert, forced you to discard idle, wool-gathering thoughts from your mind. If your brain failed to function immediately as a telegraphic center, you found yourself in the ludicrous position of being out of step and out of line.

Extended order also forced you to concentrate on the problem at hand, an all-important prerequisite for success in any undertaking. It also brought you closer to the realities of war—and allowed you to play "Cowboy-and-Indians," a game austere society denies to grown-up boys. You silently worked your way through high grass and rough, wooded terrain, keeping your

place in squad formation, and all the time you were learning team work that would prove useful in any kind of vocation.

More difficult phases of the training program, such as the obstacle course, offered a challenge to your physical prowess, and you tackled them from the competitive angle. It was rough going then, but you can chuckle now when you recall how you fared on the obstacle course the day you returned from embarkation leave, heads big and hands palsied. You were the saddest sacks in the service by the time you had run the gauntlet, past eagle-eyed guards, with never a drop of water to ease the rasping fire within you.

If you made an honest effort to overcome the obstacles that course at Endicott provided, you gained a great deal of self confidence. You accomplished physical feats you never thought possible, unless you were a natural athlete, and some of you lost inferiority complexes. Later, when you climbed down the side of the Cushman K. Davis on a swaying rope net, you were thankful you had had previous experience.

Despite the inevitable GI griping, you enjoyed those excursions over to Aiea Hill on Oahu. In time you will forget the tedious standing in line to pick up equipment and the exertion required to negotiate the hills to the war games area; you will remember the banter and horseplay. The trying times, the rough days will furnish the memories that live the longest.



Military Training





At ease.



Stringing barb wire.



Machine gun nest.

Gas Mask drill.



Scouting patrol.

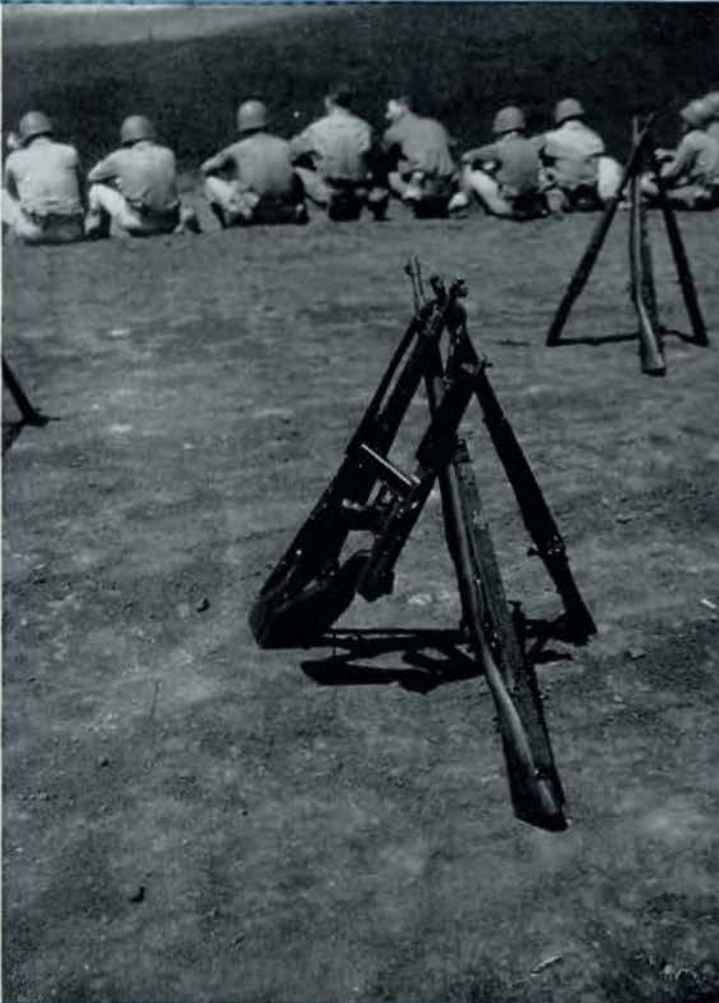




Hugging the earth.



Compass reading.



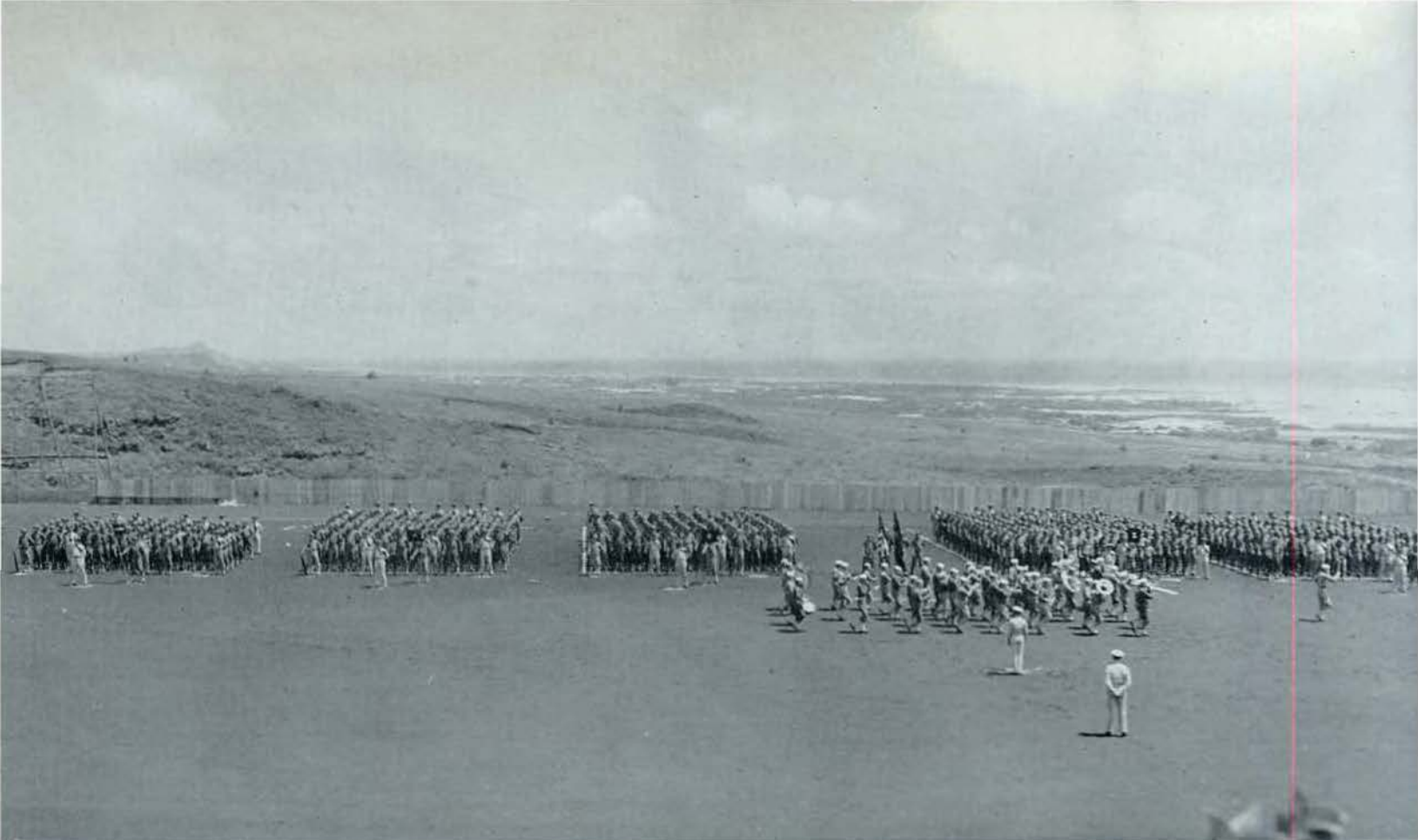
Rest period.



Blend with the landscape.



Dee-licious K rations.



The 94th on review . . . May 13, 1944 . . . at Red Hill.



*Construction
Projects*





You disembarked at Pearl Harbor on Monday and on Tuesday you started work on your first overseas project

with tools and equipment uncerated the night before. The job was a 3,000-bed hospital, which had to be rushed to completion to receive casualties from the Marshalls campaign, already underway.

Due to censorship regulations, photographic subjects in the Construction Section are limited. The 94th followed closely the swath cut by the Navy in its drive on Tokyo, and many overall shots and much technical information had to be omitted.

Two phases in construction of a 50-bed hospital ward, part of the Aiea job, are shown on this page. In the top picture the masonite is on, and the final checkup before installation of bulkheads and ventilators is taking place. The lower picture, taken a few hours later, shows a clean, airy, insect-proof ward. An eight-man team can finish one of these buildings in the period from dawn to dusk.





(Above) The first sizable job tackled by the 94th. A cement gang is laying the foundation for a laundry at ABD, Davisville.



(Right) Completing the 24-inch, welded steel pipeline which now carries water from Alimannua Crater to the "Navy Yard Filtration plant on Oahu." You had to cut and blast the ditch through tough volcanic rock.





Aiea Barracks

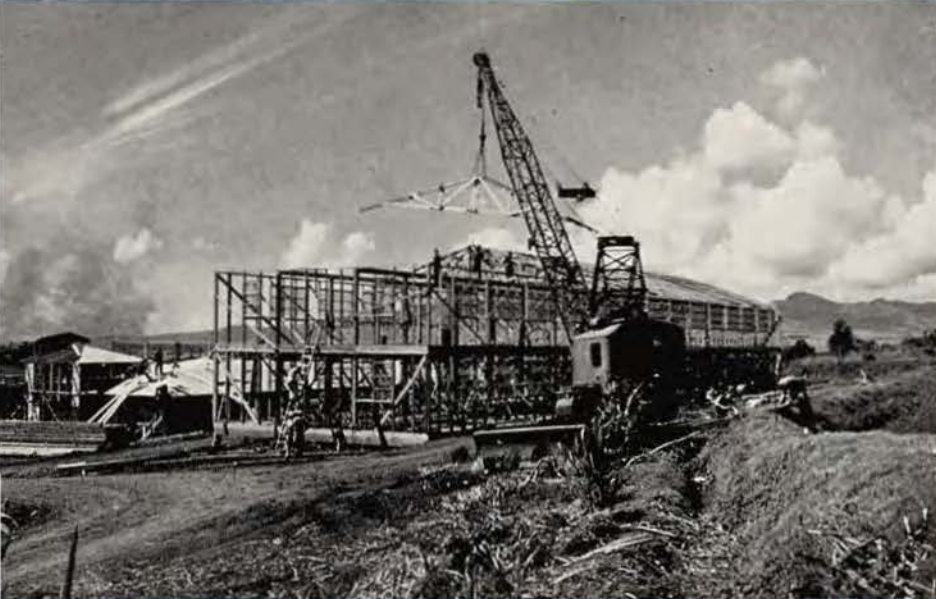
The Aiea barracks project, pictured here, was your baby from plans to completion. You were faced with the task of creating a Navy city, which would house a population the size of Montpelier, capital of Vermont, and greater than that of Uvalde, Texas, or Glencoe, Illinois. Here again time was of utmost importance. The barracks were needed for naval personnel arriving daily in great numbers.

Sewers, storm drains, water lines, power lines, and all the facilities necessary to servicing a city had to be installed. Some unusual obstacles beset your path. For example, unexpected negotiations with the owners of adjoining pineapple fields were carried on almost constantly while the work was in progress. The area was honey-combed with irrigation ditches; you placed them underground, using dredge pipe encased in concrete. In order to save the pineapple crop, dam gates had to be opened and closed at regular intervals to flood the irrigation ditches.

On this job you organized your now familiar organization of crews. Your pipe-laying gang, line gang, pre-fabricating gang—the boys who carry a sawmill with them—were all formed here. Wherever possible, and with only minor changes, these crews have remained intact.

In all, 31 buildings were erected, nine of them by civilian mechanics. While it is not polite to point, you completed your 22 buildings in about the same length of time the civilian contractors finished their nine.

[58]



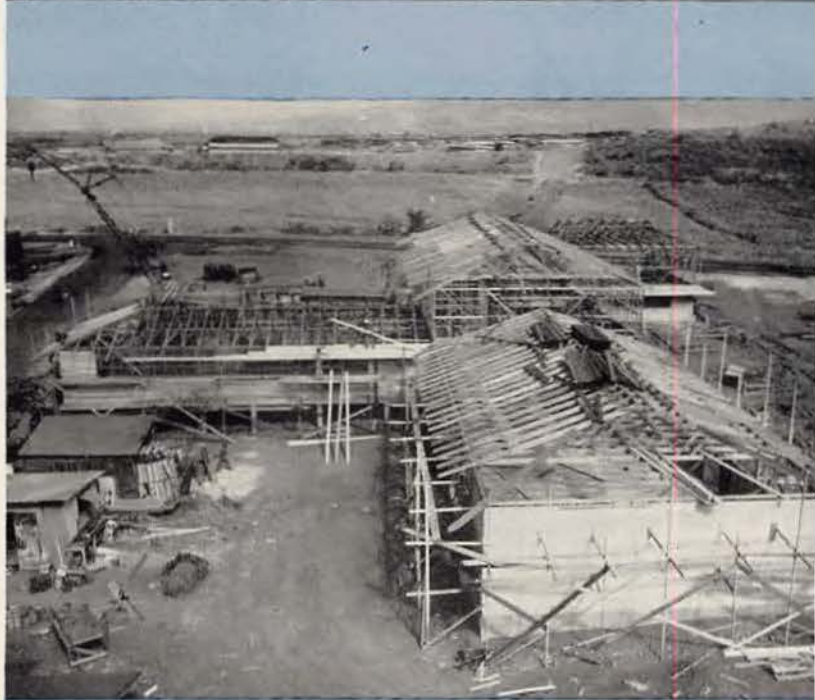
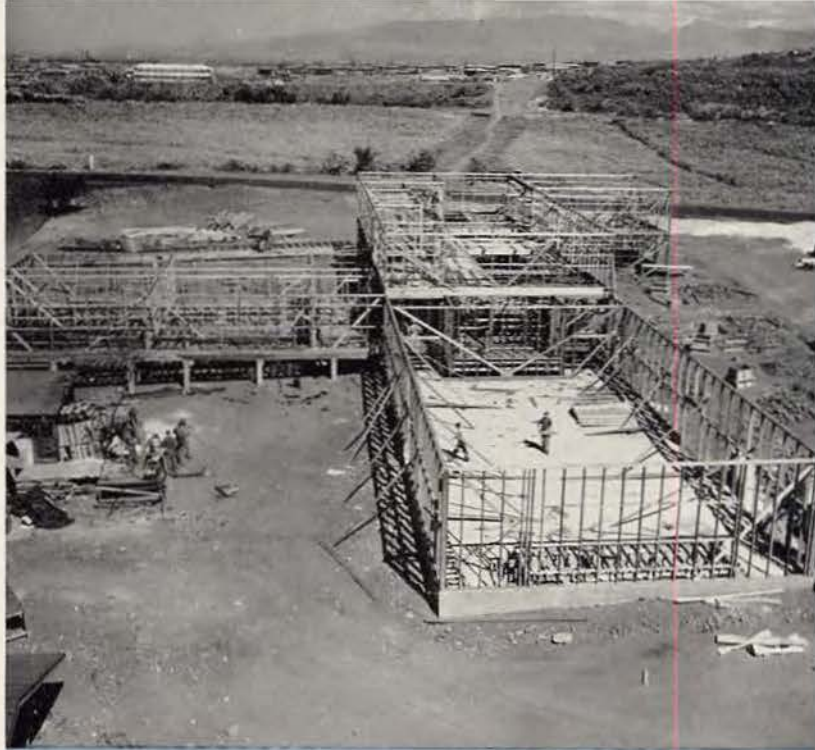
Radar School, Camp Catlin

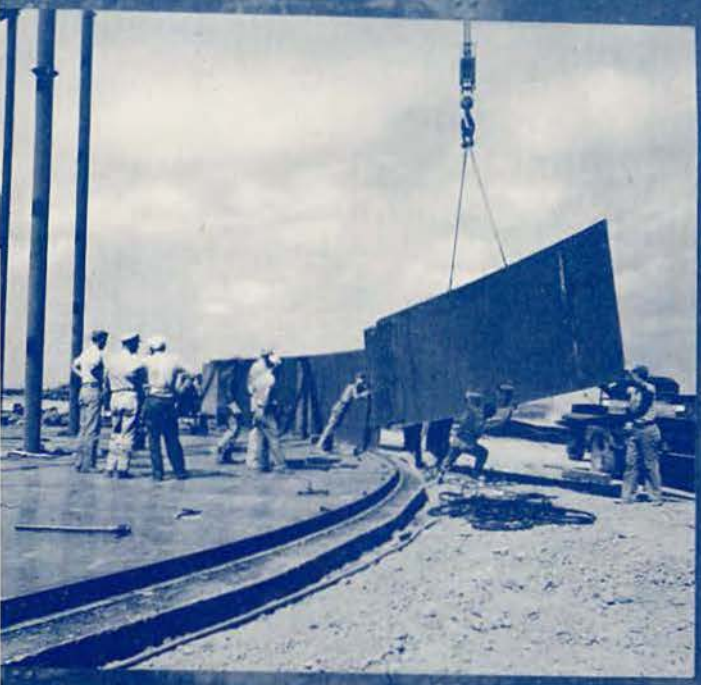


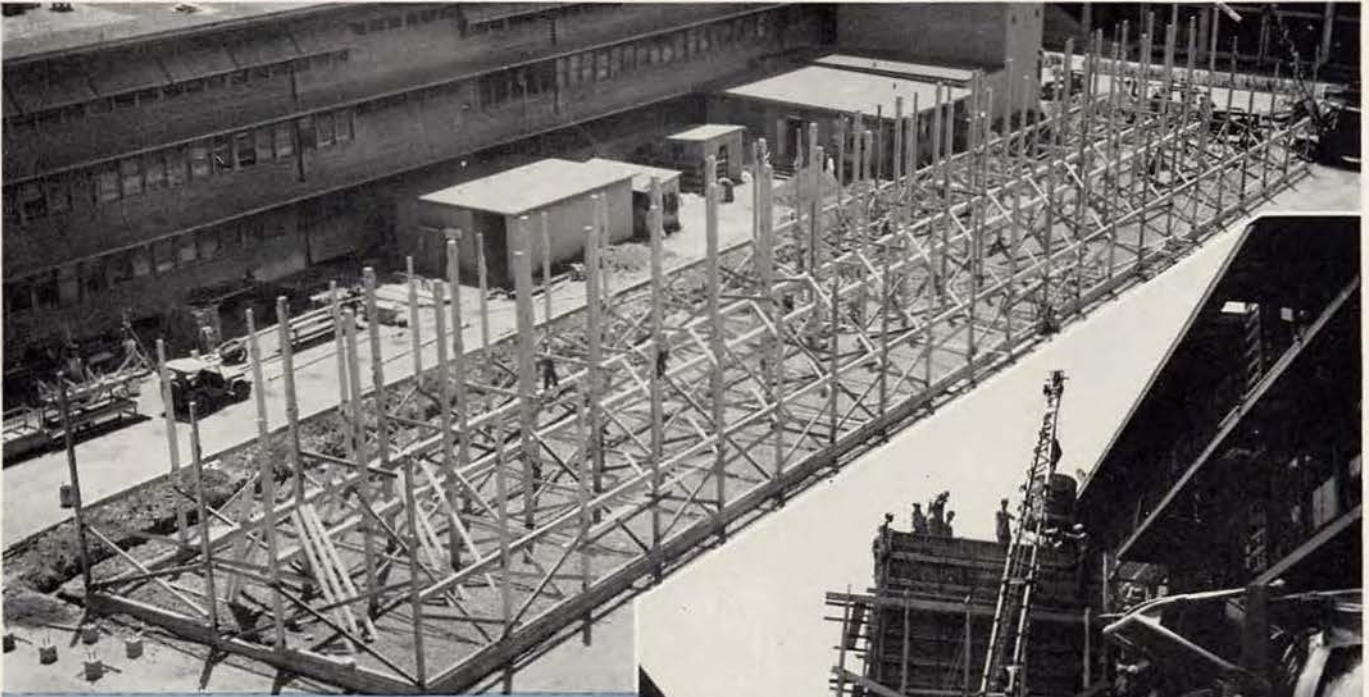
Radar and sonar, the sciences by which enemy planes, ships and undersea craft can be detected from great distances, are two of the most important developments of this war. The Fleet Radar Center, which you built during your stay on Oahu, was an integral part of the war against Japan.

Three phases of construction of the Camp Catlin Radar School and the Radar Towers are shown here. In the top photograph the underground work has been completed, the foundation has been laid, and the floor poured. The carpenters are working on the wall framing. In the middle photo the carpenters are framing the roofs and placing the sheathing in the walls. Below are shown the completed towers.

By the time you left Oahu, the school was being operated for fleet personnel, who would employ the technical knowledge learned there to intercept and bring about destruction of Japanese ships and planes.







(Top) Carpenters setting the columns.

(Right) Pouring concrete in wall.

(Below) The exterior completed, crews are cleaning out interior.





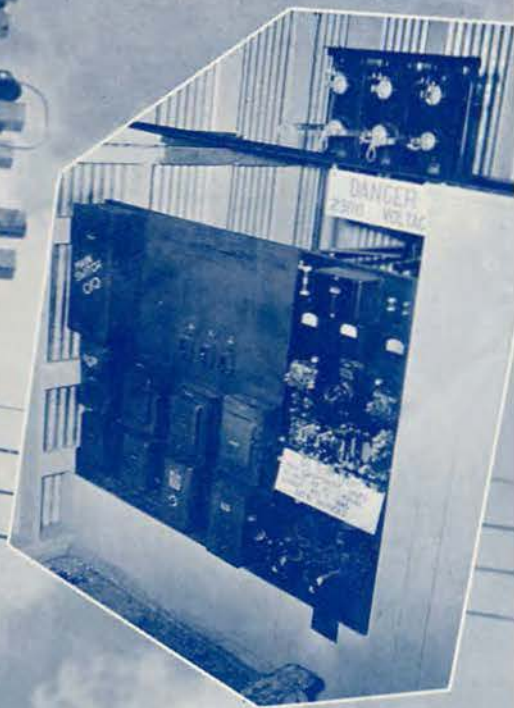
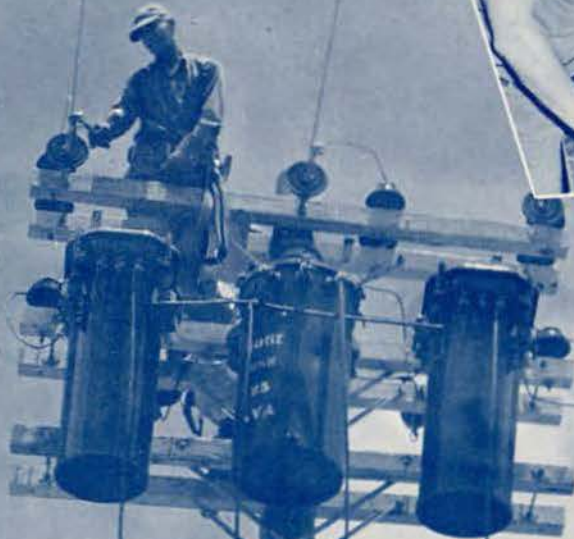
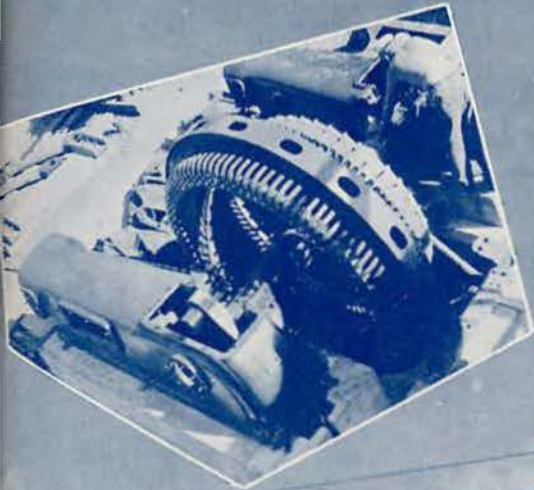
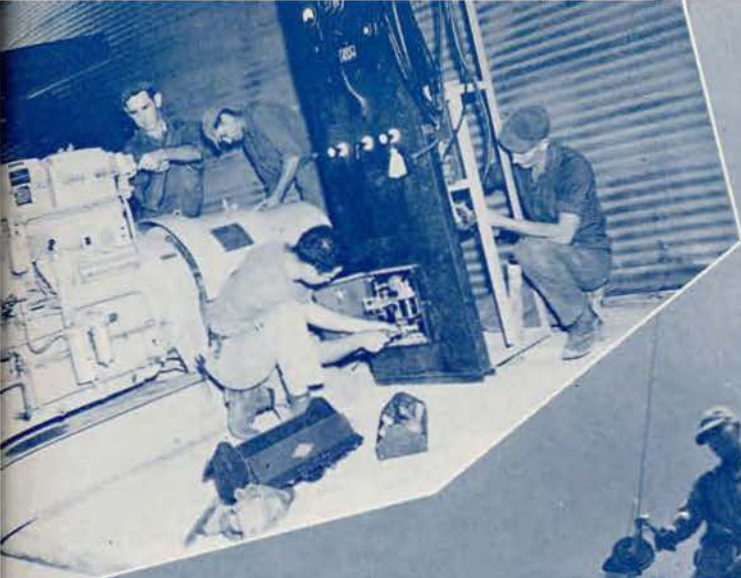
Constructing forms for air compressor foundation.



Two construction phases of Sub Base personnel building.



Pre-fabricating warehouses at Marianas airfield.



*Underwater blasting of coral reef for outfall sewer,
part of big Marianas Navy Administration Center project.*



*Preparing to set
dynamite charge.*

*Pouring concrete anchors
for sewer outlet.*





*Night crew mixing cement
on sewer job.*



*Breaking the cohesive underwater
coral with jackhammers.*



Laying concrete pipe for the outfall sewer.

Earth Moving

*Road scraper leveling earth for
airfield hardstands.*



Rolling the hardstands. Bombers will soon be parked here.



Road grading on Marianas Navy Administration Center job.



Grading camp road.

Northwest Field Camp



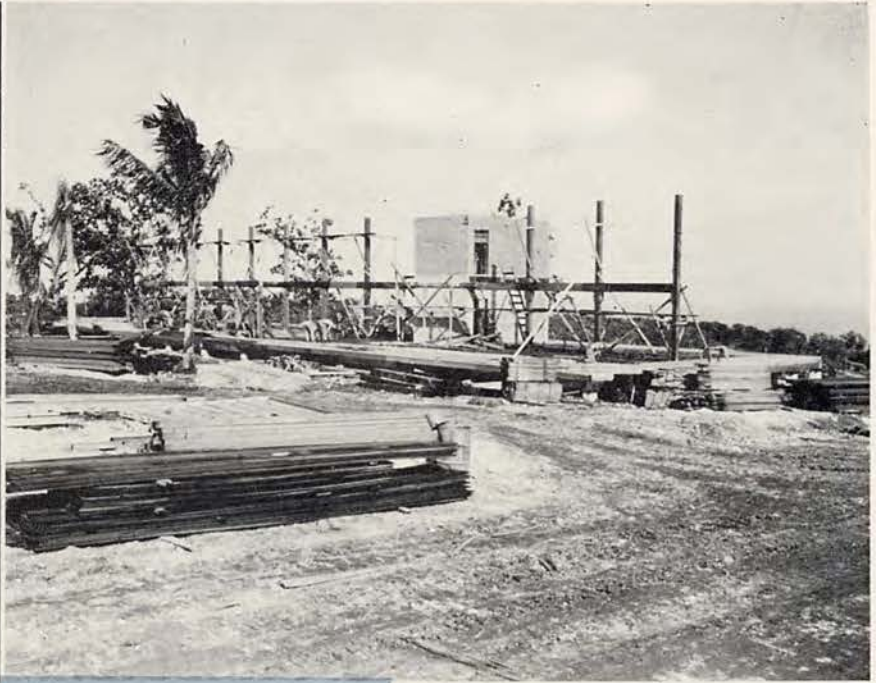
Tokyo Road

*Scenes of the ceremonies held
day the first Superfortress
landed on the B-29 strip you
built.*





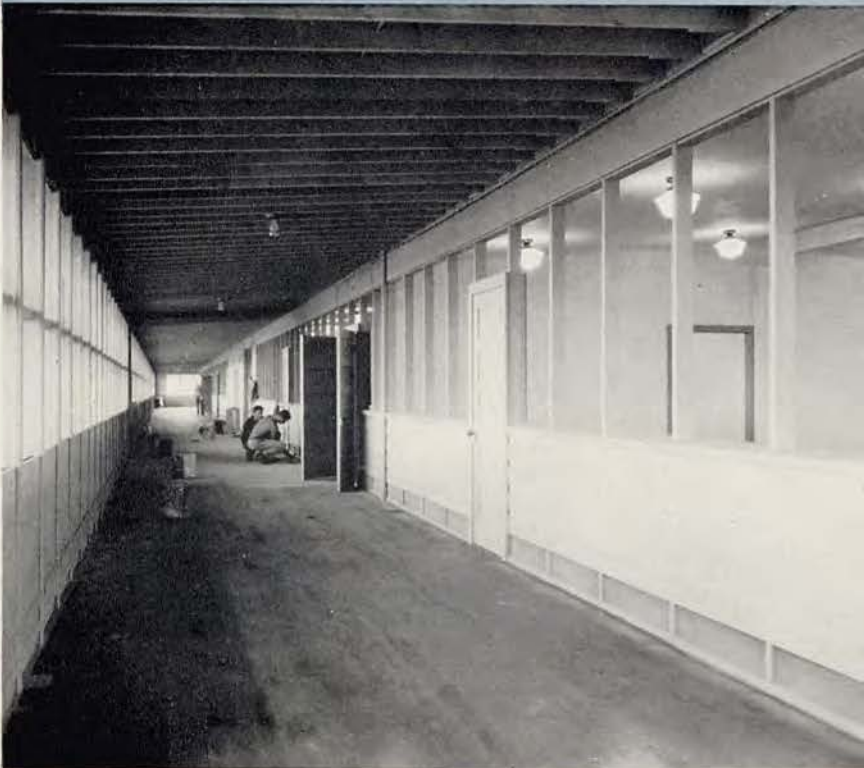
Setting antennae poles for Administration Center radio station.



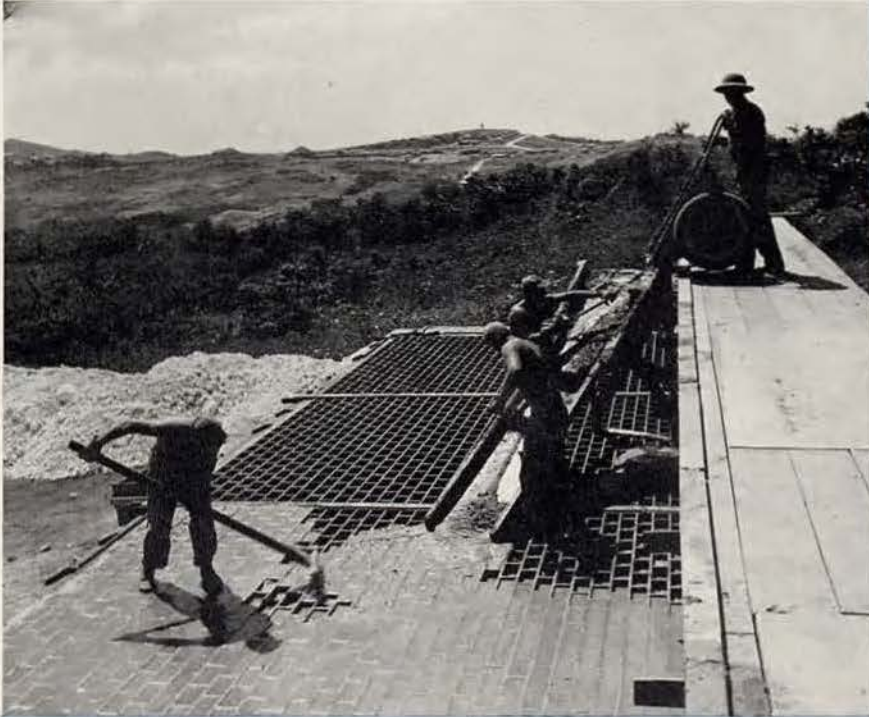
Columns for Administration building. Completed concrete vault in background.



Drainage construction.

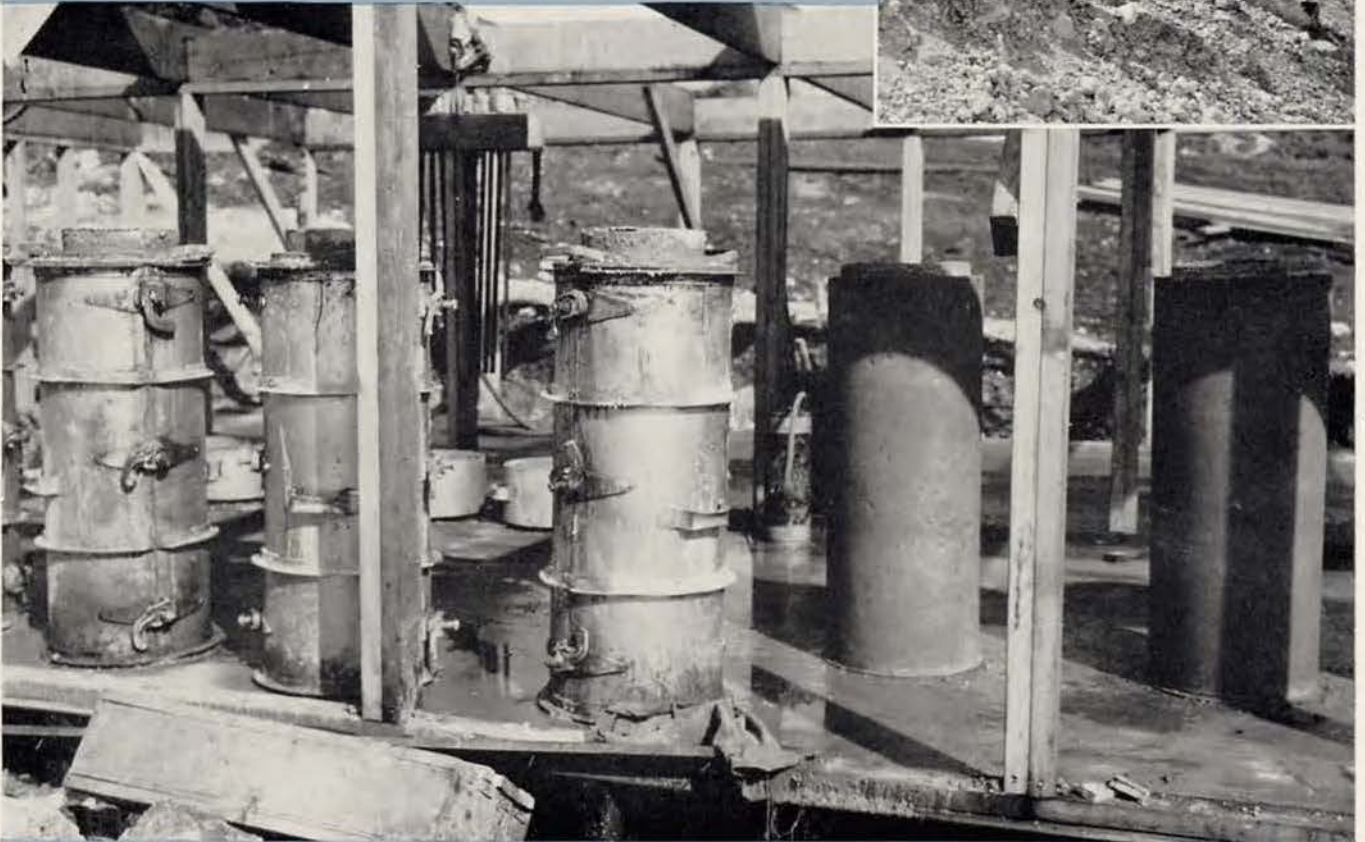


Looking down corridor of Administration building.



Manufacturing concrete bricks. You couldn't obtain bricks and concrete pipe in the Marianas, so you built your own plant and manufactured them.

Concrete brick manhole in outfall sewer line. Manhole was exposed because of sharp drop of grade.



Manufacturing concrete pipe for big sewer job.



*Back hoe, digging a ditch
for the sewer line.*



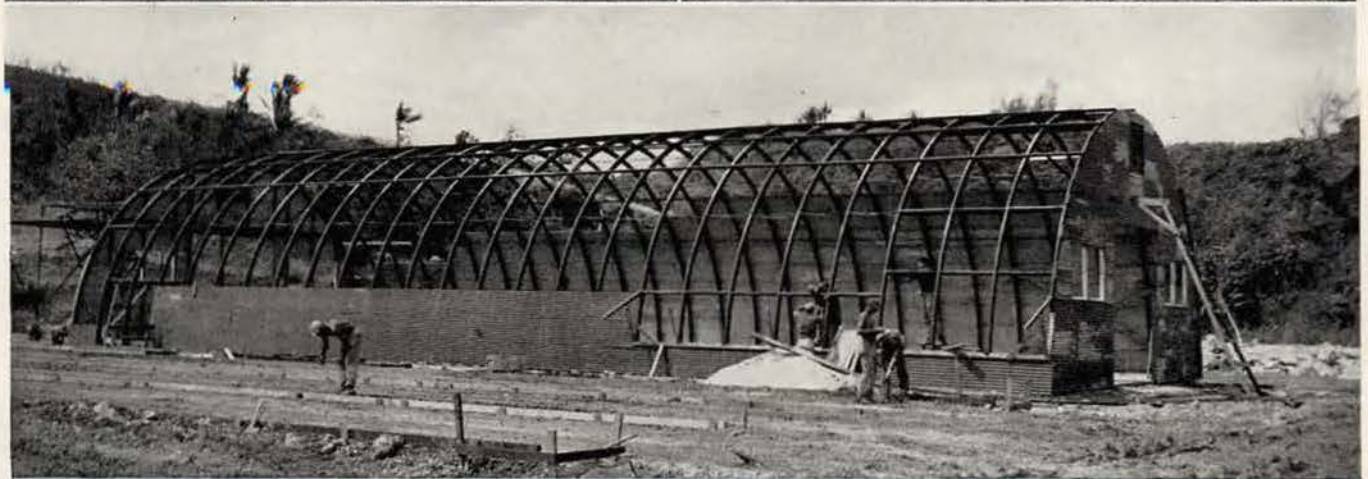
*Marianas coral pit. There was no gravel in the Marianas so you
substituted coral in the cement mixture.*



Grading road through coral and jungle.



The road led through a palm grove.



Quonset Huts

During your first seven and a half months in the Marianas you put up 350 Quonset huts and 35 of the 40x100 variety. You got so you could build Quonsets in your sleep, and referred to them as "erector sets."

In that same period you constructed 503 frame buildings, ranging from small 12x12s to one two story structure that measured 54x272. Also you built a two story radio station, complete with antennae, a two story photographic laboratory and a 20,000 fleet laundry.

Other construction work in the Marianas included 12 miles of water lines, three storage tanks, 10 pontoon barges, a frame bridge, two

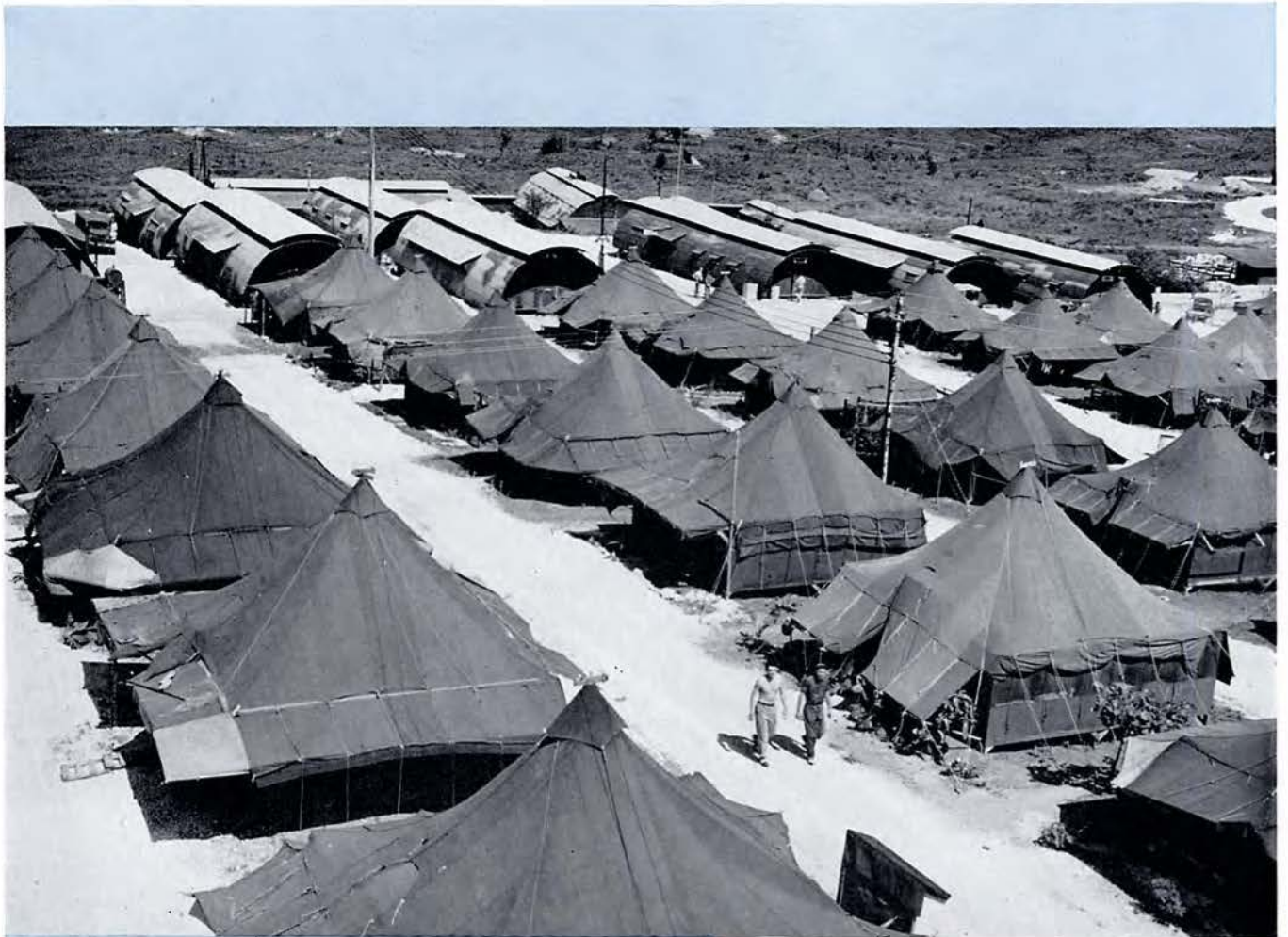
miles of sewer line, 10 miles of roads, 15 miles of power lines, 600 pieces of furniture and fixtures. You moved more than 400,000 cubic yards of earth during the B-29 runway construction alone.

The complete story of your construction work cannot be told because records of the Hawaiian phase were retained by the Brigade there. However, while you were allegedly "shaking down" for the forward area tour of duty, you completed 10 projects for the Fleet School, 4 for Fleet Landing, 2 for the Navy Yard, 3 for the Submarine Base, 11 at Aiea, 8 for Moanalua Hospital, and 14 at Red Hill.

Sometimes you get tired just thinking about it.



★ ★ **Camp Activities** ★ ★



Camp Scenes



*Galley lay-out.
Entering camp.*

Personnel Office



The major concern of the Personnel Office is the allocation of men to the various work projects in which the men are engaged. Another important function is the keeping of all personal records.

Operations Office

This department is concerned primarily with the procurement of materials for, and the supervision of, the various work projects.

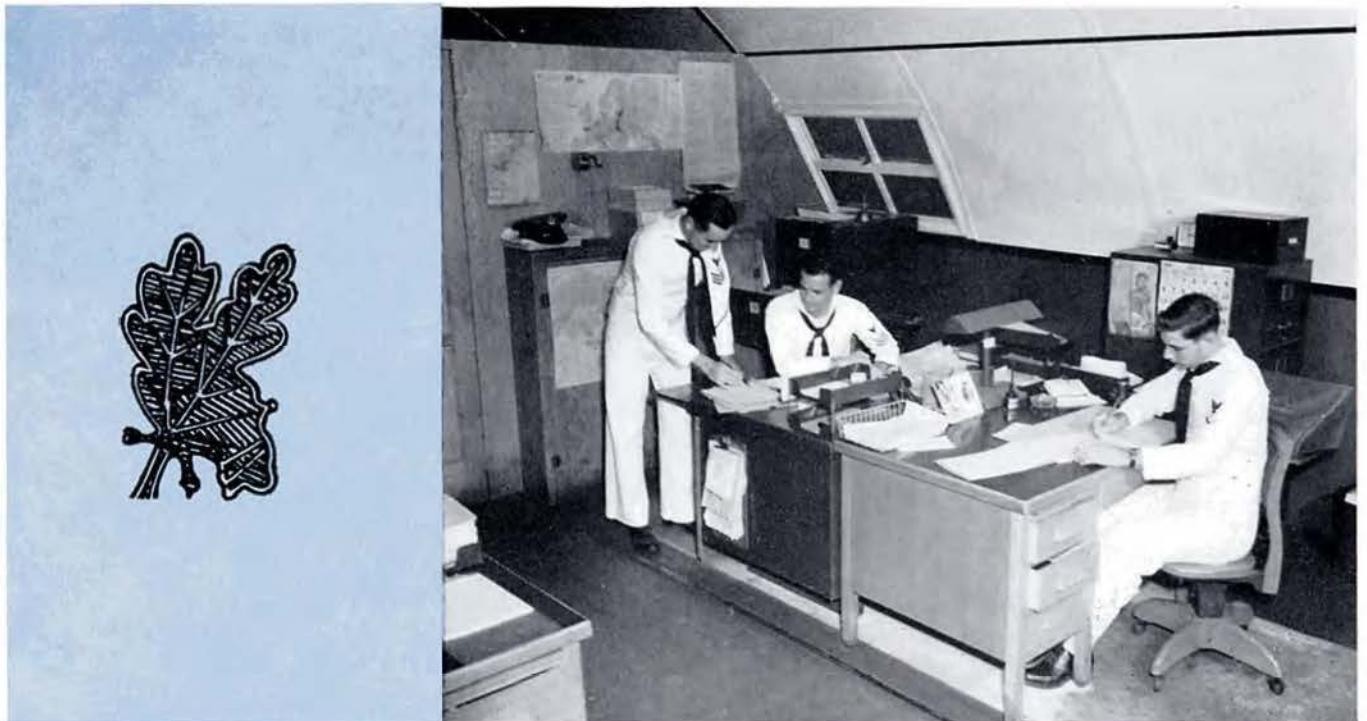




Supply Department

The Supply Department is the procurement section for all battalion services. This department handles the

feeding, clothing and housing of the men, as well as all supplies used in maintenance of the camp area. Supervision of all services, such as ships store, the laundry, cobbler shop, tailor shop and barber shop is Supply's responsibility.



O. O. D.'S OFFICE



This office is the battalion's nerve center through which flow all messages. It is responsible for order and security.



Fire Department on test run.



The first men on a construction job are the surveyors. They lay out the ground for construction and installations.





$$A = \frac{a}{2} \sqrt{c^2 - a^2}$$



PLANNING & ENGINEERING



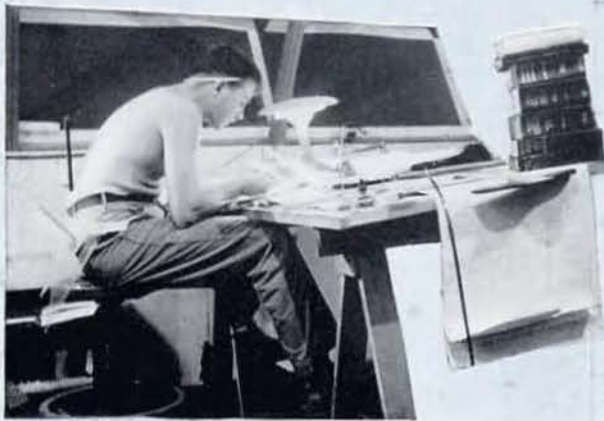
$$M = S \bar{c}$$

$$S = \frac{WL}{8} \times 12 = 18000$$

$$P = SA$$



Blueprints are easy,
it's the white lines
that are hard to
understand!



FRAMING PLAN
OFFICERS' CLUB.

Disbursing Department



The department keeps the pay records and accounts, such as allotments for bonds, insurance and dependents. You always took a great interest in pay day back at Oahu or in the States, but at advance base it was just another day. There was no place to spend it.



You bought war bonds regularly through the Disbursing Department. During bond drives an added inducement, such as the Oahu lassie, above, stimulated sales.





The various ship's services played an important role in your daily lives. This section of the camp corresponded to a shopping district back home. At the ship's store you could buy such general items as clothing, tobaccos, toilet articles, candy, stationery and native handi-craft. The other services provided tailor-ing, shoe repair, barbering, laundry, and even an occasional thirst-quenching beer.



Beer Garden.

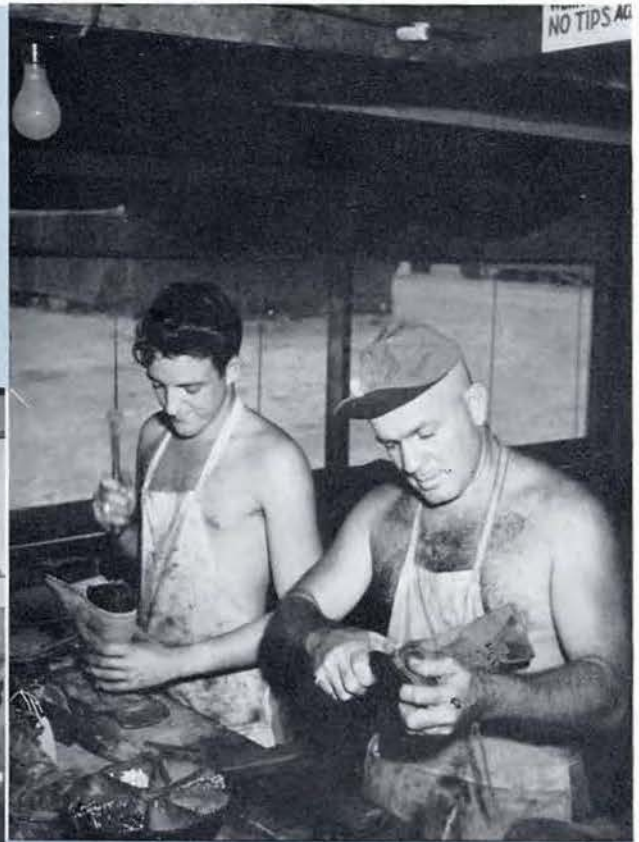


Ship's Store.



Tailor Shop.

Cobbler Shop.



Laundry scene.

Barber Shop.



Drying clothes.

The Post Office



You sought avidly after news of the folks back home. The Post Office crew handled your mail efficiently.



The censors (right) scanned your letters to prevent leakage of military information.

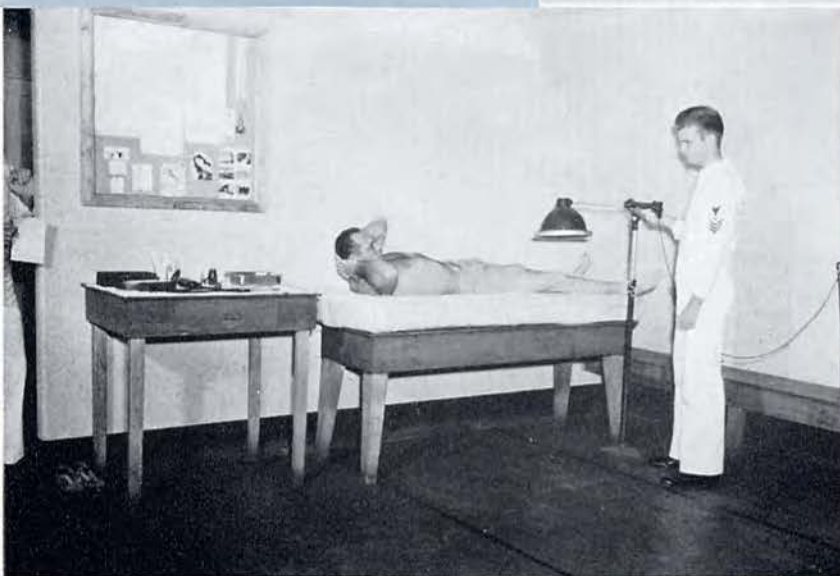


RESERVED FOR SPAM



Medical Department

The Navy provides the best of medical care, based on years of experience in many remote places of the world. Although not called upon to operate under fire, the 94th medical department had to contend with the high accident rate attendant on all large-scale construction projects.





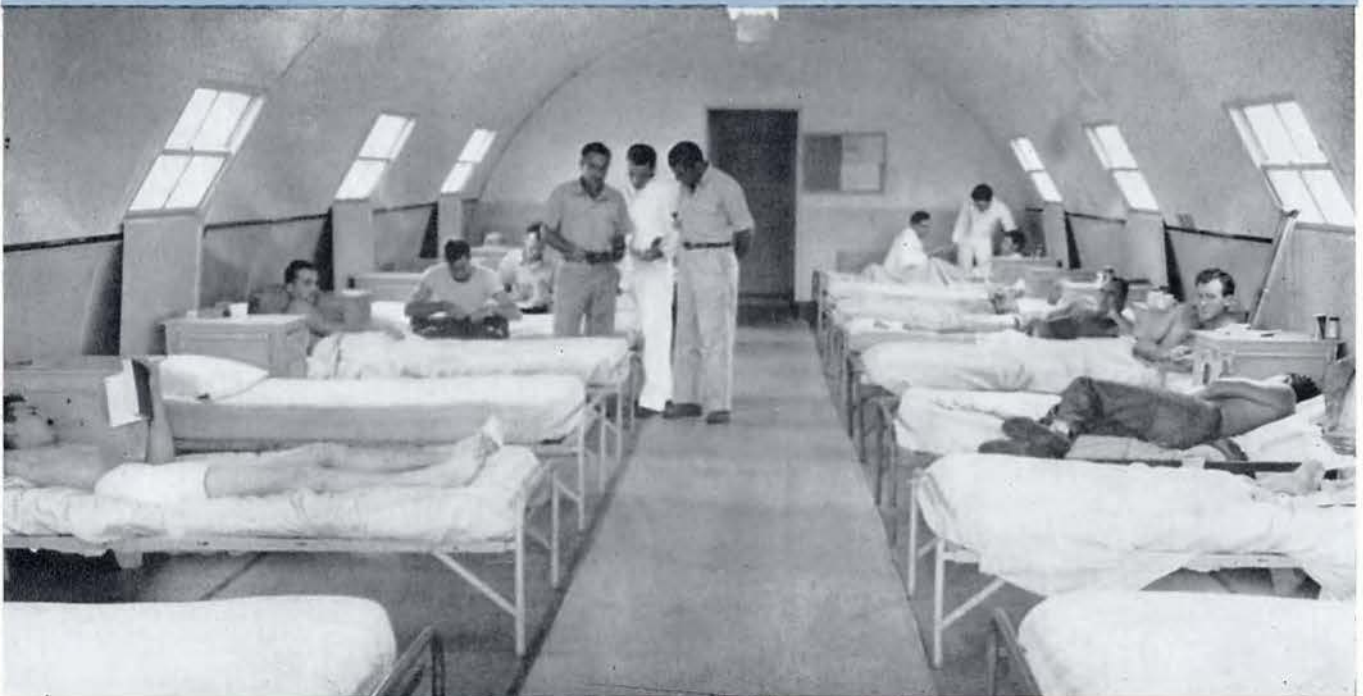
Asking for it . . .

Whenever the battalion traveled, the dental office had a comfortable set-up. However, whether they were housed in a tent, or more adequate Quonset, the battalion dentists gave



And getting it . . .

the men the best of treatment. Below is a general view of a sick bay ward during the doctors' daily call on patients.



The Armory



Cleaning rifles after maneuvers.



Inspecting Jap machinegun.

Rifle racks in armory.



Armorers at work.





The B. O. Q. Blues

We hit the island at half past two,
 And started work on the BOQ;
 The project grew by leaps and bounds
 To the din of saw and hammer sounds;
 Into the jungles the Seabees drove,
 In search of a stately coconut grove,
 And there by the light of the morning star,
 Logs were cut for the BOQ bar.

The floors were laid, the joints were raised,
 And even the "gold braids" were amazed;
 In the wee small hours of morning light
 The natives gazed on the awesome sight;
 Said one in amazement, "What is that?"
 And a wise one said, "Take off your hat,
 It's the Seabees, whose fame is known far;
 Who else could build such a beautiful bar?"

A "gold braid" eyed the native son,
 And barked: "Don't you know there's a war to be won?
 We've come to this island to liberate you,
 And this, my friend, is our BOQ."

Late next day the Seabees, spent,
 Crept to their rations and little pup tent,
 They turned and took a moment's pause,
 And renewed again their pledge to the "Cause";
 "Success is ours," said the tired 'Can Do,'
 "For we have completed the BOQ!"





Crime and Punishment

SCENE 1 • Your masters-at-arms were noted for their sweet dispositions, but occasionally were driven to take desperate measures by flagrant violations of the rules. You may recognize the galley MAA, at the left, in the act of placing a law-breaker on report.



SCENE 2 • Once on report, you were a prisoner-at-large until hauled before the Commander at Captain's Mast. The mechanics of justice in the Navy follow closely civilian court procedure. Pictured is the accused being arraigned before the Commander. The accused may submit to the Commander's punishment, or request a deck court.



SCENE 3 • Upon conviction, the Commander may sentence the prisoner to a maximum of ten days in the brig, a court martial, or may impose a fine or reduction in rate. If sentenced to the brig, you slept in the pictured shelter-halves and spent your days, under guard, hauling rock or performing other menial tasks.

The shop section of the camp included many diversified activities, from sign painting to rebuilding of heavy equipment. One of the buildings was used as a tool shed by the battalion's farmhands, who cultivated truck gardens nearby.

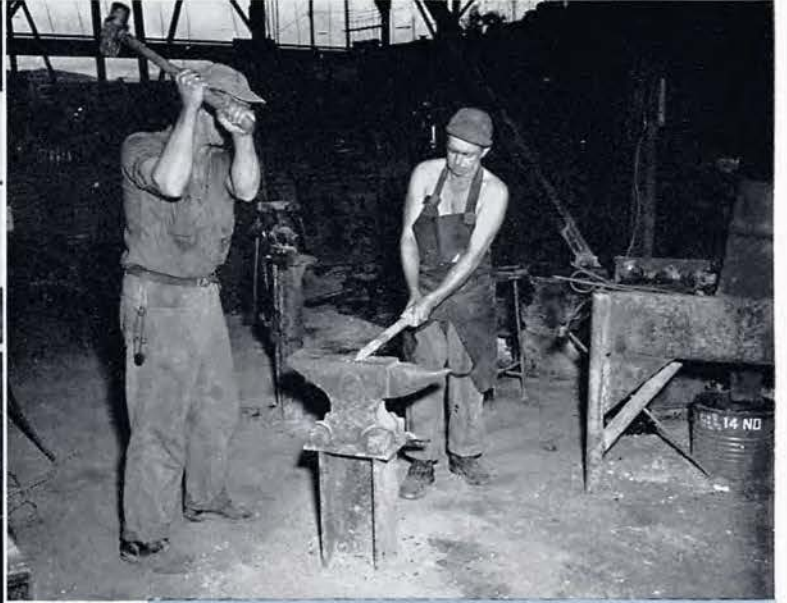


Several of the contrasting projects, located in this area, are shown. At top is pictured the photographers at work in the dark room of the photo lab developing official construction progress pictures. The two men in the center picture are cultivating a garden plot. Below, a corner of the parts room, where material is kept available for the repair and maintenance of equipment.



On the following pages are depicted activities which kept the battalion gear in first class condition. Many trades were required to service the machinery and heavy construction equipment which operated under the difficult conditions encountered in the building of a huge, high-priority advance base.





Splicing cable in Rigging Loft.

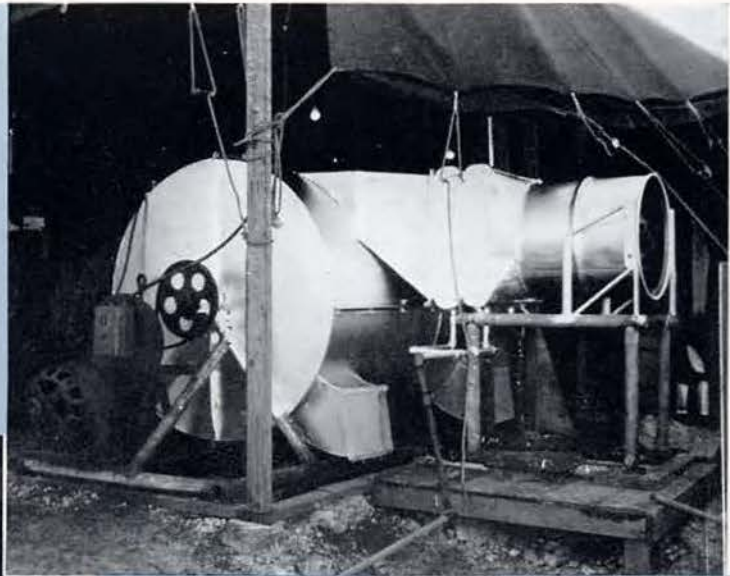
Blacksmith shop.

Repairing heavy equipment.

Salvaging heavy roller.



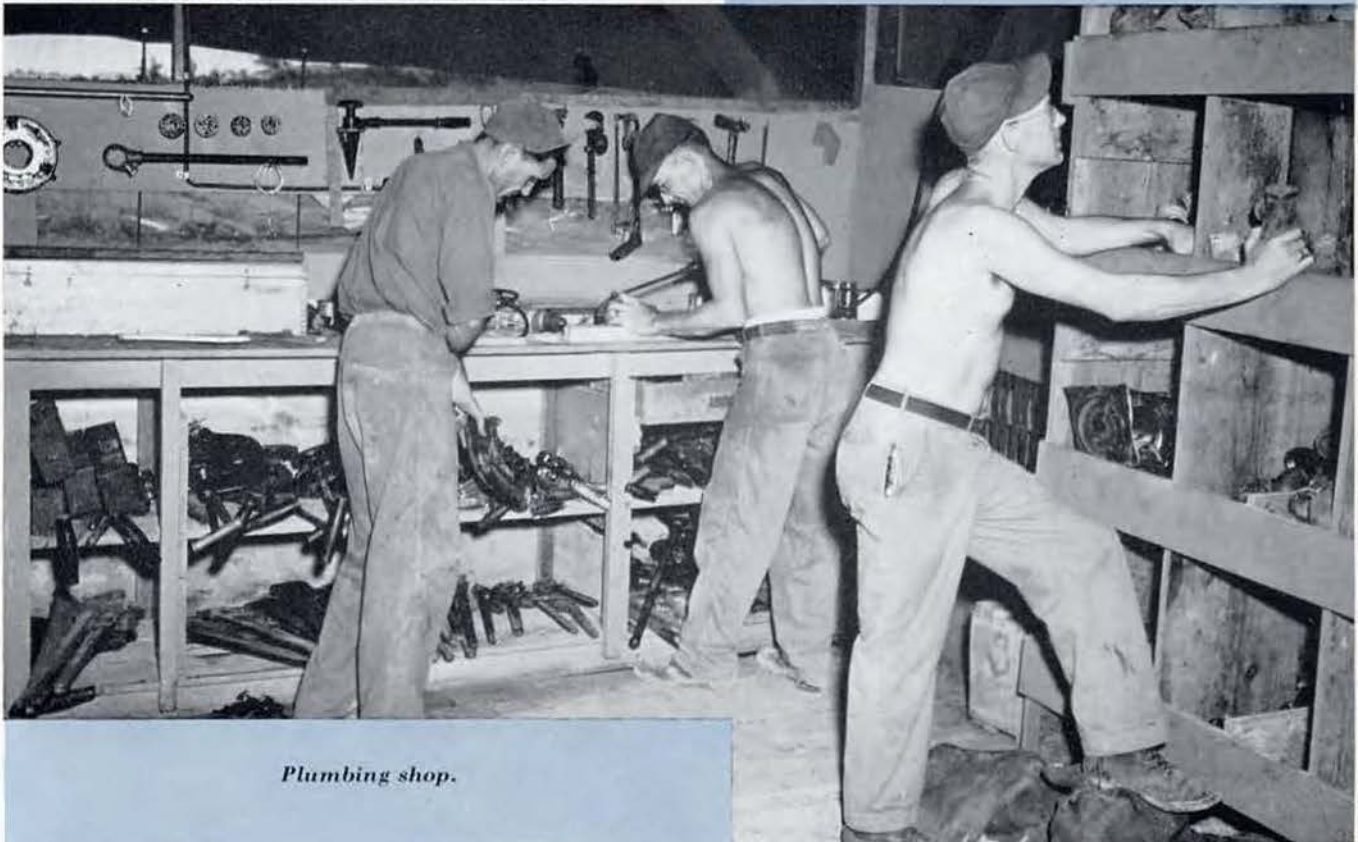
Sheet Metal and Plumbing Shops



When the Seabees could not procure equipment, they built their own. Above is dryer built for the battalion laundry—a forward area luxury.

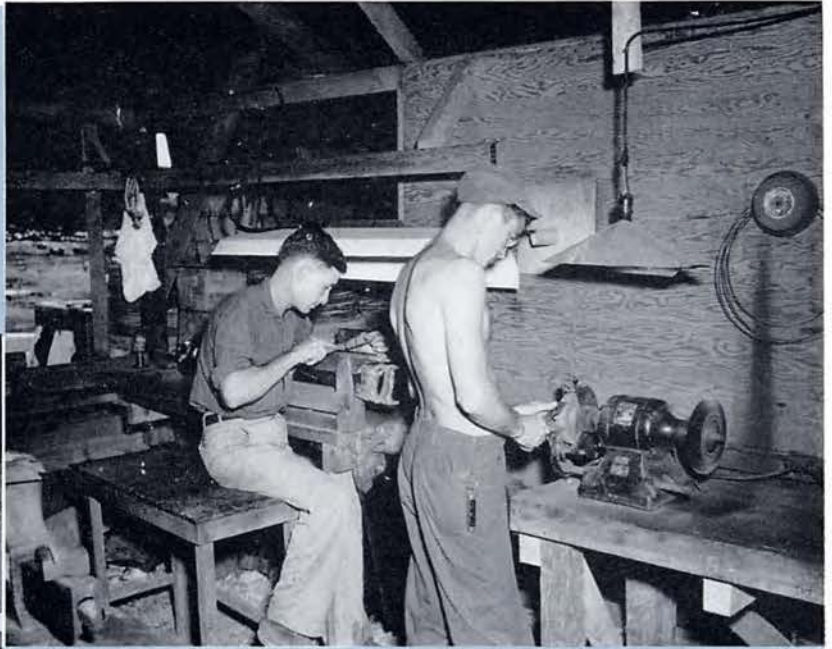


Sheet metal cornice brake in operation.



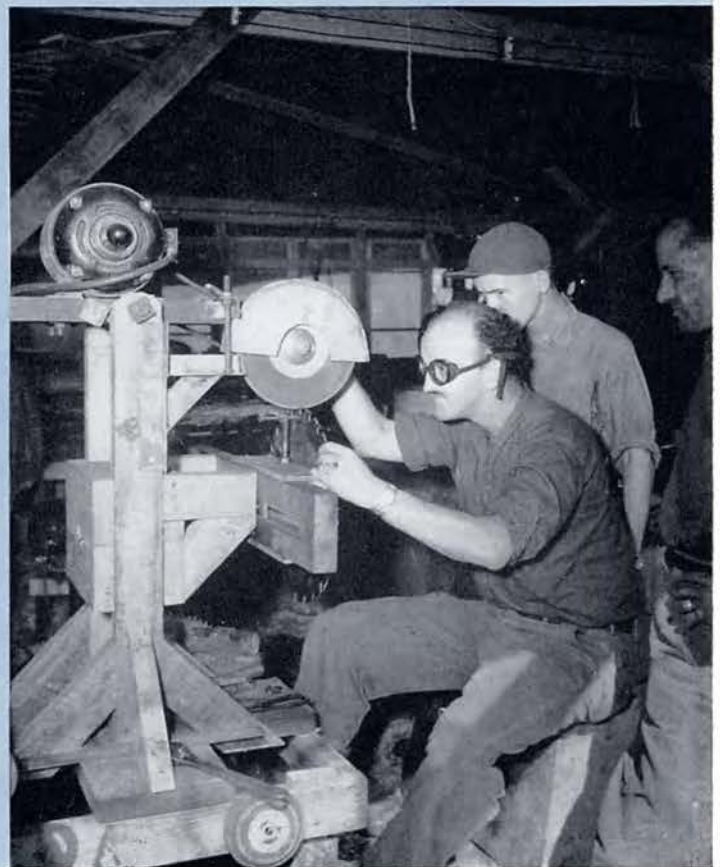
Plumbing shop.

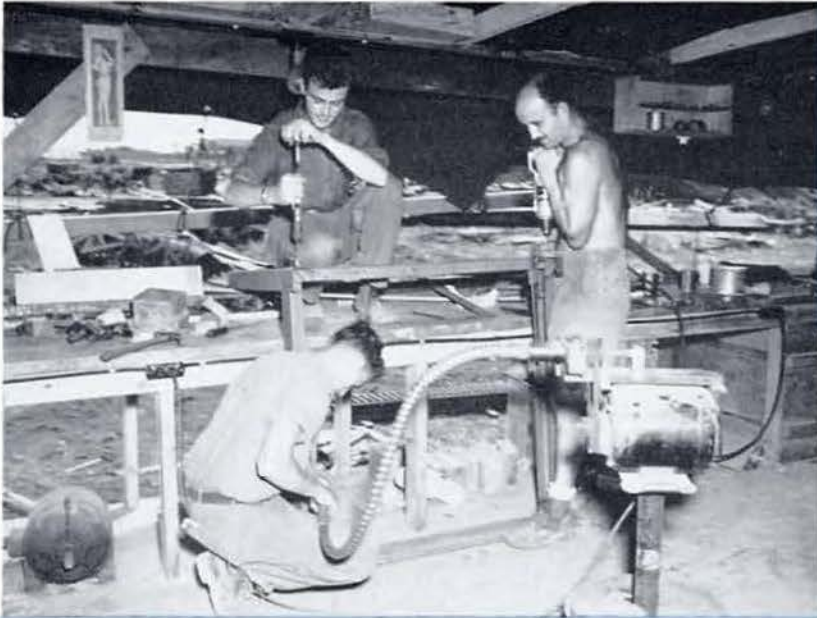
Tool Repair Shop



Sharpening small tools.

Further examples of the mechanical ingenuity of Seabees are the two pieces of machinery shown here. Above is a Seabee-devised lathe. At right is a saw-filer which cut many hours from the process of sharpening circular saws.





Carpenter Shop

The carpenter shop could turn out anything from a rough locker to the finest example of wood-worker's craft. Hundreds of pieces of furniture were built in this shop.





Painters have big jobs . . .



And little jobs.



Refrigerator maintenance.

The output of the 94th sign shop was tremendous. They produced signs for activities everywhere on the island.





Turret lathe in machine shop.

Welding side-boom cat.

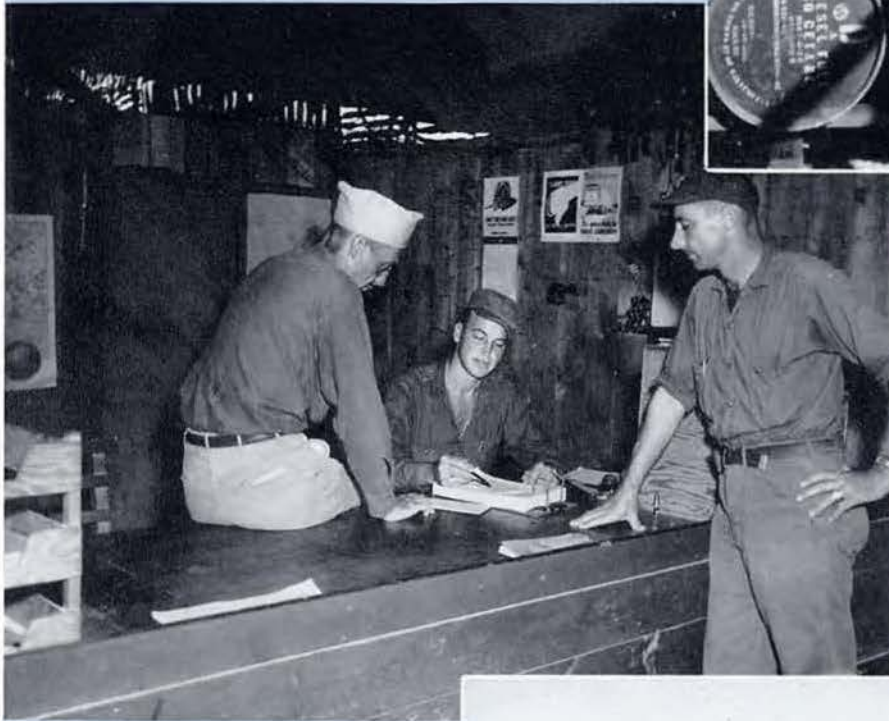
Example of body shop work.

Repairing heavy duty tire.





Camp maintenance was charged with the responsibility of making life as comfortable as possible in the camp area. The water system, the showers, the heads, housing, electrical service—all came under this department. A solar system (right) was devised for heating water for showers.



Automotive equipment was dispatched from the Transportation Office, at left.



Fleet of trucks taking men to the jobs.



**Recreation
and
Welfare**



Show Time









You celebrated Christmas, 1944, by bringing Christmas to native children, many of whom had never experienced the joyful day before. They paraded up the theater aisle to the stage where a fat, perspiring Santa Claus handed out presents you contributed. This American generosity brought timid smiles from the youngsters, who had all but forgotten how to smile during the Japanese occupation.



Recreation



A corner of the Recreation Hut.

The daily newscast.



Leisure hours.



On with tonight's show!



Books for all tastes.



Hobby craft.



Working for himself.



Hobby shop scene.



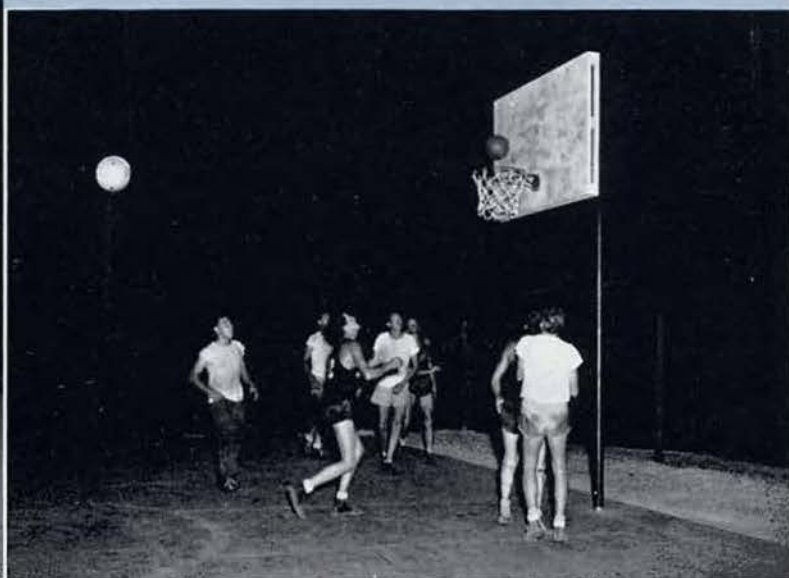
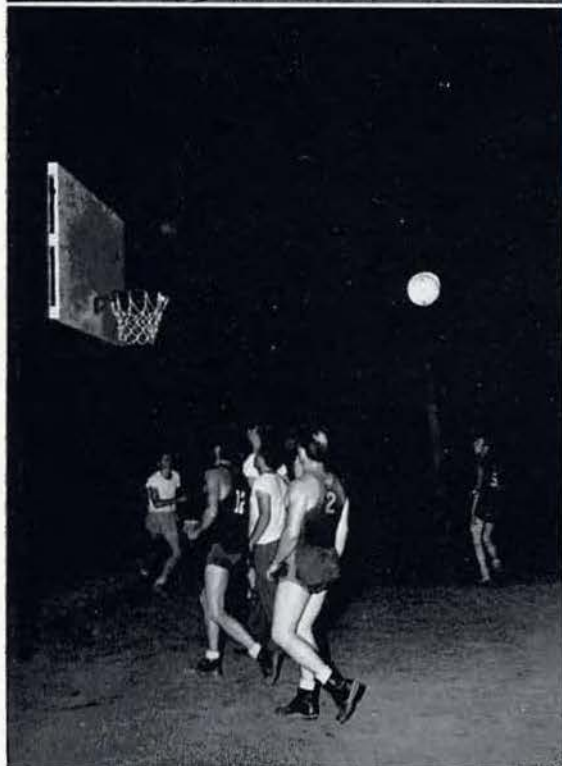
University of Hawaii
Dance



Basketball



Basketball is strictly an outdoor game in the tropics, generally played in the cool of the evening. These shots are from the game played between the officers and enlisted men on the Marianas court.





Church Services

When the war came and you left home to take up service in the Seabees, you sacrificed one of your most important privileges—that of attending the neighborhood church with your family of a Sunday morning, and praying. The Navy, of course, could not provide all the facilities, or the particular types of services to which you were accustomed; but wherever you traveled, and no matter what conditions prevailed, you were given the opportunity to join your mates in observance of the Sabbath.

Every naval unit is provided with a Chaplain to look out for the spiritual and material needs of the men. On week days it is his duty to supervise recreation, and to help with personal problems; but on Sunday he becomes the unit's pastor. Navy church services follow the pattern of the neighborhood church as closely as possible.

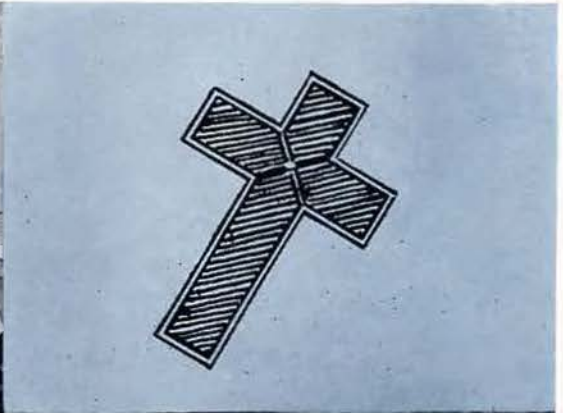
You spent many Sundays aboard the Custer and Davis as you traveled from Norfolk to Pearl Harbor, and from Pearl to the Marianas. Aboard ship you participated in familiar services against a strange background. There, beneath the golden brightness of God's open sky, you sang and prayed and listened to the homilies preached from hatch or boat deck, as the

ship dipped and rose in the gentle swell of the sea.

On Red Hill, the Library was transformed into a Chapel for Sunday morning Protestant services. Seabees from other battalions attended, while Catholics and Jews of the 94th joined in observance of their rituals in services provided by other units.

The emergencies of war required you to work seven days a week in the Marianas, but the Sunday services continued. The Island Command provided a Chapel for Sunday afternoon and week-day evening Jewish services; all Catholics in the neighborhood gathered at the 94th Recreation Hut, and Protestant services were carried on in the 94th Chapel. The latter services were held immediately after the supper hour.

The Chapel in the Marianas was built on a high rise of ground overlooking the main highway. It seated some 150 persons. Although it retained the familiar Quonset hut form, the wide front doors, the inviting stairway and the cupola surmounted by a white cross, transformed it into a friendly edifice of God. It was the one familiar reminder of your home town, and stood as a tower of strength and security in strange surroundings.



Celebrating Catholic mass.

★

Chaplain Larson conducting services.



Visiting native preacher.

Hymns by native choir.



Baseball



Front row (left to right) : Lewis Sullivan, Robert Cassidy, Joe Sylvester, Albert Eggers, Bill Franey.

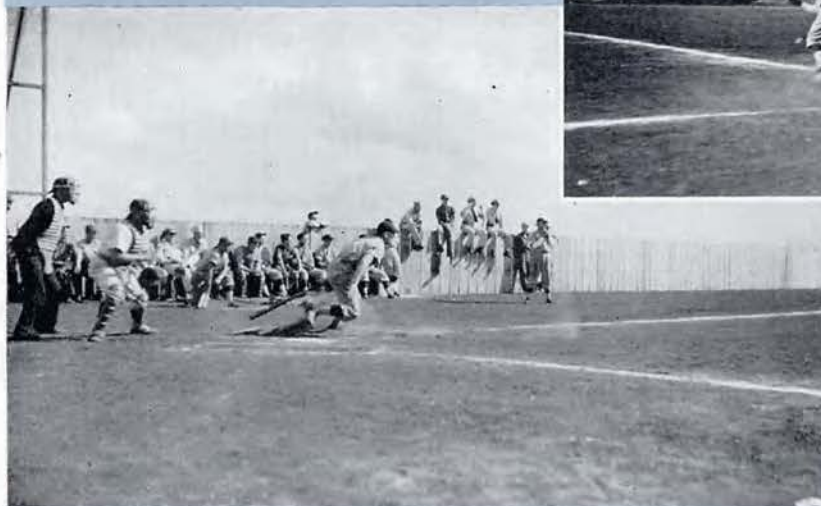
Second row : Phil Lionetta, Mike Oates, Jerome Deady, Patrick Lawlor, Bill Baker, Joe Castellaneta.

Back row : Archie Gibson, Frank Primosch, Eddie Miller, Chief Carpenter Hanlon, manager ; Roland Brummer, Walter Lapinski and John Cheyne.



Safe at first.

Fair ball!

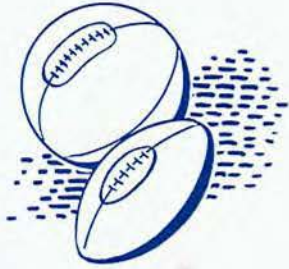


Action at the plate.



Str-r-rike!

Softball



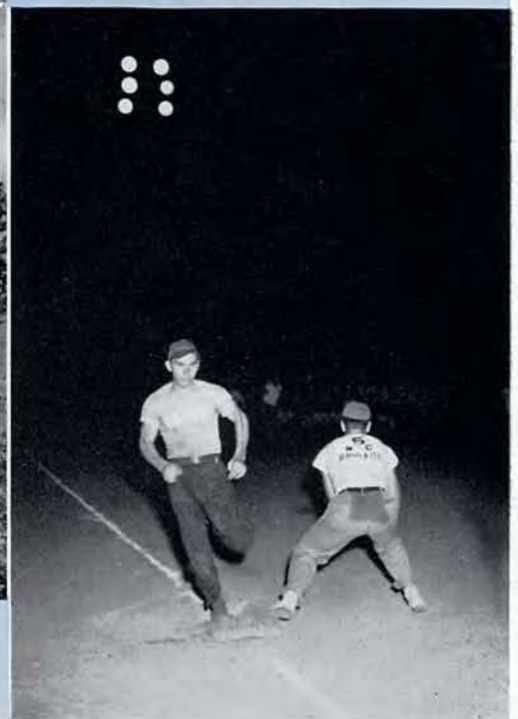
The Mighty Casey.

Opening game of night league.

*Officers vs. Men—
December 10, 1944.*



It's a hit!





Theater, Oahu, T. H.



Theater, Marianas.

The Movies

The greatest single contribution to your morale was the screen fare sent to the armed forces by the movie studios. Sooner or later they threw their entire output your way, and helped you fill many a lonesome evening. You took the awful B pictures with the 4.0 extravaganzas, and even sat through Hollywood's usually trite handling of stories about servicemen.

While the battalion was digging in at Red Hill, the outfit's 16-millimeter projector was set up behind the BOQ. You brought your own seats, or sat on the

ground, and every time it rained the show was stopped because the projector had to be covered. Clouds of mosquitoes gathered about the machine and made life miserable for the operator.

Later, a large screen and imposing stage were erected on the hill above camp. Two 35-millimeter projectors were installed in a spacious booth, and a picture was shown every night, rain or shine. Occasionally, USO stage shows were added to the fare. You sat out under the stars on benches. When it rained, which was often, you

donned rain gear and huddled under ponchos.

During the voyage to the Marianas, only the hardier movie-goers braved the heat of the Cushman K. Davis' galley to see "Pittsburgh," which was repeated so often some of you even now can recite it from memory. The first ten days in the Marianas were picture-less, but the open air theater had a high priority and the first film fare was shown within a few days after the permanent camp had been established. The stage and booth were smaller than those at Red Hill, the benches had no backs, but two new 35-millimeter projectors again were flashing on the screen the stories that linked you with that world thousands of miles across the sea.





REPORT TO THE BATTALION

This is the book of the men of the 94th Seabees. In it is recorded, pictorially and in words, some of the highlights of our "Pacific Duty," and our training for that duty. For years to come this book will be among our dearest possessions. Its pages will remind us of an important period in our career, and bring to life memories of pleasant or amusing experiences—and some unhappy ones—all shared with as fine a group of men as were ever thrown together in a military unit.

It was a long, tough grind. The monotony of a routine job performed day after day, month after month, puts a man's fibre to a real test. Living as we did, it took a good backbone and a level head always to keep in mind the purpose and necessity of our sometimes humble tasks. Not all of us could be bulldozer operators, the glamour boys of the Seabees. Many more had to cook and bake, and wash and serve chow, and perform the thousand and one inevitable housekeeping and administrative chores. Every man had his job, big or little, but all necessary. And every man did his job, and did it well. That is why the 94th was truly a smooth-working team, and—we think—one of the best outfits in the Pacific.

The satisfaction of that knowledge, of a job well done, is our main reward. Because of the scarcity of re-ate openings, many good men went through two years or more of faithful service without that well

deserved promotion, and we did not return home with a chestful of medals. Still, we did build us a few monuments, which for many years will bear evidence of the amazing activities of the amazing Seabees. And we did receive a few commendations, one of them signed by none other than C. W. Nimitz.

The 94th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion will soon have completed its mission. The work was well done. Most of us will soon be home again, enjoying that well-deserved fishing trip, or that belated second honeymoon with the good wife. But don't let us forget that there is still a task to be done, if we want to "win the peace" as we won the war. No one is better suited for that task than ourselves, who through our own experience know the price of failure.

I wish every one of us would carry with him a little of the enthusiasm and "esprit de corps" which distinguished the old Ninety-fourth, and apply it to the continued service of our country, and the ideals and traditions for which it stands.

It has been an honor and a source of great satisfaction to serve as your Commander during all these months. I thank you one and all for your loyalty and support. I hope to meet many of you again when this war is over, and I wish every one of you success in his future endeavors, and all the happiness that life can give.



COMMANDER HARALD OMSTED



Lieutenant Commander E. G. CRAWFORD

A graduate of the California Institute of Technology, Lieutenant Commander Edgar G. Crawford worked as an engineer in California for eight years before entering service in February, 1941. He came in with the rank of Lieutenant (junior grade). He supervised shipbuilding at

Camden, New Jersey, served as assistant to the Officer-in-Charge of Civil Works Construction, then was Executive Officer of the 8th Special Battalion. In May 1943, he was assigned to the newly formed 94th as Executive Officer.





STAFF OFFICERS

First row, left to right:

Lt. Comdr. Edgar G. Crawford, CEC USN.
Commander Harald Omsted, CEC USNR.
Lt. James A. Clulo, CEC USNR.

Second row, left to right:

Lt. Morris E. Rubin, DC USNR.
Lt. Comdr. Julius Y. Miller, MC USNR.
Lt. Bernard S. Lauren, DC USNR.
Lt. Clarence A. Larson, ChC USNR.

Third row, left to right:

Lt. Charles H. Stevens, MC USNR.
Lt. William J. Gray, SC USN.
Lt. (jg) John P. Hart, CEC USNR.
Ensign Donald A. Gest, SC USNR.
Lt. (jg) Alexander G. Trompas, SC USNR.



An American flag is flying on a tall, thin metal pole against a bright blue sky filled with white, fluffy clouds. The flag is positioned in the lower-left to center area of the frame. In the bottom right corner, a portion of a dark blue, curved object is visible.

In Memoriam

Willie Joe Thomas, Jr., HA1c

Gilbert Vincent Nodes, MM3c

Lyle Hanlan Marsellis, EM1c

Robert Leon Bruner, PTR1c

★ ★ ★ HEADQUARTERS COMPANY ★ ★ ★



OFFICERS



*Left to Right, J. J. Barney, Chief Carpenter; R. V. Hurle, Lt. (jg);
C. W. Roby, Chief Carpenter.*

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY—PLATOON AB—1-2



First row, left to right

Baker, Herbert L., CCS
 Corrado, Frank P., SC2c
 Weed, Chester A., CCM
 Salts, Sylvan B., CSKD
 Johnson, Loren C., CCS
 Knoy, George E., CCS
 Welch, Peter J., CY
 McConnell, Richard M., CSK
 Doyne, Robert A., MM3c
 Fines, Wesley R., S1c

Second row, left to right

DesGeorges, Henry L., PhoM1c
 Brooks, Loyce W., SC2c
 Bratkowski, Theodore C., GM2c
 Blaszczynski, Norbert, S1c
 Anderson, LaVerne C., S1c
 Forbes, James L., SK1c
 Coogan, John J., Jr., S1c
 Benish, William J., CM1c
 Begin, Anthony, SSMB3c

Third row, left to right

Brammeier, Don C., SC3c
 Dean, Joseph G., CM2c
 Columb, Arthur J., SSMC3c
 Crescenzi, Sebastian, S1c
 D'Amelio, Albert V., S1c
 Diercks, Roger W., SK3c
 Baron, Harold, S1c
 Dillashaw, Emory Z., CM3c

Fourth row, left to right

Cuddy, Marvin E., SC2c
 Cox, Thomas P., PhM1c
 Burks, Frederick W., BM1c
 Cameron, Norman D., BM2c
 Dobson, Richard T., S1c
 Caravaglia, Patsy A., Y3c
 Cook, Eugene P., SK1c
 Dugas, David P., CM2c
 Burns, Thomas L., MoMM3c
 Burke, Robert J., S1c



First row, left to right

Orlaska, Kenneth F., S1c
 Russell, Ralph C., CM3c
 Space, William N., Y2c
 McConnell, Richard M., CSK
 Welch, Peter J., CY
 Johnson, Loren C., CCS
 Knoy, George E., CCS
 Salts, Sylvan B., CSKD
 Weed, Chester A., CCM
 San Miguel, C. C., SC2c
 Huskey, Elvin J., SC3c

Second row, left to right

Muratore, Thomas M., SM3c
 Hoff, Elwin C., CM3c
 Grantley, Ralph J., MaM1c
 Penwell, Delbert P., SC2c
 McDonough, Robert L., SK2c
 Grange, John G., PhM2c
 Watkins, Samuel B., CM2c
 Tomlinson, James W., CM1c
 Shadix, Johnny S., Bkr 2c
 Helton, Edgar M., Bkr3c
 Jasper, Edward E., SC1c

Third row, left to right

Muscio, Roy E., SK3c
 Shaughnessy, Joseph E., SM3c
 Stedham, Lee E., SC2c
 Katz, Milton L., SC2c
 Gannon, John F., PhM2c
 Hermann, Frank G., SK3c
 Smith, William N., CM2c
 Miller, John C., CM1c
 Laster, Horace L., CM2c
 Pitre, Thaddius J., S1c

Fourth row, left to right

Kennedy, William J., MoMM3c
 Muellner, William C., Bkr2c
 Hosier, Gerald E., PhM1c
 Ruppenthal, Bruce M., GM1c
 Ostman, Roland C., Y1c
 Hammer, William R., Y2c
 Heare, F. P., CM2c
 Simpson, Jasper B., CM3c
 Nowakowski, S. E., S1c
 Jackson, James S., SSMB2c

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY—PLATOON CD—1-2



First row, left to right

Anderson, Nils E., CM3c
 Manthos, George C., SC1c
 Austrian, William, BM2c
 Stader, William M., CCM
 Albrecht, Henry C., CGM
 Honeycutt, Charles S., CSK
 Crane, Curtis M., CSF
 Farrell, John E., SF1c
 Hamp, Edward W., S1c
 Holmes, Leolin E., SC3c

Second row, left to right

Atnip, Gwyn, S1c
 Brock, John E., Sk2c
 Baun, Kenneth E., MaM3c
 Baldwin, Carl R., Y3c
 Clark, Homes J., GM2c
 Callahan, William N., S1c
 Harlan, Preston S., CM1c
 Fiorucci, S. S., SSMC2c
 Arnone, Samuel, S1c
 Hardy, Robert S., SK3c

Third row, left to right

Cobb, Cyrus F., SC2c
 Baxter, Howard L., SC1c
 Baron, Joseph D., SSML3c
 Arnold, John C., Y1c
 Billy, Daniel, SC3c
 Davis, Ray E., S1c
 Cunningham, Weyman H., SF2c
 Byers, Alfred W., SK2c
 DelMonte, Anthony, S1c
 Cunningham, Frank F., CM2c

Fourth row, left to right

Brummer, Rolland H., Y2c
 Milner, James F., CM1c
 Ahrendt, Howard J., SK2c
 Anderson, Carl H., SC3c
 Clearwater, Arthur W., BM1c
 Baca, Johnnie R., Jr., BKR1c
 Brennan, Richard M., SF2c
 Ericson, Carl A., S1c
 Desmond, Joseph H., SC3c
 Amaturo, Frederick, S1c



First row, left to right

Taylor, Arthur J., SF3c
 Payne, Lloyd, S1c
 Stout, Cecil M., BKR2c
 Stader, William M., CCM
 Albrecht, Henry C., CGM
 Honeycutt, Charles S., CSK
 Crane, Curtis M., CSF
 Werner, Frank E., F1c
 Mayberger, Sidney L., SK2c
 Robertson, Walter S., SK3c

Second row, left to right

Knight, Cleve E., CM1c
 Sommer, Harold F., GM2c
 Morgan, John E., SSMB3c
 Speakerman, Andrew L., CM2c
 Logoyda, John, Cox.
 Osborne, Ottis V., S1c
 Anderson, Peter, CM2c
 Kildea, Jack H., Y1c
 Ogden, Jack Burr, CM3c

Third row, left to right

Leek, Frederick D., CM1c
 Stroman, Leroy J., CM2c
 Edelmann, Robert, BKR3c
 Love, Jack E., CM3c
 Olesky, Joseph M., Jr., SC3c
 Richardson, James D., BKR1c
 Robison, Benjamin R., Y1c
 Lyons, Vernon J., MaM2c

Fourth row, left to right

Reardon, Sylvester P., Cox.
 Winsor, Howard D., SC1c
 Newton, Lemuel C., SKD1c
 Brown, Clarence S., CM1c
 Sams, Charles D., CM2c
 Babb, Howard F., CM1c
 Cohen, Meyer L., SK3c

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY—PLATOON CD—3-4



First row, left to right

Rogers, William, SK3c
 McComb, David M., CM3c
 Marshall, Allen H., MM2c
 Stader, William M., CCM
 Albrecht, Henry C., CGM
 Honeycutt, Charles S., CSK
 Crane, Curtis M., CSF
 Hanusek, Anthony J., Y3c
 Ritter, Lawrence R., CM1c
 Sparks, Richard A., CM1c

Second row, left to right

McHenry, Wilbur R., S1c
 Winn, Lon H., Jr., SC2c
 Suvall, David, Y1c
 Menier, Howard L., SC2c
 Owens, Thomas E., CM2c
 Johnson, Raymond W., CM2c
 Palmieri, Ugo J., SF3c
 Smith, Felton B., CM2c
 Schon, James M., Jr., SK1c

Third row, left to right

Ivicevich, Antone J., SK1c
 Phillips, John P., CM2c
 Rohrbach, Gerald A., SK1c
 Howatt, Laurence F., CM1c

Fourth row

Myers, Edward M., CM1c



First row, left to right

Menier, Howard L., SC2c
 Cooper, James A., ST3c
 Winsor, Howard D., SC1c
 Dessasau, Evan, STM1c

Second row, left to right

Smith, William, STM1c
 Dill, Richard, STM1c

★ ★ ★ "A" C O M P A N Y ★ ★ ★



OFFICERS



Left to Right, Front, C. L. Fenwick, Lt. (jg); A. E. Neff, Lt.; D. C. Whitehall, Lt. (jg.), Rear, J. G. Cunningham, Chief Carpenter; C. C. Hogan, Lt. (jg).

"A" COMPANY—PLATOONS—1 and 2



First row, left to right

Lavinia, Leonard P., S1c
 Ayers, Edward F., S1c
 Bond, Ralph G., GM1c
 Clement, Donald G., CCM
 Cabiness, Robert E., CCM
 Estes, Ralph R., CCM
 Nihiser, Harrison E., S1c
 Matthews, Lewis D., EM2c
 Mercure, Edward O., CM3c

Second row, left to right

Burke, Joseph T., CM1c
 Farro, Anthony C., CM1c
 Atsalis, James K., MM3c
 Prestley, LeRoy C., MM3c
 McDonald, Lawrence B., EM2c
 Abbey, James R., CM2c
 Alto, Sulo J., S1c
 Oriolo, Thomas, S1c

Third row, left to right

Kellogg, Howard E., S1c
 Babineau, John A., MoMM3c
 Agresti, M. C., Jr., Cox
 Bigler, Kenneth A., CM3c
 Collison, Morris F., MM2c
 Alderiso, Anthony J., S1c
 Allen, George W., MM2c
 Thorwarth, George J., S1c
 Bayston, John R., CM3c

Fourth row, left to right

Anderson, Robert T., CM3c
 Kelly, Calvin W., S1c
 Lelle, Arnold, Cox
 Podayko, John, M3c
 Turney, William M., BM1c
 Wilson, Harry C., MM3c
 Fowler, Edgar B., CM1c
 Johnson, John M., S1c
 Anderson, John E., MM2c
 Williams, John J., S1c
 Walsh, Paul J., S1c
 King, Junior L., S1c



First row, left to right

Armstrong, Earl, CM2c
 Choffletti, Edmond A., CM1c
 Burke, George F., SF3c
 Cox, Cecil T., CCM
 Schiffer, William R., CEM
 Ward, William T., CM3c
 Morris, John, Jr., S1c
 Coleman, Paul R., MM2c

Second row, left to right

Walsh, James C., S1c
 Damron, Joel L., CM2c
 Cunningham, Charles S., S1c
 Blackwell, William L., CM2c
 LaVallee, John V., SF3c
 Downey, Edward T., S1c
 Bragg, Richard B., Jr., CM3c
 Wooley, Robert E., S1c
 Bostwick, John L., M3c

Third row, left to right

Longino, Lawrence L., EM2c
 Martin, Orval, CM3c
 Booth, Dwain S., S1c
 Branch, Leo, CM1c
 Brookshire, R. E., CM1c
 Chatwin, Lester J., CM1c
 Fitzpatrick, A. V., S1c
 Raupuk, Albert E., SF3c
 Camerotti, S. S., MM3c

Fourth row, left to right

Hodges, Samuel O., CM2c
 Wayman, Ray H., WT3c
 Donaher, Walter J., Jr., CM3c
 Brennan, Kenneth C., S1c
 Anstad, J. D., EM1c
 Ray, Thomas H., M2c
 Burke, Walter, MM2c
 Hermans, Donald P., CM3c
 Forney, Lawrence C., S1c
 Pope, George C., SF3c

"A" COMPANY—PLATOONS—3 and 4



First row, left to right

Henley, B. H., M1c
 Bauer, F. W., MM2c
 Fox, R. E., S1c
 Carroll, R. C., PTR1c
 Anderson, J. M., CCM
 Traudt, M. C., SF3c
 Guerin, J. L., SF2c
 Moore, I. M., S1c

Second row, left to right

Bublitz, A. H., S1c
 Fassio, J. N., CM2c
 Carey, J. P., SF3c
 Meyer, M. W., BM1c
 Foster, G. R., MM1c
 Casey, W. F., S1c
 Mira, E. J., EM2c
 Points, D. B., CM3c
 MacKenzie, G., CM2c

Third row, left to right

Smith, H. W., M3c
 Roepke, R. H., SF3c
 Whittaker, C., PTR2c
 Mugleston, J. H., CM1c
 Moan, Bert, CM3c
 Dunham, W. L., S1c
 Motley, R. E., S1c
 Linthorst, B. H., WT2c
 Deming, R. K., CM2c

Fourth row, left to right

Paul, L. L., S1c
 Losh, W. A., EM1c
 Ziegler, J. J., CM3c
 Schneider, W. F., SF3c
 Williams, R. H., CM1c
 Smith, W. M., WT2c
 Wilson, R. J., PTR1c
 Butler, J. B., MMS2c
 Dempsey, W. D., S1c



First row, left to right

Atkins, W. A., SF1c
 Maitoza, M. J., MM1c
 Escher, H. C., Cox.
 Binder, A. C., S1c
 Amick, R. C., CWT
 Seibert, A. C., CEM
 DeShazo, C. R., EM1c
 Healy, T. W., CM3c
 Aiello, S. F., CM3c
 Borgese, J. C., S1c

Second row, left to right

Bahr, W. P., CM3c
 Vance, B. D., MM2c
 Munyer, R. P., CM3c
 Miller, R. E., MM1c
 Abracham, V. W., S1c
 Costa, E. F., S1c
 Edwards, G. H., S1c
 Megna, D. A., CM1c
 Childs, J. A., S1c

Third row, left to right

Tate, E. L., MM2c
 Waldron, J. O., CM2c
 Anderson, W. R., MMR2c
 Cerny, M. J., S1c
 Martin, J. A., MM2c
 Weisman, B., CM3c
 Brizzie, A. C., SF3c
 Casey, J. F., MM1c

Fourth row, left to right

Anstedt, E. W., S1c
 Stewart, A. C., MM1c
 Baker, H. E., CM2c
 Kefauver, E. M., CM2c
 Birk, C. T., S1c
 Church, W. W., CM3c
 Byrd, T. W., MM2c
 Baker, J. R., MM1c

"A" COMPANY—PLATOONS—5 and 6



First row, left to right

Zamora, L. R., MM2c
 Werneburg, W. L., CM1c
 Johnson, C. C., S1c
 Jones, E. J., CM1c
 Short, W. A., CCM
 Schaub, I. O., CSF
 McClanahan, T. E., MM2c
 Daniel, W. E., MMS2c
 McCormack, F. E., MM1c

Second row, left to right

Brewer, J. W., CM1c
 Reardon, F. J., S1c
 McDonald, L. B., EM2c
 Neumiller, G. J., SF2c
 Cooley, W. G., MoMM3c
 Bowman, R. H., S1c
 McElyea, F. H., WT2c
 Hoag, K. F., MM1c
 Spindle, J. L., CM1c

Third row, left to right

Brewer, W. C., S1c
 Dietlein, H. H., CM3c
 Cox, W. T., EM2c
 Cady, L. G., SF3c
 Oliver, D. V., F1c
 Proctor, G. K., S1c
 Wagar, A. J., CM3c
 Wells, W. C., CM1c
 Lynn, T. C., SF2c

Fourth row, left to right

Funderburg, J. W., S1c
 Burrell, W. H., S1c
 Moolenaar, P., S1c
 Hendrus, M. A., S1c
 Woodbury, A. K., MoMM1c
 Moran, V. G., BM1c
 Boyer, J. H., CM3c
 Willoughby, L. H., BM1c



First row, left to right

Davis, C. K., WT2c
 Dolan, J. P., MM3c
 Parker, L. H., SF2c
 Carr, G. A., S1c
 Norton, H. S., CBM
 White, R. F., CCM
 Nicoley, R. A., S1c
 Gibson, A. L., SF2c
 Griffith, J. B., S1c
 Gressett, T. W., SF2c

Second row, left to right

Klohn, F. J., M1c
 Lee, S. H., SF1c
 Eckstein, W. J., SF3c
 Schneider, J. H., SF1c
 Papp, J. D., M2c
 Daley, T. A., SF2c
 Britton, B. W., S1c
 Murray, A., SF3c
 Dunham, L. B., CM3c

Third row, left to right

Levanas, A. K., M3c
 Middleton, W. E., SF3c
 Curtis, J. M., PTR1c
 Doherty, J. F., WT1c
 Hayes, R. D., SF1c
 Filer, B. J., S1c
 Morris, W., S1c
 Brown, F. J., SF2c

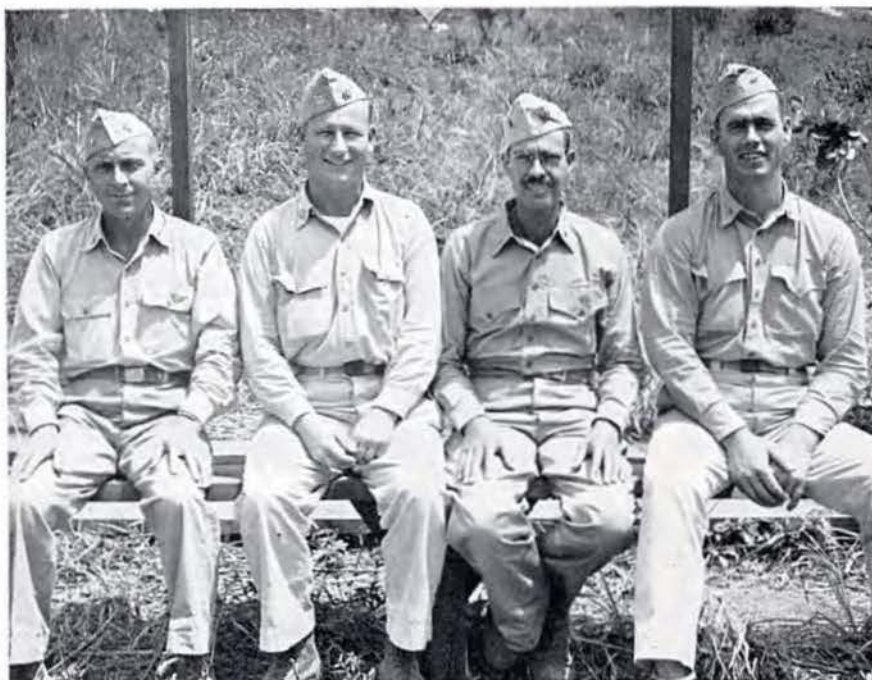
Fourth row, left to right

Johnson, W. R., SF1c
 Epperhart, W. B., SF2c
 Brenza, G. J., PTR1c
 Matthews, C., S1c
 Elms, D. N., S1c
 Keck, O. E., SF1c
 Foss, J. A., S1c
 Ernest, C. F., CM1c
 Trussell, H., SF1c

★ ★ ★ "B" C O M P A N Y ★ ★ ★



OFFICERS



Left to Right, A. K. Edwards, Lt. (jg); H. M. Severance, Lt.; H. C. Willis, Ens.; C. W. Crowell, Carpenter.

"B" COMPANY—PLATOONS—1 and 2



First row, left to right

Begnoche, Charles H., CM2c
 Murphy, Leo E., S1c
 Millsap, Ray B., MM2c
 De Meo, Frank, Cox.
 Bresnahan, Joseph E., CSF
 Wren, Richard J., CEM
 Doherty, John E., Sr., MMS3c
 Cassidy, Robert T., WT3c
 Baker, Frederick A., WT1c
 Pishaw, Vernon J., S1c

Second row, left to right

Moore, Ellsworth O., MM3c
 De Feo, Robert W., S1c
 LaVallee, Robert W., CM3c
 Carlson, Arnold R., SF2c
 Kremlicka, Joseph C., S1c
 Kulkin, Maurice, S1c
 Bechler, Robert C., M2c
 Hill, Everett H., MMS1c
 Ivins, Reuben C., M1c

Third row, left to right

Joslin, Ross H., MM1c
 Antalek, Ferdinand R., S1c
 Campbell, Charles O., S1c
 Young, Robert, MoMM1c
 Albritton, John R., S1c
 Patronik, Joseph A., EM3c
 Baker, John H., CM2c
 Mucci, Antonio P., SF2c

Fourth row, left to right

Donaldson, James H., CM3c
 Buchanan, Charles, Jr., GM3c
 Melvin, Richard H., EM1c
 Krueger, Andrew H., CM3c
 Lapinski, Walter, EM3c
 Fink, Reginald J., S1c
 Fritz, Walter B., CM2c
 Schlottman, Frank W., CM2c



First row, left to right

LiVoti, Fred P., S1c
 Lefler, Henry A., S1c
 Everest, Peter W., S1c
 Kirby, John A., CM1c
 Easton, Verne F., CCM
 Rinnert, Eldridge M., CCM
 Percy, Harold F., PTR2c
 Graves, Carl E., PTR1c
 Clark, Robert L., PTR2c
 Butler, Thomas J., EM2c

Second row, left to right

Lippolis, Gus J., S1c
 Dial, Herman A., SF1c
 Hanson, Benford G., CM2c
 Davenport, Amos L., MM3c
 Pollard, Parke P., EM1c
 Lemmo, Joseph O., CM3c
 Speer, Robert, MM2c
 Bruner, Robert L., PTR1c
 Mohr, Hubert A., S1c

Third row, left to right

Lail, William H., CM3c
 McHenry, A. C., Jr., CM2c
 Campbell, Robert B., S1c
 Marek, Anthony R., MM2c
 Newnham, Thurston O., S1c
 Beard, Tom, CM2c
 Putirskis, Sigmund, SF2c
 Rabis, Richard A., CM3c
 Griffin, Gilbert L., CM1c
 Murray, Robert E., MM1c

Fourth row, left to right

Gagich, Joseph, Jr., GM3c
 Taylor, Bayard, Jr., MoMM1c
 Dubowicz, Bronislaus, SF3c
 Curtis, Dorris D., MM3c
 Andrews, Guy C., SF2c
 Baer, Leonard H., EM2c
 Shilbanek, Leonard F., GM1c
 Craddock, Kenneth B., CM1c

"B" COMPANY—PLATOONS—3 and 4



First row, left to right

Byrd, James L., MM1c
 Clements, Glen L., S1c
 Avery, John R., MM1c
 Lucas, James J., CM3c
 Hannagan, Earnest, CM3c
 Crutchfield, Albert, CEM
 Mitchell, Cyril N., S1c
 Pompeian, Edward, SF3c
 Newman, Dennis, S1c
 Primosch, Frank B., S1c

Second row, left to right

DiMuzio, Tony P., S1c
 Lynch, Richard B., M3c
 Blackburn, James H., MM1c
 Brown, Eustice L., EM2c
 Malehuk, Paul P., S1c
 Grove, Burton H., SF1c
 Little, William H., S1c
 Naber, Marcel L., S1c
 Prater, Louis L., S1c
 Berkheimer, Cloyd A., S1c

Third row, left to right

Barry, George, M2c
 Michaud, Rudolph R., CM3c
 Cadwell, Charles G., CM1c
 Scott, Woodrow W., MM1c
 Langston, Dempsey L., SF2c
 Loughran, John N., S1c
 McDowell, Francis J., S1c
 Carpenter, Edward A., SF2c
 Dorn, Fred J., S1c

Fourth row, left to right

Frazier, Ervin E., SF1c
 Green, Leon, SF2c
 Lewis, Carl E., S1c
 Ohlson, Osmar, CM2c
 Larson, Elmo C., CM1c
 Morris, Henry H., EM1c
 Baxter, David A., EM3c
 McGuire, James F., CM3c
 Neuling, Nelson W., S1c
 Williams, Jewell G., PTR1c



First row, left to right

Montgomery, W. J., Jr., S1c
 Dow, Paul J., CM3c
 Douglas, Roscoe C., CM2c
 Martindale, James P., CM3c
 LeBouef, Ellis M., CSF
 Holden, Floyd B., CMoMM
 Carroll, Charles O., S1c
 White, Willie C., EM2c
 Duffey, Donald J., MMS3c
 Cecil, James B., S1c

Second row, left to right

Sayre, Thomas R., S1c
 Elswick, John A., Sr., MMS3c
 Molloy, Alton C., S1c
 Meehan, Raymond P., S1c
 Saraceno, Anthony J., CM3c
 Jeffrey, Jack, F1c
 Ramsey, Nels E., S1c
 Melchoni, Frank, S1c
 Pietropollo, Frank A., S1c

Third row, left to right

Putnam, James W., S1c
 McCartney, Lyle E., M3c
 Coffee, Eugene L., MM2c
 Wahl, Elmer P., SF2c
 Blake, William C., S1c
 Boyd, James L., MM2c
 Musgrave, Robert C., CM3c
 Gentry, Robert, CM1c

Fourth row, left to right

Sowitch, James G., EM2c
 Due, William, CM1c
 Lewis, Carroll A., S1c
 Caldwell, Arthur B., MM3c
 Lawlor, Patrick D., S1c
 Houston, John R., CM1c
 Balchunas, William C., MM2c
 Whitaker, John D., MM1c
 Hart, John R., SF1c

“B” COMPANY—PLATOONS—5 and 6



First row, left to right

Masso, Joseph F., CM2c
 Crotts, Raymond L., EM3c
 Dilling, Cyril C., S1c
 Rabon, Elvin C., S1c
 Claeys, Maurice E. G., CCM
 McClellan, Fred H., CMM
 Cetola, Orlando, CM1c
 Haley, Henry R., MM2c
 Aiello, Paul J., S1c
 Cranmore, Howard J., CM2c

Second row, left to right

Frantz, Clifford L., MM3c
 Poppell, Jim, MM3c
 Elder, Stewart L., S1c
 Williams, Gerald J., S1c
 Davis, Morton L., S1c
 Eriksmoe, Thomas P., MM1c
 Oates, Michael F., CM3c
 Wagner, Robert A., S1c
 Poppell, Columbus L., CM3c
 McManmon, Owen J., WT2c

Third row, left to right

Harrington, Paul, CM1c
 Zuponicich, John T., SF2c
 Ray, Joe S., CM2c
 Arnesen, Jack, S1c
 Payne, Leon I., MM3c
 Peterson, Homer N., MMR1c
 Whalen, Frank T., CM1c
 O'Leary, John J., S1c
 Pittman, Elzie K., CM1c
 Prendergast, James W., CM1c

Fourth row, left to right

Hawks, Fred H., F1c
 Berglund, LaVerne A., CM3c
 Lane, James L., MM2c
 McInerney, James W., MM3c
 Foelsch, Floyd H., MMS3c
 Emery, Irving A., MM3c
 O'Neale, Troy W., S1c
 Warren, Carl B., CM3c
 Nowakowski, S. E., S1c



First row, left to right

Taylor, Pete, SF1c
 Crouse, Raymond A., SF2c
 Dodson, J. D., CSF
 Sullivan, J. T., SK3c
 Cook, Dougald, CCM
 Brown, Sherwood R., CBM
 Weems, Woodrow M., SF2c
 Schroeder, Louis H., SF3c
 Mason, George P., S1c
 Marsolais, Allen W., F1c

Second row, left to right

Brown, James L., SF2c
 Farfalla, Benjermin, S1c
 Popovich, Charles, S1c
 Palumbo, Joseph L., CM1c
 Newton, Paul, SF1c
 Woodward, Frank B., Jr., CM2c
 Wendt, Arthur, SF2c
 McNeil, Robert P., SF1c
 Price, Charles R., CM3c

Third row, left to right

Bretzel, John, CM2c
 Novarro, Vincent A., SF2c
 Barone, Arthur F., WT2c
 Melita, Joseph L., S1c
 Betkowski, Chester E., S1c
 Joy, Blake L., SF2c
 Roberts, Monroe V., SF1c
 Ray, Herbert, S1c
 Hill, Henry V., SF2c

Fourth row, left to right

Pieper, Russell N., S1c
 Watson, Frank C., MM3c
 Vancouver, Markis H., S1c
 Schmidt, Alfred H., Jr., S1c
 Gautreau, Wilbert V., S1c
 Rowe, Samuel O., Jr., SF2c
 Willman, Carl W., SF3c
 Rattay, Dale W. F., SF3c
 Clay, Donald V., MMS1c

★ ★ ★ "C" C O M P A N Y ★ ★ ★



OFFICERS



Left to Right, Front, C. L. Dippre, Lt.; C. W. Garrison, Lt.; H. M. Hinton, Lt. (jg). Rear, N. R. Hoople, Chief Carpenter; J. D. Cox, Chief Carpenter.

"C" COMPANY—PLATOONS—1 and 2



First row, left to right

Janess, W. E., EM2c
 Black, A. E., MM3c
 Pursley, M. P., MM3c
 Hayhurst, R., S1c
 Spromberg, G. B., CEM
 Burkett, W. F., CEM
 Creighton, W. J., S1c
 Hulon, J. S., MM1c
 Huffstutler, M. C., MoMM1c
 Kobs, A. L., MM3c

Second row, left to right

Anderson, V. E., MM3c
 Tolstoi, Albert, SF1c
 Lionetta, P. E., F1c
 Foster, T. A., GM3c
 Bedsole, Roy, EM3c
 Payne, W. F., MMS2c
 Brownlee, W. R., MM3c
 Clark, D. A., S1c
 Landry, J. A., Jr., MM2c

Third row, left to right

Thompson, H. D., MM1c
 Eggers, A. A., Jr., S1c
 Deaton, C. E., MM1c
 Hegard, H., MM3c
 Larity, J. A., S1c
 MacLemale, D. G., S1c
 Carriere, E. P., Jr., S1c
 Nowaszynski, J. A., Jr., S1c

Fourth row, left to right

Deady, J. J., S1c
 Chiesa, J. J., MMS3c
 Guill, N. J., Jr., MM3c
 Sterns, C. E., CM3c
 Lane, Lee, MM2c
 Dethlefsen, G. W., BM2c
 Allison, E. M., S1c



First row, left to right

Meister, R. H., CM2c
 Younis, Ernest, MMR1c
 Johnson, E. E., EM2c
 Knotts, T. L., MM2c
 Carty, J. W., CPTR
 Sewell, R. R., CSF
 Rozea, A. V., CM3c
 Officer, R. A., SF3c
 Allen, R. L., S1c
 DeGroat, R. J., S1c

Second row, left to right

Inman, R. M., PTR1c
 Jacobs, J. H., CM3c
 Triano, C. R., CM2c
 Duvall, R. F., WT2c
 Fischer, T. R., WT1c
 Otto, O. S., CM2c
 Dolan, J. J., S1c
 Cornelius, H. J., S1c
 DeRosa, G., S1c

Third row, left to right

Vokoun, George, SF2c
 Montgomery, H. E., S1c
 Akers, J. P., CM2c
 Clarkson, J. E., CM1c
 Brown, E. E., PTR1c
 Tucker, W. R., MM3c
 Simroth, A. W., EM1c
 McGrann, R. J., CM1c
 Davis, O. L., SF2c

Fourth row, left to right

Simmons, S. D., MoMM2c
 Newhouse, Hayden, CM1c
 Johnson, W. V., MMS2c
 Cook, Donald W., CM3c
 Tyler, W. F., EM1c
 Hackney, L. H., EM1c
 Bruce, C. M., SF3c
 Sutherland, Paul A., S1c
 Gunn, M. W., Jr., CM1c

“C” COMPANY—PLATOONS—3 and 4



First row, left to right
 Brodeur, W., CM1c
 Williams, N. E., CM2c
 Smith, R. M., Sr., CM2c
 Fairbrother, E. W., S1c
 Brown, A. K., CCM
 Fletcher, W. J., S1c
 Mayhew, C. V., MMS2c
 Davidson, F. J., S2c
 Fernandez, A., S1c
 Woods, L. L., SF2c

Second row, left to right
 Champion, J. F., CM1c
 Austin, J. E., CM1c
 Glenn, F. M., S1c
 Young, E. R., CM2c
 Corcoran, R. C., S1c
 Brice, M. J., PTR2c
 Norton, P. A., CM1c
 Matthews, C. H., EM2c
 Lacava, G. E., GM2c

Third row, left to right
 Knight, Cleve E., CM1c
 Gray, A. R., CM3c
 Hartup, J. H., Jr., CM1c
 Martin, C. M., MM1c
 Brennan, J. T., EM3c
 Schwartz, Leo N., CM1c
 Rappe, O. L., CM3c
 Cloutman, C. W., SF3c

Fourth row, left to right
 Frank, F. A., S1c
 Ball, Y. F., SF1c
 Colfer, John J., MM3c
 Shugars, F. M., SF2c
 Griffith, H. J., MM3c
 Howell, R. B., EM2c
 Hoover, L. A., CMM



First row, left to right
 Franey, W. F., S1c
 Garay, Lisandro, S1c
 Frazier, T. E., S1c
 Little, I. W., CWT
 Burgess, T. P., CCM
 Jacoway, W. H., CCM
 Carlson, L. M., MM1c
 Younger, W. E., MoMM3c
 Esposito, J. J., S1c

Second row, left to right
 Duncanson, W. F., S1c
 Fitzgerald, Vincent E., S1c
 Curran, K. L., S1c
 Grzybowski, F., S1c
 Fischer, H. G., MM3c
 Miller, L. D., MM3c
 LaCroix, R. D., MM3c
 O'Connor, E. A., CM3c

Third row, left to right
 Hammon, N. S., CM3c
 Greger, P. H., S1c
 Haning, J. F., CM3c
 Dunphy, J. J., S1c
 Burnham, R. A., S1c
 Driesbaugh, D., S1c
 Dorothy, W. A., CM1c
 Schattner, W. A., MM2c
 Golden, E. H., S1c

Fourth row, left to right
 Dyer, W. P., MM2c
 Brydges, C. G., GM2c
 Bolduc, J. J., S1c
 Bentley, J. D., MM2c
 Hamling, R. E., S1c
 Frazer, W., S1c
 Driver, F. B., MM1c
 Long, J. A., CM2c
 Vaughn, R. J., MM2c

"C" COMPANY—PLATOONS—5 and 6



First row, left to right
 George, Francis, CM3c
 Norberg, S. R., CM1c
 Howell, T. P., WT2c
 DeCesare, V. R., F1c
 Vyverberg, R. H., CCM
 Jarrott, C. D., CCM
 Davis, Theodore, CCM
 Harvey, F. J., S1c
 Blanton, R. M., S1c
 Ostridge, J. S., Cox.

Second row, left to right
 Carr, R. A., MM3c
 Johnson, George, S1c
 Lunde, S. A., CM3c
 Slaughter, R. L., SF3c
 Russell, H. M., S1c
 Glenn, J. L., S1c
 Glenn, E. G., S1c
 Caverly, R. A., CM1c
 Lee, E. J., CMM
 Johnson, A. M., Cox.

Third row, left to right
 Diedrich, D. J., S1c
 Johnson, M. H., MM3c
 Blackburn, J. W., MM2c
 Foegelle, V. S., S1c
 Boster, J. C., S1c
 Marsella, Thomas, CM2c
 Sylvester, J. F., S1c
 Bastien, L. J., MM1c
 Jones, D. A., MM2c

Fourth row, left to right
 Holmes, G. R., S1c
 Sullivan, L. J., CM3c
 St. John, W. H., S1c
 Seidle, G. A., S2c
 Armstrong, G. L., MM3c
 Integlia, P. V., CM2c
 Caperton, R. W., S1c
 Griffin, J. Y., MM2c
 Miller, E. M., MMS1c



First row, left to right
 Capps, L. M., SF1c
 Shearin, J. D., CM1c
 Marshal, A. M., MM2c
 Silva, G. R., SF3c
 Augustin, E. J., CCM
 Alexander, H., CSF
 Crouch, R. W., S1c
 Alfano, A. J., S1c
 Gange, J., SF2c
 Paserba, Steve, SF3c

Second row, left to right
 Riggs, G. M., MM3c
 Songer, W. W., S1c
 King, W. J., SF3c
 Langdon, R. S., SF3c
 Perry, D. T., SF1c
 Fitzpatrick, A. L., MM3c
 Musialowski, P. A., S1c
 Wolfe, J. A. F., M3c
 Knoepfel, D. E., S1c

Third row, left to right
 Kliever, C. B., MMS1c
 Harpole, B. C., PTR2c
 Walrod, J. M., SF2c
 Purdy, E. E., MM2c
 Simmons, J. W., SF2c
 Edwards, S. C., SF2c
 Wilson, T. W., SF2c
 Kleess, J. E., MM3c
 Myers, R. F., CM3c
 Brammeier, C. D., S1c

Fourth row, left to right
 Ward, M. J., CM1c
 Martini, R. E., S1c
 Kowalski, J. L., CM3c
 Berkley, J. P., S1c
 Forsberg, I. G. R., SF1c
 Deich, D. R., CM3c
 Dempster, P. L., S1c
 Kirker, W. H., S1c
 Travis, W. T., SF3c

★ ★ ★ "D" C O M P A N Y ★ ★ ★



OFFICERS



*Left to Right, Front, J. P. Barnes, Lt. (jg); J. A. Clulo, Lt.; G. J. Berlin, Ens.
Rear, J. W. Hanlon, Chief Carpenter; H. J. Dickens, Chief Carpenter.*

"D" COMPANY—PLATOONS—1 and 2



First row, left to right

Michels, John, GM1c
 Cestone, Carman, MM3c
 Bussler, C. E., MM2c
 Thompson, W. A., CM2c
 Suppo, Louis J., CCM
 Stanley, C. H., CSF
 Conley, E. R., EM1c
 Dries, H. B., S1c
 Robinson, R. R., EM2c
 Hayes, H. E., CM1c

Second row, left to right

Bean, K. G., MM2c
 Guillemette, W. J., EM1c
 Preis, B. J., SF3c
 Christofides, T., M3c
 Ciccone, Michael, S1c
 Scurick, Charles, S1c
 Prince, L. A., CM3c
 Prew, H. S., S1c
 Roach, W. C., MM2c
 Moore, Massineth, S1c

Third row, left to right

Roach, J. A., Jr., PTR2c
 Colaizy, G. E., WT2c
 Treece, R. W., MM3c
 Heinrich, R. E., Jr., MM3c
 Paullos, C. B., SF1c
 Lanier, C. B., Cox.
 Williams, D. V., CM3c
 Monger, R. P., BM1c
 Bell, Frank L., GM2c

Fourth row, left to right

McCray, R. H., CM1c
 Maher, James, S1c
 Gill, J. T., MM1c
 Dynow, Walter, S1c
 Riordan, H. G., SF3c
 Land, C. L., WT1c
 Hede, A. M., CM2c
 Wankel, C. B., S1c
 Dembow, S. W., CM2c
 Bee, J. D., MMS2c



First row, left to right

Mounts, H. G., S1c
 Wegner, A. H., EM2c
 Sorrentino, P., SF1c
 Garry, C. F., EM3c
 Hartzog, L. K., CCM
 Del Signore, R. C., CCM
 Emmert, J. H., SF1c
 Shaw, L. L., MoMM
 Sullivan, J. D., S1c
 Pitsenbarger, D., S1c

Second row, left to right

Krentz, Reuben, MoMM3c
 Myers, M. E., CM2c
 Grey, B. W., SF2c
 Mistich, J. F., SF1c
 Reese, E. N., CM2c
 Herring, C. H., CM1c
 Thomas, E. W., S1c
 Ponton, F. B., S1c
 De Mattia, J., CM3c

Third row, left to right

Bugg, G. A., PTR1c
 Brock, V. E., CM2c
 Smith, E. U., MM3c
 Haag, D. O., Cox.
 Wallace, C. I., PTR2c
 Colanton, F. D., WT1c
 Gantley, T. W., S1c
 Vajda, Charles, EM1c

Fourth row, left to right

Johnson, O. L., CM1c
 Kipke, R. J., SF2c
 Marxer, F. G., EM2c
 Tonnessen, J. B., S1c
 Adams, F. D., MM2c
 Hardy, B. D., CM2c
 Paul, H. A., CM3c
 Suiker, R. O., F1c
 Reynolds, N. A., CM3c

"D" COMPANY—PLATOONS—3 and 4



First row, left to right

Ellis, Kinard, S1c
 Snow, C. W., EM1c
 Rhea, J. E., CM2c
 Currier, C. M., EM3c
 Nalley, Paul, CCM
 Race, E. W., CCM
 Conti, Frank, CM3c
 Krause, R. R., MM3c
 De Martino, A. C., CM3c
 Kelly, J. W., MoMM1c

Second row, left to right

Srofe, R. C., EM2c
 Johnson, V. F., CM3c
 Williams, W. F., EM3c
 Schumer, Stanley, S1c
 Crooks, G. T., MM1c
 Garlick, A. P., MM1c
 Clinton, J. P., EM3c
 Casey, J. A., EM3c
 Ross, H. R., BM2c
 Robinson, W. K., Jr., CM1c

Third row, left to right

Barcellos, F. X., M3c
 Whitson, R. W., PTR2c
 Braddock, L. I., S1c
 Holstine, C. H., MM1c
 Bonner, J. W., SF2c
 Anderson, V. E., CM1c
 Dembitz, J. M., SF3c
 Smith, M. E., CM1c
 Olson, G. J., CM2c

Fourth row, left to right

McGee, J. H., MM2c
 Byington, J. F., MMS3c
 Smith, C. H., EM1c
 Dunlap, A. D., S1c
 McLennan, G. C., EM1c
 Fort, T. H., Jr., PTR2c
 Sauer, C. F., MM3c
 Beaupied, G. R., S1c



First row, left to right

Beecher, J. W., CM2c
 Yednak, J. S., S1c
 Sueltenfuss, L. G., CM3c
 Cheski, M. P., S1c
 McCandless, J. A., CCM
 Schwoy, C., S1c
 Meyering, E. B., S1c
 Sassano, P. L., S1c
 Boyd, Floyd, MM2c

Second row, left to right

Leach, H. L., S1c
 Caple, A. T., MM2c
 Cox, R. W., MM3c
 Hooker, J. E., S1c
 Prosser, J. D., CM1c
 Crawford, L. B., S1c
 Casey, C. L., S1c
 Di Cicco, A., MM2c
 Henderson, J. R., MM3c

Third row, left to right

Bargy, H. F., MM3c
 Nesteroke, Peter, MM2c
 Alana, M. J., S1c
 Warren, L. L., S1c
 Johansen, C. B., MM3c
 Harding, W. G., MM3c
 Ashley, R. L., S1c
 Casson, Dan, S1c

Fourth row, left to right

Snow, R. C., MM2c
 Ricketson, L. B., MM1c
 Bloom, R. H., S1c
 Baker, R. D., GM1c
 Blain, R. D., MM2c
 Hindman, W. E., CM1c
 Robinson, J. B., CM1c
 Chenault, F. A., MM2c

"D" COMPANY—PLATOONS—5 and 6



First row, left to right

Ledwith, C. J., MM3c
 Crawford, J. A., MM1c
 Damico, J. S., S1c
 Salvia, F. A., CM3c
 Gritzmacher, R. D., CCM
 Coffman, J. C., CCM
 Byrnes, R. E., MM2c
 Kravitz, H. J., SSML3c
 Carter, Barney, S1c
 Rehberg, W. L., MM2c

Second row, left to right

Prosser, T. J., S2c
 Castaldo, A. R., Cox.
 Montana, Sam. J., MM2c
 Kolenut, F. R., S1c
 Meredith, S. M., CM2c
 Lodwick, A. J., S1c
 Guinn, R. D., CM3c
 Forgione, N. J., CM3c
 Smith, W. D., MM2c
 Coyle, D. L., S1c

Third row, left to right

Smith, E. G., MM2c
 Ford, H. W., S1c
 Jowsey, P. M., Jr., PRT3c
 Cheyne, J. G., S1c
 Coleman, S. T., CM3c
 Sehner, Walter, SF3c
 Gear, E. J., SF3c
 Brazelton, Frederick, S1c
 Cavalla, Domenic, CM2c

Fourth row, left to right

Pradetto, James, S1c
 Grischke, W. A., CM1c
 Starkey, J. T., CGM
 Fowler, Raymond, CM2c
 McDonald, J. H., CM3c
 Prell, F. M., S1c
 Adams, A. J., CM1c
 McCarty, M. D., MM2c



First row, left to right

De Voss, Arthur, S1c
 Newman, H. A., EM3c
 Feeny, D. F., SF2c
 Biviano, B. J., MMS3c
 Jolley, John, CSF
 Darr, A. L., CMoMM
 Crane, L. A., PTR1c
 Nuzzo, G. F., SF3c
 Hodge, R. V., S1c
 Andrews, V. C., S1c

Second row, left to right

Curtis, D. M., CM3c
 Laporte, A. J., SF1c
 Beard, W. W., SF3c
 Bickel, V. E., SF1c
 McBeath, R. L., SF3c
 Behe, T. M., CM3c
 Haywood, L. R., CM3c
 Kemper, I. D., SF2c

Third row, left to right

Baker, F. W., CM3c
 Ellenberg, S., S1c
 Fleming, R. G., SF1c
 Vines, E. J., SF3c
 Breason, E. W., PTR2c
 Clark, J. B., SF1c
 Faulkenberry, L. L., S1c
 Castillo, Bernon, S2c

Fourth row, left to right

Torstrick, W. N., SF3c
 Side, V. E., SF3c
 Vasinsky, David, S1c
 Golombek, A. V., SF3c
 LaChase, E. F., Jr., S1c
 Null, Freeman, CM3c
 Morrongiello, A. J., S1c
 Braxl, J. E., S1c

★ ★ ★ **BATTALION ROSTER** ★ ★ ★

ABBEY, James Richard
Abbey Flats
Lakeview, Michigan

ABRACHAM, Victor Wm.
111 Leach Street
Salem, Massachusetts

ADAMS, Aloysius James
Gordon, Nebraska

ADAMS, Frank D.
1811 S. E. 32nd Place
Portland, 15, Oregon

AGRESTI, M. Conrad
Ferndale Court
Copiague, L.I., New York

AIELLO, Paul J.
1801 50th Street
Brooklyn, 4, New York

AIELLO, Salvadore F.
82 Sumner Avenue
Port Richmond
Staten Island, New York

AKERS, Joseph Price
6514 North Pont Road
Baltimore 19, Maryland

ALANA, Morris Joseph
627 Prospect St.
Honolulu, Hawaii

ALBRECHT, Henry C.
145 West Seaman Avenue
Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y.

ALBRITTON, J. R.
5610 McMillan
Detroit, 9, Michigan

ALDERISO, Anthony J.
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