

1945

Pieces of Eight

William T. Powers

United States Navy

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PIECES
OF
EIGHT

PICTORIAL REVIEW
OF THE
EIGHTH U.S. NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION





PIECES OF EIGHT

PUBLISHER

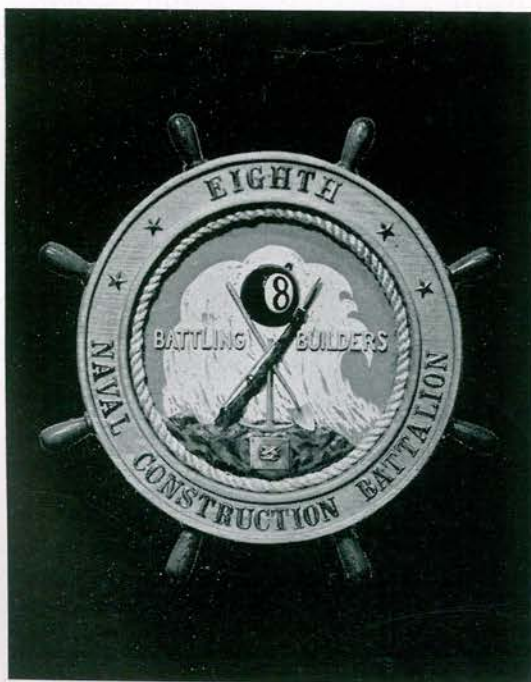
WM. T. POWERS

Commander, C.E.C., U.S.N.R.

ADVISER

A. W. GALLO, Ch. Carp.

C.E.C., U.S.N.R.



PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE MEN
OF THE EIGHTH U. S. NAVAL
CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

1942 - 1945

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IN MEMORIAM

1942 - 1945

CHERIKOS, T.G.

KOVACS, PAUL B.

MILAM, BURT W.

VAN EPS, CLAIR A.

WILKENS, ARTHUR E.

MOORE, FRANCIS H.

REMMERS, HENRY F.

HEDDING BERNARD F.

DISMUKES, CHALMOS R.

Symbols of courage

Are the crosses that stand

Markers of faith

In their love for a land

Monuments of hope

In a successful gain

Lying now dead

But not in vain

FOREWORD

DEVOTED TO CREATE FROM THE WASTES OF DESTRUCTION

AMERICA has shaped her destiny through the ingenuity of methods that were a radical departure from the standard techniques. This peculiarly American trait — the ability to ingeniously improvise a successful method of accomplishment when the standard method is inadequate — led to the organization of the "Seabees."

Among the many lessons the United States Navy learned from disasters such as those at Wake, Cavite, and Guam, was the fact that civilian workers could not be expected to pitch in and defend successfully what they built. It was to remedy this situation that on December 28, 1941, the first Naval Construction Battalions were officially authorized. Through the untiring efforts of Rear Admiral Ben Moreel, the father of the "Seabees," a blunt and brilliant chief of the Navy's Bureau of Yards and Docks, the "Seabees" came into being.

During the entire World War I the Navy spent less than two million dollars on its shore installations. During just the first two years of World War II, more than a thousand times this amount was spent on advance bases alone. Previously, the Navy never had had to fight from bases that were under enemy fire; it had never found it necessary to scramble from

island to island to set up advance bases from which to carry on the attack against the enemy. "The ships that count," runs a Navy adage, "are the ships that have bases." Never was its truth more painfully evident than during the first months of the war. In order to strike the enemy with the full might of a two-ocean fleet and air-arm, the Navy needed hundreds of bases, a global girdle of supply and repair stations. This was the task and duty given the "Seabees" — the job of creating at strategic points throughout the world the bases from which the Navy could pursue the war.

The manner in which these men, a hastily-formed outfit of callous-palmed, cursing construction workers, performed that duty is now a matter of record and of history. In the beginning they were something of an anomaly amidst the ceremonies and gentlemanly customs of the Navy, but they soon earned a reputation as the most resourceful team of builders, dock-wallopers, and repairmen ever seen in this or any other war, and they made themselves a lusty new tradition of building and fighting which brought them the respect of every other branch of the services. When the final story of World War II is written, it will tell of the contribution of the "Seabees," the United States Naval Construction Battalions, who, in the midst of destruction, by surpassing feats of planning, building, repairing, salvaging, and fighting, erected a concrete and steel foundation for final victory.

THE BATTALION'S HISTORY

IN THE BEGINNING ---

THE enlistment centers throughout the country were opened to volunteers for the Seabee branch in the latter part of December, 1941, just after the Pearl Harbor incident. In order to induce skilled construction workers to give up highly paid civilian jobs and volunteer for Seabee service, Navy rates were offered. From the ranks of some sixty different building trades, men began to answer the call. The age range was wide, seventeen to fifty years, and the preponderance of older men, many of them veterans of the last war, soon caused the Bees to become known as "grand-pops" among the men of the regular Navy. The regulars also resented the comparatively lavish distribution of rates in the Construction Battalions; but the derision they expressed by such epithets as "slick arm chiefs" was soon returned by the newcomers who coined their own term, "ignorance stripes," for the service stripes so highly prized by the "common navy."

Because the Seabees had been organized so hurriedly, there had not been sufficient time to provide them with training facilities of their own. Camps were being built during the spring of 1942, but the men of the first few battalions were to receive their meager eight weeks of pre-overseas training wherever space could be found for them.

Many of the men who had made their first trip to the recruiting officer prior to mid-April were destined to become members of the Eighth Battalion. Orders to active duty came at the end of April, and in early May they began to come from all corners of the States to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. They were to form the first and only contingent of Seabees ever to be trained at that base. For all save a few, it was to be the first taste of Navy life, but after a long, tiring train trip, after the days of missed sleep and meals, of dirt and dust and the anxiety of breaking into a new life, the gates of Camp Barry were a welcome sight.

Advancing up the street and through the main gate in typical disorderly fashion, we received the warm greeting of a "Bronx cheer" from our full-fledged boot-mates and first heard the sound of that yell which was



to become ever so familiar to all of us, "YOU'LL BE SORRY!" . . . Our immediate ordeal was a working over by a husky-voiced chief who made us shudder and crumble under his toneful, beefy orders: "Line up! Line up there! Don't you guys know what line up means? You guys are in the N-A-V-Y . . . see?" We lined up.

After a lecture we were told to undress and put our civilian belongings into a box so that they might be shipped home. Then, stark naked, we were run through a physical exam by the Station's medical staff. None of us have ever been able to give an accurate estimate of the number of doctors and pharmacist's mates turned loose to prod, thump, measure, and jab our bare frames.* For long hours we ran the footrace to and fro, our chests painted with red letters and figures. Finally, out of breath and tired, we completed the examination by passing before the inquisitive eyes of three little men seated in large chairs, the psychiatrists.

From the physical we rushed through the issue room where we received our clothing and, in exchange for



an entry of \$5.10 against our future pay, a little bag containing a Blue Jacket's Manual and some toilet gear. Loaded to capacity, we made our way across the railroad tracks that divided Camp Barry from Camp Bronson, and were shown to our new quarters: barracks which, though new and clean, struck us as a great come-down from

the homes we had left less than a week before.

None of us will ever forget the days, or the nights, passed at Camp Bronson. The Navy method of converting a civilian into a sailor seemed to be very simple. It consisted merely of making a man wash down heads, polish brass-work, and scrub and steel-wool spotless decks five or six times a day; and then



forcing him to wrestle all night with a hammock. Almost the only breaks in the routine were the periodic trips to sick bay for inoculations. We began to believe that that sick bay was equipped with the world's most varied collection of hypodermic needles; they felt

as if they were square, angular, bent, blunt, spiral, and screw-shaped, but of course we don't know for sure, for none of us could bring ourselves to look at the damn things.

One morning we were awakened at the usual hour, 0530, with the usual call, "Grab your socks! Hit the deck!" We marched to a room called the barber shop and, after a long wait in line, sat down in the chairs. Each chair was attended by two "barbers" who seemed to be purposely paired off like Mutt and Jeff. The wanton slashes of their whirling clippers soon removed the last outward symbol of our civilian individualism; we all emerged from their shearing pens wearing the badge of the authentic Navy boot — the crew-cut special.

"Singing men are fighting men!" we were told, and we picked up the words of "Here Comes the Navy" and sang them to the tune of the "Beer Barrel Polka." Not content with this, we added a favorite of the Boston boys, "Ole Mamie Riley," and others.

The climax of our indoctrination period came at the end of the third week, when we were given our first pay and a twenty-four hour pass. Although some of us suffered from the after-effects of shots taken in the morning, that first liberty, spent by most of us in Chicago or Milwaukee, provided a memorable finale for our stay at Great Lakes.

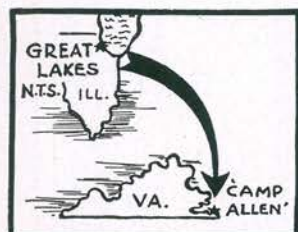
It is worthy of note that the CPO's who went through boot with us made up the first company of Chief Petty Officers ever to go through boot training as a company in the history of the United States Navy.

AND THEN! AND THEN . . .

Another train ride took us to our next camp. The only disheartening feature of the trip was the trudging



the remembrance of Navy brew made only the more delicious.



with our bedding rolls a mile and a half over to the baggage cars at 0500 on a cold morning. In those days, traveling Navy troop style still meant sleeping in Pullman berths and being served, by the white-aproned waiters of the dining cars, well-cooked and well-seasoned meals topped off by coffee which

We arrived at Norfolk, Virginia, early one morning in the latter part of May, crossed the Chesapeake Bay via ferry, and docked at the Naval Operating Base. From there we were transported by buses to Camp Allen, one of the first camps built for the Seabees.

ORGANIZATION - - -

Orders soon arrived to initiate the formation of the Battalion. On May 23, 1942, the Eighth Naval Construction Battalion officially came into existence. Under the direction of Lt. Comdr. A. W. Hefling, the tall, lean, lanky and amiable Officer-in-Charge, the outfit soon began to take shape.

A high degree of specialization and jack-of-all-trades versatility existed side by side in the membership of the Battalion. The overall complement, 1079 men and 32 officers, was broken down into a headquarters company and four construction companies. Each construction company totaled 226 men and was composed of six platoons, having the following function and size: Platoon 1, maintenance and operation, 38 men; Platoons 2 and 3, general construction, 38 men each; Platoon 4, road construction, excavation, and tunnel blasting, 38 men; Platoon 5, water-front construction, 37 men; and Platoon 6, steel erection and pipe-line work, 37 men. Headquarters company was divided into five platoons totaling 175 men, as follows: Platoon 1, engineering, 44 men; Platoons 2 and 3, general construction, 44 men each; Platoon 4, general service, 44 men; and Platoon 5, cooking and baking, 43 men. For military training purposes, the same platoon formations were held, with three men of each platoon assigned to an automatic weapons company, and the remainder designated riflemen.

Two features of the organization were largely responsible for making each Seabee battalion into a versatile, closely-knit team, capable of performing the construction feats for which they have been given credit. The first was that each company was designed to be independently capable of carrying on an entire construction project. By including sufficient specialists from each of the building trades, the tasks of dividing the battalion for simultaneous construction at several widely separated outposts was to become relatively easy. The second was that although each man was to be shifted in training to the niche for which he was best suited, and gangs of ironworkers, carpenters, electricians, and so forth, were to be formed, no man was necessarily to work only at his own trade. While each gang was to have its specific duties, the Seabee scheme ordained that all were to turn to and serve as helpers to whatever trade might be most in demand. When there were wood barracks to be built, the ironworkers,

the steam fitters, and the electricians were to lend a hand to the carpenters, and similarly, if the job was to be in metals, the carpenters were to pass the tools and take orders from the metalsmiths.

After three weeks at Camp Allen, the time came at last for us to pass out of boot life into a Battalion of our own. On June 18, 1942, the Battalion held its Grand



Review, an impressive ceremony with all colors flying. We became a full-fledged CB Battalion, the United States Eighth Naval Construction Battalion. But this end to our boot days did not bring the changes that most of us expected; there were still details for this and that, still plenty of musters and inspections.

Half our time still seemed to be spent in one line or another, and the thought uppermost in our minds was still, "Oh, to be a civilian again!"

Many liberties were spent in the city of Norfolk and the surrounding areas. Before leaving Camp Allen we were all given a special liberty of either seventy-two or forty-eight hours; for many of the boys who lived on the East Coast, this meant a chance for a final brief visit home.

Our destination unknown, we left Camp Allen in three sections. Sections one and two headed northwest; section three followed a southern route, passed through unforgettable Texas, and then turned northward. Again we traveled in comfort. From the windows of our Pullman cars we saw much of the country, and on a few occasions when we were allowed to stretch our legs, we gave the country a chance to see us, startling the citizens of some of the small western towns with the tramp of our marching feet and the sound of a few choruses of "Ole Mamie Riley."

We reached our destination, Bremerton Navy Yard, our POE, on the 24th of June. We spent two pleasant weeks there while waiting for our ship. Liberty every other night usually meant catching the ferry to Seattle, spreading out to the bars and night-clubs of that city all the way from First Avenue to the last of the outlying hills, and then collecting again at the pier in time to catch the latest possible ferry back to Bremerton. But there at Bremerton we also got our first chance at really helping to win the war. More than two hundred men volunteered to chip paint on the U.S.S. Nevada, one of the ships salvaged from Pearl Harbor and returned to the States for repairs.

THE EIGHTH GOES OVERSEAS - - -

We boarded a Navy transport, the U.S.S. Chaumont, on July 9th, 1942 and sailed out of Seattle Harbor under the watchful eye of a Navy patrol plane. It so happened that the U.S.S. Charleston, a Navy gunboat, was on her way home from the icy Aleutian waters. Just a few miles outside of continental waters, she picked up the message to join the Chaumont and convoy her to Dutch Harbor. It was a sad and disgusted crew that turned the gunboat around and headed back, for they had spent many months out and were all scheduled for a leave while their ship was being repaired. Space was cramped on the Chaumont (she was an old ship built for transporting drafts of far less than a thousand men), and to the discomfort of crowded living conditions was added the nausea of our first attack of sea-sickness. But by the third day most of us began to enjoy ourselves. Some excitement was raised by the appearance on the horizon of an unidentified ship. The Charleston gave the alarm and speeded off to investigate, only to find a friendly corvette on patrol duty.



W. T. POWERS
Commander C.E.C. U.S.N.R.
Officer-in-Charge

On this, the third anniversary of the activation of the Eighth Naval Construction Battalion, I feel greatly privileged to have the honor of dedicating the Cruise Book to the achievements of an ever closely united battalion.

It was my misfortune not to have been with you on your first tour in the Aleutians, where you gained fame and well-earned recognition. After your return for stateside duty, I was pleased, even thrilled, to receive orders as your Officer-in-Charge.

Despite numerous transfers and replacements, the spirit of harmony and unity instilled by my predecessors has never diminished. At its various locations the battalion has continued to carry on with distinction and has been commended by higher authorities on many occasions.

Fortunate am I to have had the opportunity to serve with you since March 1944 and to be with you here in the front yard of the enemy as we set forth on the fourth year, which year holds every promise of being more eventful as we approach rapidly the end of this great conflict.

May the pictures and pages of this book in the after years bring back all the pleasant memories as we smile when we recall the many "gripes."

—W. T. Powers



W. W. AULTMAN

Lieut. Commander

C.E.C. U.S.N.R.

Executive Officer

During the long months of the last three years, this Battalion has never once failed to come through with flying colors, particularly when the going was the toughest. There has never been a job assigned to this outfit but which was done well, even though, because of lack of materials or equipment, it was not always accomplished in an orthodox manner.

The two and a half years that I have spent with this Battalion is the best duty that I could wish for. This is a good outfit — the best that has ever been formed — and I am proud to have been connected with it for the two tours of duty plus the battle of Camp Parks. Wherever you may be, wherever you may go — smooth sailing!

—W. W. Aultman

COMPANY COMMANDERS



W. M. NEWMAN

Lieut. C.E.C. U.S.N.R.



E. A. HERLAND

Lieut. C.E.C. U.S.N.R.



D. C. HARRINGTON

Lieut. C.E.C. U.S.N.R.



F. T. ADAMS

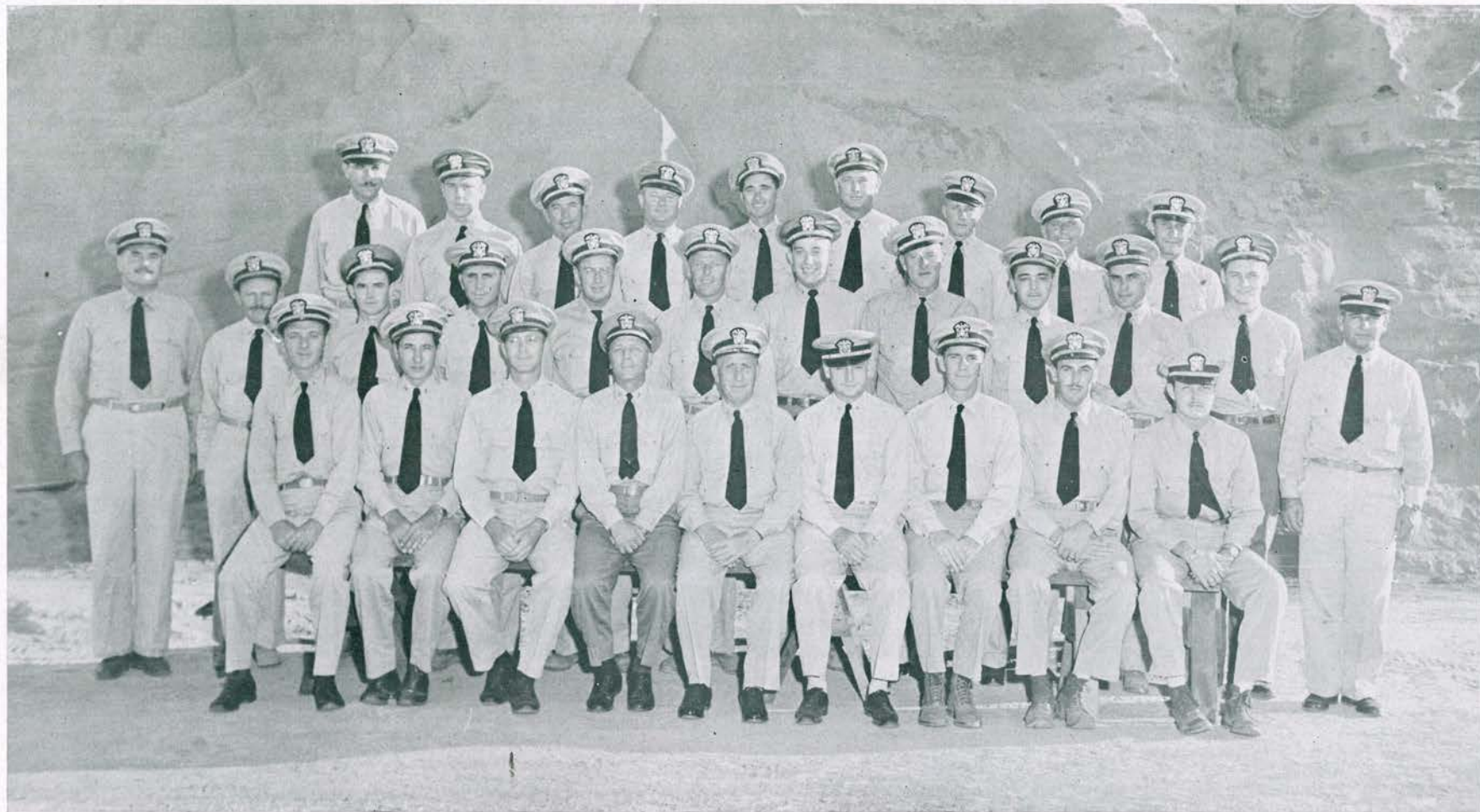
Lieut. C.E.C. U.S.N.R.



D. L. GARRATT

Lieut. C.E.C. U.S.N.R.

BATTALION OFFICERS



TOP ROW: Lt. D. C. Harrington, Ens. J. W. Blum, Ch. Carp. R. M. Jett, Ch. Carp. R. A. McMullin, Ch. Carp. J. E. Callahan, Lt. E. M. Newman, Lt. (jg) J. G. Lowman, Ch. Carp. G. W. Peterson, Ch. Carp. W. F. Robinson. SECOND ROW: Lt. E. A. Herland, Lt. (jg) H. H. Farnsworth, Ens. C. M. Roscoe, Ch. Carp. A. W. Gallo, Lt. F. T. Adams, Lt. (jg) C. B. Cleveland, Ens. J. W. Swan, Ch. Carp. H. F. Kerslake, Lt. (jg) D. L. Garratt, Lt. (jg) H. A. Gordon, Ens. M. A. Cederstrand, Ch. Carp. R. P. Boyer. BOTTOM ROW: Lt. J. F. Crotty, Lt. F. W. Hines, Lt. H. B. Flanders, Lt. Comdr. F. K. Holzwarth, Comdr. W. T. Powers, Lt. Comdr. W. W. Aultman, Lt. (jg) F. D. Lord, Lt. (jg) J. M. Carl, Ens. R. E. Shryock.



"BATTALION REVIEW"
RED HILL, HAWAII



CO. H — PLAT. 1

TOP ROW: T. C. Szczepkowski, D. D. McCoy, D. A. Pacifico, R. R. Radcliffe, W. R. Pollock, F. Goldstein, T. P. Moore.
 SECOND ROW: G. B. Perkins, E. J. Lyons, R. V. Henson, H. E. Rosteck, H. Thompson, H. G. Richhart, Jr., D. L. Myers, H. O. Entrikin, J. N. Deitchley, Jr., E. Starnes, A. E. Morrison. FIRST ROW: C. A. Cirillo, R. J. Taylor, F. M. Brousal, E. L. Lockey, J. L. Charon, R. A. Thornton, M. R. Avery, J. F. Risley.

CO. H — PLAT. 2

TOP ROW: D. Abood, W. M. Brown, O. R. Cobia, H. R. Henderson, B. A. Scovel, J. F. Putnam, F. J. Skaggs, Jr., T. F. Faust, J. H. Reid. BOTTOM ROW: E. A. Clancy, J. E. Curley, D. D. McCoy, C. E. Hutchinson, H. R. Cook, T. D. Foster, W. C. Abbey, H. L. Angell, O. B. Swetland.





CO. H — PLAT. 3

TOP ROW: F. K. Randolph, E. V. Beach, C. F. Lintz, R. C. Weber, R. E. Minger, C. O. Wilson, B. Frelleson, W. J. Ross.
 THIRD ROW: A. J. Trebilcock, Jr., C. L. Honeyman, A. Collins, L. B. Sher, M. J. Slye, H. M. Johns, J. W. Conklin, L. A. Law.
 SECOND ROW: F. A. Kossow, Jr., P. L. Obis, C. W. Feltz, L. N. McGill, Jr., B. Kockos, V. E. Brennan, L. R. Taylor, M. W. Werner.
 FIRST ROW: T. J. Keane, R. F. Keding, W. W. Thralls, J. C. Kreiling, J. H. Newhouse, C. W. Merchant, J. C. Mirotta, D. J. Kelly, R. E. Worrell.

CO. H — PLAT. 4

TOP ROW: H. W. Redd, J. P. Fitzgerald, E. M. Walsh, P. F. Schmollinger, J. D. Morrow, C. E. Leidinger, G. Kaiser, B. J. Mook, T. L. Crockett.
 THIRD ROW: T. H. Fierst, F. G. Blair, G. G. McDaniel, L. A. Goode, W. C. Muchow, R. E. Christy, S. B. Bittle, E. N. Gibb, G. R. Tennis, D. W. Crippen.
 SECOND ROW: J. W. Bailey, H. Swanto, H. W. Blake, L. Lowenthall, T. C. Askey, B. V. Mills, D. P. LaCoste, B. O. Brown, H. E. Hall, R. F. Jones, C. W. Bliven.
 FIRST ROW: W. R. Wirt, O. J. Barrett, T. M. Pratt, R. A. Sandin, R. Aston, K. A. Hetzel, R. B. Buteau, H. M. Tursky, P. L. Brien.





CO. H — PLAT. 5

TOP ROW: T. O. Parker, J. Wilkel, C. J. V. Rainwater, J. S. McElroy, J. W. Logsdon, L. G. Brown, R. N. Garlock, H. V. Hammer. SECOND ROW: V. G. Collier, G. M. Dicks, W. E. Scribner, E. T. Cavanaugh, R. A. Long, C. W. Love, Jr., E. P. Sell, W. J. Terrible, J. F. Feller, R. P. C. Shantz. FIRST ROW: L. D. Rhodes, H. J. Fritz, M. S. Lucci, M. S. Prince, J. Dusin, H. Rosen, L. Mitchell, M. I. Kaste.

STRAGGLERS GROUP

TOP ROW: J. O. Williams, E. E. English, R. F. Leisenring, L. A. Haar, G. T. Zebley, F. Lacalomito, R. H. McElhinney, C. P. Hamilton. SECOND ROW: R. C. Risley, M. Osgood, J. R. Evans, C. B. Williams, J. F. Souza, A. Pierce, R. N. Adams, G. A. Phillip. BOTTOM ROW: W. O. Peterson, P. W. Deal, G. D. Macomber, E. Oppidi, R. A. Antell, R. J. Ireland, A. Agresti.





CO. A — PLAT. 1

Left to right, TOP ROW: R. Vollert, E. L. Davis, E. W. Beck, P. P. Gailus, J. J. Koneski, W. T. Frump, L. L. Nelson, C. F. Neibor. CENTER ROW: D. K. Putteet, C. Stole, J. M. Gorham, A. F. Murphy, W. F. Mathews, J. L. Groff, A. Klapkowski, J. C. Skebeck, J. L. Morden. BOTTOM ROW: J. Mackenzie, T. W. Casey, H. Richelshagen, P. P. Hagen, T. K. Burwell, M. Brumbaugh, G. W. Bancroft, G. W. Meyers, N. N. Hillyer, F. J. Meyer.

CO. A — PLAT. 2

Left to right, TOP ROW: W. Bartz, M. H. Stewart, A. E. Gross, C. E. Lehman, E. H. Michaud, R. W. Clark, E. R. Schlecht, H. E. Fiening. SECOND ROW: E. R. Deasy, M. T. Gove, D. J. Connors, J. E. Boyer, W. J. Dulemba, A. H. Fischer, C. Best. THIRD ROW: J. D. O'Connell, O. F. Reed, C. W. Amos, A. S. Baker, W. V. Ellsman, M. A. Ellis, W. D. Whittington. BOTTOM ROW: M. Bandrofchak, V. J. LaButta, S. W. Bolen, C. S. Gottman, H. L. Johnson, E. Sanborn, C. W. Straughan, J. E. Kettering, R. E. Dawdy.





CO. A — PLAT. 3

Left to right, TOP ROW: J. H. Devine, C. A. Moreira, P. E. Bechard, P. Camerano, C. A. DeCarlo, N. L. Hawk, G. F. Thornton, L. T. Hubler, C. A. Finn, R. W. Freeman. CENTER ROW: J. C. Booth, M. W. Adams, H. E. Conn, R. P. Gale, L. Freeman, R. Gray, E. H. Evans, A. W. Geissler, H. G. Waltermire. BOTTOM ROW: G. Dirienzo, L. D. Backeberg, V. A. Helmick, L. J. McNamara, S. R. Bushnell, M. R. Gretscher, L. J. Fabiani, N. L. Garber, F. Farll, L. A. Stewart.

CO. A — PLAT. 4

Left to right, TOP ROW: C. B. Baxa, C. V. Spratt, W. J. Quinn, B. F. Kruk, W. Knowles, E. O. Brunzell, L. C. Summers, C. W. Hardy. SECOND ROW: W. McRae, R. D. Martin, L. Hamilton, J. E. Goff, C. E. Maher, A. L. Manke, H. C. Onley. THIRD ROW: J. H. Moore, G. F. Parsons, C. M. Freeman, W. H. Yetcalf, W. W. Wiswell, R. O. Hedman, H. W. Haar, W. P. Kuntz, C. W. Fleming, W. F. Delong. BOTTOM ROW: P. D. Hartsuff, H. M. McElree, W. M. Driscoll, J. Gagliano, J. C. Gagliano, C. H. Hall, V. J. Dellaria, R. V. Gill.





CO. A — PLAT. 5

Left to right, TOP ROW: O. M. Bye, C. E. Reynolds, A. Wodowski, J. C. Crozier, D. W. Ballard, A. Brookhouse, B. A. Thomas, J. F. Walker, A. Kump. SECOND ROW: B. J. Hayes, R. E. Martin, H. E. Baker, C. E. Hansen, J. S. Oveck, H. Pandolf, J. J. Richards, R. E. Cain, E. Wasko. THIRD ROW: M. Cullen, W. H. Sullivan, G. C. Hawkey, E. M. Motta, R. R. Gwin, J. B. Conness, R. E. Rehrig, M. E. Barnett, P. J. DeCarlo, G. L. Ellis. BOTTOM ROW: A. E. Gambill, L. H. Moss, R. W. Grant, S. P. Scarlata, K. O. Frazier, A. G. Filomeno, S. D. Griffin, J. R. Glowark.

CO. A — PLAT. 6

Left to right, TOP ROW: M. V. Rutkowski, D. R. Harris, J. O. Plummer, B. E. Dewease, H. E. Guinn, J. Cifra, C. W. Delaney, H. Courtwright, J. J. Vanoli. SECOND ROW: E. E. Filomeno, F. Gulan, T. A. McManus, H. V. Bowers, R. Cohen, J. W. Dunn, E. A. Cyphers, M. P. Brunson, F. W. Rockwell. THIRD ROW: F. G. Fogg, L. A. Stanzione, R. A. Volponi, W. Kozdron, E. A. Passarelli, T. J. Bowen, A. D. Amundson, T. H. McCollom, C. R. Svec. BOTTOM ROW: A. Gottstein, T. F. Hannon, W. B. Ray, D. C. Smith, R. H. Williams, P. J. Dinneegan, C. T. Henry, E. L. Dardanelli, V. N. Dima, A. J. Broccuto.





CO. B — PLAT. 1

Left to right, TOP ROW: G. L. Frasier, E. E. Craig, O. E. Dowell, N. L. Starr, J. R. Shoemaker, G. Skalangya, Jr., D. D. Mathews. SECOND ROW: R. H. Grabenstetter, S. F. Edwards, J. J. McEvoy, H. J. Swanson, T. Day, V. Comunale, G. E. Taylor, A. S. Wojciechowicz. THIRD ROW: F. C. Heinz, F. A. Hudgik, M. E. Mattson, R. H. Celeen, R. G. Robinson, M. C. Howk, L. A. Bollen. FRONT ROW: F. E. Sturgeon, P. W. Hill, C. T. Farr, W. J. Britt, J. J. Fitzpatrick, M. Rutan, E. Tampian, F. J. Lussoro, S. L. Holmgren.

CO. B — PLAT. 2

Left to right, TOP ROW: E. J. Czrew, L. J. Silva, D. E. Giebel, M. E. Davis, C. R. Jay, D. R. Soucie, J. T. McGrath, D. S. Ezell, M. S. Witt, C. R. Mays. SECOND ROW: R. T. Jackson, Jr., M. V. Howard, W. J. McKinley, H. B. Dixon, R. R. Fix, R. T. Jones, Jr., R. H. Sellers. THIRD ROW: B. F. Ziminski, J. R. Firnkoes, P. G. Baker, E. J. Moore, H. O. Johns, R. S. Fantasia, H. B. Lee, R. S. Shaw, J. T. Schmitz. FRONT ROW: E. A. Frizza, W. A. Brown, Jr., L. P. Hunt, A. A. Blanks, H. C. Smith, R. J. Neiswander, W. H. Ingle, J. Bilecki.





CO. B — PLAT. 3

Left to right, TOP ROW: P. W. Young, J. E. Dutton, W. R. Laird, L. Martin, J. C. Jenkins, L. F. Horner, L. G. Goodman, O. S. Stryker. SECOND ROW: T. J. Clements, J. J. Lynch, W. H. Tidwell, B. H. Kimball, J. P. Gallagher, H. A. McDonald, F. R. Miller, S. B. Norton. THIRD ROW: C. V. Hamlin, W. Johnston, H. E. Miller, J. H. Miller, D. J. Kim, O. C. Ryan, L. R. Rowen, D. K. Parrish, V. W. King, Jr., G. E. Barber. FRONT ROW: F. A. Runyan, G. J. Sullivan, J. M. Scanlon, Jr., H. O. Curtis, L. C. Jones, C. H. Collins, M. Fedrow, S. Kaplan.

CO. B — PLAT. 4

Left to right, TOP ROW: E. R. Stanley, W. L. Cooper, R. Qualheim, R. C. Brumbaugh, T. J. Clifford, I. Silver, C. A. Bureman, F. E. Slater, J. G. Armstrong. SECOND ROW: D. L. Landers, T. Brogdon, Jr., W. W. Briels, A. Russo, H. W. Rasmussen, C. M. Marquette, J. T. Kerrigan, J. Moneck. THIRD ROW: G. W. Hutchins, C. R. Lange, R. A. Lindemann, J. A. Bias, J. I. Branagan, G. C. McDevitt, M. B. Mervine, R. W. Craven, H. V. Lowe. FRONT ROW: R. W. Costello, E. J. Meehan, J. F. Stamm, W. C. Chang, E. H. Brightstone, J. Cizek, R. C. Jackson, E. W. Neighbors, A. J. Freitas.





CO. B — PLAT. 5

Left to right, TOP ROW: E. C. Correll, J. H. Saunders, V. H. LaVelle, A. R. Lund, G. W. Garrick, W. B. Hand, G. R. Elligsen, L. D. Crosthwait. SECOND ROW: A. J. Cocco, P. Stanfiel, R. H. Dertz, R. F. Daniel, A. B. Leonardi, F. T. Bava, R. Bernhagen, G. A. Myers. THIRD ROW: T. L. Fuller, G. B. Fanucchi, R. L. Laudenslager, F. Low, Jr., S. Bencich, W. S. Ginsberg, Q. K. L. Fo, R. D. Koon. FRONT ROW: T. B. Stone, F. Ulasik, R. F. Koch, M. Krizansky, J. A. Niemi, A. B. Celio, N. Alexanderson.

CO. B — PLAT. 6

Left to right, TOP ROW: J. J. Dixon, W. E. Sheehan, P. F. Walsh, J. P. McKiever, J. J. Maher, A. Rundle, A. M. Laurenson, E. A. Herman. SECOND ROW: J. A. Love, A. E. Hasselbauer, F. B. Gill, C. W. Hutchins, C. E. Sturdevant, L. J. Schonenbach, A. A. Barnett, F. S. Traister. THIRD ROW: E. H. McCord, B. E. Corriveau, J. W. Stamford, D. W. Parrish, C. L. Mitcham, R. J. Lambert, D. W. Quackenbush, T. W. Maish, C. W. Shrader, E. Holub, J. S. Evans, G. O. Siegel. FRONT ROW: W. D. Envall, H. B. Adkins, J. W. Kaelin, W. G. Humphrey, R. S. Wright, W. F. Siebert, R. E. Yeane, J. F. Mulloy, G. N. Defftero.





CO. C — PLAT. 1

Left to right, TOP ROW: W. L. Nunnery, C. L. Skelton, E. F. Courtright, B. Comer, C. Rossi, T. F. Brady, G. L. Ousley. SECOND ROW: C. L. Mossman, J. A. McNeerney, W. F. Wilsdon, O. C. Calloway, M. L. Price, R. L. Bergstresser, J. L. Elliot, W. E. Perkins. THIRD ROW: J. Poole, W. A. Gerwig, C. J. Peters, M. M. Myers, R. D. Pond, G. W. Oakes, A. M. Boardman. FRONT ROW: E. Woodcock, L. M. Leopold, J. C. Wuerthele, R. E. Cranston, N. C. Barentson, M. F. Wyrick, R. P. Roe, E. L. Crockett, B. H. Price, W. G. Huff.

CO. C — PLAT. 2

Left to right, TOP ROW: S. J. Preneta, C. R. Whelan, E. J. Quinn, R. Purcell, D. R. Reckner, E. A. Rivard, T. W. Maxwell. SECOND ROW: A. W. Boyer, J. L. Ross, V. S. Scholpp, P. F. Riley, A. J. Picaro, R. A. Prebilich, H. G. White, W. D. Postlewaite. THIRD ROW: J. P. O'Neill, A. L. Sandval, A. Ouellette, F. H. Rivas, A. E. Tuomi, E. W. Reynolds, A. W. Hogle. FRONT ROW: J. H. Coleman, Jr., F. J. Bullman, R. N. Nelson, B. E. Nelson, A. W. Paige, W. M. Brown, J. A. Lyle, A. L. Stillwell.





CO. C — PLAT. 3

Left to right, TOP ROW: M. E. Howard, Sr., W. M. Vignovich, W. Anderson, M. H. Gangloff, L. C. Oliver, A. P. Roberts, D. C. Mack, L. W. Scherter, H. P. Brown. SECOND ROW: B. E. R. Wright, C. J. Mitten, H. L. Luhnenschloss, J. Rossopaulos, W. W. DeLisle, R. E. Petee, H. E. Comfort, L. W. Kirksey. THIRD ROW: J. H. Knisely, W. J. Boudreaux, H. V. Everett, J. L. Kokoszka, W. D. Leach, R. F. Bussey, J. A. O'Leary, E. G. Olson, L. J. Byfield. FRONT ROW: H. M. Melton, D. F. Vanlue, R. Ontiveros, P. S. Parlog, J. Raccagno, P. H. Boulanger, J. M. Turner, J. Briskey, F. K. Sullivan.

CO. C — PLAT. 4

Left to right, TOP ROW: A. R. Quigley, E. M. Liske, J. Payne, Jr., C. F. Forshaw, A. L. Juett, F. M. Rickard, C. H. Clements, J. D. Morrow, W. E. Conklin. SECOND ROW: D. Pledger, A. Prati, A. Orness, T. D. McBroom, J. C. Rollins, L. R. Rhine, E. C. Brazel, J. F. Leger, O. L. Anderson. THIRD ROW: E. H. Pike, S. Rando, F. M. Collins, E. Pawlowski, J. A. Lindner, R. P. Hopkins, G. L. Freeman, J. Perko, W. L. Upson, J. D. Manier. FRONT ROW: L. R. Bratcher, M. V. Ramirez, C. F. Loosemore, T. C. Reed, L. G. G. Rivera, W. H. Rozen, J. M. Reese, A. C. Peterson, Jr., C. R. Newman.





CO. C — PLAT. 5

Left to right, TOP ROW: F. R. Conklin, R. E. Dotter, J. I. Flak, E. M. Molina, P. A. Aquino, J. Babak, G. J. Klippola, G. J. Lorenzo, Jr., I. E. Weaver. SECOND ROW: N. V. Halbach, Sr., B. T. Harrison, G. R. Brown, W. J. Becker, E. C. Rines, G. B. Colling, F. C. Guarino, P. A. Macri, S. R. Love. THIRD ROW: S. J. Purl, Jr., C. S. Briggs, L. L. Rita, R. J. Stewart, E. R. Kennon, K. W. Pegors, I. G. E. Tucker, W. T. Sutter, Jr. FRONT ROW: W. H. Watson, Jr., E. H. Mendedick, J. J. Claffy, C. O. Faltermayer, C. G. Weaver, A. G. Rosenland, T. P. Cummings, R. G. Wheeler, M. Silverwood.

CO. C — PLAT. 6

Left to right, TOP ROW: F. Wellet, J. Cohen, F. Boyko, R. U. Wilson, R. V. Peterson, W. J. Nowicki. SECOND ROW: H. L. Williams, Sr., W. A. McNamara, R. H. Rice, S. J. Wydra, J. Siegel, F. P. Toole, C. V. Norpel. THIRD ROW: R. E. Turner, R. L. Saturday, J. J. Hoeg, R. H. Hudson, H. R. Rowe, H. G. Miller, R. W. Ellis. FRONT ROW: P. R. Griffith, P. L. Link, P. E. Woodward, G. M. Roddy, J. E. Van Arnum, Jr., C. E. Richmire, E. J. O'Hara, R. T. Nye, M. C. Howes, J. F. Kiszka, Jr.





CO. D — PLAT. 1

TOP ROW: G. N. Zumbrum, J. E. McGowan, G. A. Beringhele, A. E. Bennett, W. G. Swift, D. Shadburn, V. R. Smith, E. F. Stanton, L. Cooper (chief). SECOND ROW: A. M. Bryntesen, W. J. Perry, J. W. Lyons, L. J. Wilkinson, C. C. Smith, J. J. Placone, R. A. Frandsen, H. C. Gelhaus, R. H. Pedersen. THIRD ROW: V. G. Lundbom, F. J. Carney, W. B. Lyons, W. E. Judkins, O. A. Stensgard, L. W. Caywood, C. H. Marquis, J. C. Reczka, A. M. Huntress (chief). BOTTOM ROW: M. H. Carman, W. W. Yallen, T. A. E. Wier, C. C. Schaible, W. F. Riedner, E. J. Buchanan, F. W. Waters, L. E. Hammond, D. J. Blomgren.

CO. D — PLAT. 2

TOP ROW: R. D. Reid, G. D. Wright, A. W. Percival, J. O. Woods, W. F. Carroll, D. G. Story, S. J. Szymanski, L. J. Blair. SECOND ROW: J. C. Johnson, A. R. Badanish, M. J. Boudreaux, G. R. Schwedt, W. F. Braschwitz, P. A. Robertazzi, G. J. Ruffing, F. L. Maddox, C. J. Bloomquist. THIRD ROW: A. C. King (chief), H. E. Sheldon, C. A. Bloomquist, A. V. Warner, Jr., P. D. LeBoeuf, C. B. Whaley, W. F. Wozny, C. L. Huffine, H. White, B. Powell (chief). BOTTOM ROW: M. West, E. L. Lloyd, D. C. Libkie, J. C. Dassoni, E. J. Andrews, A. Marion, H. M. Schwalbenberg, E. I. Benson, M. W. Berg.





CO. D — PLAT. 3

TOP ROW: H. L. Yuder, G. K. McCullough, A. F. Lendecker, L. E. Disbro, J. W. Mitchell, F. L. McFarland, A. H. Sparrell, O. W. Andrews. SECOND ROW: S. E. Millage, M. C. Fjeld, L. C. Heller, G. C. Larkin, H. J. Koontz, L. R. McLaughlin, J. E. Lorenzini, J. Ortiz, M. C. Schnoor. THIRD ROW: D. Z. Fuller, D. Russo, R. J. Beresford, J. D. Ratcliff, A. G. Kirkwood, H. E. Titman, H. D. Kinaman (chief). BOTTOM ROW: E. R. Mallery (chief), H. H. Schmit, D. W. Gesell, W. A. Gill, H. A. Young, J. F. Stanko, E. E. Lovelace, C. L. McCormick, L. J. Bowman, J. J. Jubic (chief).

CO. D — PLAT. 4

TOP ROW: S. A. Schwartz, D. D. Jones, C. W. Weaver, P. A. Sullivan, H. H. Reckelhoff, R. L. Marcus, M. E. Moore, D. F. Stoddard. SECOND ROW: F. W. Abbott, J. F. Casserly, L. K. Miller, C. H. VanHorn, V. L. Welborn, J. D. Jackson, J. D. Moore, M. J. Berg, J. S. Schultz. THIRD ROW: W. A. Steele (chief), G. W. Smith, L. C. Unger, E. Einsman, J. L. Regan, R. Randolph, P. E. Yater, A. J. Haas, A. B. Barker (chief). BOTTOM ROW: J. T. Hoffman, E. J. Welsh, G. W. Holladay, C. Po-inko, C. L. Wolfson, P. Guerrio, J. J. Antiorio, L. R. Owen, E. M. Putney.





CO. D — PLAT. 5

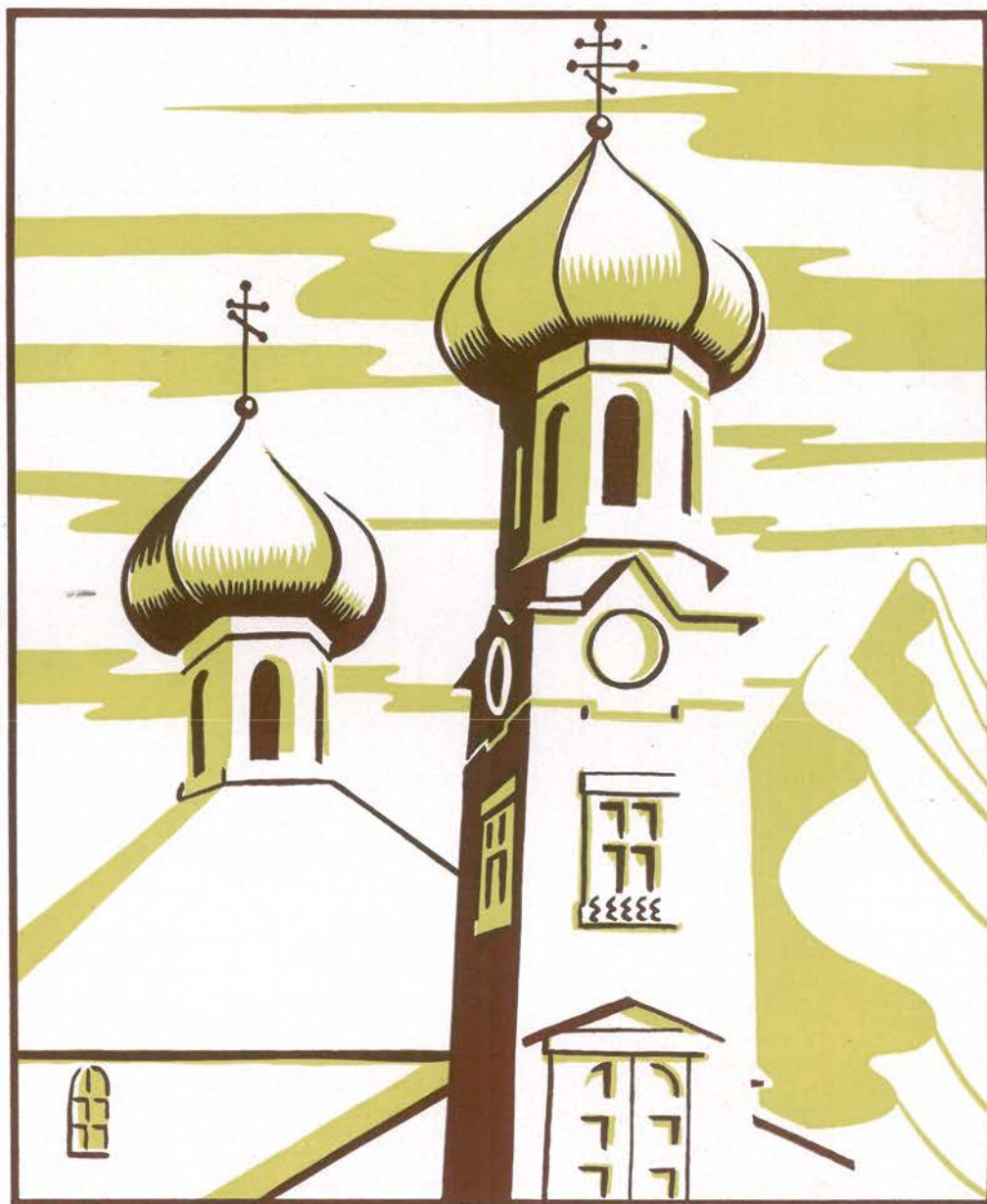
TOP ROW: J. Ward, R. W. Lundquist, J. A. Retkwa, B. A. Thibert, C. H. Stowe, L. V. Bradley, C. S. O'Fallon, F. L. Smerz. SECOND ROW: A. E. Reid, H. C. Ewe, F. Campbell, J. G. Lyon, M. Pickrell, R. W. Griffin, F. J. Walters, C. A. Trowse. THIRD ROW: G. M. Hilgen (chief), T. H. Williams, W. J. Walls, J. A. Roberti, E. L. Shea, D. W. Vegnani, L. M. Tritt, H. G. Young, W. J. Arnett. BOTTOM ROW: R. E. Latham, G. C. McCard, R. L. Tone, B. Tainowitz, J. P. Moore, J. Novotny, G. E. Taylor, M. G. Morgan, B. D. Hooker.

CO. D — PLAT. 6

TOP ROW: V. Bergendale, M. A. Passerella, J. F. Skop, J. H. Costello, J. F. Bethel, S. C. Kunze, A. L. Wolf, M. J. Sears. SECOND ROW: E. C. Thiele, R. E. Heckman, A. M. Sinks, J. J. Seibel, T. J. Collins, W. A. Dollar, J. R. Gallagher, C. J. Corbett, T. A. Zebrowski. BOTTOM ROW: L. Smith (chief), J. H. Langton, A. J. Scocca, A. Perry, D. W. Willott, D. Geracitano, M. A. Holsheiser, P. Murphy, S. F. Saglimbene, J. C. Cochran, J. W. McMeekin (chief).



DUTCH HARBOR



Alaska

Bering Sea



DUTCH HARBOR

Pacific Ocean

DUTCH HARBOR

LAND HO! THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY - - -



COMMANDER E. M. KELLY

THE morning of our fifth day out of Seattle found the sea reasonably calm. Late in the afternoon someone shouted "Land!" and we all crowded the rails to view our new home. The sight that greeted us was one that few of us will ever forget. A heavy fog lay about 100 feet above the water, obscuring the tops of the mountains, so that our first impression was that we were sailing through a group of high, flat

plateaus. It seemed just the place for airport construction until a little later when the fog lifted. Then we got our first glimpse of the far-flung Aleutian peaks. They rose so steeply from the water that nowhere as far as we could see did there appear to be enough flat land to lay out a ball field, much less an airport. The dull green color of the mountain slopes came from the tundra, a dense, wet, peat-forming grass peculiar to the Northlands, which covered them. At places they ran down into narrow beaches of fine volcanic sand. Nowhere was a tree visible.

About five o'clock, still sailing through calm waters, we passed the spit that marks the entrance to the harbor. The efforts of the crew to make the usual preparations for landing were hampered by our persistent crowding the rails. Ahead of us appeared a small settlement. Most of us took it to be Dutch Harbor; it turned out to be Unalaska, the adjoining town. As we approached the dock the weather took a quick turn for the worse; a mild williwaw blew up and brought with it a flurry of snow. Then, as the side of the Chaumont touched the dock, a greeting Army band broke into "Here Comes The Navy."

Very little time was lost before our personnel and gear began to leave the ship. Details were formed and we spent most of the night moving material to the warehouses. Toward morning we got a few hours' sleep

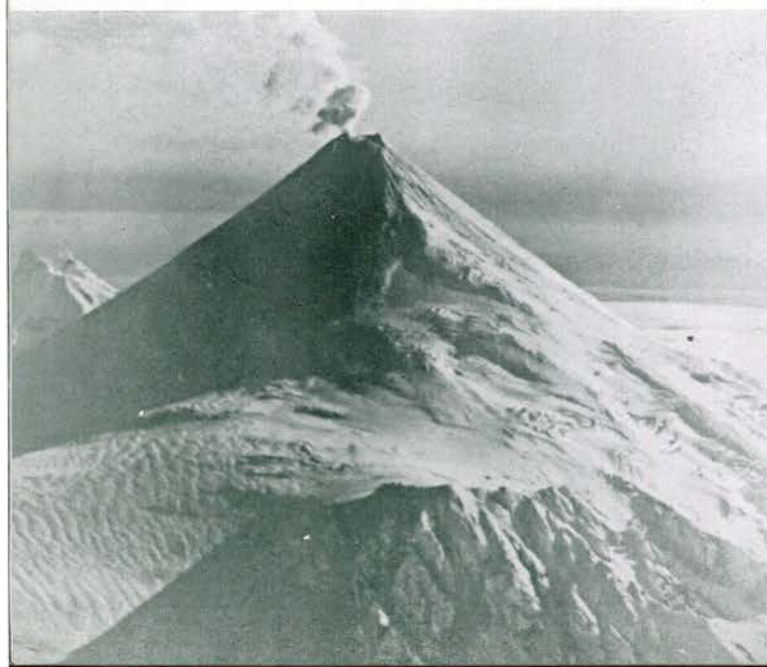
wherever we could, atop packing cases, on bare wooden floors, or in the ship's musty hold which for the first time in five days seemed almost comfortable.

A word about the situation at Dutch Harbor. Much of the construction work there had been done by contractors employing civilian workers. But now the Japs were on the move! They had landed on Kiska and Attu, they had already sent a fleet of planes against Dutch Harbor, and, although nobody knew just where, they were expected to strike again soon. Therefore the Navy considered it wise to evacuate all civilian workers and replace them with construction men who also bore arms, the Seabees. We arrived there a month after the Japanese planes had bombed the Harbor. The Fourth Battalion had preceded us but had not been able to do much work because their hand tools had been lost when one of their warehouses was destroyed by a bomb. Together with the Fourth, we began the task of repairing and strengthening the base.

HOUSING - - -

Our first quarters were located in Fort Mears; although they were in some respects not quite adequate, they had the advantage of being very near to the PX and the theater, and within convenient walking distance of the Harbor. The constant influx of new outfits soon overcrowded the Fort Mears area. Barracks designed to hold 63 men accommodated 125 or more. Finally all available space in Mears and Dutch Harbor was taken, and it became necessary to build up new housing areas. In November we received orders to furnish facilities for an incoming outfit. The time allowed for completing the new housing was short, and so it was decided that we would turn over our barracks to the new outfit and take a chance on building new quarters for ourselves.

Advance planners had already located an area of sufficient size to house a battalion in a completely undeveloped portion of the island called "South Amaknak." The tract, about forty acres in extent and already equipped with a small boat harbor, lay entirely on the steep slopes of "Hill 400" and until suggested by the Battalion had never been considered suitable for housing. But authorization was given and in November, as the worst of the Aleutian winter set in, work was started. Cold, snow, and wind proved to be the worst enemies of the job. The severity of the weather is





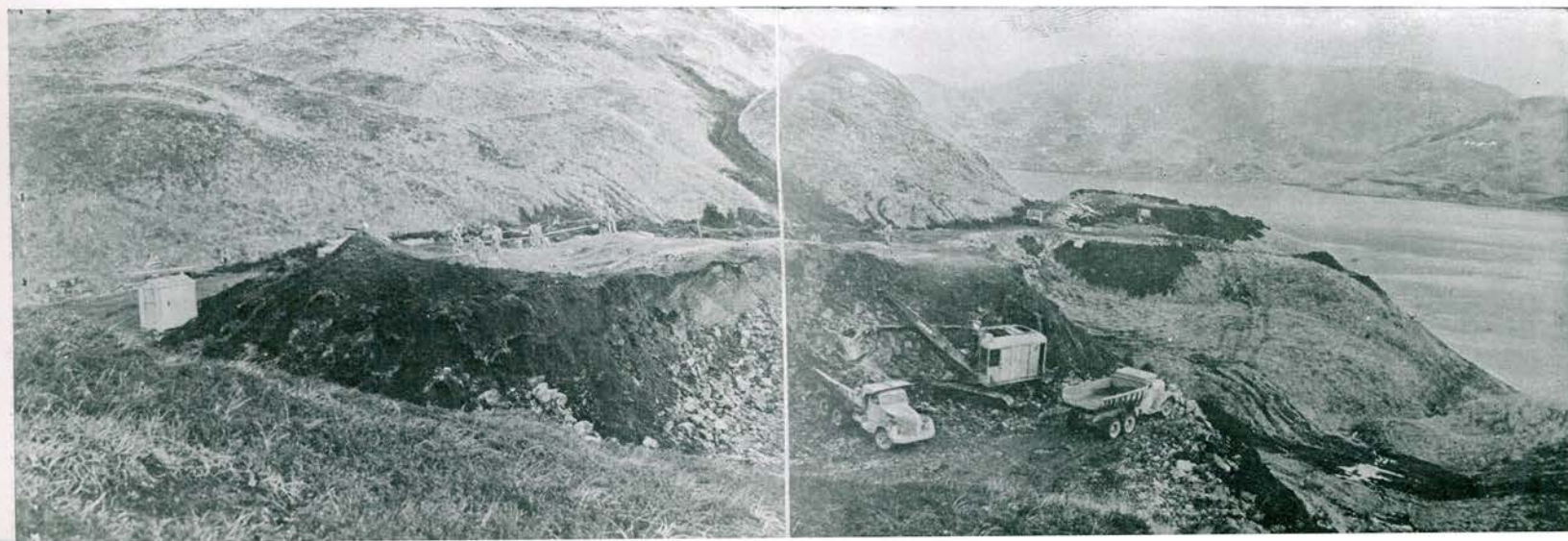
THE GOOD SHIP BOTTLE-NECK

evident from this story concerning some of the excavation:

On a night early in December a Lorain shovel was digging out a site for one of the new barracks. The williwaw had died down temporarily, but a heavy snow was falling. The cold was so extreme that rock and dirt loaded into trucks by the shovel froze to the truck-beds before it reached the dump less than 100 yards from the shovel. Various measures, among them coating the beds with oil, were tried, but none seemed to help and finally the trucks were cleaned with picks and axes and the job abandoned for the night.

Almost as soon as a roof was thrown over a barracks, one or two companies moved into it. By Christmas, 1942, the last of the Battalion, including the gang who had just returned from Adak, had moved into our new quarters. The real name of our new location was South Amaknak, but we preferred something a bit more pronounceable and a little more familiar, so we nicknamed it "South America." It was literally carved from the mountainside. Typical Seabee planning, building and workmanship went into this area, and we dare say it was the best on the island and a credit to its builders.

"SOUTH AMERICA"





ALMOST COMPLETE

ON THE JOB - - -

There is by no means enough space on these few pages to give an account of all the projects undertaken by the Eighth Battalion at Dutch Harbor. However, a few brief remarks about conditions in general may serve to recall most of them to us.

If we were to choose two slogans to describe our work, the most appropriate might seem to be the three "W's" — "Win the war with warehouses" — for the beginning; and the three "B's" — "Bigger and better BOQ'S" — for the finish. But in reality the construction of warehouses and BOQ's took only a small percentage of our time. Mountains were leveled and lowlands filled. Shores were pushed out into the sea. Small islands were connected to the larger ones. Men traveled to their daily jobs in boats as well as in trucks. Tents were pitched on barren shores. Where even jeeps could not travel, material and tools were carried on human backs. Men camped out for weeks surveying the countryside. Engineers pored over papers and blueprints while bulldozers started access roads on the sides of mountains. Even while the roads were being built, trucks bearing lumber and equipment from unloading docks to project sites rumbled over them. And in record time completed areas and facilities were ready for new occupants, whether they be more Seabees, Army air

or ground forces, or submarine or other Navy personnel.

Every bit of the work was done while the war was in its early stages; every project was built to meet an emergency. Time was precious; the crying need was for new speed records. We had a few failures: because soil conditions could not be studied, a foundation or two began to crack; because the destructive force of the Bering Sea in a storm was underestimated, a big fill was washed away. And we had to do many things we didn't exactly enjoy: we had to shovel the snow off piles of lumber and chip the ice from each stick before it could be used; we had to be tied down to rafters so that the wind wouldn't blow us off a roof; we had to spend days rebuilding what the williwaw had blown down in a single night. But what we gained far outweighs whatever discomforts we might have undergone. Each of us brought back with him a background of broad and varied experience, a knowledge of his own and the other fellow's trade. And what is more important, we gained the satisfaction of having done a good job, of having provided, at a critical moment, the bases which the ships, the subs, and the planes needed.

SUB-BASE PROJECT

The Sub-Base project, as a whole, was one of the most important and probably the biggest job assigned to the Battalion. Although the orders came in the late fall to start the development, little construction was done till after January, '43, due to the fact that expanding activities necessitated pushing a number of other projects to completion. However, once work was begun, there was no holding back. New roads were put through, the land was extended into the sea, and structures quickly began to rise. A captain once remarked that he thought he had brought his submarine up in the wrong harbor. "These Seabees sure have given this island a facial!" he said.

To expedite the work we set up our engineering, executive, and personnel offices on Expedition Island. An addition was made to the schedule when we learned that a group of PT Boats was already en route from the States and that we were expected to provide facilities for them by the time they arrived.

The Sub-Base project included numerous structures. Some of the more important were the Consolidated Shop, the Battery Overhaul, the Power House, the Optical Laboratory, the Marine Railway, two large docks, and, last but not least, our special pride, the first church in the Dutch Harbor area ever designed and built to serve church purposes alone, "Our Lady of the Deep."

"TENT CITY"





RELAXATION - - -

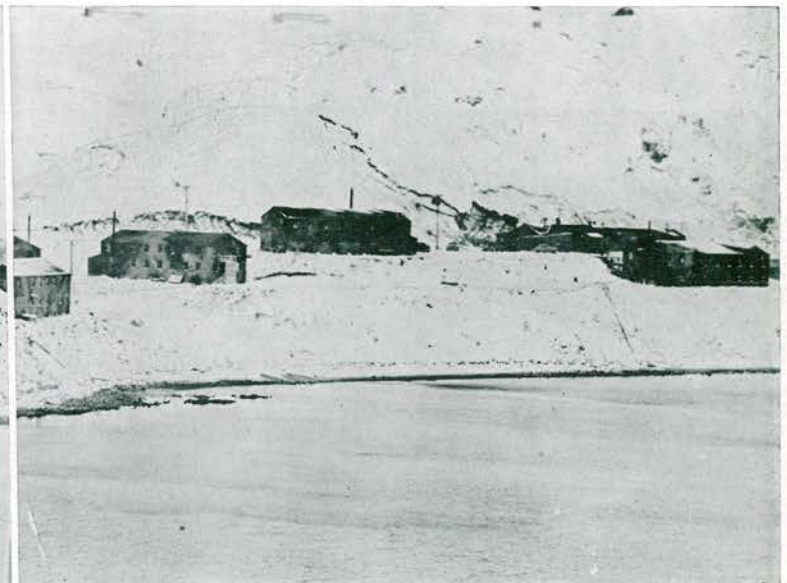
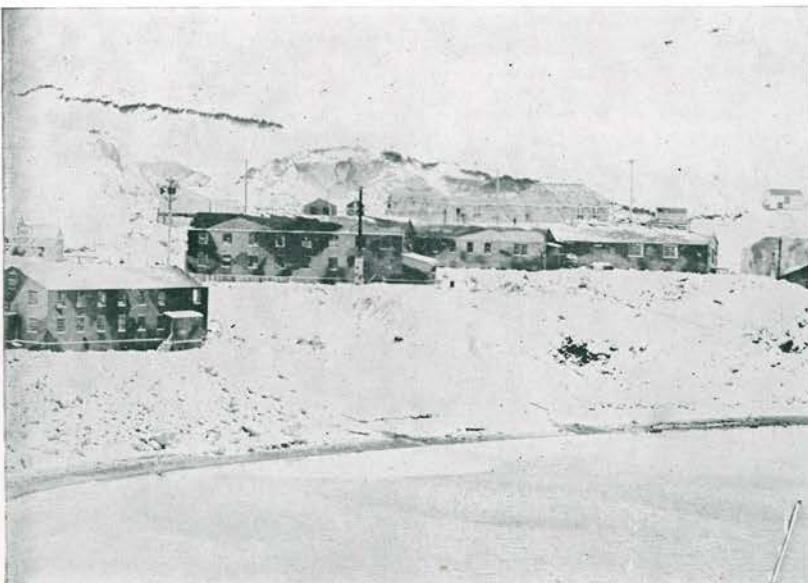
Finding something to do in our spare time seldom became a very acute problem at Dutch. Letter writing took up a great deal of it, and there always seemed to be a card game of one sort or another going on somewhere. There were movies at the Sub-Base, at Fort Mears, Dutch Harbor, and Unalaska; at times we had them at our own mess hall. An occasional USO unit gave us an evening of live entertainment; Marjorie Reynolds and Edgar Bergen both brought their shows to Dutch Harbor. The PX at Fort Mears became the corner drug store hangout. We read books from our own library and from the big one down at the Harbor. When we moved to South America we built our own recreation hall and set up a couple of ping-pong tables. And at South America we developed a distinctive game of our own. The small boat basin was used as a storing place for piling. Hundreds of long, pitch-coated logs lay in the water. In the evenings, just before dark, some of the more reckless of us would make an attempt to walk around the long chain of logs which were linked together with cables and used to keep the other logs confined. The perimeter was several hundred feet around, and although the logs were broad and not too hard to walk, going from one to another required passing a gap which was sometimes as great as six or seven feet. It was at these points that most men fell, clothes and all, into the icy water, and furnished a lot of laughs for the boys watching from the shore.

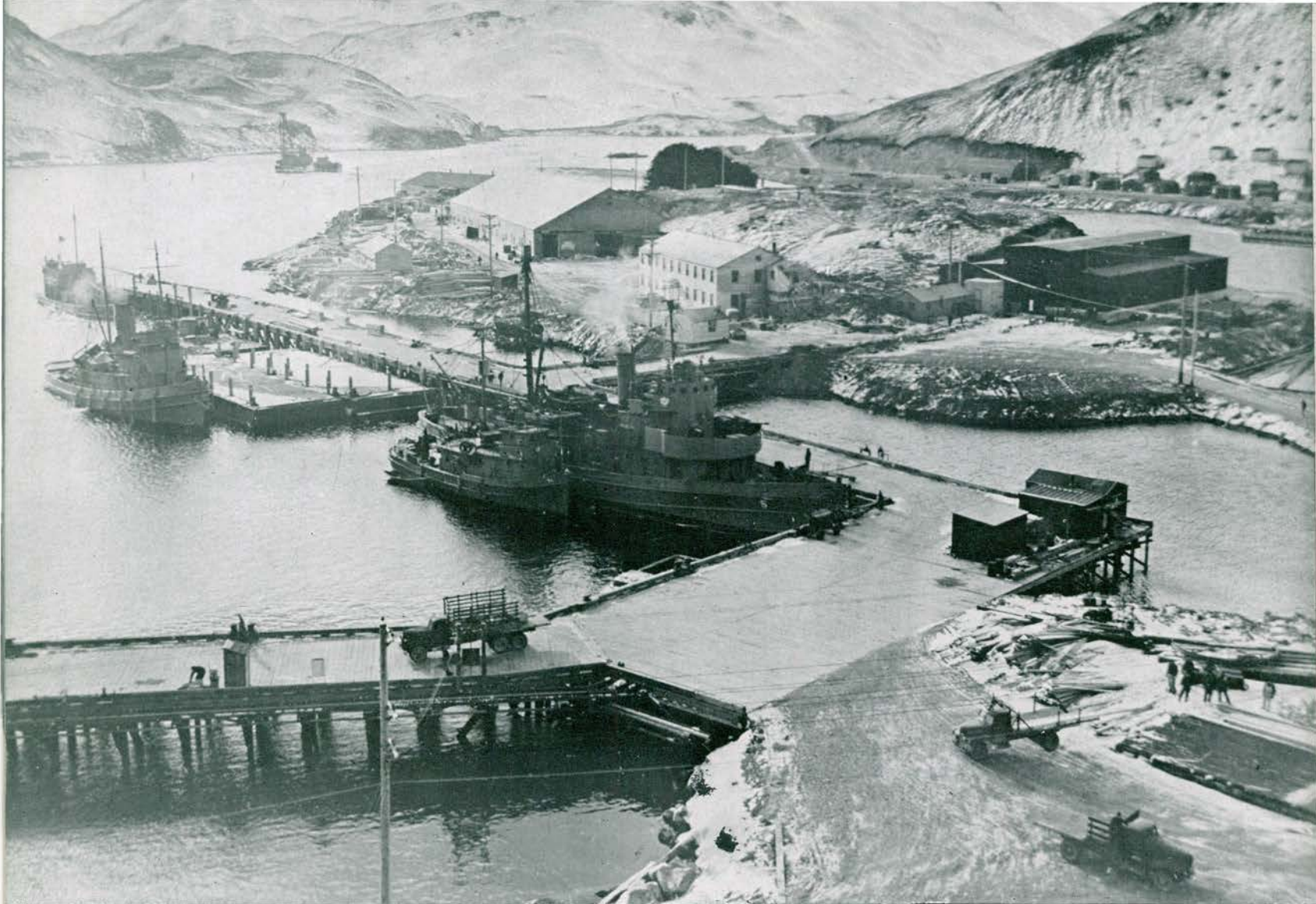
But the greatest pleasure came on our days off when we had time to see a bit of the country. We could join one of the fishing excursions and get in a few hours with rod and reel in waters where fish were so plentiful they seemed to fight for a hook. We could take a long hike, perhaps have a try at Pyramid Peak (some of us became good amateur mountain climbers) or, if walking seemed too strenuous, we could take a tour by jeep or boat and spend the day sight-seeing. And the sights we saw were truly magnificent. The average Seabee might be abashed by such phrases as "the grandeur of Nature," or "Majestic panoramas;" but every one of us who carries in his mind's eye the images of wind-whipped Ballyhoo and distant, smoking Makushin; who saw, in both their winter wildness and summer serenity, Pyramid and Sawtooth, Captain's Bay and Iliuliuk Harbor — all the many bays, valleys, inlets and peaks of Amaknak and Unalaska Islands — will always cherish the memory of the beauty of that land.

THE MIGHTY NORTHWESTERN - - -

This old ship had long been beached near the Dutch Harbor dock. Before the raid she had served as a sort of makeshift hotel, but one of the Jap bombs struck her squarely, setting her afire and leaving her only a burnt hulk supporting a mass of twisted superstructure. Her boilers, however, had escaped serious damage, and when we arrived she was supplying heat and power for some of the adjacent buildings. After the main power house began to operate she was no longer needed for this purpose, and it was decided to fix up her engines, load her with scrap metal, and let her steam back to the States as a contribution to the scrap drive. Accordingly, twenty Seabees (eight of them from our battalion) were assigned to the task of repairing her. Only one of them had had any experience with ship's engines, but they soon began to get things in shape. They retubed the ship's boilers and put the turbines in working order. They made their own valve packing and rigged their own jibs for spotting in the valves. Engine bearings were pulled out and the metal repoured. The condenser was rebuilt, the air pumps overhauled, and in thirty days the ship was afloat. As the scrap was loaded, it was welded to the hull to prevent it from shifting in case the ship ran into a heavy sea. The last time we saw the old Northwestern she was sitting out by the spit waiting for the trip home.

"SOUTH AMERICA" COMPLETED

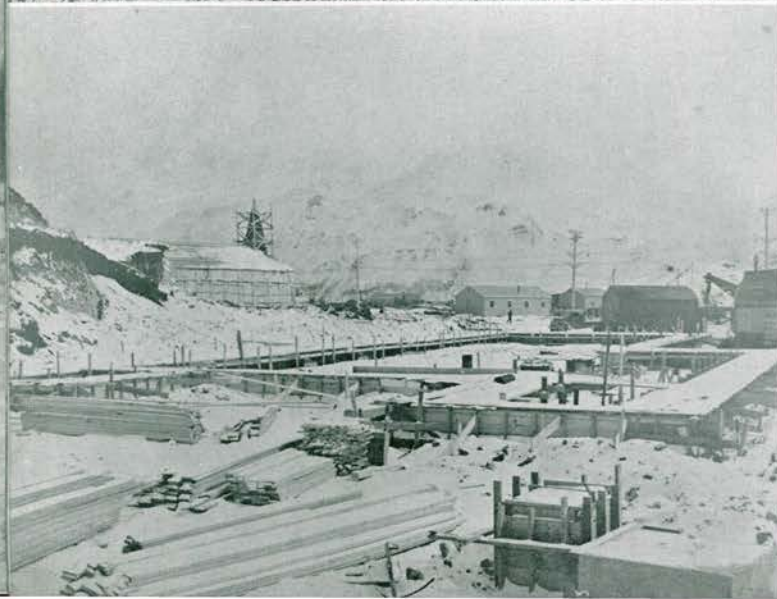
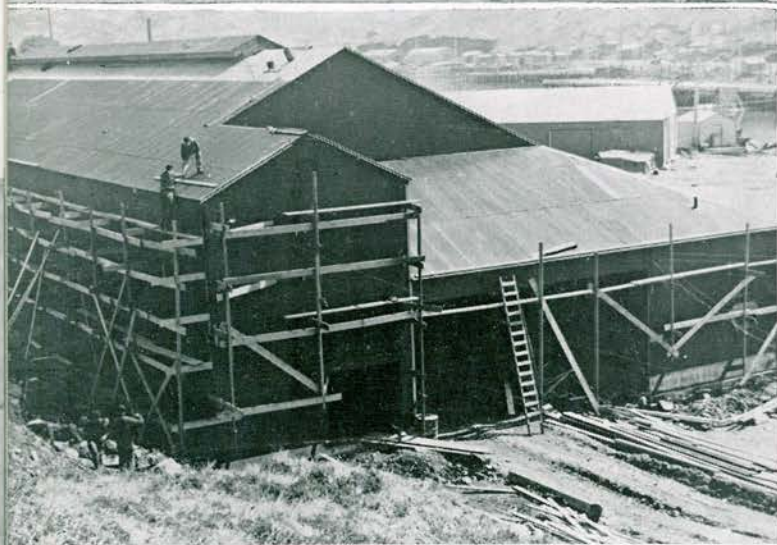


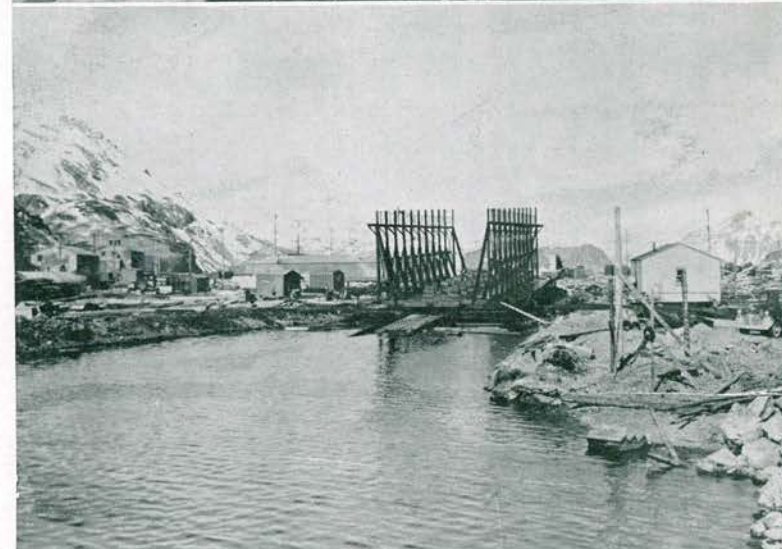
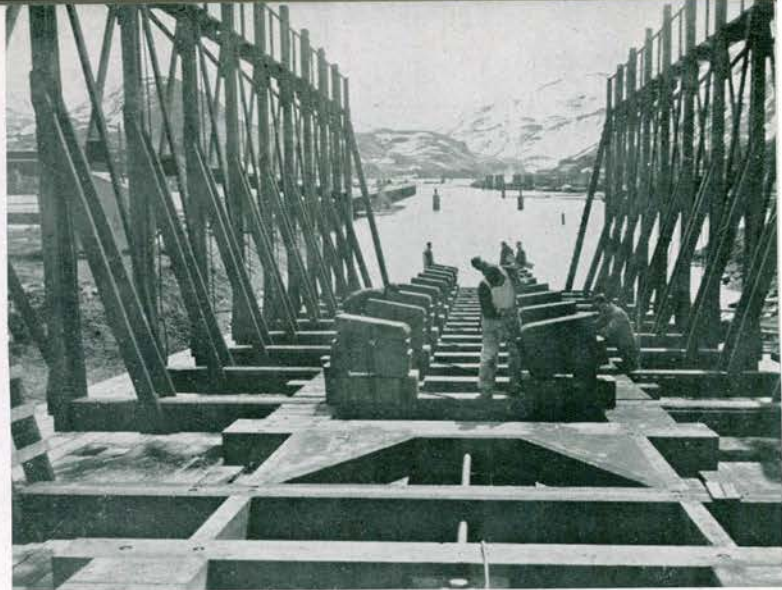


UNALASKA AND THE "U. S. S. BOTTLENECK" ---

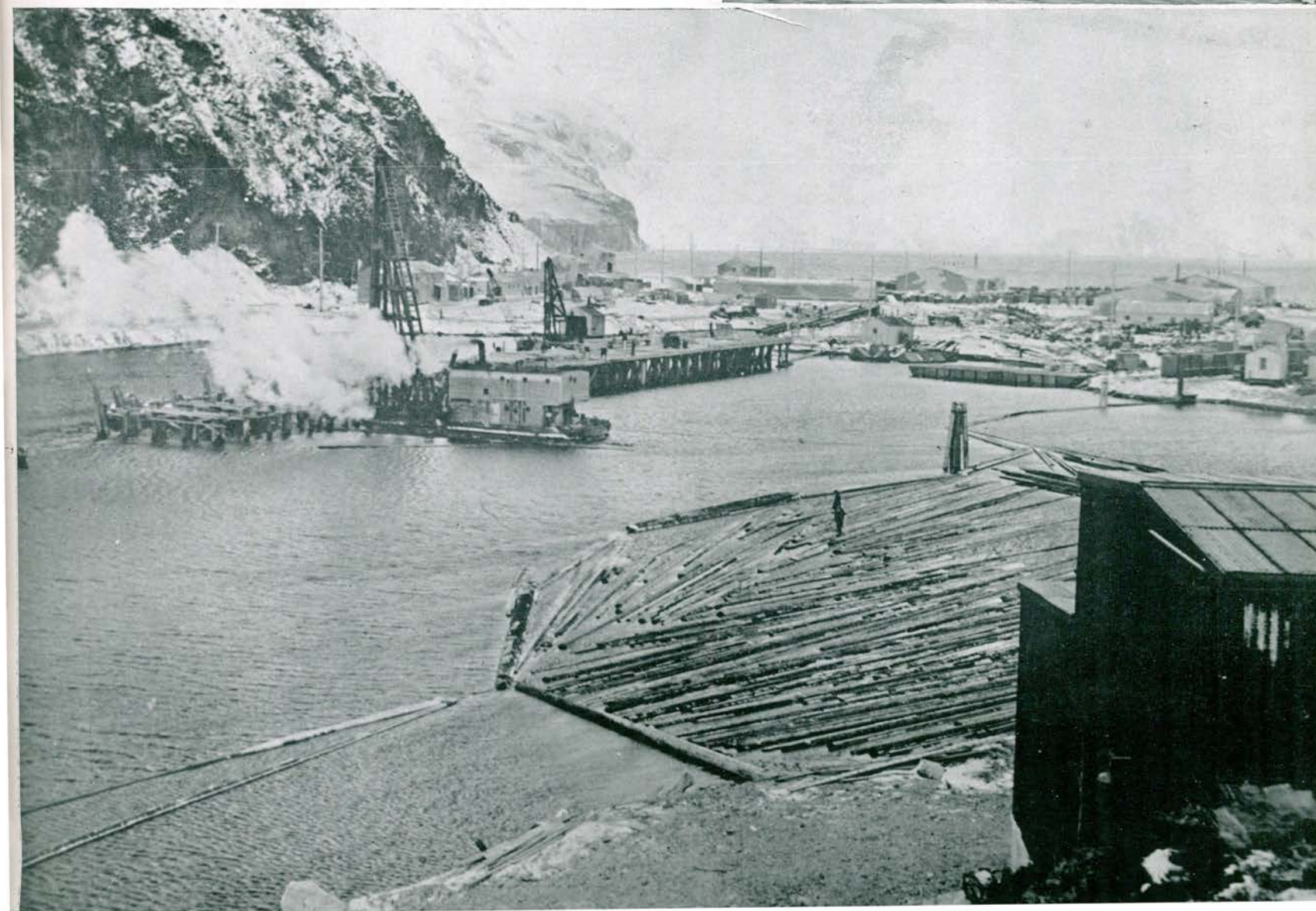
Anyone who has ever even made a stopover at Dutch Harbor will have no trouble remembering the ferry crossing from the "Sheep Ranch" side of Amaknak Island to Unalaska. The ferry was nothing more than a barge, pulled and guided by cables, which almost invariably had a long line of vehicles waiting on either bank for its service. The distance between shores could not have been more than 200 feet, but so much time was lost waiting for the ferry that it soon came to be known as the "U. S. S. Bottleneck."

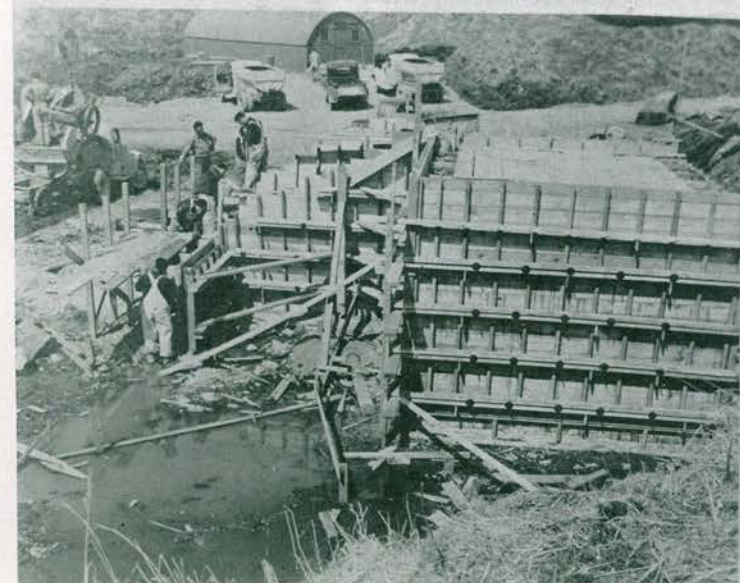
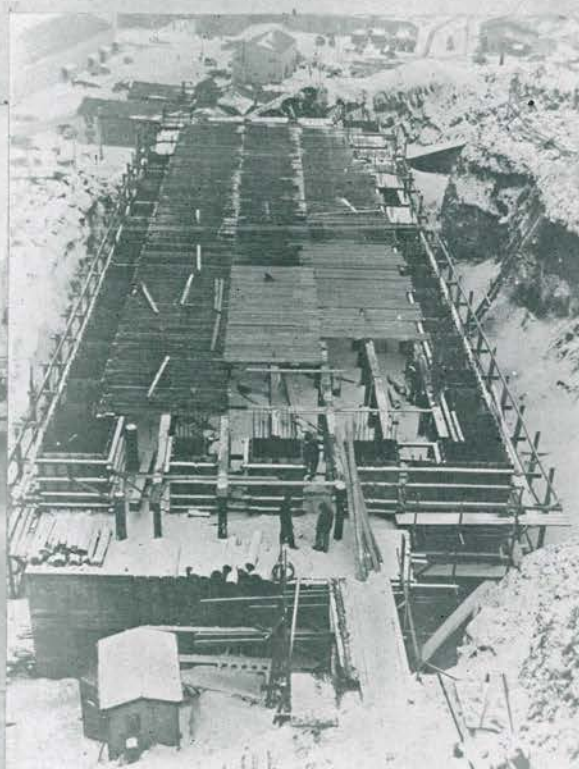
Our main reason for using the ferry was to get to the town of Unalaska. This town, the largest in the Aleutians, had a pre-war population of almost 3000. Most of the populace had been Aleuts; they had been evacuated a week after we arrived. As we knew it,





the town consisted of little more than a hodgepodge of deserted, run-down shacks in which these people had lived. It had a small general store, two or three novelty shops, and a theatre with a capacity of nearly two hundred persons. A tiny lunch room sold fresh coffee, pie, and (when they were available) fresh eggs. The price for all three was a mere \$1.25. The two bars constantly did a rush business. The Unalaska Bar, better known as "Blackie's," was a relic of old-time Alaska. Nobody minded the price of Blackie's whisky—everyone was able and willing to pay fifty cents a shot—but each drink meant waiting out a long line which circled from the entrance past the bar, out the exit, and around the building (sometimes around the block) back to the entrance again. One happy feature of Blackie's place was that regardless of how drunk a man got, there was never enough room for him to fall down. A little school house, a home for children,





a small cannery, and a colorful Russian Orthodox church built in the time of the Russian ownership of the Aleutians, were about the only other structures that went to make up the settlement.

More complete information about Unalaska during the days when it was a flourishing trading center may be found in "Son of the Smoky Seas," a book written by a native of the town, Nutchuk.

THE STORY OF THE "U. S. S. R. S. TURKSIB" - - -

A Russian ship crashed on the rocks bordering on Unimak Pass, a link between the Pacific and the Bering Sea, in November, 1942. Soon American ships were by her side in the treacherous, gale-churned waters. On one of these ships came a lieutenant and five enlisted men from the Eighth.

Until February, along with the Russian crew, these men worked desperately aboard the ship, salvaging its valuable cargo and trying to save it from sinking. They ate and slept with their Allied comrades and worked side by side with them to accomplish their common purpose. The old tub, for such it really was, had seen better days, but could still be used for transporting lend-lease material. The presence of large amounts of dynamite in the hold didn't make the job any safer, and the continuous rough weather didn't make it any easier, but all men stuck to the work at hand.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were celebrated, but not with vodka flowing on the decks. Borsht, dark bread, cheese, bacon, and coffee were the regular items on the menu, and they soon lost all glamor. But if the Soviets emphasized winning the war and minimized the need for delectables, why complain? Stalingrad was yet to be defended and this dynamite might help. So it was, "Pass me another bowl of borsht, Tovarisch. If you can stand it so can I."

And stand it they did until the final crack-up in February. The elements proved too formidable for the frail old vessel and all hands were ordered by the American salvage officer to abandon ship. The Russian captain stayed at his post and was washed overboard. All others reached shore via breeches-buoy and then trekked eight miles through a driving blizzard to a Coast Guard Station. The Russians were later removed to Dutch Harbor and hospitalized.

OUTPOSTS - - -

While stationed at Dutch Harbor the Eighth Battalion handled practically all the advance base construction in the Aleutian Islands. In all cases except one the

officers and men landed on undeveloped beaches where no shelter or housing existed. There were eight such projects. Here are the stories of some of them:

UNALGA - - -

About thirty-five men worked on this tiny isle near Dutch Harbor erecting a radar station. They first lived in an old (built in 1911) weather station which had been deserted for many years. They were allotted one tractor for the work. The first one sent was lost in ninety feet of water as it was being unloaded, but the boys managed to get the replacement for it safely ashore.

Work was a mile from the mess hall. Since there were no roads, they improvised a sled, hitched it to the tractor, and rode to and from the job on it. Mail was dropped from planes. On one occasion a mail sack contained a radio. That's right, it smashed!

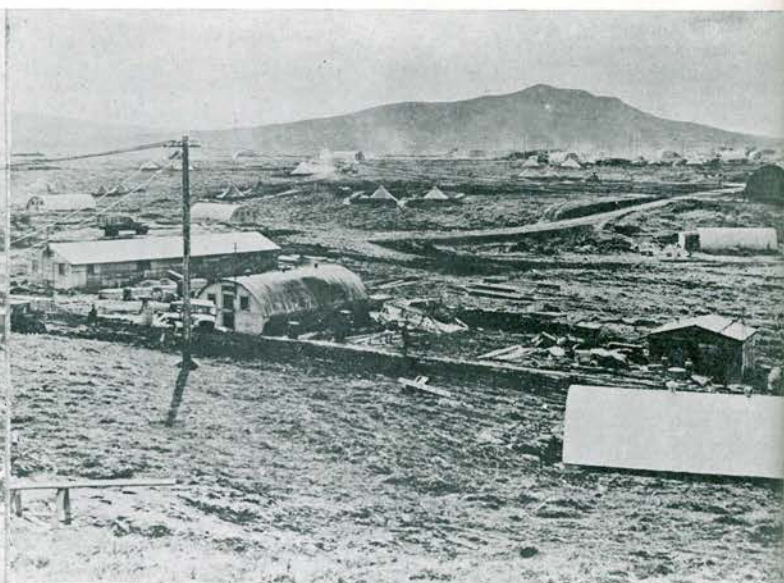
The job on Unalga lasted from September, '42, to May, '43, but when they returned to Dutch Harbor, they brought back the radar equipment. The plans had been changed!

ADAK - - -

"What are you guys doing here?" was the greeting received by nineteen of our buddies when they alighted from a plane at Adak on September 16, 1942. The inquirer was an Army major who then told them that he had no room on "his island" and knew nothing about work planned for Seabees. So the gang spent the night aboard a destroyer lying in the harbor. The next night they were unceremoniously ordered off the ship to make room for some aviators. Arriving on shore they were met by the same major, who repeated his orders of the previous day. Back to the destroyer and ordered off again. It began to look like a game with our men on the losing end. This time they hit the beach with fire in their eyes and defiantly walked past the "Brass Hat." Some Army fliers found two tents for them, so they crowded in to snatch two hours of sleep on the ground. Ten more Bees arrived ostensibly as guards for the first gang, but soon found themselves just plain working stiffs.

The job was to lay a net across the mile-and-a-half wide bay entrance. First they anchored a buoy to a 20-ton concrete block sunk in fairly deep water. With a snatch block on the buoy they ran a cable from the nets through the block and back to the beach, around another concrete block to the towhook of a "cat." The method sounds simple, the "cat" was to pull the nets





into the bay, but making it work was a tough job. The "experts" vowed that it was impossible to launch a net from the beach, but by weeks of strenuous, back-breaking work our pals did it.

Later, they built huts for the fliers and were eventually allowed to move into one. They cooked their own food on field ranges. Stoves and fuel were almost impossible to obtain, but "deals" were made. They soon had the warmest and most comfortable place on the island.

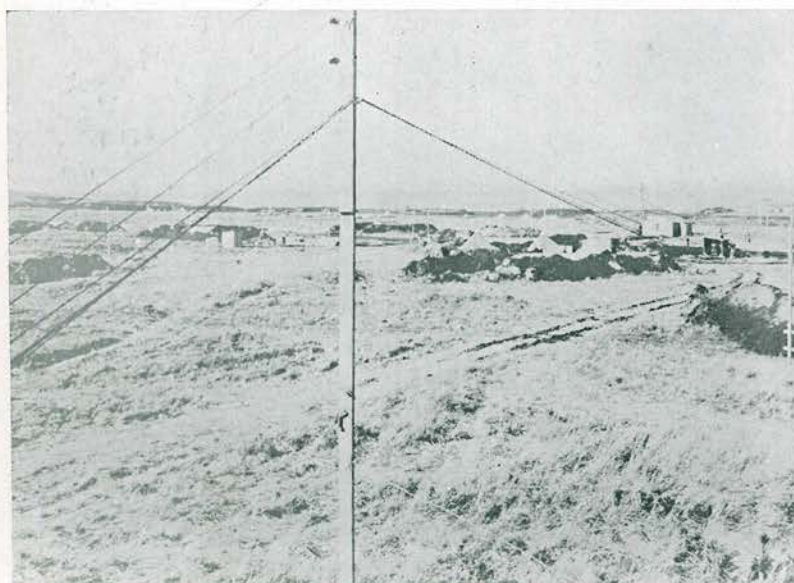
Lt. Anderson was the OinC and a man liked by all. "Andy" was just one of the boys. Because Cooper was the chief on the net jobs, the boys called themselves "Cooper's Raggedy-A-d Cadets" and sang ribald ballads about their lusty life in the mud holes. They were visited by Jap bombers on two occasions but with no ill effects. When a ship hove into port the "procurement department" went to work buying everything they could get their hands on, splitting with the others when they got back to camp. When Chief Thornton's old ship, the U. S. S. Detroit, dropped anchor, he and four others came home with \$200 worth of purchases, including, of all things, ice cream. The mail man forgot them for six weeks, but on December 20th they hit the jackpot and the hut looked like Macy's basement on Bargain Day.

The jobs were completed in record time and some of the boys were back in Dutch Harbor for Christmas. The last crew returned in January after a four months' stay on Adak. The harbor had been secured. With their ships safe from torpedoes the "common navy" could breathe easier.

OTTER POINT

Four days after arriving at Dutch Harbor eleven men sailed for Otter Point, 90 miles to the west, on the YP-151. The small craft was crowded with that many men aboard. All but one were sick, but anyone can get sick on a YP-boat. Lt. Hubbard was in charge of the group; they were the first to leave for an outpost and were to be the last to return. As time went on their ranks were swelled until there were 167 in all. Lieutenants Anderson, Leidy and Randall joined Lt. Hubbard to aid in the direction of the many activities.

The Otter Point base was one of General Buckner's dreams come true. For years he had fought for appropriations to push such defense construction in the Aleutian Chain. The airstrip there was the one from which American fighter planes took off to intercept the Jap planes over Dutch Harbor.





Our boys were kept busy for eleven months constructing what is now known as Navy Town. It consisted of huts, warehouses, cabanas, power lines, a radar station, and a recreation hall. They built hangars and housing facilities for the fighter plane pilots, who were under the command of Lt. Col. Chennault. In their spare time and there was very little of that, as is the case on all outposts — the boys hunted caribou and fox. A few of the latter were bagged, but since game laws restricted caribou hunting, there is no record of any being shot. Mike Kilgallen, the "Peck's Bad Boy" of the outfit, found enough time to wreck a jeep and, as a consequence, lost a rate. But that never seemed to worry Mike.

In September an Adak-bound group of Eighth Battalion men sailing in a YP put into Otter Point to escape a storm. The dock had been washed away, so they were forced to land by smallboat on a side of the island where the shore rose into steep cliffs. The Otter Point gang hauled them up the side of the cliffs with ropes. What's a little drama in the life of a Seabee?

The Otter Point boys returned to the Battalion at Dutch Harbor on June 7th aboard the S.S. Mormachawk, the ship that was later to take the entire outfit back to Seattle.

COLD BAY - - -

Early on the morning of July 19, 1942, eleven bewildered Seabees led by Lt. E. M. Newman boarded the YP-147 and, with adventure sparkling in their eyes and apprehension in their hearts, started for Cold Bay, 180 miles away to the east.

They had only arrived in Dutch Harbor five days before and now they had to leave their newly-acquired friends (all had reported to the Navy eleven weeks earlier) and start for some isolated outpost. Cold Bay was later to be a staging point for the attack on Attu. But the next morning, as they pulled into the half-mile finger dock that jutted into the seventeen mile bay, no one knew about that.

That first wave of Bees worked all day unloading parts for Quonset huts, trucking them two miles to the proposed base, and erecting the one in which they slept that night. They admit there was one bulkhead still to be put in place, but was too important to be postponed by a little thing like a missing bulkhead.

They worked like that for a month before a day of rest was called. For the next four months they averaged one day off per month. Water had to be transported in G.I. cans from an army post 3 miles away. Huts were erected for the next group which followed in two weeks. A mess hall was started but for six weeks they dined from mess kits beneath leaky tents in dismal weather. It was a month before a shower hut was finished and they had their first bath. A day never passed without rain coming on the wings of a hard-driving wind. The country was level and the wind from the cold Bering Sea had a clean sweep of the entire area.

Seventeen men arrived two weeks later, followed by ten more in another two weeks. They kept coming until there were approximately 90 in all. About eighteen were detailed to King's Cove, a fishing village



a few miles away, as a small boat repair unit and to recondition the existing dock. Some interesting stories are told about that phase of the expedition but you'd better let one of those fellows tell you about it. According to them, the Yukon gold rush was a pink tea party in comparison.

But all of the Cold Bay detachment were not so fortunate. One group of ten met with disaster, sudden and deadly. While their YP-74 chugged through Unimak Pass on the stormy night of September 5th, some were asleep in the galley and one or two had found bunks in the crew's quarters. About two o'clock in the morning there was a grinding crash that split the little craft in two. It sank in 90 seconds! They had met a freighter head-on. After floating around in the icy waters for half an hour the survivors were lifted to the deck of the freighter. When the roll was called it was discovered that B. J. Heddings, M1c, of Baltimore, and F. H. Moore, CM3c, of Ilion, N. Y., had perished along with two members of the crew. The eight survivors were returned to Dutch Harbor. A week later they again set sail for Cold Bay. This time their voyage was uneventful.

Work continued in the wind and rain which soon gave way to sleet and snow. The roads bogged down with mud and the rolling tundra became soggy. Huts had to be sunk in four foot excavations and when erected only a small part of the roof and the smoke stack were visible.

They built about fifty huts and twenty wooden cabanas. All were for the Navy fliers who were stationed there. Later they built a large mess hall for the Army



"MESS HALL" — COLD BAY"



"ADAK PIONEERS"

and were rewarded by seeing Bob Hope, Frances Langford and Jerry Colonna appear on the hastily-erected stage.

Much could be written about the little incidents that helped make life a bit more bearable on that lonely, wild spot. About, for instance, the first day off, when the chartered fishing boat, casting off in the early morning for a day of exploring, was held at the dock by the authorities until Lt. Newman assured them that the trip was legal and not an attempt to desert that awful place. It was on the same day that "Minnie," the pup, appeared, and wriggled her way into the hearts of all. She was adopted as the camp mascot.

And there was the time 25 cases of beer were confiscated from a heavily laden freighter en route to Kodiak. The gang thought it unfair that beer should be shipped to that well-furnished base while they withered away with dry whistles at Cold Bay. And again when ten gallons of pure grain alcohol somehow found its way into their possession. It was quickly converted into about thirty gallons of "Sneaky Pete," which, when mixed with clear apple juice, provided a delicious cocktail not unlike a Jack Rose.

Who will forget the night Denton, the cook, primed with liberal portions of his beloved vanilla extract, shot a hole through the oil stove, thinking, perhaps, to create a better draught? Or the night we put on a quiz program and the Army shellacked us? Who'll forget the memorable occasion when the gang got a hurried call to the wharf to make fast a floundering tug which had broken its moorings and, in the face of a quick-rising gale, was straining at its last lines? The Bees finally secured it and felt they were now proven "sailors."

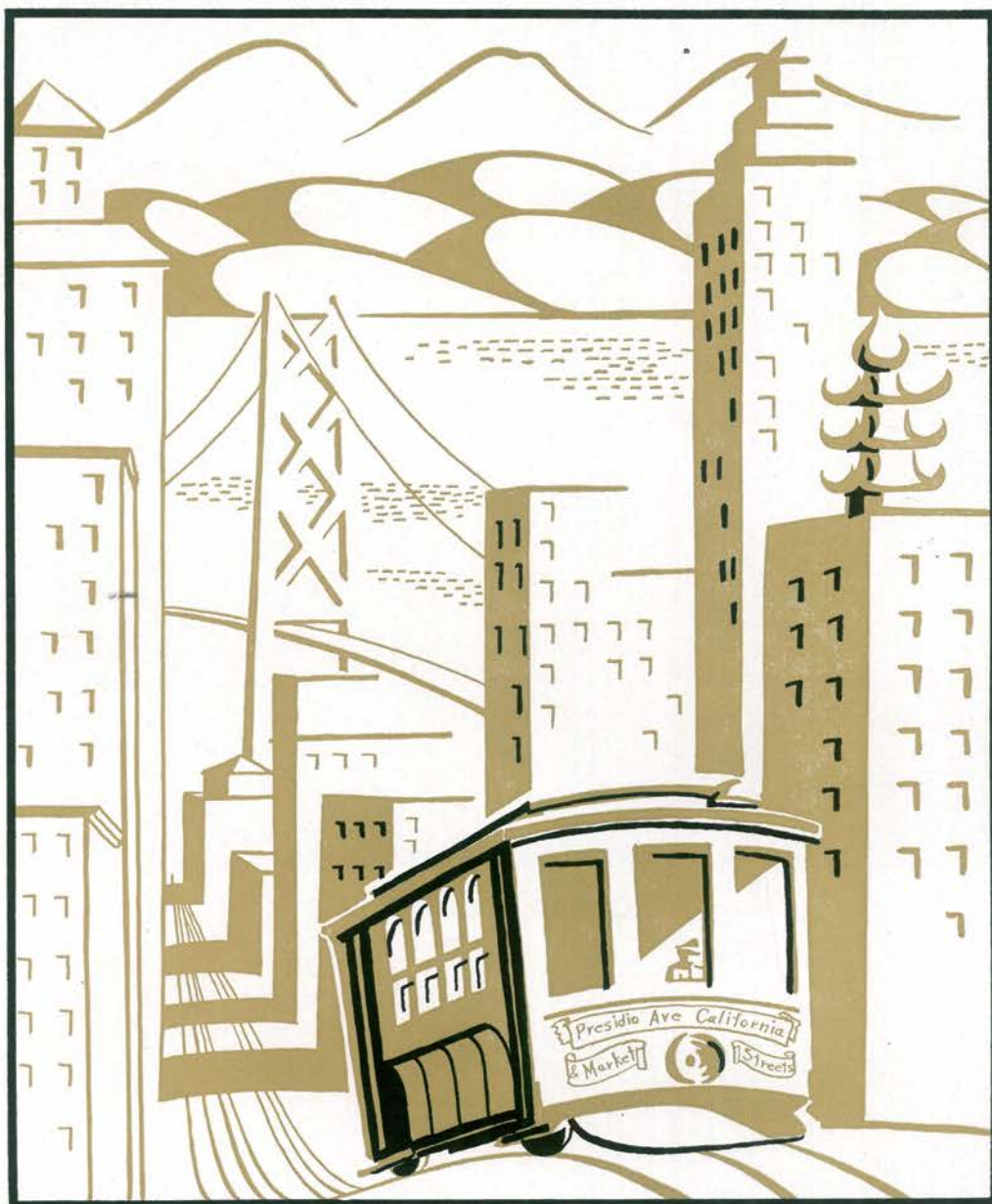
Three mornings before Thanksgiving everyone was ordered to pack and board a passenger steamer to return to Dutch Harbor. They stomped on board as a company from the 23rd slouched off. If you ever saw that country you'd understand why they "slouched off."

The S. S. Dinalli was an Alaskan Line ship with an excellent dining room. White tablecloths, gleaming silverware, and good food served by uniformed stewards, seemed like things from a fairy tale to the weatherworn mudders seasoned by four months on the tundra. They say that when the Dinalli docked at Dutch Harbor some of the boys had to be driven ashore with clubs.

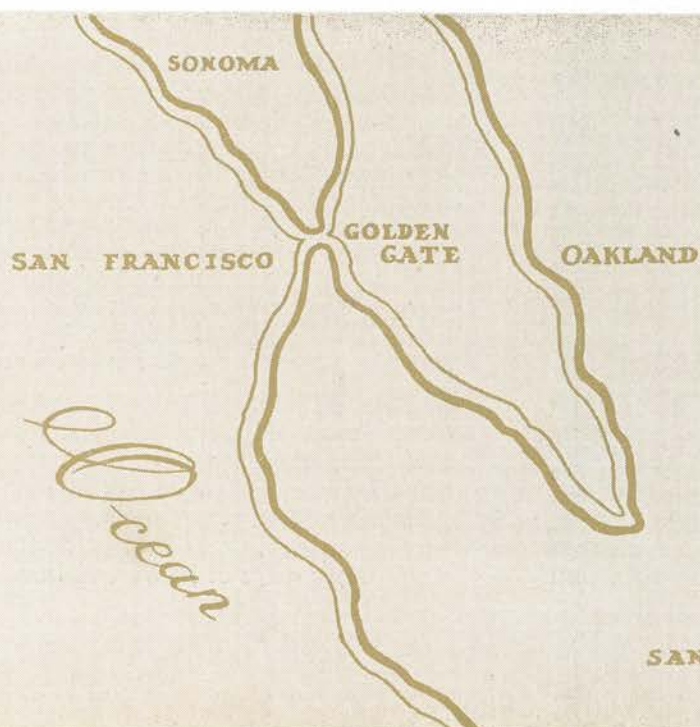


"WINTER'S EVE"

CAMP PARKS



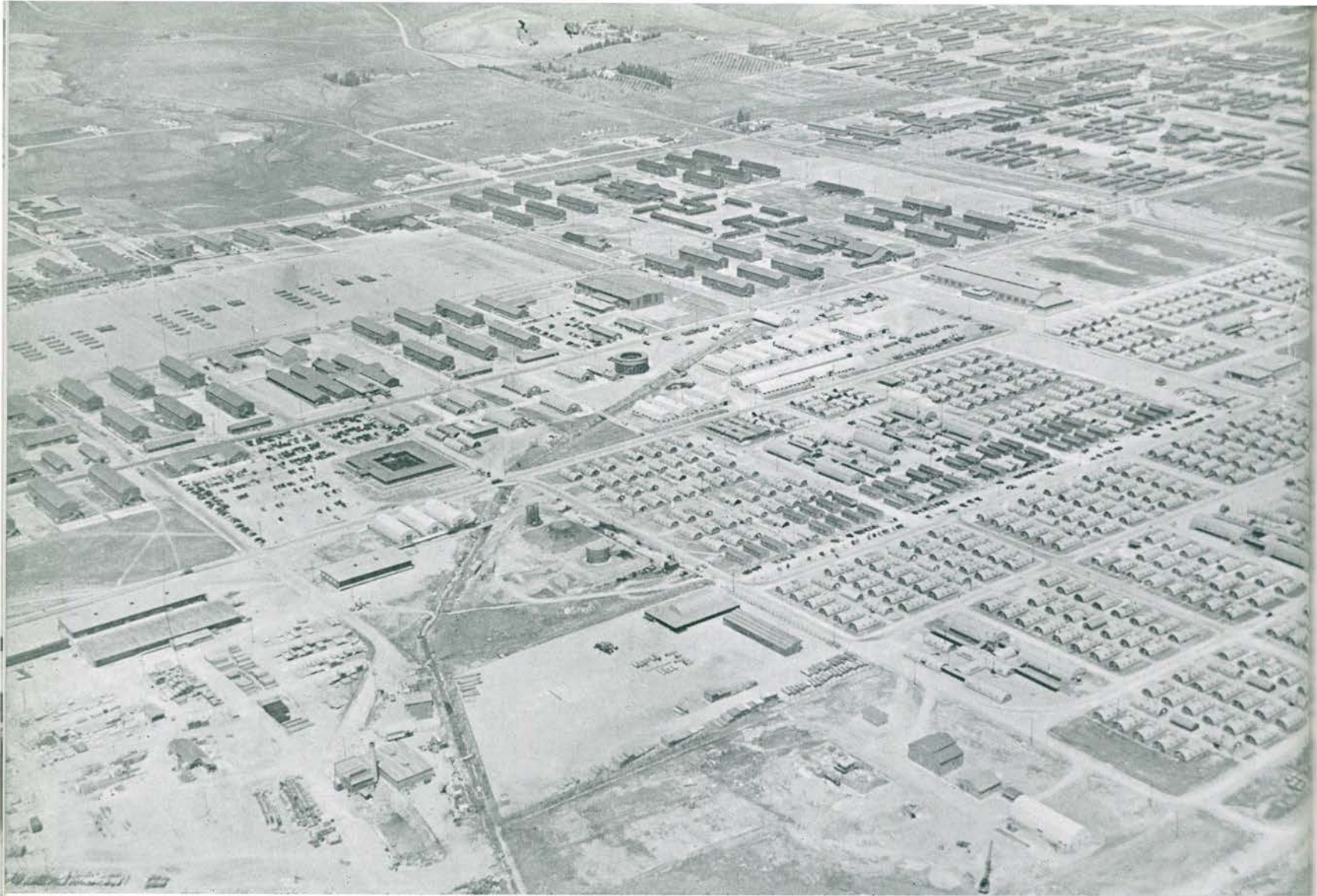
Pacific



California

CAMP PARKS

SAN JOSE



"HOME OF THE BEE'S"

CAMP PARKS

FOR MANY MONTHS previous to our departure from Dutch Harbor, we had devoured and lived on the scuttlebutt that we were going to leave for home soon. Through these months we suffered disappointment after disappointment, but on April 7th the conclusion of our stay finally became a reality when we boarded the S.S. Mormachawk.

Six days later, on Friday, August 13th, we entered the mouth of Puget Sound. A dense fog covered the water. All morning we strained our eyes for the first glimpse of the land, but the fog refused to lift. Our pace was amazingly slow, but even so we almost rammed a tanker which moved ahead of us up the Sound. About noon the ship stopped. A break came in the midst, and we could see that we were standing off a lighthouse station. Our pilot came aboard, we got underway again, and by late afternoon we were approaching the pier at the Seattle Navy Yard.

The entire personnel was gathered topside. Suddenly all eyes were riveted on one spot on the pier. "Look! Women!" Yes, the first civilian women we had seen in many months. It was a happy bunch that swarmed the ship from deck to top-mast. Talk and

yells were loud and merry. "Heave to and make her fast." Lines began to fly. As the hull touched the dock hundreds of voices rose in a vast shout which must have been heard clear across the Sound.

We were disappointed to be told that due to our late arrival — we had been scheduled to dock in the morning — and the urgent need for trains; our train had pulled off and we could not leave until the following day, when another train could be made up. However, we were allowed the privilege of walking around part of the Yard. A volunteer organization greeted us on the dock with doughnuts and ice-cold milk. It was the first fresh milk we had had for over a year; it seemed so good we laid aside all restraint and drank all we could get. Telegraph offices were set up on the pier and we all sent our messages home.

After an uncomfortable 36-hour ride we pulled in to Camp Parks on August 15th, just before mid-night. Tired and disheveled, we were shown to our new quarters. But all tiredness left us in the excitement of the next three days. Leave papers were made out and by highways, railways, and airways the Battalion scattered to enjoy thirty days of home and freedom.

BACK ON THE BALL!

It should go without saying that most of us, on returning to camp, weren't good for anything for days afterward. But we were in line for some stiff training. We began the day with a run around the commando course, went on to a lecture or two on tactics, and then sweated out afternoons on the black-top. We began a series of conditioning hikes on the road toward Mount Diablo. Each evening we returned tired, logy, and with swollen feet to the barracks.

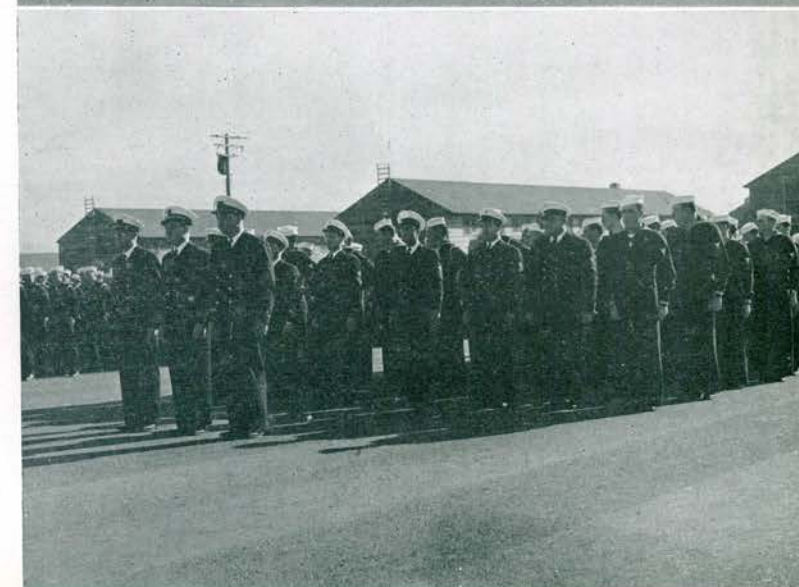
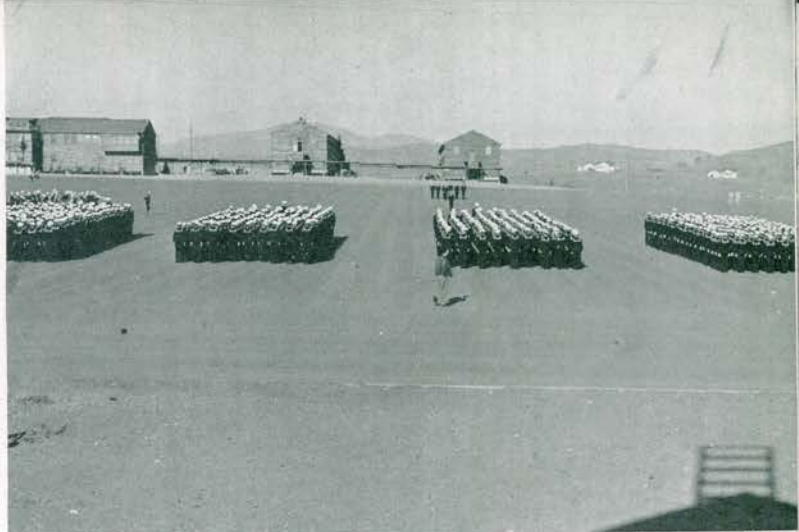
But tired as we might be at five o'clock, at seven, after a refreshing shower, all of us who had liberty (and quite a few who had "special liberty") could be found standing at the side of the highway hitching a ride into town.

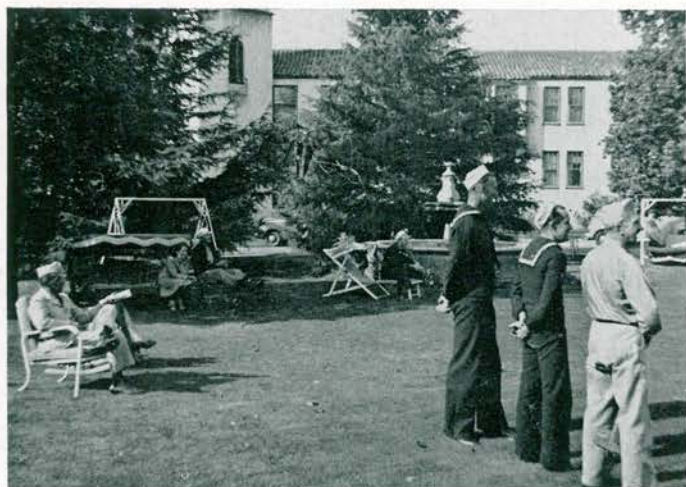
During our stay at Parks some of the men of the Battalion were married in the little Quonset Chapel on the grounds. Unfortunately, at the time of the preparation of this book pictures were no longer available of all the couples. The names of those wedded there are: Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scribner, Mr. and Mrs. James Gorham, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Lovelace, and Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Garratt.

During the months at Camp Parks we learned just how much of the California Chamber of Commerce's propaganda to believe. Through many a cold night we shivered, and through many a day of dewy sunshine we marched. Perhaps the most miserable three days were those of the trip to Mount Diablo. This was a requirement of the training program. Early one morning the majority of the Battalion, including many who had just stumbled in after a night of liberty, were rousted out of their nice warm sacks and lined up in marching order. Heavily loaded with packs and equipment we tramped five miles out to the mountain and then a thousand feet up the rugged slope to an area overlooking the broad Livermore Valley. Here we camped out, under drizzling skies, for two nights and three days, practicing extended maneuvers. The culminating exercise was a battle against the judo experts from the Camp's athletic department. We managed to beat off their attack. Provisions for the trip were K-rations; after three days of them we returned to camp and surprised the cooks by eating everything we could lay our hands on.

In the interim between our arrival at Parks and the date we left, a great many changes took place in the Battalion personnel. Many of the original members transferred to other groups, General Service getting the lion's share. New boots arrived month after month to refill our depleting complement. We were sorry to see the old faces go, but then too we were glad to see new men, many of them youngsters, added to the Battalion. It was in one of these drafts that we first acquired the wanton humorist, one Charlie Cirillo.

Although Parks was called a Recuperation Center, we soon learned that very little rest was included on the program there. Most of us were surprised, therefore, when the chance came for some of us to go to a real rest camp. We had a sort of lottery and the fortunate ones packed their gear, boarded the bus, and headed for Sonoma Mission.





"REST HAVEN — SONOMA"



"CALIFORNIA STYLE"



"LOCAL COLOR"



Marge Waiking, Ens. Birger, Mrs. James Gorham,
Jimmy Gorham, Carl Stole.



Clinton Hardy, Lieut. Myers, Mrs. Rodney Gwin,
Rodney Gwin, and Friend.

This resort, fashionable and expensive in peacetime, had been turned entirely over to the Navy. There the restees had two full weeks of complete relaxation. Each man was required to check in at the desk at ten in the morning; the rest of his time was spent in just lounging around or in such pursuits as bike riding, swimming, playing tennis or badminton, or riding horseback over the redwood covered slopes of Jack London's nearby ranch.

It was the usual custom for each Battalion to hold a review at the end of training. Our turn finally came on a Saturday morning in April. It was a great success. The well-formed companies moved with snap and precision. Those of us who could remember that first review at Camp Allen, when we had swarmed around the corners in confused droves, were proud of the improvement. We knew that much of the improvement was due to the new blood in the Battalion, the quick, alert kids who had just joined us. They might not be seasoned construction men, but they were willing to learn; and they had us licked hands down on anything military. And on that day the friction that had existed between the two groups, the old-timers and the new arrivals, came to an end, and a new sense of unity took its place. We became aware that we had a job to do, together; and that meant cooperation.



Lieut. Garratt and Mrs. Garratt

Then came departure! On April 28th we lined up in front of the barracks, wearing undress blues and carrying light packs. The Camp band sounded; "Forward March" was called; and off we went down the company streets to the loading area. We waved good-bye to Camp Parks and hopped aboard the train.

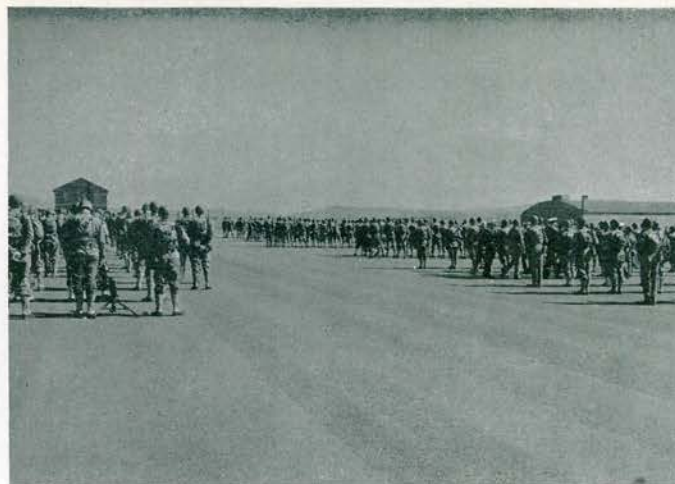
ABRD PORT HUENEME

Again we traveled by day coach, but the monotony of the trip was broken by a most welcome announcement. It was official word that we were to get our embarkation leave as soon as we reached our next camp. The leave was ten days plus travel time, amounting to as much as five days for those who lived on the East Coast. Slips were passed out on the train, things were handled smoothly, and within twenty-four hours after we pulled into Hueneme, many of the men were already on their leave.

It was a good leave, but a short one; soon we were all back at Port Hueneme, getting in a little more training while arrangements were being made for shipping out. Our days were spent on the rifle range, hiking, or at lectures, either military tactics or some aspect of the life in the Pacific we might expect to encounter.

For the move overseas the Battalion was divided into two groups. The morning of June 4th, 1944, found the first contingent up bright and early, making final adjustments to packs and tying up bedding rolls. They stacked their gear into trucks, ate early breakfast, and loaded into more trucks that took them to the other side of camp, where the S.S. Cape Victory was waiting at the dock. They loaded and sailed out through the narrow mouth of the harbor.

The same routine was followed five days later, after enjoying one last week-end liberty in the Los Angeles area, the remainder of the Battalion, 18 officers and 320 men boarded the U.S.A.T.M.S. Pennant.



"AT EASE!"



"DIRIENZO - - UNDER FIRE!"



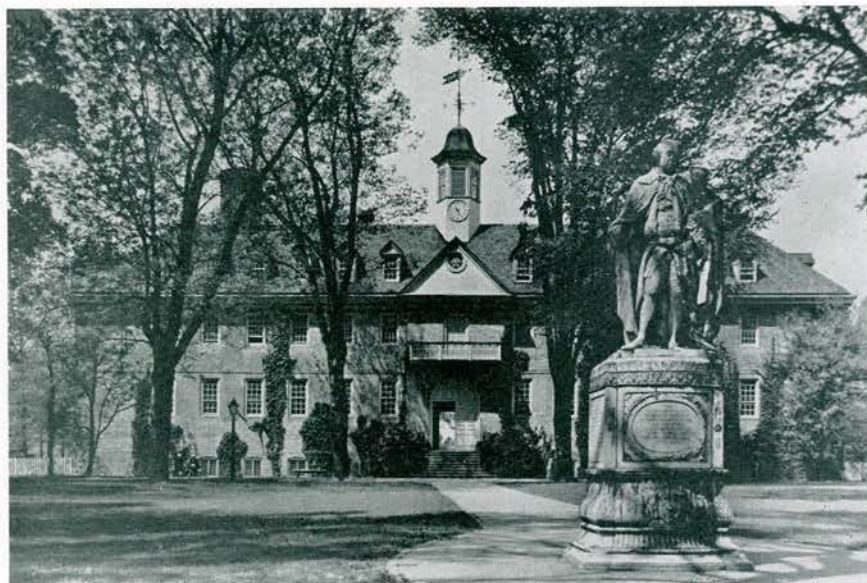
"CAPTAIN'S INSPECTION"



"COLOR GUARD"



"ON PARADE!"



THE CAPITOL



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE



THE GOVERNOR'S LAWN



HUENEME POOL



ALL ABOARD

HAWAII



KAUAI

NIIHAU

OAHU

RED HILL

MOLOKAI

Ocean

MAUI

LANI

KAHOOLAWE

HAWAII

Pacific

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

OAHU

A FAINT FLICKER of light off to our starboard gave the early riser his first indication that we were approaching "Pineapple Isle." The fog and mist around us gave the rays an eerie tinge as the light beckoned the ship toward the famed landmark of Hawaii, "Diamond Head." We rounded the huge mass of crimson rock just before sunrise.

Many tourists had rounded it in just the same manner in the past, but they had come upon a sight far different from that which greeted us. The surf still broke on long, white, curved Waikiki Beach and sent spray against the facades of the Royal Hawaiian and the Ala Moana; the city of Honolulu still stretched from the Aloha Tower through blocks of modern buildings to colorful hillside suburbs. But now these features served only to make more vivid by contrast the dominant aspect of the scene — military might and movement. All manner of warships moved into and out of the harbor; bombers and fighter planes droned through the air.

In common with everyone else, we had all seen many pictures and newsreels of the Jap strike at Pearl Harbor; ever since learning that we were coming to Hawaii we had been looking forward to the chance of seeing the actual site of that infamous bombing. Now we were to have it.

The water about the bow of the ship abruptly changed from deep blue to light gray, signaling that we were entering the mouth of the Harbor. We passed through the narrow channel and came out into the freer waters of the inner locks. But looking around us we saw few signs of that calamitous first battle of the war. No wreckage remained. In place of it there were great new fleet units tied to the docks, and new installations — warehouses, barracks, and hangars — on every hand. The realization came forcefully to us that we were inside the most powerful and the most furiously active naval base in the world.

While waiting for our ship to find her berth we watched the workers at the docks and shops. We had seen many warworkers before, but never any such as these. There were young and old of both sexes, representing at least five nationalities.

Passing down the gangplank and across the narrow-gage railway, we climbed into trucks waiting to take up to our new camp. Its name, "Moanalua Ridge," was passed along the line. As the trucks carried us through the Navy Yard we got our first close look at the native girls. Many of the "Wahines" worked in the Yard. But these local "Debs" were as nonchalant as we were excited; they paid scant or no attention to the yelps and whistles with which the more boisterous of us greeted them.

Moanalua Ridge was laid out among the low hills beyond Pearl Harbor. Everything — the large, open-sided barracks, the roomy, clean mess hall, the view, the cool breezes — was so nice that we were afraid it couldn't last. And we were right; we lived there only eleven days.

Iroquois Point had been described to us — straight, ugly rows of Quonset huts and tents laid out on a flat, sweltering coral bed and covered constantly with a heavy pall of dust stirred up by grinding dozers and carryalls. We found it that and worse when we moved there. The white, gritty dust sifted through the screens into our quarters; it fell so thickly on the clothes hung out to dry that they had to be washed over.

We had a part in the task of making Iroquois Point one of the greatest staging areas Oahu had ever seen. We had many separate projects: housing facilities, machine shops, sewer and water lines, and administration buildings (our own coral-covered "Pentagons").

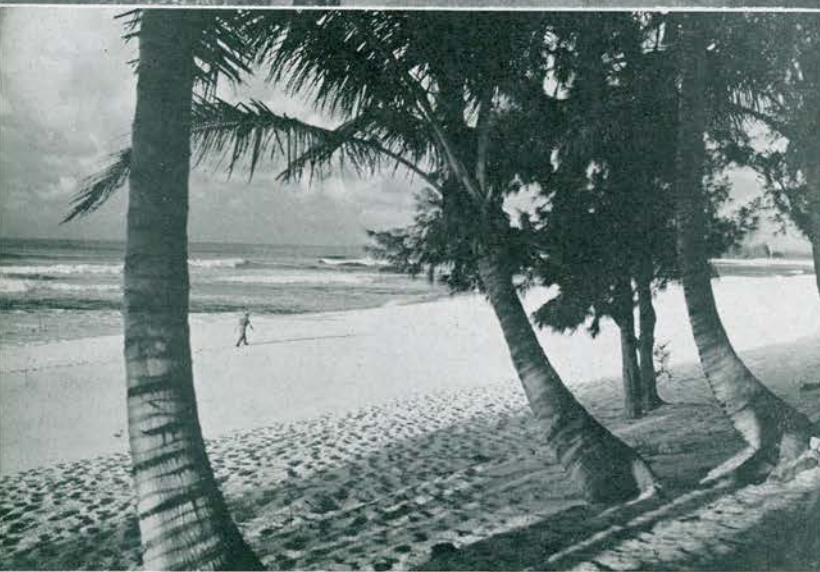
By the time we were finished at Iroquois Point we were so used to seeing the worst side of Oahu that we were beginning to think of it as "The Rock." But our next move, to Red Hill on September 21st, gave us

FAMOUS WAIKIKI



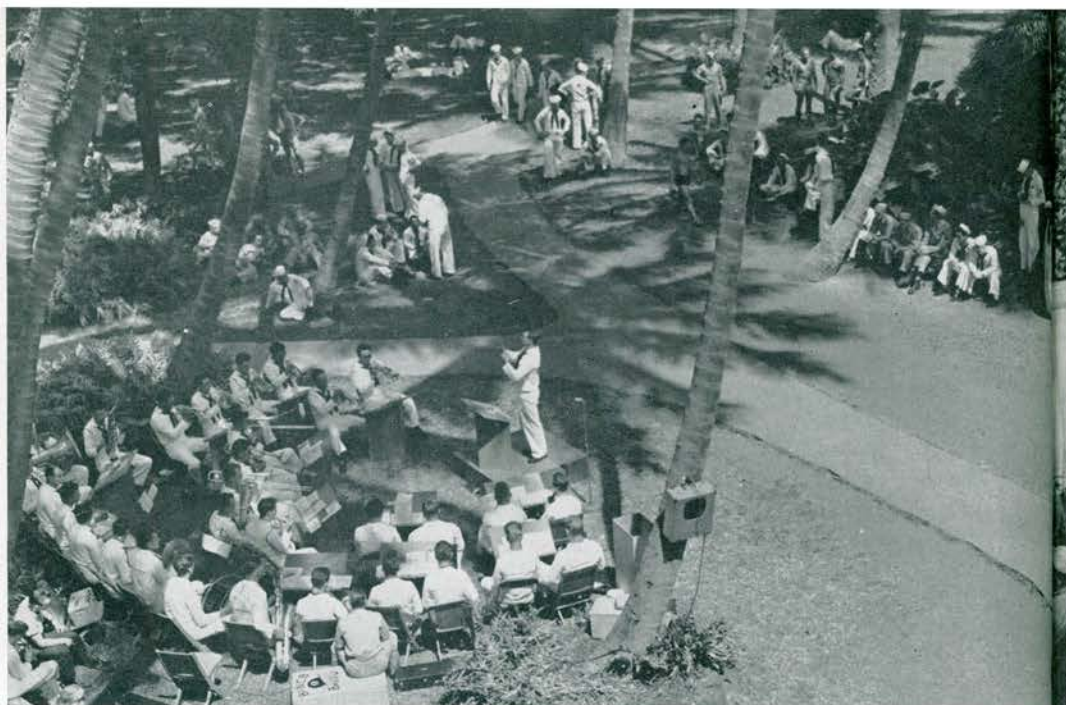


"THIS IS OAHU"





"RESTFUL"



"LOOKING DOWN ON THE BAND"

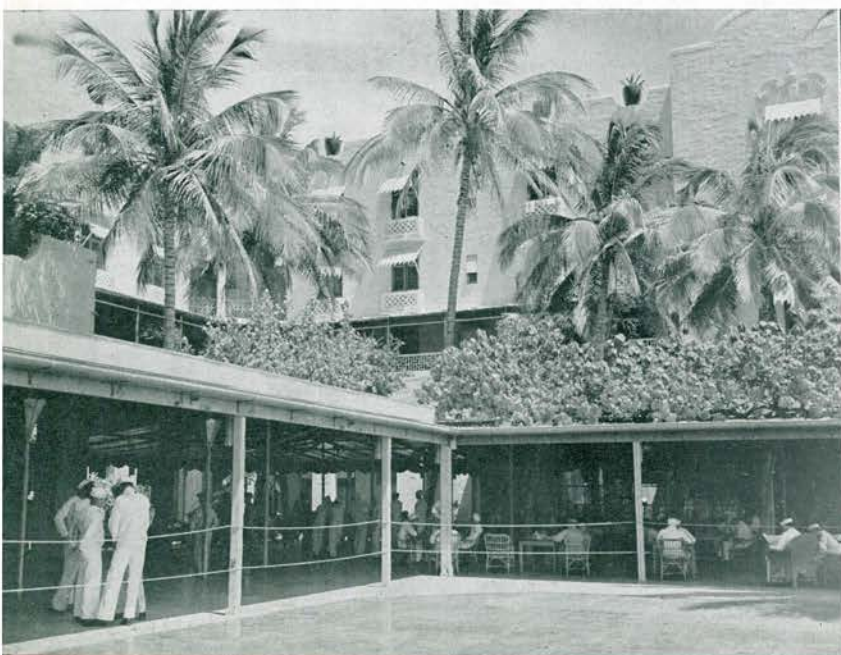


"PROMENADE DECK"

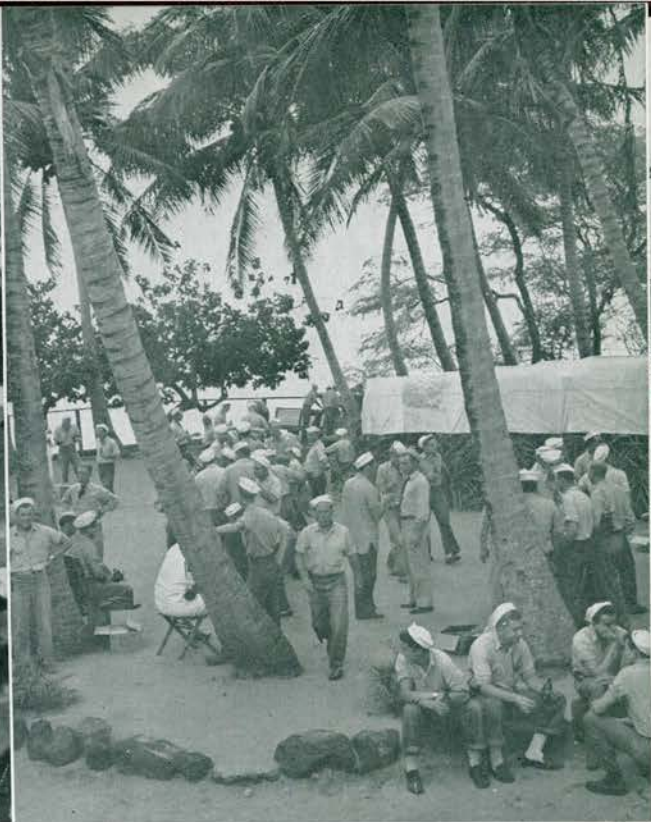
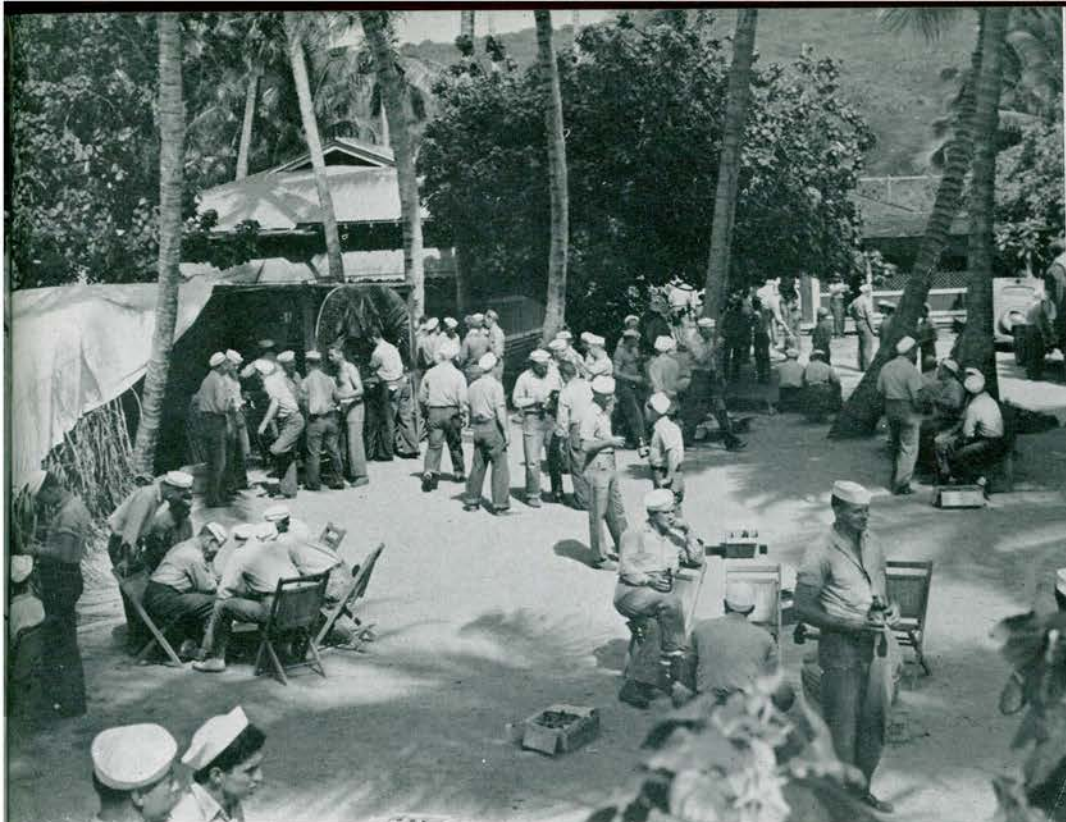


"COOL SHADOWS"

"COZY CORNER"



"SWAYING PALMS"



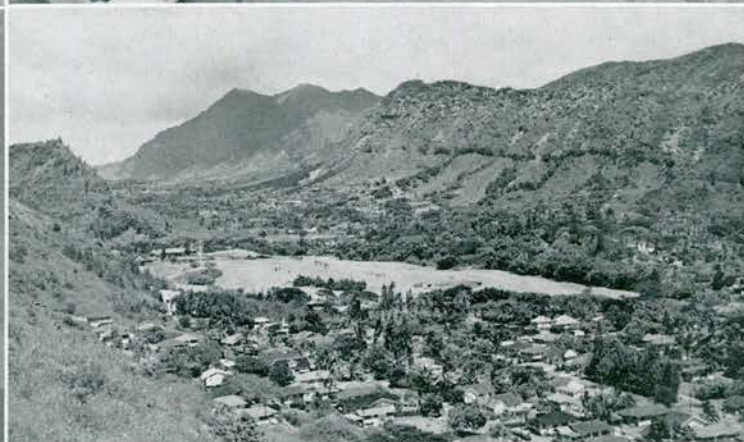
much better living conditions and a chance to see again some of the beauty of the island. From this new hillside location we could see the greater portion of western Oahu. To our right lay Aiea and, beyond it, the rolling fields of sugar cane and pineapple; to the left and below us, Honolulu and Pearl Harbor. We were less than three miles from the city now. The old main island road wound past the camp gate and on into the outskirts of Honolulu.

While at Red Hill we did some of our biggest and most important jobs. Much of the work was inside the Navy Yard itself; we added several buildings to the base: a fleet post office, a record vault, an X-ray laboratory, and others. We paved the streets and laid down oil piping, water lines, power cables, and lengths of narrow-gauge railway.





"RANDOM SHOTS - HONOLULU"

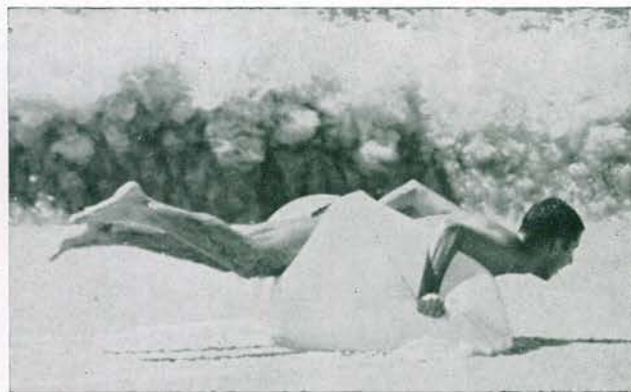




"READY"



"SET"



"GO-ING"



"COOLING OFF!"

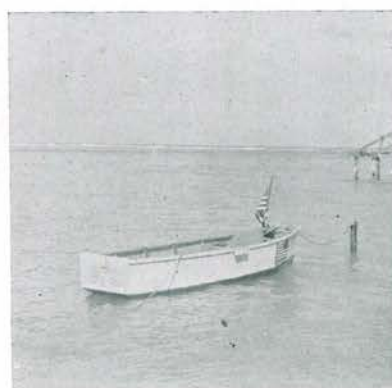


"IRIQUOIS POINT"



"THE BREAKERS"

"THE PALACE"



"SAILORS DAY OFF"



"KAU KAU KORNER"



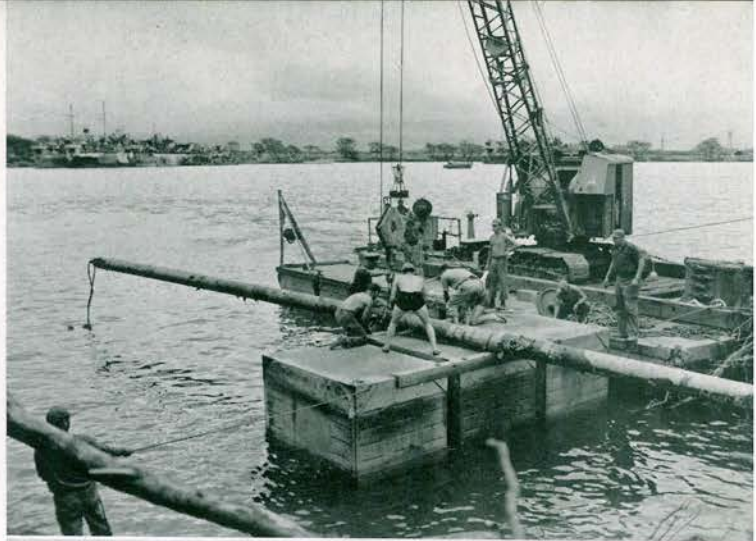




Entertainment was plentiful and varied on the island, and at one time or another we had a chance to enjoy all of it. USO troupes just over from "Stateside" shared appearances at our theater with the local "Kamaniamia" girls who waved their skirts and arms and told us to "Watch the hands." We came to know most of the interest centers of Waikiki and Honolulu. On Sundays we took long rides about the island, over famed Pali Pass and down through the deep gorges and pleasantly cool ravines of Nuuanu Valley.

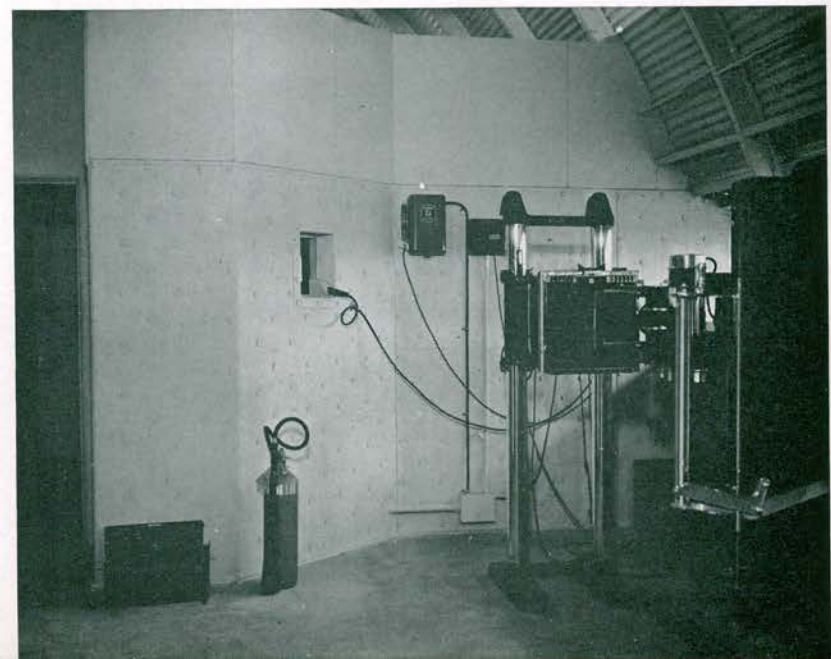
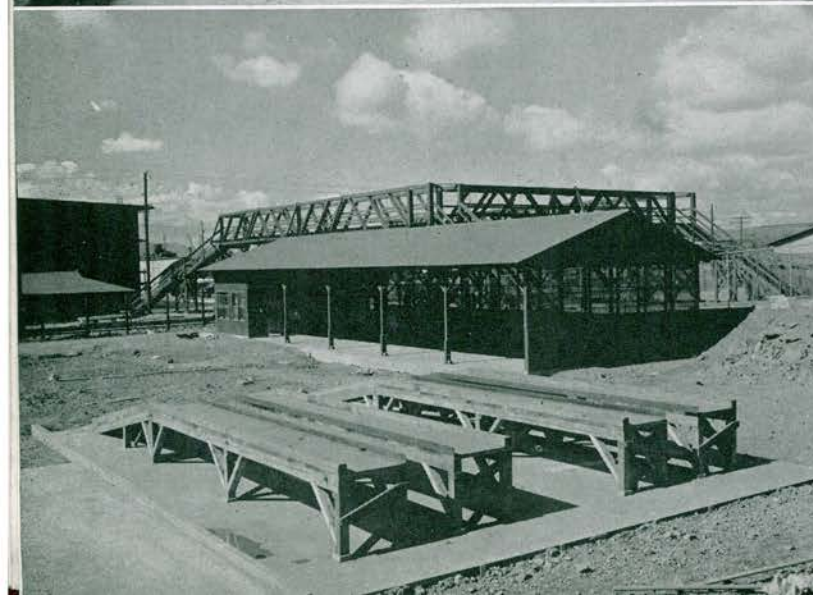
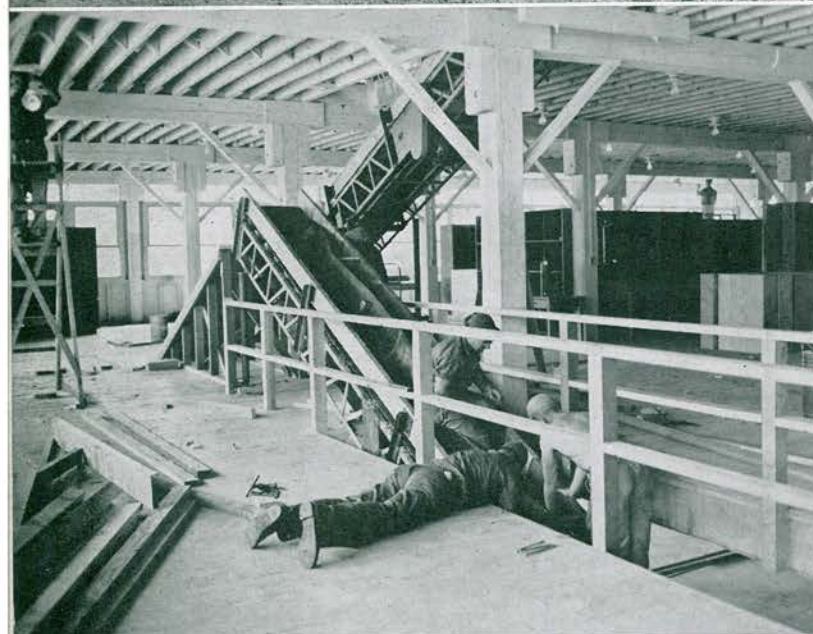
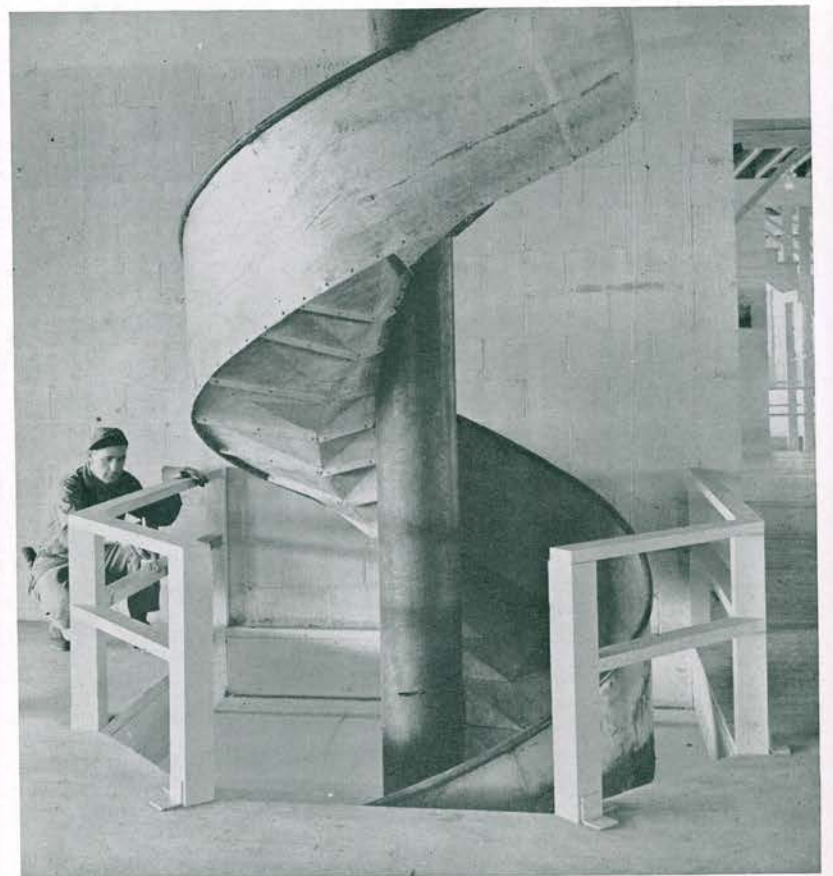
And sooner or later we had a chance to attend a "Luau," the native feast that is as characteristic of Hawaii and Polynesia as the Mardi Gras is of New Orleans. We, as "Malehines" or "Haoles," were guests of the islanders. They carried us away to a cool, Hibiscus-trimmed palm grove. From a pit in the center of the grove came the scent of roasting pig. The setting, the manner of barbecuing the pig, and the rhythmic singing and dancing all formed part of a ritual which has remained unchanged since long before the time of Captain Cook. For a few brief hours we shared the hospitality and felt the enchantment of Old Hawaii.

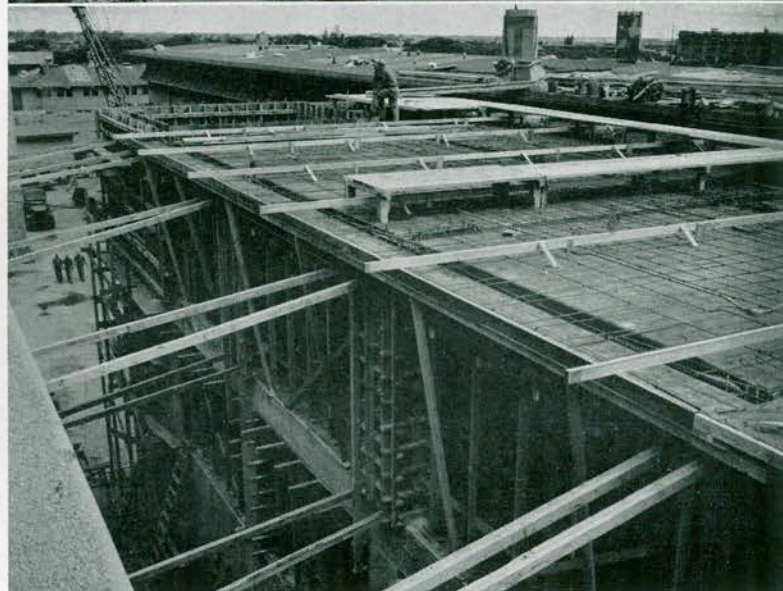
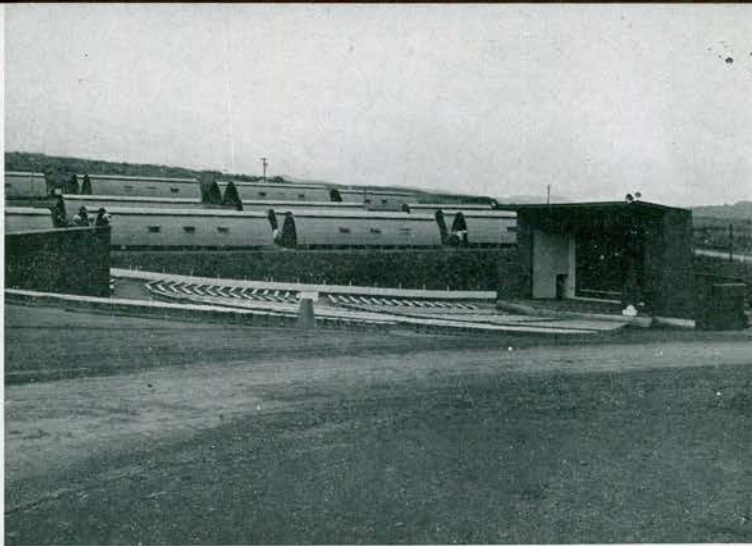
After Christmas our duties began to change. Work dropped off and we started drilling and attending lectures. New clothing and ordnance gear was issued.





"FLEET LANDING"







WATCH THE HANDS



RIGHT IN THE PUSS

SILLY?

WHAT PRICE GLORY

PAU
PEABODY HAS THE JOINT JUMPIN'





Volunteers were called for Jungle Training. Two hundred and fifty men were selected and sent across the island to the training area. Here was yet another aspect of Oahu we had not seen—harsh, rock-floored valleys and matted jungle. A week was spent in maneuvers through dense, almost impenetrable undergrowth.

The time to move on was getting very near. As yet we had no idea where we were bound but we knew by many signs about us that we were not to be alone. Everywhere along the locks were pieces of equipment stamped with the same code word that was painted on our supplies. Huge convoys bearing the same mark traveled the highways.

Finally the huge task of assembling our gear and supplies was completed. About 0300 on February 5, 1945, we stacked our seabags on cargo trucks and rode down through the Harbor to the pier. Burdened with heavy packs, full knapsacks, a carbine and ammunition, and a seabag, we struggled up the gangplank and aboard the transport.





TROPICAL GIN MILL



EVERYTHING BUT A JUKE BOX



FAN-TAN

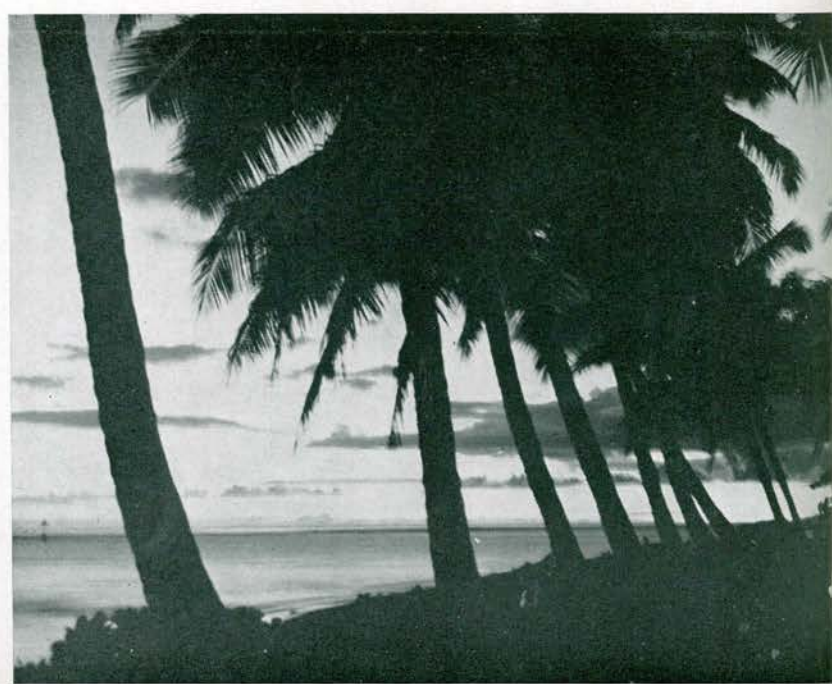


RED HILL SPLENDOR

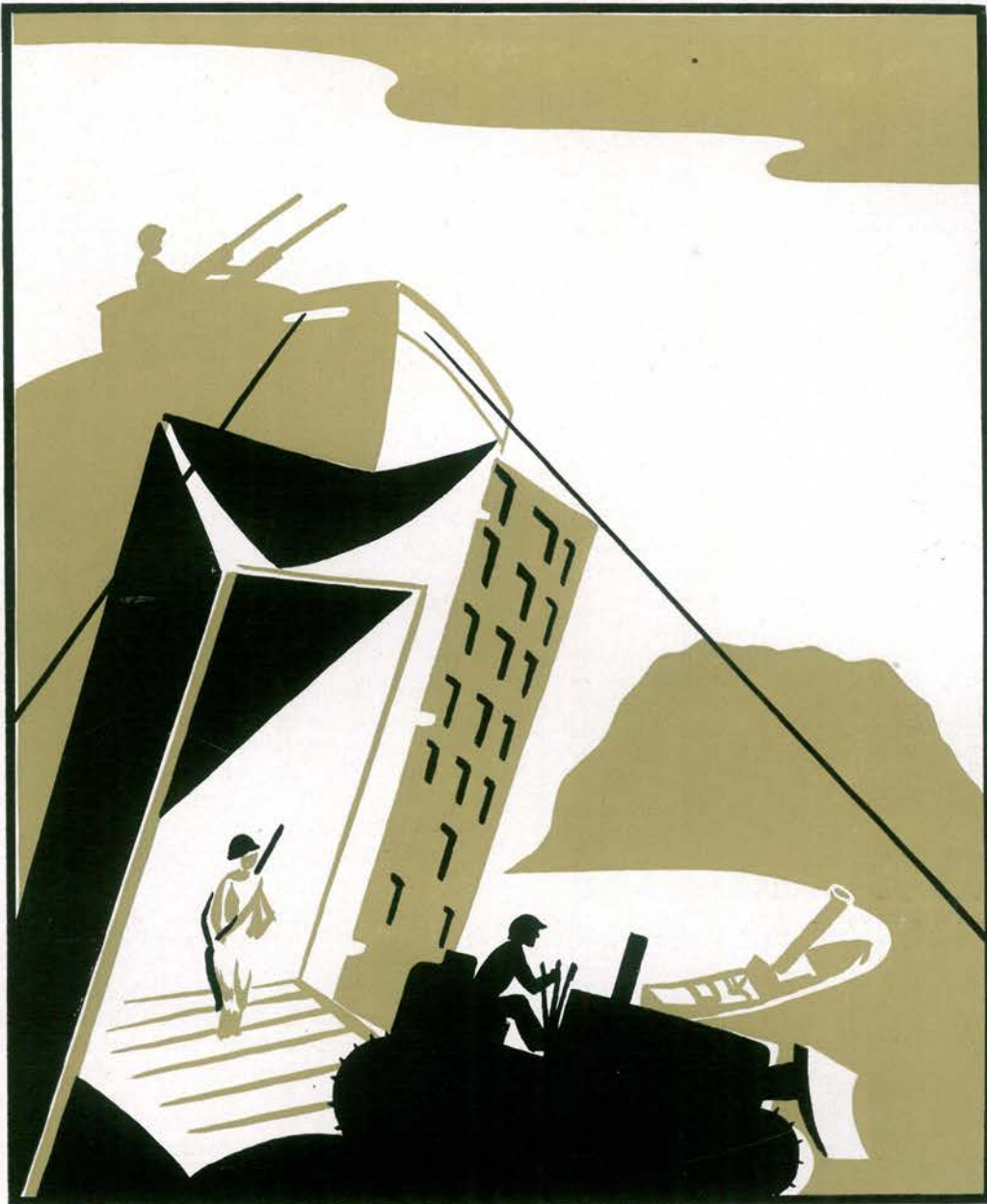
GIT ON BOARD LIL' CHILLUN



AND SO WE BID A FOND FAREWELL TO . . .



IWO JIMA



KITA

KANGOKO
ROCKS

KAMA
ROCK

IWO JIMA

HANARE
ROCK

Ocean

Pacific



MINAMI

IWO JIMA

WESTWARD

FOUR ships sailed in our convoy: the S.S. Dashing Wave, soon to be dubbed the "Rolling Wave"; carrying 669 men and 18 officers; the S.S. Sea Runner, following directly aft, carrying 214 men and 14 officers; to starboard, the S.S. Cape Georgia with 73 men and 3 officers; and to port, the S.S. Cape Stevens with 31 men and 2 officers.

After ten days of sailing in the calm, bright weather we pulled into Eniwetok. Never before had we seen so many ships in one harbor. Hundreds of loaded ships lay at anchor there. Our ship glided among them and pulled alongside a water tanker. Hoses were thrown across and we began to take on water. Another troop ship pulled up on the other side of the tanker and the two groups of Eighth Battalion men held a gay reunion at shouting distance. Soon we were underway again. Our course was now North by West and the Dashing Wave again held the lead position. The Cape Stevens and the Cape Georgia were on either side and the Sea Runner directly behind.

A typical day aboard the Dashing Wave began with Reveille at 0600. For most of us that was just a signal to roll over and get a few minutes more sack duty. Breakfast, usually scrambled eggs and beans, lasted until 0700. The men of the 23rd Special Battalion, mostly colored boys, had charge of washing down the decks and just after breakfast they began their daily show, squirting water everywhere and on everyone. By the time that was over the card players had started their day. Those who didn't play sat around at the rail or on top of the hatches, reading or just getting a little more tan.

Then at 1000 . . . "Good Morning. This is the voice of the Dashing Wave bringing you the morning news."

"SEA GOING MUSICIANS"



(Here was inserted a comic plug about the sponsor.) "February—1945. Washington . . ." It was on one of these news broadcasts that we found out for certain where we were headed. Word came that Iwo Jima was under a heavy pre-invasion naval bombardment. The news usually ended with a few humorous anecdotes of happenings in the States followed by the reading of the list of lost and found articles. Here a voice would usually cut in with the call: "Break-out detail, report to the galley"

Then we'd loll around some more until 1100 when we found ourselves in line again waiting for a Spam or cheese sandwich and an apple or orange. We ate those and then resumed our cards or sunbathing. In the afternoon we could take a trip to the ship's store or perhaps try another saltwater shower. When 1800 rolled around we lined up again for evening show. Shirts had to be worn in the chow hall. One of the negro boys was reprimanded for not complying with that rule. "Damn," he said, "Spam foh breakfast, a snack foh lunch — and I has to dress foh dinnah!"

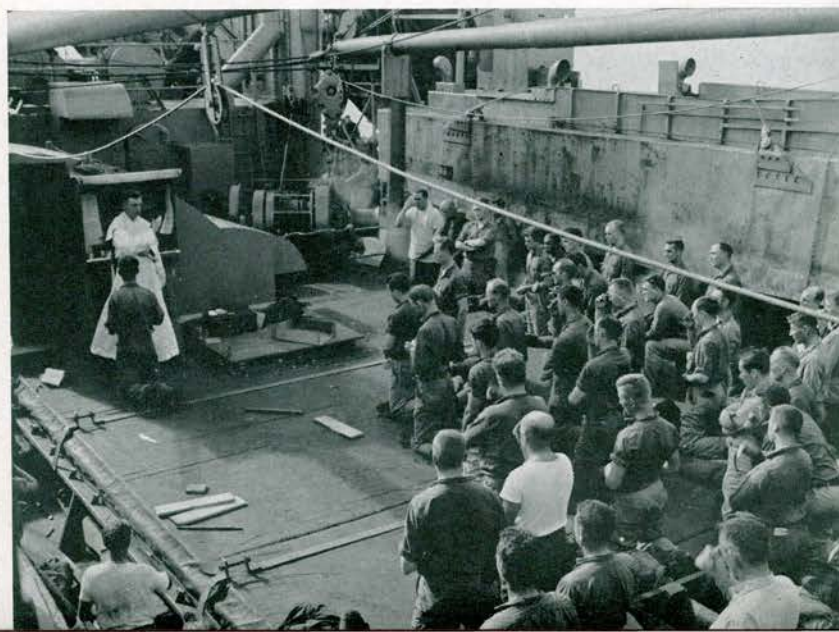
Most of the nights were cool and clear. The holds were always smelly and airless, so many of us took a blanket or our bedding topside and spent the night there, talking and watching the stars until far past midnight.

That was the routine from day to day; with so little happening we began to get restless. One of the ships of the convoy, The Cape Isabelle, developed engine trouble. She lagged farther and farther behind until she was just at the horizon behind us, barely in sight of the convoy.

On the evening of February 18th we sailed between the islands of Tinian and Saipan, followed around the shore of Saipan, entered the nets, and dropped anchor for the night. There was a lot of activity in the harbor that night. Shortly after dark, while we were taking on additional cargo, the air-raid siren sounded. Small boats began to twist and turn about the harbor and soon the smoke from the smudge pots they carried screened the ships. From our stations below decks we could see nothing, but we heard the shore batteries open up. The raid was soon over, however; our heart-beat returned to a normal rate and we all went to bed.

Then next morning we awoke to find boat crews hard at work putting their boats overside. They took the ship's officers ashore and unloaded two additional Higgins boats, which were to take some of our men

"CHURCH SERVICES"





"ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE"

"D + 12"





BEACH SCENES



THE UNITED STATES MARINES





JAP DEFENSE CRUMBLES



SMALL BOAT BASIN





WILL YOU EVER FORGET IT?



from the Dashing Wave over to the Cape Stevens. We spent the morning watching the maneuvers of the boat crews and scanning the shores of Saipan, where the wreckage of a few tanks and invasion barges and the ruins of an old sugar mill still gave evidence of the battle that had raged there a few months earlier.

We also got to see the start and finish of a couple of bombing raids. The first was by a group of B-24's, which took off early in the evening and returned a few hours later. Before dawn the next morning the B-29's began to take off from both Tinian and Saipan. We waited all day for their return and at dusk they began to come back. It was our first experience with these enormous planes: the impression they made first as they rose and thundered overhead, gleaming in the sunlight, and later as they glided back through the dusk toward the strips, some of them showing the yellow lights that meant wounded aboard, will never escape us.

On the afternoon of the second day at Saipan we lifted anchor and started out through the nets. The ship's sound system played "God Bless America." We took up a northwesterly course past Jap-heid Rota. Now we were on the last leg of the voyage. The Cape Isabelle had caught up to us at Saipan, repaired her damage, and rejoined the convoy. We picked up an additional ship at Saipan, a water tanker. The next day found the ships sailing along in their usual positions, with the tanker following in the wake of the Sea Runner.

Our reactions and behaviour became different now. Before we left Saipan we had paid only mediocre attention to the broadcasts, but now, as we approached our rendezvous, the voice of the announcer brought an







instant hush over the ship, and every ear turned toward the loud-speakers. We arrived in our rendezvous waters on D Plus Three right on schedule. That night we met the escorting vessels from Iwo. Next morning we awoke to find the ship traveling south. "Why?" we asked. They weren't ready for us yet. At noon we reversed course and by midnight arrived back at the original rendezvous. Again we were ordered to turn around. The same thing happened each night for almost a week. The boys got to calling it "Torpedo Junction," for each evening on the way north we would invariably have a submarine alert and the escorting destroyers would drop a few ash-cans. On the sixth night our luck broke; the order came to go on to Iwo.

ELLIS AND HIS SEABEE MARINES - - -

In the meantime, a couple of weeks before the Battalion left Pearl Harbor, Chief Ellis and twenty-five men were detached from the Eighth and assigned to the 8th Marine Field Supply Depot as equipment operators. They were to go in on the invasion with the Marines. Theirs was to be the hazardous job of handling the cranes, bulldozers and trucks which were to bring sup-





"EARTH MOVING"

"PIPE LAYING"





plies from the ships to the front lines. They worked and fought with the Marines during the first three weeks of the invasion and then, the peak of the emergency over, they were reassigned to the Battalion. The men parted from the Marines with mixed emotions, glad to get back to their old mates but sorry to leave the new-found friends with whom they had gone through so much. The Marines expressed their thanks and admiration for the manner in which Ellis and his men had done the job by giving each man an official commendation.

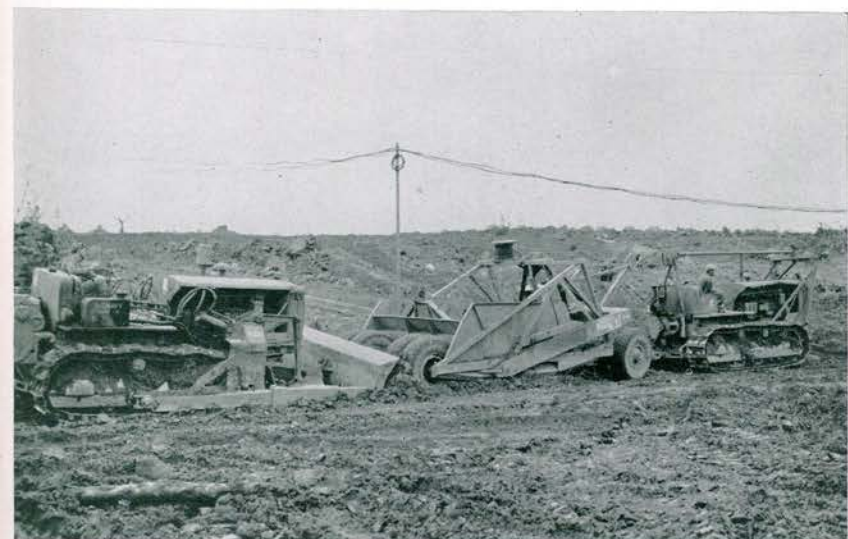
IWO JIMA

Our first sight of land was not Iwo, but Minami Jima. We skirted this barren volcanic peak, the southernmost of the Volcano Islands, and soon were off the short of Iwo itself.

Latitude 24°47' North, longitude 141°19' East; the little dot on the map at that spot is Iwo Jima. The beach assault on February 19th involved the support of more than 800 ships and climaxed 74 days of continuous pre-invasion bombardment by ships and planes. The little island lies just 652 nautical miles from Tokyo. To soften it up for the Marines, battle-ships, cruisers, and destroyers shelled its defenses for two days, knocking out the enemy's big shore batteries and driving the Jap defenders from the beaches. Planes from carriers joined Liberators and Superforts from Saipan to drop tons of bombs on the island military installations.

Despite the intense and prolonged shelling and bombing, Jap resistance was strong. The little men had dug into caves and prepared for a bloody fight. At the time the Battalion arrived the Fleet was still pouring heavy fire into the north end of the island and planes were roaring overhead sending rockets into the north positions of the "fat pork chop sizzling in the skillet," as one observer puts it.







Our ship glided about the harbor awaiting orders where to drop anchor. Standing on deck, watching all the action, we gradually accustomed ourselves to the sounds of battle — the deafening concussions from the naval guns, the whistles of the shells flying overhead, the roar of the diving planes, and the strange drawn-out rocket explosions. Through our field glasses we could see Marine infantry columns and tanks making their way toward the front lines. Here and there on the hillsides the bursts from the flame-throwers sent black smoke rolling. Wreckage lined the beach. The anchorage was littered with sunken hulls through which the lighters picked their way back and forth between the cargo ships and the beach. And over all, high on the top of captured Suribachi, flew the Stars and Stripes.

We stood off the eastern shore for a while, but the water became so rough that we had to move around to the other side of the island to unload.

A few statistics about Iwo Jima: The island is only 5 miles long and 1½ miles wide at the broadest point; it lies midway between Tokyo and Saipan. It is volcanic in origin and two volcanos, Suribachi Yama at the southern tip and Moto Yama in the northwest corner, still exist as the most prominent geological features. Both of the craters still emit steam and sulphur vapors. The climate is sub-tropical; humidity is high and the annual rainfall averages 60 inches. The temperature ranges from 59 to 95 degrees.

We clambered over the side of the ship and down the landing nets into ICT's. It was Saturday evening, D plus 12. The black sand beach, crowded with equipment and supplies, became our resting place for the night. We found a space that was reasonably clear and dug in.

The next morning we hopped aboard trucks and rode to a temporary bivouac area, our permanent area being still in Jap hands. No sooner had we pitched



our tents than the Battalion was given its first job, a temporary fuel storage tank system. Since we were supposed to land on D plus 4, the twenty-six days allotted for the job were counted from that date. We had lost eight construction days already. The airplanes needed fuel; the completion date could not be advanced. We finished the job on D plus 28, two days ahead of schedule.

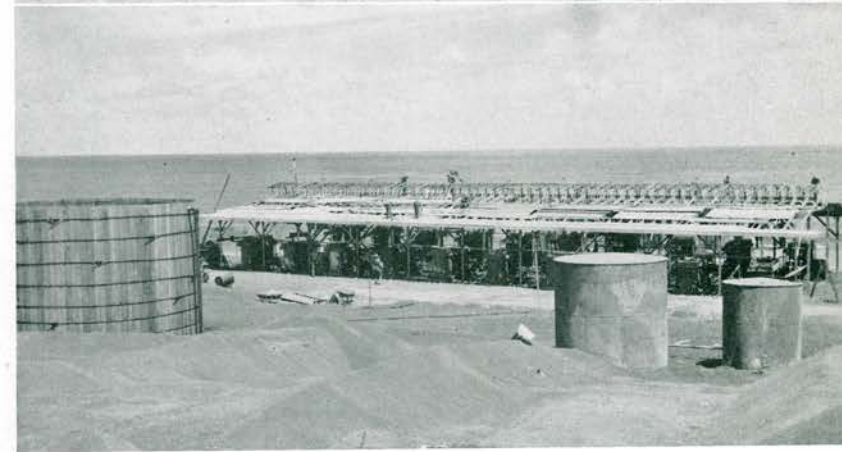
So much happened to us on Iwo that only a bare suggestion of the real story can be recounted here. We had just moved into our bivouac area when snipers hidden in the hills began to fire on us. Up until then we had felt safely distant from the firing lines, but now we became aware that we were just as good a target as anyone else. We slept in pup tents, below ground level and ringed by sand bag barriers. We ate K-rations, sitting on the ground, until the field kitchen was set up and began to serve hot C-rations and hot coffee. As the days wore on the rains became heavier and longer. During the night of May 14th, after a particularly bad rainstorm, part of the road above camp washed out. The big flow of thick mud hit a section of the area and covered up a lot of tents. Many of the men, who had awakened to find the mud already rolling into their tents, lost valuable personal possessions and most or all of their clothing.

As the Marines advanced, work projects opened up; we had men working on almost every captured part of the island. The number of ambulance jeeps carrying wounded back from the front lessened; the island was officially secured and the fighting died down to mopping-up operations. Orders came to the Battalion to make ready Area 98. This was to be our permanent camp area.

The one officer and twenty men who had volunteered for demolition work had been working from the first day we hit the island. They undoubtedly had the most dangerous assignment in the Battalion. Their task was threefold: first, to clean out areas ahead of the construction crews, detecting and disposing of all traps and mines; second, to neutralize the Japs remaining in the caves passed by the Marines; and third, to aid the Navy bomb disposal unit by destroying enemy stores and clearing out duds. The job of cleaning out our new camp-site was one of the toughest they had run up against. The terrain was rough and the caves many.

The area that was to become Camp Van Eps was a tilted maze of crags, crevices, and deep ravines when the first construction gang went to work on it. But in a short time it was transformed into a broad, flat area which sloped gently down to the edge of the Pacific. Tents went up and a mess hall was put into operation. Comforts which in other circumstances would have seemed meager felt like luxuries after the weeks in the bivouac area. In place of sand holes we had tents with floors; instead of helmets we had wash stands with running water; instead of standing to eat at dust-swept tables in an open lot, we sat down in a roofed mess hall and ate from bright new trays. We felt we were "really livin'."

One of the biggest and most important jobs undertaken by the Battalion was that of creating and operating a water supply system for the entire island. The Japs had been using a few catch basins and cisterns to collect and store rainwater. In a few places they had built reinforced concrete tanks, but on the whole their system was entirely inadequate for the needs of our forces.





"AIR FIELD UNDER WAY"





"V-29"



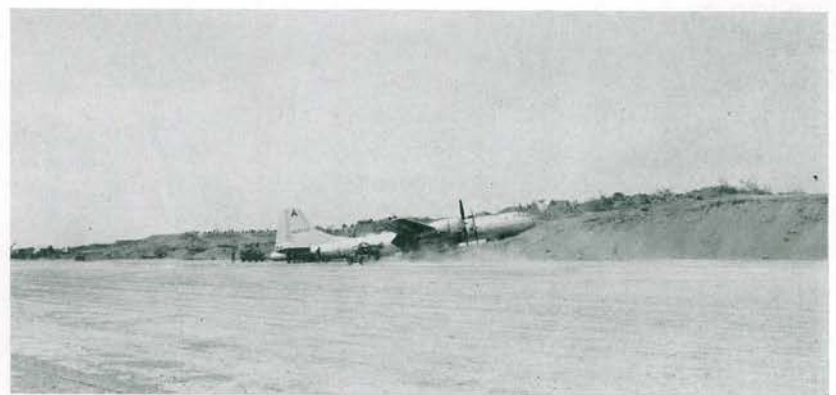
"LANDING STRIP — READY!"



"\$500,000"



"AERIAL ARTISTS"



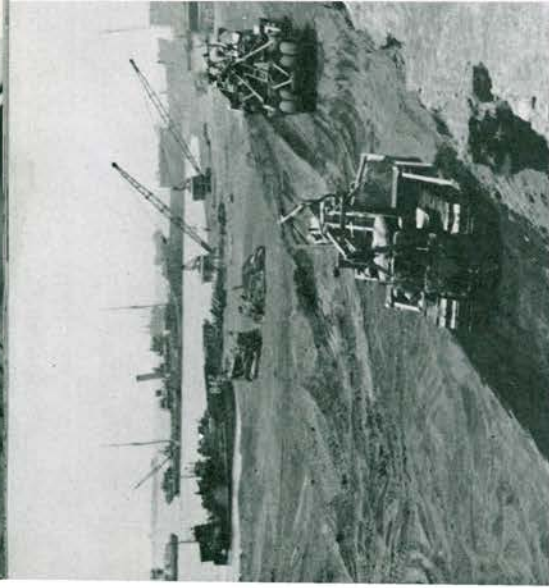
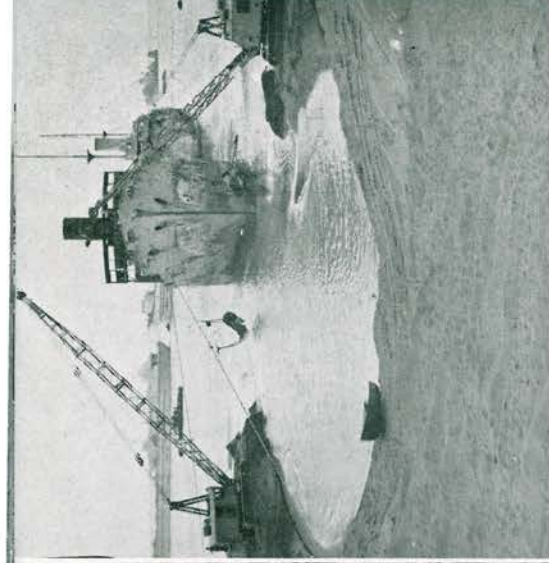
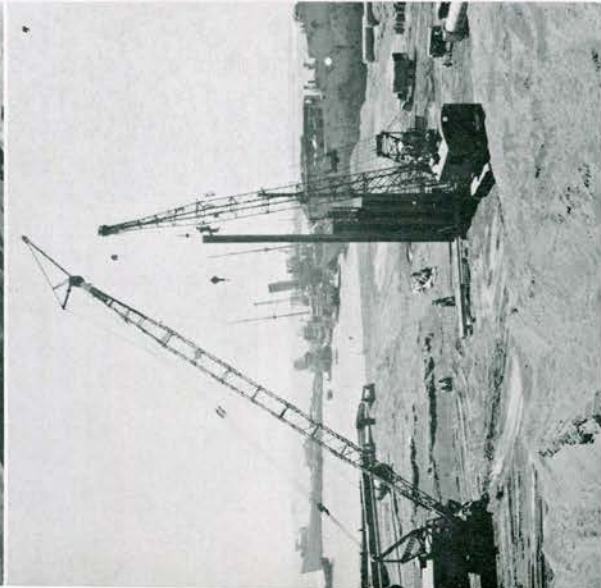
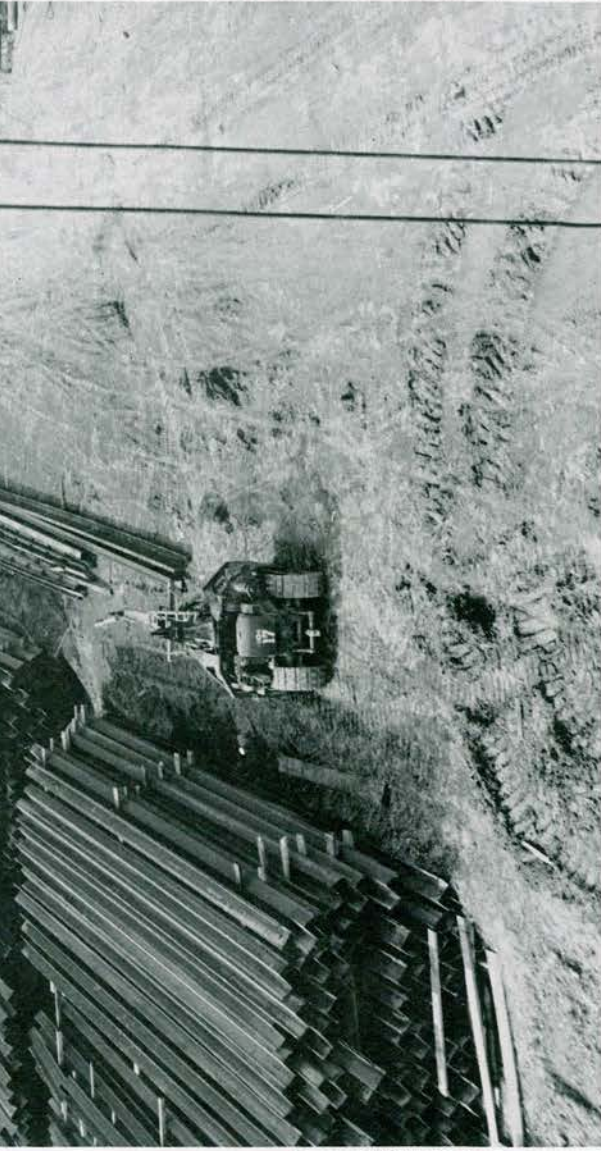
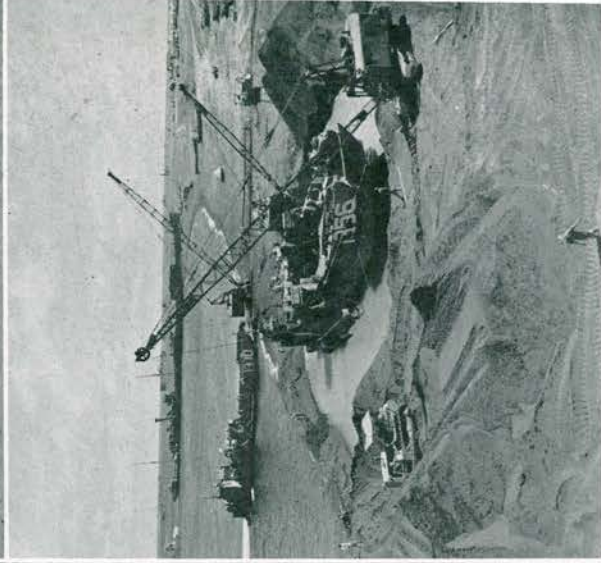
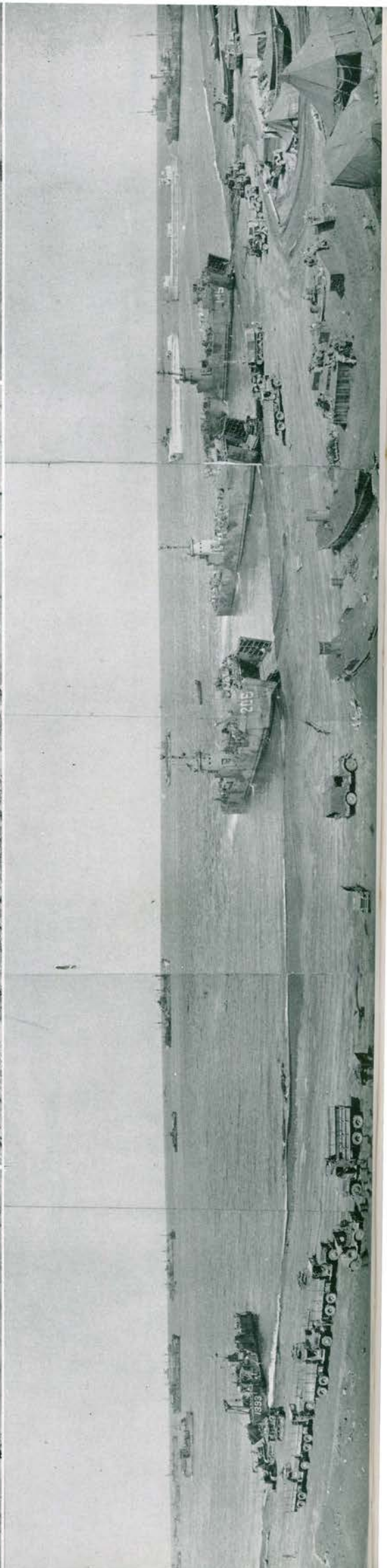
"FIRST '29' CRACK UP"

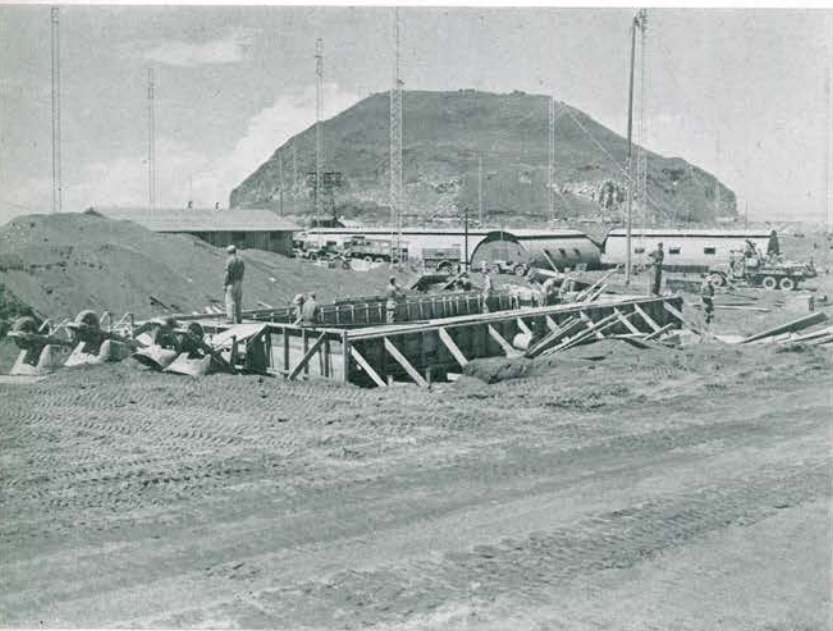
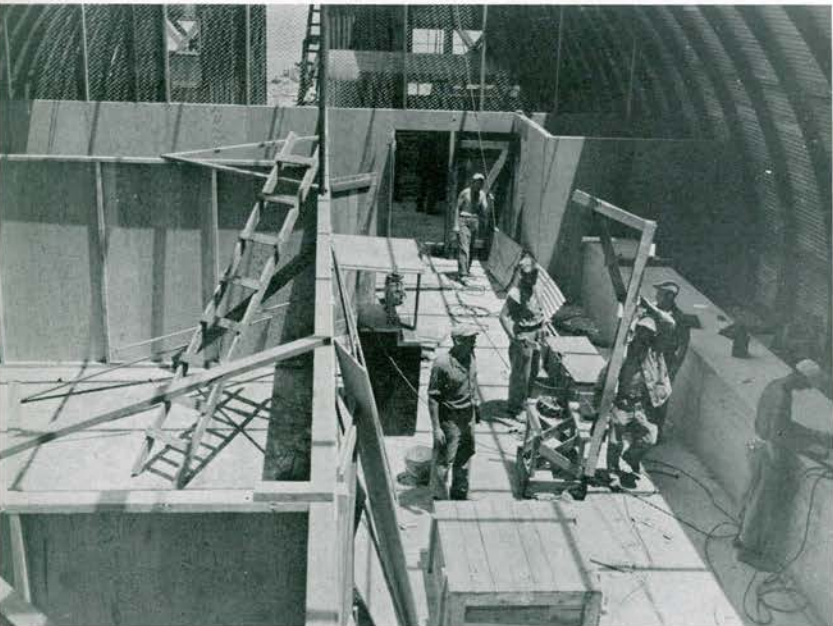


"NICE LINES"



"INJURED BEAUTY"







"CAMP SCENE BEFORE"



"MORE"



"AND MORE"



"LATER"



"WATER WORKS"



"SIGHTING IN"



The absence of surface streams on the island left only three possible sources of water. These were condensation of steam issuing from vents in the ground, distillation of sea water, and tapping of underground water by wells. All three sources were exploited. Tests wells went down. In many instances drillers ran into hard lava rock which was so hot it took the temper out of the bits. Other wells were abandoned when they produced water with temperatures near 180 F. But many wells brought up water which, after its temperature had been lowered and its excess free carbon dioxide removed by aerators, could be used. Condensation of steam proved only a minor source and the final result of the investigation and construction was a dual system. Water for drinking and cooking was furnished by distillation units, and water for washing and fire protection came from wells.





FOX HOLE



MEMORIAL SERVICE

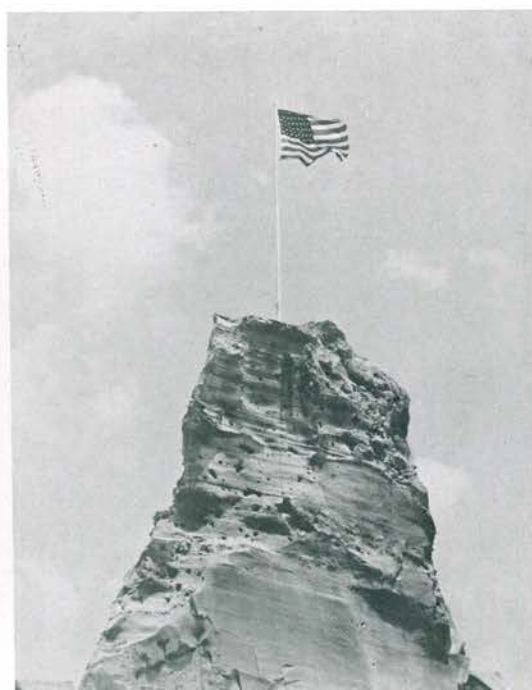


ALERT

CAMP SCENES



BETTER TENTS AND GARDENS



OLD GLORY



MODEL TENT



WASH DAY



PURPLE HEART AWARDS



RELAXING

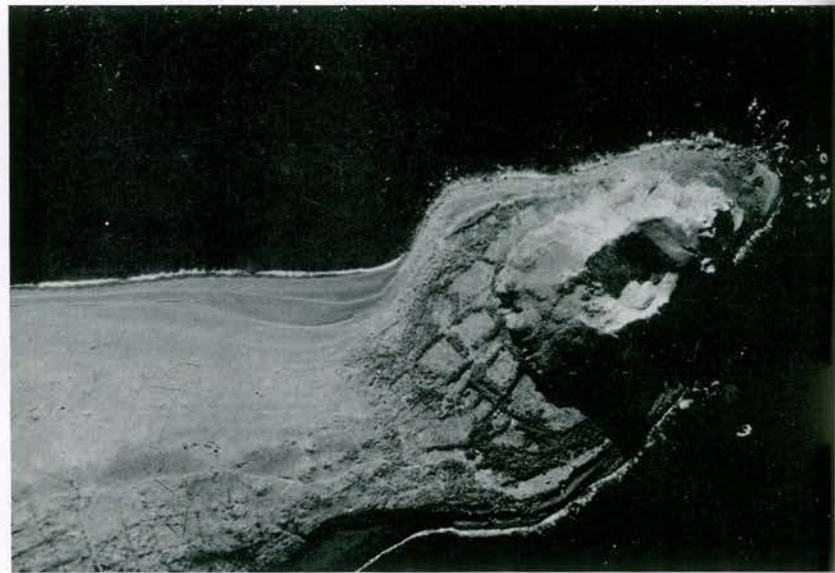








KAMIKAZE





ADJUTANT'S OFFICE



EXECUTIVE OFFICE



PERSONNEL OFFICE



DISBURSING OFFICE



"OPERATIONS: PROCUREMENT"



"OPERATIONS: OFFICE DRAFTING"



SUPPLY OFFICE



"O. O. D."



"POST OFFICE"



"CENSORS"



"ARMORY"



"M. A. A. STAFF"



BARBER SHOP



SHIP STORE



TAILOR SHOP



"A COLD ONE"



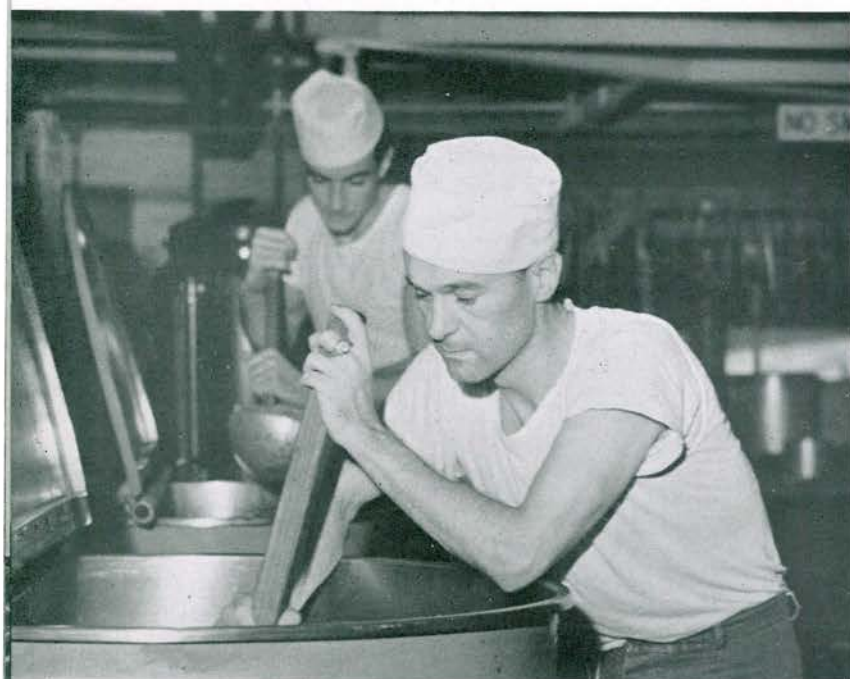
LAUNDRY



LAUNDRY



CHOW LINE



COOKING



BAKERS



BUTCHERS



"NO CHANGE IN THE MENU"



AREA GUARDS

BOTTOM ROW, left to right: G. T. Zebley, R. L. Tone, W. J. Walls, J. Ward, D. G. Blomgren, C. E. Richmire, T. W. Maish, J. R. Gallagher, H. C. Ewe, R. E. Worrell. SECOND ROW: G. J. Ruffing, A. W. Percival, R. Randolph, L. W. Caywood, A. Agresti, P. J. Dinnehan, J. W. Dunn, J. E. Boyer, P. E. Woodward, R. P. Hopkins. THIRD ROW: D. W. Vegnani, C. G. Weaver, L. E. Disbro, W. A. Dollar, A. E. Klopkowski, E. J. Lyons. FOURTH ROW: C. L. Wolfson, B. Comer, J. C. Wuerthele, J. Moneck, M. E. Howard, J. A. McNerney, S. F. Edwards, H. E. Fiening, W. G. Humphrey, C. C. Connolly, D. Geracitano. TOP ROW: J. W. Kaelin, M. E. Moore, C. W. Shrader, B. A. Thibert, C. R. Mays, A. V. Warner, G. R. Schwedt, J. H. Langton, I. E. Weaver, C. L. Skelton, R. C. Brumbaugh, C. M. Freeman, F. C. Fogg, E. C. Brazel.

PROJECT GUARDS

BOTTOM ROW, left to right: L. C. Heller, H. N. Melton, C. L. Huffine, J. C. Cochran, W. Envall, J. C. Wutherle, C. L. Skelton, I. E. Weaver, G. E. Taylor, C. F. Neibar, A. A. Zebrowski. SECOND ROW, left to right: R. P. Hopkins, M. E. Howard, E. E. English, R. E. Eatham, G. C. McCard, B. Tainowitz (n), L. V. Bradley, W. Anderson, D. G. Blumgren, J. D. O'Connell. THIRD ROW, left to right: C. R. Mays, R. E. Petee, R. P. Roll, E. J. Meehan, E. Tampian, B. A. Thibert, K. W. Pegors, R. J. Beresford, J. J. Maher. TOP ROW, left to right: V. R. Smith, W. Comer (n), C. L. Mossman, G. E. Brown, J. D. Rateliff, F. E. Slater, J. G. Armstrong, R. A. Lindemann.





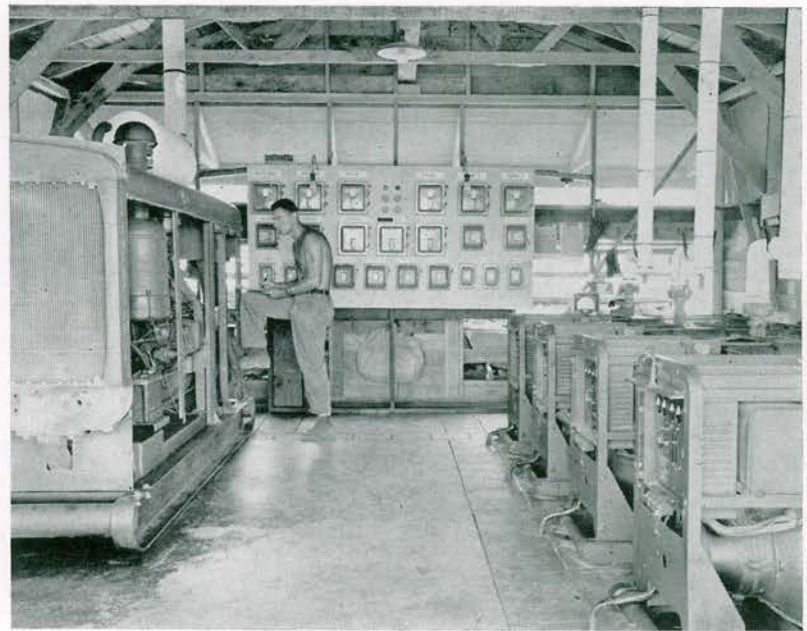
DEMOLITION SQUAD

BOTTOM ROW, left to right: S. Bencich, L. D. Backeberg, J. Lyons, D. W. Quackenbush, W. F. Robinson, R. V. Peterson, J. P. Moore. SECOND ROW: E. E. Craig, J. J. McEvoy, M. E. Barnett, P. E. Bechard, T. W. Maxwell, B. Hooker, D. C. Libkie. BACK ROW: L. J. Byfield, F. Gulan, H. O. Curtis, J. F. Leger, C. S. O'Fallon, E. Holub, A. Rundle, E. A. Bennett, G. E. Barber.





ELECTRICIANS



INTERIOR POWER HOUSE



COMMUNICATIONS



PLUMBERS



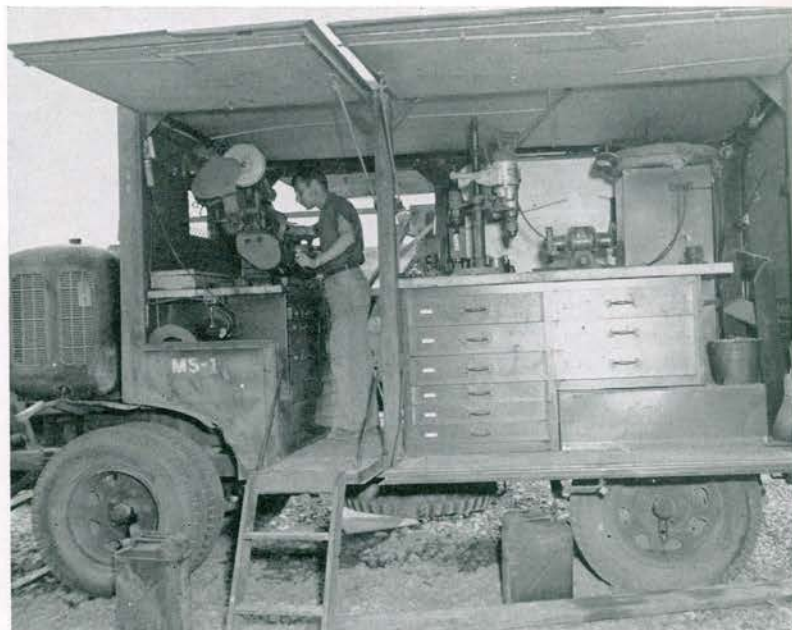
TINSMITH



SHEET METAL SHOP



SAIL LOFT



MACHINE SHOP ON WHEELS



SAW SHOP



CARPENTER SHOP



PHOTO LAB.



PHOTOGRAPHER



"TRANSPORTATION"



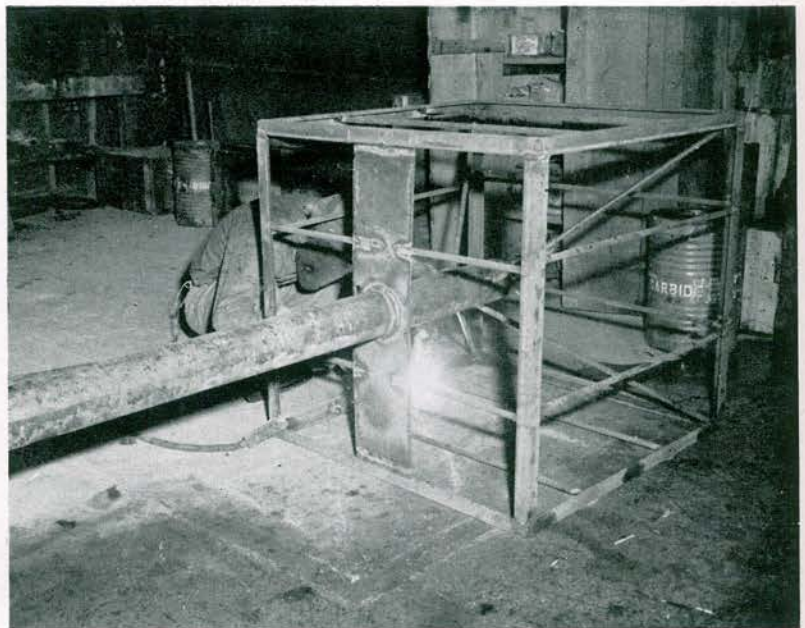
STOCK ROOM



DISPATCHER



WELDING



WELDING SHOP



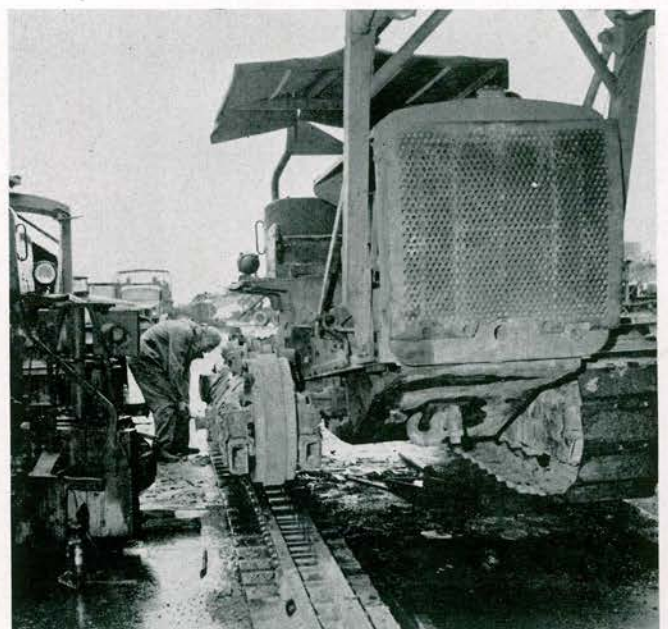
BLACKSMITH SHOP



MACHINISTS



HEAVY EQUIPMENT WORKERS



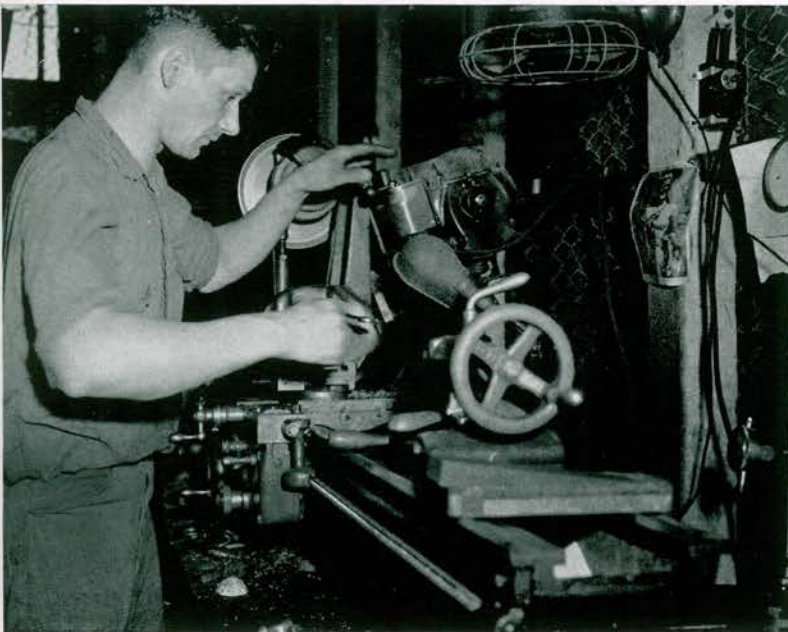
HEAVY EQUIPMENT REPAIR



MACHINE SHOP



MOTOR REPAIR



MACHINE SHOP



GREASE RACK



PAINT SHOP



SIGN SHOP



EDUCATIONAL OFFICE



MAIL!



8-BALL OFFICE



PROJECTION BOOTH



THEATER



SICK



BAY





DUTCH HARBOR OFFICERS

April, 1943

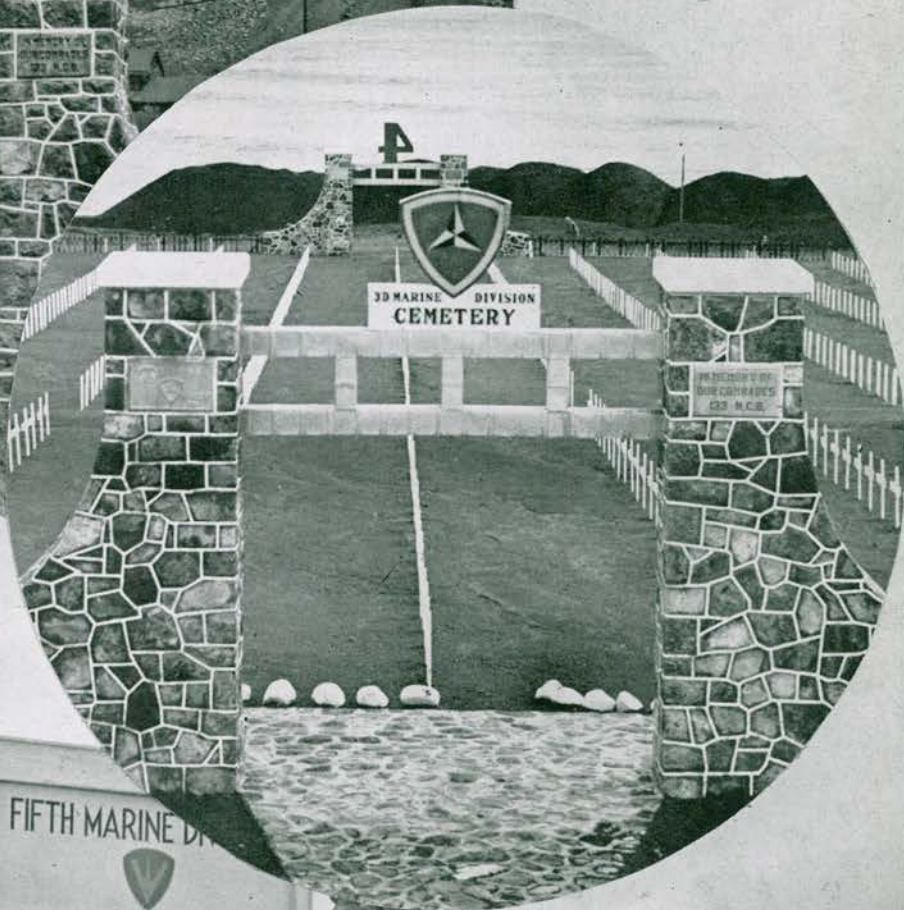
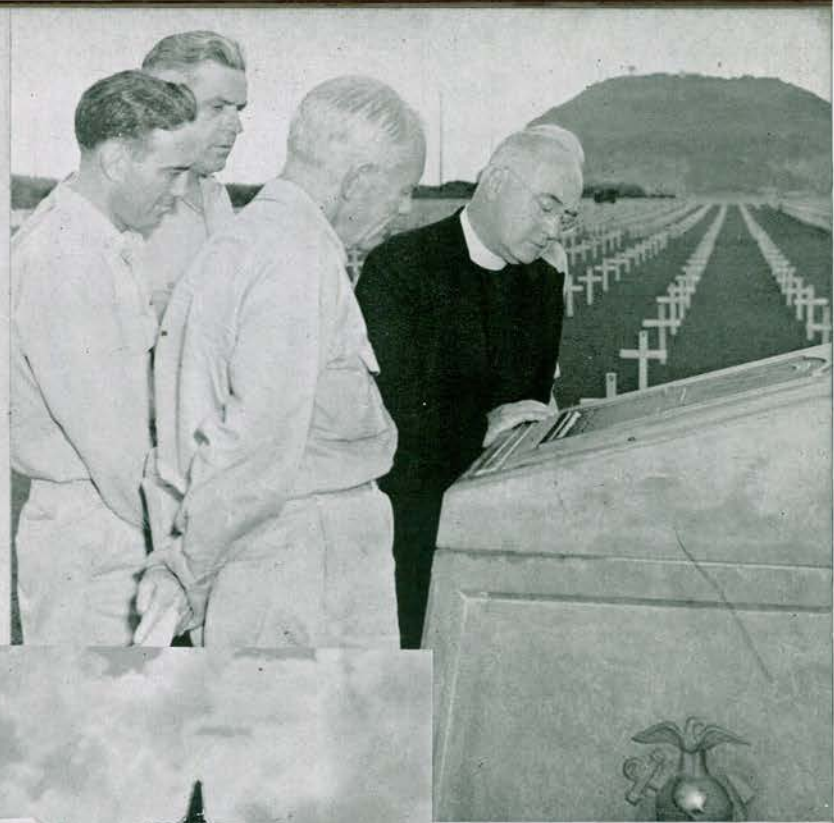
Seated left to right: Lt. E. W. Smith, Act. O-in-C; Comdr. E. M. Kelly, O-in-C; Lt. W. W. Aultman, Exec. Officer. FIRST ROW, left to right: Lt. A. E. Greenberg; Lt. (jg) J. K. Leidy, Lt. F. A. Bissig, Lt. L. R. Hubbard, Lt. W. C. Hamby, Lt. J. K. Moore, Lt. G. M. Oberland, Lt. F. W. Swain, Lt. C. V. Atkinson, Lt. E. M. Newman, Lt. S. Bernstein, Lt. J. C. Dur-
 ocher, Lt. C. P. Hutchenson. BACK ROW, left to right: Carp. G. W. Browse, Carp. E. K. Lahert, Carp. J. R. Bell, Lt. (jg) J. A. Einecke, Carp. C. P. Pieper, Lt. (jg) F. G. Randall, Lt. (jg) R. M. Anderson, Ens. F. D. Lord, Carp. L. F. Umbs, Carp. J. R. Potterton, Lt. (jg) E. A. Herland, Carp. E. A. Yost.

OFFICER'S GROUP

Port Hueneme — May, 1944

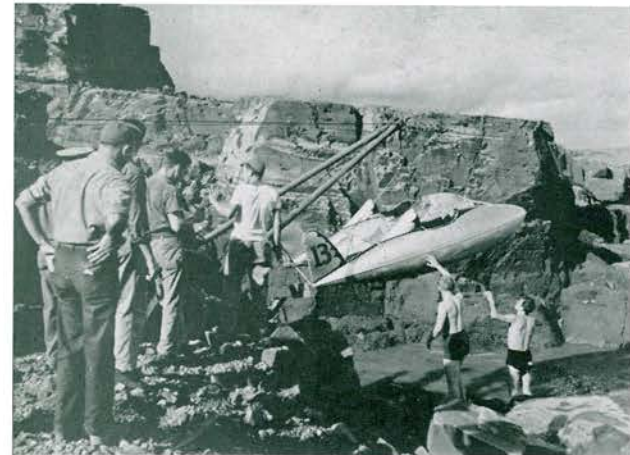
Left to right, FRONT ROW: Lt. (jg) E. A. Herland, Lt. (jg) R. M. Anderson, Lt. (jg) F. T. Adams, Lt. E. M. Newman, Comdr. W. T. Powers, Lt. Comdr. W. W. Aultman, Lt. H. B. Flanders, Lt. M. B. Weiss, Lt. H. L. Monett, Lt. (jg) R. J. Wilson. MIDDLE ROW: Ens. H. H. Farnsworth, Carp. R. P. Boyer, Carp. A. M. Bailey, Carp. A. W. Gallo, Ens. B. B. Birger, Carp. R. A. McMullin, Ens. J. G. Lowman, Carp. W. F. Robinson, Carp. G. W. Peterson. REAR ROW: Carp. W. F. Cleveland, Carp. L. B. Jones, Ens. J. M. Carl, Carp. H. J. Price, Ens. H. A. Gordon, Carp. H. F. Kerslake, Lt. (jg) D. C. Harrington, Lt. (jg) D. L. Garratt, Lt. (jg) F. D. Lord, Ens. P. B. Kovacs. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Lt. L. T. McGinnis.











APA 13 FOR A QUICK TRIP BACK



TITMAN TIRE SPREADER

SEABEE INGENUITY



MACHINE LATHE



CHRISTMAS, '44



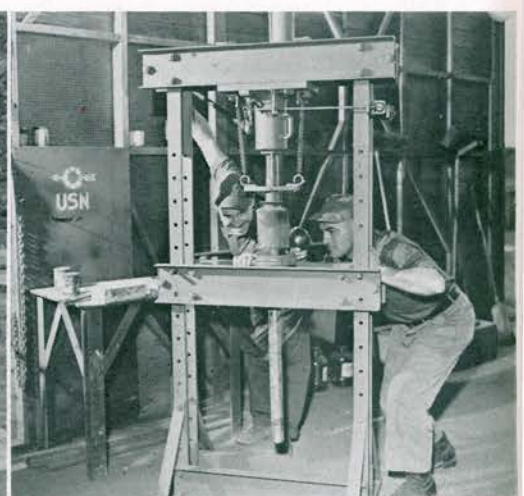
KERSLAKE'S JUNK HEAP



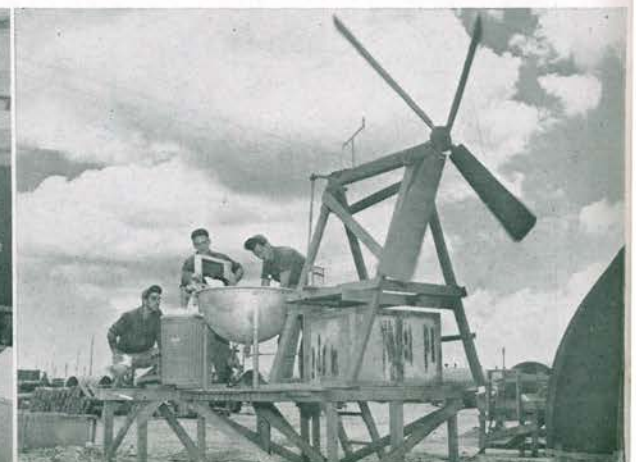
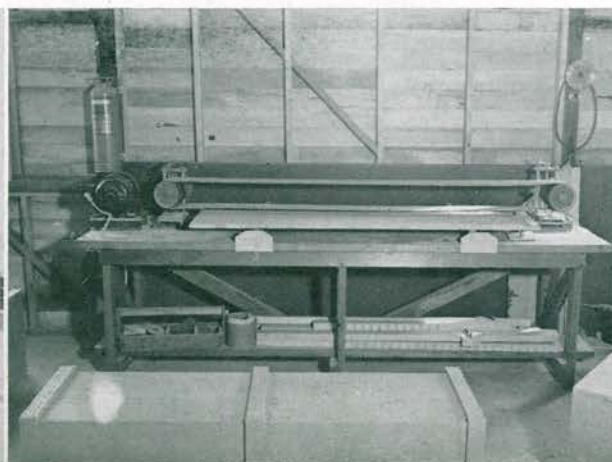
BANDI'S NOVELTY SHOP
ROLLING GIBALTAR



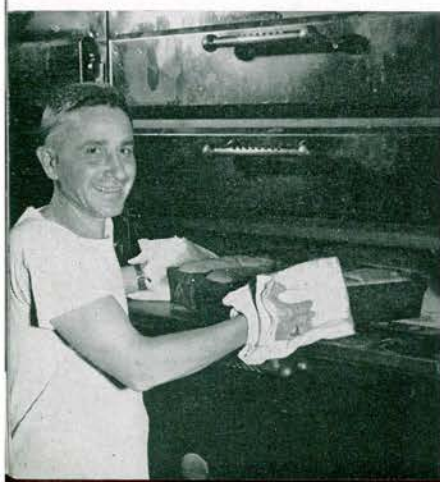
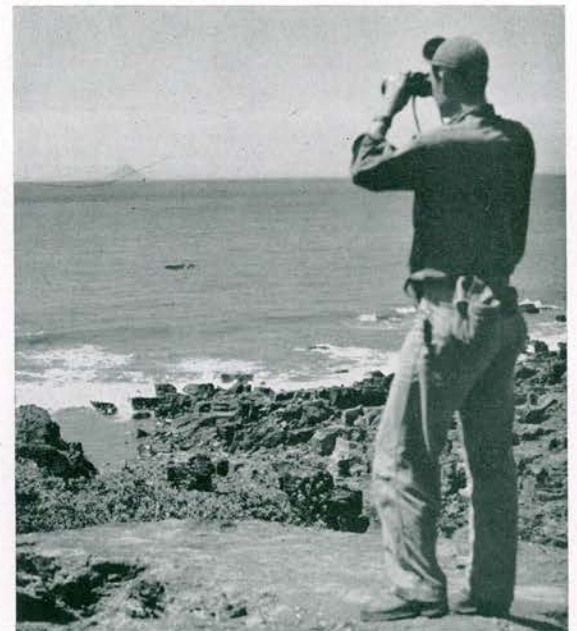
HALBACH STILL
SANDER



HYDRAULIC PRESS
WASH DAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY AND ALWAYS









CHAPLAIN CROTTY

O Jesus, our Saviour, Thou art the King that giveth Peace. Thou art the Prince of Peace. We thank Thee for bringing to a successful conclusion this terrible holocaust. First of all we ask for peace and eternal rest to the souls of all who were caught up in the whirlwind of war and swept into death. Some are known, others unknown. For some, tears are shed; for others, there are none to weep.

Do Thou, who were ever the living Comforter of the distressed, give to those stricken by the calamities of war, the peace which is born of consolation, of resignation and succor. Grant peace to the exile, the fugitive, to them that wander unknown, and to the wounded. They look to Thee. Dry the tears of wives and mothers, of orphans, of families who have none to care for them.

Grant that there may be forevermore calm on land and sea. Grant that justice with love may hold the scales, lest the balance fall unevenly to this side or that. Let the rule of right be restored. Banish from the hearts of men all rancor and ill-feeling. Grant to us the serene vision of a new prosperity pleasing to all the world. Grant to us a well-ordered, righteous and lasting peace, so that mankind, joined once more in brotherhood, may go forward through the ages, one human family in search of the noblest ends, beneath Thy gaze. Amen.

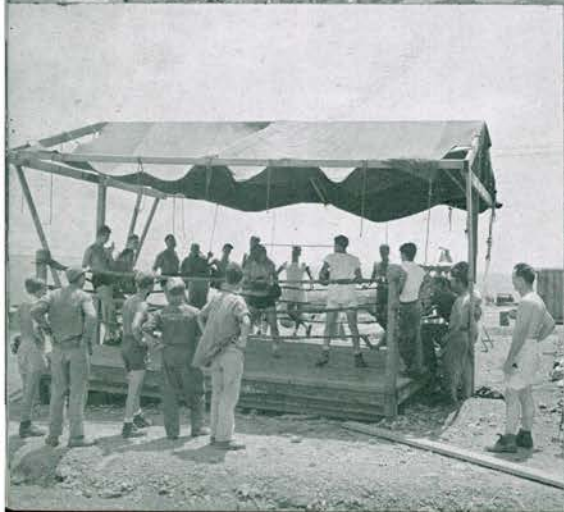
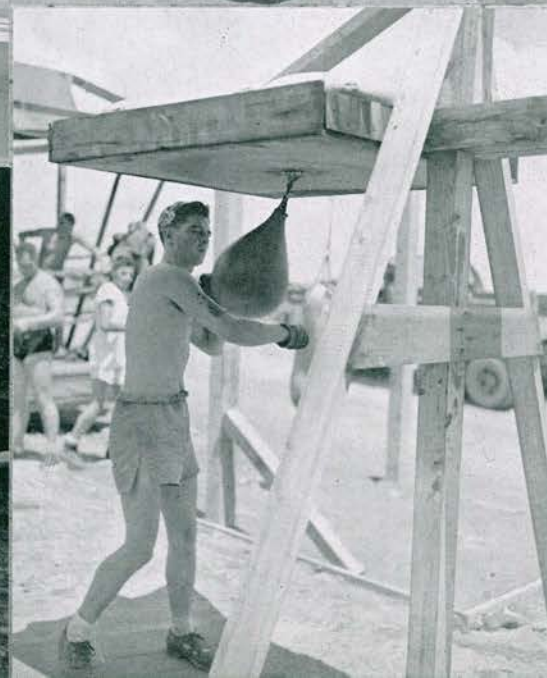
—Father John F. Crotty



EASTER MASS



PROTESTANT SERVICE





LAYING FOUNDATION



ALEUTIAN PAYMASTER



CONCRETE CREW



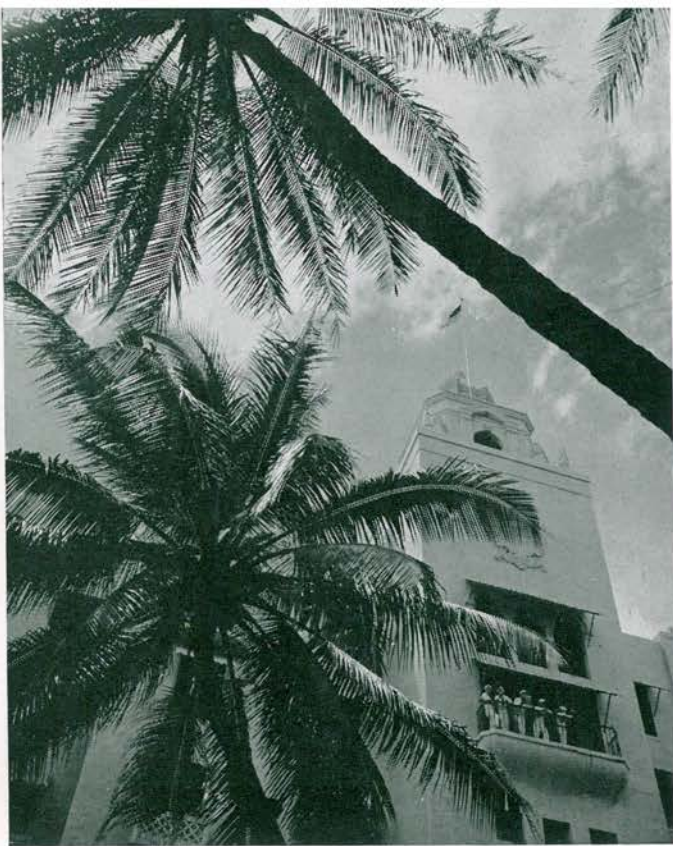
"GOING MY WAY?"



SURVEYORS



"HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR"



ROYAL HAWAIIAN



NO BOATS GOING!

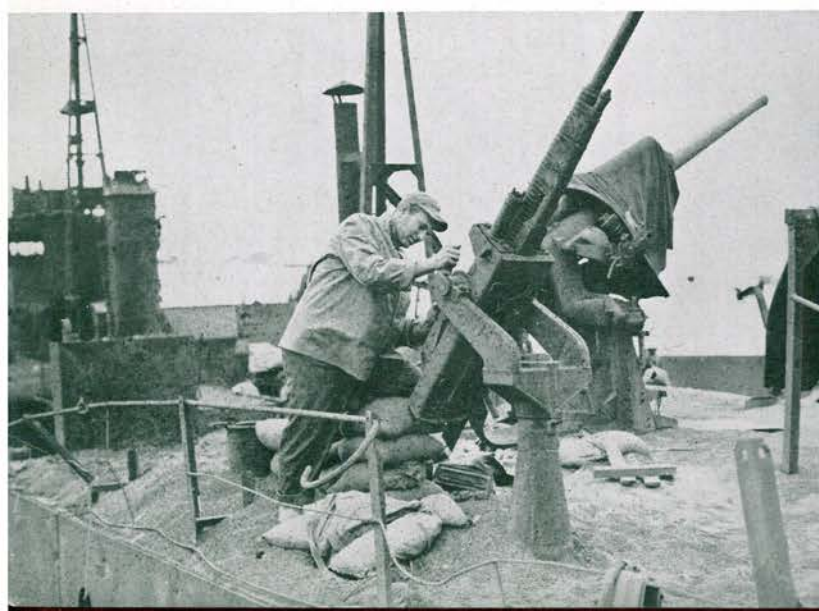
RANDOM SHOTS

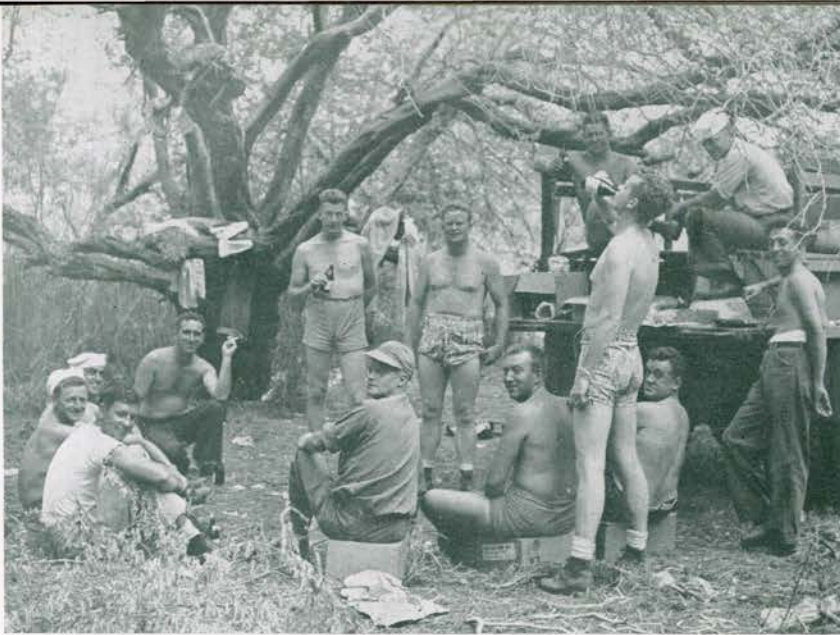


SECURED
JAP GUNS



POWER PLANT
ANOTHER CAVE





MEMORIES



DAY OFF

RANDOM SHOTS

NO PRISONERS DURING CHOW!

It is one of the incongruities of war that in the midst of the serious business of disposing of the enemy there occur incidents stranger than fiction.

Before bringing in the main body of the Battalion, an effort was made to eliminate as many as possible of the Japs hiding in the cave systems which honey-combed the new area. The grading crew opened many of these caves while leveling the area. The demolition crews discovered and blasted shut many more, but at the time of the move there were still many undetected. Some of the Japs, adept at stealing food and water, managed to live on despite the effective work of the night perimeter guard in placing many of them in the "good" category.

One morning at 0600, while the men lined up for breakfast and after the guard had been secured, two shaggy Nips appeared just outside the camp fence, waving a white flag and following strict surrender procedures. Finding themselves unnoticed, and probably catching the scent of powdered eggs and spam from the chow hall, they called attention to themselves by waving their arms vigorously and yelling. The chow-bound Bees took one quick look at the visitors and continued on their slow way in line. Finally the last Seabee in line waved them in with his mess kit and lifted the barbed wire barricade so they could crawl under. Soon afterward a guard appeared and took them into custody.

They later proved very valuable in pointing out the entrance to a large, concealed cave. The efforts of the guards to effect a surrender of the remaining occupants proved effective, and when the morning's work was done our guards had sixteen more Japs that could cause us no more worry.

Another time, several Japs just taken from a cave were offered cigarettes. The psychology that prompts a man to shoot at another one minute and offer him cigarettes the next has never been explained, but it happens often. Occasionally some brands make an appearance in a forward area that are not too well thought of, and this particular package was in that group. One of the Japs looked disdainfully at the proffered package, reached inside his jacket, and produced a brand new pack of a choice brand. However, he was not entirely independent, for after extracting a cigarette for himself and returning the pack to his pocket, he leaned forward for a light.



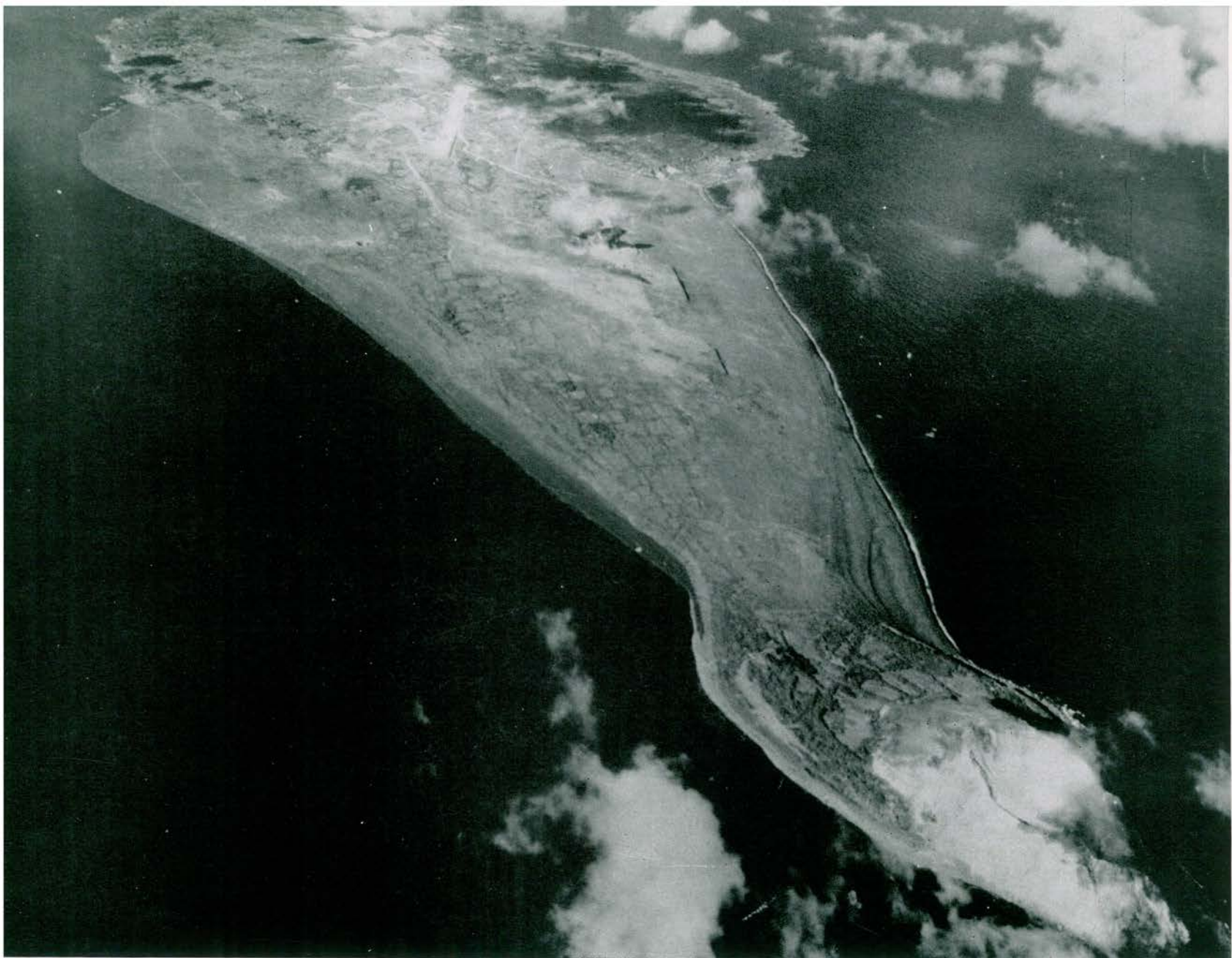
"ALL ABOARD"



"GOING UP!"

PINEAPPLE FIELDS





PRE-INVASION



ROCKY COAST

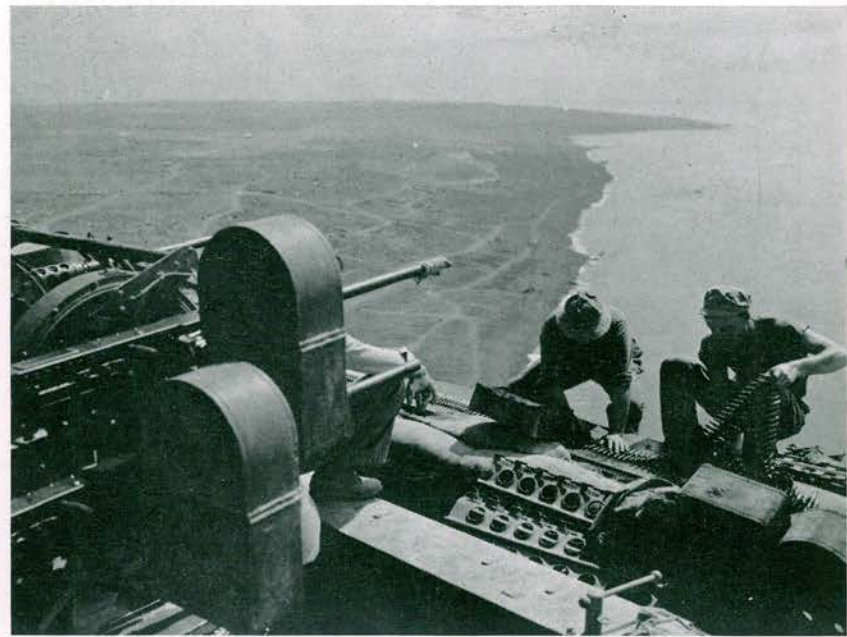
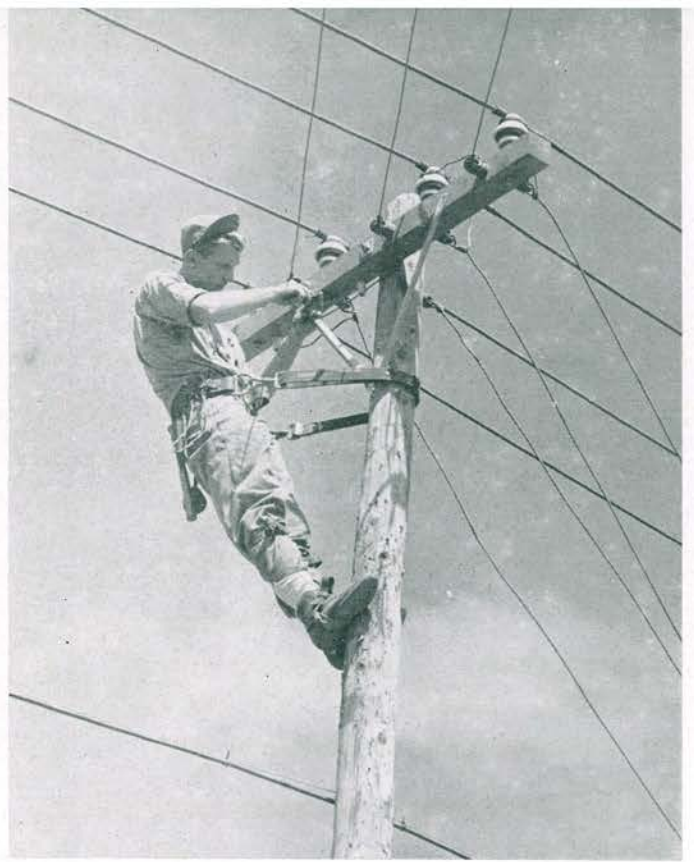


SURIBACHI ROAD



ISLAND SHOTS

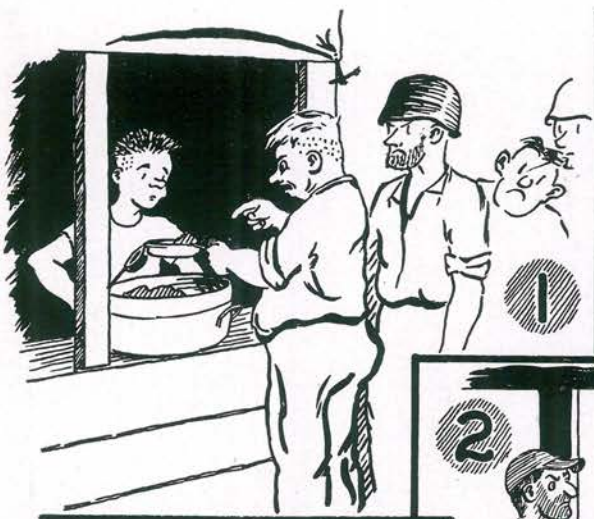






STORMY WEATHER





"Just like him. Doing as little work as possible."



MURPHY FIELD 64

"It's gonna take time to get used -- things, Mam"



"I'm suspicious of this guy chief!"



WINGOUT

"We'll have to keep him in the C.B.'s--he's no longer fit for civilian life."



"Some gentlemen to see you, sir."



GARVIN

HATTE'S 12/25/45

"Just a few items I gotta know to be eligible for seaman first--"



"Any seconds on cheese?"



"Hogan seems to think he's found the Jap Navy, sir!"

At Ease

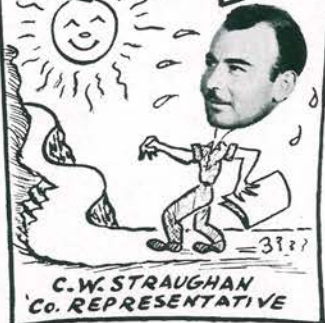
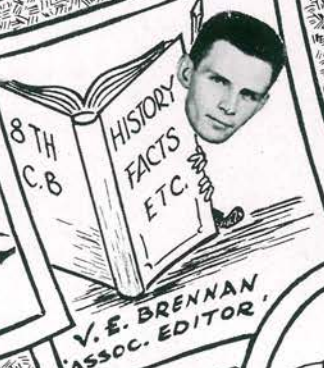


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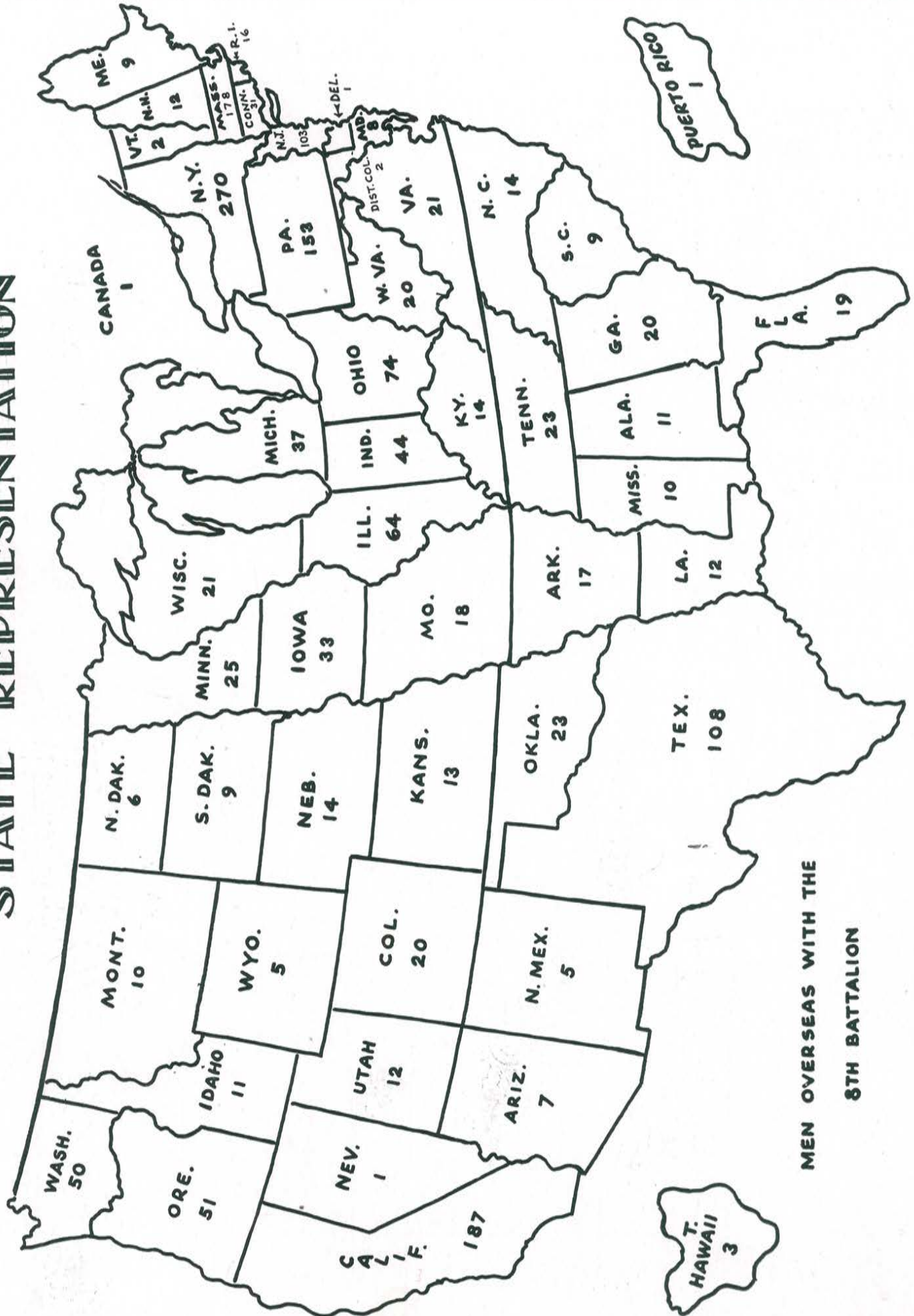
PUBLISHER
W.T. POWERS

THE STAFF

ADVISOR
A.W. GALLO



STATE REPRESENTATION



MEN OVERSEAS WITH THE
8TH BATTALION

BATTALION MUSTER

OFFICERS

ARKANSAS	
McHUGHES, W. O., W/O	Murfreesboro
CALIFORNIA	
AULTMAN, William W., Lt. Comdr.	Claremont
BELL, James Ralph, Ch/WO	Long Beach
EINECKE, John Albert, Lt.	North Hollywood
FLANDERS, Howard B., Lt. Comdr.	Walnut Creek
HAMBY, William C., Lt.	San Diego
KELLY, Earl M., Comdr.	Los Angeles
LORD, Frank D., Lt. (jg)	Redding
McKAY, Cameron E., Lt. Comdr.	San Francisco
OVERLAND, Gordon M., Lt. Comdr.	Lodi
PETERSON, George W., Ch/WO	Hollywood
RILEY, Winston E., Lt.	San Diego
ROSCOE, Charles M., Ens.	Eureka
COLORADO	
HARRINGTON, Daniel C., Lt.	Denver
FLORIDA	
JETT, Ralph M., Ch/WO	Lakeland
SWAIN, Frederick W., Lt.	Miami
ILLINOIS	
BAILEY, Alma M., Ch/WO	Rockford
BERNSTEIN, Stanley, Lt.	Chicago
BIRGER, Bernard B., Lt. (jg)	Edwardsville
GORDON, Howard A., Lt. (jg)	Chicago Heights
KELLSTEDT, Paul A., Lt. (jg)	Batavia
LEIDY, John K., Lt.	Peoria
McGINNIS, Lawrence T., Lt.	Wilmette
WEISS, Manuel B., Lt.	Chicago
INDIANA	
SWAN, John W., Ens.	Wabash
KANSAS	
HEFLING, A. A., Lt. Comdr.	
NEWMAN, Edwin M., Lt.	LaCrosse
MAINE	
ADAMS, Franklin T., Lt.	Belfast
MASSACHUSETTS	
CALLAHAN, James E., Ch/WO	Boston
DUROCHER, Justin C., Lt. Comdr. (Chaplain)	Revere
GALLO, Alphonse W., Ch/WO	Springfield
HERLAND, Edward A., Lt.	Winthrop
HORTON, Charles P., W/O	New Bedford
LAHERT, Edward T., Ch/WO	Lenox
PIEPER, Charles P., Ch/WO	Boston
SMITH, Edward W., Lt. Comdr.	Everett
UMBS, LaVerne F., Ch/WO	Pittsfield
MINNESOTA	
CEDERSTRAND, Marshall, Ens.	Minneapolis
MISSOURI	
*CHERILOS, Thomas G., Lt. (jg)	St. Louis
CORDER, Leon W., Lt. Comdr.	Marshall
MONTANA	
PRICE, Herbert J., Ch/WO	Havre

NEW HAMPSHIRE	
POWERS, William T., Comdr.	Concord
NEW JERSEY	
BISSIG, Frank A., Lt.	Elizabeth
JONES, Lewis B., W/O	West Englewood
POTTERTON, John R., Ch/WO	Closter
NEW MEXICO	
FARNSWORTH, Hiram H., Lt. (jg)	Las Cruces
NEW YORK	
BROWSE, George W., Ch/WO	South Salem
CLEVELAND, Charlton B., Lt. (jg)	Long Island
COLLINS, Edward A., W/O	Wells
CROTTY, John F., Lt. (Chaplain)	Bronx
GREENBERG, Aaron E., Lt.	Brooklyn
HADLEY, Frederick H., Lt.	New York
HOLZWARTH, Franklin K., Lt. Comdr.	Rochester
*KOYACS, Paul B., Lt. (jg)	Nanuet
OHIO	
BLUM, John W., Ens.	Cincinnati
HUBBARD, Lewis R., Lt.	Youngstown
MONNET, Harold L., Lt.	Columbus
PRICE, Arton E., Lt. (jg)	Columbus
RANDALL, Frank G., Lt.	Wadsworth
OREGON	
KERSLAKE, Harold F., Ch/WO	Portland
MOORE, James K., Lt.	Baker
PENNSYLVANIA	
BOYER, Raymond P., Lt. (jg)	Slippery Rock
CARL, Joseph M., Lt. (jg)	Lititz
GARRATT, David L., Lt.	Honesdale
MYERS, Malcolm, Lt.	Philadelphia
SHYROCK, Robert E., Ens.	Meadville
SMITH, Howard W., Lt. (jg)	Greensburg
STRITTMATTER, Russell J., W/O	Philadelphia
WILSON, Robert J., Lt. (jg)	Philadelphia
RHODE ISLAND	
SULLIVAN, James, Lt. (Chaplain)	Newport
TENNESSEE	
HUTCHESON, Charles P., Lt.	North Chattanooga
TEXAS	
ANDERSON, Ronald M., Lt.	Silverton
McMULLIN, Ruben A., Ch/WO	Falfurrias
UTAH	
LAMBERT, Howard W., Lt.	Salt Lake City
LOWMAN, John G., Lt. (jg)	Cedar City
VIRGINIA	
ATKINSON, Charles V., Lt.	Bakersville
HINES, Frederick W., Lt.	Richmond
ROBINSON, William F., Ch/WO	Abingdon
WASHINGTON	
FOSTER, Leland B., Lt.	Seattle
LEE, Elmer A., Lt. (jg)	Newport
YOST, Don A., Ch/WO	Seattle

ENLISTED PERSONNEL

ALABAMA	
CALLOWAY, O. C.	Birmingham
DUNN, Jasper W.	Dothan
GRAHAM, L. A.	Gardendale
INGLE, William H.	Irondale
OWEN, Luther R.	Boaz
RICE, J. B.	Opelika
RUSHING, J. D.	Chavies
STARNS, Earley	Goshen
WOODHAM, Louis T.	Opp
ARIZONA	
CHRISTY, R. E.	Prescott
CRAVEN, Ronald W.	Phoenix
CROZIER, J. C.	Prescott
DOWELL, Oscar E.	Seligman
FAULKNER, H. A.	Yuma
RIVAS, F. H.	Coolidge
SAGLIMBENE, S. F.	Prescott
ARKANSAS	
BAILEY, H. L.	Griffithville
BOLLEN, L. A.	Friendship
BROWN, Buel Odus	Lincoln
DUKE, F.	Beede
KELLER, M. D.	Clarksville
LEE, H. B.	Little Rock
NEISWANDER, Ruben J.	Trumann
PARKER, C. C.	Hope
POLK, J. C., Jr.	Gould
WEBBER, D. W.	Rector
WHITE, Lester A.	Booneville
WILSON, C. O.	Fountain Hill
WOODS, R. H.	Pine Bluff
CALIFORNIA	
ABOOD, D. (n)	Hayward
ABUNDEZ, P. C.	Los Angeles
ALLTON, Clifford H.	Oakland
ANKNEY, Norman D.	Los Angeles
BACHER, Robert C.	San Francisco
BAKER, Harold E.	Sunset Beach
BAKER, Roger D.	Long Beach
BARKER, A. B.	Inglewood
BAYA, F. T.	Sacramento
BEACH, Edwin V.	Los Angeles

BECKER, Bernard B.	Los Angeles
BENNETT, E. A.	N. Hollywood
BERINGHELE, Guy A.	Los Angeles
BETHEL, James F., Jr.	Oakland
BLAKE, Harvie W.	Hollywood
BLIVEN, C. W.	Burbank
BOYER, James E.	Sacramento
BROUSSAL, F. M.	San Francisco
BROWN, Herbert P.	Salinas
BROWN, William Malcolm	Livermore
BUSSEY, R. F.	Los Angeles
CABRAL, John W.	Santa Clara
CAIN, Hall	
CASSADY, Francis L.	San Francisco
CATHCART, Charles L.	Long Beach
CIFRA, J. J.	San Pedro
CIOTTI, Nat	Oakland
CIRILLO, Charles A.	Hollywood
CIZEK, John E.	Los Angeles
CLARK, Robert W.	Santa Rosa
CLEMENTS, Charles H.	Los Angeles
CONNELL, John J.	San Francisco
CRAIG, Edward E.	San Leandro
CURTIS, Harley O.	Los Angeles
DASCHNER, Walter A.	San Francisco
DEASY, Edward R.	San Francisco
DEFFTERIOS, George	San Francisco
DE GRASSE, Robert J.	Los Angeles
DE LISLE, Warren W.	Los Gatos
DENTON, John H.	San Diego
DIXON, John Jacob	Oakland
EMRY, Eugene R.	Hayward
FANUCCHI, Gino B.	San Francisco
FELLOWS, Howard D.	Hollywood
FERNANDEZ, S. J.	Hayward
FINE, Abe I.	Los Angeles
FOGG, F. G.	Pacific Grove
FOSSEY, George E.	Kentfield
FOSTER, Glenn A.	Downieville
FRANDSEN, Roy A.	Berkeley
FRAZIER, K. O.	Arcadia
FREITAS, Arthur J.	Oakland
FRIEDMAN, Max	Los Angeles
FRIZZA, Eugene A.	San Francisco
FUHLRODT, Orville T.	San Francisco

GLOUSER, Jess G., Sr.	Los Angeles
GREENWOOD, Eugene	San Francisco
GRIFFEN, Tom	Oakland
HAGER, R. M.	Oakland
HAYES, Bert James	San Francisco
HELMICK, V. A.	Orange
HENSON, R. V.	Long Beach
HILLYER, Nathaniel N.	N. Hollywood
HOCKING, Richard C.	San Francisco
HOLLADAY, Gene W.	Van Nuys
HOLLINGSWORTH, Dale G.	Pasadena
HOOKER, Basil	Compton
HOPKINS, Robert P.	Oakland
HUDSON, Rex F.	Hayward
HUTCHINS, Grady W.	San Francisco
HUTT, LaVerne	Emeryville
JACKSON, Richard T.	Weaverville
JENNER, Eldo C.	Lodi
JOHNS, Harold O.	Los Angeles
KAELEN, Joseph W.	Los Angeles
KAISER, George W.	Fresno
KELLER, Benjamin F.	Stockton
KENNEDY, D. R.	Oakland
KIM, Daniel J.	Marysville
KINGSLEY, Don G.	Altadena
KNEPPER, M. L.	Oakland
KOCKOS, Basil	San Francisco
KUMP, Anton, Jr.	San Francisco
LEE, Russell S.	Oakland
LEIDINGER, Martin	Oakland
LEONARDI, Angelo B.	Kentfield
LEWIS, Harold	Oakland
LOLAX, Oscar A.	Freshwater
LOMBARD, George S.	Redding
LOVE, C. W.	Los Angeles
LOWE, Hamilton V.	San Luis Obispo
LOWENTHAL, Leo	Santa Cruz
LUDY, Fay B.	Butte City
McBROOM, T. D.	Berkeley
McCLAIN, G. G.	Santa Anna
McCLEARY, Joseph W.	Burbank
McCOLLOUGH, G. K.	Santa Cruz
McFARLAND, J. H.	San Francisco
MACKENZIE, John	Novato
MALLER, Earl R.	Robbins
MANIER, John D.	Los Angeles
MARION, Albert	San Francisco
MARQUIS, Clell H.	Hughson
MARTIN, Lawrence	Los Gatos
MARTIN, Ralph E.	Castella
MARTINE, George E.	San Francisco
MAXWELL, Thomas W.	Menlo Park
MELLOW, Herbert	Los Angeles
MEREDITH, Harold F.	Long Beach
MICHELIS, Rudolph	San Bruno
MILLER, James H.	Maywood
MINGER, Robert E.	Manhattan Beach
MORGAN, Charles	Oakland
MOSSMAN, Cecil L.	Orinda
MUCHOW, Wayne C.	San Jose
MYERS, James H.	Richmond
NASH, John W.	San Jose
NEWMAN, Clarence R.	Palo Alto
NIEMI, John A.	San Francisco
NIETO, Loraine E.	Yuba City
NORTON, Emmet E.	Oakland
NYQUIST, Robert R.	San Jose
OETH, Chester	Rail Road Flat
O'HARA, Edwin J.	San Anselmo
PARMELEE, Paul L.	San Francisco
PEARSON, Carl A.	San Lorenzo
PELON, T. J.	Los Angeles
PERKINS, W. E.	S. Pasadena
PETEE, Raymond E.	Oroville
PREBILICH, R. A.	Sebastopol
PUTNAM, J. F.	San Francisco
QUENZER, K. F.	Los Angeles
RAMIREZ, M. V.	Redwood City
REDD, H. W.	Pasadena
REESE, J. M.	Los Angeles
RHINE, L. R.	San Bernardino
RICE, R. H.	Oakland
RICHART, H. G., Jr.	Torrance
RIGGS, R. W.	San Francisco
ROBINSON, G. W.	Alhambra
ROSS, W. J.	Hollydale
RYAN, M. R.	San Francisco
SANFORD, L. N.	San Diego
SANINI, Vincent F.	Elk
SAUNDERS, John H.	Ukiah
SCHEMBRI, William D.	San Francisco
SCHOENBERGER, Frank S.	Santa Rosa
SHARWATZ, J. F.	Los Angeles
SHAW, John C.	Long Beach
SHELDON, Dale C.	Whittier
SHELDON, H. E.	San Francisco
SHRADER, C. W.	Bridgeport
SILVER, Isadore	Oakland
SMALL, Russell E.	Richmond
SMITH, Henry C.	Los Angeles
SOUCE, David R.	Lodi
SQUARZINO, E. P.	Oakland
STAGGS, Charles G.	Los Angeles
STANZIONE, L. A.	El Cerrito
STILWELL, A. L.	Fresno
STONE, James M.	El Cerrito
STURGEON, F. E.	Los Angeles
TAYLOR, Lee R.	Bruin
THURGOOD, G. B.	San Leandro
TODD, E. B.	La Junta
TONE, R. L.	Burbank
TORHAN, Michael	Dunmore
TRIANO, Charles R.	Los Angeles
VOLPONI, Robert A.	Livermore
WARE, Bernard A.	Los Angeles
WARD, Frank W.	Oakland
WHITESTONE, P. W.	Los Angeles
WHITLOCK, C. L.	San Francisco
WILKENS, A. E., Jr.	San Francisco
WILKENSIN, D. P.	Los Angeles
YOUNG, C. W.	San Francisco

COLORADO

ALBRECHT, C. J.	Denver
ANDERSON, Wilfred	Trinidad
BECKER, P. B.	Denver
BRIELS, W. W.	Denver
CHRISTENSEN, Charles P.	Englewood

DIECKMAN, John C.	Durango
FRANCIS, C. V.	Pueblo
HENSHAW, J. C.	Englewood
KREILING, J. C.	Burlington
LAMPRECHT, A. R.	Denver
LAW, Lowell A.	Denver
MEYERS, George W.	Pueblo
MOORE, John Henry	Durango
PEERS, John F.	Boulder
PETERSON, W. O.	Denver
PIPES, C. J.	Akron
RICKARD, F. M.	Wheat Ridge
WHITTINGTON, Wayne	Denver
WILSON, T. G.	Denver

CONNECTICUT

BOWEN, Thomas J.	Bridgeport
BROWN, Francis W.	Norwich
CRAWFORD, Karl S.	Norwich
CYPHERS, Edwin A.	South Meriden
FABIANI, Louis J.	Bristol
FORSYTH, Charles F.	New Haven
GILOMINO, Genaro J.	Bridgeport
JONES, Richard T.	Hamden
KOKOSZKA, J. L.	Middletown
KRIZANSKY, Michael	Bridgeport
LAHN, Leo S.	Norwich
LORENZO, George J., Jr.	Hartford
LUHNENSCHLOSS, Harry L.	New Haven
LYNCH, M. E.	Danbury
LYON, James G.	Waterbury
MENNA, Sabatine J.	Derby
NEARY, Walter F.	Bridgeport
PETERSEN, A. C., Jr.	Stamford
SANFORD, E. W.	Stratford
SAVKO, John	Stratford
SHEA, Edmund L.	North Haven
SPECTOR, Louis J.	New Britain
STODDARD, W. F.	Cos Cob
STOWE, C. H.	Hamden
SUCJAY, J. J.	Stamford
TAKORE, J. S.	Stamford
TERRIBLE, William J.	Hamden
ULASIK, Fred	Versailles
UPSON, William L.	New Britain
WILKEL, John	New Britain
WOODWARD, P. E.	New Britain

DELAWARE

McKINLEY, W. J.	Wilmington
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FLORIDA

ADKINS, Hubert B.	Miami
COOK, Willard L.	South Bay
DUNNAM, Thomas J.	West Palm Beach
EZELL, Davana S.	Fort Meade
FIRNKOESE, J. R.	Miami
GRIFFIN, Sion Dixon, Jr.	Miami
McGOWAN, F. C.	Miami
PARSONS, George F.	St. Petersburg
PONDER, Z. L.	Jacksonville
PRIVETT, J. C.	Jacksonville
RAINWATER, C. J.	Pensacola
SIMPKINS, James W.	Tampa
SMITH, Charles	Miami
TUCKER, Albert J.	St. Petersburg
WILLIAMS, Henry L.	Wildwood
WRIGHT, J. N.	Winter Haven
WYNN, Albert A.	Pensacola

GEORGIA

BOLEN, Stuart W.	Atlanta
DE BOARD, Clayton	Fairmont
EZELL, H. L.	Rockmart
FREEMAN, Charles M.	Dublin
FULLER, D. Z.	West Point
HENDERSON, Horace R.	Waycross
HOLDER, F. V.	Porterdale
HUFF, Willie G.	Thomson
HUNNICUT, Marion	Macon
JOHNSON, Henry L.	Albany
JONES, Roy F.	Marietta
McCARD, Graves C.	Meansville
NAGLICH, W.	Sautee
PERKINS, M. F.	Madison
SATURDAY, R. L.	Moultrie
SHADBURN, Daniel	Cumming
SKELTON, C. L.	Atlanta
WILLIAMS, Charles B.	Waycross
YOUNG, Edw. F.	Calhoun
YOUNG, James O.	Atlanta

IDAHO

BENCICH, Stanley	Wardner
BLOOMQUIST, Cecil A.	Pocatello
BLOOMQUIST, Cyril J.	Pocatello
BRYNTSEN, Arthur M.	St. Mories
McMANUS, Thomas A.	Lewiston
PHILLIPS, C. I.	Vay
ROE, R. P.	Stone
ROEBER, S. E.	Boise
SOLTERBECK, Robert	Fayette
SPALDING, C. J.	American Falls
WILSON, Robert U.	Oakley

ILLINOIS

ALEXANDER, G. W.	Belleville
BECKER, Paul W.	Belleville
BERNHAGEN, R.	Bellwood
BRIGHTSTONE, Edw. H.	Chicago
CASEY, James J.	Chicago
COHEN, Phillip	Chicago
CONNES, James B.	Streator
DAVIS, Maylon E.	Genoa
DAWDY, Ralph E.	Belleville
DETTZ, Raymond H.	Chicago
DUSIN, James	Chicago
ENVALL, W. D.	Chicago
FITZGERALD, William A.	Chicago
FLEMING, Charles W.	East St. Louis
GIEBEL, D. E.	Geneseo
GOODE, Leon E.	Cairo
GRAVES, David W.	Springfield
HAYNES, Woods M.	Mattoon
HOLSHEISER, Melvin R.	Springfield
HONEYMAN, C. L.	Hanover
KEANE, T. J.	Chicago
KELLY, Daniel J.	Chicago

KNOWLES, William, Jr.	Joliet
KOSSOW, Frank A., Jr.	Ottawa
LATHAM, Royal E.	Crystal Lake
LEHMANN, C. E.	Maywood
LINDEMANN, Ralph A.	Peotone
LOVE, James A.	Chicago
LUETY, Frederick W.	Chicago
MAISH, Thomas W.	Chicago
MARTENSEN, John H.	Blue Island
MOORE, John Paul	Du Quoin
MORDEN, James L.	Chicago
MOSS, Lenard H.	Pocahontas
MURPHY, Leon F.	Chicago
NELSON, Robert N.	Chicago
OBIS, Paul L.	Chicago
PICKRELL, Mearl	Hoopeston
PRICE, B. H.	Chicago Heights
RASMUSSEN, H. W.	Crystal Lake
ROSEN, H.	Chicago
RUSSNAK, M. F.	Chicago
SHANNON, W. V.	River Forest
SMITH, James E.	Chicago
STANLEY, E. R.	Peoria
STRYKER, Oliver S.	Forest Park
TRAISTER, F. S.	Sterling
VIGNOVICH, W. M.	Chicago
VINCENT, Charles L.	Chicago
WELBORN, Vail L.	Dallas City
WILKENSIN, L. J.	Harrisburg
WILLIAMS, Ralph H.	Chicago
WILLOTT, Douglas	Riverside
WORRELL, Ralph E.	Joliet
YODER, Harold L.	Saint Anne
ZUKOSKY, Albert	West Frankfort

INDIANA

AMELING, William F., Jr.	Gary
BADANISH, A. R.	Gary
BICK, R. C.	Columbus
BROCK, Robert E.	Indianapolis
BROGDON, Thomas, Jr.	Greenwood
CAMPBELL, Charles L.	Scottsboro
CHRISTMAN, R. G.	Ft. Wayne
CROSIER, Vernon E.	Indianapolis
DEITCHLEY, John N.	South Bend
DISBRO, Lester E.	Austin
DOLLAR, William A.	Anderson
EDWARDS, James S.	Vincennes
FELLER, James F.	Mishawaka
FIEST, Thomas H.	Princeton
GOHMAN, Howard T.	Hammond
GOTTMAN, Clarence S.	Haubstadt
HEINZ, Francis C.	Vincennes
HOLLOWAY, Frank M.	Oxford
HOOD, Quincy W.	Richmond
HUTTON, John P.	Indianapolis
KLAPKOWSKI, Alfred E.	Hammond
KUNTZ, William M., Jr.	Crown Point
LA VELLE, Vernon H.	Patriot
LEMA, James L.	Ft. Wayne
MILLER, F. R.	Bloomington
MYERS, G. A.	Angola
OWEN, Richard	Mishawaka
PARKER, Thurman O.	Muncie
PAUL, Charles R.	Frankfort
PETERSON, T. A.	Bloomington
QUIGLEY, A. R.	East Chicago
QUIGLEY, P. F., Jr.	Richmond
RECKELHOFF, H. H.	Tell City
ROLLINS, J. C.	Ft. Wayne
SCHILL, William M.	
SCHMOLLINGER, Paul F.	Frankfort
SIEGRIST, K. E.	Bringinghurst
SINKS, Arthur M.	Roselawn
SULPRIZIA, A. F.	Richmond
TERRELL, M. W.	Gossport
TURNER, Robert E.	Modoc
WARNER, M. O.	Warsaw
WEAVER, Charles G.	Kokomo
WEAVER, Lewis H.	Columbia City
WEST, Marvin	Indianapolis
YEANEY, Robert E., Jr.	La Porte

IOWA

ASKEY, Thomas C.	Red Oak
BARENTSON, N. C.	Audubon
BERG, Milo W.	Maquoketa
BORLAND, Lloyd H.	Pringhar
CHERRINGTON, L. M.	Des Moines
CONNOLLY, Clarence C.	Dubuque
CORRELL, Eugene C.	Council Bluffs
CRAIN, Veryl L.	Cedar Rapids
DUKE, Edwin H.	Harlan
FECKLEY, Earl R.	Keota
GELHAUS, Harley C.	Hubbard
GESELL, Donald W.	Muscatine
GRIFFIN, Richard W.	Des Moines
JAY, Clyde Raymond	Boone
LIVINGSTON, R. T.	Bedford
LLOYD, Edward Leo	Des Moines
LOGAN, Keith W.	Salem
MACK, Joseph F.	Burlington
McELREE, H. M.	Maynard
McFARLAND, F. L.	Boone
McGOEY, Harold E.	Perry
MARTIN, Ralph D.	Smithland
MICHAUD, Elmer H.	Des Moines
NELSON, Lester L.	Sac City
NCRPEL, C. V.	Bellevue
QUACKENBUSH, D. W.	Oskaloosa
REID, J. H.	Harlan
SCHNOOR, Merlen C.	Manilla
STAPEL, Charles W.	Gelwein
STORY, D. G.	Wapello
STROTHER, M. H.	Eldon
SVEC, Charles R.	Cedar Rapids
TROUTMAN, J.	Farmington
VAN EPS, Clair A.	Callendar

KANSAS

ALLISON, Joseph T.	Topeka
ANDREWS, Oren W.	McPherson
BITTLE, Simuel "B"	Liberal
BUREMAN, C. A.	Bellville
CONN, H. E.	Cawker City
HALBACH, N. V.	Kansas City
LYONS, Earl J.	Pleasanton
OLLER, Wilson B.	Hewins

RUNYAN, F. A.	Wichita
RUSSELL, E. A.	Manhattan
WERNER, Morris W.	Holton

KENTUCKY

ARNETT, Walter J.	Ashland
DAVIS, Floyd A.	Louisville
FORD, Ralph	Bardwell
FRENCH, Elmer C.	Eubank
HALL, Charles H.	Louisville
McHATTON, A. L.	Lexington
MIX, Herschel B.	Bardwell
MULANE, Chester P.	Trinity
SNELL, Lloyd C.	Williamsburg
SUMME, J. F.	Covington
WELSH, E. S.	Louisville
WHEELER, Robert G.	Newport
WOLF, Alvin L.	Louisville
WRIGHT, Clarence H.	Bowling Green

LOUISIANA

ALLEN, Charles A., Jr.	Homer
ANDREWS, Edward J.	New Orleans
BISHOP, Barnett O.	Woodworth
BOUDREAUX, Merl J.	Thibodaux
BOUDREAUX, W. J.	Rayne
KENNON, Edward R.	Baton Rouge
LUNDQUIST, Robert W.	Shreveport
MOLINA, E. M.	New Orleans
NOURSE, Tilford E.	Hefflin
NUNNERY, W. L.	Gretna
OSTER, Joseph H.	Harvey
RISLEY, F. W.	Alexandria

MAINE

ADAMS, Millard W.	Madison
ALVES, Anton M.	Augusta
ANDERSON, Oscar L.	Pownall
ELLIS, Martin A.	Milo
HAMMOND, Leslie	Biddeford
HUMPHREY, Walter G.	Saco
THORNTON, R. A.	Lewiston
WATSON, W. H., Jr.	Presque Isle

MARYLAND

BURKE, Joseph F.	Hampstead
EVERETT, Hugh V.	Rocks
HEDDINGS, Bernard J.	Baltimore
HOFFMAN, James T.	Baltimore
HYDE, Earl C.	Baltimore
PARRISH, Dean W.	Upper Marlboro
WENTZ, Harry C.	Baltimore
WHALEY, Cecil B.	Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS

ABBOTT, Forrest W.	Newburyport
ADAMS, George H.	Wakefield
AGRESTI, Anthony, Jr.	Somerville
ALLEN, John S., Jr.	Worcester
ANDERSON, Elmer C.	Waltham
ANTELL, Robert A.	Spencer
BARNES, Raymond	Fall River
BECARD, P. E.	Worcester
BEST, George	New Bedford
BIBEAU, Joseph V.	Somerset Centre
BIGGS, John W., Jr.	Dorchester
BLACK, Clinton	Somerset
BLANCHARD, B. J.	East Braintree
BOUTIN, Lawrence F.	Randolph
BOYKO, Frank	Blackstone
BUCKINGHAM, James E.	Dorchester
BUJA, Stanley	Dracut
BULLMAN, Francis J.	East Dedham
BUTEAU, R. D.	Hudson
CAMARANO, Patrick	East Boston
CARCIOFO, John J.	Arlington
CARPENTER, A. F.	Malden
CARROLL, Walter F.	Brookline
CLANCY, Edward A.	West Roxbury
CLIFFORD, Timothy J.	South Boston
COHEN, Raphael	Roxbury
COLBY, Harold F., Jr.	Brockton
COLLIS, Kenneth C.	Newburyport
COMUNALE, Vincent	Boston
CONTANT, Robert J.	Ware
CONNORS, D. J.	Cambridge
CORCORAN, Thomas	Somerville
CORIO, Anthony	Worcester
CORRIVEAU, Bertrand E.	Salem
COSTELLO, John H.	East Boston
COSTELLO, Robert W.	Haverhill
COURTESSE, Leo	Lowell
COURTNEY, John R.	Worcester
CROCKETT, T. L.	Whitinsville
CROWLEY, Daniel J., Jr.	East Boston
CULLEN, Michael	Stoneham
CUMMINGS, Thomas P.	Rosindale
DANDENEAU, James W.	Aldenville
DASSONI, John C.	Frammingham
DELANEY, Chester W.	Chelsea
DENOMME, Raymond G.	South Hadley Falls
DIERENZO, Guido	Brighton
DONAHUE, Joseph J.	Dorchester
DRISCOLL, Walter M.	Arlington
DUMONT, Joseph L.	Newbury
DUNN, Clarence E.	North Adams
DURKIN, Thomas J.	West Roxbury
EDDY, John P.	Webster
FANTASIA, Ralph S.	Boston
FASCHING, Edwin J.	Winsted
FISH, Samuel	Boston
FORBUSH, George D.	Melrose
FOURNIER, R. F.	Everett
GALLAGHER, Joseph R.	Lowell
GANGE, Anthony	Topsfield
GINSBERG, W. S.	Winthrop
GOUR, Earl A.	Springfield
GOVE, Malcolm T.	Somerville
GRAY, Nelson E., Jr.	Arlington
GRIFFIN, James M.	Worcester
GRIFFITH, Percy R.	Cambridge
GUZZI, Fred F.	Quincy
HALLISEY, John J.	Beverly Farms
HIGSON, Arnold J.	Fall River
HORTON, Chester T.	Wilmington
HOWARD, Maurice V.	Mattapan
HOWES, Merton C.	Wareham
HUDGIX, Frank A.	Holyoke

JAMES, John K.	Newtonville
KAPLAN, Stephen	Salem
KEATING, John M.	Cambridge
KEEGAN, Joseph F.	Boston
KENNEY, W. S.	Waltham
LANGTON, Joseph H.	Haverhill
LARKIN, Glendall C.	Wakefield
LEARY, William P.	Somerville
LEBOEUF, Paul D.	Webster
LEE, Cornelius J.	Quincy
LEGER, Joseph F.	Fitchburg
LEPORE, Phillip J.	Boston
LESSARD, Emory A.	Rowley
LETTENEY, John A.	Dedham
LINEHAN, Cornelius H.	Belmont
LINEHAN, Daniel M.	Somerville
LUNDERGAN, Charles J.	Andover
LYNCH, John J.	Arlington
MACLEAN, Donald K.	Newton
McCONOLOGUE, L. V.	South Boston
McDONALD, B. C.	Brighton
McGRATH, J. T.	South Boston
McRAE, Walter	East Boston
MACOMBER, Gilbert D.	Hyannis
MALLOY, Albert P.	Newton
MANGANO, James V.	South Hanson
MARTILLI, Anthony L.	Springfield
MERRITT, E. S.	Accord
MIROTTA, Joseph C.	South Boston
MISCHLER, Joseph C.	Braintree
MONOHAN, John J.	Lawrence
MOREAN, Norman L.	New Bedford
MORIN, Norman E.	Blackstone
MULLEN, Thomas G.	North Attleboro
MULLOY, John F.	Quincy
MUNNELY, W. M.	Boston
MURPHY, Patrick	Somerville
MURPHY, Raymond J.	Medford
NYE, Robert T.	Worcester
O'CONNOR, John J.	Springfield
OPPIDI, Enzo	Pittsfield
PALAZZI, R. A.	Springfield
PANDOLF, Harry	Needham Heights
PARISI, Joseph	Hull
PEARSE, W. T.	Rockland
PEDERSEN, R. H.	Waltham
PERRY, A., Jr.	Fall River
PHINNEY, F. A.	Boston
PIKE, E. H.	Amesbury
POTHIER, C. J.	Beverly
PREZIOSA, G. C.	Malden
REGAN, J. L.	Frammingham
REYNOLDS, H. E.	Swansea
RILEY, P. F.	Revere
RITA, L. L.	New Bedford
RIVERS, C. G.	Revere
ROACH, J. M.	East Boston
ROBERTI, J. A.	Milford
ROSSOPOULOS, J.	Lynn
RUSSO, A.	East Douglas
SAUNDERS, Stanley A.	Beverly
SCANLON, James M., Jr.	Somerville
SCHOLPP, Vincent S.	Duxbury
SHAW, R. S.	Holyoke
SHEEHAN, W. E.	Westwood
SHUTE, Paul J.	East Boston
SIEBERT, W. F.	Somerville
SIENKIEWICZ, E. R.	Williamansett
SILVESTINO, C. A.	Brocton
SIMPSON, G. H.	Revere
SPARRELL, A. H.	Holliston
SPRAGG, William F.	Uphams Corner
SOUZA, J. F.	Cambridge
STACK, John F.	Brocton
STARR, L. M.	Roxbury
STEWART, R. J.	Hanover
SULLIVAN, F. K.	Belmont
SULLIVAN, G. J.	Jamaica Plain
SULLIVAN, P. A.	Brighton
SWIFT, W. G.	Duxbury
VALLENCOURT, Kenneth	Williamstown
VAN GEMERT, Leonard	Roslindale
VEGNANI, Dominic W.	Dorchester
VITALE, Luigi	Beverly
VOZZELLA, Angelo A.	Franklin
WALSH, Patrick F., Jr.	Norwood
WASKO, Edward	Northampton
WHEELER, L.	Frammingham
WHELAN, C. R.	West Roxbury
WHITE, H. G.	Weymouth
WILLIAMS, F. M.	West Roxbury
WILTSHIRE, J. F.	Somerville
WOLFSON, C. L.	Malden
WOODCOCK, Ernest	New Bedford
WYDRA, S. J.	Haverhill
YALLEN, William W.	Allston
YOUNG, H. A.	Randolph

NEVADA

WALLACE, William L. Tonapah

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BOULANGER, Paul H. Dover
BOULTER, Robert I. New Boston
BRITTAI, G. A. Keene

MICHIGAN

BABAK, J. Detroit
BANDROFCHAK, Michael Detroit
BRIEN, Percy L. Pontiac
BROOKHOUSE, Arvid Fremont
BUCHANAN, E. J. Detroit
BUCKLEY, Robert J. Detroit
BUTLER, Pierce J., Jr. Plymouth
CAVANAGH, E. T. East Detroit
CLOUD, Sidney S. Detroit
DANIEL, Robert F. Kalamazoo
DELL, Milton G. Port Huron
ENGLISH, Everett E. Mount Morris
FINNEY, Delmar W. Durand
FRASKI, Joseph J. Detroit
HARTSUFF, Paul D. East Lansing
HAWKINS, Willis D. Pontiac
HEINZE, Walter H. Lincoln Park
LANGE, Conrad R. Wyandotte
LIBKIE, Donald C. Detroit
LCNG, Robert A. Deerfield
MAGGIE, Frank N. Milan

MATTHEWS, William F. Detroit
MATTSON, M. E. Falmesdale
MILLER, Lloyd K. Jasper
MITCHELL, Leslie Detroit
MOORE, Edwin J. Ferry
OLDFIELD, George J. Ann Arbor
PERKINS, G. B. Flint
ROSTOCK, H. E. East Detroit
ROWE, H. B. Ferndale
RYSZYK, W. Grand Rapids
SANDIN, Erik Detroit
TURNER, Joe M. St. Clair
VANLUE, Dewey F. Niles
WADELICH, William G. Albion
WILLIAMS, Marshall L. Detroit
WODOWSKI, Adam Detroit
YOUNG, H. G. Flint

MINNESOTA

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CONKLIN, Floyd R. Floodwood
CONKLIN, Wayne E. Detroit Lakes
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COUTURE, Steven F. St. Paul
DICKS, George M. St. Paul
DOYLE, Vernon E. St. Paul
FIELD, Marlo C. Floodwood
FOSTER, Thomas D. Preston
HENTZELL, Robert G. Minneapolis
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KUNZE, S. C. Cloquet
MANKE, Arnold L. St. Paul
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McLAUGHLIN, Lyle R. Breckenridge
O'FALLON, Cyril S. Hutchinson
PEGORS, K. W. St. Louis Park
RINES, E. C. St. Paul
SANDIN, R. A. St. Paul
SCHWALBENBERG, Henry St. Paul
STANFEL, Peter Crosby
STENSARD, O. A. St. Paul
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TREBILCOCK, Alford J. Virginia

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SCHLECHT, Erwin R. St. Louis
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THIBERT, B. A. Hamilton

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TODD, C. B. East Swanzey

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BOWMAN, Lester J. Newton

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BRENNAN, Valentyne E. Roselle Park
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COURTWRIGHT, Harry Monroe
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MONTI, William J. Bronx
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MYERS, Louis B. New York
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OBERST, George C. Howard Beach
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OLDFIELD, Frank Woodhaven

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O'ROURKE, F. J.	Troy
PARISH, Monte	Staten Island
PASSARELLA, M. A., Jr.	New York
PEPPER, Ottow W.	Brooklyn
PERRY, Allen G.	Bronx
PIERCE, Alden	Schenectady
PLEDGER, D.	Philadelphia
FOOLE, J.	Brooklyn
POSKLENSKY, D.	Brooklyn
POSNER, B.	Brooklyn
POWERS, R. E.	Mt. Kisco
PRINCE, Irving	Brooklyn
PRUZANSKY, Louis	Bronx
PURCELL, R.	Sharon Springs
QUINN, E. J.	Forest Hills
QUINN, W. J., Jr.	Brooklyn
RAFAELE, J.	Brooklyn
RANDO, S.	Brooklyn
RANKIN, C. S.	New York
RAY, W. B.	Wingdale
REED, O. F.	Riverhead
REMMERS, H. F.	Ilion
RENDIA, A.	Gloversville
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RODDY, G. M.	Troy
RONNING, R. J.	Brooklyn
RUSHER, G. K.	Brooklyn
RUSSO, A. D.	Brooklyn
RUSSO, D.	Mechanicsville
RYAN, J. E., Jr.	Greenwich
RYAN, T. J.	Troy
SANTANIELLO, Carmine	Jamaica
SCALES, George P.	Port Jervis
SCALEY, Paul	New York
SCARALATA, Salvador P.	Albany
SCHERR, Michael	Brooklyn
SCHERTER, Lawrence W.	Binghamton
SCHMAND, Fred. G.	Buffalo
SCHROEDER, Edward D.	Utica
SCHWALBENBERG, Henry	New York
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SCORDINO, Lawrence	White Plains
SECHNIK, George	New York
SHAND, J. A.	Laurelton
SHANTZ, R. P.	Rome
SHARPE, W. C.	South Babylon
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SHELDON, E. H.	Ithaca
SHEPARD, E. J.	New York
SHER, Lawrence	Staten Island
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SMITH, Edward F.	Jamestown
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STAGLIANO, J. F.	North Tarrytown
STAUDINGER, C. W.	Sag Harbor
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SWEET, Leo A.	Corning
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VERDON, John E.	New York
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ZYLKA, Walter Lee	Utica

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OHIO

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SKORICH, Anthony	Cleveland
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