

1946

## 102 Construction Battalion: "Second to none"

United States Navy

Paul A. Delaney

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1943

1945



“  
SECOND TO NONE  
”



China Sea

# "Luzon" The Philippines

LINGAYEN GULF

CLARK FIELD

NOW MEN GATHER AROUND

SUBIC

MANILA

MUST BE SEABEES!

HELP!

THE DREDGE

THE PILE DRIVER

HOLLANDIA

SOME CAT EYES HERE!

WAC CAMP

SWISH

TRADE-

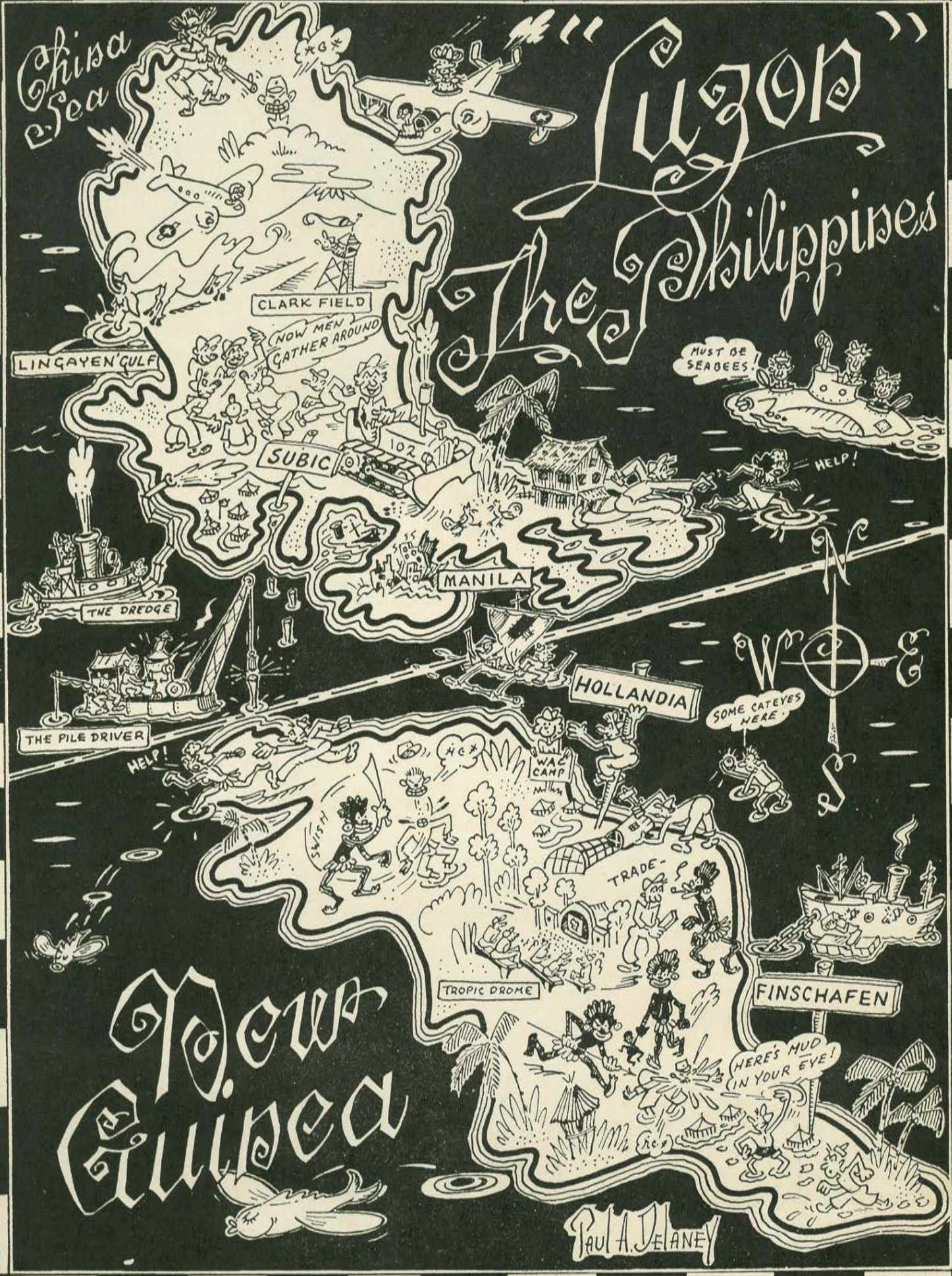
TROPIC DROME

FINSCHAFEN

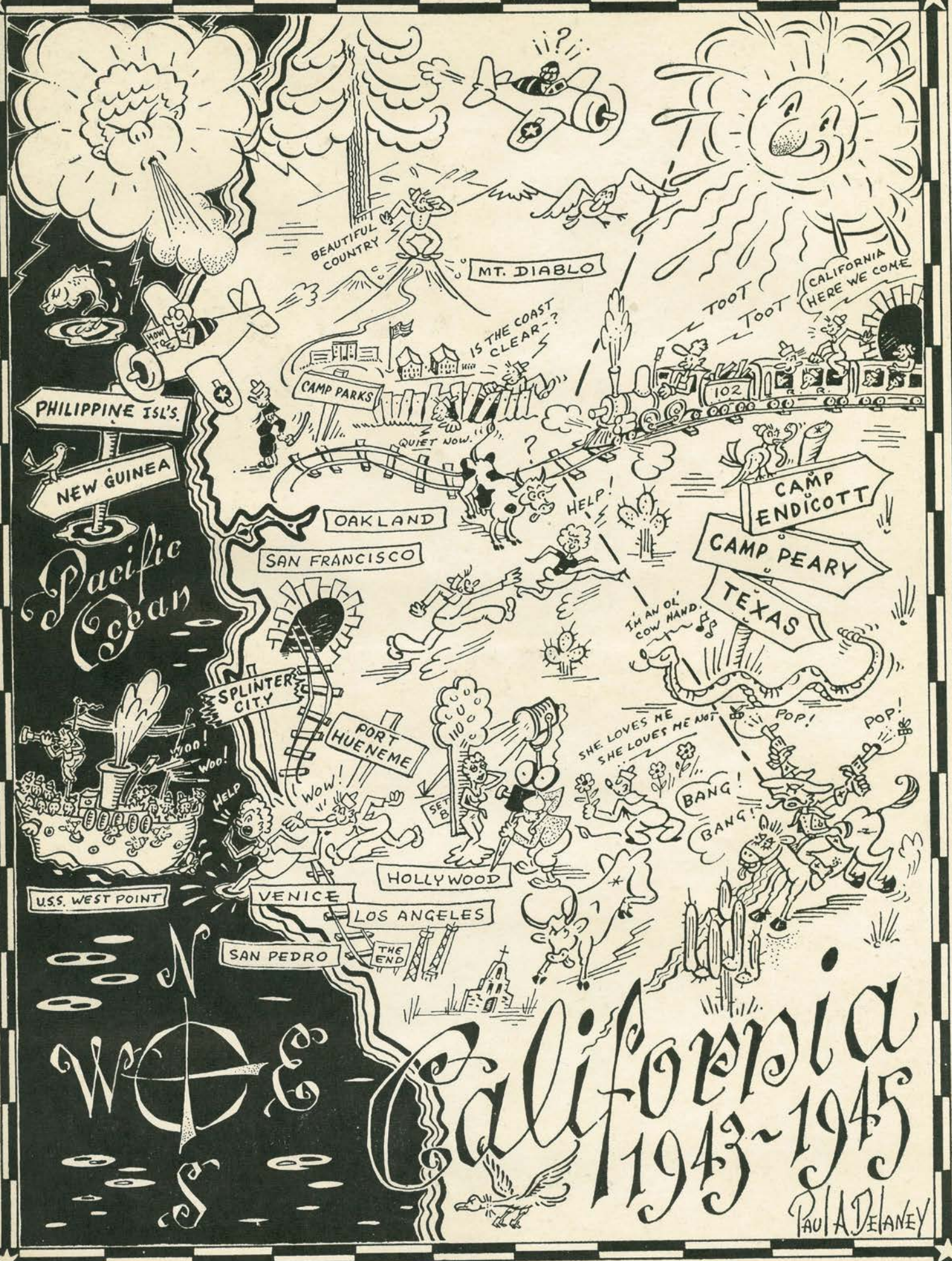
HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!

# New Guinea

PAUL A. DELANEY













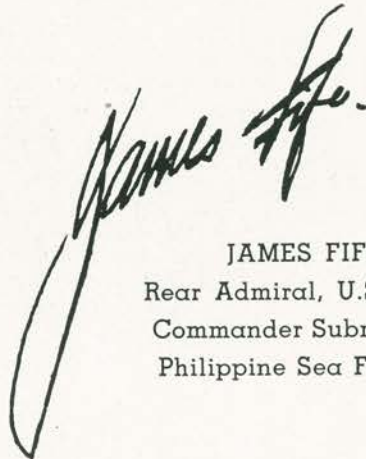


COMMANDER SUBMARINES,  
PHILIPPINE SEA FRONTIER

Subic Bay, P. I.,  
1 December, 1945.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 102ND CONSTRUCTION BATTALION:

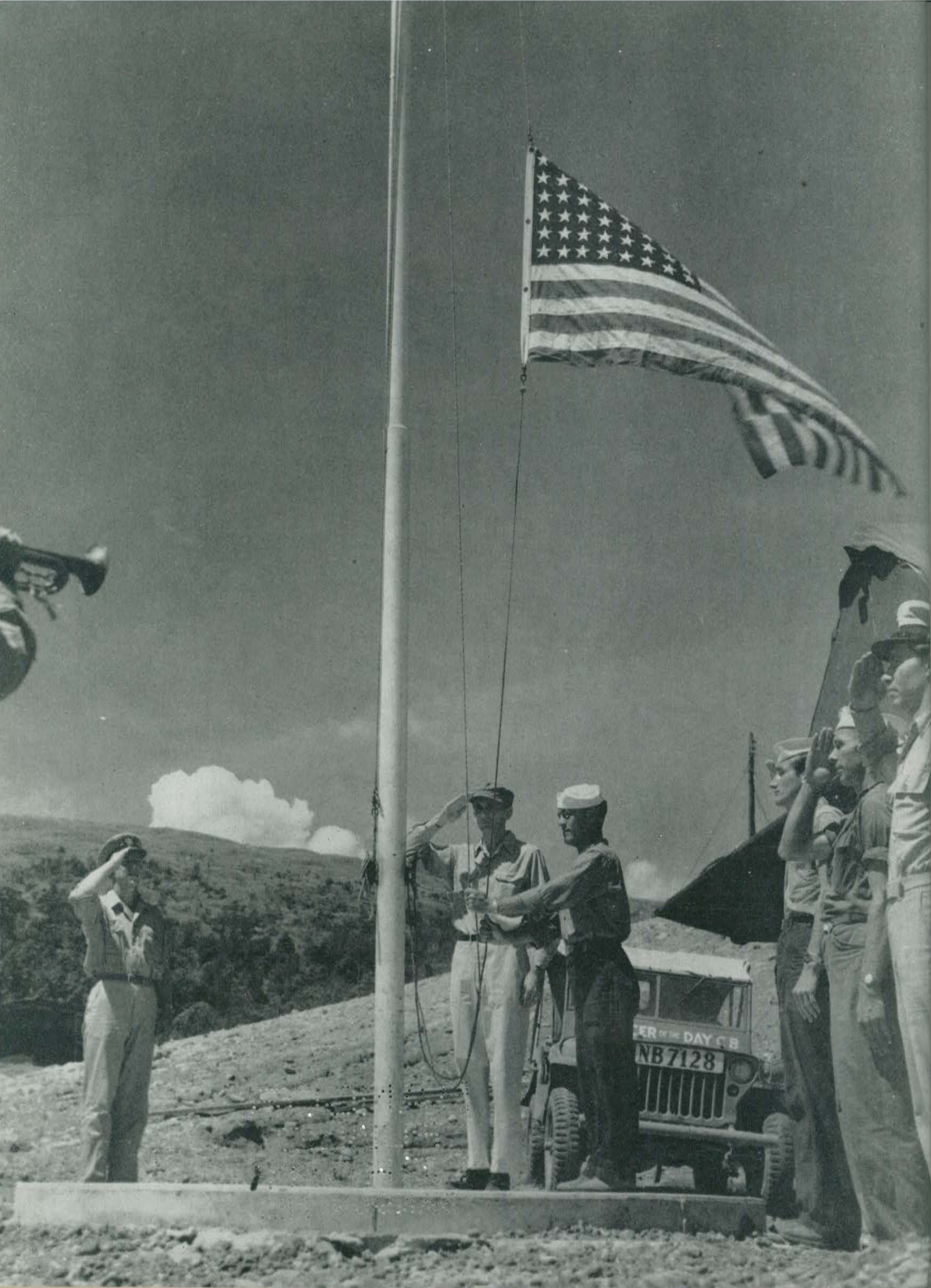
From February to December 1945, the 102nd Construction Battalion was engaged in the building of the Submarine Base, Subic Bay, Philippine Islands. Their nucleus planning group came in with the assault in February and immediately started work at the selected site which at that time was mostly rice paddies, swamps, and bare hillside. Under great difficulties of lack of adequate personnel, materials and equipment, together with adverse weather conditions, the Battalion cheerfully and efficiently improvised and established essential elements of the base which were extremely useful to our submarines in fighting the last few months of the Jap war. Although uncompleted at the termination of hostilities, many members of the Battalion voluntarily stayed on long after with the avowed intention of completing the base which they had started. For their future memories, the members of the 102nd Construction Battalion have left a monument to themselves which will serve their Navy and their Nation for many years to come. It is a base which we did not have before World War II started and which is now available to us should any future aggressor nation decide to to interfere with our rights and liberties. I salute the 102nd Construction Battalion for their excellent spirit and achievements.



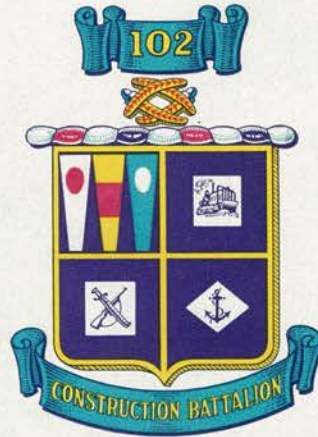
JAMES FIFE,  
Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy,  
Commander Submarines,  
Philippine Sea Frontier.

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## INTRODUCTION

This is the picture-story of the 102nd NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION during its tour of duty overseas. The publication is intended to give a comprehensive presentation of the organization, structure, and functions of the 102nd Battalion: to preserve in printed form a durable record of the Battalion personnel at work, at play, and on the alert for battle.

In the text that follows we have tried to show how men of different skills and vigorous initiative have made the Battalion an outstanding and efficient organization.

May it be God's will that the pleasant memories we have will stay with us and the unpleasant ones be left behind on Island X.

THE EDITOR





## THE SKIPPER



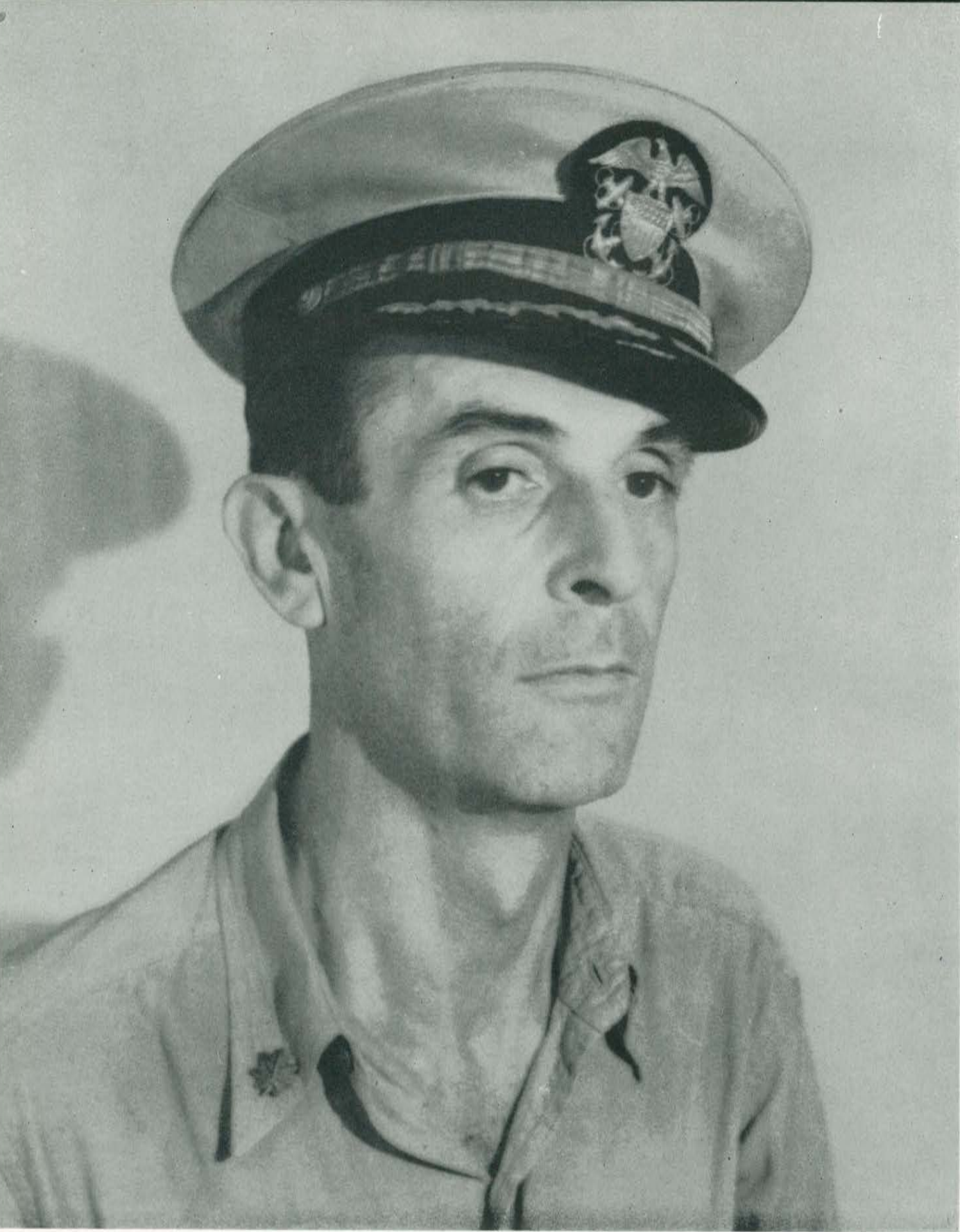
# COMMANDER J. F. HALPIN

John Francis Halpin, Commander, CEC, USNR, began active duty as a Lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve in 1939, serving as Assistant Public Works Officer at 90 Church Street, in New York City. While Officer-in-Charge of the 102nd Battalion, he received the Naval Reserve Medal for ten years' service in the Naval Reserve.

In November, 1942, Commander Halpin, upon his request, was transferred for duty with the Seabees and reported to NCTC Camp Allen as a Lieutenant Commander for indoctrination training. Upon completion of this training, he was assigned duty at NCTC Camp Peary as Regimental Commander of the "B" Area. From December of 1942 to July of 1943, he served in this capacity, and on July 7, 1943, took over his duties as Officer-in Charge of the 102nd Battalion. While in Camp Parks he received his spot promotion to Commander, and at a later date received notice that he was a permanent Commander, his date of rank being retroactive to November, 1942.

In civilian life Commander Halpin was employed as an engineer with the Illinois State Highway Department and the New York Central Railroad. He received his degree in civil engineering from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.





OUR NEW SKIPPER



# COMMANDER LEONARD MISCALL

Commander Leonard Miscall, CEC, USNR, is a native of Ithaca, New York, and a graduate of Cornell University. During the last war, he served as a private in the Army and, after returning to civilian life, entered the construction field as an engineer. He is married and the father of two children—one, a boy in the Merchant Marines and the other a girl who is now married. He entered the service after he received his commission on June 28, 1942, and was assigned to Camp Allen. He was given the post of Commanding Officer of the 16th Battalion that left the States, with only two weeks' preparation, for Pearl Harbor. After his tour of duty, he was then assigned to the post of Commanding Officer of the 11th Regiment, stationed at Trinidad, B. W. I., where the "job on hand" was constructing hangars for the blimps that patrolled the Atlantic Ocean on anti-sub duty. Later, he took over the same post with the 19th Regiment, at that time in New Guinea, and later moved with it to Leyte after that part of the Philippines was retaken. From this station he moved to our outfit, the 102nd Battalion.





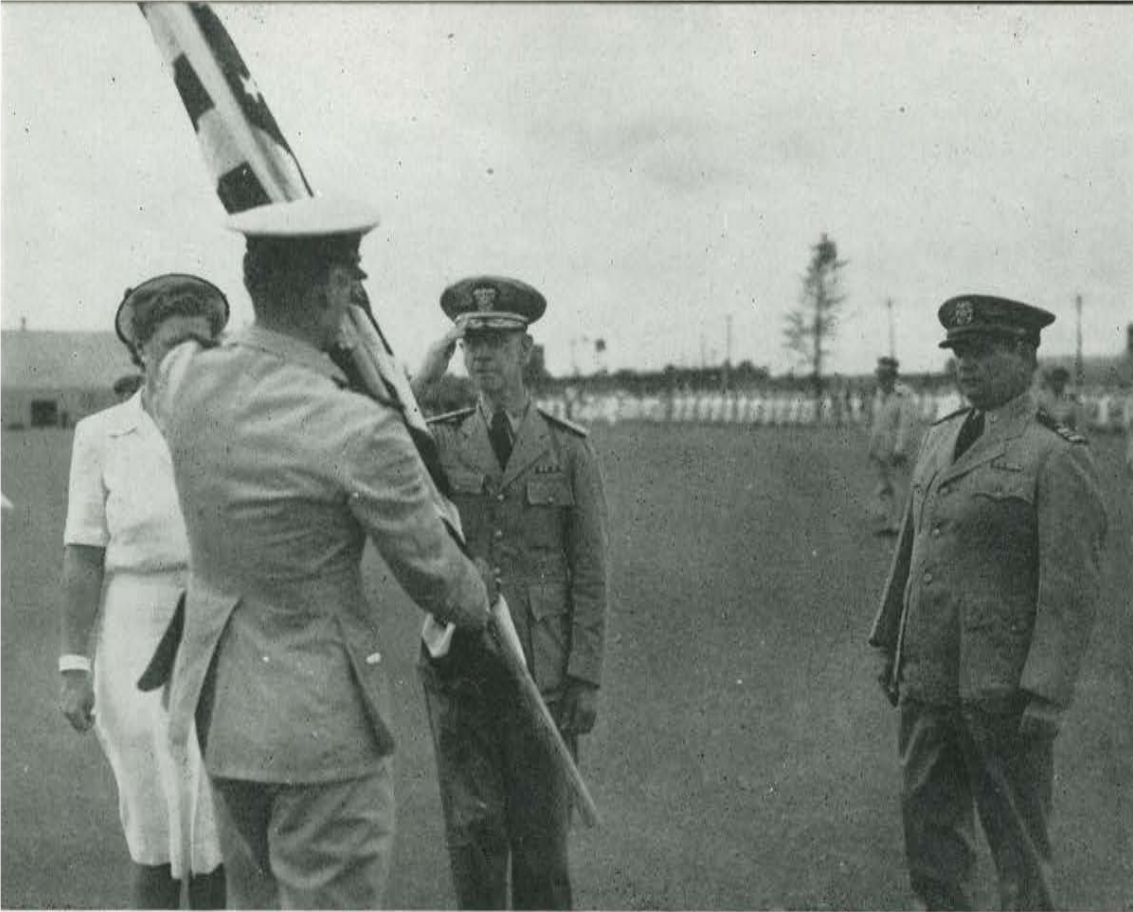
OUR EXECUTIVE OFFICER



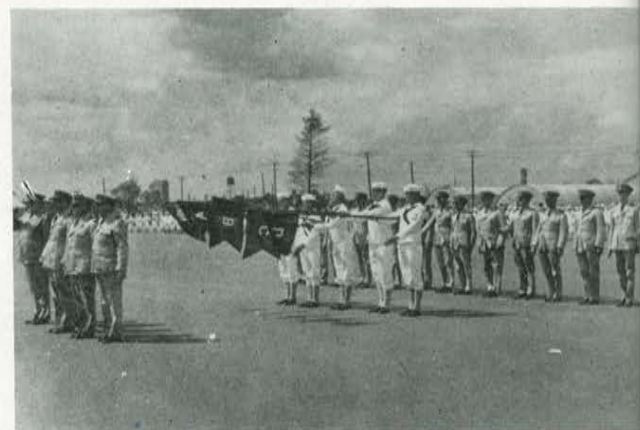
# LIEUTENANT COMMANDER W. A. NEIBUHR

Lt. Commander William A. Niebuhr, CEC, USNR, is a native of Brenham, Texas, and a graduate of Texas A & M College, where he received the degree of B.S. in electrical engineering. Prior to entry in the Navy, he served in his profession with the Texas Power and Light Co. for 20 years. He is married and the father of a thirteen-year-old son. During the last war, he served as a private in the Army. He received his commission in July, 1942, and reported for active duty one month later, taking his indoctrination at the Idaho Naval Training School at Tucson, Arizona. His first tour of duty was at Camp Peary, where he was later assigned as Executive Officer to the 102nd Battalion at the time of its formation.





# BATTALION



# REVIEW



# HISTORY OF THE BATTALION

While the nation rushed toward frantic preparations for all-out war and the start of the push to drive back the little yellow men who had swarmed over the islands of the South Pacific, at Camp Peary, in the hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, over a thousand enlisted men fresh from the comforts of civilian life, tried to adjust themselves to military rigors. You and I were among those men that daily pounded the sun-baked gravel of the drill field, trying to sweat out the softness . . . this was "boot training."

We were as green as the surrounding countryside, but gradually hardened until we emerged as a well-synchronized efficient organization capable of carrying on the well-deserved and hard-won standards that form the tradition of the Seabees.

Every state in the Union contributed its share of members, from the wintry Dakotas to the gentle southern warmth of Florida—wherever Americans lived. Our past record was one of achievement. We were the men who had built the great engineering wonders: Boulder Dam, TVA, San Francisco-Oakland Bridge; the ones who had worked in the great steel mills of Gary and Youngstown and the modern scientific laboratories of the gigantic factories of our eastern cities . . . a huge collection of skills poured into one organization.

Men like Bill Kennedy, who helped install the great government-owned Radar station at Point Barrow; Johnny Brophy, whose lay-out abilities planned many of the power plants for General Motors; Bill Baisor, who worked in a diving suit under the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea; Ollie Olson, a master at earth-moving and capable of estimating the cubic yards in a hill-side at a glance; Connie Peters, skilled at unloading the bowels of a Liberty ship . . . those listed here are but a few of many, but they give a cross-section of the men of the 102nd Battalion as it was formed at Camp Peary.

After our formation our stay at Camp Peary as a battalion was short, and within a few days we left for Camp Endicott with a muster of twenty-nine officers, thirty-seven chiefs, and one thousand and five men.

Lt. Commander John F. Halpin was in command as Skipper, with Lt. Commander William A. Niebuhr as Executive Officer. Both had had wide experience in construction work and in handling men.

The trip to Camp Endicott started on July 12th. Arriving there the following morning we unpacked our personal gear in the "J" area barracks. By now we were acquainted, and after a day of squaring away, entered into a four-week period that covered both military and technical training, designed to knock off the rough edges and polish us off as an outfit ready for overseas service.

Men were selected for schooling in pontoon assembling, the secrets of Navy communications, the art of small boat handling, deep sea diving, water purification, camouflage, and many of the other requirements essential to the security of a battalion in the field. Others spent their time unraveling the mysteries of modern warfare: learning how to use the mortar, hand grenades, machine guns, weapons of chemical warfare, and also, of course, close-order drill.

Camp Endicott had its lighter side as well, with pleasant recreation halls that included a theater, billiards, bowling, a beer hall, and a ship store, whose stock included everything from a safety-pin to a diamond ring. Another phase of our life here was the more liberal liberty set-up, which, after the confinement of Camp Peary, helped make the Navy more pleasant. Twelve-hour passes every fourth night gave the men an opportunity to see the surrounding towns and accept the hospitality and entertainment offered. Towns that were remembered were Providence, East Greenwich, Pawtucket, and Boston, along with many others. Thirty-six-hour passes came once a month, permitting many who lived on the east coast to spend a few hours with the folks at home.

Gate Four, with its guest house, was another attraction that permitted married men a few hours each night with their wives.

On July 24th, the battalion marched to Sun Valley, a barren, sun-drenched camp of Quonset huts situated on the road to East Greenwich, where



we were to learn to shoot the carbine on the one-hundred and the two-hundred-yard range. We stayed here for one week, during which time we devoted half the day to the range and the other half to clearing the brush for space for the future expansion of the camp.

The high scores for the week were racked up by Chief W. C. Traylor and C. L. Sorrell, with scores of 178 out of a possible 200. On the lighter side, a smoker was presented to them by members of the battalion, with such top-notchers as Nick Ferrara, Jerry Angle, Charley Haddon, "Red" Ahlberg, and W. Minear, as well as little Mike Marino, doing the honors. Commander Halpin, talking with the boys for the first time, explained the objectives and problems of the battalion in the future.

Official liberties were banned, but with our own guards on duty, it was easy to jump the three-strand fence and take off over the fields to the nearest tavern, then to be returned by an escort of the Shore Patrol.

The unrest caused by the approaching ten-day leave, which was to begin on August 8th, was making itself felt, and everyone found it hard to concentrate on the matters at hand. Plans for the leave, through letters to home, poured from the Post Office out to the civilian world. The Personnel Department made the necessary transportation arrangement, and eased the red tape by having the train go directly from Camp to New York City, facilitating connections for all parts of the country. We all remember the ride into the Big City, with the singing and humor of men going home, for in many cases, it was the first trip back since leaving for boot camp.

Of their own choice, men living on the west coast remained in camp, planning to take their leave after the battalion had moved to California. Lt. A. Pruitt was left in charge of these men.

Back in camp after the embarkation leave, we were found preparing for Commissioning Day, our formal debut as a battalion. We cared for our personal attire with attention to the most minute detail, and then waited for the word "go." On the afternoon of August 19th we marched out upon the drill field of Camp Endicott and came to battalion formation. The day was hot and the sun shone bright, giving our uniforms an extra whiteness as we stood at attention while Rear Admiral David Whitman, of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, made the commissioning address. Then followed the presentations of colors by Mrs. John F. Halpin, wife of our Skipper. At the command of "battalion pass in review," we paraded before the honored

guest giving a snappy "eyes right" as we passed the reviewing stand.

Following the review, we were notified that we would move to the west coast on the following day; and hereafter our address would be Fleet Post Office, San Francisco. Scuttlebutt had it that we were headed for Camp Parks, Pleasanton, California.

Leaving on the afternoon of August 21st, we boarded Pullmans for the west, traveling in three different sections and over different routes. The trip across the country tremendously stimulated the men and gave many a chance to see their home states as we roared through. The five days were spent in writing letters, explaining the sights we were seeing, and watching the interesting countryside. New York displayed its acres of truck farms; the middle-west showed us fields of golden wheat; Nebraska's corn waved as far as the eye could see; vast waste lands of Utah were covered with the famous tumbling weed; the Royal Gorge unrolled its picturesque scenery before us. Others played cards and ducked the cash when an officer came through, faithfully assuring him that they were not playing for money. And, of course, we can't forget the comfortable bunks that the porters made up for us each night.

Rolling into California on August 26th, we had our first look at Camp Parks with its two-story barracks of native redwood. Here we found a camp comparatively new, with many of its planned facilities still incomplete. It was to be our home for the next eight weeks.

Immediately upon reaching our barracks, the men of the west coast were issued papers for their ten-day leave, and no time was lost getting them off. They had waited a long time for this moment and we were all glad to see them on their way.

Training here at Camp Parks was a continuation of that at Camp Endicott, but perhaps in a more advanced stage. Tremendous progress was made in turning the outfit into a finished organization. The rigid daily inspection of barracks was continued, with the inauguration of early morning PT before heading for the morning chow. After breakfast, we fell in at 0800 for muster, then marched to the drill field for colors. A turn around the commando course followed, with lectures on military matters or extended orders to wind up the morning. After noon chow, a hike or a few hours of close-order drill kept us on our toes for the afternoon. The hikes that started at the two-mile mark soon grew to the twelve-mile stage, finally winding up with the forty-two mile trek to the top of Mt. Diablo, where we spent three days



learning how to set up and live under field conditions.

This particular hike was one of the milestones of the battalion's career and long remembered by all as the most grueling event of the entire training program, made with full packs and victory rifles, which became heavier as the miles slowly trudged by and the hard surfaced road became even harder under foot. The start had been made before the sun was up, and the trek was pleasant in the cool of the morning but faded into a trudging drudgery as the heat of the day sapped the vim from our bodies. Climbing the steep road that wound to the crest, men dropped out repeatedly, finally setting their own gait until the concrete ribbon seemed to crawl with struggling Seabees. The meat wagon patrolled the way, but their well-intended advice seemed little help. A few cases of badly blistered feet were permitted to ride.

Men such as "Moose" Masencup and "Wrist" Sausville set the pace and led the rest, reaching the camp site first, accompanied by Lt. Ponzo. As the afternoon wore on, others straggled in, completing the first half of the hike. Struggling with the mysteries of a pup tent, the bivouac was set up and K-rations were distributed for the evening meal. A perimeter was set up by our guards and orders were issued that no one was to be permitted to enter or leave the area. Protecting ourselves from possible outside force was part of the maneuver. Station force men—and especially the Judo team—were considered the opposition force, with plans to make our stay as unpleasant as possible, and in the case of "A" and "B" companies, they were able to stage a bit of strategy that resulted in the capture of Lt. Reagan. It came about this way.

Just after the evening meal and before darkness had set in, a private car of the park ranger drove slowly up the hill road and stopped on the orders of "halt" from our guard. At the wheel sat the pretty young wife of the park official and she insisted upon seeing an officer; Lt. Reagan was nearby and approached the car. With few formalities, she proceeded to release her wrath upon him concerning the behavior and conduct of his men.

It seemed from her story that a group of Seabees had invaded her residence and taken over, making the property unsafe for sane people, and as her husband was not at home, would he please do something about the situation?

"Of course, madam," Mr. Reagan replied. Then, brushing aside the warning that it was a trap, he jumped into the car and disappeared down the road to the scene of the disturbance.

By now the shadows had lengthened, and it was growing quite dark as the car reached the house. Instead of a group of playful Seabees swarming the grounds, the scene was one of complete tranquility. Although the windshield of a weapon-carrier parked across the road reflected the rays of the single light outside, he failed to notice the vehicle.

Alighting from the car, Mr. Reagan officially surveyed the area and was about to speak to his hostess, when suddenly from the surrounding shadows, bedlam broke loose. Hands grabbed him from every direction. Struggling as well as he could under the circumstances, the combined weight of the four judo men was more than he could cope with, and he was soon borne to the ground. In the scuffle, his nose was badly bruised and his left eye partially closed. Tying the Lieutenant securely, they tossed him into the weapon carrier face down and bounced him most disrespectfully in the twenty-two miles back to camp, depositing him in the brig to spend the balance of the night.

Quoting the Lieutenant's own description of the event, "I never came so near dying, and didn't."

Camp life wallowed into a routine with no definite program of training, as it seemed we had exhausted the established schedule, and it was now a question of keeping the men busy until further plans could be made.

In the meantime, liberty was still on schedule every fourth night off, and we found entertainment plentiful in such places as San Francisco, Oakland, Hayworth, Walnut Creek, San Jose, Livermore, Santa Cruz, and Sacramento.

The "1830 Club" was established by Mr. Ponzo for minor infractions and was well attended nightly on the drill field behind the brig. The first summary court-martials, as well as the battalion's newspaper, were established, an art department was started for the manufacture of the color placques designed by P. A. Delaney and carved on wood by N. Clayton. Later, these were turned over to Chief T. Wearing to be worked out by silk-screen process, with the assistance of A. Florio and J. Lang. The soft-ball team was rounded out into a smooth running organization which, under the able management of Johnny Zullo, defeated all comers.

Changes were made in the Officer personnel, with the recall to Camp Peary of Lt. (j.g.) E. Ray, Lt. Andrews, and Lt. Davis; Ensign A. Schaffer and Warrant Officers Schwab, Budd, A. Canivan, and E. Stayman, replaced them. Lt. O. O. Ediger as-



sumed command of "D" company, and Lt. (j.g.) D. Cohen took over Headquarters' Company.

The final weeks at Camp Parks found us building cottages for station force personnel, erecting large warehouses, as well as taking on the midnight shift of a major earth-moving project. The performance of the 102nd on these first few efforts spoke well for all men assigned to the details, as it had been some time since they had had the feel of their tools.

\* \* \*

The endless rumors and scuttlebutt of the past week finally culminated in orders to pack our bags and prepare to move to Camp Rosseau, Hueneme. Leaving on the afternoon of October 19th, we headed for Southern California and for what turned out to be the last of the training camps for the 102nd Battalion. Many wives and friends watched us march to the train, and gave us a cheery good-bye, planning to join us at our new camp.

It was damp and rainy the next morning when our train pulled into Camp Rosseau just before noon, just the kind of day California never brags about, and as, clad in wet dress blues, we carried our seabags, we looked about in vain for the sunny climate we had read about. However, we trudged through the puddles till we found our section of the camp. It was a cluster of Quonset huts accommodating twelve men each, with Army cots as bunks. After the confinement of barracks life, this was a novelty and a pleasure, with only a dozen men to contend with instead of two hundred and fifty. The outlook was cozy.

In spite of our many weeks of past training, we found that we still had more to learn and jumped into the advance schooling with the same spirit we'd evidenced in other camps. Many of the subjects were the same as at Parks and Endicott, but staged under more warlike conditions. In addition, a short distance away were the five great docks where the ten-thousand-ton Liberty ships were loaded with materials and equipment for embarking battalions, and this gave a more realistic aspect to the situation, making you realize that this was the jumping-off spot where they played for keeps!

These docks held a great attraction for the men, and despite the fact that the station force carefully guarded the approaches, the boys still found ways to elude them, and roamed among the stevedores or even aboard the ships to exchange yarns with the merchant marines.

The big story here was a thousand stories—some columns long, some a few sentences. The

date lines were legion. The basic subject matter was monotonously unvaried . . . The "Golden Era" of the battalion. With Hollywood, the Mecca of the entertainment world, only sixty miles away, nothing better could have absorbed the interest of the men. It was like a shot in the arm! The city could be reached on a twelve-hour liberty, via the special Greyhound busses that left from in front of the theater nightly.

Remember the Hollywood Canteen with its array of glamorous stars from the movie colony, name bands with their great music, and radio celebrities from the big networks? All of it was part of a vast system of entertainment that could only be staged in a place like Hollywood, with its exciting Hollywood and Vine, and modernistic N.B.C. studios which separate stages opening on to the patio that overlooked Sunset Boulevard. And then there was the Palladium, just a short distance down the Boulevard, where a fellow like Willie Bauer could dance with Ruth Hussey, while Frenchy Arcement made love-sick eyes at Betty Grable, and Moose Angle danced with a beautiful creature only to find later, after he had thanked her and departed, that she was Carol Landis.

This desire for entertainment wasn't limited to hours away from camp, but brought many stars and their shows to our own theaters. Bob Hope and his entire company, with Veronica Lake as guest star, broadcast from "A" theater. Other well-known stars from time to time endeavored to do what they could to "blow the blues" away.

Besides the nightly forays on Hollywood, other cities and towns came in for their share of 102nd's attendance: Santa Paula . . . Camarillo . . . Ocean Park . . . Beverly Hills . . . Santa Barbara . . . Pasadena . . . Burbank . . . Santa Monica . . . Huntington Park . . . Glendora . . . Long Beach, and of course, well-known Oxnard and Ventura, where many of the married men maintained apartments for their wives.

Saturday morning was usually devoted to Captain's inspection, and we spent the time right after morning chow slinging a mop, shining shoes, and cleaning pieces for the competitive drills that followed battalion inspection by the Skipper. To the lucky platoon that won went an extra week-end liberty, and it goes without saying that the competition was keen.

Another memorable event of the training routine was the night that station-force called the battalion out around midnight to march to the area behind the testing grounds to the positions along the waterfront, in defense against a possible invading force. The suddenness of the call caused many, especially those just in from liberty, to grab





clothes that were handiest. Consequently, many of us wore low shoes and light socks and nearly froze, slushing through the wet mud and sand of the beach. The tempers of the men that night were such that a real foe storming the beach would have met a mighty mad bunch of Seabees.

Twenty enlisted men, with Lt. H. H. Williams, Carpenters O. W. Hole, G. H. Scott, and H. E. Stayman, were sent to San Diego for anti-aircraft training, and combined pleasure with work at that famous base. They were housed in one of the remaining San Diego Exposition buildings that the Navy had taken over for barracks. Liberty was every night, and the only thing needed to get by the gate was an ID card.

When the first word reached camp of the appalling forest fire that had swept through the picturesque Laurel Canyon north of Hollywood destroying many homes and ranches, a volunteer detail of two hundred and fifty men under Lt. A. Pruitt answered the call to help stop the inferno. Rushed by Navy trucks to the scene of the flaming disaster, which by now was racing with lightning

speed toward the coast, our men, side by side with soldiers from local Army units, fought the blaze for thirty-six hours, accepting relief only after complete physical exhaustion. After a few hours of sleep, they were ready to return to battle when word came that the fire was under control.

Another milestone in the history of the Battalion was our debut into the movies, when we acted as background material during the filming of the "Fighting Seabees," the Republic Picture that starred John Wayne and Susan Hayworth. We also contributed to the scene showing "boots" in training, and although our band was the only unit shown in the close-ups, still the 102nd was in there doing its bit, under a hot sun, on the greensward of the Oxnard High School gridiron. We decided that making movies was not much fun, especially on a diet of one "hot dog" and one bottle of soda.

In the midst of the great volume of camp activities, we were ordered to move to Splinter City, an area separate from the main camp and used to house battalions about to be shipped out. Living conditions there were somewhat crowded, but that was



overlooked in view of the fact that the liberty schedule became more liberal. We enjoyed every other night off, with week-ends every other week, and, with our own guards on the only gate that led into the outside world, it was a simple matter to spread the schedule to include every night. This was to the married men a veritable Utopia, giving them the opportunity to enjoy some home life. Of course, needless to say, not only the men with wives took advantage of this situation. This freedom, coupled with the endless seeking for amusement, made itself seriously felt around the region of the pocket-book; consequently, financial assistance was solicited by way of wires to those at home—a throwback to the old "college try."

Scuttlebut was gathering that we had been assigned to Acorn 18 and would soon be on our way, but in the meantime, the training program continued, now under the Battalion's direction rather than station-force, as in the past. Classes were held in semaphore and small boat handling by Mr. P. Smith, while Mr. Budd took over the pontoon men and put them through the actual operations that were expected on Island "X." Study of communications was continued, with practice on blinkers and radio code. At about the same time the battalion's dance band was organized and daily struggled with the complicated arrangements of Wayne Hinkle, under the direction of Mr. Ponzo, playing nightly for dancers on an extended itinerary that was culminated by an engagement at the Hollywood Canteen.

Training trips were taken aboard the station-force LST to practice loading and unloading these amphibious ships in the heavy surf off Megu. Combined with the activities of the pontoon men, they gave us a chance to see how it was done under conditions similar to the "real thing." Heavy equipment men under Mr. Pruitt and Mr. Stayman used and checked the materials and machinery that we were to use in the field. Trucks were examined. Extra checks on GI equipment and gear were held by company officers so that every man was properly equipped. Nothing was overlooked, and still no orders came concerning our leaving.

As Thanksgiving Day passed and the year of 1943 raced to a close, it definitely looked as though we would spend Christmas in the States. Training was waning and those not on school or work details were kept busy pounding the asphalt of the drill field. Our equipment ship was being loaded, and it finally sailed from dock four late in December with men from the heavy equipment department aboard under Lt. Missner, to be met at Island "X" at some later date. A special draft of pontoon

men under Carp. Budd was formed and affectionately christened the "Super Sixty," shipping out just before the year ended and spending the holidays on the high seas. This group later distinguished themselves in the invasions of the Admiralty Islands, Guam, and Saipan, as well as Leyte and Lingayen Gulf, and we were all proud of the fact that they were at one time members of the 102nd Battalion.

Our own transportation to Hollywood and Los Angeles was arranged through the efforts of Chaplain Williams, and left from the main gate that opened into the town of Hollywood-by-the-Sea, returning at 0430 in the morning from the corner in front of the NBC studios and making the trip in time for the morning chow and the deadline of 0700. This gave you time to eat, change from dress "blues" and answer muster with a sleepy "here."

On Christmas Day, the men were permitted to invite their wives or friends to the ample feast that the Commissary Department prepared under the supervision of Chief Leo Duprey, aided by Chief Arthur Fishman. Walt Slater and his gang of bakers excelled themselves on the tempting pastries, and candy and cigarettes were distributed through the courtesy of Ship's Store. Men with no relations nearby took over the duties for the day so that those who had their wives close by could spend the day with their loved ones.

Shortly after the beginning of the year came the disappointing news that we were to return to the main area of the camp. We were beginning to think by now that the powers-to-be were plotting against sending us out, and we once more returned to the more comfortable living of Quonset huts. Of course, the liberty schedule reverted back to the old set-up with twelve-hour passes every fourth night and week-ends once a month. Some extra liberties were granted to married men, while unofficial ones were taken via the fence, much to the discomfort of guards from the 99th Battalion who patrolled this particular area.

Speaking of liberties by way of the fence recalls the night that Bud Manges had a very important engagement in Ventura. At least, it was important to Bud, but no amount of pleading to the front office could secure liberty for that night. Naturally, the only recourse left was to take to the fence. After discussing the possibilities with the nearby guard, he scaled the fence. Safely outside, he proceeded to thumb the first car that appeared. After several had passed him by, one stopped. Bud dashed for it only to find out too late that it was the Shore Patrol. Of course, as a rule, the Shore Patrol is not particularly interested in any angle



of personal engagements, especially when the Seabee in question has no pass to justify his being off the base, and so they proceeded to return Bud to his outfit, depositing him at the OOD's office.

As no charges were lodged, he was permitted to go, and Bud immediately proceeded to the same guard, who was, needless to say, very surprised to see him. For the second time, Bud hopped the fence and, using more caution than before, started to walk, taking no chances on thumbing. Getting some distance down the road, he breathed more easily, but before very much longer, the same car pulled up alongside with the same four SP's. Very unhappy about Bud's complete disregard for their authority, they again packed him into the vehicle and returned to camp—the next time they found him outside, it would be the brig for Bud.

The station-force never seemed to learn that the 102nd had little fear of the brig, and a short time later Bud again approached the same guard, who, by now, thought he was seeing things as he watched Bud scale the fence for the third time. But this time the Shore Patrol were not taking any chances and had posted one of their members in the darkness to wait for our hero. The end of the story was that Bud never kept his engagement, but instead remained a guest of Jack Love for the balance of the night.

\* \* \*

The tempo of events slowed somewhat after our return to Camp Rosseau, with military matters somewhat dropped for construction work, as we erected large Quonset warehouses for the Camp, and furnished men for the famous "lumber-pile detail" under Lt. A. Schaffer. Other details under Mr. Canivan worked on the supplies coming to the docks from factories the country over. Work that was started on the placques at Camp Parks was continued and they were distributed to the men for mailing home. Other details were assigned to public works, paint shop, and carpenter shop, while the baseball team continued to swamp all opposition.

Skeptics who had contended that we would never ship out found no consolation in the new trend of "scuttlebutt" that was circulating and gaining force with tremendous rapidity as we entered the month of February. Since there was no evidence to go by, the only explanation was the feeling the men had inside. When meeting a mate in town it was common to hear the question "have we been secured yet?" Our time in the States was getting shorter, and hubbies were seeing wives off for the home towns with sad farewells. Extra personal gear was packed and mailed along with peacoats and other winter gear, as it was definitely known there would be little need for such items on Island "X." The long siege of training and camp life was coming to an end, and the pattern of events pointed to only one possibility—the South Pacific.





Then, on February 18th, came the electrifying news that, at 0700 on the following morning, the battalion was secured for oversea duty. The statement fired the imagination of the men, and overnight the battalion became the focal point for telephone calls, letters, and wires to loved ones, as all last minute details were attended to. The flurry of activity ended the following night with orders to fall out at 2200 with two bags, personal gear, packs, helmets, gas masks and pieces, and be ready to march to the train that would give us our last ride in the States.

A few who were spending the last day on unofficial liberty arrived with only enough time to change clothes before "fall in," but thanks to understanding buddies who had their gear packed and ready for them when they did arrive, they made it before the deadline.

As the clock ticked off the minutes leading to the "big moment," a heavy rain started to fall — the old good luck sign that usually preceded our various moves in the past. Then the trek for the train began. Burdened with our heavy bags, two hands didn't seem to be enough to carry everything, especially with the piece that kept sliding off the shoulder. But everyone else was having the same troubles so you just kept plugging along. The march soon developed into an unorganized struggle to make the train rather than that of a military organization on the move. And, remember when you finally reached there with a sigh of relief only to be told by some officer that your car was the last of the nineteen? Finally we were stowed in our proper cars and could settle back for the overnight ride to San Pedro. Not much time was spent fooling around that night because besides realizing that these were our last days in the States, we were too tired after lugging our gear to do anything but make ourselves comfortable for a little sleep. The only humor on this particular trip came through the group of business-minded boys who had stowed aboard the train several hams and an equal amount of bread with the idea of selling sandwiches to the others. The only reason for the failure of the enterprise was that the two left their stock unguarded for several minutes while they answered a call of nature, and returning, found only a few bread crumbs and a bare ham bone. The satisfying smiles on the faces of the mates in seats across from theirs gave little satisfaction to the pocketbooks of the businessmen.

We arrived the next morning at 0700 and left the train just a short distance from the pier that berthed the West Point. What a sight that ship was the first time we saw it. It was tremendous and seemed to stretch for miles. We "fell in" on

the dock near the bow of the transport, still under the burden of our various gear, and slowly moved toward the stern, being checked as we went aboard. Compartment officers took us in hand and hustled us through narrow passages to our bunks. There we stowed our gear and were ordered to remain below until the ship was under way. However, a few managed to sneak to the topsides and watched as tugs towed the mammoth ship into the channel. A gentle rolling told us the moment she reached the open water.

Over ten thousand troops were crammed into the ship for the trip overseas, and among others was Lew Ayres of the popular Dr. Kildare movie series. He looked just like all the rest of us, and in fact had to be pointed out to be recognized. We were permitted to come topsides after the ship left the harbor, and we all had our last look at the United States as it faded astern.

Life aboard ship settled down to routine after the first night, and the day usually started with our fighting the chow line that wound around the many passages before it finally reached the chow hall.

On the walls could be seen decorations and paintings, reminders of brighter days when the West Point had been the U.S.S. America, a luxury liner carrying tourists and honeymooners instead of troops. Only two meals a day were served, but in-between snacks could be secured from the amply stocked ship's store. Ice cream was purchased and distributed daily through a pass furnished by the compartment officer, and if a little ingenuity was used, a member of ship's company would come to the rescue by making purchases for you. In some cases, even members of the large corps of nurses making the voyage were enlisted to use their rank to make purchases. Nothing can keep a Seabee from trying.

Days were spent lying out in the sun, if space could be found, while amateur navigators plotted our course and kept us landlubbers informed on the ship's latest position. Although military security prevented accurate information, it is safe to assume that the course followed a southwesterly line passing close to Palmyria Island and Baker Island, then around the Ellice Islands to Neameria, New Caledonia, which we reached on the morning of March 6th, after a voyage of sixteen days.

During the voyage, entertainment had been presented aboard ship, employing talent drawn from the various outfits aboard. A show was presented each night after chow and before dark. Then, after dark, the rest of the night was spent writing letters or sitting on deck watching a beau-





tiful tropical moon play its tricks with the gentle swells of the Pacific Ocean.

One night, we witnessed the sorrowful sight of a burial at sea after the sudden death of a member of the Marine Corps assigned to ship's company.

After our arrival at Neameria, we stayed long enough to permit a hospital unit to disembark and to have a tanker refuel our ship. Weighing anchor, we continued north the following day to Milne Bay, New Guinea, arriving there on March 10th. No sooner had the anchor been dropped, than we were ordered to prepare to leave ship, and were transferred by LCM's to the Alcoa Patriot.

This ship did not compare in class with the West Point, but it was more roomy and we at least had space to move around. As shipmates we had a BMU outfit that had been aboard for weeks, in fact since shipping out of the United States.

The second day aboard, we had a little human-interest story unfolded before our eyes. Mrs. P. Filer came out from shore where she was stationed as a nurse in the Army hospital to see her husband, our mailman. It had been some time since they had seen one another, and it was a touching sight to see the two meet on the weather bridge. The Skipper of the Alcoa was an understanding "old gent," and offered his quarters to the pair for the length of time she was aboard.

The next eight days were spent in lying at anchor in the harbor, and were indeed dull ones with the only bright spots the mails that caught up with us at this port. Details were assigned to unload our materials from the West Point to the Alcoa Patriot. Another detail acted as a chain gang passed rotten potatoes from the food lockets to the side of the ship, where they were cast into the bay.

The Recreation Department tried to ease the men's minds by presenting several movies, and one night the orchestra entertained while Mike Marino sang the "Banana Song," followed by Mario Grassi rendering Irish ballads.

We were all amazed at the display of lights that dotted the shoreline, after coming from dimmed-out America, and we were permitted to smoke at all hours while in the harbor.

Finally, on March 18th, we sailed out of Milne Bay and joined a small convoy escorted by destroyer-escorts and led by a destroyer. The sun was hot and the day clear; hundreds of flying fish soared out of the path of our ship only to flop back into the waters some yards away. This was the Bismark Sea, scene of much sea fighting in the past. Emergency drills were held daily and the gun crews, which included some of our men, had firing practice. Fresh water was at a premium, so the daily rains provided a good substitute for



showers. It was a funny sight to see nude men slipping on the wet steel decks, both covered with soap. Finally we arrived at Finschhafen, the hypothetical Island "X."

Disembarking from the Alcoa Patriot, we were loaded into trucks furnished by the 19th Special and rushed to our staging area adjacent to the 113th Battalion. The coconut trees, heavily laden with fruit, were a great novelty to the boys, and very shortly we all were cracking shells to get at the fruit. That night we slept in pup tents, using old Mother Earth as our mattress. We had a good meal with the 113th, and, after five weeks at sea, the ground felt pretty good. The next morning, right after chow, we all pitched in, cleaning the area and erecting 16 x 16 tents that were to shelter eight men. Large cans were secured for boiling clothes—over-ripe by now—and all over the area steaming kettles were stirred over the blazing fires, making the area look like a gypsy camp. Other men headed for the swimming hole, where there was plenty of fresh water for baths. Tent floors were finally issued from the Carpenter Shop, and we were able to get up off the damp ground. We made our lights by sticking a rag in the neck of a bottle filled with gasoline. Details were established for the unloading of the ship, and this work continued for days, with the stock pile of equipment across the road from the camp growing larger every day. A ship's store was established, as well as a barber shop, post office, and the essential "brig." Men were assigned to the 24th Regiment, of which we were a part, and the well-remembered pipe-line job was started under Mr. Harshbarger. Only items really essential to the welfare of the men were permitted to be unpacked, as the time of our stay there was to be short.

The Recreation Department went to work and built a stage on the hill behind the camp, presenting movies every night, rain or shine. We soon learned to gauge the quality of the picture by how little we noticed the rain. When the weather was clear, the projector usually developed some sort of trouble. But they did a swell job, and the appreciation of the men was shown by the large attendance, nightly.

It was here that the first enlisted man in the battalion was presented with a commission, when Commissary Chief Leo Duprey was returned to the States with the rank of warrant officer.

Six-hour duty shifts gave the men some time to themselves, and they used it in the pursuit of the cat-eyes and shells found at the water's edge for rings and bracelets to send home to their wives and

sweethearts. Some even went so far as to set up shop and turn out these items in quantity for sale to others. This also included brass P38's and salt and pepper sets made from .50 caliber shells. The souvenir business developed into one of New Guinea's foremost enterprises. We did the bloody Aussies one better by making erstwhile Jap flags out of bed sheets and red paint, while even the black-skinned natives purchased the grass skirts that we wove from rope.

Speaking of the natives, they had one particular custom—the lady members of the family did all the heavy work, while the old man just trotted along with a big stick in his hand. We never learned what the big stick was for; however, we don't think that it would be a good custom to try out on the American wife. They also were masters at trading, even though the handicap of language acted as somewhat of a barrier. No Seabee was ever known to receive the best of a deal. Their villages were of grass-thatched houses erected on poles to lift the floors some distance above the ground; their chickens and hogs roamed below searching for food. The children went unclothed and the ladies wore no more than necessary, but the old gent seemed to have a wardrobe complete in every respect.

Points of interest visited by the boys were the German mission and the Jap hospital, both in ruins, but still places to look over with the possibility that some gem of a souvenir might come to light. Many took pieces from the old seasoned mahogany rafters to make jewelry boxes to send home.

Easter came and services were held under real palm trees, while camp life continued dull as a real camp, and facilities were withheld pending the move to our assigned job. It again became a case of just waiting until orders were given.

The middle of May came, meaning a year of service to most of us. Details were assigned to load our equipment aboard the Jean Chateau, a ten-thousand-ton Liberty ship that was to carry us, as the scuttlebutt had predicted, to Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea. Orders came that we were to pack sea and duffle bags for stowage in the holds and would carry packs and hand bags with us. Clothing was to be enough for ten days. As it turned out, we didn't leave for five weeks, in the meantime living the best we could with what we had left.

Mr. Hart, with a detail of twenty-two men, went aboard to watch over the cargo when the ship left for Lae to take aboard other material. They returned on June 8th, and we immediately moved



aboard both her and the Lewis H. Dyche, with "A" and "B" and part of Headquarters companies on the Chateau, and "C," "D," and the balance of Headquarters aboard the "Dyche."

Leaving Langemark Bay on June 10th, at 1700, we joined a large convoy for the five hundred mile voyage. The one unpleasant event that we remember on this trip was the disappearance of Victor M. Preston, presumed to be lost at sea.

We arrived at Hollandia three days after our departure from Finschaven and started unloading on the following day. Details were sent ashore to clean out the camp site, and others were assigned to the many tasks of moving in.

The first night the entire battalion spent ashore was somewhat of a nightmare, with the silly stories that circulated about Japs behind every bush, how they specialized on picking off lighted trucks as they pass, and how they would steal among the tents at night seeking food; you were taking your life in your hands if you left your sack after dark. After the first few nights the jitters left, and the boys settled down to the construction of the camp.

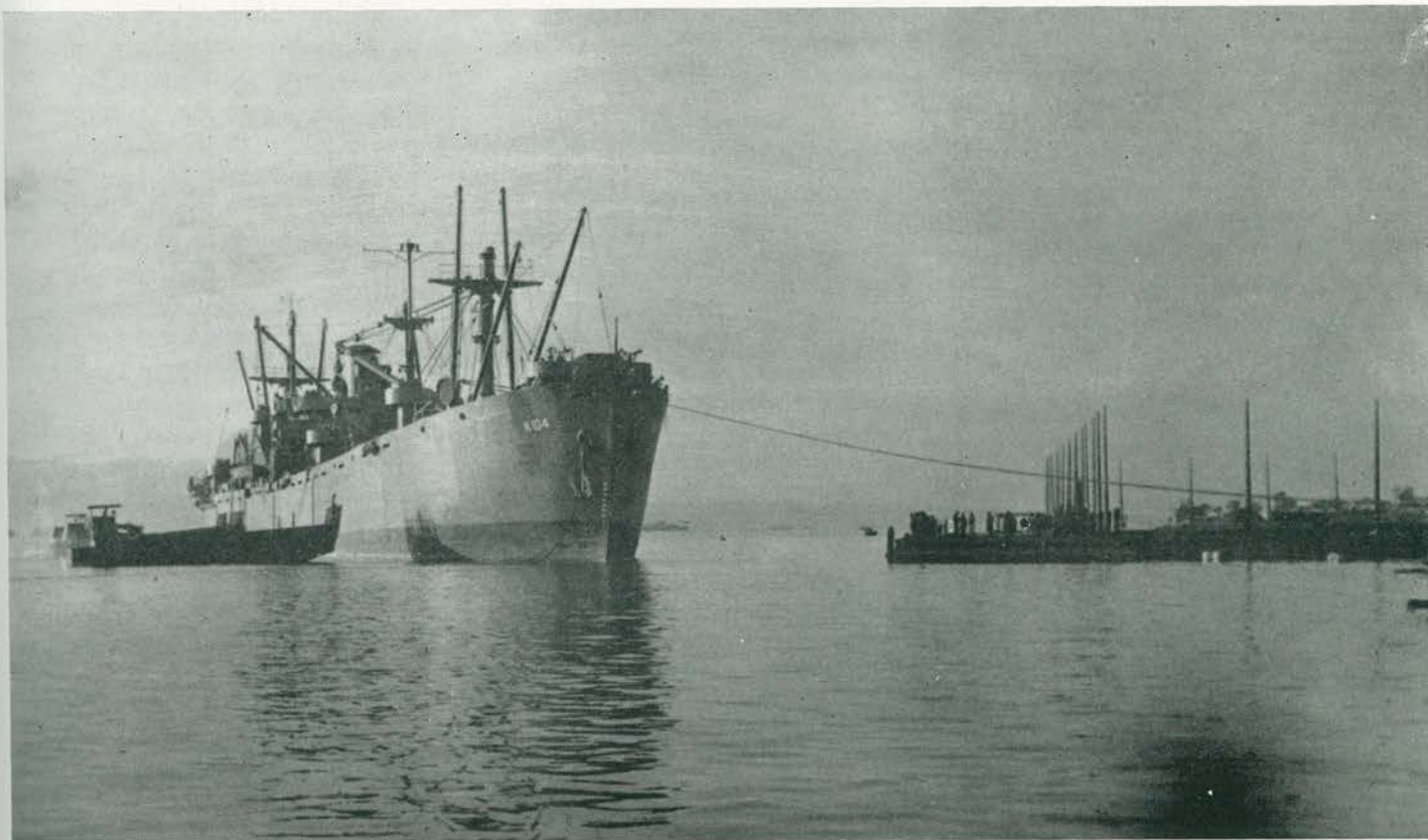
While waiting for the chow hall to be finished, we ate in a large tent at the turn of the road that led to the beach. Between dodging trucks sliding off the steep road into our laps, and fighting the flies that attempted to carry our food from our trays, we waged a daily battle with the score about even.

The camp, after some time, was partially completed, and the job at the contemplated destroyer base began. After the earth-moving men had used their huge equipment to level hillsides and fill in

lowlands, the concrete gang under Chief Leon Bell followed with thousands of yards of coral mix, pouring the floors and foundations on which the giant Quonset huts were to be built. Competition between groups of these later gangs sped the work along to a schedule of at least one building completed each day. The gangs worked under Chiefs Frank J. Peters and James H. Culpepper. Barracks and chow halls were erected for members of the Naval Base and smaller Quonsets were finished for a first-class hospital. This same hospital later cared for the wounded from Leyte and other Philippine invasions. The Destroyer Base, entirely completed in time for this same action, was ready to accept ships that were damaged, repair and send them back to the fleet in short order.

To the 102nd Battalion was entrusted the complicated job of laying the telephonic submarine cable that spanned the treacherous currents off Pim Jetty, with Smoky Fanning and George B. White doing the difficult splicing, all under the direction of Warrant Officer Clayton. Other communications were under the direction of Warrant Officer G. R. Scott.

Chief Verl G. Hukill finally completed the chow hall around the middle of July, and it was dedicated with a turkey dinner and ice cream. This same chow hall was soon to become the best of its kind in this particular part of New Guinea and played host to as many as twenty-four hundred individuals on Sundays. This was one and a half times the number in the battalion. No one was ever turned away from our chow hall, and this extra burden was taken in stride by "Marbletop"





Mulvihill and his genial crew of KP's, who kept dishing it out as long as there was someone to eat it.

The Chief's mess-hall was completed and a club formed, with Corley King as president and Chief Wehner as secretary. By this time, we had a real camp set-up, and facilities were good considering the fact that we were in the jungles. A few attempts to hold midnight movies were finally given up after a drop in attendance. A boxing ring was built in "C" company area and used for workouts by those who had participated in the boxing shows held in the theater. By now, the theater, named Tropicdrome, was host nightly to an audience of over four thousand; the Recreation Department attempted to secure the best films offered through Special Service of Base "G."

A softball league was formed among the different companies, and hotly-contested battles were waged several times each week for the championship.

To speed up the finishing touches in the completion of the Base, men were put on a working schedule of seven days a week. The men worked at top speed, doing the apparently impossible with little consideration for personal security. Extra warehouses grew in number until the area took on the appearance of a small city.

A change was made in the set-up of the OOD's office with Chief D. B. Hill replacing Lt. King as officer-of-the-day. Our brig became the confinement center for most of the surrounding Naval outfits, as an epidemic of stolen jeeps and trucks broke out and kept the guards on the jump tracing and reporting to the Provost Marshal's office; even their own guard truck disappeared from in front of the chow hall one night while the driver was eating.

On July 19th, J. W. Perryman, C. L. Johnstone, J. J. Smith, E. M. Davis, and John Eyberg left the outfit for Australia to attend yeoman school and be further assigned. And, "A" company trodded their area with easy steps after the discovery of an unexploded bomb, which was taken care of by the members of the Bomb Disposal Department of the Naval Base.

Because of its sheer magnitude, its endless ramifications and baffling complexities, the job of building the Base produced no particularly outstanding situation more important than the others, it was in another field that one of the most outstanding incidents of our stay occurred. On the night of October 2nd, the crowds made up from our own battalion and supplemented by men from

surrounding outfits flowed tranquilly toward the theater. It was a clear night and the seats were jammed, with the overflow spread over the hillside behind. The picture promised to be good, and the boys settled back for an evening of entertainment. They laughed at the short subjects and the show continued into the main feature; just as the third reel was reaching its end, a rumble started on the hillside behind the seats and with increasing momentum grew louder and louder, until it became a roar!! The whole hillside of men seemed to be pouring down upon those in the seats below, and then the men piled up before the stage like a great tidal wave. Those operating the projector first thought it an air raid and turned off the lights, thus adding to the confusion. Some time went by before count could be taken of the number injured and assistance given them to the sick-bay for medical attention. As the excitement subsided it was learned that about forty persons were hurt, the most serious injuries being several cases of broken bones. The cause of the trouble was finally established: a large snake had dropped from a tree into the group on the hill, and becoming frightened, the men took off down the hillside. Others, not knowing what had happened, but not to be left behind, had joined in the rush until it became a massive stampede. Steps were taken to prevent a re-occurrence of the event; thereafter guards were posted at various spots within the crowd and extra lights strung overhead. This proved a good move because, only a short time later, another mob rush began, but was stopped immediately by flooding the area with lights from the projection booth.

On October 21st, a detail including Chief Ories K. White, Glen R. Torbeck, and Russell Percy left the battalion to take up duty with the Lumber Production Section, while the battalion officers studied methods of overcoming the handicaps plaguing them because of unavailable materials. Urgent needs for the Base could not be ignored, but still exasperating delays in shipments persisted. Plans were discussed, but nothing definite could be advanced to solve the problem. The needs were finally met through the ingenuity of the men.

By the end of October and after the Army invasion of Leyte, the hospital was ready to care for the wounded that the LST's were returning, and the Repair Base was ready to handle the damage done to our fleet. In both cases the need was great, and we were pleased to know that we had had a hand in the overall plan of strategy that won the first step in regaining the Philippines. Today Hollandia stands as a monument to the 102nd Battalion.





November came and went with its usual two Thanksgiving Days, while the scuttlebutt had it that we were to move to Manila by the end of December. The 55th Battalion, that had been sharing our chow hall, packed their bags and returned to the States after spending twenty-two months in the Pacific. The MAA staff underwent a change and emerged with a more liberal policy toward the men. The younger men nightly entertained members of the Wac Corps, and the older men looked on approvingly. The enlisted men's club was opened behind the ship's store, with tables and seats for drinking beer in comfort. Part of the galley was disassembled and crated for moving, along with other items that were not considered immediately essential to the welfare of the battalion.

We spent Christmas Eve singing carols at the Chapel; Protestant services were held at midnight by Chaplain Williams with Major Blank, soloist from the Army Nurses' Corps singing, O, Holy night. Father Durosha, of Boston, conducted the Midnight Mass, with singing by a chorus of Navy men. Other services were held on Christmas Day. The dinner that day was served with an air of grandeur, with the cooks and bakers out-doing themselves in an effort to give the boys an "old-fashioned" turkey dinner, the kind Mom used to cook. Private parties were held throughout the area, and even though it was odd to spend Christmas under a tropical sun with a backdrop of palm trees, the

same spirit prevailed as if the ground were covered by ice and snow.

Two details had left us by this time, spending the holidays on the high seas or on other islands of the South Pacific. One was the pontoon causeway detail that had been assigned to the 302nd Battalion, out of Pearl Harbor, and included members of the "Super Sixty" that had left us at Splinter City.

Chief Frank J. Peters was in charge of the eighteen men, and they boarded LST's to join the convoy that was to invade Luzon at Lingayen Gulf. (The details of this event are described in another article).

The other detail, that left about the same time or shortly after, was under Lt. H. H. Williams and included Lt. Ediger, Warrant Officers J. L. Hart and M. C. Farmer, and forty-seven enlisted men. Their assignment was communications and we finally caught up with them when we moved to the Philippines.

While the battalion speculated about the next move as the new year started, the scuttlebutt ran the gauntlet. The 113th Battalion, moving out, gave the rumor mongers a chance to spread their stories—stories that ranged from reports of our remaining here as station force of the Base to ones prophesying our moving into Tokyo proper. This was a pause in the midst of continued activities, a time for planning and improving. The Bat-



talion lost one of its key men when Chief Harry E. Roe, of Kenneth Square, Pa., died on January 30th.

And from the staff, too, old familiar faces were disappearing. Lt. Missner and Warrant Officer H. E. Stayman were returned to the States for reasons of health.

Again on January 14th, another minor stampede occurred at the theater as a result of a log becoming dislodged and rolling down the hill toward the seats. The men in the immediate location did not run, but those sitting in the seats below, hearing the noise, became excited and rioted. Calmer heads prevailed and soon brought the situation under control, but not before ten persons were injured, requiring attention from the sick-bay.

Toward the end of the month Lt. G. W. Reagan, with Lt. (j.g.) A. Schaefer, Lt. (j.g.) R. Frick, Ens. J. W. Carman, Mr. Swart, Mr. Blume, and seventy enlisted men from "B" company boarded the USS Gold Star for duty in the Philippines. (Details of their trip and assignment are covered in another article.)

February began with a Jap alert after James E. Luther reported he had seen two Nips on the main road, below the theater. The Battalion began to prepare for its next move. The men of the pontoon causeway details finished their job at Lingayen, drifted into camp in small groups, making the trip back by plane, and entertained the boys with stories of the invasion. The 119th moved from their area into the vicinity of the air strip to replace the 122nd Battalion in its former area up the road from our camp.

Then definite plans were announced for moving and the loading of the Liberty ship William Wolfskill began. Details were assigned to build galley and heads on the top deck. The endless pile of crates and material grew as cranes and sweating riggers struggled to load the trucks ferrying from the camp to the dock. An endless procession of bulldozers, carryalls, cranes, and various other types of heavy equipment dotted the road to Hollandia, moving on a twenty-four hour basis. Other riggers aboard the ship grabbed the loads from the trucks and stowed them carefully below. Supplies and rations were piled high on the deck near the galley, while plumbers and pipemen rigged the water lines and sinks for the cooks. Trucks, boats, and lowboys were chained securely to the deck until the giant ship bulged at the sides. Then on February 18th, the officers and men of the Battalion went aboard the Wolfskill, carrying field gear, pieces, and personal effects, as well as cots. We left the area by truck according to companies and platoons, and swarmed over the ship finding

places and nooks to hole-up for the voyage. Canvas was spread from the rigging of the bows for shelter against the hot sun of the day and the windy rains at night. We pulled out from the dock immediately, threaded our way through the many ships in the harbor, and tied up to a tanker along side of which we spent the night, while the power-giving fuel was pumped into our tanks. We spent the night kidding the Navy boys aboard the tanker about being the "Common Navy."

We sailed out of Humbolt Bay the next afternoon, February 19th, to join the convoy of about 35 ships. Included among them were destroyers, tankers, LST's, and little saucy LCM's. It was interesting to watch a small SC patrolling off our starboard beam pitch and roll in the heavy seas that we encountered, but she was game and kept right on with her job of watching for and sheltering us from Jap subs.

For the first part of the trip, time lay heavy on the boys' hands and any source of diversion assumed gigantic importance. The small tanker that fell out of the convoy and had to be towed by one of the other vessels was of great concern to us, and we were glad to see it finally rejoin us the following morning. On the starboard bow several men started a small game that developed into one of the most interesting events of the cruise, growing in size daily until by the time the Islands off Leyte were sighted, nearly everybody had a spot invested.

When we approached the southern tip of Leyte Gulf our convoy broke up, some ships continuing toward Tacloban while others coming from there joined us—all without a stop by any ship. During this maneuver, we had the misfortune of losing our good friend Dinty Healy, of Boston, Mass., who, stricken with acute appendicitis, was removed to a destroyer escort which carried him to a base hospital on Leyte for an operation. "Dint" later rejoined us at Subic Bay, as good as ever.

Our convoy entered the Surigao Sea off Dinacat Island, at that time still in the possession of the Japs, and steamed through the narrow passage between the extreme southern tip of Leyte and the northern tip of Mindinao into the Mindanao Sea. Cruising here was much calmer than it had been on the open Pacific, and we moved along with tranquility. On the Island of Bohol, you could, with the aid of glasses, spot the tiny villages dotting the water-front. It took a full day to pass this large island, and we moved on, the sea widening about us until we could see land only on the north side. It looked like hilly country, the land greener than it had been at Hollandia, with



checkerboard patterns here and there indicating farmland. An interesting sight was the two native bankas that floated in our path, their occupants resting on their paddles and watching us. It was necessary for our large ships to veer to keep from running them down; had we been a Jap convoy, they would have been mowed down; but, as it was, we just slipped past, giving them a cheerful greeting.

The next large island that we passed in the straits was Siquijor Island near Negros Island; it was mistaken for Cebu Island, which lay some twenty-five miles further north and could not be seen that day. Japs were still in control of the island at that time, and we wonder what their reactions were as they saw the mighty convoy pass.

Rounding Negros Island into the Sulu Sea, we passed a convoy returning from the north; overhead, two circling American planes gave us a sense of security. It was from this point on that the boys who had traveled this same route on the Lingayen invasion told us that they had seen their first action. We knew that on this island of Negros was a large Japanese air strip, with the bulk of their air power concentrated there, but we didn't know at that time that daily pounding by our Leyte-based planes was reducing their air power to nil, while a general offensive by the Philippine Guerrillas under Lt. Col. Salvador Abcede had cleared the southern half of the island, with the exception of the Dumaguete area, which lay on

the eastern side of Negros far from the paths of our ships. The Japs were having enough troubles of their own, without adding us to them.

We continued north in the Sulu Sea, now again in open water. A school of porpoises played before our bow, giving the boys quite a show. The game in the bow of the ship continued to be the major form of recreation, drawing a large group of contestants daily. The corpsmen inaugurated the use of the "purple milk" for the treatment of skin ailments. Books and letter-writing helped pass the time of the day, and the cooks and bakers did their best to overcome the handicaps of limited facilities.

The hills of Negros Island faded into the blue waters of Panay Gulf, and we struck a stretch of water that really gave our ship a tossing around. For hours land was out of sight on both sides for the first time since we had arrived in Philippine waters, but toward the end of the day the faint purple hills of Panay Island rose out of the seas and took shape as our convoy plowed forward. Here, as in the other islands where the Americans had yet to land, the guerrillas were striking violent harrassing blows, driving the Japs from the western coastline and seizing vital airdromes. That is why we could cruise in these waters as safely as though on a Sunday afternoon's row on a lake back home. Overhead was the comforting sight of the ever-present pair of planes that hovered over us like a mother hen watching her chicks.





The end of the journey was nearing, but we were not quite sure of our destination. Scuttlebutt had us headed for every port from Vigan in northern Luzon down to Manila; since this was a troop movement and not an invasion, it was natural to assume that our destination would be a port already in American hands.

Late the following day, we had a chance to see a part of our own air power displayed as we passed near Mindoro: an endless chain of bombers passed overhead returning to an airstrip hidden in the hills behind the shoreline; this show gave us a tremendous lift as we watched until darkness blotted the planes out of sight.

The next morning, a number of LST's left us, heading inshore and reducing our convoy by half. We still had hopes that we might see Manila as our new Island "X." The amateur navigators were now trying to spot our position so that a more possible destination could be predicted; most of us, however, waited until more definite evidence presented itself. The day passed and, after crossing a wide stretch of water that hid the mainland of Luzon, we were sure our destination wasn't to be Manila, but, still hoping we were wrong, we interrupted whatever we were doing to scan the waters from time to time for some sign of the imminent future. About noon on February 28th, the high peaks of Bataan Peninsula rose out of the snowy white cumulus clouds as the convoy headed inland over the placid waters of the South China Sea. At two-thirty that afternoon our convoy split again, but this time we joined the ships heading for shore. For some reason the Skipper of our ship seemed reluctant to leave the main convoy, but finally got his orders straight and joined the others who had been waiting for him; following several LST's that were to lead us through the channel, we headed for the opening of Subic Bay—we had arrived at our third Island "X."

We spent our last night aboard the *Wolfskill* and, for the first time in ten nights, slept without rolling from side to side. The few lights that dotted the shoreline indicated Army shore installations, and we had the smoking lamp out while all the ships around us blazed with lights.

Right after morning chow the next day, March 1st, we disembarked into LCT's that landed us at the point that later became the small boat area. There was nothing there at the time but a large tent used by the submarine boys for a recreation area; a place to drink their beer and give them a chance to get their feet on the ground.

The detail that had left Hollandia under Lt. H. H. Williams was there to greet us and already had a few buildings under construction. One of these was the Officer's Club, which we used as a galley until our own was built.

The grounds swarmed with Filipinos. We found that those we met were not the naked savages we had been accustomed to see in New Guinea; though their clothes were rags, they were people of Christian Culture. Language difficulties were few as most Filipinos of even grade school age could speak English in part. With a willing spirit of co-operation, they gave us assistance in the problems of unloading and stowing our gear. We had no trouble making friends and were soon invited to share the few possessions left them after Jap occupation.

For our arrival they wore their best clothes, and distributed the few gifts that could be found—mostly occupation currency and souvenirs from the Japs.

We set up a temporary camp on the flats of the rice paddies near the beach, using only cots and bars with no tents as there was but little chance of rain. Unloading started immediately, with details assigned to handle its many phases. Mr. Canivan was in charge of the cargo handling on the ship. The work continued around the clock, with no stops until all equipment was ashore. Supply dumps were set up along the beach, and a camp site was surveyed on the slope further inland. Some of the men investigated the two towns on the other side of the Bay in their spare time and trading with the civilians became a major part of our life. The Filipino ladies of the communities solicited the boys to do their laundry, thereby eliminating one of the major evils of the Navy.

The first signs of Japs were encountered one night during the showing of the movies that had been set up above the camp. It seemed that several had been sighted in the village across the river and the civilians had notified the OD's office. The show was rushed through, while some of the boys accompanied a Filipino back to the village. After a careful search of the area revealed no sign of the Nips, the men returned to our camp.

Orders were issued to erect tents in the new camp area and a move was made to the higher ground. First make-shifts, and then a small town arose from the hillside, where weeks before only lizards and birds had roamed. Different from the



tents at Hollandia, these were veritable palaces on which the boys really out-did themselves; we called them tropical cottages.

Heavy-equipment men went to work clearing sites for the chow hall and overcoming the handicaps of the large rocks and boulders imbedded in the soil. Roads leading to the various company areas were cut through the forest. The chow hall started to take shape, and the Personnel and Disbursing offices moved into new quarters. The Jap incident behind Olongapo, where four of our men were killed, had the boys somewhat on edge. Outpost guards were placed on a perimeter that circled the camp, with Filipino guerrillas to augment our men. Lights appearing on the mountain-side that rose behind the camp were the subject of much speculation and kept the guards constantly on the alert. In fact, so much concern was felt that a patrol was organized by Lt. Commander W. A. Niebuhr—it consisted of H. E. Stone, B. A. Houle and F. L. Stagg—to search that region. They left at 6:00 one night and reported back at 7:00 the next morning, reporting that many signs were seen but no Japs encountered. Another patrol was immediately organized and led by Lt. (j.g.) King, including H. E. Stone, F. L. Staggs, R. Bragdon and J. C. Masencup, who, using daylight this time for obvious reasons, retraced the steps of the first patrol. There was now no question that the area was infested. The Army sent spotting planes over the area, but nothing definite could be found. The outpost guards were alert and poised for whatever might come. The tension was not relieved until a Japanese native fisherman was caught and turned over to us, our first prisoner. A member of a labor battalion, he was about nineteen, had been born in Taiwan, and was of Japanese and Formosan parentage. He was turned over to Lt. Starbuck of the C. I. C.

Because of the sheer magnitude of the assignment which loomed ahead, camp facilities were rushed to completion. Our chow hall opened after several false starts, playing host not only to our own boys, but those of the S. R. U., Camp Coe, and an Army ack-ack detachment camped near us. We were feeding, in a chow hall designed to seat four hundred, over three thousand men, but the extra burden was capably handled by our commissary department.

Among the first assignments was the erection of machine shops for the Sub Repair Unit; these shops were to house the repair facilities of this important unit. Many of our under-water craft were

working out of this area, and it was necessary not only to have complete rest facilities available for the crew, but also the shops and equipment to maintain, repair, and service the craft speedily so that they could be back at work in the shortest time possible.

Chief Jimmy Culpepper was in charge of this construction work and, as a result of an unfortunate situation in the early stages of the work, good-naturedly took a lot of lampooning about the collapse of the framework. It could have happened to anyone, but in this case it happened to Culpepper, and it was a long time before he lived it down. The shops were finally completed, despite the fact that the men had to work with poor material and little of that.

The concrete gang under Chief Leon Bell and later, after Bell left for the States, under Chief John Nussberger, poured the hundreds of yards of concrete that were needed for the many buildings and structures to be raised.

First and second class men were sent to the SRU to assist them in erecting the Quonsets and enlisted men's barracks. After the buildings for the shops were covered, the work was temporarily stopped so that Chief Culpepper could take his gang over to the barracks for Camp Coe. This job had to be rushed in view of the fact that men were sleeping out in the open or under make-shift tents. In fact, as the carpenters picked up their tools to go to the next barracks, men moved in with bunks and bags; these buildings were completed just before the rainy season set in, and Culpepper vindicated himself when the first hurricane arrived and the barracks withstood the winds.

The dredge arrived from Hollandia under Carp. P. Smith, with many of the boys who had formerly been attached to the battalion and were now assigned to CBD 1086. They went to work filling a low area just behind the beach and in front of the SRU's machine shops.

Recovered from a deserted Jap logging camp behind Olongapo, an old steam engine with boilers in fairly good shape was brought to this side of the Bay, and a rig for pile-driving was built by Chief "Big Buddy" Smith, Claude Rains, and Martin Sorensen, our ex-Chief MAA. To them was assigned the tremendous task of driving the piles for the several docks the battalion was asked to build. A pontoon dock that could handle Liberty ships had already been erected, and several carrying equipment for the machine shops were unloaded there.



The ATC was another assignment entrusted to us; it included an entire camp, with all facilities for both officers and enlisted men going through training in this essential type of work. Chief Peters and Chief Hill were in charge of the erection gangs, and Mr. Cohen was officer over it all. This was another case in which the personnel moved in before the camp was completed, and the story of Camp Coe was repeated.

We heard that "B" company, under Lt. Reagan, was at Lingayen Gulf and had been assigned the duty of building a small base near San Fernando for a Navy shore detachment stationed there. Its facilities were to include barracks for the enlisted personnel, officer's country, mess halls for both, communications, road building, water supplies, and the other incidentals required for such a base.

From time to time, men would visit us from up there and give us the scuttlebutt and the personal stories of their camp. It seemed that working conditions were about the same as our own, with a shortage of supplies and a lack of equipment. Even with this handicap, however, they were still able to hack out results.

We did not build the radio station, but we did pour the heavy concrete decks and erect the Quonsets that housed the equipment, while the Camp Coe men installed the technical parts and the steel towers. This was done far below Little Tokyo and at that time, the Nips were still believed to be in the vicinity. The first couple of times we carried pieces, but after that we said the hell with them, and decided that a few well-placed rocks could be pretty effective. If any Japs were around, they must have seen us first, because we never got a look at them.

The temporary shops and garage were moved up near the chow hall after the start of the rainy season flooded the original structures, so that more permanent buildings had to be erected.

It was not long after this that we heard the amazing news that our Skipper was being called back to the States, and would be replaced by a man who had spent three years out in the field. The scuttlebutt ran rampant for some time and his rank was classified from Admiral down to Lieutenant. Finally, the Skipper spoke before the men at the theater, telling us good-bye and at the same time, bestowing "purple hearts" on O. H. Luker, R. A. Hopkins, and J. H. Neal, in a ceremony before the entire battalion.

Some weeks later we had the pleasure of meeting our new Skipper, Commander Leonard Miscall, formerly with the 19th Regiment in the same capacity. He talked in a friendly manner, punctuating his address with many humorous stories, and was warmly accepted by the men.

Many times thereafter; whenever he had something in mind, he brought it to the men's attention in his own style and manner addressing the boys, and never did he find an uninterested group of listeners.

The next and almost last milestone in the history of the battalion was the release of the 42-year-olds, who, after waiting for some time for the order to come through, were finally permitted to go home. Altogether about sixty men from the battalion were released; a few left each week until the last finally was sent on his merry way. There were a few who refused the release and stayed on with the battalion for reasons of their own.

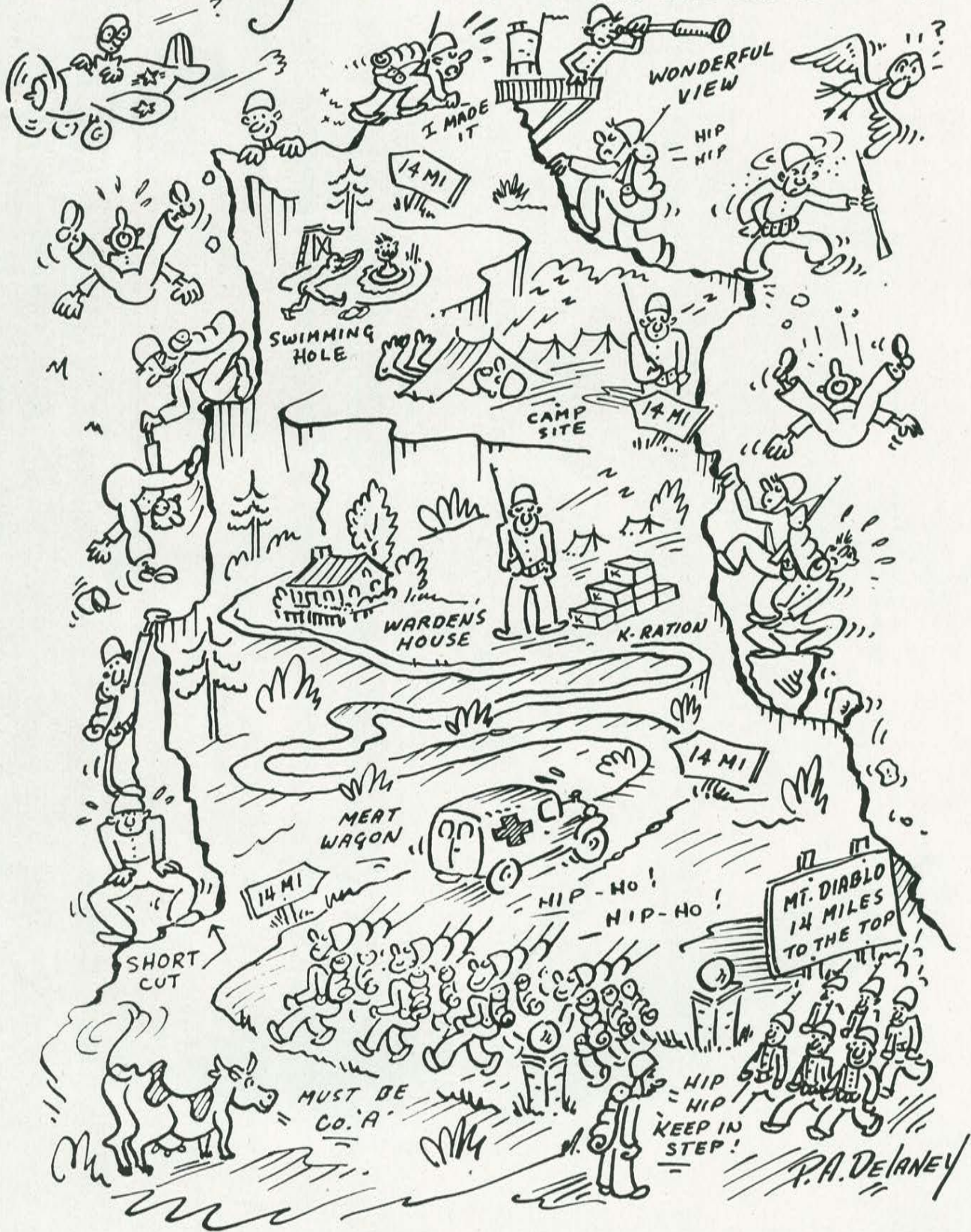
Recreation was stepped up considerably, and the most outstanding event was the 4th of July Barbecue. All details, except the essential ones, were released from duty, and extra beer was issued through Ship's Store. We had all we could eat, played games on the horseshoe arena, volley-ball, and even had a cock-fight in the carpenter shop. In later days when their leisure time lay heavy on the men's hands, the night spots in Subic, and other nearby towns received their share of patronage from the 102nd.

When the eighteenth month brought its thoughts of going home on leave, the flash came that Japan had offered to surrender. For days, our news was only rumor based upon the reports of Domei, the Japanese official news agency. Then, on August 11th, the President of the United States gave the official proclamation. Immediately plans for demobilization were announced by the Navy Department in Washington. The first order said we needed 44 points, disappointing to those men with enough service, but who were not old enough to build the credits up to the required amount. However, plans were soon announced that a reduction of points was on its way.

And, it might be a good idea to end the story at this point, for we are sure we will never be much happier than we are right now, knowing that the war is over, and that we can return to those loved ones who so bravely waited while we helped out Uncle Sam at the time he needed us.



# Climbing Mt. Diablo REMEMBER







102

CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

To the glory of God  
and in memory of -

†  
SAM C. AMATO

JOHN E. KRANTZ

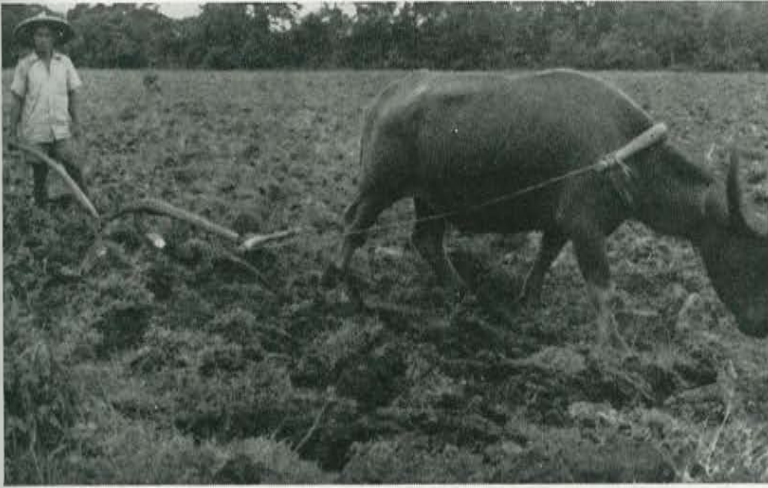
RILEY C. THURMOND

GERALD L. CRITTENDEN

†  
Killed in Action

11 March 1945





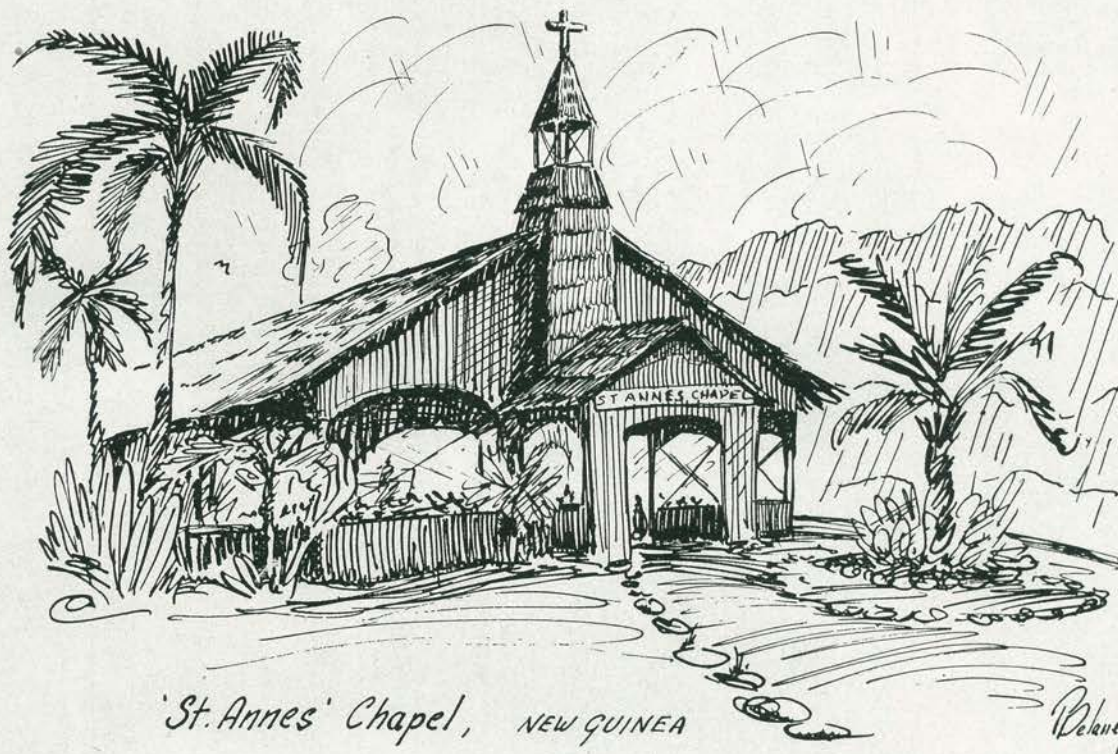




ST. ANNES CHAPEL

1024 CH  
ST. ANNES C





*'St. Annes' Chapel, NEW GUINEA*



### **Chaplain Ernest H. Williams**

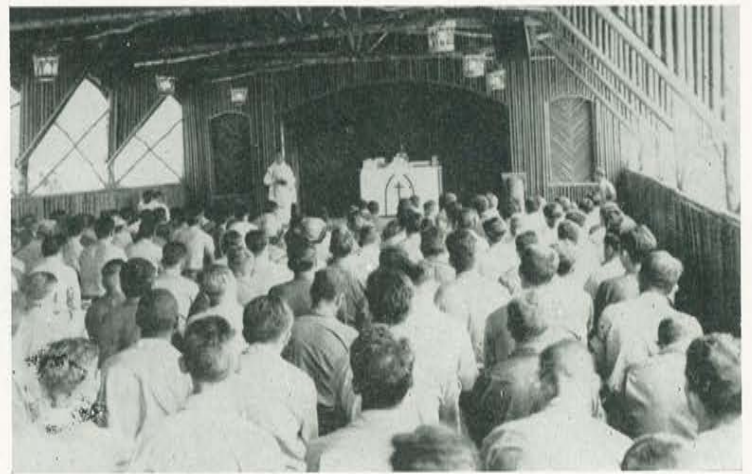
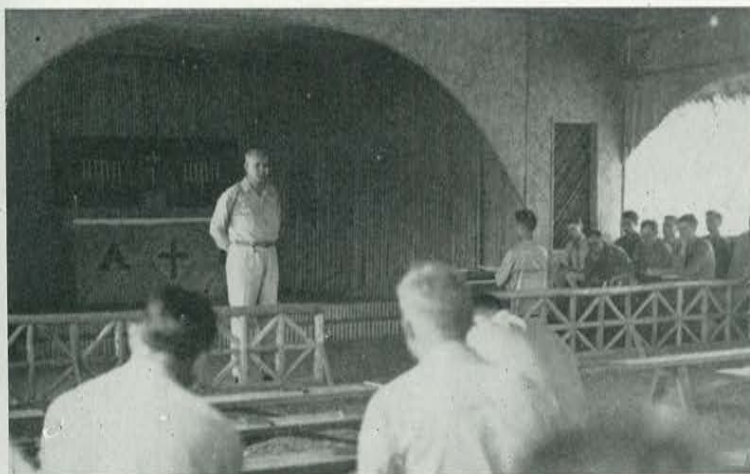
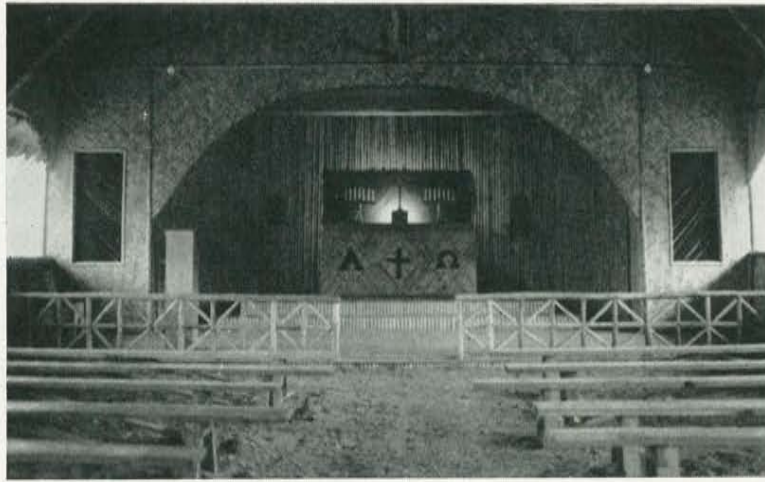
Chaplain Williams came to us in the middle of our advanced training at Camp Endicott, and stayed with the battalion until he was relieved for rehabilitation just prior to the cessation of hostilities. Having done pioneer ministerial work in some of the out-of-the-way mining camps of the Idaho mountains, he was well equipped to handle the problems of the rough-and-ready Seabees. We liked the way he ignored the orders and warnings of superiors and went into dangerous territory to care for our dead after the action near Zigzag Pass in our early days at Subic. He will be remembered by many of our men for his generosity in making personal loans, and helping in the solving of family problems. Those who were fortunate enough to have been members of Chaplain Williams' Bible Class will long remember him as a man who knows the Bible from cover to cover, and is a master at teaching and interpreting its truths. Thank you, Chaplain, and good luck to you in your future ministry.





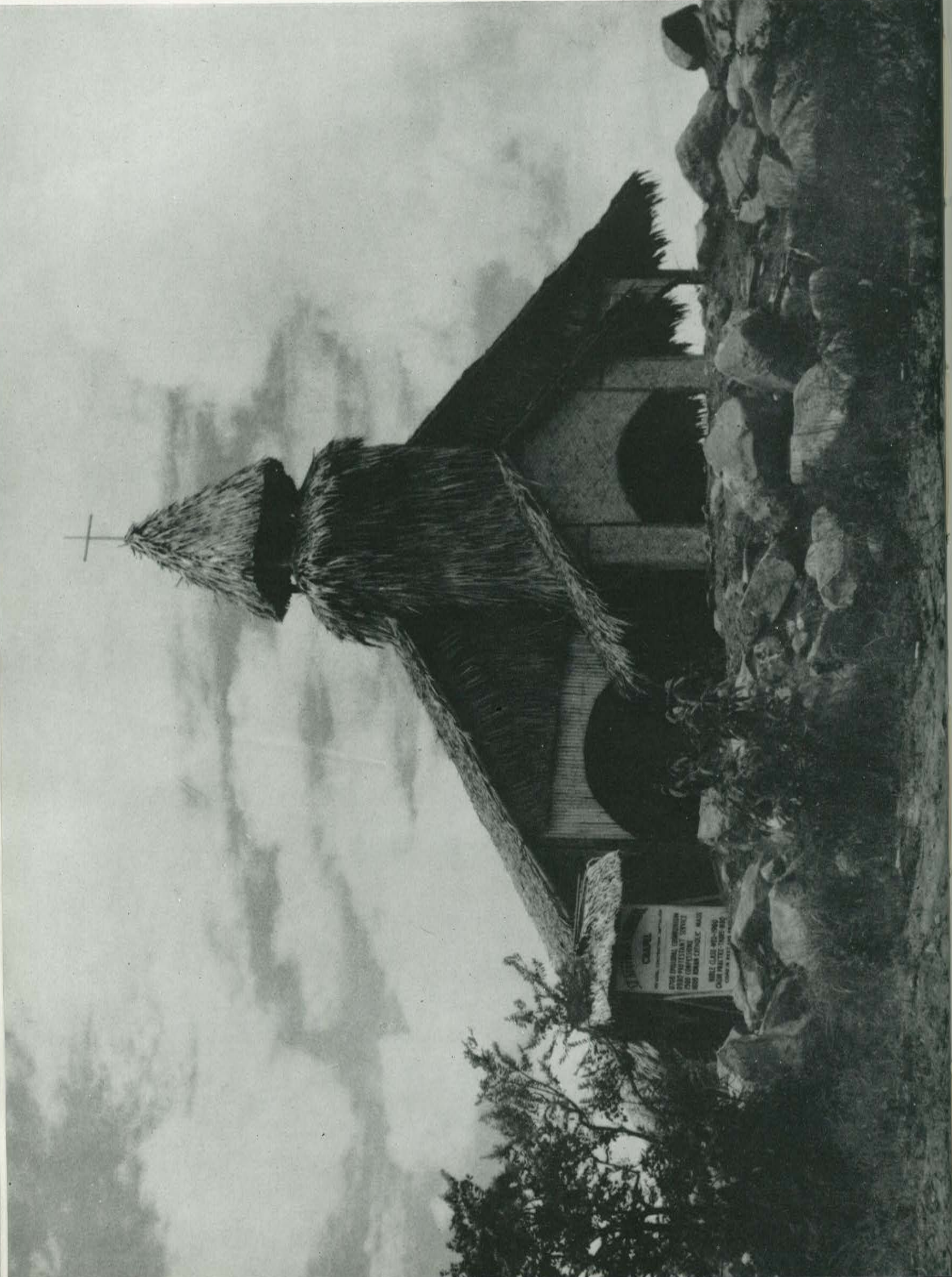
Christmas Night in New Guinea





**DIVINE SERVICES  
IN NEW GUINEA AND THE PHILIPPINES**





CAFÉ  
BYE BROTHERS COMMISSION  
BYE PROTESTANT SERVICE  
AND CONFERENCE  
AND BROTHERS' MEET  
BYE CLERGICAL MEET  
OUR PRAYER-1967-1968  
CHURCH & BROTHERS' MEET





*Saint Stephen's Memorial Chapel  
Subic Bay - Luzon - The Philippines*

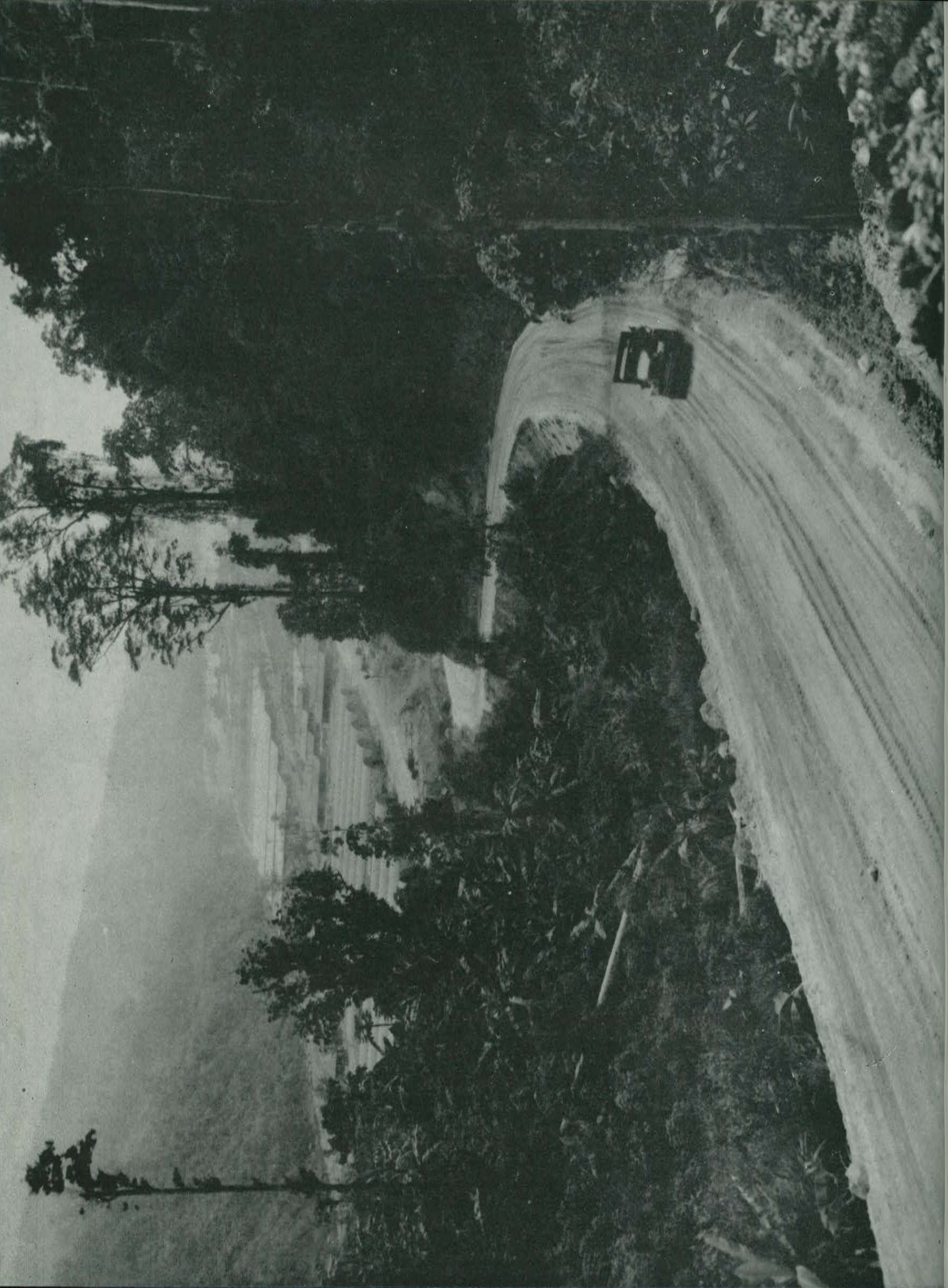


### **Chaplain William J. Hopewell**

This young, enthusiastic man of God came to us in the tag-end of our history as a battalion, but he soon gained the admiration and appreciation of all of us. We liked his eager, natural enthusiasm whenever it was observed, whether in the pulpit, on the job, or at short-stop in our softball games. In spite of his brief practical experience as a pastor, Chaplain Hopewell gave proof that he was quite capable of ministering to our spiritual and welfare needs.

When the war ended, Chaplain Hopewell was in high hopes of going home with the battalion and calling quits to his Naval career. So, he was a fit candidate for some other chaplain's shoulder upon which to weep when his senior informed him that he was booked for a possible two-year stay overseas. We sympathize with you, Chaplain, but your disappointment is the gain of those to whom you will minister in your future service overseas. We wish you much success in that large church appointment which will be yours when Uncle Sam grudgingly relinquishes your services.











# STAFF OFFICERS

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JULIAN J. LANE  
Lieutenant  
S.C., U.S.N.R.



DONALD E. MARONEY  
Lieutenant, Junior Grade  
S.C., U.S.N.R.



JAMES B. LAUDERDALE  
Ensign  
S.C., U.S.N.R.



JOSEPH BEIRELE  
Lieutenant, Junior Grade  
M.C., U.S.N.R.





CLARENCE A. DAHL  
Lieutenant Commander  
M.C., U.S.N.R.



DWIGHT W. RUMSEY  
Lieutenant  
D.C., U.S.N.R.

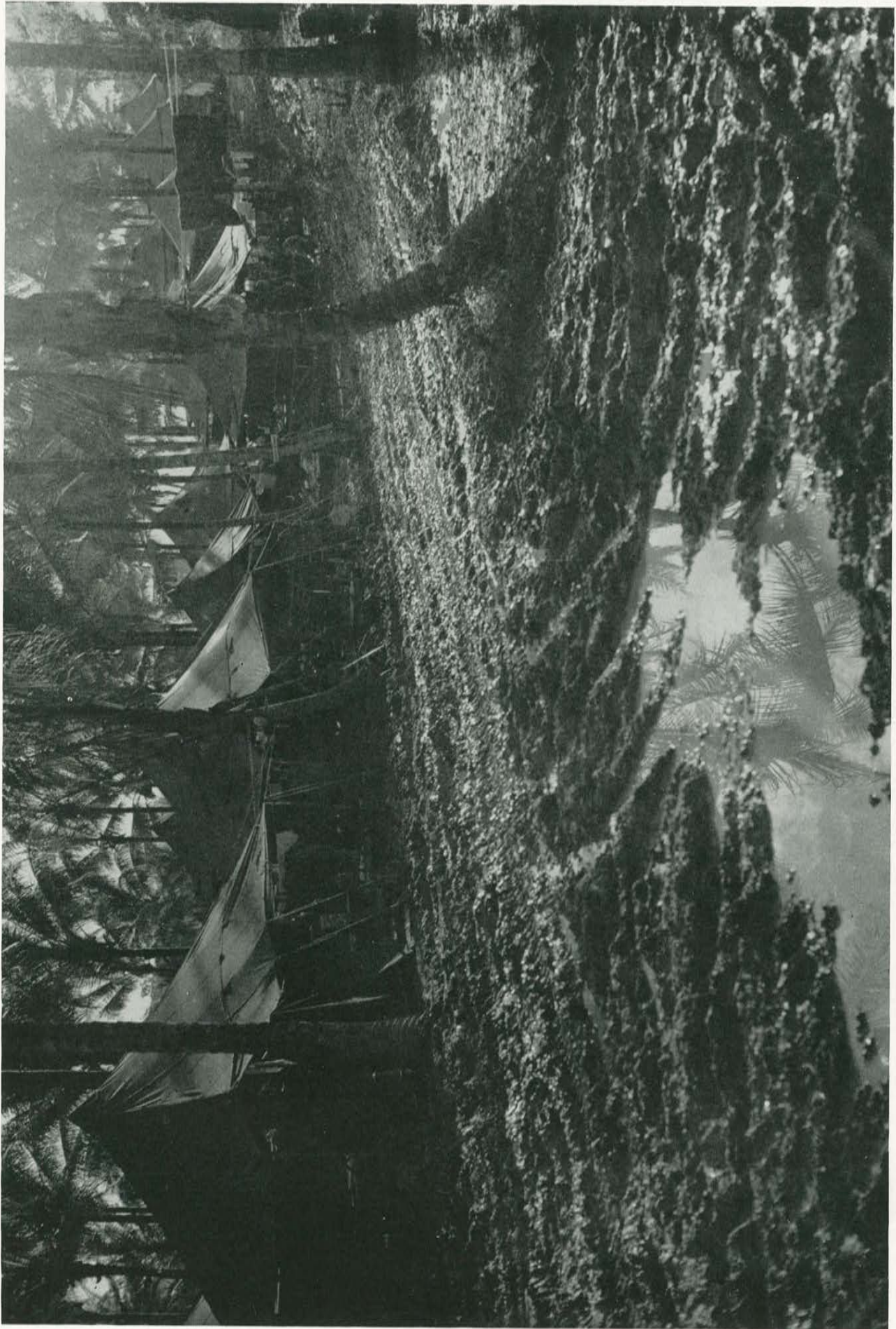


FRANCIS E. LANSCHÉ  
Lieutenant  
D.C., U.S.N.R.



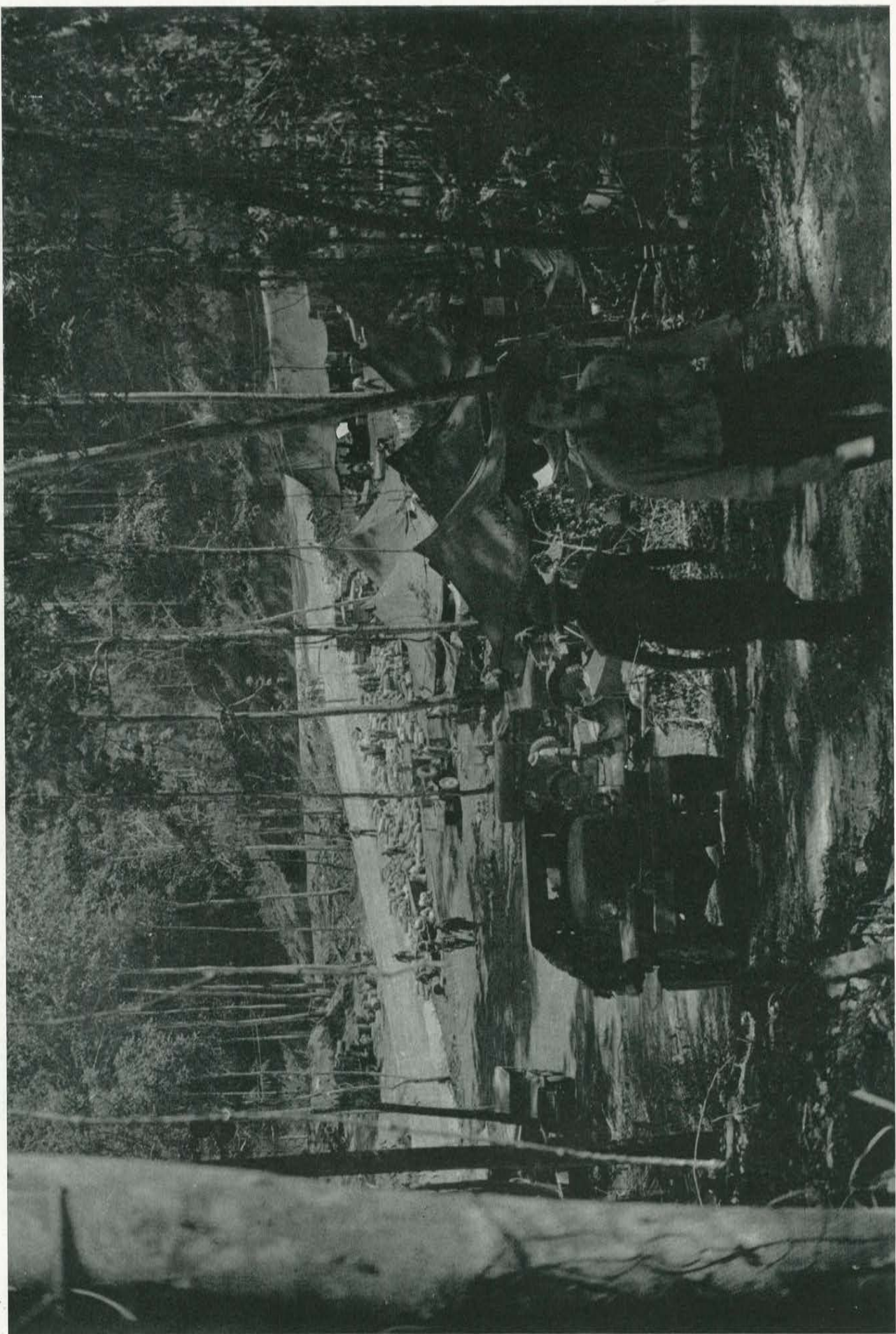
ERNEST V. WILLIAMS  
Lieutenant  
D.C., U.S.N.R.





NEW GUINEA





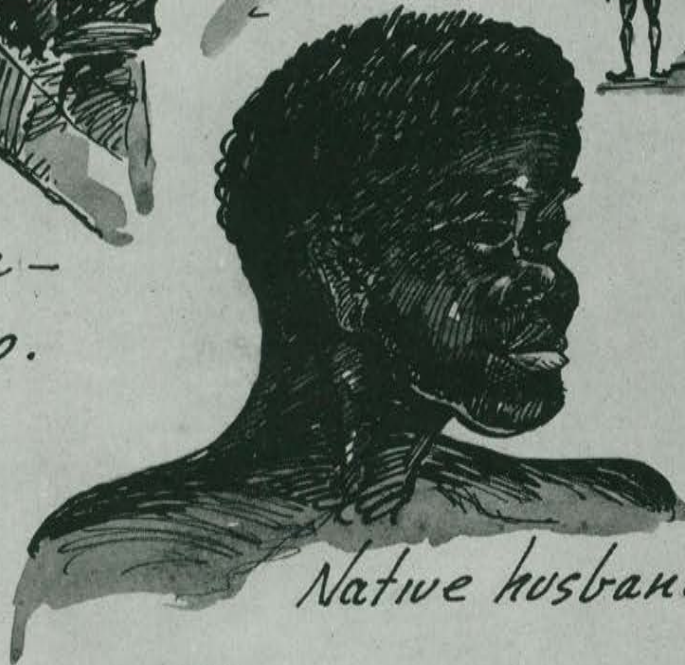


# SKETCHES *from New Guinea*



*Good knife -  
Kill Jap.*

*Family hut's*



*Native husband*



*Young Mother*



*Old Lady cooking.*





NATIVE CANOE

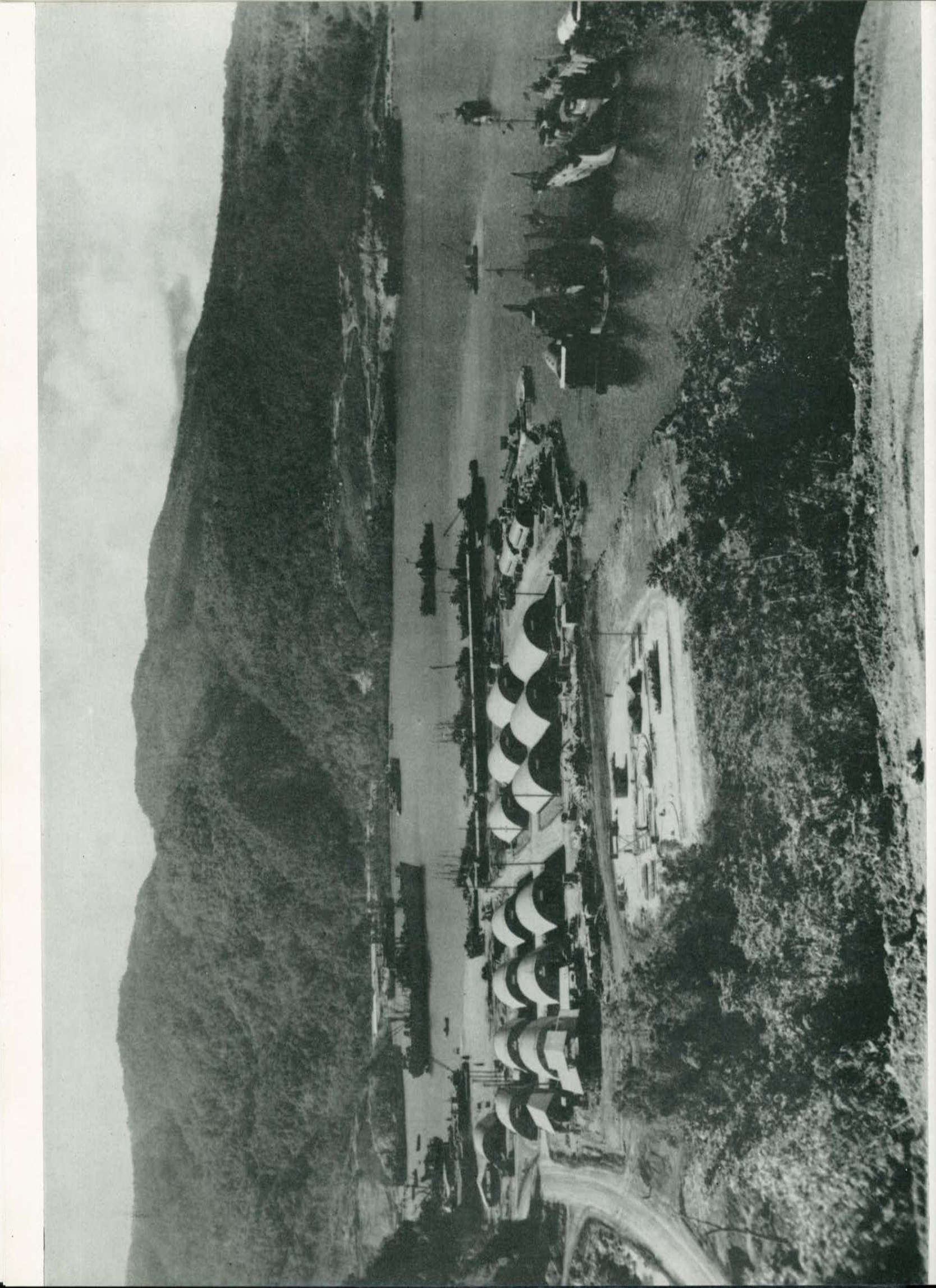


VILLAGE  
HEADMAN



NATIVE  
POLICE MAN









DANIEL COHN  
Lieutenant  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.



WILLIAM C. KING  
Lieutenant (Junior Grade)  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.

# HHDQ. CO. *Officers*

GEORGE R. SCOTT  
Chief Carpenter  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.



OLIVER W. HOLE  
Chief Carpenter  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.







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Reading from left to right: Front Row—Chief D. Robertson, C. J. Walker, W. H. Hammerle, J. C. Parsons, K. T. Collins, F. Bowers, F. Hinds, M. Sorenson. Second Row—Chief H. E. Taylor, B. M. Pieratt, R. G. Brown, R. M. Bishop, G. A. Wickert, E. C. Cichowski, L. Hare, Chief C. M. Lacy. Third Row—L. G. Ruschke, D. C. Saleski, F. W. Tourney, R. G. Carricelli, H. C. Fuller, D. W. Bagley. Fourth Row—W. A. Gunner, R. V. Rodering, R. M. Lund, D. Beatty, C. Break.



**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, PLATOON NO. 2**

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**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, PLATOON NO. 3**

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**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, PLATOON NO. 4**

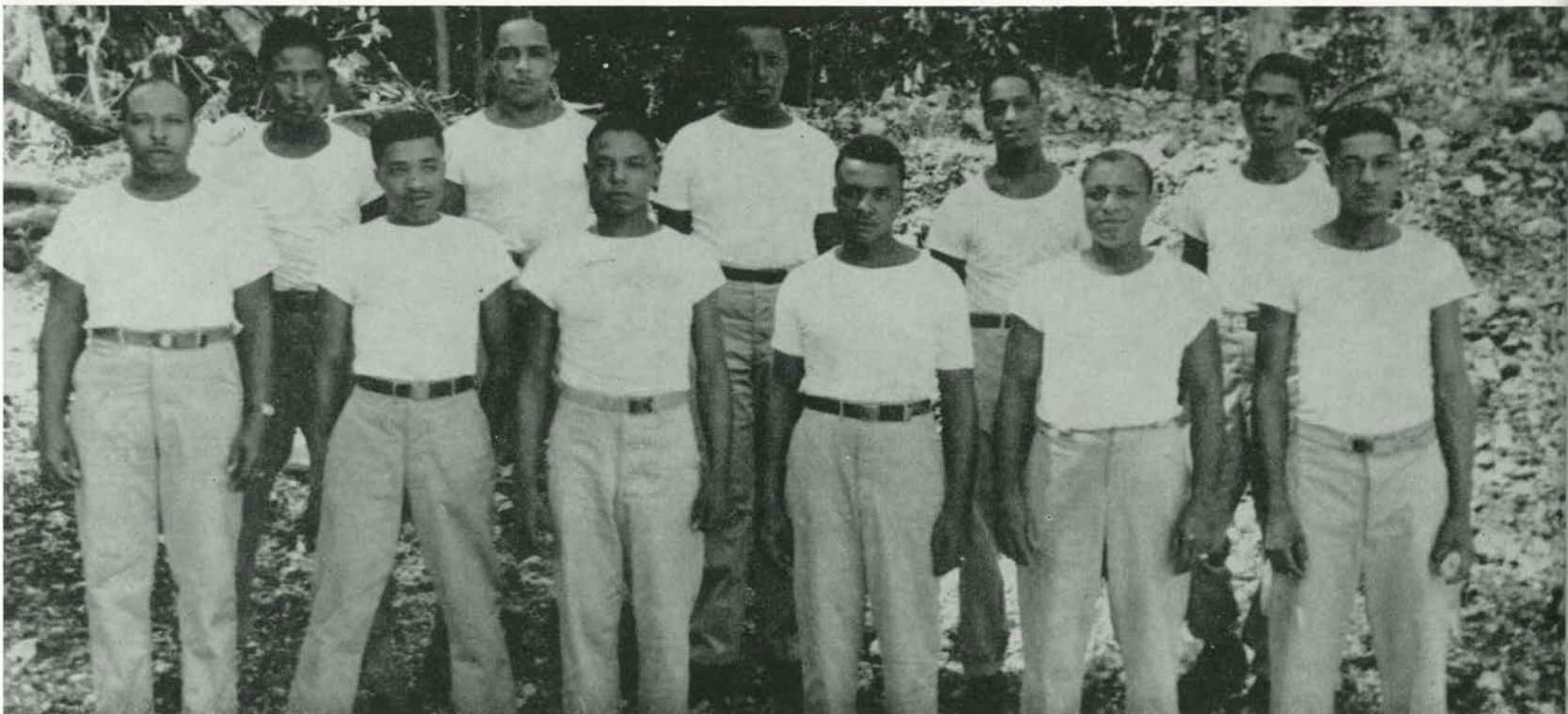
Reading from left to right: Front Row—Chief V. Smith, C. V. Berryhill, O. T. Bateman, H. M. Ryle, M. A. Winters, S. W. Dort, Chief F. E. Wehner. Second Row—D. J. Ramey, F. J. Hanratty, C. R. Blackaby, J. Wolf, J. G. Townsend, W. S. Brooks. Third Row—R. L. Van Name, J. Geneuardi, W. R. Erven, F. S. Foley, H. George. Fourth Row—J. I. Cannon, H. W. Beyer, G. W. Vann, C. W. Semler.





**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, PLATOON NO. 5**

Reading from left to right: Front Row—R. Gilot, T. Tyson, W. L. Lyons, M. B. Kimberlin, M. A. Rohrich, E. Lewy. Second Row—L. S. Mulvihill, H. C. Whisenhunt, L. Nielson, C. E. Spainhourd, R. A. Winn, W. G. Lang. Third Row—Chief R. W. Firkins, G. Walsch, J. Wiitanen, M. Nance, D. H. McDaniel, T. Torjusen.



**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, PLATOON NO. 6**

Reading from left to right: Front Row—W. P. Price, E. J. R. Franklin, H. B. Montgomery, H. L. Hall, D. Warfield, A. Winston. Second Row—V. Anderson, G. H. Sneed, H. Maxey, H. Smith, E. Pennington.





HANEN H. WILLIAMS  
Lieutenant  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.



ELMER D. HARSHBARGER  
Lieutenant (Junior Grade)  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.

# “A” CO. *Officers*

ALBERT J. CANIVAN  
Lieutenant (Junior Grade)  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.



EDGAR E. AMMONS  
Ensign  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.







**COMPANY "A" — PLATOON NO. 1**

Reading from left to right: First Row—W. J. Flynn, F. T. Golomb, E. L. Brooks, B. E. Bailey, T. R. Abernathy, H. L. Smith. Second Row—C. C. Gorski, E. W. Heinronimus, L. A. Harrison, W. O. Green, J. E. Owen, R. (N) Martin, C. S. Billington. Third Row—N. Nelson, D. Papa, M. M. Silverstone, H. W. Martin, L. F. Hendricks, R. S. Bragdon.



**COMPANY "A" — PLATOON NO. 2**

Reading from left to right: First Row—K. D. Voelz, R. D. Greer, P. E. Hall, G. B. White, F. L. Aaron. Second Row—C. E. Weatherford, N. I. Lorenz, N. H. Hendershot, J. P. Holligan, C. W. Bohle, L. C. Lynn, W. R. Crew. Third Row—R. G. Schooler, A. K. Conway, D. McDonald, C. G. Graves, W. T. Dalton





**COMPANY "A" — PLATOON NO. 3**

Reading from left to right: First Row—H. M. Sprague, L. C. Hatcher, J. Samartino, J. R. Hamel, E. P. Therrien. Second Row—J. W. Clark, Jr., J. A. Odynecky, J. T. Sober, J. B. Deppee, B. A. Houle, R. H. Patterson, J. A. Delaney. Third Row—L. E. McKenzie, F. Schmitt, A. X. Geiser, J. C. Cotton, H. Hansen



**COMPANY "A" — PLATOON NO. 4**

Reading from left to right: First Row—R. E. Dougan, G. L. Ballinger, E. Bindreiff, J. R. Mathews, J. B. Woodyard, F. K. Thomas. Second Row—D. H. Crummie, A. De Carmine, B. C. Woodward, F. W. Greer, J. C. Flechs, V. L. Remlinger, W. A. Olen. Third Row—H. C. Dillard, R. E. Kelly, L. N. McLain, J. F. Reardon, I. S. Tichnell, Jr., R. B. Fitzpatrick.





**COMPANY "A" — PLATOON NO. 5**

Reading from left to right: First Row—W. H. Pearson, Jr., C. P. Raines, F. H. Melhorn, A. L. Howey, M. W. Betts, H. W. Campbell. Second Row—P. J. Kinniery, A. Bucciaaglia, P. J. Santucci, C. C. Bailey, R. Ramos, R. J. Papenfus, L. A. Willman, F. P. Stefkouich. Third Row—J. W. Crew, E. G. Schoen, R. L. Thomas, N. R. Haner, N. J. Clayton, C. J. Reagin, L. E. McKenzie.



**COMPANY "A" — PLATOON NO. 6**

Reading from left to right: First Row—J. V. Bath, A. Rossanese, W. J. Sebers, L. C. Yeomans. Second Row—R. R. Deluca, E. N. Thomasson, J. M. Skelly, J. T. Sargent, J. H. Sawin. Third Row—V. M. Peets, H. M. Roberts, C. C. Coniglio, R. A. Pritts, J. H. Culpepper.





GEORGE W. REAGAN  
Lieutenant  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.



ROBERT W. FRICK  
Lieutenant (Junior Grade)  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.

# “B” CO. *Officers*

ANDREW G. SCHAFER  
Lieutenant (Junior Grade)  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.

JAMES W. CARMAN  
Ensign  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.

MARVIN W. BLUME  
Chief Carpenter  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.







**COMPANY "B" — PLATOON NO. 1**

Reading from left to right: First Row, bottom—James E. Fulkerson, Laurence A. Trumble, Paul Scott, Nelson, Paul L. Freese, Chester C. Buttler, Vincent J. Jayo, Guy Allen. Second Row—Gaylord A. Montgomery, Amos Black, Woodrow J. Elting, John Edwards, George H. McLin, James J. Murtha, Lewis Kring, Emanuel W. Charbonneau, Robert F. Martin. Third Row—George Moore, Chanty J. Moore, Charles F. Simpson, John J. Rochette, John W. Huey, Earl L. Patterson, Doran I. Dry, Lewis Lowe, James R. Hedger. Fourth Row—George R. Sutton, Harold M. McConathy, Shelby B. Armstrong, Donald J. Kottaba.



**COMPANY "B" — PLATOON NO. 2**

Reading from left to right: First Row, bottom—Clyde Boulden, DeBolt, M. Bruard, Edwin Meszynski, Delbert Harritt, Harlow H. Entress, Arthur W. Blevins, Sr., Ralph L. Esterbrook. Second Row—Joseph C. Bruno, Frank B. Stephenson, Burnett H. Schemstad, Edward S. Poulcott, Francis S. Braun, Philip Brassio, Harold E. Davis, Emelio, G. Lisciotti, Astor H. Cheadle. Third Row—Lyman R. Weeks, Floyd R. Powell, Herman, O. Look, Lawrence A. Bankhead, Clark P. Hansel, Edward J. Manka, Oscar J. Lighter, Virgil C. Baker. Fourth Row—Philip H. Putnam, Jesse W. Angle, William T. Bouchillon.





**COMPANY "B" — PLATOON NO. 3**

Reading from left to right: First Row, bottom—Samuel B. Turk, Willim M. Walker, Herbert H. Lorenz, Jack M. Lang, David E. Smith, Anthony R. Selvaggi, James C. Stokas, Thomas H. Burch, James H. Campbell. Second Row—Grady J. Atkins, Donald G. Bassett, Raymond "L" Brickey, Joseph E. Drew, George M. Dolbee, Edward J. Schneider, Jr., Claude J. Bailey, Ernest G. Dreibelbis, Isidore F. Gagnon. Third Row—Ara A. Lynch, Clay J. Hardin, Pedro E. Marques, Ezra A. Fraley, Jack Lundee, John W. Goodwin, William A. Young, Henry W. Lewis. Fourth Row—Edward Flaitz, Willard P. Wilhoite, Harry Garlick, Emo Valtille, Clyde J. Brewer, Charles E. Horton.



**COMPANY "B" — PLATOON NO. 4**

Reading from left to right: First Row, bottom—Benjamin J. Snyder, Edward A. Myers, Jr., W. Ballantine, Otis H. Hettich, Francis J. Ward, Laverne J. Swift, Clarence R. Cullingford, Elmer J. Thompson. Second Row—Robert H. McClain, Weymon B. Boyd, Robert E. Fay, Fred L. Bailey, Raymond C. Lipe, Joseph Ridosko, Francis W. Hinkle, Harry J. Miller. Third Row—John L. Kmetz, Paul L. Nelson, Erwing Johnson, Jerald L. Ware, George F. White, Arvid L. Miller. Fourth Row, Max A. Mims, William T. Daring, Clifford R. Phelps, Anton J. Banchi, Anton E. Shanahan.





**COMPANY "B" — PLATOON NO. 5**

Reading from left to right—First Row, bottom—Patrick, Ellis E. Landrum, Eugene F. Pizzo, Douglas D. Salisbury, Marino C. Saglio, Karl R. Krahenbuhl, Frank L. Conlon, Herbert D. Morrissey, Beryl H. Johnson. Second Row—Charles D. Lake, William C. Miller, George E. Talbert, Robert Eugene Rowland, John Leonard Creatura. Third Row—Ralph C. Sandborn, Howard Thomas Russell, Maurice Alexander Russell, John James Moore, Eugene Wathan Rose, Carmine John Tolli, Glen C. Hodgkin, William C. Lehmann, Nicholas Pino. Fourth Row—Anton G. Siginski, Jr., Franklin Perry Rambo, Ervin Charles Hester, Leidum Watson Brockway, Elton "J" Myers, Charles H. Leppanen, George Erik Andreassen, George Rudolph Krueger.



**COMPANY "B" — PLATOON NO. 6**

Reading from left to right: First Row, bottom—Gordon F. Brown, Clemens Mikelberg, William L. Seibert, John Dzugan, John J. Smith. Second Row—Theodore A. Quaini, Walter W. Christie, Joseph P. Miazgowicz, Bennie M. Dake, Charles O. Arford, Charles L. Bellis, Milton Turner, Leonard J. Siwinski. Third Row—Frank J. David, William F. Miller, Patrick J. McGing, Middleton M. Broome, Howard T. Palmer, Frank Petters, John P. Smith, Donald L. Steinbach, Vernon Hill, Harold Stengel. Fourth Row—Walter I. Butler, Oscar G. Holman, Jr., Francis M. Van Winkle, Harold C. England, Charles C. Brown, Richy Carrilo, Samuel T. Byers, Oscar L. Minear, Sr., Harold W. Jewell, J. R. Smith, Louis Soccorro.





JOHN A. PRUIT  
Lieutenant  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.



ANGELO J. PONZO  
Lieutenant (Junior Grade)  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.

# “C” CO. *Officers*



BILL H. BISHOP  
Lieutenant (Junior Grade)  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.



JAMES L. HART  
Chief Carpenter  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.





**COMPANY "C" — PLATOON NO. 1**

Reading from left to right: First Row—J. Uservitch, L. Fowls, F. Hotard, H. Kern, P. Williams, J. Greelish, L. Mollett, A. Brake, C. Hevener. Second Row—V. Campriello, W. Elliott, A. Patanella, C. Verrecchio, F. Straccia, B. Starek, R. Hough, R. Houck, C. Herrick. Third Row—E. Georges, R. Dukes, J. Czarnecki, M. Tutterow, J. Reuter, E. Coffman, A. Gangolf, M. Blume, R. Wagner, W. Burton.



**COMPANY "C" — PLATOON NO. 2**

Reading from left to right: First Row—P. Hartman, J. McPike, A. Thompson, J. Eggleston, W. Dellinger, D. Strohmeier, C. Lister. Second Row—E. Florio, M. Grassi, E. Redlin, C. Mulvey, E. Scofield, W. Healey, H. Holsapple. Third Row—W. Gudrian, M. Haines, R. Goldsmith, D. Davenport, E. Fulton, L. Winkle, J. Wentzel. Fourth Row—E. Linder, A. Makovec, F. Eldredge, R. Beller, A. Dole, J. Furmanik, L. Conlin. Fourth Row—A. Golden, C. Laurens, G. Maness, W. Fanning, Z. Cheatham, R. Burt.





**COMPANY "C" — PLATOON NO. 3**

Reading from left to right: First Row—H. K. Wilson, W. Woolson, R. Thurmond, M. Pendergrast, D. Anderson, G. Wilson, H. Wentzler, H. Stringer, J. Timmons. Second Row—M. Tully, F. Janik, F. Smith, E. Miller, R. Walmsley, J. Makert, J. Brophy. Third Row—W. Couzins, E. Whitman, W. Baisor, J. Weed, O. Kirnig, L. Schmidlein, A. Valdez, J. Gaines. Fourth Row—M. Conaway, W. Suite, M. Spillers, L. Bell, J. Boulais, O. Ridder.



**COMPANY "C" — PLATOON NO. 4**

Reading from left to right: First Row—H. Poindexter, E. Dawson, M. Potter, F. Mitchell, J. Myers, S. Isaacs, M. Vannatta, H. Roberts. Second Row—H. Vigtel, V. Eckert, E. Angell, J. Grace, H. Thorn, C. Manges, W. Turner, H. Ward. Third Row—G. Duncan, C. Sorrell, G. Goode, L. Hoover, J. Fairhurst, M. Carter, A. Ohanis. Fourth Row—E. Schmidt, C. West, H. Anderson, W. Cristofani, C. Michalec.





**COMPANY "C" — PLATOON NO. 5**

Reading from left to right: First Row—H. Seeley, L. Wilkenson, E. Ford, A. Monroe, C. King, R. Busby, C. Haddon, H. Haugen. Second Row—F. Kroll, R. Brimmer, J. Masencup, C. Coffman, A. Newton, F. Newbould, D. Every, P. Shiloff, E. Goode, C. Long. Third Row—R. Pearcy, W. Gustafson, H. Kipp, A. Olson, E. Wallace, D. Foley, G. Eggleston, R. Buckley, M. Iverson.



**COMPANY "C" — PLATOON NO. 6**

Reading from left to right: First Row—N. Hook, W. Edwards, L. Dersch, A. Mohn, J. Watson, C. Harris. Second Row—S. Larson, N. Toppen, E. Smith, J. Nussberger, R. Elsworth, G. Adkins. Third Row—M. Sinesi, C. Hibbs, J. Viellette, W. Wilkes, P. Althouse, O. Hargis, J. Wech. Fourth Row—A. Wiinikka.





OLIN O. EDIGER  
Lieutenant  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.



CHARLES A. SHAEFER  
Lieutenant (Junior Grade)  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.

# “D” CO. *Officers*



FRANCIS E. FITZPATRICK  
Lieutenant (Junior Grade)  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.



RUSSELL S. CLAYTON  
Chief Carpenter  
C.E.C., U.S.N.R.





**COMPANY "D" — PLATOON NO. 1**

Reading from left to right: First Row—G. H. Gray, J. R. Clay, H. W. Schmelzle, S. Rodinsky, W. Kroner, Jr., F. G. Shine. Second Row—C. V. Hazlett, H. W. Sorgs, J. D. Tatum, T. W. Gamble, B. A. Hill, E. R. Chervenka, A. J. Acon, W. F. Berger. Third Row—F. G. Phillips, J. A. Dacus, F. N. Lusito, A. F. Coleman, G. B. Ganter, M. W. Orr, D. B. Shaw.



**COMPANY "D" — PLATOON NO. 2**

Reading from left to right: First Row—W. R. Murphy, H. E. Stone, R. G. Reed, C. E. Nichols, D. A. Libby, F. J. Lill, J. E. Sullivan. Second Row—L. P. Sifford, B. Feldman, K. H. Pierce, K. B. Gleason, A. E. Maynard, J. V. Jagot, R. J. McPartland, J. C. Garrison, N. S. Bly. Third Row—J. F. Zeppa, A. G. Klein, J. T. Scott, J. J. Murray, S. V. Doran, J. W. Zullo. Fourth Row—P. E. Meroline, T. R. Rodgers, F. L. Staggs, E. E. Sanders, W. M. Kulibaba, Charles De Filips, R. E. Sweet, E. D. Moore.





**COMPANY "D" — PLATOON NO. 3**

Reading from left to right: First Row—J. R. Fisher, W. D. Miner, R. A. Brandle, L. B. Reynolds, J. K. Steen, J. F. Ferguson, C. V. Patronella, J. W. Williams, J. L. Tower. Second Row—C. J. Skonieczny, K. H. Pierce, C. T. Rancour, D. E. Bradt, E. J. Scheriff, L. E. Biesecker, F. H. Mulherin, C. C. Roberts, T. F. Pullen. Third Row—H. W. Rogers, E. K. Rottman, G. M. Dayton, F. Suchaneh, J. Burghardt, L. Martin, R. L. Ostrander, H. Wilson, H. C. Callahan.



**COMPANY "D" — PLATOON NO. 4**

Reading from left to right: First Row—J. E. Knight, P. S. Michaelewski, G. P. Trant, E. S. Kamalski, R. Garcia, A. V. Johnson, T. H. Gapezynski, S. H. Allen. Second Row—R. C. Higgins, E. L. Joyce, G. W. Gerhardt, G. A. Holley, G. D. Mahoney, S. J. Gobb, L. V. Cornecl. Third Row—De John, G. H. Hoer, Lalevee, E. H. Burch, J. E. Farrar, R. B. Rankin, H. C. Slep. Fourth Row—L. R. Bowden, E. D. Spears, P. Bean, J. C. Jones, O. H. Luker, J. F. Roberts, W. W. Lang.





**COMPANY "D" — PLATOON NO. 5**

Reading from left to right: First Row—C. P. Mellinger, H. Dahl, H. E. Jacks, H. H. Bennett, E. W. Snodgrass, H. W. Van Riper, D. F. Jeffry.  
 Second Row—Unidentified, C. M. Hathcox, E. J. Fritz, S. B. Brandenburg, G. Basabe, R. Anderson, J. E. Honodel, J. M. McClean, D. H. Phillips.  
 Third Row—F. J. McLaughlin, C. Azzara, J. W. Lupton, A. T. Marciniszyn, J. C. Paff, R. F. Beach.



**COMPANY "D" — PLATOON NO. 6**

Reading from left to right: First Row—A. F. Coleman, G. Boucher, R. V. Holderfield, W. W. Wheeler, D. Butera, C. J. Geer, E. P. Lauer, S. G. Webber. Second Row—R. Magilton, T. H. Donahue, D. H. Huntamer, E. F. Sashko, D. E. Gibson, G. O. Moore, A. J. Skinner, E. C. Dugas, T. E. Aylward. Third Row—D. D. Johnson, B. Lovell, J. R. Hild, W. D. Kyles, M. E. Jennings, A. D. Hollander, R. A. Siler, G. A. Kelley.



# THE STRAGGLERS



## HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Reading from left to right: Front Row—C. C. Mesick, J. K. Welp, J. B. Burbank, L. H. Hughey, R. K. Myers, R. F. Marshall, J. M. Hampton. Second Row—C. S. Massie, C. Peters, R. S. Helder, R. F. Taylor, O. D. Reed, H. C. McBroom.

## COMPANY "A"

Reading from left to right: First Row—G. N. Martin, G. C. Palmer, V. R. Chisum, B. L. Tyler, C. Bryant, T. J. Dumas, W. G. Parker. Second Row—R. A. Hopkins, C. A. Tees, E. L. Olson, J. C. Tennimon, Ballantine (B.C.O.).







### COMPANY "B"

Reading from left to right: Bottom Row — G. T. Powell, J. A. Fisher, Betson, Ugnantz, S. I. Josue. Top Row — H. E. Taylor, A. H. Feyen, John Weed, Paul Rivard, B. M. Russell, Ralph Ostrander, Leslie Martin.



### COMPANY C

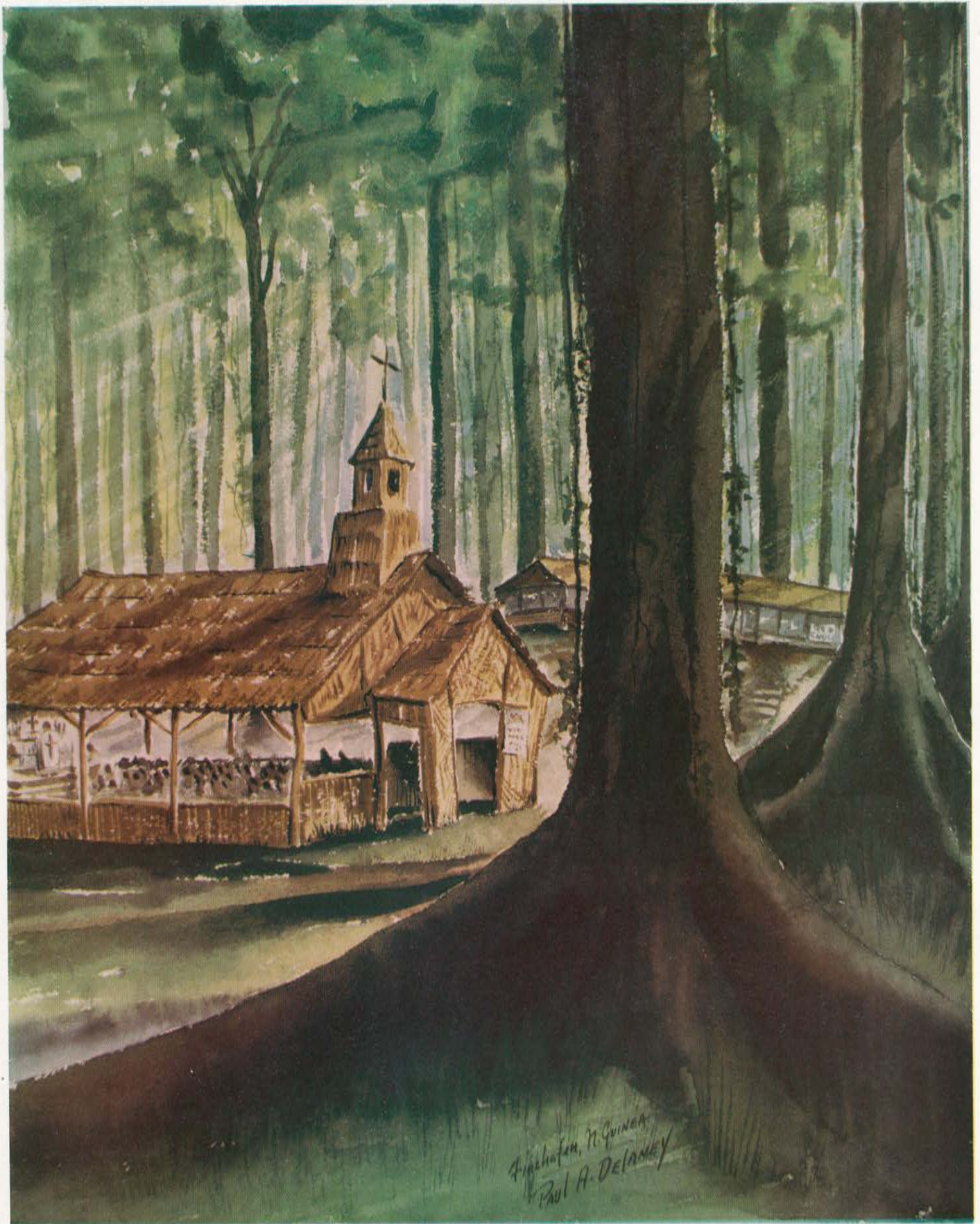
Reading from left to right: First Row—Peterson, E. Quick, L. Penta, O. Clements, W. Yates, J. Williams. Second Row—A. Koleczek, W. Bauer, B. Furginson, J. Nicholas F. Ricca.



### COMPANY "D"

Reading from left to right: First Row — Unidentified, R. E. Stroup, W. H. Manning — A-2, J. M. LaFayette, C. Holden, O. L. Jerard. Second Row—W. G. Manke, K. R. Draves, C. W. Clark, A. Aspromonte, J. Berolotti, A. Conto, A. J. Perbes, C. J. McLaughlin. Third Row — P. H. Phelps, J. T. Kronowski, W. C. Grammer, J. S. Mertz, E. P. West, P. J. Berbirian, W. H. Monroe.







# INVASION *Story*

It was late on the afternoon of January 6th, some time after we had finished our evening meal, and a group of us were sitting on deck enjoying our cigarettes. The sun was dropping nearer the horizon—and the direction from which enemy planes might zoom momentarily. The convoy had been plowing through the Sulu Sea all day, and Jap planes had been reported in the vicinity. General Quarters was on and the gunners were on the alert. A spotter was calling out the positions of the planes that circled off from the ships. The carriers in the convoy had planes up at all times, but still the positions were called just in case.

Suddenly we all jumped! The spotter called "plane at 045, elevation 10 degrees" . . . he paused and then continued . . . "maybe Jap." His voice, though casual, sent a bolt of electricity through us. There it was, cruising lazily southward, on our starboard beam. Far out of range of our guns, it moved toward a lone cloud contrasted against the sky of blue. The gunners followed the plane in their sights until it disappeared into the cloud. We strained our eyes to see where it would emerge. After an eternity, it appeared—diving directly upon the convoy. We hardly heard the spotter's words "Here she comes!"

From out of the whiteness, it looked like a dot, growing larger by the second. Down it came directly at the second LST behind our ship. There were four of us in line, and although there were two behind us, we watched open-mouthed glued to the spot. At three-second range the gunners opened with their 20's and 40's while the saucy .50 calibers chattered without end. Just off the fantail of the LST that was his target, the Jap dropped two bombs. We followed their curve downward until they dropped harmlessly into the water some feet astern—that was a break.

The pilot then tried to zoom his plane up, but apparently the guns were taking their toll—the plane lurched a moment before dropping into a slow glide toward the surface of the water. This gave the kids on the guns an excellent target, and they threw everything they had at him. Shells followed the glide down, and what was keeping the plane from bursting into flame was a mystery. As a final result of the concentration of ack-ack, the plane finally shuddered, while poising for the second dive, knifed into the sea, and disappeared immediately.

A photographer from the Signal Corps was hit in the leg with a .25 cal. slug, while four Seabees from the 302nd, to which we were assigned, were hit by anti-aircraft fire from the ship opposite us in the convoy. That was the extent of the damage the

plane did, and also our baptism of combat.

Previously, that afternoon, we had our first glimpse of a two-man sub and the wake of the torpedo that forced the convoy to break and scatter. Destroyers and destroyer-escorts dashed after it like a dog after a cat, dropping their depth charges over the area and then leaving a smoke bomb burning on the water to mark the spot for the convoy behind.

We were now some distance off shore from Manila, and it was just before midnight when some of the boys called us on deck to watch a sea battle between a Jap destroyer which had tried to join our convoy and our own escorts. When we reached the deck, the sea was lighted as if by daylight from the star flares that dotted the sky. Off to our right, the fighting ships were circling around the Jap. They all stood out in bold relief against the brilliant sky. We did not have to wait any longer for the show to start. Outside the circle of destroyers stood a lone cruiser. It let go with a broadside that arched over the ring into the center, finding a perfect target. The shell or shells, as the case may have been, slowly traveled across the sky like a red shooting star. It was exciting to watch the shell, which seemed to be in no hurry to reach its target, but when it did, made a blast which rumbled like an earthquake. The first shot didn't seem to do much damage. Just a small red flame flashed for a second and then went out, but the second that followed shortly caused an explosion that could be felt on our own decks. A giant flame shot skyward, and burning wreckage scattered in all directions. A second explosion followed shortly; we figured it came from her power magazine. The amazing fact that impressed us was that, during all of this operation, not one shot was fired by the Jap ship except for a few tracers which possibly were more of an explosion than shots.

As the flaming hulk that was once a Jap destroyer reddened the eastern sky, our escorts returned to the convoy and resumed their positions at our side. We moved on, just as though we were on a moonlight cruise on a placid lake back home.

Two nights later, we experienced the excitement of preparations for the invasion day. It was scheduled for the next morning, S-Hour being 0930. During daylight the convoys went past Lingayen Gulf to fool the Jap observation planes, but as darkness set in, the course was changed and we turned, heading straight for the entrance of the Gulf. No longer were the ships spread out over a wide area; instead, they were so close and



crowded that it looked as though you could walk from your deck to that of the ship next to you.

And, there was the additional danger of striking one of the floating mines that had been cut loose by the sweepers ahead, but which had not been exploded. Every one kept a sharp lookout for them, as they could easily be seen in the bright moonlight. Some floated so close by that you could have spit on them.

Some distance ahead, we could hear the shelling and see the flashes that glowed in the sky. As we continued to plow through the dark waters, the blast became louder and the sky was continuously brightened. They were giving the beaches hell.

The Army was up at three o'clock and put away a healthy breakfast that the Ship's crew had prepared. Judging from their appetites, one would never have thought they were ready to make an invasion. In fact, many came back for seconds and were readily accommodated; they downed the chow with relish in the dark.

The sky became brighter, and we could see the beaches as dawn broke, revealing an amazing show: all around us were hundreds of ships, from LCM's up to the mightiest battlewagons, pouring tons of lead into the shoreline that was well within sight. Several Jap planes tried to greet us in their silly way, but the curtain of fire that every ship put up made them change their minds and run for safety. One plane, which must have been on some sort of unmilitary mission, came soaring over, apparently thinking those were his own ships in the harbor; the wall of anti-aircraft fire he ran into woke that pilot up in a hurry. We couldn't help laughing at the amusing antics he performed to escape running the entire gauntlet of ships in the harbor as he crossed the bay. One of his Shinto gods must have been riding with him, because he was missed by every one of the gunners and got away. However, it was a good show—one that made you forget for the moment the miseries ahead.

Our LST continued, passing under the shadows of the big battlewagons and their tremendous guns until we reached the inner circle of destroyers. During our movements forward to within 2000 yards of the beaches, the fighting ships continued to pour their lead into the shore, sometimes firing directly over our heads. The Buffalos in our tank decks started their engines as we reached our position and dropped anchor. The drivers received their last minute instructions from the officers, while the ship's crews opened the large bow doors and lowered the ramp down to water level. At eight-thirty, they lumbered off the ship into the water, as a pilot boat received them and put them into formation. They circled around the ship for some time to make sure mechanical conditions were in order, and after each had given the signal to the pilot boat, the dash for shore was made at exactly 0930. The big guns of the fleet continued

to pound the area inland, keeping the bombardment just ahead of the tanks.

We lost sight of the invading force as it climbed the beaches and headed inland, for our attention was directed to our own work. As the signal from the beach was given, the ship again got under way. We prepared the causeways, which were mounted on each side, for launching. Three half-inch cables were secured to deck plates so that the turnbuckles could be removed. By the time the ship's bow hit bottom some 300 feet from the beach, everything was ready. After the turnbuckles had been removed, only the three cables were holding the 100 ton units. At a pre-arranged signal from the officer-in-charge, we chopped the cables, letting the causeways drop into the water. Long lines fastened to both bow and stern bitts uncoiled as the pontoon rolled from the drop and were used to haul it back after it settled.

After the other units had been dropped, six men went over the side to help bring the starboard unit around to the port side. This was necessary, for the pair must be fastened together for the run to the beach. After this, a line was made fast to the prow of the LST and we started the run into the beach with this line uncoiling behind. As soon as the inboard end hit the beach, a "cat" was driven ashore to pull that end farther up the beach. This made that end good and secure.

The large chains which were dropped into slots on the pontoons to hold the separate units together were removed, and the starboard unit was telescoped back to reach the ramp of the LST where it was made fast to the ramp by letting it drop into the outboard end of the causeway. The LST, being grounded, gave a secure anchor to that end of the causeway.

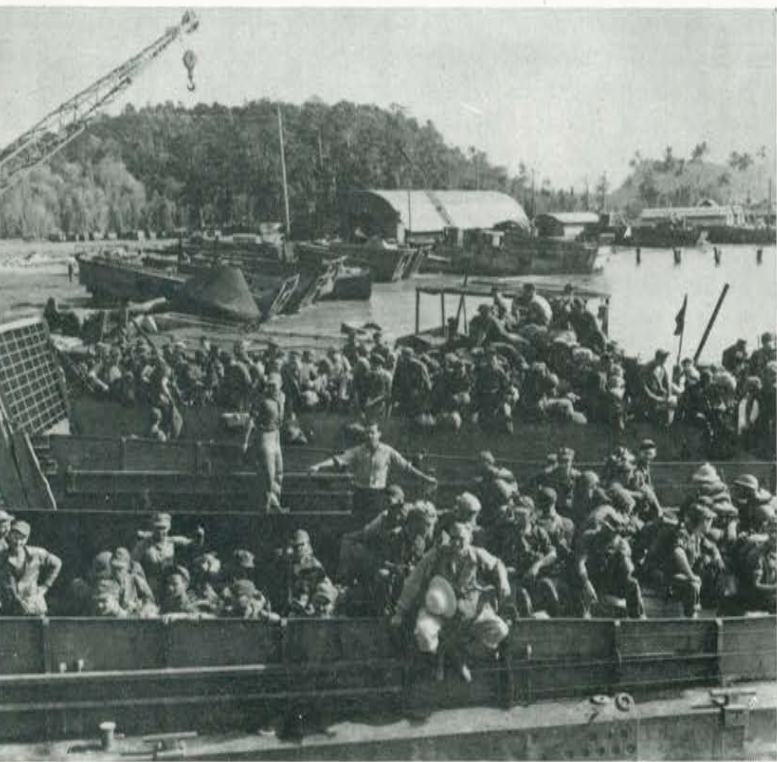
That was the job we were sent to do, and we had traffic rolling within three and one-half hours after the LST had grounded at the beach. The 300 feet of water between the beach and the bow was now bridged by the causeway. In addition to this accomplishment, we were able to finish unloading another ship besides our own before the afternoon was over.

During these operations, we twice had to duck Jap planes, but in both cases their aim was poor and no damage was caused to either men or causeways.

Our first night ashore we slept in foxholes and were told not to be surprised at anything that might happen, because it usually happened the first night. Much farther inland the shelling continued throughout the night. Star flares were shot over the sectors where the enemy was supposed to be hiding. But, we were tired and slept without interruption, although many found bits of mortar shells near their foxholes when morning came.

These were the Seabees in an Invasion, and it goes without saying that we take off our hats to those who make a steady business of invasions.





## Company B Leaves for Leyte











James F. Smith, 45

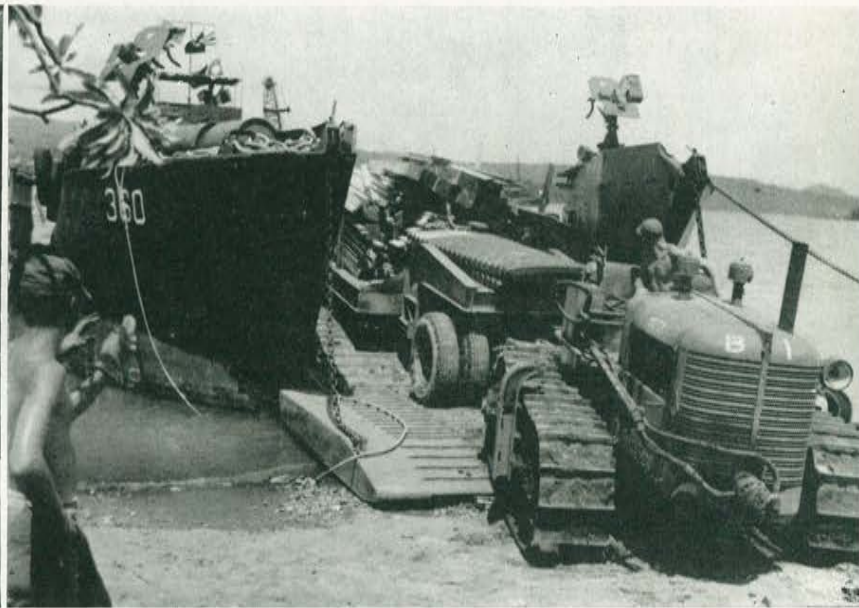
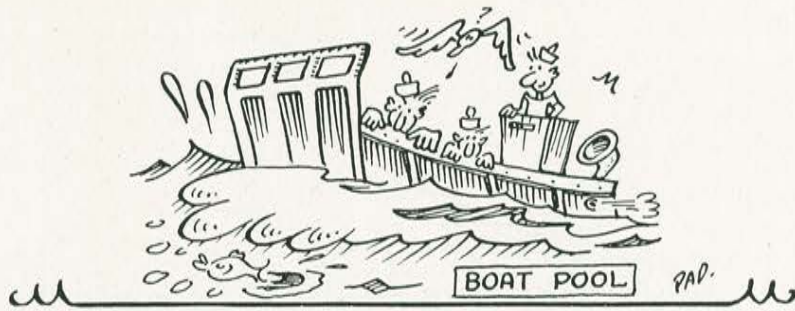








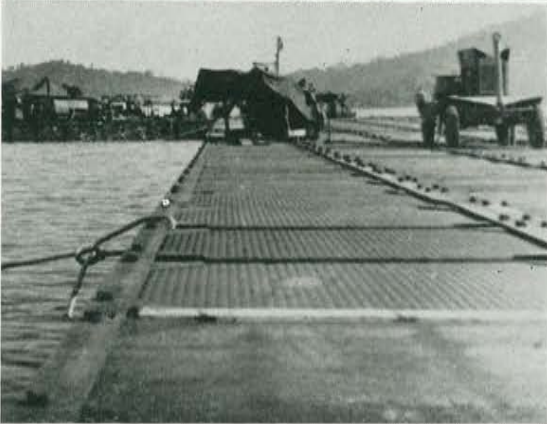
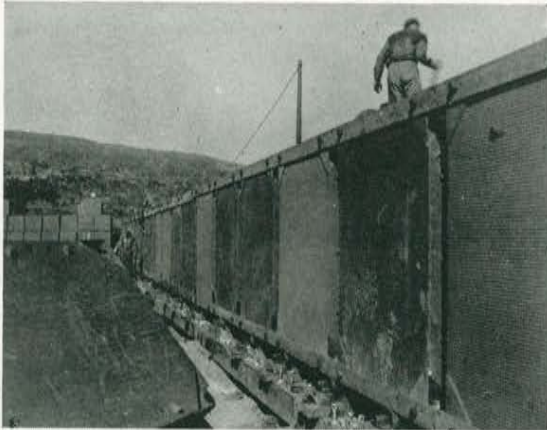
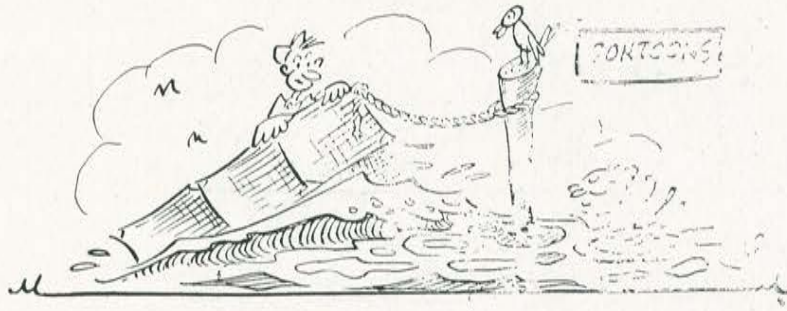




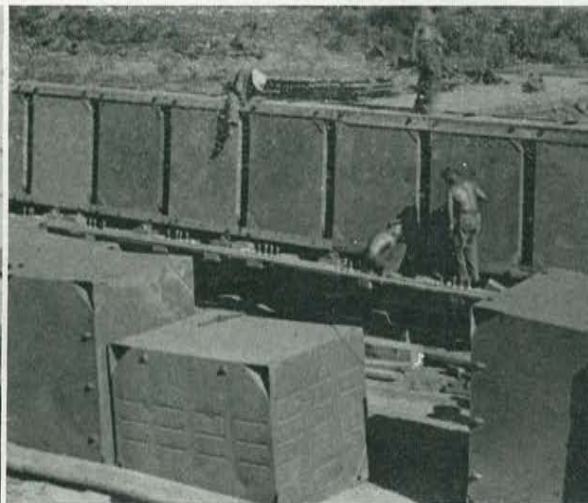
## Boat Pool Gang and Service Crew



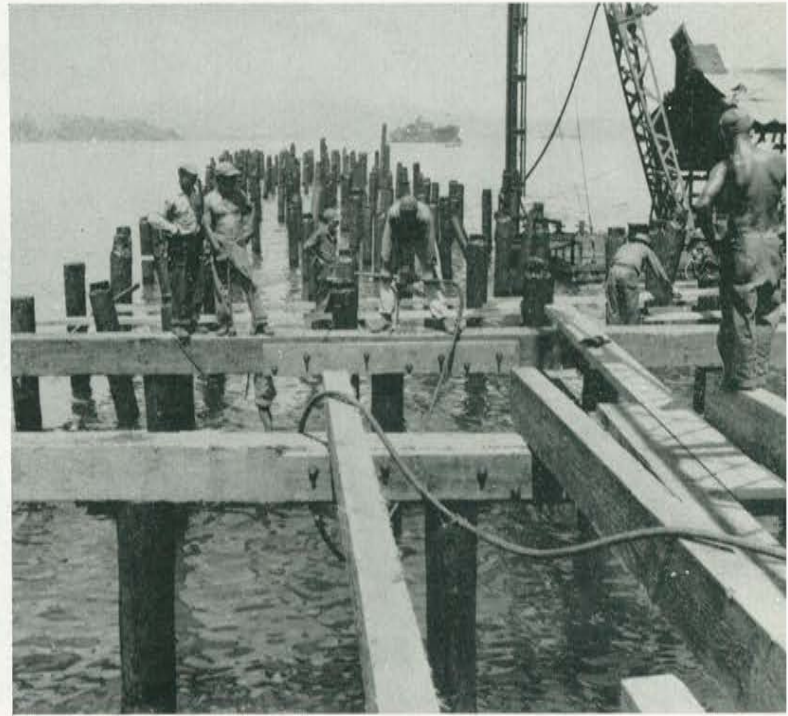




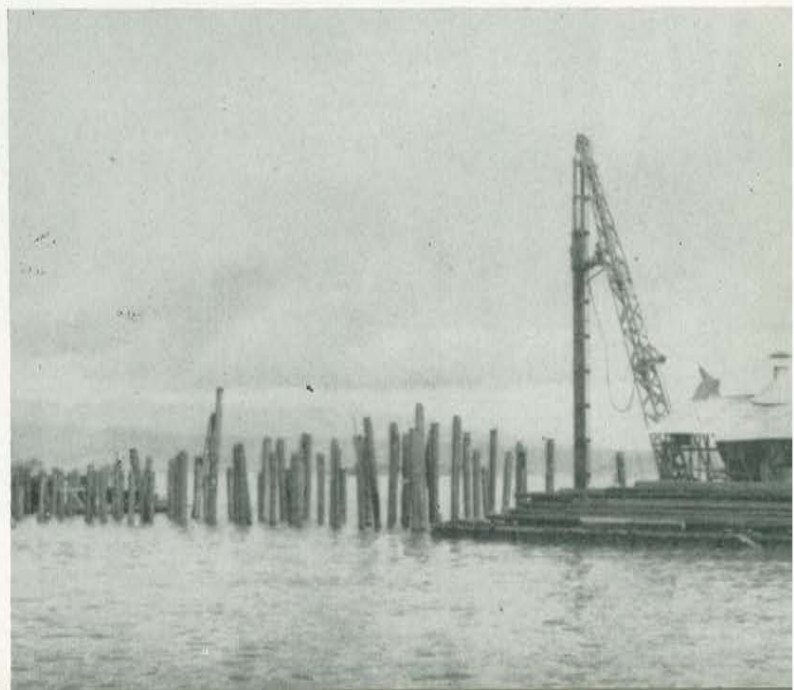
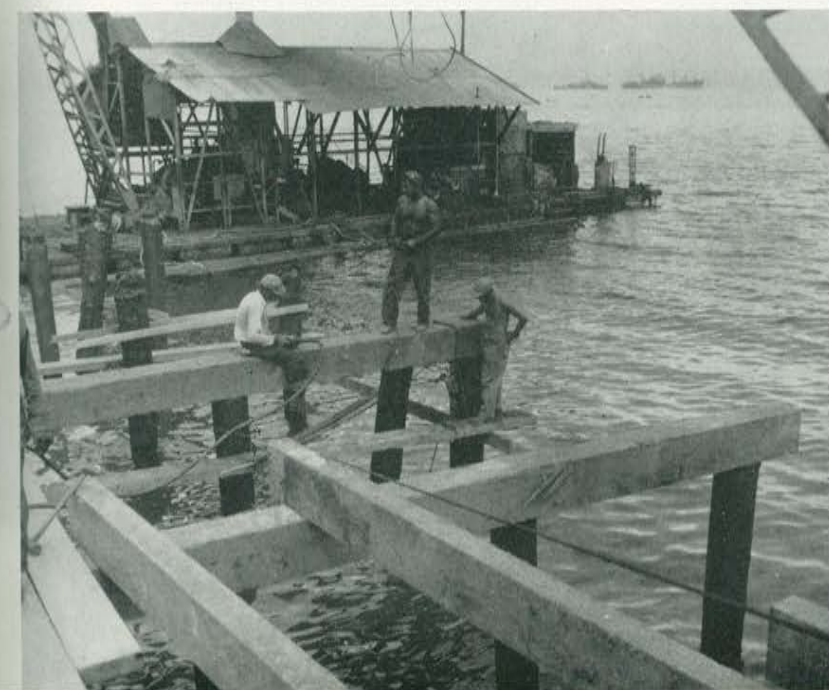
## Assembling and Welding pontoons for Submarine Dock







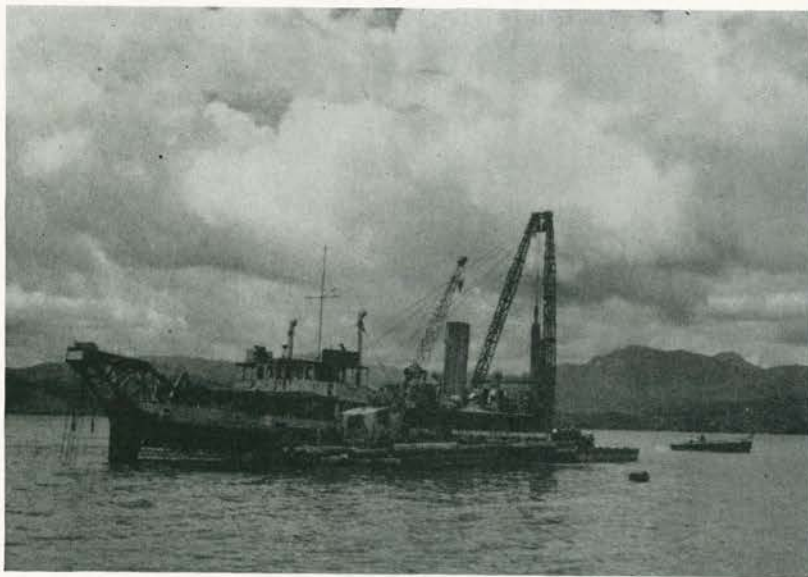
## Dock Construction and Pile Driver Gang







Dredge Crew



"Helpless Hortense"

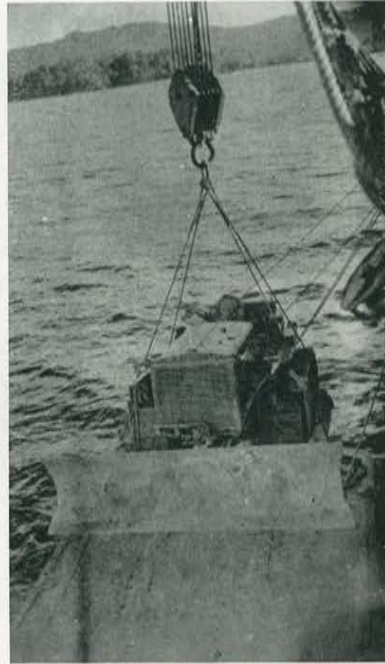


CHIEF CARPENTER F. C. SMITH  
C.E.C., N.S.N.R.  
Dredge Officer

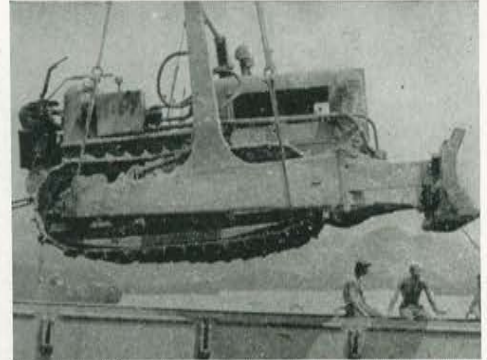




Hoisting



Riggers



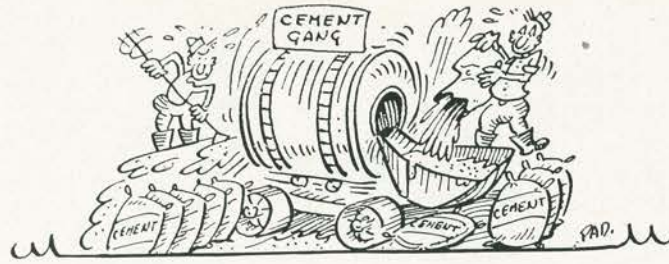
Splicing and Burning



Rigging Crew







Cement Gang

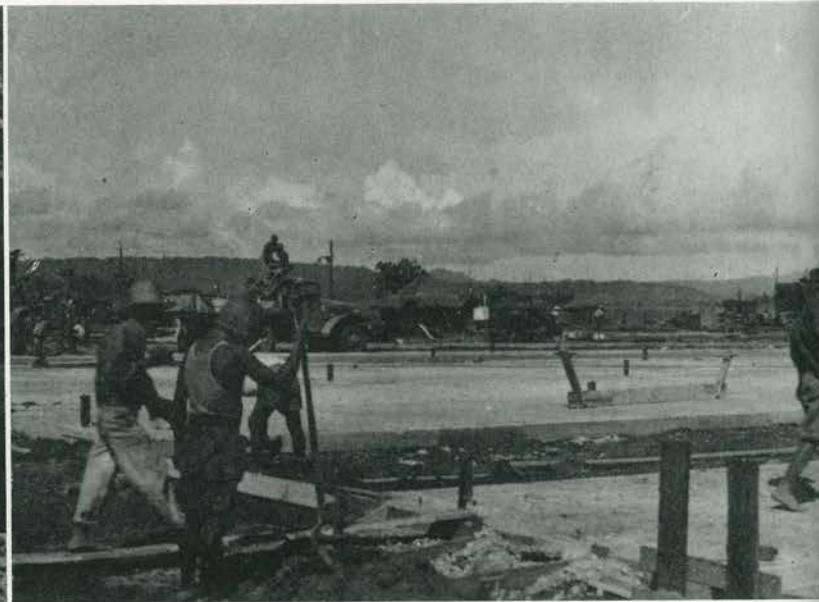


Laying the Chow Hall Foundation at Hollandia

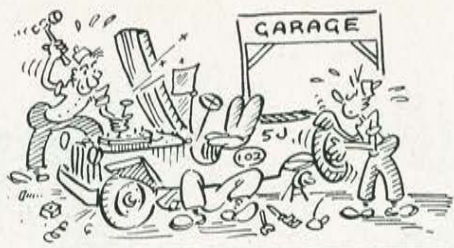


Mixing and loading

Quonset hut flooring



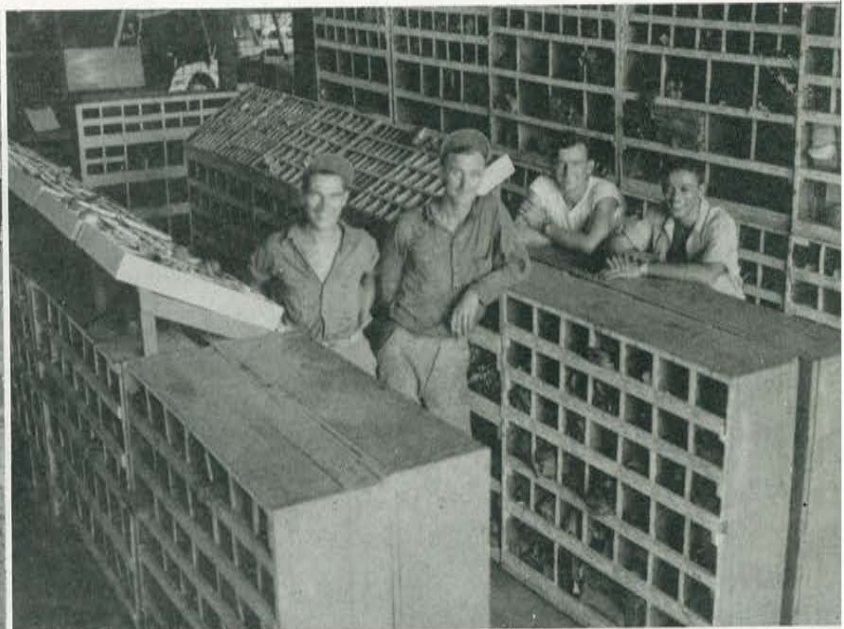




PAD. 11



Garage Crew



Parts

Transportation Crew

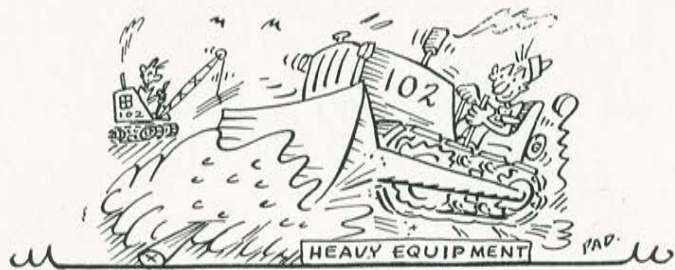


TRANSPORTATION

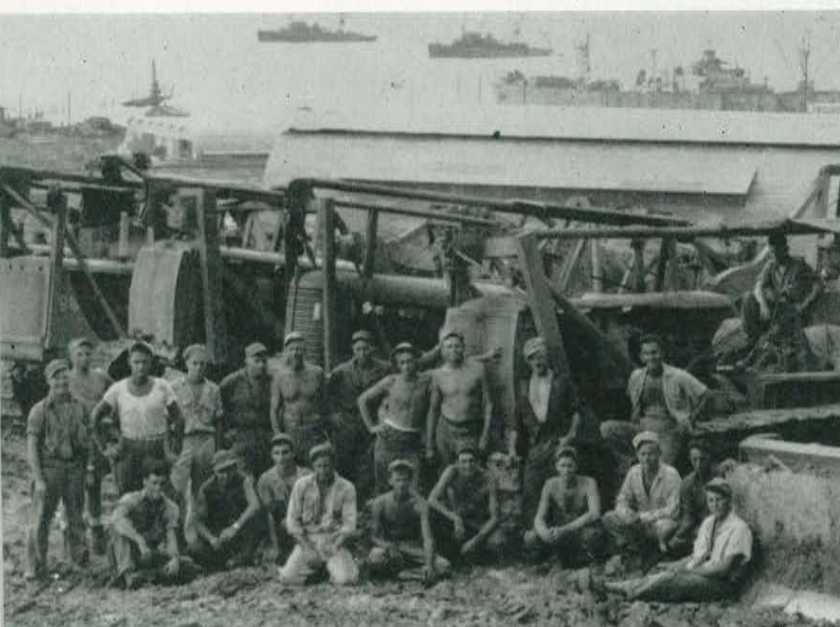


PAD. 11





Heavy Equipment Operators







Ditching with Drag Line



Loading gravel from river bed



Line Up



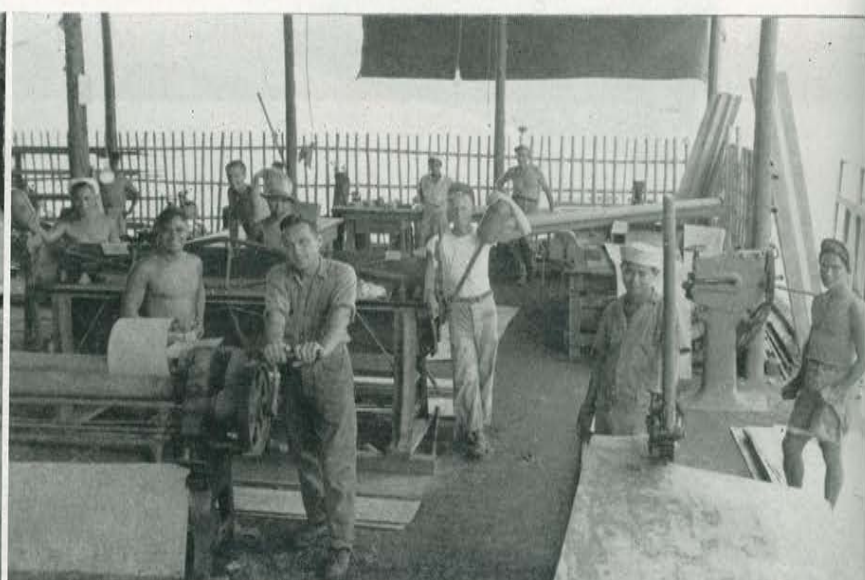
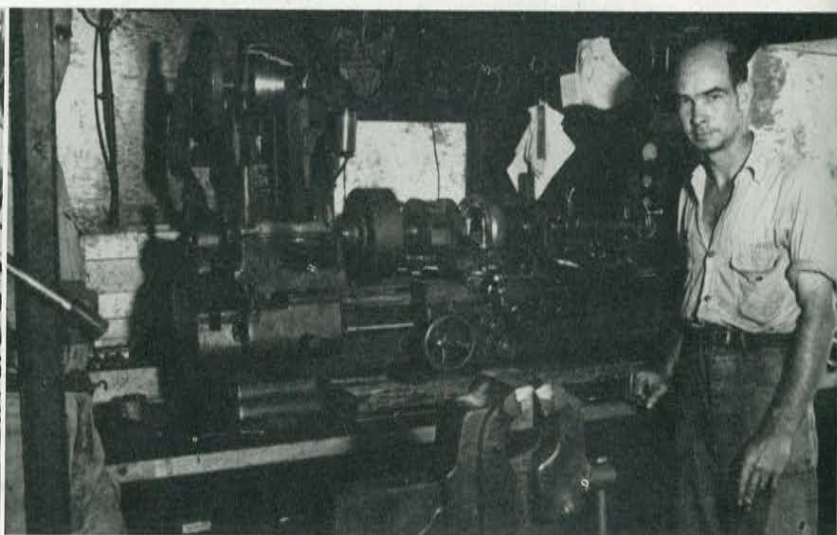
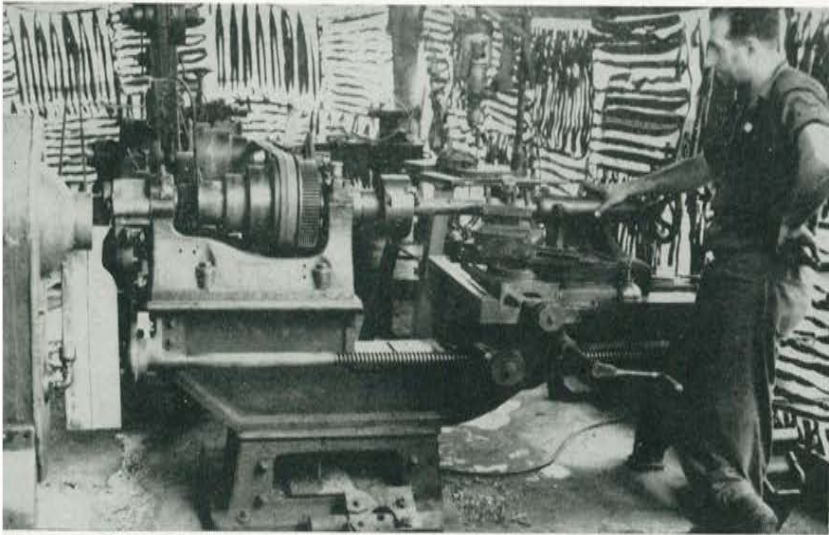
B Company Heavy  
Equipment Yard





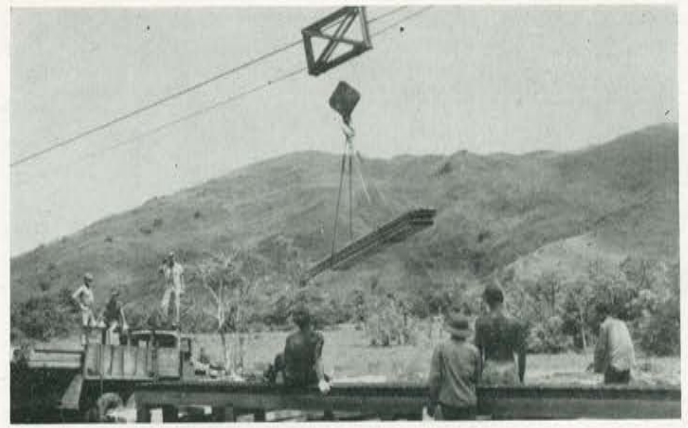


Inside Machine Shop

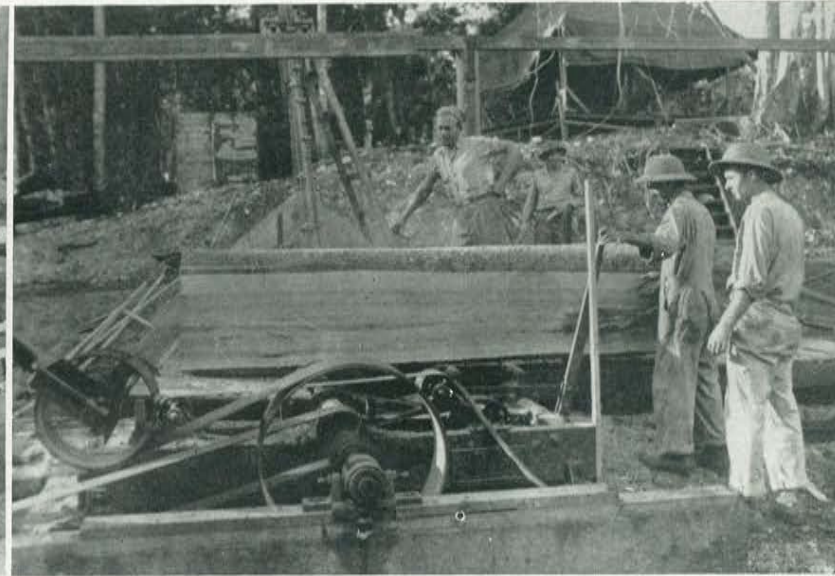
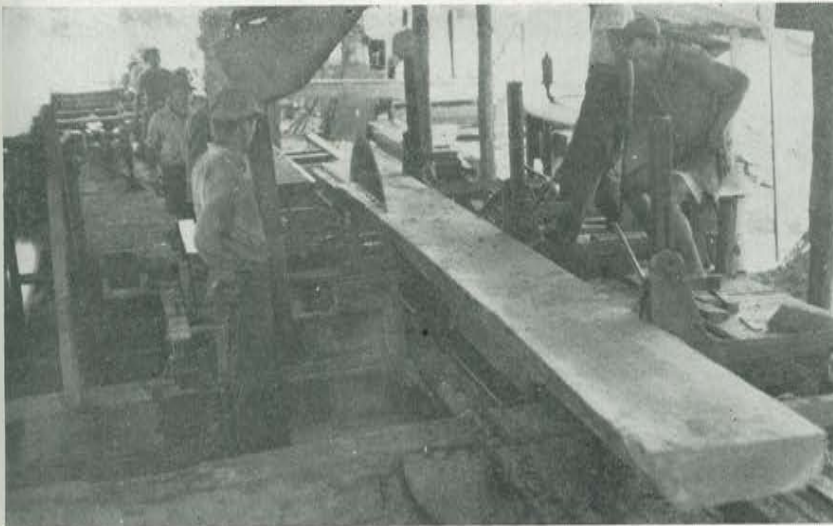


Tin Shop



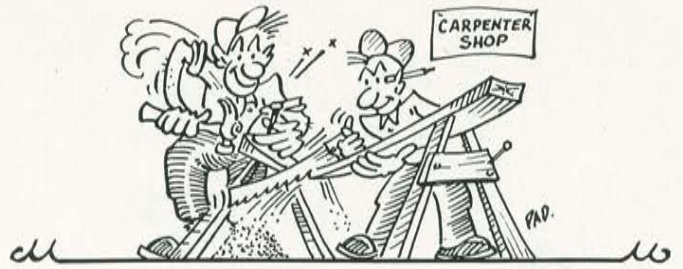
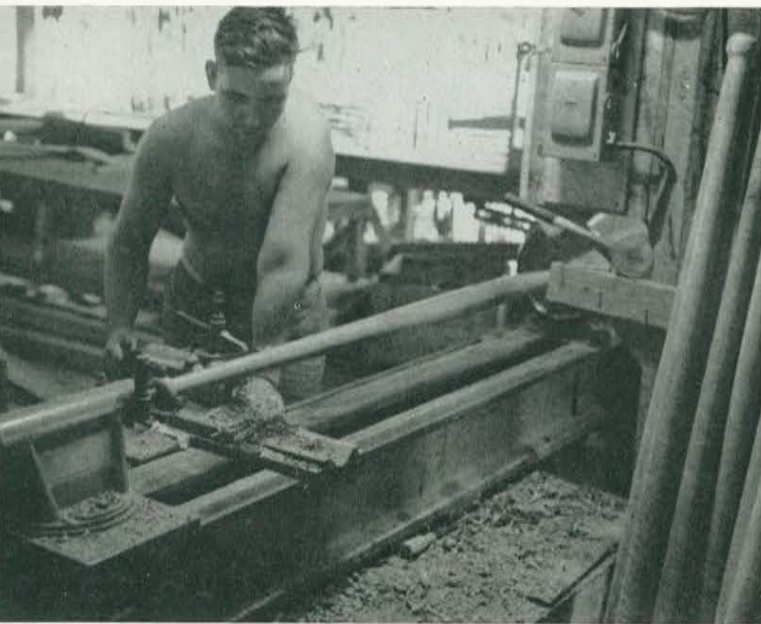


## Cutting, Finishing and Loading Native Lumber



Saw Mill



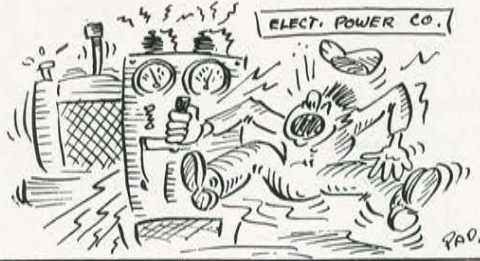


Below Left: Chapel Builders

Below: Theater Builders







Above: Reefer Construction



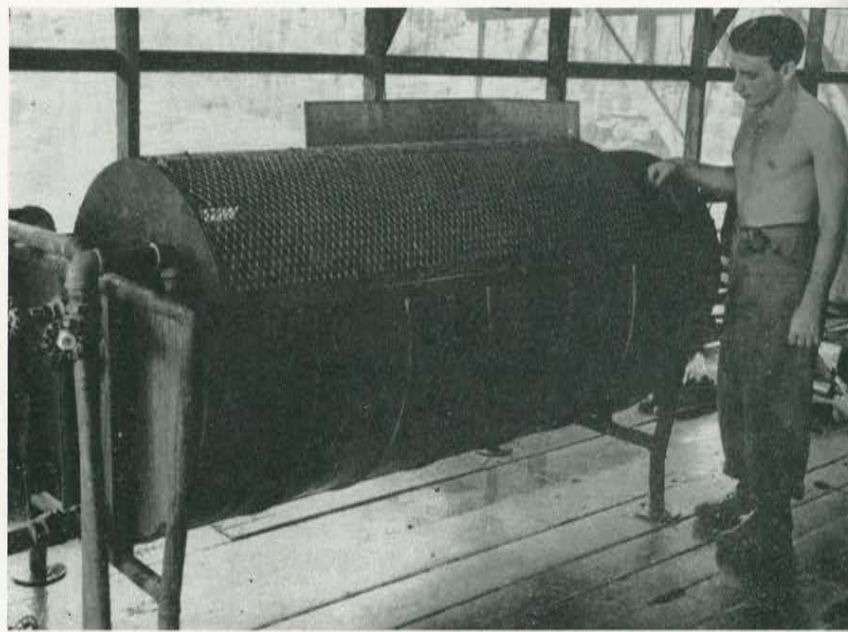
Below: Reefer Crew







Laundry Crew



Tumbler

Laundry — Filipino Style

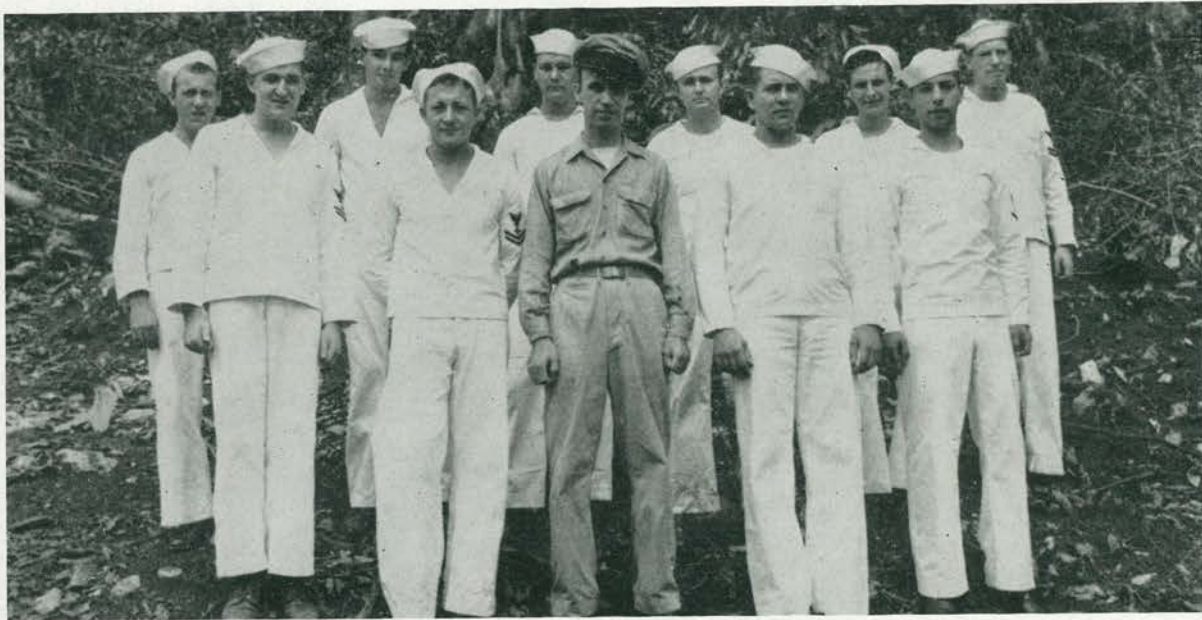






**CORPSMEN**

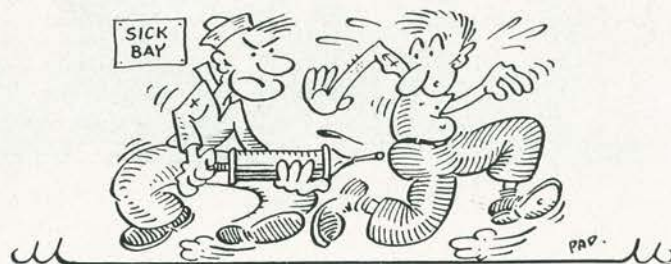
Front row, left to right—G. T. Powell, G. Walsh, R. Reinshuttle, E. C. Cichowski, A. J. Amoroso. Back row, left to right—K. A. Vordtriede, D. Ramey, R. H. Matlock, O. K. Updike, G. J. Brunelle, J. K. Betson.



Sick Bay



Dental Lab







Survey Gang



Public Works, Drafting





Disbursing Gang



Personnel Office Crew







Ship's Store Crew



Supply Gang







Gang outside operator's tent

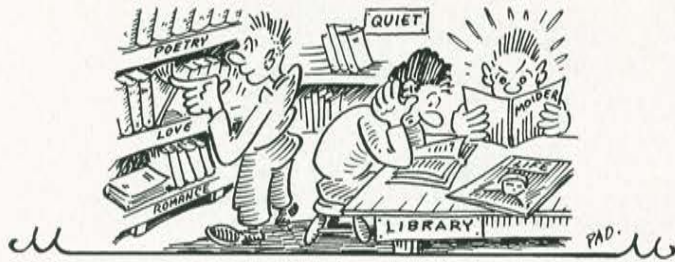


Laying submarine cable



Line men





Inside Our Hollandia Library

Outside View of the Library, Subic Bay







Sorting the Christmas Packages

Tonsorial Artists at Work







The Cobblers and the Tailor







Drilling and pumping water — a vital need for the battalion



Water Department Crew









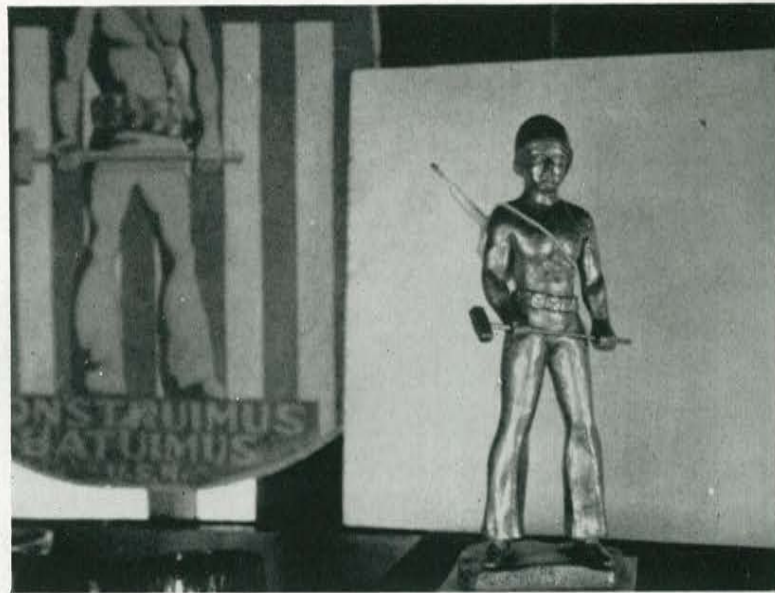


Mulvihill's Gang

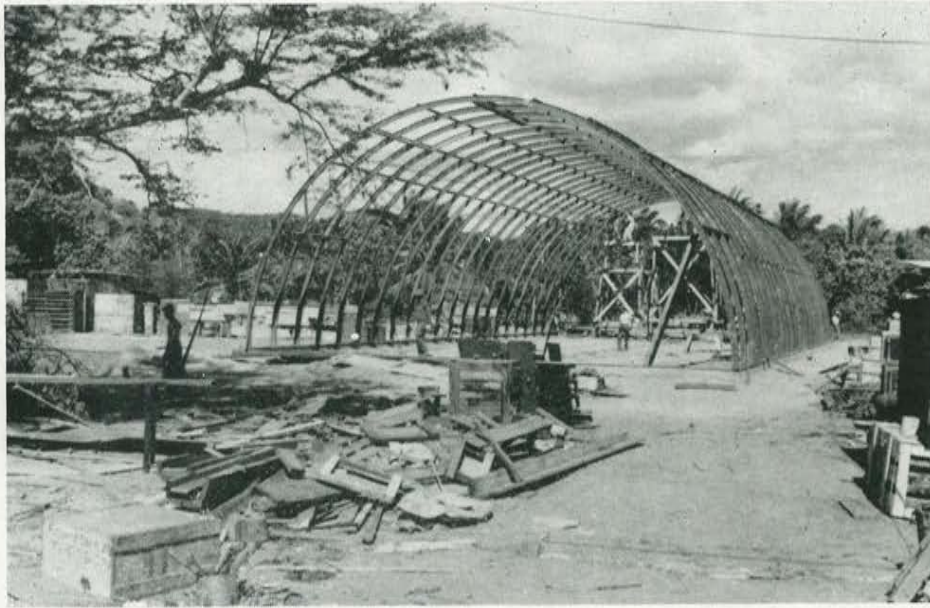
Typical Scene at Our Subic Bay Chow Hall



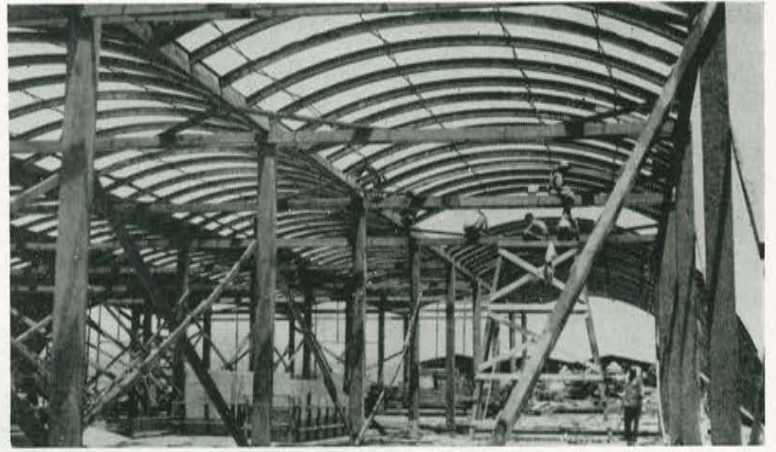
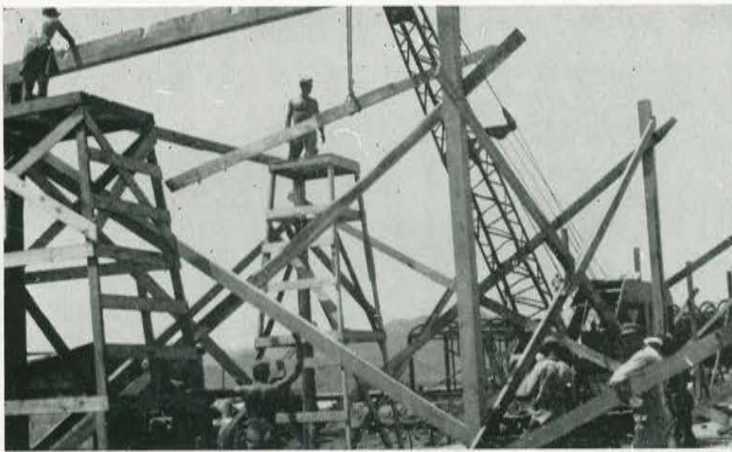




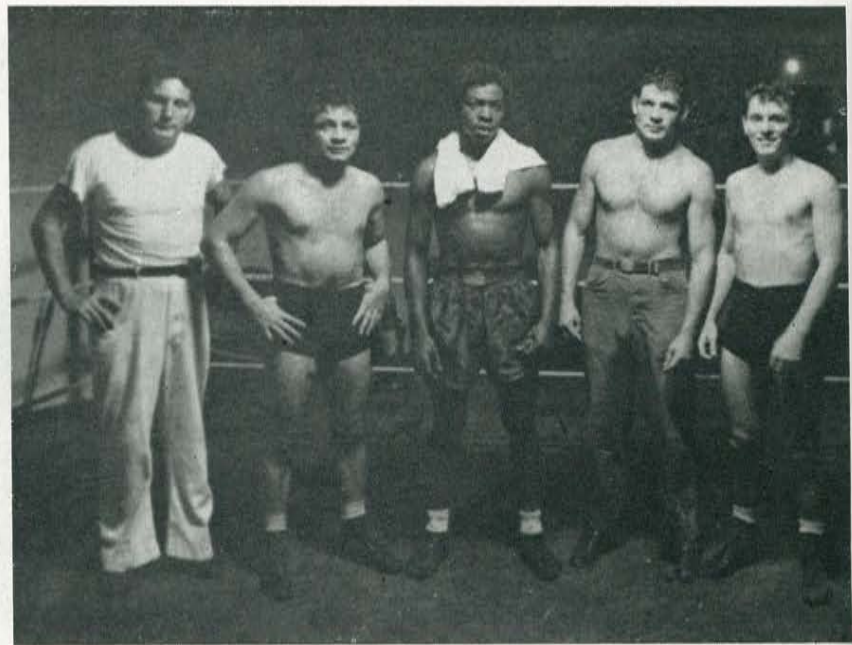




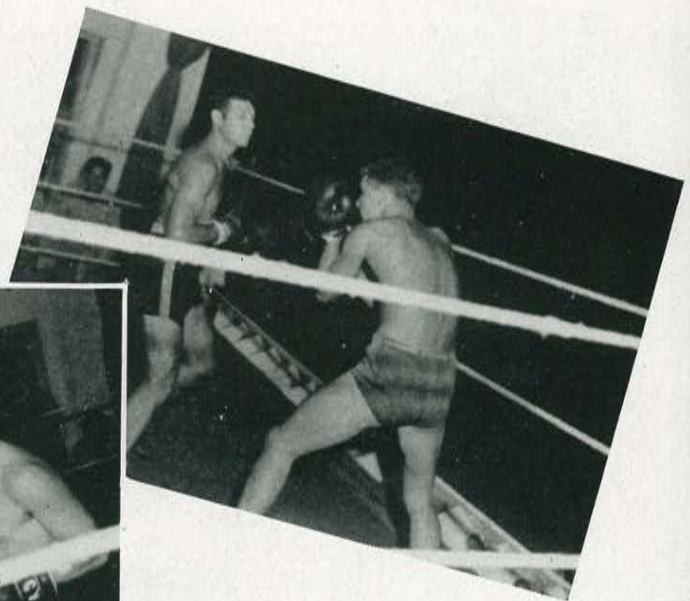
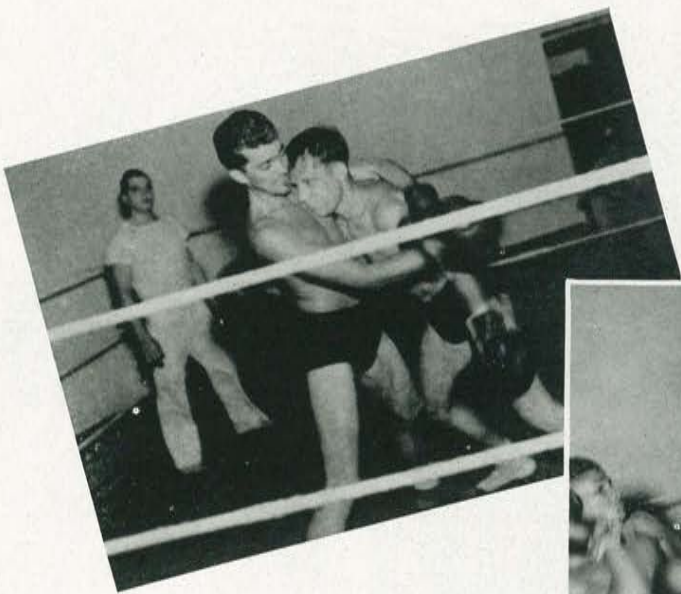
Quonset Hut Construction







Snappy Bouts at the Tropicdrome







The Old Softball Team



Volleyball at Lingayen







Our Battalion Photographers: John W. Williams and Charles P. Mellenger



Ernest Lovingood



R. M. Bisehoff

Our Former Photographers





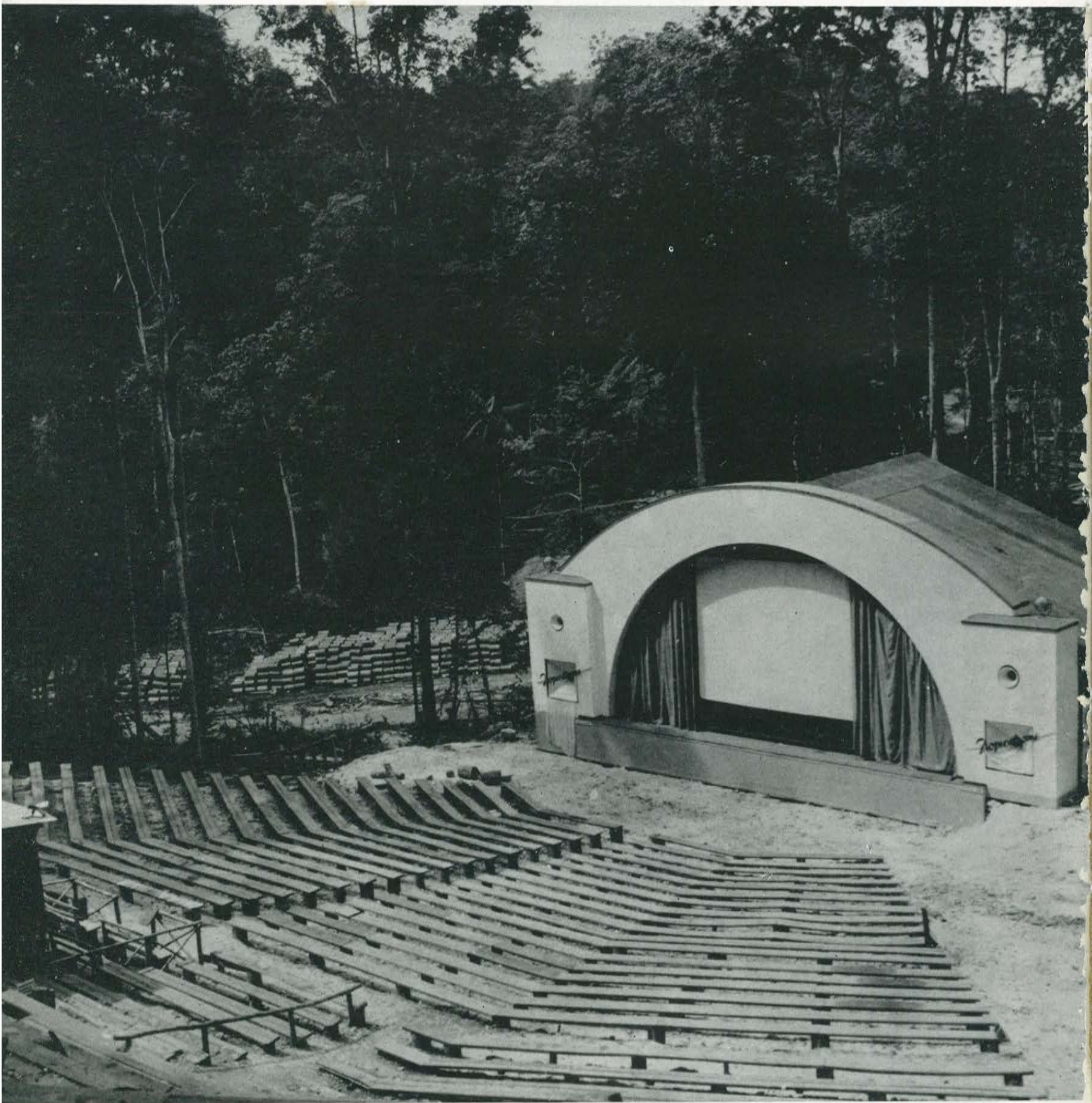
Kenney, Hinckle, Frenchy, and Pearson Hard at Work



P. A. Delaney, Editor, and Staff of "Scoop," 102nd Daily Newspaper

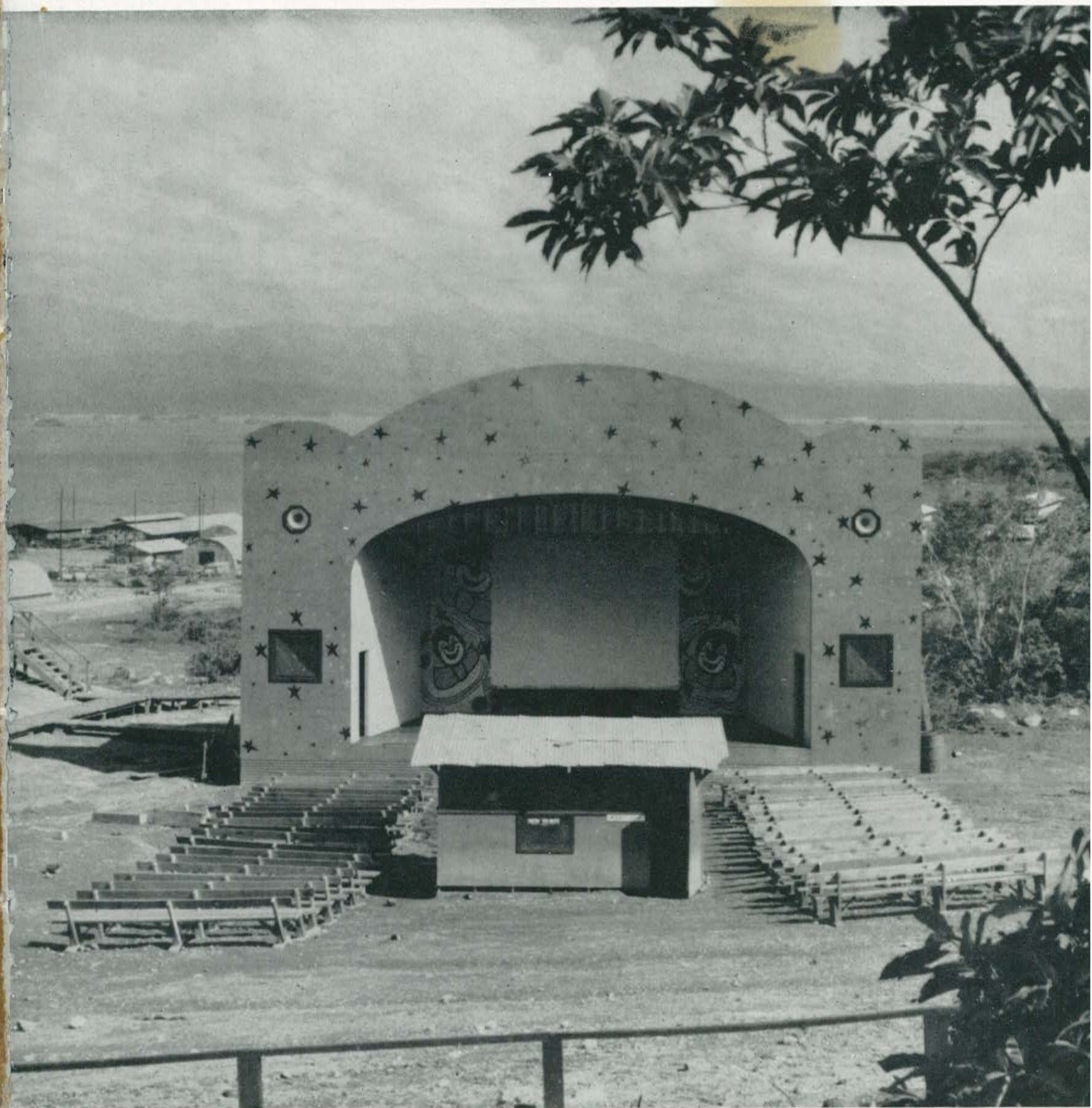






Tropicdrome Theater, Hollandia, New Guinea



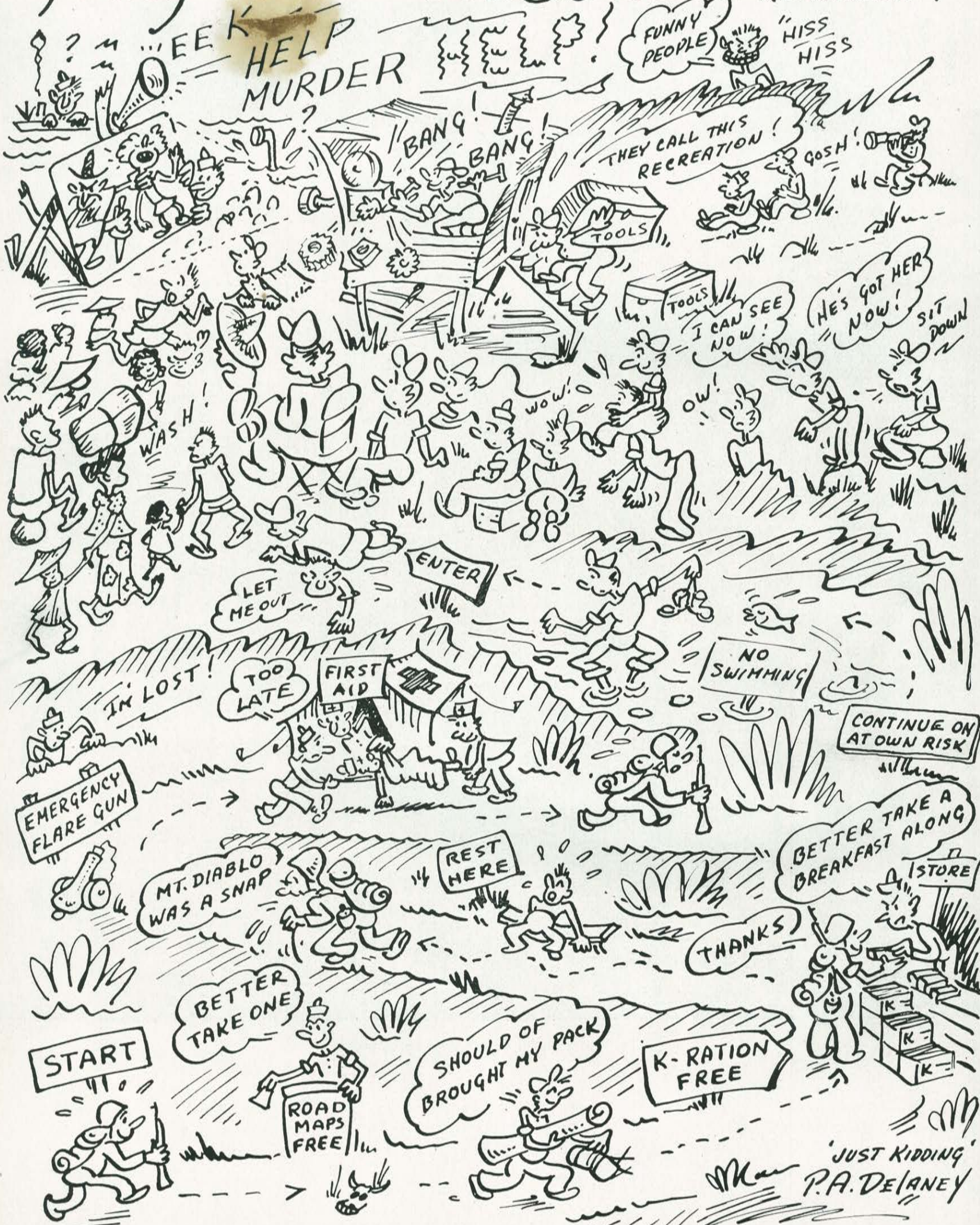


Starlight Theater, Subic Bay, Philippines



# Going to the Movies

REMEMBER ?



'JUST KIDDING'  
P.A. DELANEY





Inside the projection booth — ready to start the show



Commander Halpin presents letter of commendation to Chief Bruce Jenkins and Raymond A. Winn, SK1/c, at Hollandia.



Full house in Hollandia during the world premiere of "Marriage Is a Private Affair"





102nd Jazz Band



Special Service Show "takes a break" at the Starlight Theater



Victory Dance



Seabees pick the Queens



# Pets . . . . .



Stormy



Our six quacky friends



Cookie



Kiss, and Tell



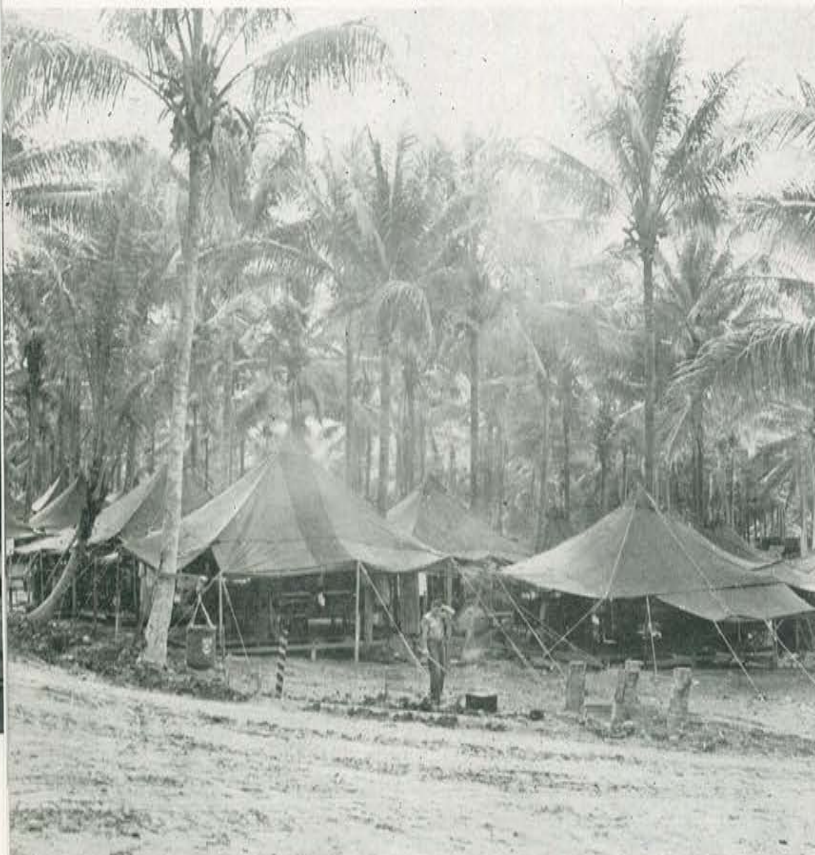
Chucky



Monkey Business

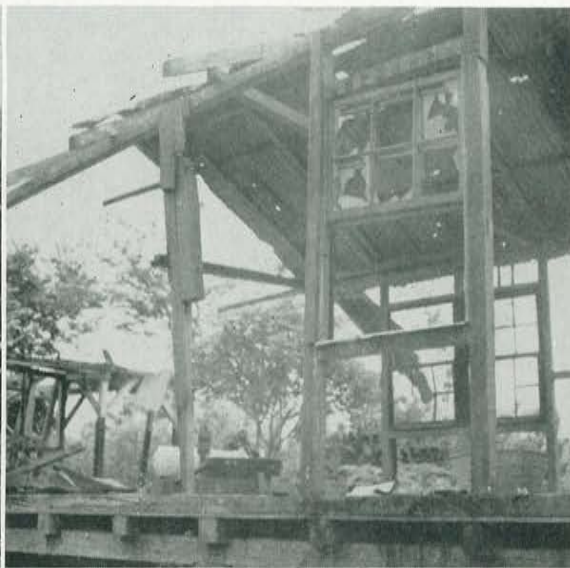


# *Shots in New Guinea*



Remember Finschhafen





*German Mission*  
**FINSCHHAFFEN**



**NATIVE GROUPS**







Wood cutting



Fishing



War canoe



Native Houses

*Shots in New Guinea*

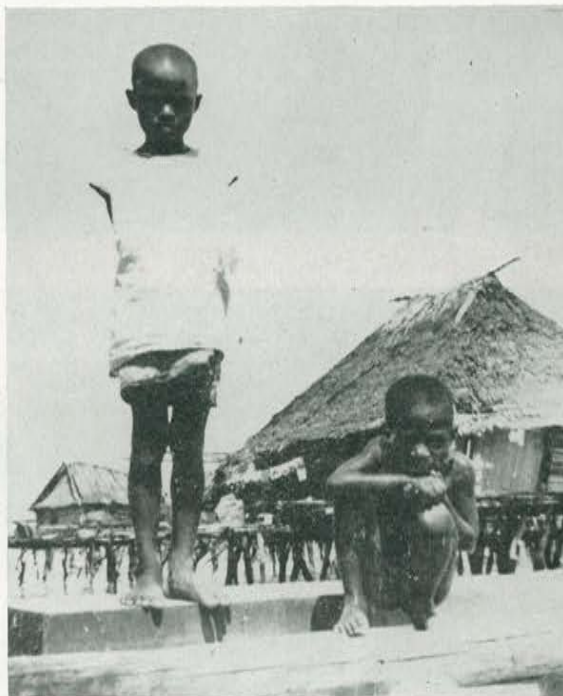




Native beauty



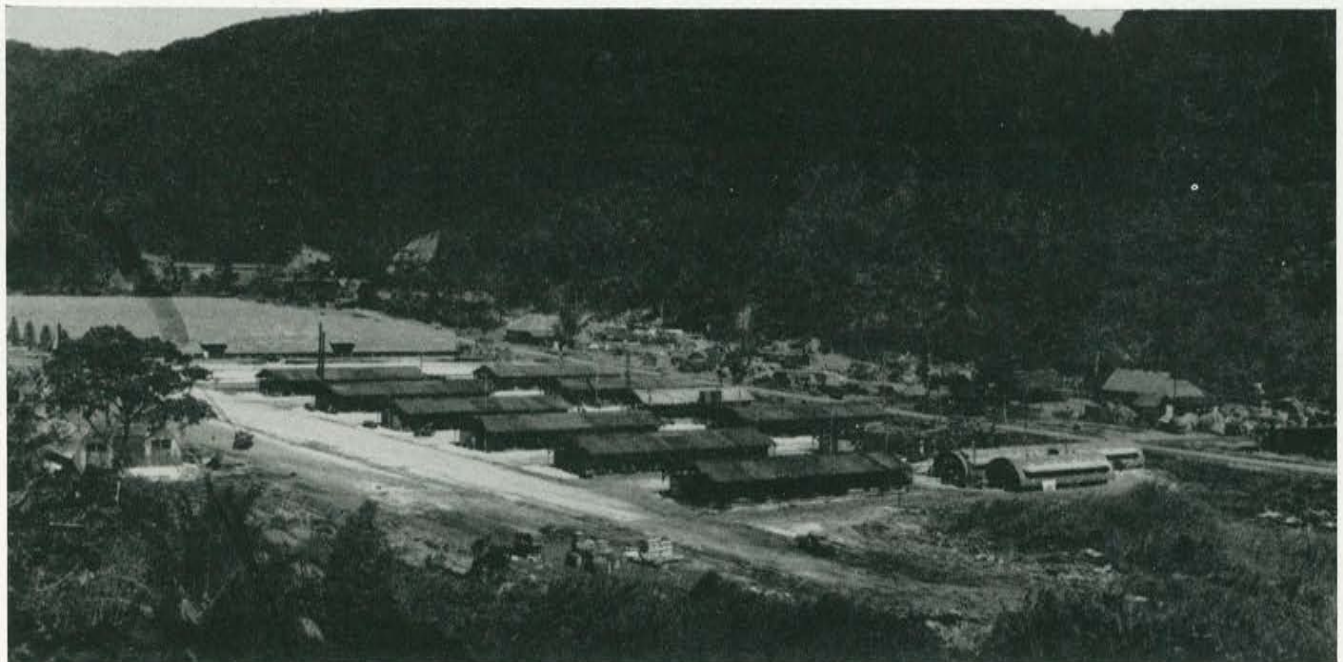
Traders



Interior village natives

*Shots in New Guinea*





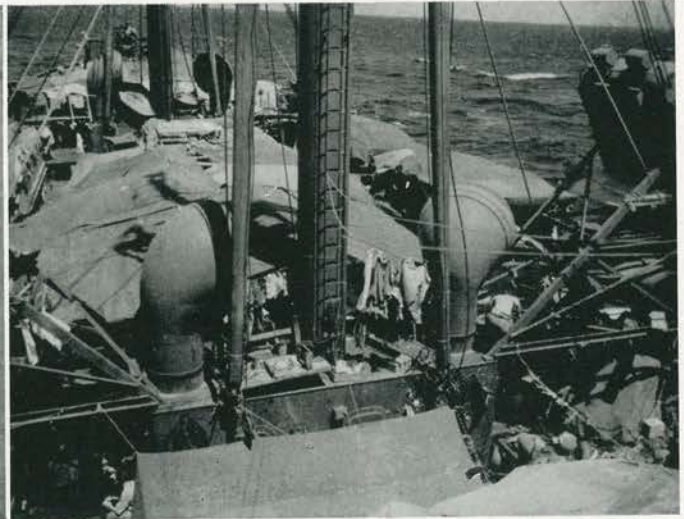
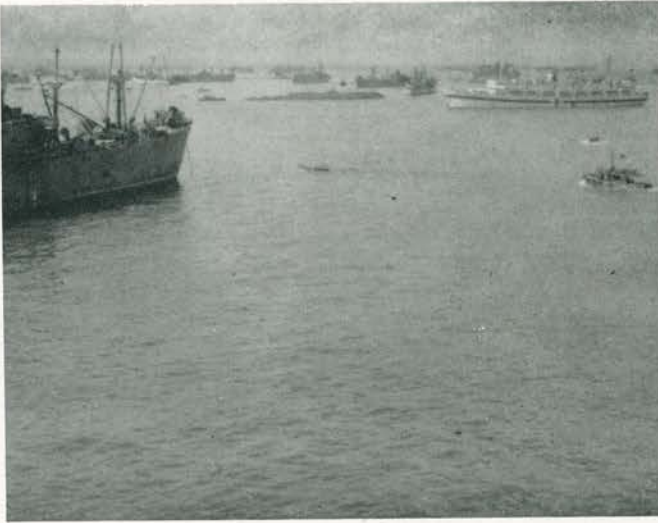
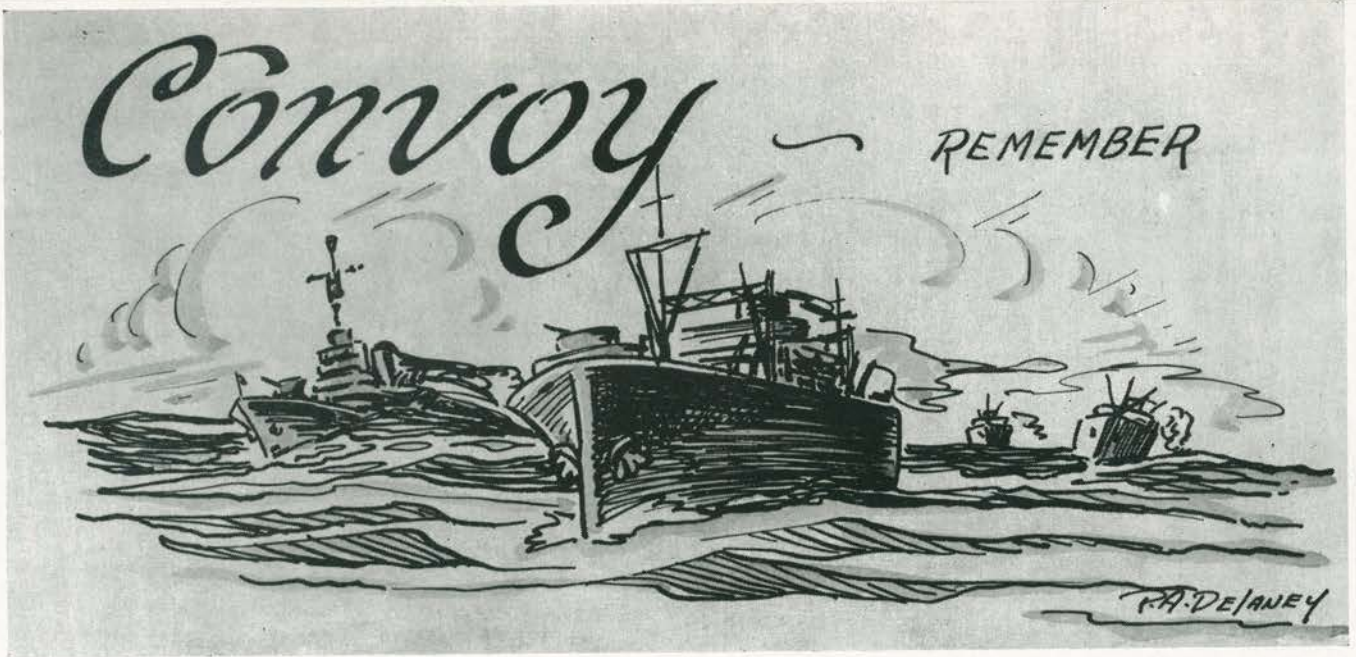
**NAVY SUPPLY BASE — HOLLANDIA VALLEY**



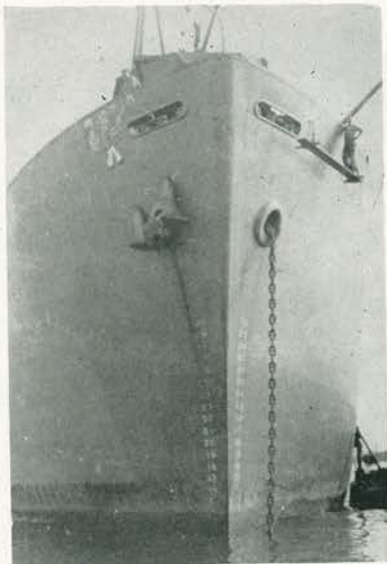


**HOLLANDIA CAMP AREA**





Shots from top deck



Delaney painting "Popeye" on  
Lewis L. Dyche

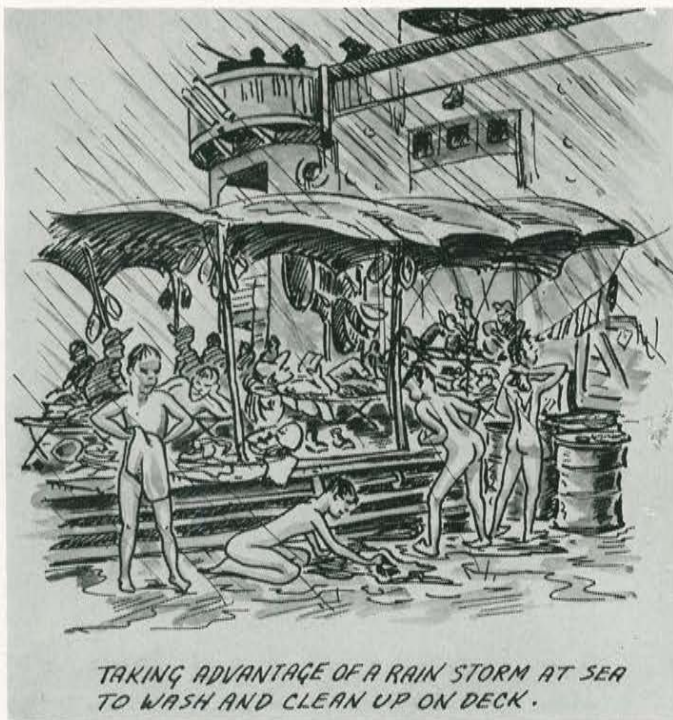


Unloading the big shovel at  
Hollandia





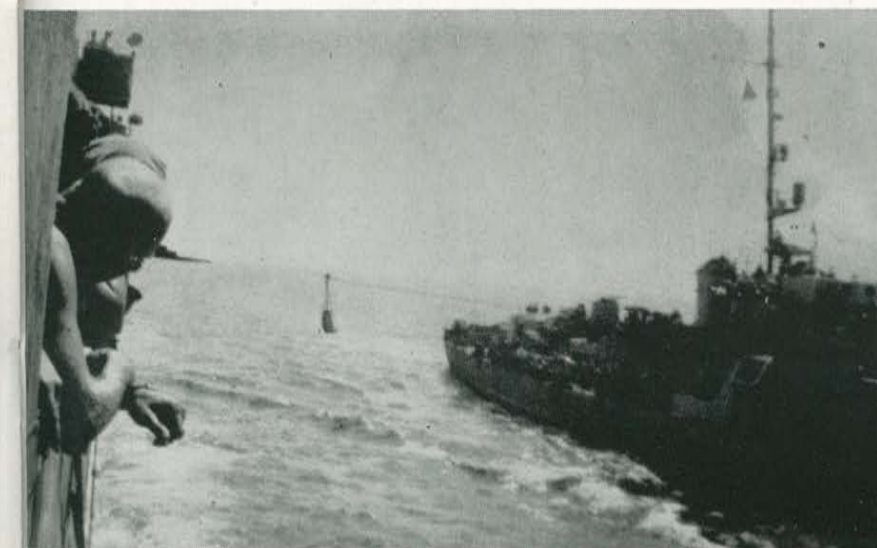
## Enroute to the Philippines



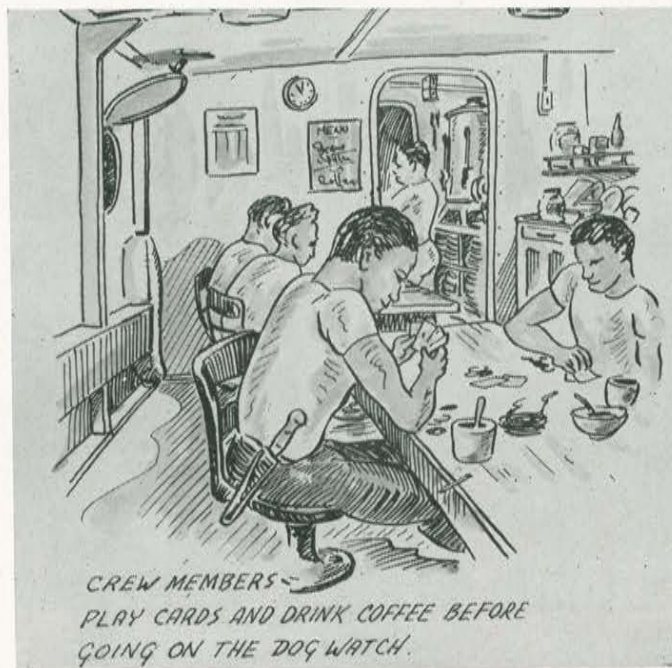
*TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A RAIN STORM AT SEA  
TO WASH AND CLEAN UP ON DECK.*



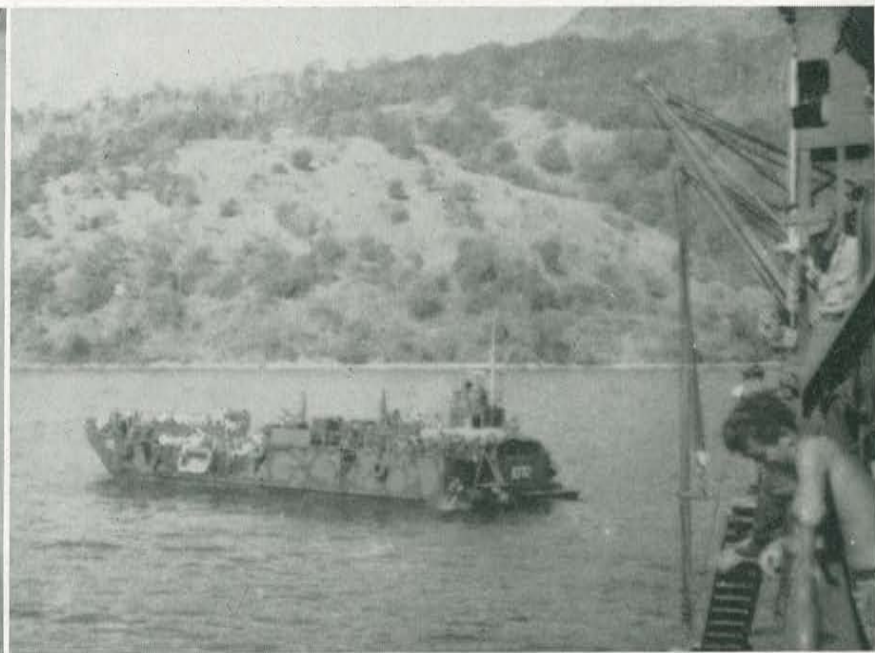
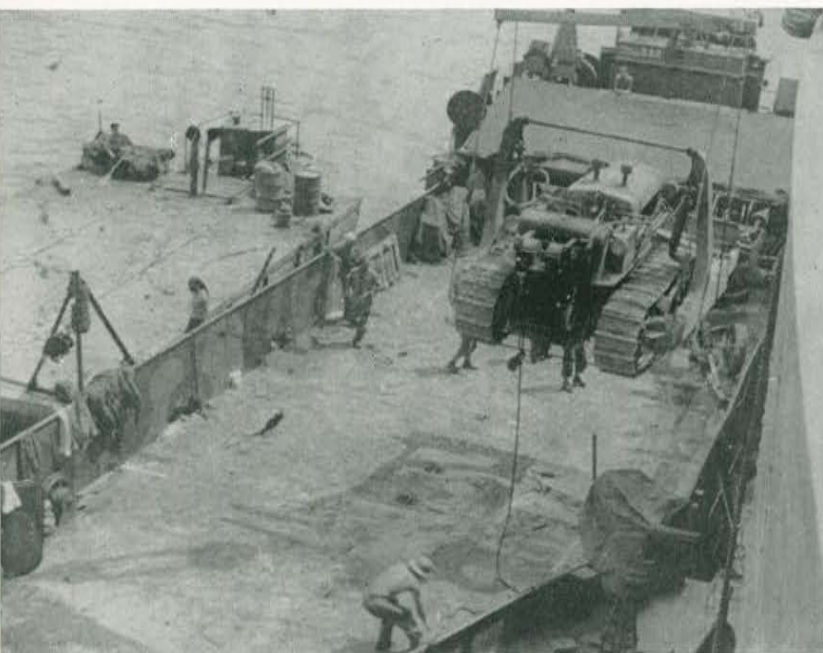
Gun Crew goes into action



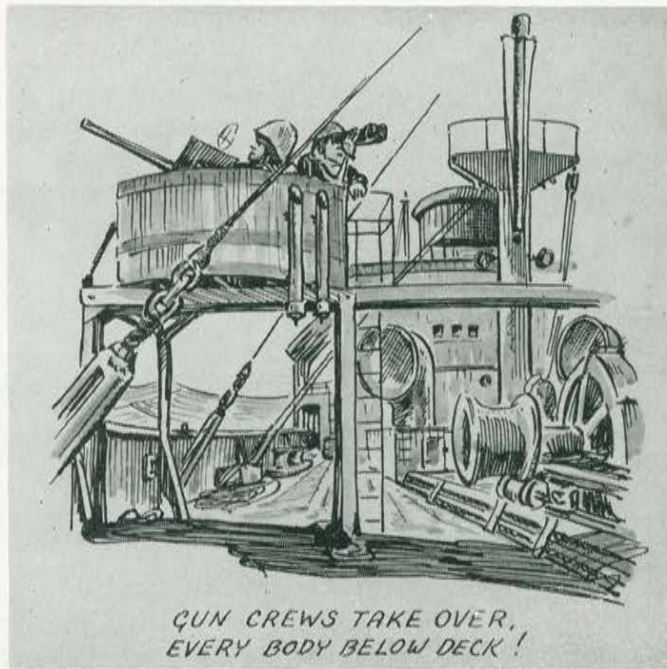




CREW MEMBERS -  
PLAY CARDS AND DRINK COFFEE BEFORE  
GOING ON THE DOG WATCH.





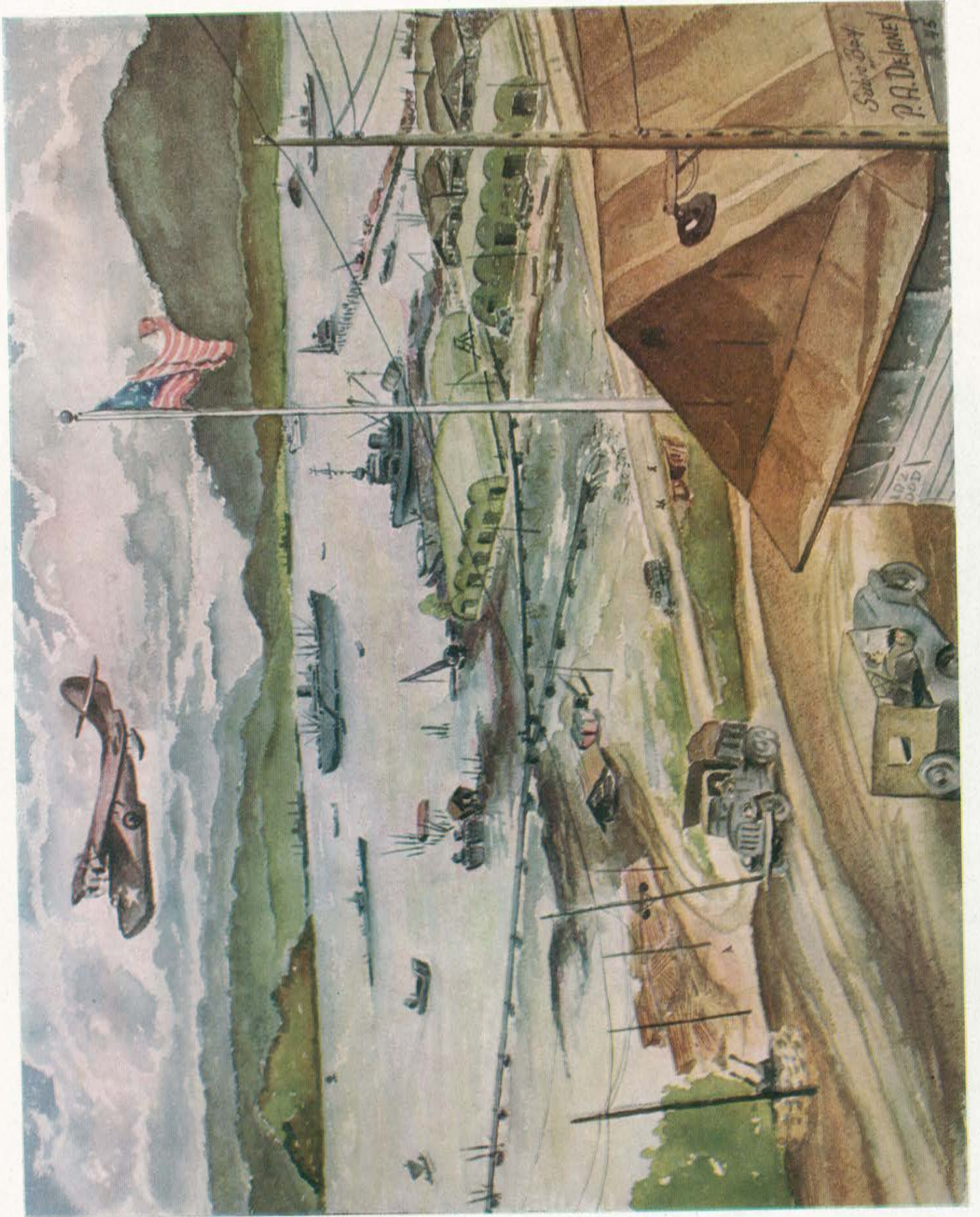


GUN CREWS TAKE OVER,  
EVERY BODY BELOW DECK!



*Going Ashore*







# *Snaps in the Philippines*











Filipino Dance Hall



A. K. Conway and Filipino Assistants Outside Labor Office

*Snaps in the Philippines*





Street Scene



Family Groups



*Snaps in the Philippines*



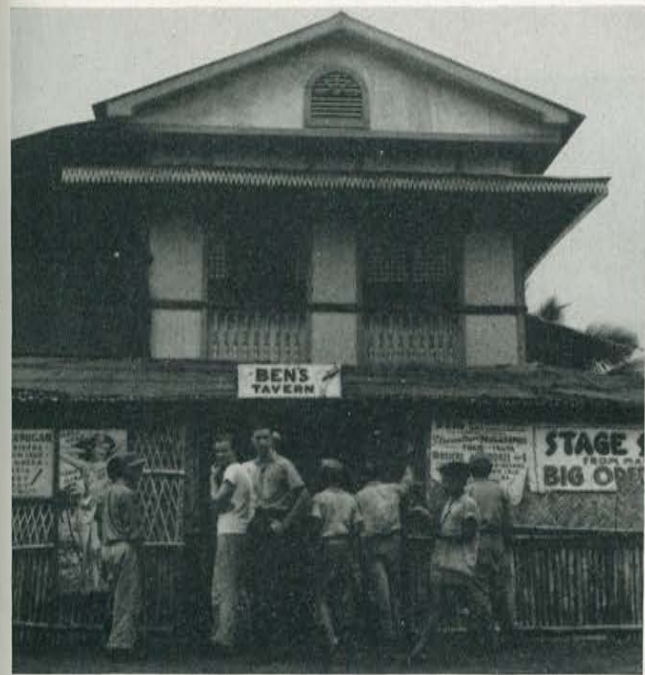






*Snaps in the Philippines*



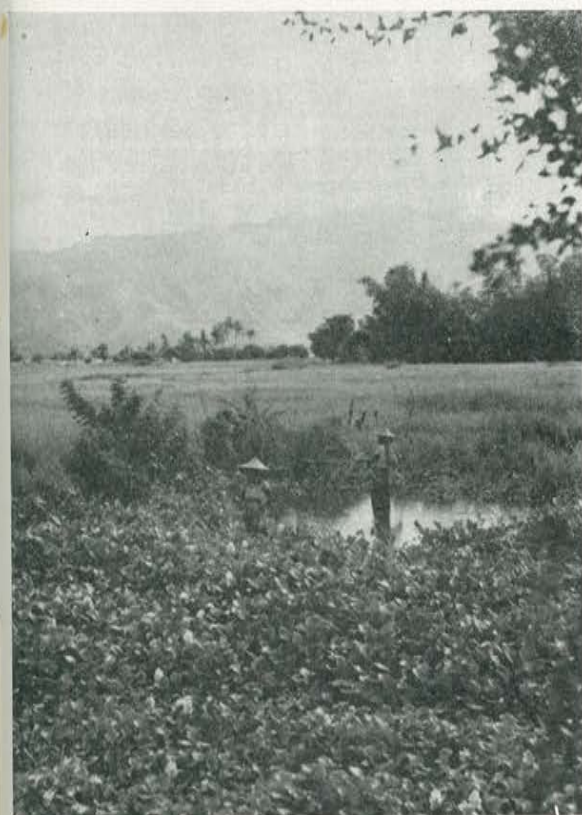


*Snapshots in the Philippines*







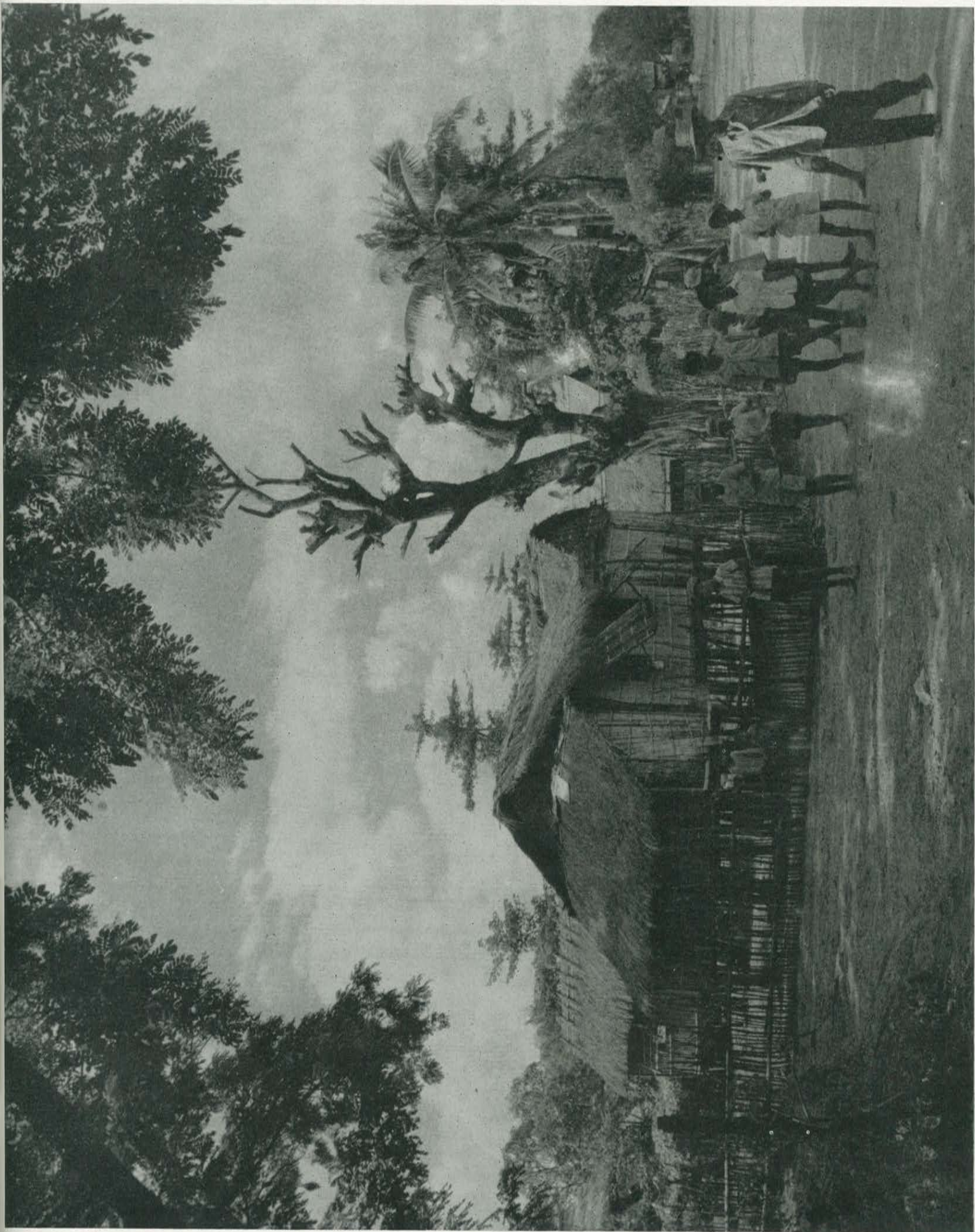


*Snapshots in the Philippines*











# SKETCHES, *from the Philippines*



*Filipino home  
on waters edge of  
Subic Bay, Luzon.*

*Banca, boats are used for fishing also  
ferry laundry girls from Subic to Camp.*



*Game-cocks' fighting*

*P.A. DELANEY*





Native Boy  
walking in his  
rain gear.



salacot

culapyao

Native Filipino Girl  
Subic, Luzon.

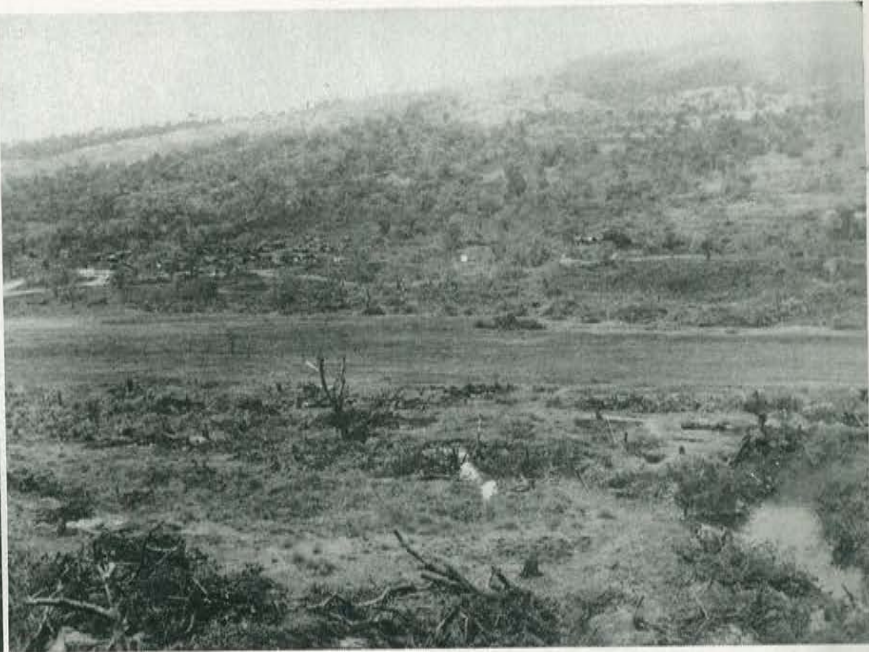


Girls  
wooden  
Shoes  
(Bakya's)

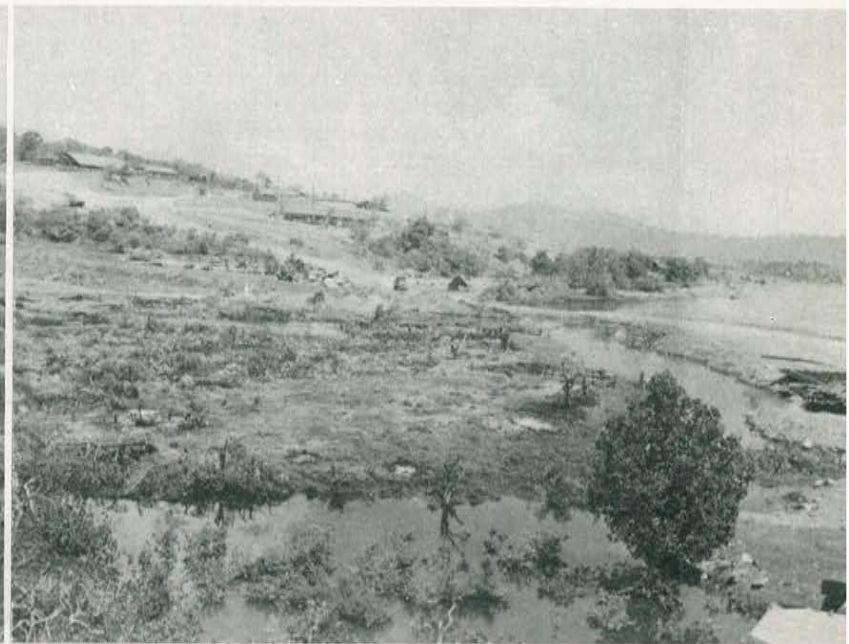
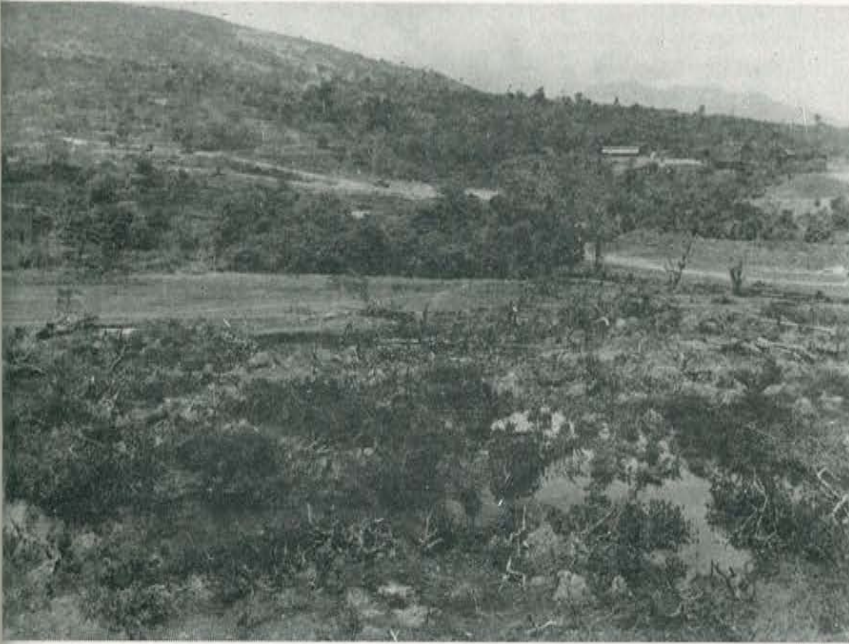


A Filipino Stove - Cooking meals on a bed-like, earth filled box, charred sticks, baked earthen ware, dried corn complete the sketch. She's preparing sweet potatoes.











# JAP Incident

The story begins at about noon on March 10th, when an Army transport, apparently in trouble, passed overhead. Flames streamed from the left motor, and just before it disappeared over the tree-tops, its occupants could be seen jumping with parachutes. Immediately, plans were set in motion for rescuing the men from the jungles.

As our camp was located near the dam that spanned the Binictigan River, some three miles southeast of Olongapo, we were the closest unit to the flyers; permission was granted by Lt. A. J. Ponzo to Chiefs J. P. Greelish and L. E. McKenzie to form searching parties to hunt for the flyers.

Greelish selected twelve men and McKenzie eleven and left the camp just as soon as pieces and ammunition could be secured. The two groups headed up Telegraph Trail and then branched out over the country-side, each on a different route, but both in the same general direction. Greelish's party, after scouring the area came upon the flyers, who had heard them coming but would not reveal their position for fear they were Japs. Finally, after a good, loud American yell, they came out. They reported that there was a fourth man in the plane, but they did not know what had happened to him. As darkness was setting in, they returned to the camp, abandoning the search until the next day.

The next morning, Commander Frost, Commander of the 24th Regiment, ordered every available man to join the second searching party. It was decided to group the men into three separate teams with each one covering a particular area. Lt. O. O. Ediger took 18 men; Lt. (j.g.) A. J. Ponzo, 13 men; and Chief A. F. Coleman, 13 men. All left together for their mission, going by truck as far as the trail permitted. Guards were left with the vehicles, and the other men proceeded along the winding path on foot with the Negrito guides out front.

Although this area was considered secure by the Army, it was a well-known fact that Jap stragglers were still hiding out in the wooded section. The countryside was spotted with thick brush punctuated by wide-open fields devoid of cover. Reaching the junction of Binictigan River and the Telegraph Trail, the order was given to stop and rest while Lts. Ediger and Ponzo decided on the next move. Finally, it was agreed that Chief Coleman's group would continue along the Trail.

After Chief Coleman's group left, the others traveled up the trail in two columns, Lt. Ediger's men out in front led by the Negritos, and Lt. Ponzo's men bringing up the rear. Just before reaching the Santa Rita River, Lt. Ediger suggested that Lt. Ponzo strike across country to the east and circle back toward the Trail. Lt. Ediger then led his men farther northeast until the river was reached. Crossing the river, they covered ravines and rises, combing the area for some trace of the missing flyer.

Just as the party was climbing a slight rise before an open stretch, it ran into a fusillade of automatic gunfire from the bushes and trees ahead. Our men immediately fanned out behind the rocks and returned the fire. A Jap dashed into the open and threw a grenade, but someone nailed him before he could regain the safety of the brush. The exchange of firing continued. Krantz dropped in the first fusillade. T. L. Manion, the medical corpsman, reached his side and, with complete disregard for his own safety, did what he could for his wounds. They were critical ones and while other Japs exposed themselves and went down under our men's fire, we were not getting off lightly. E. J. Oliver got a slug in the leg but kept fighting, finally receiving the satisfaction of emptying a full clip into a Nip who charged him. O. H. Luker and J. H. Neal were also hit in the legs but kept pitching the bullets back at the Nips. After twenty minutes of ducking lead, the fire subsided and finally stopped. The remaining Japs retired into the jungles.

The lull gave Lt. Ediger a chance to get his men back a few hundred yards so that the wounded could be treated in safety. Krantz was rapidly growing weaker. A litter for carrying him back to the Camp was made from shirts and bamboo poles. R. C. Thurmond, M. C. Souder, and C. G. Baumann volunteered to go ahead and bring back litters, ammunition, and assistance, and took off immediately. The rest of the men started the slow trek back. Krantz was on the makeshift litter, while mates were giving a hand to the other three wounded. The going was slow and difficult, and it was obvious that Krantz wouldn't last the trip. Another stop was made. It was decided that the main group would wait there while another trio was sent ahead to show their position to the rescue party. Krantz died shortly after Harry Seeley, Sam Amato, and H. E. Kipp left to meet the party from the Camp.

After Krantz died, Lt. Ediger decided it would now be safer to try to make Camp than to stay there. So again the boys moved on, carrying the three wounded on home-made litters.

In the meantime, Lt. Ponzo and his party, after leaving Lt. Ediger, had gone about 700 yards, when out into a clearing walked a lone Jap. They stalked him until close enough to be sure of their prey and then opened fire, killing him instantly. His dress and equipment indicated that he was a captain.

Continuing to comb the area, they followed a small creek that wound snake-fashion toward Telegraph Trail. Before they had traveled many yards, however, Whitey Hendricks spotted two Japs crossing the creek about two hundred yards ahead. Crouching low and using the undergrowth to screen their movements, they crept up on the pair. The Nips were standing on the opposite side of the stream, guns in hand, unaware of our men nearby. Some one fired, dropping one of the Japs, while the other ducked behind a tree, returning the fire. Chief Red Sanders was hit in the arm.





The boys raked the spot with their carbines until the answering fire stopped. Considering it safe, they went on, following the creek to Telegraph Trail and back to the Camp, and were there when Thurmond, Souder and Baumann came in revealing the trouble that Lt. Ediger's party was having.

Going back to Seeley, Amato, and Kipp—After they had started back to meet the rescue party from the Camp, they had difficulty finding the trail and followed the direction that carried them through the roughest part of the jungle. Finally, they came out near the small creek. On the opposite the area was clear except for one clump of bushes at the base of a large tree. Hidden behind it were six Japs with sights trained on the trio, and they opened fire just as our boys were half-way across. Amato fell face down in the water from the first burst, and Seeley was hit in the shoulder. Kipp was unharmed, and returned the fire. Several grenades were thrown, but missed the pair.

Kipp in the meantime kept up his firing until the Japs retired and then tried to get Seeley up. Then, they moved. Seeley wanted Kipp to return alone, but the kid refused and kept urging Seeley until he did get him under way. Finally, after what seemed ages to little Kipp, he led big, good-natured Seeley back to Lt. Ediger's party where Manion could care for his wounds.

Another attempt was made to return to camp, the start coming after the wounded had been assisted by the able. This time luck was in their favor—about two and a half miles from the Camp they met the rescue party led by Commander Frost and including doctors from Nabu Six. The Medical Officers immediately went to work on the wounded men, dressing their wounds and making them comfortable for the trip back.

At this point those returning from the fights accompanied the wounded back, while the rescue party of about thirty-five men, including Lt. Ediger, went back up Telegraph Trail to await the coming of the Army patrol which Commander Frost had requested.

About 8:00 p.m., E. J. Myers and G. M. Eggleston, carrying R. A. Hopkins who had been wounded, came down the trail and met the party. Hopkins was immediately treated and the entire party retired to the Camp, as darkness had set in and no further aid could be given that night.

At 5:30 that evening, the first trio—Thurmond, Souder, and Baumann—reached camp with the news of Lt. Ediger's plight. Lt. Ponzon's party (which had been in camp for some time), and everyone else as well, was drafted to form another rescue party. The men were very much exhausted from a long day in the field, but they joined the second trip with admirable spirit. Supplies and ammunition were gathered, and although it would soon be dark, they started up the trail without delay.

They were much more careful this time and realized the seriousness of the situation of those up ahead. Help was needed and it was their job to reach them and give it to them.

Lt. Ponzon and his twenty-nine men left a short time after the three arrived with news. They followed Telegraph Trail and then broke across country. It was just before dark when they came to the same creek that Seeley and Kip had tried to cross. Again, those same Japs opened fire on the party, hitting Thurmond, G. L. Crittenden, and Hopkins. Because of the darkness, it was hard to tell where the firing was coming from. The Japs had us spotted, but our men could not see the

Japs. The firing was so accurate that Lt. Ponzon had to give the order to retire.

How long the list of wounded was could not easily be discovered, as the return to camp was made in small groups; not until a muster could be taken later that night did we learn Krantz, Amato, Thurmond, Crittenden, Chief Coleman, Libby, Hall, and Burghardt were missing. The next morning Chief Coleman, Libby, Hall, and Burghardt returned to the camp. Chief Coleman reported that he had stayed with Thurmond until he died. The other three told how they had remained hidden all night listening as the Japs passed dangerously close to their hiding place several times.

We have listed here the names of the men who were in each party:

Lt. O. O. Ediger's party:

L. J. Ehrett	J. E. Krantz	E. K. Rotlmann
O. H. Luker	S. C. Amato	C. T. Rancour
E. J. Oliver	H. E. Seeley	E. R. Barlow
R. C. Thurmond	C. G. Baumann	J. H. Neal
A. G. Klein	H. E. Kipp	D. H. Crummie
T. L. Manion	M. C. Souder	R. Patterson

Three Negritos and two Filipinos served as guides.

Lt. (j.g.) A. J. Ponzon's party:

F. D. Sander	G. R. Duncan	W. C. Miller
C. D. Coffman	H. E. Thorn	H. Adair
L. F. Hendricks	J. E. Fairhurst	Jarrell
L. T. Sifford	E. H. Angell	Saunders (115 NCB)
	R. E. Stewart	

Chief Coleman's party:

L. E. McKenzie	R. Magilton	A. E. Shanahan
J. R. Fisher	J. A. Crow	J. D. Tatum
G. L. Crittenden	J. M. Eggleston	C. S. Massie
J. Burghardt	J. T. Edwards	E. A. Payne

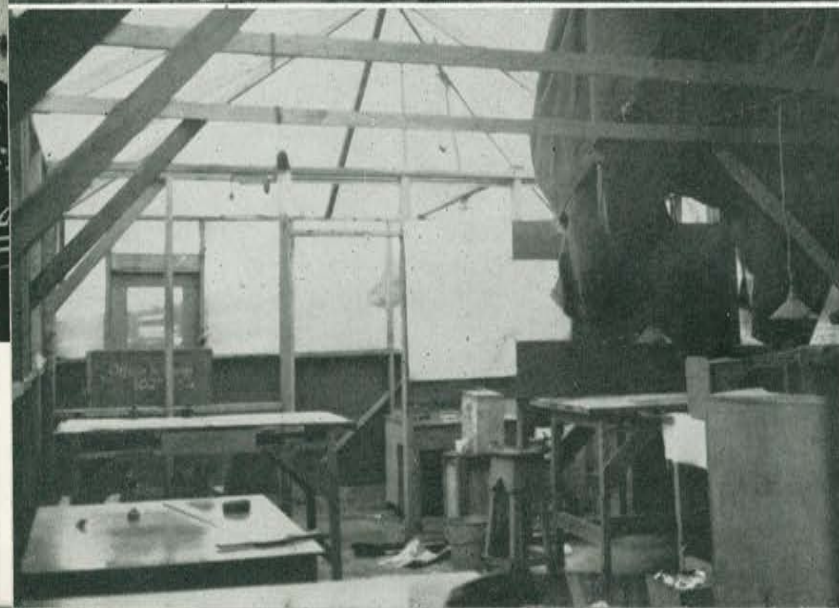
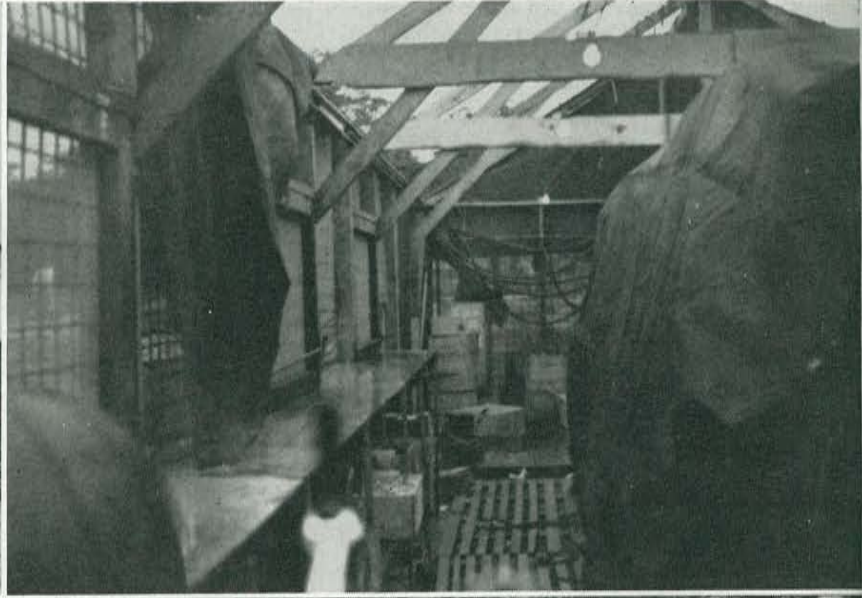
The next day, Monday, March 12th, Captain Saniford and eighty men of Company L, 152nd Battalion of the 38th Division, with Chief J. R. Fisher as their guide, searched the jungles for the missing men, but returned unsuccessful, without having seen any Japs. Lt. O. O. Ediger, Chaplain E. H. Williams, as well as two Nabu 6 doctors and thirty-two men, followed the patrol to act as litter bearers.

Again on Tuesday, March 13th, another searching party, consisting of Lt. Ediger, Chaplain Williams, Tommy Manion, Sgt. Elizio Fonseca, and 13 Filipino guerrillas went back up Telegraph Trail and found the bodies of R. C. Thurmond, G. L. Crittenden, and S. C. Amato in the creek bed. Chaplain Williams read the burial services over their bodies and then they were buried. Later, the bodies were taken to the Army Cemetery in Manila.

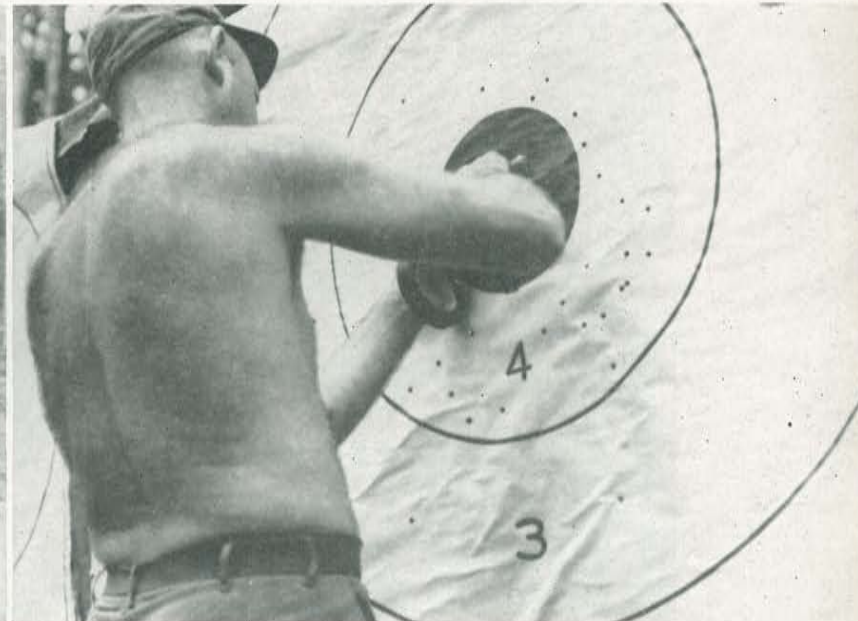
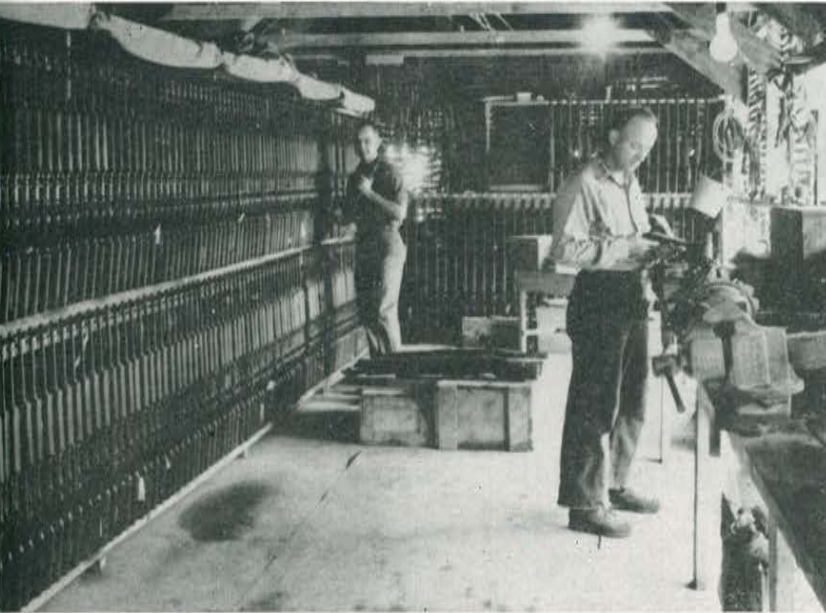
Wednesday, March 14th, Chaplain Williams, with Lt. Morrison and twenty-five soldiers, went back again to look for the body of J. E. Krantz. After some difficulty, it was found and buried, later to be moved to the Army Cemetery in Manila.



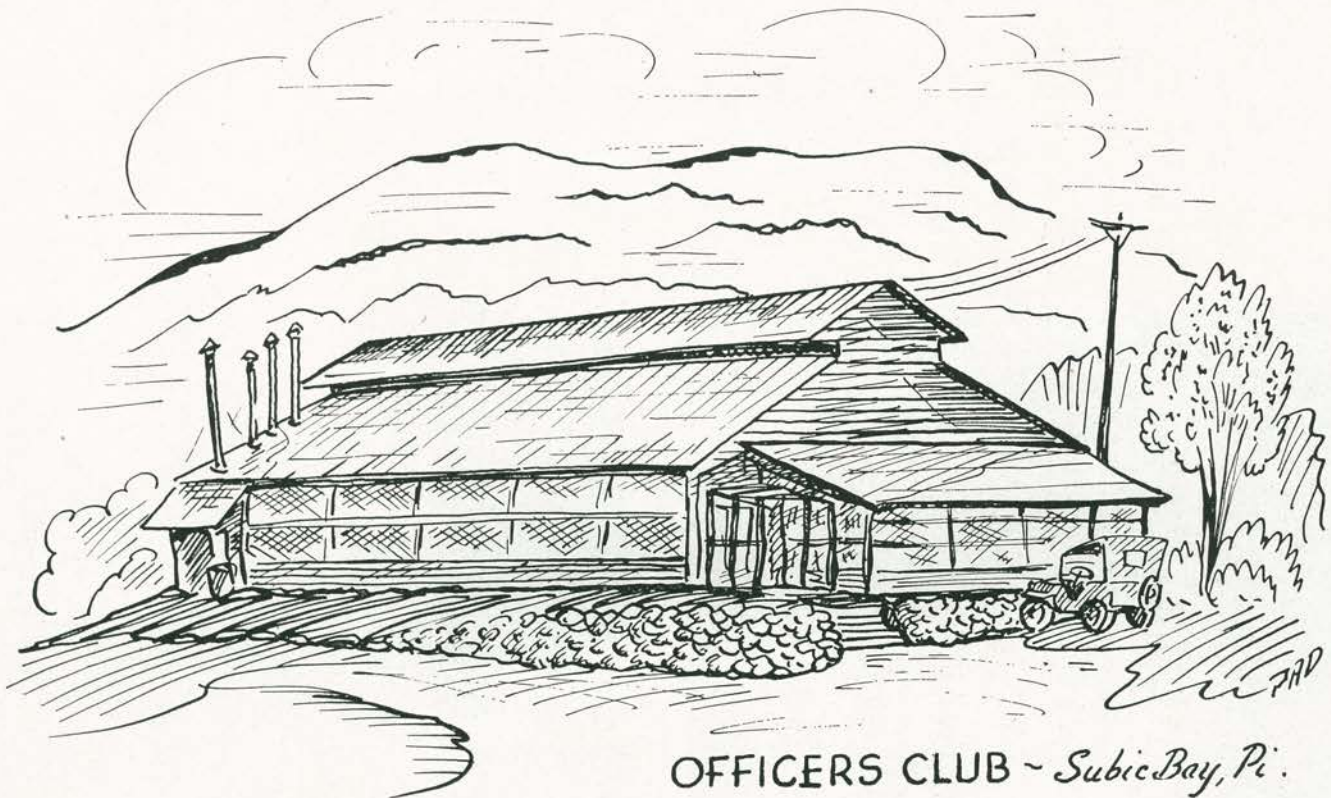












OFFICERS CLUB - *Subic Bay, Pi.*



#### OFFICERS' CLUB

What building always goes up first in every Naval establishment? Right the first time! The Officers' Club, of course. So, it occasioned no surprise when we steamed into Subic Bay on that memorable day, March 1, 1945, and found this important edifice nearing completion under the able hands of the advance detachment. Yes, there it stood on the crown of what is now known as "Snob Hill," a monument to the C.E.C.'s determination to adhere to the noble traditions and precedents of the Common Navy. Putting aside the facetious for a moment, we'll take time to acknowledge with appreciation that this building was used by all to good advantage as a general mess in the early weeks of our stay at Subic.





### C.P.O. CLUB

What building is this, so attractively located between the "B" Company head and Officer's Country? None other than the C.P.O. Mess and Club. It has well landscaped surroundings, too—you know, that "rock garden." Well, it's a "garden of rocks," anyhow. But what can you expect from a landscape artist who uses the gentle Seabee touch at the controls of a bulldozer?

The Chiefs will forget about such things, though, and remember that Sunday noon when they walked in for dinner and sat down at tables all bedecked with linen cloths and napkins. No questions, please, mates. After all, what good

is an anchor if it doesn't add weight to your "procurability" as well as to your head? They will remember some of those "Stateside" meals, cooked to a king's taste under Frank Lucito's competent supervision, and served in style by our little brown brothers. Some will remember those chummy snacks after the movies, served buffet style. Others will remember the hard time they gave the club treasurer when it came to accounting for the expenditures. But, when these memories fade, they will still remember how they left "Big Buddy" Smith to reign in regal and lonely splendor as president (and sole member) of the 102nd C.P.O. Club at Subic Bay!





# MANILA

*The Pearl City of the Orient*



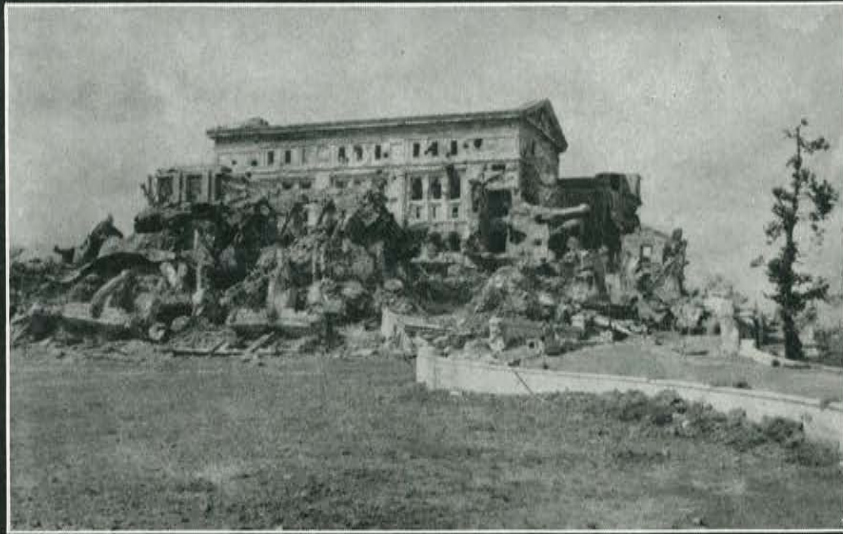








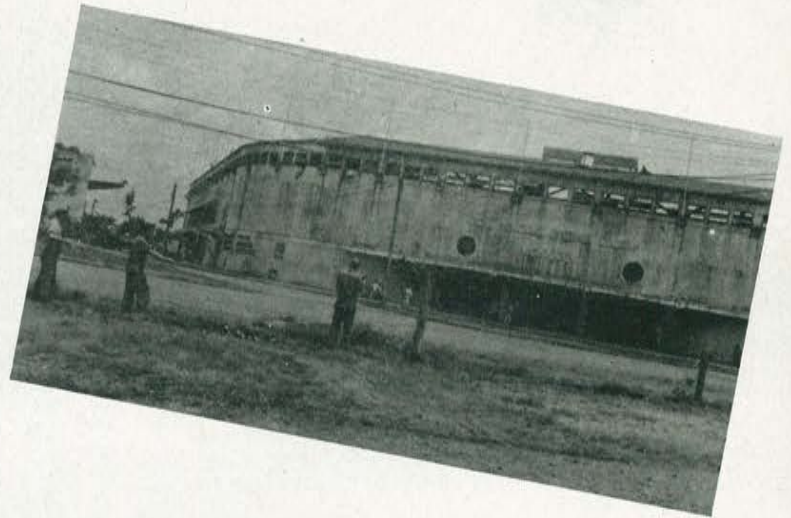
























### YOUR YEAR-BOOK STAFF

There is quite a story in the gathering of materials on Island X for the Battalion Year-Book. At times we were nearly washed and blown out of our office in the Philippines. Our materials were procured in true Seabee fashion—drawing paper and typewriters were more scarce than hen's teeth. Yet, somehow, we managed to construct the book.

Whatever success we have achieved, we owe to the following men:

**ERNEST L. LOVINGGOOD**....(CSFA).....**Photography**  
**CHARLES P. MELLENGER**....(CM1/c).....**Photography**  
**JOHN WILLIAMS** .....(SF2/c).....**Photography**  
**L. M. WILKINSON**.....(CM2/c) ..**History of Battalion**

We sincerely hope our work will accomplish its purpose in giving you a Battalion Year-Book to be proud of.

**PAUL A. DELANEY (Ptr1/c)**  
**Managing Editor**





Well!  
Here's Where  
the Fun Starts!

Pop' Brake—"When I was a little boy I didn't tell lies."

H. Martin—"How old wuz you when you started?"

The big business man had died and gone to—well, not to heaven, but hardly had he settled down to a nice, long smoke when a hardy hand slapped him on the back, and into his ear came the voice of a persistent salesman who had pestered him much on earth.

"Well, Mr. J. W. Smith," chortled H. M. Sharkey (the salesman). "I'm here for the appointment."

J. W. Smitty—"What appointment."

H. M. Sharkey—"Why, don't you remember? Every time I entered your office on earth, you told me you'd see me here!"

Hendershot—"Did Frances blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

O. G. Greene—"I didn't see her face."

Gustafson—"Hey what time is it by your watch?"

J. Angel—"Quarter to."

Gusty—"Quarter to what?"

Angel—"I don't know—times got so bad I had to lay off one of the hands."

It was one hot summer day as "Big Buddy—Smith" rode across the dusty plains of Texas aboard an ancient passenger train. Windows were open, dust and smoke rolled into the coaches, and Buddy's tongue was blistering. For hours he suffered. Suddenly he dashed into the adjoining car, shouting:

"Hey, has anybody got a drink? Quick! Has anybody got a drink? A woman just fainted!"

Two men slipped bottles from their hip pockets. Big Buddy grabbed the bottles and drained the contents. Smacking his lips, and breathless, he handed the bottles back with a grateful sigh:

"Thanks, Mister, it sure makes me nervous to see a woman faint."

So one reptile said to another: "Now that the world has produced such monstrosities as Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini, maybe people won't speak so ill of us ordinary snakes."

Joe Skelly says the ten greatest men in the world are:

- The Brooklyn Dodgers . . . 9
- Roy Rogers . . . 1
- Mike Winters—"Spell 'straight'."
- Chas. Walker—"S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T."
- Winters—"Correct, what does it mean?"
- Walker—"Without soda."

A bachelor is a man who has been crossed in love, and a married man is one who has been double-crossed.

Seabee, Registration Office—"Have you any references?"

Applicant—"Sure, here's the letter: 'To whom it may concern—Joseph Wilfred Flynn worked for us two days and were we satisfied.'"

Christofani says:  
"A Sultan at odds with his harem,  
Thought of a way he could scar'em;  
He caught him a mouse,  
Let it loose in the house,  
Thus starting the first harem-scarem."

First Wac—"I certainly should have joined the WAVES to get a husband."

Second Wac—"Why is that?"

First Wac—"Ten of my girl friends joined the WAVES three months ago. Now they write they're all about to become machinists' mates."

Chief Goodwin—"I'm putting this rivet in the correct position; when I nod my head, hit it real hard with the hammer."

"Whity" Hendricks did. The chief woke up next day in the hospital.

J. Ordvnecky walked into a restaurant on liberty across the bay.

A waitress said: "What will you have, sir?"

"I'll take the best—your \$3.50 dinner!" he replied expansively.

"On white or rye?" asked the waitress.

Nick Ferrara—"Do you know that my middle initial is Q?"

Cameron—"What's the Q for?"

Nick Ferrara—"Well, when I was born my father took one look at my mama and said, 'Let's call it quits!'"

Bob Lowe says, "Spring is here when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts that the women had been thinking about all winter."

Olen—"Does this package belong to you? The name's obliterated."

Pat—"Sure, and it can't be mine. My name is Hooligan."

"I can't marry him, mother," said the sad girl, "he's an atheist and doesn't believe there is a hell."

"Marry him, my dear," said the mother, "and between us we will convince him that he is wrong."

Commander—"Name one important thing we have in the Navy now that we didn't have a hundred years ago."

Chief Pritts—"Me!"

Working on a bulldozer, A. Newton caught his coat in a revolving wheel, was whisked up and whirled round and round until Chief Nichols managed to switch off the machine. Newton dropped, and up rushed the Chief. "Speak to me, speak to me," he pleaded.

Newton looked up, "Why should I?" he said, "I passed you six times and you didn't speak to me."

Farmer—"Be this the Woman's Exchange?"

Woman—"Yes."

Farmer—"Be ye the woman?"

Woman—"Yes."

Farmer—"Well, then I think I'll keep Maggie."

Two Seabees (McDonald and Bob Magelton) were comparing their ideas about cities.

"San Francisco," said McDonald, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world." "Oh, no it's not," said Bob. "I've been in a place much foggier."

"Where was that?" asked McDonald.

"I don't know where it was," replied Bob, "it was so foggy."

Golomb swears he's never been kissed or loved or nothing. No wonder he swears.

Babbitts—"Those cakes are as hard as stones."

Paul Hall—"I know it. Didn't you hear Chief Slater say 'take your pick' when he brought them out?"

H. Gray—"These eggs just arrived from the States."

Hazlett—"I know, but they're in a h— of a state now."

"Curley" Shaw—"But darling, if I marry you, I'll lose my job."

WAC—"Can't we keep our marriage a secret?"

Shaw—"But suppose we have a baby?"

WAC—"Oh, we'll tell the baby, of course."

Sprague—"How far is it to the next village?"

Oliver Reed—"Wal, it's about 24,865 1/2 miles the way your heading but if you turn around, it's only about two miles."

Ned Clayton—"When my girl and I get married, we're going to South Africa to see what it's like."

Chief Jones—"Silly, it's the same wherever you go."

"I know that Seabee Dougan is the man for me, mother. Every time he takes me in his arms, I can hear his heart pounding."

"Better be careful, daughter, your Pa fooled me that way for six years with a dollar watch."

Stanley Dort—"The cad' gives off with poetry, quote . . .

I think that I shall never see

A girl refuse a meal that's free;

A girl with hungry eyes not fixed

Upon a drink that's being mixed;

A girl that doesn't like to wear

A lot of junk to match her hair.

Girls are loved by mugs like me

'Cause we don't like to hug a tree.

Wow!!!

Hopkins was telling his friend of his narrow escape from the Japs in the hills.

"The bullet went in my chest and came out of my back."

Friend—"But it would go through your heart and kill you."

Hopkins—"My heart was in my mouth at the time."



"The thing for you to do," said Doctor Dahl to Bud Mangus suffering from homeritus, "is to stop thinking about yourself—to bury yourself in your work."

"Gosh," replied Bud, "and me on a concrete mixer."

Chief Culpepper, paying his first visit to the seashore, asked a boatman if he could buy some of the water to take home and show his wife. The boatman gave him a quart and charged him a dollar. A few hours later, Culpepper returned to the shore. By now, the tide had gone out, and he gazed open-mouthed at the spectacle. "Gee mister," he said, "You've done a good business today."

Chief Fishman says, "Never go into the water after a good meal for you'll never find it there."

"So your boy is in the Seabees now, Mrs. Tees?"

"Yes, they've made him a gunner's mate an' that's what he's always been!"

"Always been a gunner?"

"Yes, ever since he's been a little boy, he's been 'gunner do this' an' 'gunner do that,' but he never did anything worth while!"

Sweeney—"So, you met your wife at a dance. Wasn't that nice?"

N. Lorenz—"No, embarrassing as the dickens. I thought she was home taking care of the kids."

Chaplain—"Now, is there any man here tonight who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

(A little Seabee rose to his feet.)

Chaplain—"Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?"

Seabee—"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you said slaughtered."

Samartino—"What animal is most noted for its fur?"

Bucciaglia—"Th' Skunk; th' more fur you get away from him th' better it is fur you."

"My boy friend is getting along swell in the Seabees," said Mary. "He hit a Chief the other day and they've made him a court martial."

The Chaplain, traveling on one of those combination train-trolleys in L.A. that stops at every station, was reading the Bible.

"Find anything about the railroad in that book?" asked the conductor as he reached for the Chaplain's ticket.

"Yes," replied the Chaplain. "In the very first chapter, it says that the Lord made every creeping thing."

Brophy says:

It's easy to be pleasant

And to spend all your time being jolly

But the mate worth while

Is the mate who can smile

When his wife finds a letter

Signed "Love Dolly."

Bob Patterson says—There was a little country gal back home who always went out with the city fellows because farms hands were too rough.

Chief Hansen—"You ought to have a foot locker."

Chief Cotton—"What for?"

Chief Hansen—"Why, to put your clothes in."

Chief Cotton—"What! An' go naked?"

L. Allen—"Just between you and me and the lamp post, what do you see in that girl?"

Suggs—"Not a thing. But with the girl between me and the lamp post—well . . . it's a different story."

Patrick and a gal were necking in the park when an S.P. shined his flashlight in their eyes and told them to 'cut it out.'

"She's my wife," said the Seabee.

"Oh, I didn't know that," said the S.P.

"Neither did I," answered Patrick, "until you turned on your flashlight."

A draftee called up for examination claimed exemption on the ground of poor eyesight—and brought his wife along as evidence.

Many a Seabee would like to drown his troubles, but can't get the Chief to go in swimming.

Kenney—"Do you know who was the first electrician?"

Hinkle—"No, who?"

Kenney—"Adam. He furnished spare parts for the first loud speaker."

"I'd like a couple of hard boiled eggs to take out," said Grassi to the girl at the lunch counter.

"All right," replied the girl with a smile, "but you'll have to wait. Tillie and me don't get off 'til eleven."

Kinniery—"I want a tooth brush."

Gossett—"What size?"

Kinniery—"The biggest and best you got . . . there's six other guys in my tent."

Tully—"What did you say this meat was?"

Mulvihill—"Spring Lamb."

Tully—"I believe you. I've been chewing on one of the springs for an hour."

Mohn and Dawson were sitting in what had evidently been their favorite bar-room. Since their stay overseas the old place had been done over completely and was now modernized.

Dawson—"The place sure looks swell here now, but I miss the old spittoon."

Mohn—"Yes, Russ, you always did."

Lieutenant Hart—"I said, do you have A.C. or D.C. current here?"

(Operator) Scottie—"One moment, Sir." (After a moment or two, Scottie returned to the phone.)

Scottie—"Hello, Sir."

Lieutenant Hart—"Yes."

Scottie—"I am sorry, Sir, but we don't have a Mr. Current here at all, either A. C. or D. C."

Woodward—"Did you tell her when you proposed to her that you were unworthy of her? That always makes a big hit."

Houle—"I was going to . . . but she told it to me first."

Commander—"I'm asking for more electricity over here, do you understand?"

Strack—"Yes, Sir; more power to you."

Conoglio says—We never used to be able to find Grandma's glasses but now she leaves them where she empties them.

"I have a pain in my abdomen," said Red See, the Chaplain's Yoeman, to Doctor Dahl.

"Young man," replied the doctor, "officers have abdomen's, chiefs have stomachs; you have a bellyache."

When Johnny and Mary were young, Johnny was crazy about sailors and Mary was wild about painted dolls. My—how things have changed since then!

I'm all done with dames, they cheat and they lie

They prey on us males to the day that they die.

They tease and torment us and drive us to sin

Say! Look at the blonde that just came in!

Thomasson

Chief Slater says—Making love is like making a pie—all you need is a lot of crust and a lot of applesauce.

Lieutenant Maroney says—A priority is something which gives you an option to ask for something which you know you are not going to get anyhow.

Zulo—"Are ya free this morning?"

"Well, not exactly free," she said coyly, "but very expensive."

(Tiny) Goss—"I want my money back! Look at these blue dungarees."

Carter—"What's wrong with them?"

Tiny—"You told me the color was fast. Why, it came out in the very first washing!"

Carter—"My, that certainly was fast, wasn't it?"

De Luca—"I am going to make you a present of this old mandolin."

Dayton—"Ya mean it's an out-and-out gift?"

De Luca—"Yes, you can see there are no strings to it."

Gustafson—"Do you think they will send me home?"

Chief Peters—"Not unless we are invaded."

"Have you put the little sailors on the table yet?"

"Little sailors?"

"Yes, the goblets."—Ahem!

Arcement (Frenchy) was being given a blood test by Junior at the sick bay. After jabbing him a dozen times before completing the job, he made no move to leave.

Junior—"Well, what are you waiting for?"

Frenchy—"The poipul heart."

Jack Love—"Is your horn out of order?"

Reuter—"No, it's just indifferent."

Jack Love—"What do you mean—indifferent?"

Reuter—"It simply doesn't give a hoot. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Ferguson calling on "Scottie" Graham knocked and asked him to open the door. "Can't—door's locked," Scottie said.

"Well, unlock it," Ferguson requested.

Scottie—"Can't, I've lost the key."

Ferguson—"What will you do if there is a fire?"

Scottie—"I won't go."

Voice from rear seat of taxi:

Chief Wehner—"I say, driver, what's the idea of stopping?"

Driver—"I thought I heard some one tell me to."

Wehner—"Drive on. She wasn't talking to you."

Lt. Ponzio—"Did the new play have a happy ending?"

Flores—"Oh, sure, everybody was glad when it was over."



*SNAPS... here and there*







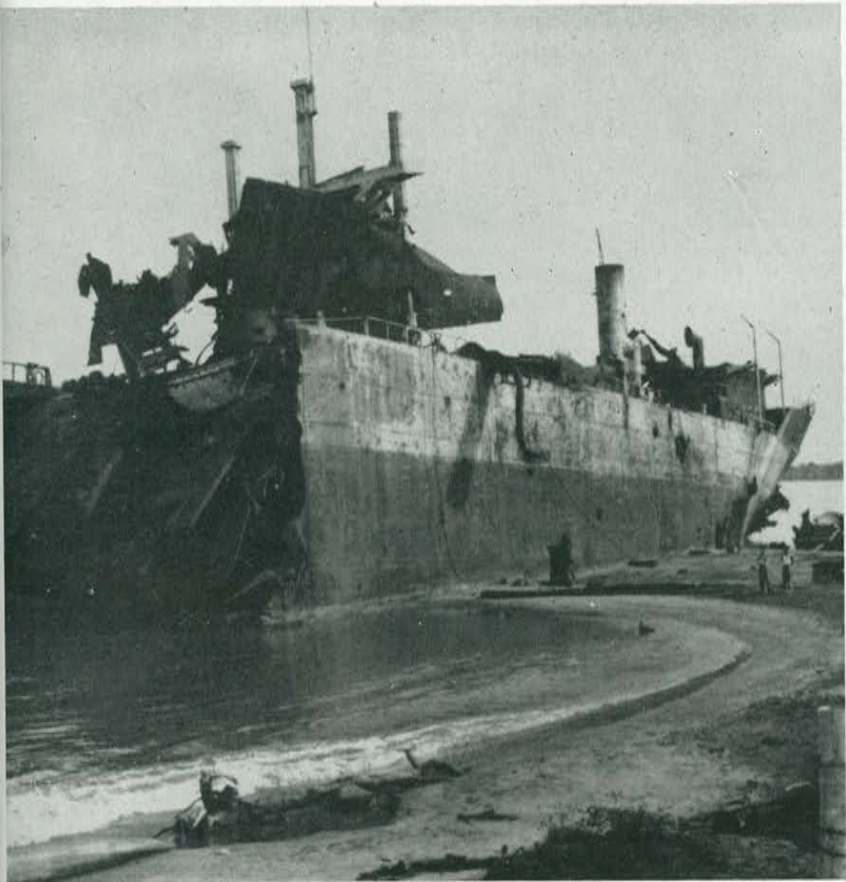




"Tiny" Goss



Marine railway at A.T.C.



Jap Hull







Christmas in New Guinea



Ice cream and cake





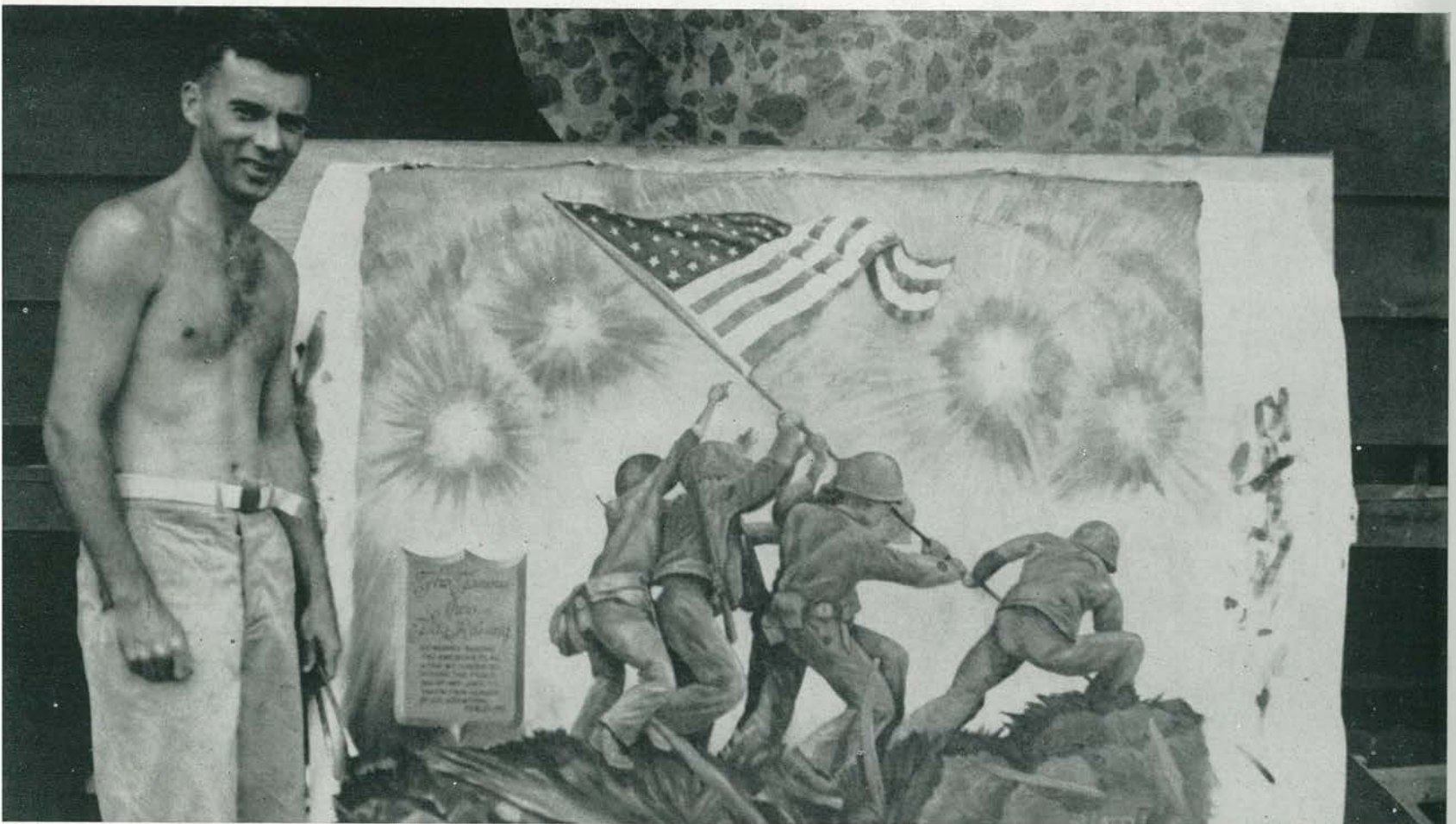


NEW GUINEA AREA SHOTS



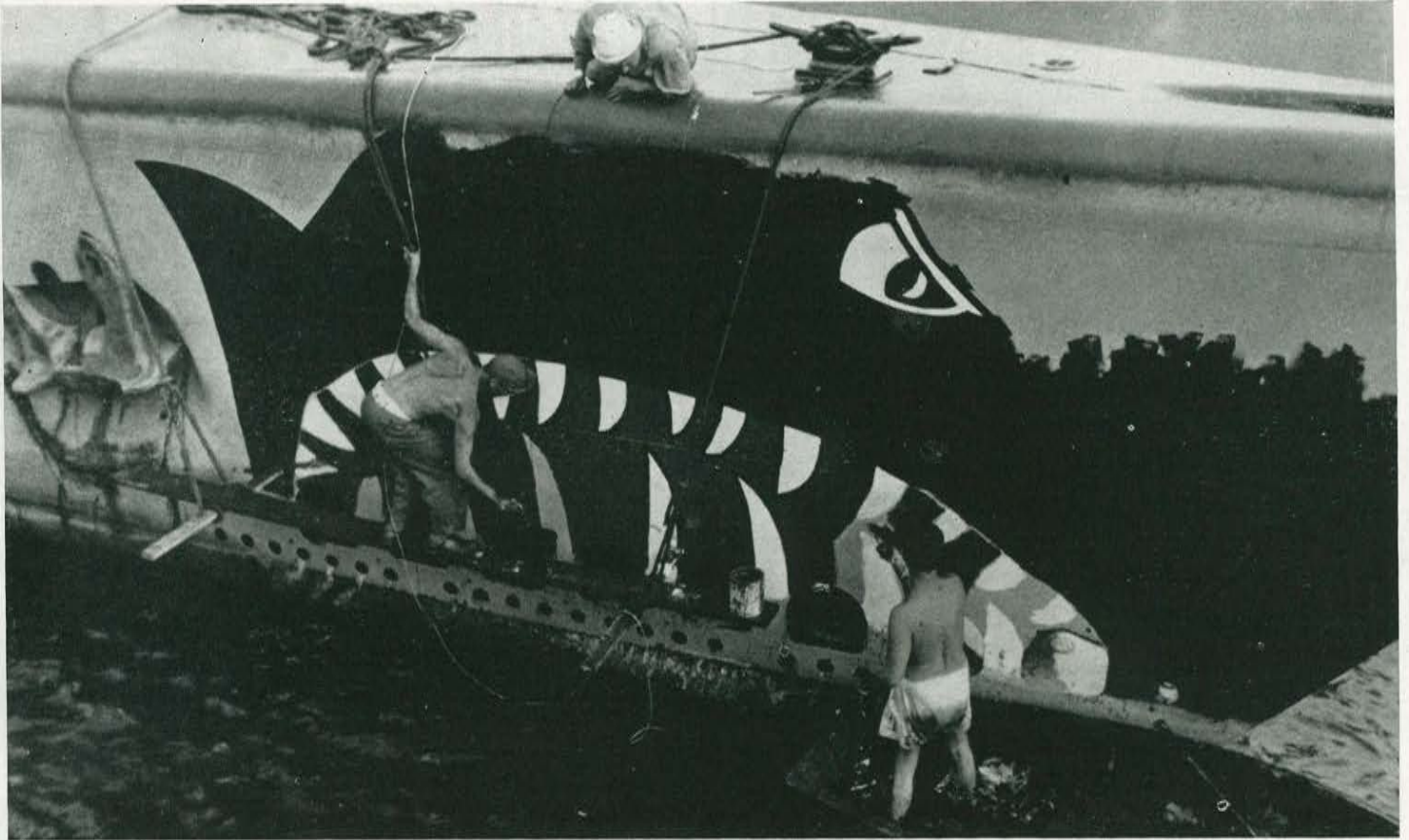


Bill Kenny admires Wayne Hinkle's electric fiddle, hand-made from spare parts of a Jap Zero

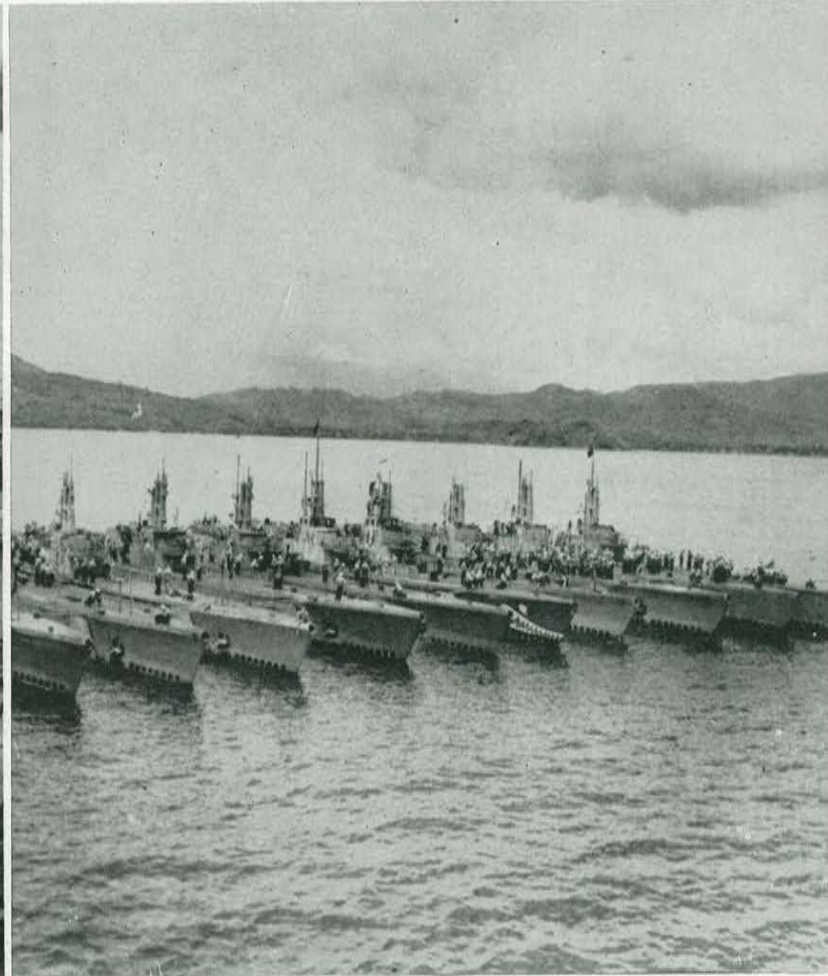


Paul A. Delaney painting in oils the Iwo Jima flag-raising; a few colons from the paintshop plus a linen bed sheet helped complete the job.





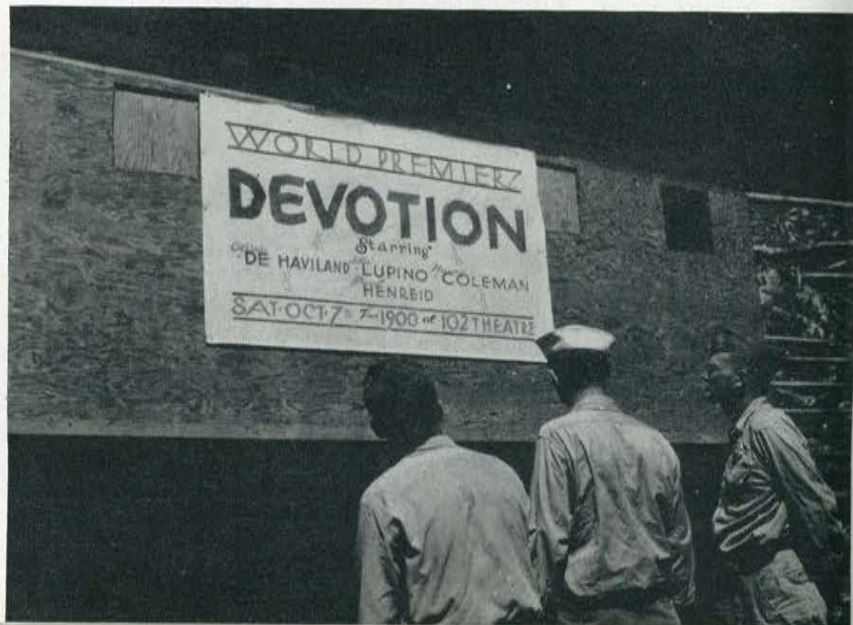
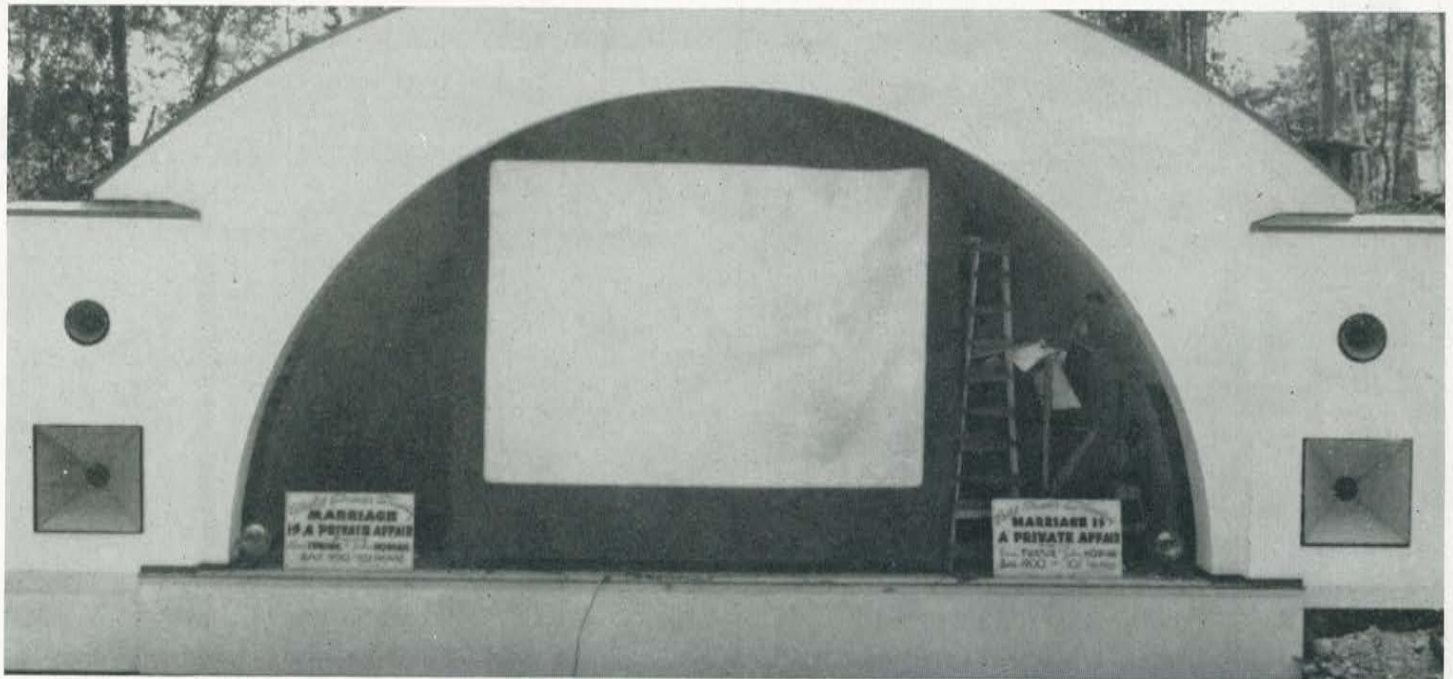
Delaney painting a shark's head on the submarine "Baya" in Subic Bay, Philippines



Subs tied up at Subic Bay

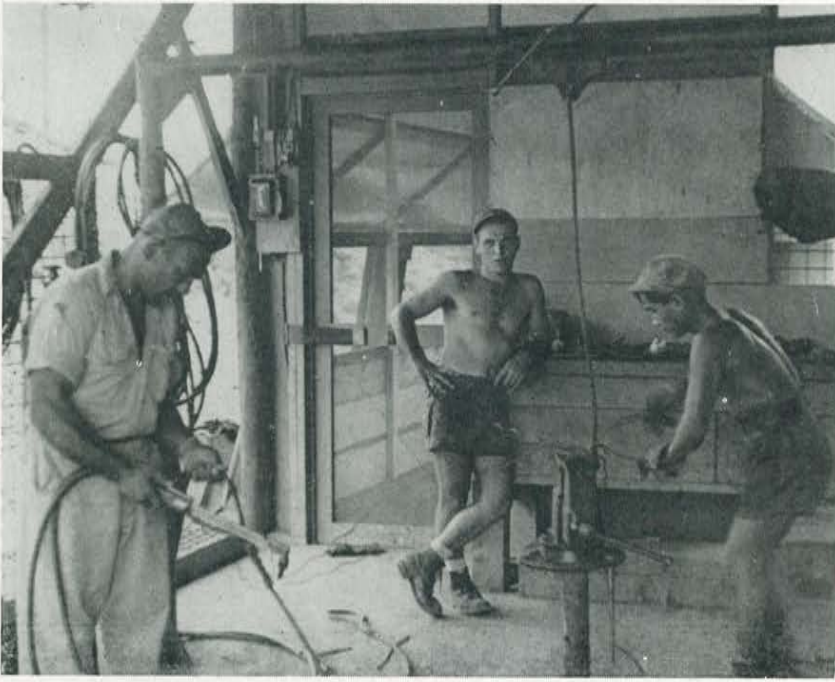


# ENTERTAINMENT





# RIGGERS





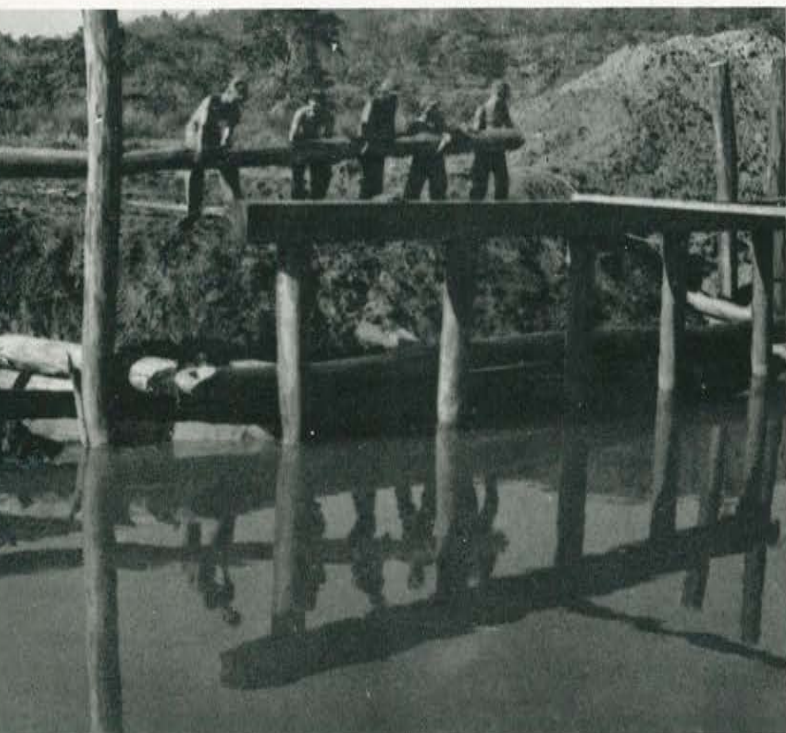
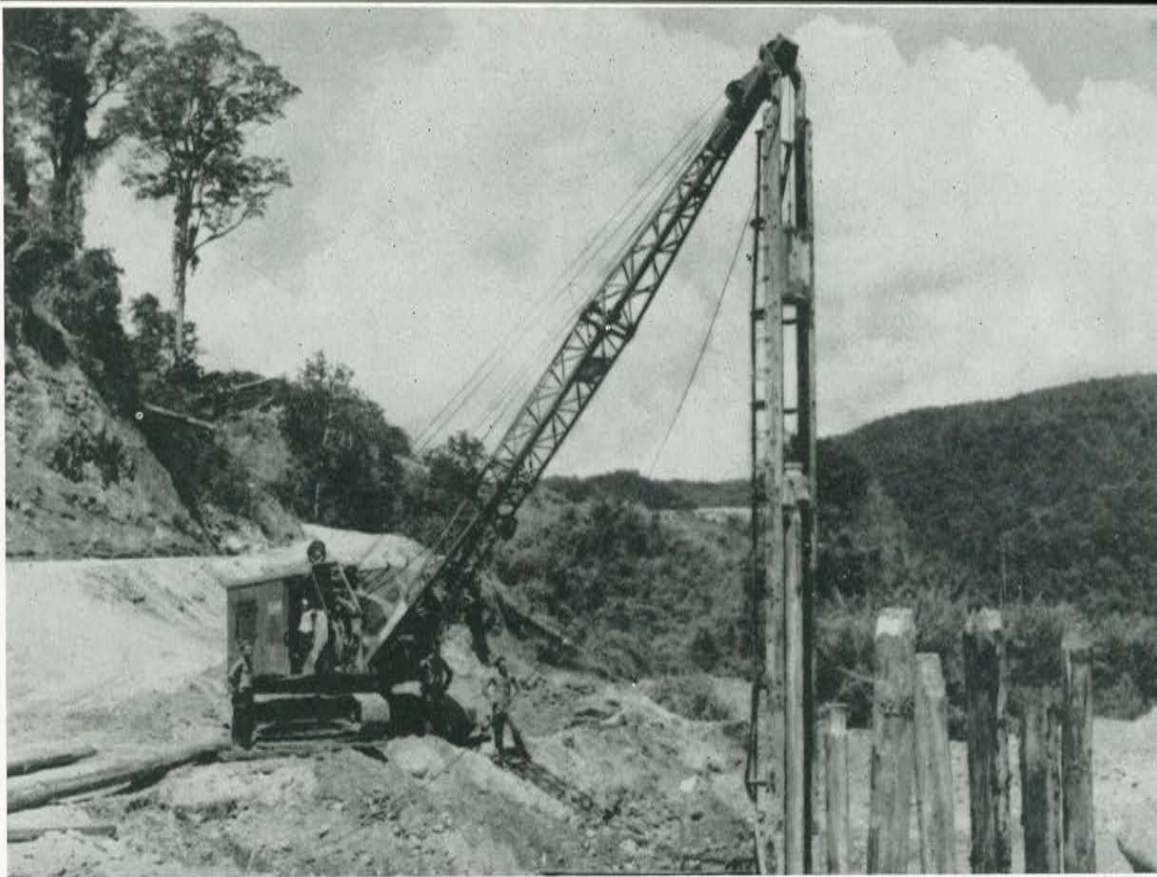






OUR CAMP SITE

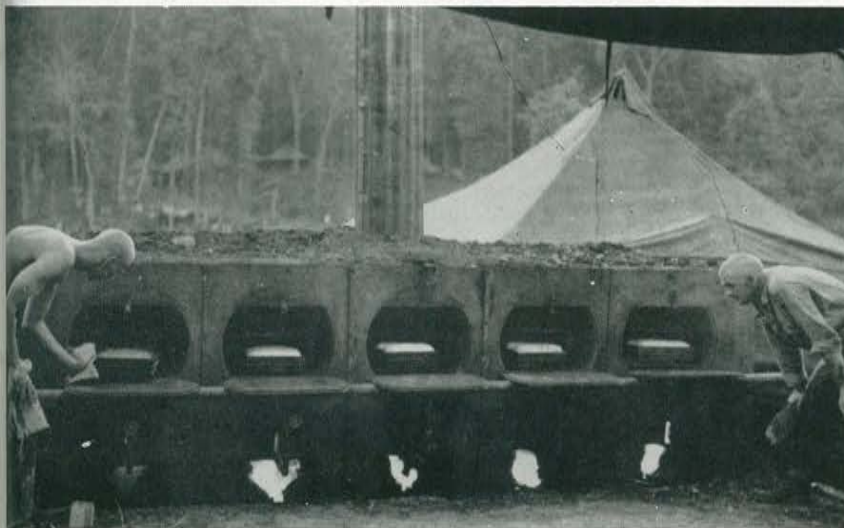




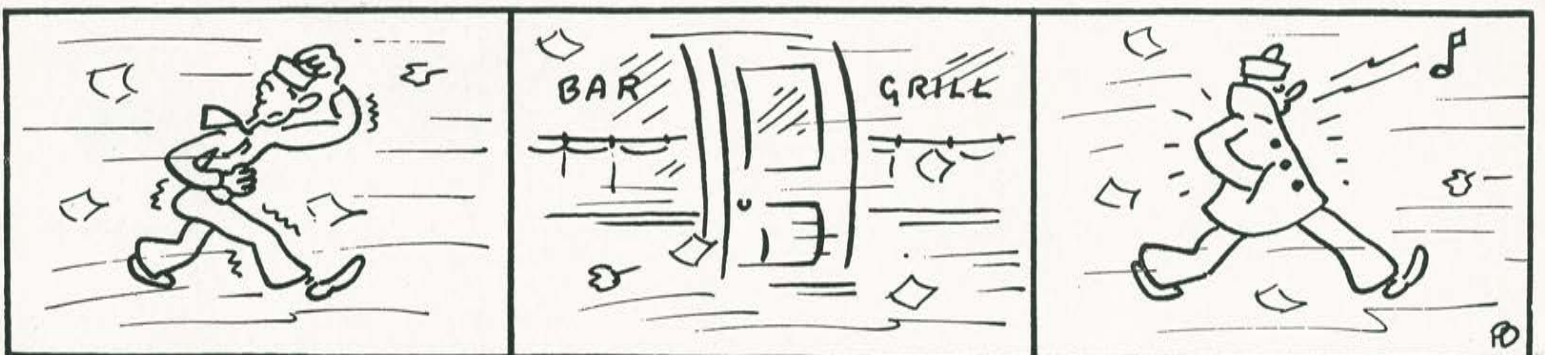




Commander Halpin supervises fire fighters



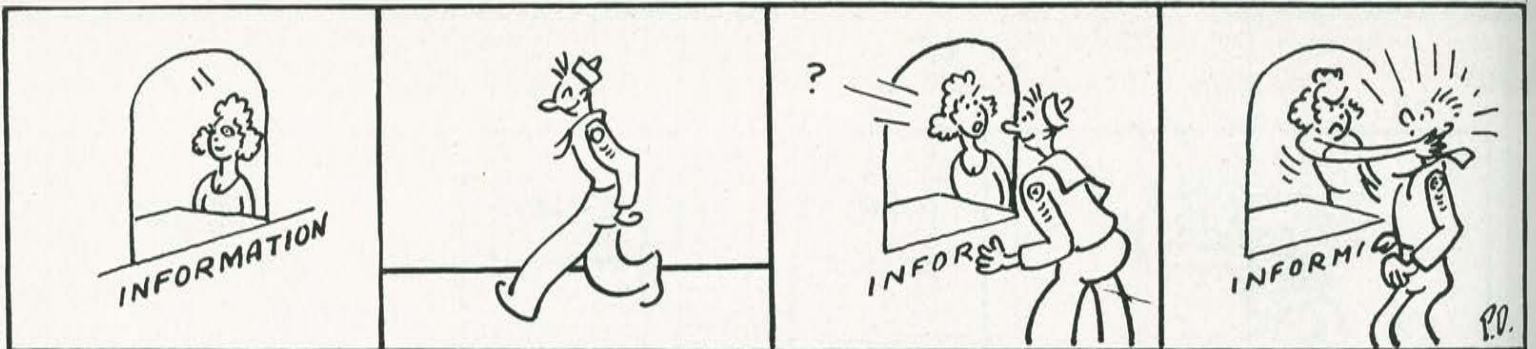
Temporary baker set-up at Hollandia







# V I Celebrating V J DAY



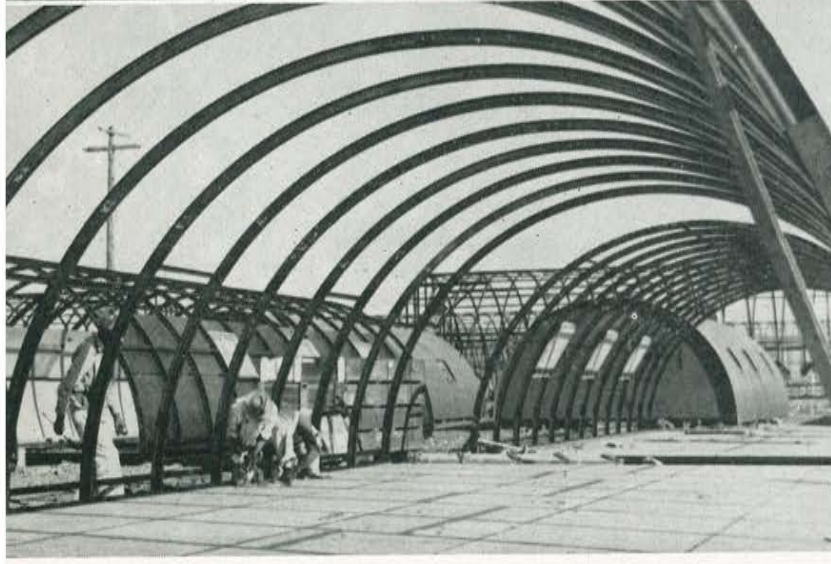
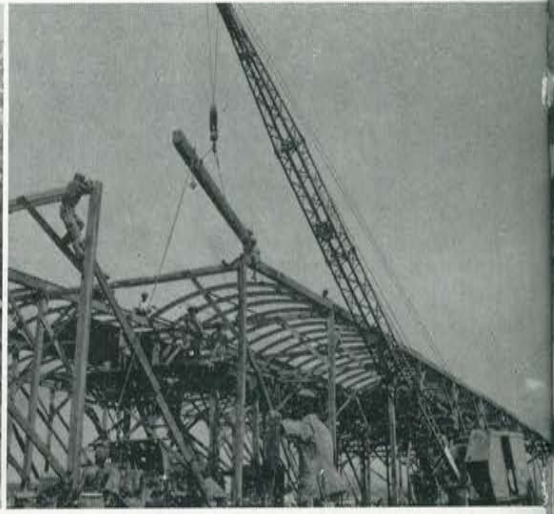




...	DIRECTORY	LOCATION
SNIP & TUCK SHEET METAL WORKS INC.		1ST FLOOR ...
SLOPPY FIT MACHINE & TOOL CO. LTD. (VERY)	1ST	" (BEAR)
PASTE & PUTTY WELDING SHOP (LTD.)	1ST	" (ALSO)
BRIMSTONE & FIRE BLACKSMITHS	1ST	" (ANNES)
COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT		... BASEMENT ..











FILIPINO CARPENTER GANG







HEAVY EQUIPMENT ON THE JOB





## ZIG-ZAG PASS



## SPOTS IN SUBIC





*“Going Home!”*

**44-POINTERS LEAVE FROM SUBIC BAY**



# BATTALION MUSTER

102ND NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION  
c/o FLEET POST OFFICE  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



## OFFICER ROSTER

NAME	RANK	CORPS	ADDRESS
LEONARD L. MISCALL	Comdr.	CEC	114 Parker Pl., Ithaca New York
WILLIAM A. NIEBUHR	Lieut. Comdr.	CEC	202 Beckleywood, Dallas Texas
JOHN F. HALPIN (our former)	Comdr.	CEC	1 Matilda St., Ossining, New York
ERNEST H. WILLIAMS	Lieut.	SC	Box 6, Berkyyville, Virginia
WILLIAM J. HOPEWELL	Lieut.	ChC	16 Franklin Ave., Claymont, Delaware
STANLEY J. PLUCINSKI	Lieut. Comdr.	MC	6110 S. 75th Ave., Argo, Illinois
ERNEST R. HAYNES	Lieut.	DC	28 Hoxie Court, West Wanwick, R. I.
HENRY G. DUDLEY	Lieut. (j.g.)	MC	20 Welshman Ct., Caldenelf, New Jersey
CLARENCE A. DAHL	Lieut. Comdr.	MC	1222 Paseo Del Mar, San Pedro, Calif.
DWIGHT W. RUMSEY	Lieut.	DC	Sperry, Oklahoma
FRANCIS E. LANSCHÉ	Lieut.	DC	519 Rhem Ave., New Bern, North Carolina
JULIAN J. LANE, JR.	Lieut.	SC	Anderson Apts., Wilson, North Carolina
DONALD E. MARONEY	Lieut. (j.g.)	SC	124 Johnson St., Modesto, Calif.
JAMES B. LAUDERDALE	Ens.	SC	4653 Paula St., Los Angeles, Calif.
DANIEL COHN	Lieut.	CEC	731 Bitter Sweet Place, Chicago, Ill.
WILLIAM C. KING	Lieut. (j.g.)	CEC	521 Watson St., Akron, Ohio
OLIVER W. HOLE	C.W.O.	CEC	101 King St., Reading, Mass.
GEORGE R. SCOTT	C.W.O.	CEC	21 Sharp Ave., Washington, Pa.
ELMER D. HARSHBARGER, JR.	Lieut. (j.g.)	CEC	Fox Chapel, Pasadena Drive, Pittsburgh, Pa.
HANEN H. WILLIAMS	Lieut.	CEC	337 N. Second Ave., Phoenix, Arizona
ALBERT J. CANIVAN	Lieut. (j.g.)	CEC	13 Roxbury Rd., Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
JAMES H. MOATES	W.O.	CEC	297 S. Broadway, Providence, Ky.
EDGAR E. AMMONS	Ens.	CEC	Lumpkin, Georgia
GEORGE W. REAGAN	Lieut.	CEC	510 Granger St., Knoxville, Tenn.
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ANDREW G. SHAFER	Lieut. (j.g.)	CEC	627 N. Montgomery St., Port Washington, Wis.
J. W. CARMAN	Ens.	CEC	Waverly, Texas
ROBERT W. FRICK	Lieut. (j.g.)	CEC	Pine St., Irwin, Pa.
MARVIN M. BLUME	C.W.O.	CEC	240 Dewey St., Macon, Georgia
GEORGE C. SWART	C.W.O.	CEC	137 Emerson St., Kingston, New York
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WILLIAM H. BISHOP	Lieut. (j.g.)	CEC	5420 Willis Ave., Dallas, Texas
OLIN O. EDIGER	Lieut.	CEC	2419 E. Morris, Wichita, Kansas
CHARLES A. SCHAEFER	Lieut. (j.g.)	CEC	127 S. Webster St., Port Washington, Wis.
RUSSELL S. CLAYTON	Ch. Carp.	CEC	Den Road, Stamford, Conn.
CARROLL F. SMITH	Ch. Carp.	CEC	River Lodge, Galesville, Maryland
COLEN H. McCLINTOCK	Lieut.	SC	6314 Ravenna Ave., Seattle, Washington
RAYMOND F. COLGROVE	Lieut. (j.g.)	CEC	140 Washington St., Canandaigua, New York
HOWARD BEN COBB	Ch. Carp.	CEC	Harold, Texas

## PERSONNEL ROSTER

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AARON, Frank Leonard 383 John St., Meadville, Pa.  
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 ABEL, Murl R. 2001 Kerr St., Boise, Idaho  
 ABERNATHY, Thomas R. 1720 9th St., Racine, Wis.  
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—B—

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BAILEY, Fred Leroy  
BAILEY, M. W.  
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BALLINGER, George L.  
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BARLOW, E. R.  
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Policy St., Salem Depot, N. H.  
110 S. 54th St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
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General Delivery, Waterford, Ohio  
113 Oakland Road, Southington, Conn.  
1728 Thornton St., Butte, Mont.  
RFD 1, New Milford, Conn.  
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Bothell, Wash.  
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316 West McGraw St., Seattle 99, Wash.  
610 East 6th St., Prineville, Ore.  
1200 First Ave., La Grange, Ga.  
41 Wilson St., Keene, N. H.  
1180 Blvd. N.E., Atlanta, Ga.  
112 Columbus Ave., Trenton, N. J.  
RFD 1, Watson, W. Va.  
320 Elk Ave., Johnsonburg, Pa.  
Harold, Florida  
Winchester, Indiana  
911 Elms St., Beloit, Wis.  
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CARMINE, A. De  
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CHEVALIER, L. A.  
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Jamestown, N. C.  
904 S. Front St., Sunbury, Pa.  
1716 Kimball Ave., New Kensington, Pa.  
1810 Avenue A., Schenectady, N. Y.  
298 Westport Ave., Norwalk, Conn.  
210 Patrick St., Tarboro, N. C.  
104 Parkville Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.  
1204 Grand Ave., Superior, Mich.  
326 E. 198th St., Bronx, N. Y.  
8 S. Napal St., Santa Barbara, Calif.  
606 Jefferson Ave., East Point, Ga.  
Route 6, Tyler, Texas  
Santa Monica, Calif.  
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305 W. 24th St., Richmond, Va.  
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Route 4, Milton, Fla.  
4 Bowdoin St., Sanford, Me.  
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2217 8th St., Peru, Ill.  
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200 Chapman St., New Britain, Conn.  
685 North Chicopee St., South Hadley  
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COFFMAN, Cleve Davis  
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102 N. 10th St., Fort Smith, Ark.  
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ELDRIDGE, Frank F.  
ELLIOT, William Harry  
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FOLEY, Donald Peter  
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FRACENBURG, Louis  
FRALEY, Ezra Allen  
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FREDLEYS, Irwin  
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120 Main St., Texarkana, Texas  
801 South Ninth St., Waco, Texas  
2000 Madison Ave., Arlington, Va.  
85 Miller, Elizabeth, N. J.  
1208 Broadway, Springfield, Ohio  
5687 Ridge Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
732 Cass, Monroe, Mich.  
330 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.  
Red House, W. Va.  
849 E. 1st St., S., Boston, Mass.  
1500 Cortes Blvd., Beloit, Wis.  
Morris, Oklahoma  
1241 S. Gwenthier St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Heelyton, Pa.  
34 Post St., Yonkers 5, N. Y.  
612 W. Frank St., Birmingham, Mich.  
Box 26, Cranston, Ohio  
Tremont St., South Duxbury, Mass.  
944 Burgundy St., Baltimore, Md.  
30 W. 3rd St., Bethlehem, Pa.  
118 Glendale St., Elyria, Ohio  
Route 6, Franklin, Tenn.  
1615 Anza St., San Francisco, Calif.  
393 S. Ohio Ave., Columbus, Ohio  
544 E. 43rd St., Chicago, Ill.  
415 Claremont Parkway, Bronx 57, N. Y.  
124 S. Emerson, Denver, Colo.  
414 11th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.  
Box 426, Mercedes, Iowa  
393 South Ohio Ave., Columbus 5, Ohio  
905 Bronson St., Fayetteville, N. C.  
2593 E. Pali St., Ventura, Calif.  
Box 91, McCall, Idaho  
529 N.D. St., Hamilton, Ohio



—G—

GAINES, John William  
GAGNON, Isidore F.  
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GANGOLF, Albert P.  
GANNON, Frank B.  
GANter, Gerald Burke  
GAPCZYNSKI, Theodore H.  
GARCIA, Ralph  
GARRISON, Jerry Calvin  
GARLICK, Harry  
GARTIN, Vadron B.  
GEER, Clifford James  
GEISER, Anton Xavier  
GENTZ, Warren  
GENUARDI, Joseph  
GEORGE, Henry  
GEORGES, Edward Otto  
GERBA, Albert  
GERHARDT, George Wm.  
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GHIANULY, Christie L.  
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GIDEON, William A.  
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GILLESPIE, Roy Levi  
GILLOT, Ralph Joseph  
GILPIN, Roy Newkirk  
GIPSON, Don "L"  
GLEASON, K. B.  
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GOLDEN, Alfred  
GOLDSMITH, Rudolph E.  
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GOODWIN, John Wilson  
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GRAMMER, Wilburn C.  
GRANTHAM, Harvey Jr.  
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18 Neptune, Lynn, Mass.  
Route No. 1, Gastonia, N. C.  
3438 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Beverly Hills, Calif.  
704 W. Smith St., Ukiah, Calif.  
6668 Meceer St., Detroit, Michigan  
917 17th Ave., Tampa, Fla.  
Route 2, Bothell, Washington  
290 N. Henry St., Coquillo, Ore.  
2649 Longfellow Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
121 Parke St., Whitewater, Wis.  
2830 N.W. 23rd St., Oklahoma City, Okla.  
543 Sandy St., Norristown, Pa.  
216 Delhi St., Syracuse, N. Y.  
3720 Morenci St., El Paso, Texas  
432 Malleable St., Sharon, Pa.  
2902 California Ave., St. Louis 18, Mo.  
10 Pleasant St., Stoneham, Mass.  
5717 Court J, Birmingham 8, Ala.  
93 Clinton Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.  
82 Lake Ave., Staten Island, New York 3, N. Y.  
707 N. 42nd St., Seattle 3, Washington  
Castle Gate, Utah  
2623 Fulton St., Toledo, Ohio  
607 Market St., Brookfield, Mo.  
196 3rd Ave., New York, N. Y.  
1320 Burlington Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.  
1715 North Church, Tyler, Texas  
232 Marcon St., Dayton Beach, Calif.  
2057 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
603 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.  
8400 Church Road, St. Louis, Mo.  
17 Hazard St., Anthony, R. I.  
1531 Eastern St., Covington, Ky.  
Box 37, Goulds, Florida  
Box 2241, Bisbee, Arizona  
634 South 21st St., Richmond, Calif.  
1124 Clayton St., Denver 6, Colo.  
228 D St., Taft, Calif.  
1010 N. Robinson St., Oklahoma City, Okla.  
1608 Dodson Ave., Fort Smith, Ark.  
Route 1, Box 47, Ruston, La.  
Lynn, Alabama  
3572 Harrison St., Gary, Indiana  
1614 11th St., Tuscaloosa, Ind.  
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3604 Olinville Ave., Bronx 67, N.Y.  
1203 N. Park St., Bloomington, Ill.  
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48 Walnut St., Medford, Mass.  
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155 Enterprise St., Brookhaven, Miss.  
Box 114, Ajo, Ariz.  
13019 S. Dixie Highway, La Salle, Mich.  
24 Garden St., Malden, Mass.  
117 Spring St., Gardiner, Me.  
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920 Graton St., Burlington, Iowa  
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6429 N. Maplewood, Chicago, Ill.  
2210½ 14th Ave. N., St. Petersburg, Fla.

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256 Farragut Ave., Hastings-on-Hudson, New York  
1127 4th Ave., Columbus, Ga.  
307 E. Church St., Champaign, Ill.  
2643 Burger St., Dallas, Texas  
516 W. Norman St., Pensacola, Fla.  
1006 E. Garland St. W., Frankfort, Ill.  
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30 Sanderson St., Springfield 7, Mass.  
9201 Stratford Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.  
165 E. Blvd., Baton Rouge, La.  
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444 W. 9th St., Concordia, Kan.  
Route 5, Lexington, Ky.  
722 Bradley St., Mamaroneck, N. Y.  
105 N. 1st St., Ocean City, Md.  
Acme, N. C.  
2834 Brighton Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
1501 Mason St., Flint 4, Mich.  
503 S.W. 30th, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
4713 N. Commercial, Portland, Ore.  
Route 1, Box 419, Salem, Ore.  
11 Mountain Ave. S.W., Roanoke 16, Va.  
Box 4153 La Belle, Florida  
373 N. Broadway, Amityville, Long Island, New York  
Route 1, Box 60, Hixton, Wis.  
4230 Ave. F, Fairfield, Ala.  
25 Bayridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
1816 Wagoner Place, St. Louis, Mo.  
122 Day St., Jamaica Plains, Mass.  
3507 Pomona Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.  
Osborn, Idaho  
48 W. 15th St., Linden, N. J.  
Beach, North Dakota  
2650 Madison Ave., Ogden, Utah  
Route 1, Kouts, Indiana

—I—

2061 W. 10th St., Cleveland 13, Ohio  
423 4th St., Bemidji, Minn.

—J—

3400 Stanley, Fort Worth, 4, Texas  
336 Walnut St., Yonkers, N. Y.  
4534 Chestnut St., New Orleans, La.  
Eastside, Ore.  
1020 D St., Omaha 7, Neb.  
817 S. Washington, Emmett, Idaho  
Box 23, Reynolds, N. D.  
Box 75, Star, N. C.  
Route 1, Box 29, Kerens, Texas  
Osh, N. C.  
RFD 1, Claremont, N. H.  
Route 4, Box 439, Puyallup, Wash.  
Clayhole, Ky.  
Route 1, Clinton, Tenn.  
Route 5, Knoxville, Tenn.  
2080 S. Broad St., Trenton, N. J.  
156 Arnold St., Riverside, R. I.  
Box 197, Walbridge, Ohio  
182 3rd St., N.E., Watertown, S. D.  
1315 52nd Ave., Oakland, Calif.  
Mora, Minn.  
710 2nd Ave., N.E., Brainerd, Minn.  
1330 Corlies Ave., Neptune, N. J.  
General Delivery, Maysville, Okla.  
Route 3, Martinsville, Ind.

—K—

1009 Elm St., Wilmington, Del.  
167 Jones Ave. E., Syracuse, N. Y.  
146 Main St., Peabody, Mass.  
1909 S. 50th Ave., Cicero 50, Ill.  
802 E. St., Baraboo, Wis.  
727 N. Merced St., Baldwin Park, Calif.  
46 Sagamore St., Glers Falls, N. Y.  
9 Leathershire Road, Brighton, Mass.  
Box 92, Boaz, New Mexico  
1421 Golden Gate., San Francisco, Calif.  
612½ E. 82nd St., Los Angeles, Calif.  
Route 2, Box 102, Cleveland, Miss.  
1941 W. 22nd Place, Chicago 8, Ill.  
90 1st St., Auburn, Wash.  
323 Vaughn St., Luzerne, Pa.  
1699 Potomac Ave., Pittsburgh 16, Pa.  
5407 Hudson, Dallas, Texas  
2 Morse Pd. Road, Wellesley, Mass.



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 KMETZ, John Lawrence  
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 KRUEGER, George R.  
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2332 Fauner Ave., Dayton 10, Ohio  
 Fort Davis, Ala.  
 9914 Cudell Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
 1010 Broadway, Long Branch, N. J.  
 41 Ravine Park, Toledo 5, Ohio  
 Route 1, Box 113, Harnstown, Pa.  
 1309 33rd St., Lubbock, Texas  
 82 Custer St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.  
 301 5th Ave. E., Twin Falls, Idaho  
 688 Pali, Ventura, Calif.  
 102 1st Ave. W., Kalispell, Montana  
 1328 E. Arlington St., Fort Worth, Texas  
 1012 N. Wolcott, Chicago 22, Ill.  
 230 A. Victor St., St. Louis, Mo.  
 45 Cliffwood Ave., N. J.  
 247 Highway St., South Fork, Pa.  
 1034 Blum St., Toledo, Ohio  
 257 S. Walpole, Sharon, Mass.  
 402 Bender Ave., Roselle Park, N. J.

—L—

LACY, Chester Marcus  
 LADD, Merton  
 LAFAYETTE, Joseph M.  
 LAKE, Charles Deward  
 LALEVEE, Alfred J.  
 LANDRUM, Ellis Earl  
 LANG, Jack Maurice

925 Ross St., Tyler, Texas  
 Box 711, Santa Maria, Calif.  
 Route 1, Stockboro, Vt.  
 15575 Meyer St., Allen Park, Mich.  
 138 South 21st St., Irvington, N. J.  
 2009 Boxtown Ave., Richmond, Va.  
 133 W. Chester St., Long Beach, Long  
 Island, New York  
 70-31 Nansen St., Forest Hills, Long  
 Island, New York

LANG, Walter George

LANG, Woodrow, Wilson  
 LANSCH, F. E.  
 LARSON, Stanley Wilfred  
 LASTER, Charles Taft  
 LATIMER, Baldrich J.  
 LAUER, Edward Peter  
 LAURENS, Charles C.  
 LAZARUS, Herbert M.  
 LEHMANN, William Crono  
 LEIGHTCAP, Robert S.  
 LEPPANEN, Charles H.  
 LEWIS, C. P.  
 LEWIS, Henry Wesley  
 LEWIS, J. W.  
 LEWIS, Ralph Brown  
 LEWY, E. M.  
 LIBBY, David Alvin  
 LIGHTER, Oscar Junior  
 LILL, Frank Joseph  
 LINDALL, Karl Axel  
 LINDER, Eric Gunner  
 LINDSEY, Andrew Green  
 LIPE, Raymond Charles  
 LISTER, Croal D.  
 LISCIOTTI, Emilio George  
 LITTLE, Harold Lee  
 LOETSCHER, Raymond P.  
 LONG, Carl Alton  
 LONG, Orville P.  
 LOOK, H. O.  
 LORENZ, Herbert H.  
 LOUDERMILK, Paul  
 LOVE, George C.  
 LOVE, Jack  
 LOVELL, Bradford  
 LOVINGOOD, E. L.  
 LOVINGOOD, E.  
 LOWE, Lewis F.  
 LOWE, Robert William  
 LOWERY, Daniel David  
 LOWRY, J. S.  
 LUKER, Orville "H"  
 LUKESIK, Henry H.  
 LUND, Raymond Martin  
 LUNDEEN, Jack Merrill  
 LUPTON, John Wood  
 LUSITO, Frank Nicholas  
 LUTHER, James Ellis  
 LYNCH, Ara Arnold  
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 LYNN, Lloyd Clifton  
 LYONS, Wilbur Lee

Box 181, Robestown, Texas  
 2020 14th St., Santa Monica, Calif.  
 6125 N.E. 28th Ave., Portland, Oregon  
 5212 Wall Ave., Richmond, Calif.  
 2601 Clinton St., Jackson, Miss.  
 53 Third Ave., Albany 2, N. Y.  
 171 Warren St., S.E., Atlanta, Ga.  
 1540 W. 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Mango, Florida  
 17 E. Third St., Pottstown, Pa.  
 1642 N. McVicker Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.  
 125 S. 56th St., Birmingham, Ala.  
 Peggs Route, Tahlequah, Okla.  
 5024 Joy Road No. 2, Ann Arbor, Mich.  
 2405 Elmo Ave., Hamilton, Ohio  
 5100 Cornell St., Chicago, Ill.  
 RFD 1, Scandia, Mich.  
 Box 146, Gosport, Ind.  
 194 Buler St., Paterson 4, N. J.  
 416 Mellrose Ave., N., Seattle, Wash.  
 Box 460, Thornwood, New York  
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 521 W. St., Hutchinson, Texas  
 Dublin, Ga.  
 222 Central St., Leominster, Mass.  
 Route 2, Box 595A, Hickory, N. C.

Route 1, Califax, N. C.  
 RFD 4, Colgate, Okla.  
 1233 Arlington St., Houston 8, Texas  
 5086 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
 617 Torrance Blvd., Redondo Beach, Calif.  
 924 W. Evergreen St., Memphis, Tenn.  
 Box 23, San Jacinto, Calif.  
 725 Cherry St., Chattanooga, Tenn.  
 921 E. MacMillan St., Cincinnati, Ohio  
 1242½ El Centro, Hollywood 38, Calif.  
 706 S. Granham St., Memphis, Tenn.  
 1944 41st Ave., Oakland, Calif.  
 Seneca, Ill.  
 2530 Oak St., Vicksburg, Miss.  
 Route 1, West Point, Ga.  
 401 5th St. S.W., Great Falls, Mont.  
 5904 8th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 1065 N. Broadway St., Galesburg, Ill.  
 Roanoke Rapids, N. C.  
 108 S. Main St., Port Chester, N. Y.  
 Route 2, Sanger, Texas  
 89 W. 50th St., Norfolk, Va.  
 RFD 2, Mitchell, Ind.  
 Box 126, Miami, Fla.

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 MACDONALD, D. H.  
 MACDONALD, D. H.  
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 MAHONEY, Gerard D.

6281 McClellan, Detroit, Mich.  
 4060 E. 15th St., Long Beach, Calif.  
 2258 Waterbury Ave., Bronx 6, New York,  
 N. Y.  
 Route 4, Box 543, Duluth, Minn.  
 10 Page St., Revere, Mass.  
 2210 Butler Ave., Superior, Wis.  
 6236 Woodlawn Ave., Bell, Calif.  
 1470 Oliver Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.  
 8807 Aubrey Ave., Glendale 27, Long  
 Island, New York

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 MANKA, Edward J.  
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 MARTIN, H. W.  
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 MARSHALL, R. F.  
 MARQUES, Pedro E.  
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 MASSIE, C. S.  
 MATHEUS, J. R.  
 MAXEY, Lindsey  
 MAYNARD, A. E.  
 McATEE, Vernon  
 McBROOM, H. C.  
 McCARLEY, Thomas P.  
 McCARTNEY, Billy Jack  
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 907 3rd Ave., Los Angeles 5, Calif.  
 731 N. St. Andrews Pl., Hollywood, Calif.  
 410 Highland Ave., Montgomery, Ala.  
 231 Rodricnez St., Santa Fe, N. M.  
 843 Columbus Road, Dorchester, Mass.  
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 122 N.E. 2nd St., Oklahoma City, Okla.  
 6755 31st Ave., S.W., Seattle, Wash.  
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 2847 St. Charles Pl., Cincinnati, Ohio  
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 Route 7, Winston-Salem, N. C.  
 724 Mill St., Ironton, Ohio  
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 1945 Locust St., Colo City, Texas  
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 90-61 184th Place, Hollis 7, Long Island,  
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 1600 Pomlinton Ave., Bronx 61, New York  
 814 Morton Ave., Chester, Pa.  
 207 E. Highland, San Angelo, Texas  
 607 Main St., Wakefield, Mass.  
 117 Lockhart St., Daytona Beach, Calif.  
 3215 May St., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 815 Randolph St., San Francisco, Calif.  
 42 N. George St., Millersville, Pa.  
 202 K St., S.E., Auburn, Washington  
 113 E. 120th St., New York City, N. Y.  
 59 Vilsack St., Etna, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 725 N. Mech St., Macomb, Ill.  
 4026 La-L42, El Paso, Texas  
 11 Stone St., Yonkers, New York  
 11-13 3rd St., Passaic, N. J.  
 6347 S. Kedlic Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 3262 Mil. St., Detroit 10, Mich.  
 870 40th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 175 Millet Ave., Youngstown, Ohio  
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 250 44th St., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
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 MOORE, G. C.  
 MOORE, J. J.  
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 759 Norumbega, Monrovia, Calif.  
 208 W. Oak St., Carbondale, Ill.  
 24 Provost St., Brockton, Mass.  
 Astoria Athletic Field, Astoria, Long  
 Island, N. Y.  
 243 Fern Ave., Lynhurst, N. J.  
 138 S. Garfield Ave., Scranton, Pa.  
 335 N. Cypress Ave., Bronx 54, N. Y.  
 322 Vigilla Ave., Las Animas, Colo.  
 288 Roberts Ave., Conshokocken, Pa.  
 1419 25th St., Sioux City 19, Iowa  
 102 Burchwood Ave., Hot Springs, Ark.  
 2923 N. 4th St., Philadelphia 33, Pa.  
 709 N. Willow St., Compton, Calif.  
 714 S. Church St., Louisville, Miss.  
 1217 W. Central Av., S., Williamsport, Pa.

—N—

NANCE, M.  
 NANTZ, Ray  
 NAPIER, Nelson G.  
 NAY, Thomas M.  
 NEAL, James H.  
 NEILSEN, Laurence  
 NELSON, A. M.  
 NELSON, Norman

NELSON, Paul L.  
 NEWBOULD, Francis W.  
 NEWMAN, Joe  
 NICHOLAS, James G.  
 NICHOLS, Carl E.  
 NICHOLS, William L.  
 NICHOLSON, G. W.  
 NUSSBERGER, John

312 S. New York Ave., Evansville, Ind.  
 Martinsville, Ohio  
 Houston, Texas  
 2014 Colorado St., Pasadena, Calif.  
 7328 N.W. Miami, Florida  
 Batavia Rock House, Maplecrest, N. Y.  
 2523 Birchmont Drive, Bemidji, Minn.  
 235½ W. Mitcheltarena, Santa Barbara,  
 Calif.  
 RFD 2, Francesville, Indiana  
 404 W. Harrison St., Sullivan, Ill.  
 26 Wilcoxon St., Newman, Va.  
 78 Tioga Ave., San Francisco, Calif.  
 Dexter, Mo.  
 232 Jefferson Ave., Oak Ridge, Tenn.  
 339 E. Coweson St., Hopewell, Va.  
 10 Virginia Ave., Palisade, N. J.

—O—

O'DONNELL, Harry J.  
 ODYNECKY, John A.  
 OHANIS, Albert E.  
 OLEN, William A.  
 OLIVER, E. J.  
 OLSON, A. L.  
 OLSON, Ernfred L.  
 OLSON, Howard W.  
 ORLANDO, J. M.  
 ORBUEN, Charles C.  
 ORR, Milton W.  
 OSCHATZ, Jack B.  
 OSTRANDER, Ralph L.  
 OWEN, Joe E.

2703 Brown St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 156 Globe St., Fall River, Mass.  
 Route 1, Box 456, Turlock, Calif.  
 322 N. Fairmont St., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 2207 Newton St., Washington, D. C.  
 RFD 1, Dallas City, Ill.  
 3243 Kenmore Ave., Chicago 13, Ill.  
 1524 Racine St., Racine, Wis.  
 4012 S. J. St., Tacoma, Wash.  
 1118 Linden St., Allentown, Pa.  
 Box 15, Tullie, Texas  
 442 E. Suttentfield, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
 Box 75, Port Allegheny, Pa.  
 217 Green St., Fayetteville, Tenn.

—P—

PAFF, James C.  
 PALMER, George C.  
 PALMER, Howard T.  
 PAPA, Dominick  
 PAPPENFUS, Robert, Jr.  
 PARKER, William G.  
 PARRIS, Tom C.  
 PARSON, Julius C.

PATANELLA, Anthony  
 PATRICK, Vincent

4204 Hecstertown Rd., Baltimore 15, Md.  
 3633 S. Gunnison St., Tacoma, Wash.  
 Route 2, Lubbach, Texas  
 6908 8th Ave., Brooklyn, New York  
 Grayling, Mich.  
 Rocky Bay Route, Box Elder, Mont.  
 1975 N.W. 49th St., Miami, Fla.  
 209 Seneca Dr., Mt. Lebanon, Pittsburgh,  
 Pa.  
 1117 Cambridge Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.

PATTERSON, Earl Leroy  
 PATTERSON, Robert H.  
 PATRONELLA, Charles V.  
 PAYNE, Edward A.  
 PAYTON, Charles B.  
 PEARSON, William H., Jr.  
 PEETS, Victor M.  
 PEIRPONT, Fred William  
 PENDERGRAST, Myron J.  
 PENDY, J. J.  
 PENTA, Leo J.  
 PERKINS, Robert M.  
 PERRYMAN, Jack W.  
 PETERS, Charles B.  
 PETERS, Frank J.  
 PETERSON, Dean J.  
 PETERSON, Raymond A.  
 PETERSON, Robert L.  
 PIERCE, K. H.  
 PIERRAT, Billy M.  
 PINO, Nicholas  
 PIZZO, Eugene F.  
 PHELPS, Clifford R.  
 PHELPS, Paul P.  
 PHILLIPS, David H.  
 PHILLIPS, Fred G., Sr.  
 POE, Earl  
 POINDEXTER, Harry L.  
 POSPISIL, Stanley  
 POULNOTT, Edward S.  
 POWELL, Floyd R.  
 POWELL, Guston T.  
 POWELL, Ray D.  
 PRESTON, Victor M.  
 PRICE, Willie P.  
 PRIORE, R.  
 PRITTS, Richard A.  
 PULLEN, Thomas F.  
 PUTNAM, Phillip H.  
 POPE, Joseph Burton  
 POWELL, William Maurice  
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 POTTER, Merritt B.  
 POPPLE, Albert Charles  
 PLANK, Herbert A.

108½ S. Fairview St., Lansing, Mich.  
 Box 72, Pershing, Ind.  
 5019 Larkin St., Houston 7, Texas  
 678 Beachwood St., Jacksonville, Fla.  
 62 Sherwood Place, Greenwich, Conn.  
 RFD 3, Reistertown, Md.  
 425 Bedford Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.  
 c/o C. E. Cheadle, Rainier, Wash.  
 8730 Forest Hill Place, Seattle 7, Wash.  
 283 S. Saratoga Ave., St. Paul, Minn.  
 1142 51st St., Brooklyn 19, N. Y.  
 Gloucester, Mass.  
 3601 Vernon, Memphis, Tenn.  
 5503 S. Presa St., San Antonio, Texas  
 38 Alexander St., Greenwich, Conn.  
 360 Franklin St., Ogden, Utah  
 Route 2, Box 90, Gillett, Wis.  
 303 E. Filer St., Ludington, Mich.  
 RFD 1, Redmond, Washington  
 Box 515, Santa Ana, Texas  
 40 Lawn Ave., Quincy, Mass.  
 1871 W. 13th St., Brooklyn 23, N. Y.  
 518 S. Broadway, Haldemille, Okla.  
 Hotel Claremont, Atlanta, Ga.  
 7515 Calumet St., Swissvale, Pa.  
 6500 Parnell Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 1317 N. 16th St., Abilene, Texas  
 RFD 4, Paris, Ky.  
 Wilbur, Neb.  
 Hightower Road, Macon, Ga.  
 Sims Route, Oden, Kansas  
 109 Broad St., Portsmouth, Va.  
 Colonial Heights, Lake Wales, Fla.  
 71 Hillside Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.  
 834 Ave. A., Norfolk 4, Virginia  
 2332 Osgood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 107 Jackson St., Brownsville, Pa.  
 821 Grill St., Kalamazoo, Mich.  
 Gosport, Indiana  
 912 E. Henderson St., Cleburne, Texas  
 General Delivery  
 Williard Hotel, Worcester, Mass.  
 RFD 2, Prospect St., Naugatuck, Conn.  
 10 Union St., Petersboro, N. H.  
 2163 Hollens St., Baltimore, Md.

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 148 N. 5th Ave., Yuma, Ariz.  
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 REARDON, James F.  
 REDLIN, Eugene A.  
 REED, Oliver Ira  
 REED, Robert C.  
 REIN, Henry K.  
 REMLINGER, Victor L.  
 RENKL, James William  
 REUTER, John Henry  
 REYNOLDS, Loyal B.  
 RHEA, Eldridge  
 RICCA, Frank F.  
 RICHARDS, W. W.  
 RIDDER, Otto F.  
 RIDSKO, Joseph  
 RIGG, Arthur  
 RIHA, William D.  
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Beach, North Dakota  
 Route 3, Lebanon, Ore.  
 541 W. 5th St., Long Beach, Calif.  
 Box 122, Scappoose, Ore.  
 2215 San Antonio St., El Paso, Texas  
 N. Woodstock, N. H.  
 Box 327, Stanford, Texas  
 Connelville St., Uniontown, Pa.  
 303 Cohansey Ave., Bridgeton, N. J.  
 Box 208, Lathonia, Ga.  
 323 Madison Ave., Sharon, Pa.  
 1224 A. So. 20th St. Milwaukee 4, Wis.  
 1002 Chartiers Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 523 9th St., S.E., Washington, D. C.  
 725 2nd Ave., S.W., Great Falls, Mont.  
 Box 5, Riviera, Texas  
 RFD 3, Savannah, Ga.  
 5063 S. Martindale, Detroit, Mich.  
 General Delivery, Seahurst, Wash.  
 141 S. Laurel St., Ventura, Calif.  
 2716 35th Ave., Oakland, Calif.  
 Tate, Ga.  
 7526 S.W. Brier Pl., Portland, Ore.  
 1430 E. Brady St., Milwaukee 2, Wis.  
 36 Waite St., Lowell, Mass.  
 3343 S. Aberdeen St., Chicago, Ill.  
 Lebanon St., Sanford, Me.  
 1052 S. Olive St., Los Angeles, Calif.  
 233 Melrose St., Corpus Christi, Texas



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 ROGERS, Harold William  
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 65 Sherman Ave., Meriden, Conn.  
 Mabank, Texas  
 4403 Park Ave, Bronx 57, New York, N. Y.  
 15 Alwin Pl., Buffalo, N. Y.  
 410 University Ave., San Jose, Calif.  
 750 Furnace St., Emmans, Pa.  
 217 27th St., Hermosa Beach, Calif.  
 3300 Cambridge Ave., Maplewood 17, Mo.  
 186 Wonder St., Johnstown, Pa.  
 3628 N. 18th St., Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Sperry, Okla.  
 6927 Clement Ave., Cleveland 5, Ohio  
 815 Valley St., Minot, N. D.  
 320 S. 7th West, Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Washburn, Maine  
 103 6th St., Eureka, Calif.

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75 Townsend St., Port Chester, N. Y.  
 4148 Delaware St., Gary, Ind.  
 1956 Erwah Rd., Chicago 8, Ill.  
 711 4th Ave., Big Rapids, Mich.  
 115 Pkegoma Ave. S., Grand Rapids, Minn.  
 471 Anson St., Bridgeport, Conn.  
 Healdsburg, Calif.  
 3408 Adams St., Kalamazoo, Mich.  
 537 Irving Ave., Glendale 11, Colo.  
 Kington Spring, Tenn.  
 104-42 126th St., New York, N. Y.  
 755 R. Huse Cts., Orange, Texas  
 13435 42nd Ave. S., Seattle 88, Wash.  
 Warren, Mass.  
 Star Route, Toledo, Wash.  
 2820 Meyvulecuv Ave., Bellingham 18, Wash.  
 9433 97th St., Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y.

SAMARTINO, John  
 SANDBORN, Ralph C.  
 SANDERS, Edwin E.  
 SANDERS, Joe L., Jr.  
 SANDERS, Sidney L.  
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 SASHKO, Edward F.  
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 SAWIN, John Harold  
 SCHEMSTAD, Burnett H.  
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 SCHMELZLE, Henry W.  
 SCHMIDT, Emil M.  
 SCHMITT, Jesse F.  
 SCHMEIDER, Edward J., Jr.  
 SCHOEN, Ernest G.  
 SCHOOLER, Robert G.  
 SCHWARTZBERG, J. S.

1111 N. Main St., Springfield, Mo.  
 634 King St., Denver 4, Colo.  
 444 E. Amerige, Fullerton, Calif.  
 Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 237 Long St., Chillicothe, Ohio  
 14781 Maddelein Ave., Detroit 5, Mich.  
 Millgrove, Mo.  
 1480 Shakespeare Ave., Bronx, New York, N. Y.  
 819 Deepwater, Houston 10, Texas  
 Albany, Ill.  
 Glenn, Mich.  
 RFD 1, Grandcane, La.  
 2928 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash.  
 RFD E. Buffalo Ave., Tampa 5, Fla.  
 920 2, Fern Ave., Newburg, N. Y.  
 67 High Gate Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.  
 1833 N. 59th St., E. St. Louis, Ill.  
 Road 1, Fayette City, Pa.  
 341 N. Caracas Ave., Hershey, Pa.  
 3233 Fulton St., Brooklyn, New York  
 1919 Noblestown Road, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 315 Park Ave., Omaha 2, Nebraska  
 Ossining, New York  
 940 Russell St., Nashville 6, Tenn.  
 1869 N. Rowan Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.  
 94-33 97th St., Zone Park, New York

SCOFIELD, E. S.  
 SCOTT, John T.  
 SCOTT, Paul W.  
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 SEBERS, William J.  
 SEE, Robert L.  
 SEELEY, Harry Edward  
 SEIBEL, Howard H.  
 SEIBERT, William L.  
 SEIGHMAN, S. S.  
 SELVAGGI, Anthony R.  
 SEMLER, C.  
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 SHEARER, Chauncey  
 SHEDDEN, Lewis R.

3115 Lakeview Pr. RFD 7, Box 596, Pontiac 7, Mich.  
 241 Buel Ave., Staten Island, N. Y.  
 2451 Cody St., Detroit, Mich.  
 614½ Gratiot Ave., Saginaw, Mich.  
 2322 Andrews Ave., Bronx 53, New York, N. Y.  
 Welleston, Ohio  
 Route 1, Box 258, Shiro, Texas  
 Box 875, Bureau, Ill.  
 940 Idaho St., Gary, Ind.

STEEL, Robert S.  
 SICINSKI, Anton G., Jr.  
 SIFFORD, Leonard T.  
 SILER, Russell A.

SILVERSTONE, Marvin M.  
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 SINESI, Mathew A.  
 SISSON, Robert Lloyd  
 SIWINSKI, Leonard J.  
 SKELLEY, Joseph M.  
 SKILLEN, Robert E.  
 SKINNER, Charles D.  
 SKONIECZNY, Chester J.  
 SLEMP, Henry C.  
 SMITH, Clyde D.  
 SMITH, David E.  
 SMITH, Earl William  
 SMITH, F. D.  
 SMITH, James R.  
 SMITH, Henry  
 SMITH, Howard L.  
 SMITH, Joe B.  
 SMITH, John J.

471 Anson St., Bridgeport, Conn.  
 4721 Howard Ave., Cincinnati 23, Ohio  
 120 Hall Ave., Syracuse 5, N. Y.  
 RFD 1, Grandcane, La.  
 5252 South Aberdeen, Chicago, Ill.  
 182 W. 88th St., New York City, N. Y.

536 N. Anderson St., Loma Linda, Calif.  
 13814 Benwood Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
 RFD 1, Gracemont, Okla.  
 1625 E. Cahal Ave., Nashville 6, Tenn.  
 Refugio, Texas  
 RFD 1, Grandview, Ind.  
 River Lodge, Galesville, Md.  
 Pine River, Minn.  
 21 W. 37th St., Chicago, Ill.  
 RFD 2, Box 40, Bellevue, Wash.  
 11926 Kypling, Houston, Texas  
 141-16 183rd St., Springfield Gardens, Long Island, N. Y.  
 744 W. South St., Pontiac, Ill.  
 115 Flavel St., Pittsburgh 6, Pa.  
 Box 8, Mangum, Okla.

SMITH, John R.  
 SMITH, John Walter  
 SMITH, Virgil W.  
 SNEED, George H.  
 SNODGRASS, Emmett W.  
 SNOW, B. J.  
 SNYDER, Albert J.  
 SNYDER, Benjamin J.  
 SOBER, John T.  
 SOCCORSO, Louis  
 SORENSEN, Martin  
 SORGS, Harry W.  
 SORRELL, Charles L.  
 SOUDER, Martin George  
 SPAINHOURD, Carl E.  
 SPEARS, Eugene D.  
 SPILLERS, Mansel R.  
 SPRAGUE, Harold M.  
 STAGGS, Francis L.  
 STAREK, Basil J.  
 ST. CLAIR, Arthur R.  
 STEEN, James K.  
 STEFKOVICH, Frank P.  
 STEINBACH, Donald L.  
 STENGEL, Harold Edward  
 STEPHENSON, Frank B.  
 STEWART, Robert E.  
 STOKAS, James C.  
 SONE, Harold Edward  
 STRACCIA, Ferdinand J.  
 STRACK, R. J.  
 STRINGARI, Roy U.  
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RFD 2, Box 222, Charleston, W. Va.  
 54 Suffolk St., Rockland, Me.  
 Atlanta, N. Y.  
 Arkansas Pass, Texas  
 Brushton Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.  
 67 Boston St., Summerville, Mass.  
 Route 2, Box 133, Fresno 3, Calif.  
 291 Dorchester, Cincinnati 19, Ohio  
 711 S. 3rd Ave., Pocatello, Idaho  
 216 W. Simpson St., Mechanicsburg, Pa.  
 1224 9th St., Beckford, Indiana  
 Box 113, Detroit, Texas  
 523 Astor St., San Antonio 3, Texas  
 Sequin, Wash.  
 La Belle, Mo.  
 40 Purser Place, Yonkers, N. Y.  
 37 Highland Ave., Morgantown, W. Va.  
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 Box 217, Sabraton, W. Va.  
 Onamia, Minn.  
 127 Trautmann St., Brooklyn 6, N. Y.  
 110 Slocum St., Forty Fort, Pa.  
 8513 Dixon Ave., Tampa 4, Florida  
 1159 Kipling Road, Elizabeth, N. J.  
 124 E. 154th St., Harvey, Ill.  
 77 Lubec St., Boston, Mass.  
 10 Trinity Pl., Amsterdam, N. Y.  
 1170 Mainistique St., Detroit, Mich.  
 Section, Ala.  
 4734 2nd Ave., So. Minneapolis 9, Minn.  
 Route 2, Belvidere, Ill.

—T—

TALBERT, George Edward  
 TATUM, James Dewey  
 TAYLOR, Harold Elmer  
 TAYLOR, Robert Francis G.  
 TEES, Charles Alfred III  
 TEES, James John  
 TELLOW, Christ W.  
 TENNIMON, James Cornice  
 TERHES, Alexander J.  
 THERBER, James Ivan  
 THIEME, Edward G.  
 THERRIEN, Ernest Paul  
 THOMAS, Alexander F.  
 THOMAS, Frederick K.  
 THOMAS, Richard Leslie  
 THOMASON, Cornelius O.  
 THOMASSON, Ernest N.  
 THOMPSON, Anton W.  
 THOMPSON, Elmer Joseph  
 THOMPSON, Troy Elwood  
 THORN, Hanford Elmer  
 THURMOND, Riley C.  
 TICHNELL, Irvin S., Jr.  
 TILDEN, Jerome B.  
 TIMMONS, John M.

Route 6, Box 295, Danville, Ill.  
 333 Church St., Gainsville, Ga.  
 86 Va. Terrace, Forty Fort, Pa.  
 122 N. 2nd St., Wormsleyburg, Pa.  
 610 E. Sanger St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 79 South Hamilton St., Greensburg, Pa.  
 510 Scotland St., Williamsburg, Va.  
 Box 741, Selma, Ala.  
 1052 College Ave., Bronx 56, N. Y.  
 Route 1, Grandview, Ind.  
 3022 Raymer Ave., Baltimore, Md.  
 24 Hill St., Arkwright, R. I.  
 Schenectady, N. Y.  
 Luzerne Co., Drums, Pa.  
 575 N. Hampton St., Kingston, Pa.  
 Route 2, Box 63, Tinsman, Ark.  
 182 Union St., Pittsfield, Mass.  
 New London, Minnesota  
 7221 Paschall Ave., Philadelphia 42, Pa.  
 520 Taylor St., San Francisco, Calif.  
 518 S. 72nd St., Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Rabuen Gap, Georgia  
 Route 3, Swanton, Md.  
 Route 2, Minatare, Neb.  
 Philadelphia, Pa.



TOLLI, Carmine John  
 TOPPEN, Norval T.  
 TORBECK, Glen Robert  
 TORJUSEN, Tobias S.  
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 TOWER, James L.  
 TOWNSEND, James G.  
 TRANCHIK, Michael  
 TRANT, Gerald P.  
 TRUDEAU, Frank Adolph  
 TRUMBLE, Laurence A.  
 TULLY, Martin A.  
 TURK, Samuel Boon  
 TURNER, William Clyde  
 TUTTEROW, Maxwell  
 TYLER, Bernard Louis  
 TYSON, Thomas

125 Oak St., Yonkers, N. Y.  
 Galesville, Wis.  
 Milwaukee, Wis.  
 1902 20th St., Golfport, Miss.  
 Ovid, Colo.  
 305 S.W. Hall St., Portland, Ore.  
 Vici, Okla.  
 Perth Amboy, N. J.  
 Ludlon, Mass.  
 Nankegan, Ill.  
 756 Vinewood, Detroit, Mich.  
 7835 S. Union Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 3609 H. St., Vancouver, Wash.  
 Route 1, Sparta, Tenn.  
 518 N. Goodlet St., Indianapolis, Ind.  
 8 Grove St., Lowell, Mass.  
 903 N. Valley Ave., Olyphant, Pa.

—U—

UNANGST, Arthur F.  
 UPDIKE, Oliver Keneth  
 USERVITCH, James R.

530 N. 4th St. Allentown, Pa.  
 Lynchburg, Va.  
 Medford, Mass.

—V—

VALDEZ, Antonio G., Jr.  
 VANN, George William  
 VAN NAME, Ralph Leroy  
 VAN RIPER, Hughie Wiley  
 VAN WINKLE, Francis M.  
 VERRECHIO, Charles D.  
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 VIGTEL, Harvey Glen  
 VINING, Everett James  
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 79 Windsor Road, Staten Island, N. Y.  
 402 Brook St., Wichita Falls, Texas  
 1315 S. St. Adams St., Fort Worth, Texas  
 500 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 49 Lakeview St., S., Meriden, Conn.  
 4255 Upton Ave. N., Minneapolis 12, Minn.  
 Route 1, Box 563, Antioch, Calif.  
 4448 N. 63rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Sparta, Ill.

—W—

WAGNER, Richard D.  
 WALK, Donald McFarland  
 WALKER, Charles J., Jr.  
 WALKER, Frank H.  
 WALKER, William M.  
 WALLACE, Everett L.  
 WALMSLEY, Robert  
 WALSCH, Gerhard  
 WALTER, Edwin George  
 WARD, Francis J.  
 WARD, Hiram J.  
 WARE, Jerald Lee  
 WARFIELD, Damon  
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 WASHINGTON, Lorenzo  
 WATTLES, Clyde Darius  
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 WEAVER, Charles N.  
 WEAVER, Daniel Abraham  
 WEAVER, Robert Ivans  
 WEBBER, Sterling G.  
 WECH, Joseph Elwood  
 WEED, John "B"

227 Griggs St., S.E. Grand Rapids 7, Mich.  
 Mauricetown, N. J.  
 667 Pierce St., Gary, Ind.  
 Clay City, Ill.  
 La Belle, Mo.  
 Red Lodge, Mont.  
 Flint, Mich.  
 1213 George St., Plainfield, N. J.  
 Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.  
 2552 S. Massey St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Box 361, La Grange, Ga.  
 4119 Buick St., Flint, Mich.  
 634 Wetmon St., S., Nashville, Tenn.  
 2624 Rowan Ave., Spokane, Wash.  
 1314 S. Cincinnati, Tulsa, Okla.  
 426 W. 15th St., Elyria, Ohio  
 635 Adison Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.  
 649 Delmar Ave., S.E., Atlanta, Ga.  
 RFD 2, Chardon, Ohio

WEEKS, Lyman R.  
 WEHNER, Francis E.  
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 WELP, Joseph Kenneth  
 WENTZ, Stanley Bishop  
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 WEST, Claude Henry  
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 WEYGANT, John S.,  
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 WHITE, Milburn Charles  
 WHITE, Ories Kindell

3080 S. 7th E. St., Salt Lake City 5, Utah  
 16 Alexander St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.  
 1687 22nd Ave., North St., St. Petersburg  
 6, Florida.  
 237 N. Merwood Dr., Battle Creek, Mich.  
 22 North Boyle Ave., St. Louis 8, Mo.  
 Clearwater, Calif.  
 1658 Richton Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
 245 N. 46th St., Lincoln, Neb.  
 4845 Graywood Ave., Long Beach 8, Calif.  
 236 W. Isabel St., St. Paul 7, Minn.  
 415 W. 12th St., Tulsa 5, Okla.  
 807 Buchanan St., N.W., Washington, D.C.  
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 101 S. State Road, Upper Derby, Pa.  
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 WILKES, Weldon R.  
 WILSON, George H.  
 WILSON, Harold  
 WILSON, Herbert K.  
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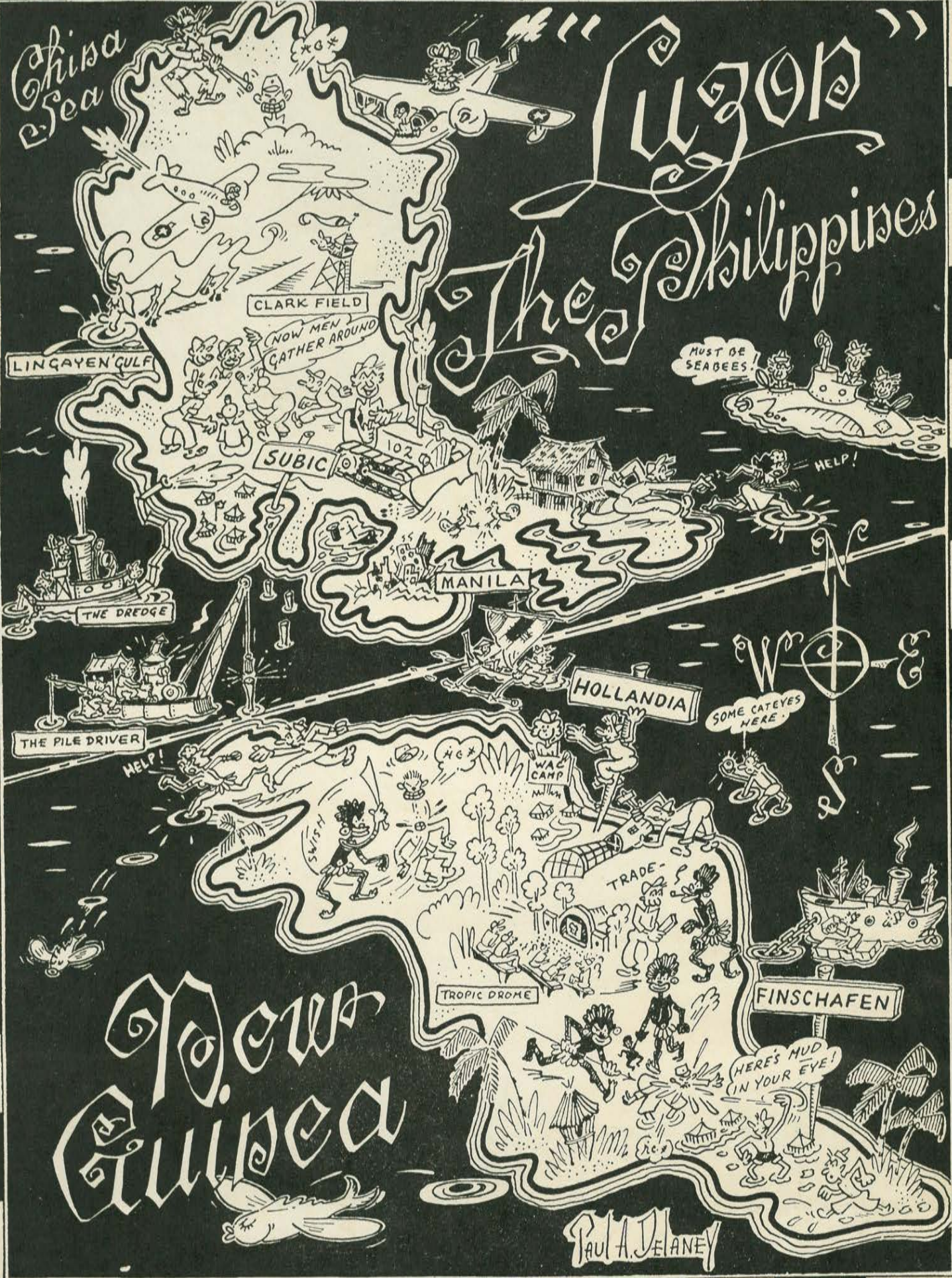
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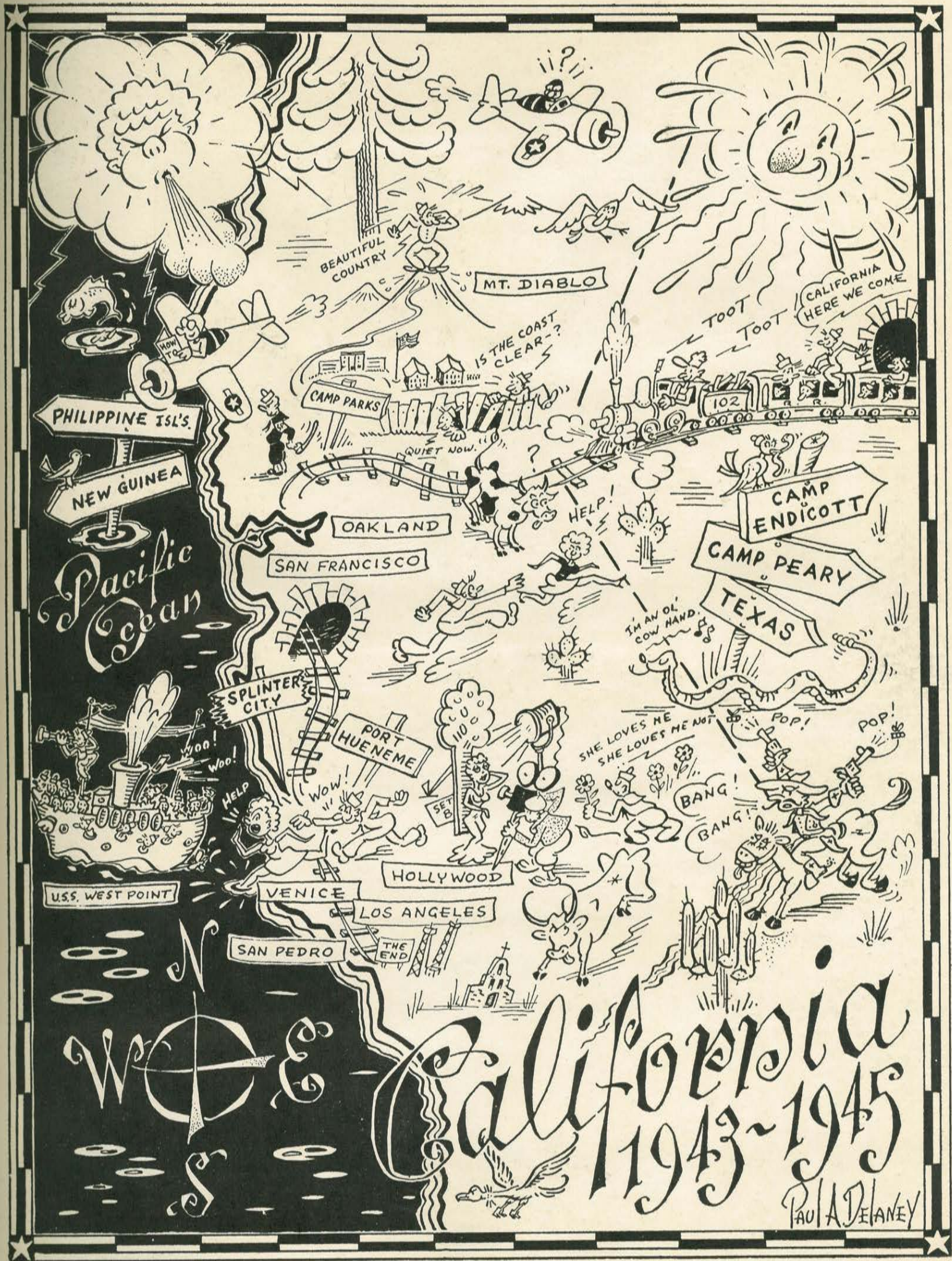
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