

133

NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION



1943

1945

286268



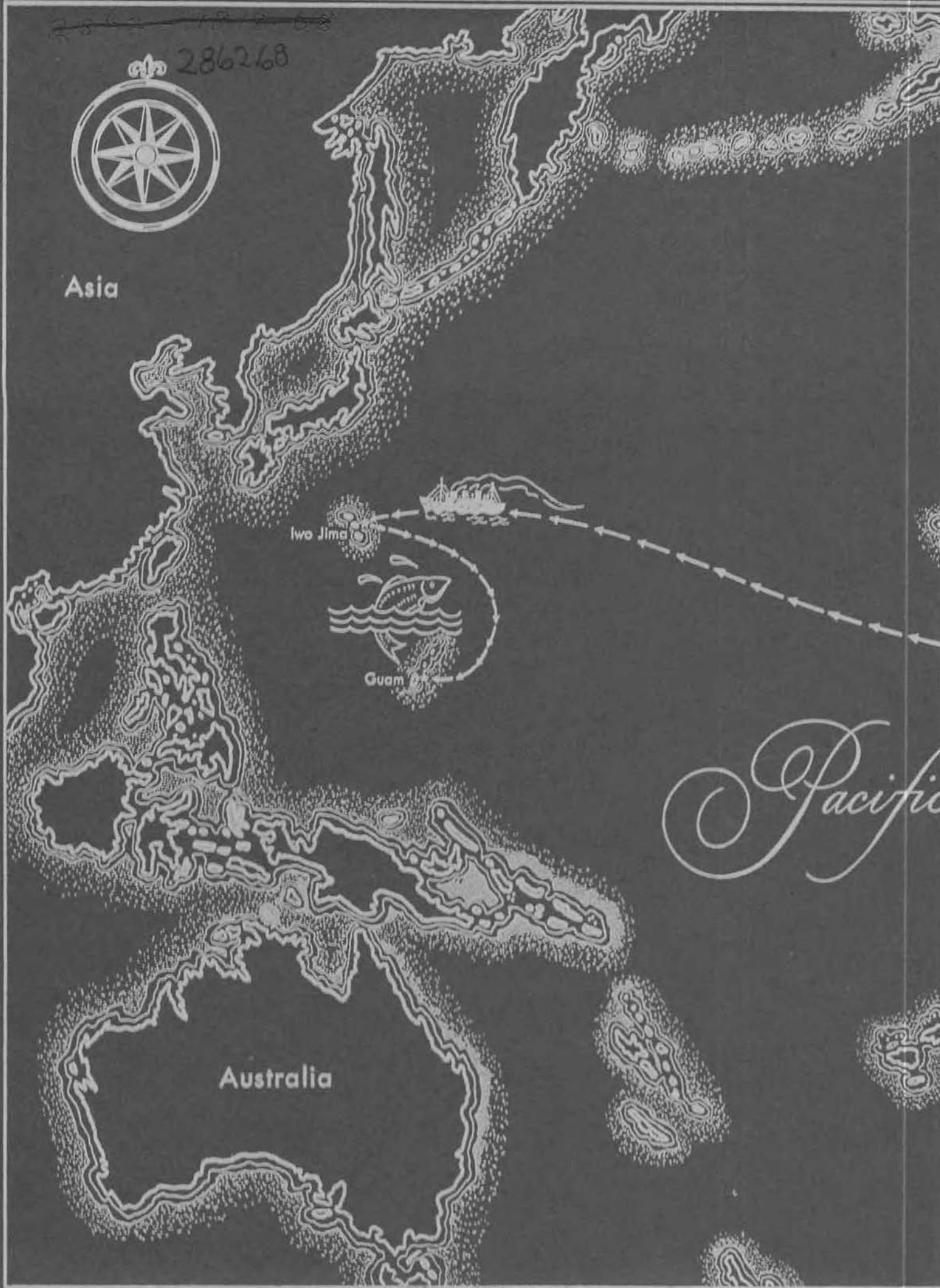
Asia

Iwo Jima

Guam

Pacific

Australia



North
America

Camp Endicott

Port Hueneme

Camp Peary

Gulfport

South
America

Ocean



Donated by
Ddr George N. ...

EO/E-William E. Sheers
Son of
William H. Sheers
Lt/Com. D. - Comd.
WW II

RAIN MAKERS

Tom McFarland
C 4
3/15/88
133 Bat

LOG

George W. Jacques
R.D. #1 Box 4102
Troy, N.Y. 12180
6/5/95

Robert McMichael
133rd Bat. C 4

Elmer Rome
5/2/95



Herbert Moore
Chief Yeman
2/18/84
Tony Macleod
Tecondroga N.Y.
7/21/85

Bob Jenke
Perma Chief
4-29-86
Juni L. Buckner
Tacoma Wash
6/6/87
Co D plst 5

Assoc. of ...
Commander Co. C
4-25-88

from

"BOOT TO BLACK HELL"

HARRY H. OLSON
Co. A.
305 HIGH ST.
WAILUKU MAUI HI. 96793

Donald M. ...
Sims Valley, Va
7-19-88
Oldrich Wild
New York
11-8-91

FOREWORD

This book is intended to portray for the men of the One-Thirty-Third Naval Construction Battalion, pictorially and by written text, the major activities, events and accomplishments that make up the history of our nearly two years of existence.

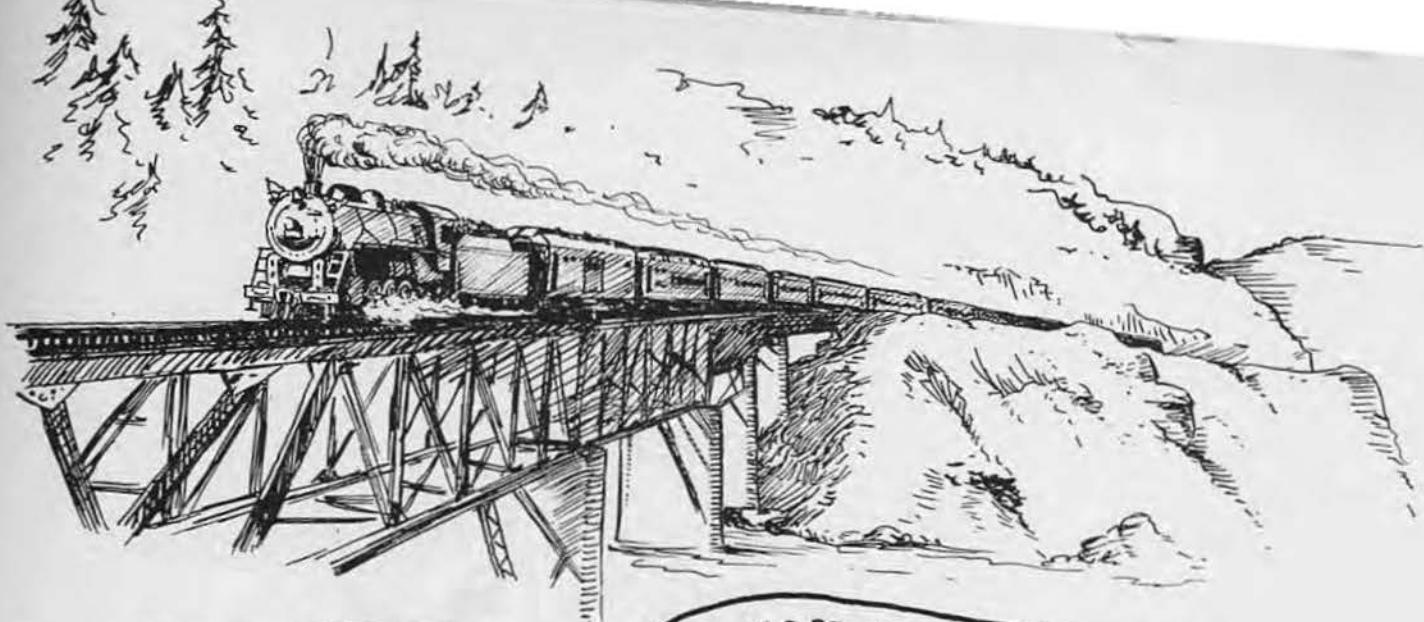
If in later years this book evokes memories, pleasant, or not so pleasant, of your military service; of distant lands and strange peoples; of friends made and comrades lost; of hardship and sorrow; of happiness and content hard won; then those who have given so liberally of their own time and effort will be justly proud.





DEDICATION

To the wives, parents, sweethearts, children and friends of all the officers and men of the battalion, who so proudly sent their men to the service of their country and now, even more proudly, await their triumphant return.



133RD NCB LOG

Sept. 17, 1943	Formed in B-6 Drill hall in Camp Peary. Left Camp Peary.
Sept. 21, "	Arrived Camp Endicott
Sept. 22, "	Leaves began for all west coast men.
Oct. 19, "	Leaves ended.
Oct. 29, "	Left Endicott for Gulfport.
Oct. 31, "	Arrived at Camp Holliday, Gulfport.
Nov. 3, "	West coast leaves began.
Dec. 15, "	West coast leaves ended
Jan. 1, 1944	Left Gulfport for Hueneme.
Feb. 25, "	

133RD NCB. LOG

Mar. 1, 1944	Arrived at Hueneme
Apr. 30, "	Left Hueneme.
May 1, "	Boarded ship at Pedro.
May 2, "	Outside continental limits of U.S.
May 9, "	Arrived at Oahu, T.H.
May 16, "	Arrived at N.A.S. in Honolulu.
Oct. 31, "	Shipped to Maui
Dec. 31, "	Arriving same day. Left Maui for the target.
Feb. 19, 1945	Hit Iwo Jima beach.



FRIEDMAN

133 N.C.B.



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EARLY in the summer of 1943, these and other posters and wayside billboards, crying for men for the armed services, were silently but forcibly telling their messages to a nation at war.

Young men by the hundreds of thousands had left their peaceful homes to join the various branches of the armed services and had been sent to the battle fronts. In all parts of the world now the cry for men was taking on a different tone! The ever increasing tempo of modern warfare was reaching a point where the nation was in dire need of men skilled in their various civilian trades, who, with but a short period of military training, could be sent to the various theatres of action for the construction of advanced bases and depots so badly needed.

Men in all parts of the United States and its possessions answered the call. Men of all ages, from the young men in high school, who were studying mechanical drafting, to the older ones with twenty to twenty-five years' experience in their trades, were pouring into the recruiting stations.

There they were told about this newest branch of the United States Navy, the Naval Construction Battalion, which had already earned an enviable reputation for the miraculous deeds they were accomplishing on battlefronts from the cold frozen Aleutians to the torrid, steaming, fever-infested jungles of Guadalcanal.

At the recruiting station they filled out yards and yards of papers and documents, had interviews with various officers, were given thorough physical examinations, fingerprinted, and finally introduced to the never to be forgotten Oath of Allegiance, or as the recruiting officer called it, 'swearing in.'

Thus they were introduced to a new life. They were in the Navy. This was to be a new phase in the lives of each and every one of them. They were very shortly to learn that not only does the Navy change one's outward clothing, but also changes one's language. They were soon assembled in a group, and some austere member of the recruiting staff gave them an insight into what to expect in the Navy and what the Navy expected of them. Among other things, they were told that no longer would they call a wall,

a wall, it became a 'bulkhead'; they didn't use toilets, they used 'heads.' You referred to floors as 'decks,' ceilings as 'overheads.' Rumors became 'scuttlebutt.' The old seafarers' language was to be theirs and they were no longer civilians, but 'boots.' As 'boots' they were to report back to the office, at a specified time to be 'shipped' to Camp Peary, the Seabee training camp in Virginia.

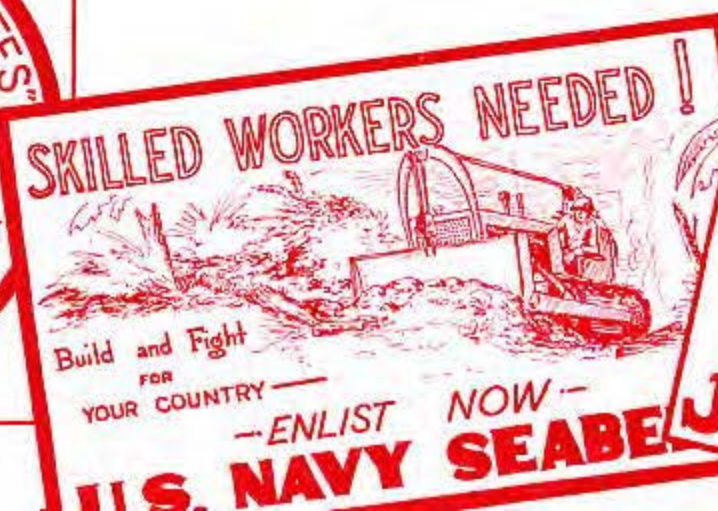
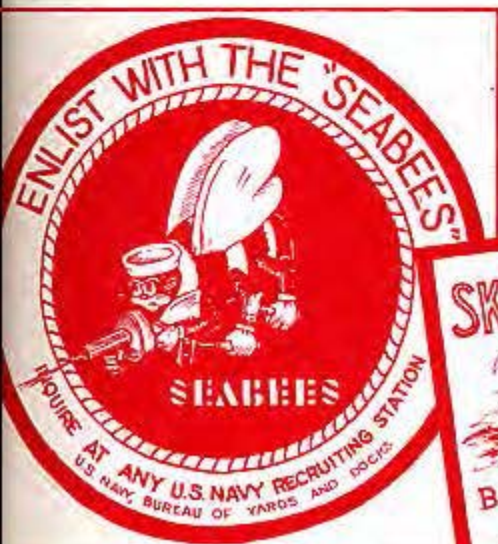
From the larger cities of every state in the union men were being gathered into small groups under the watchful eye of a Master-at-arms and shipped to the Seabee training camp near the outskirts of picturesque Williamsburg, Virginia.

To many of them it was their first venture out into a new part of the country, to others it was a novelty to travel without the least bit of worry about details such as berths, luggage and dining accommodations; but to all of them it meant severing all ties at home and venturing out into a new world to do a big job.

Following the instructions of the recruiting officer, these men all came aboard the train prepared to travel as light as possible. Some of them wore nothing but a shirt and trousers, and came carrying a small package containing their necessary personal articles; some were neatly dressed in well fitted business suits and carried large hand bags; some were all decked out in ten gallon hats and western riding boots. They all knew that upon their arrival at the camp, all of their civilian clothes were to be thrown away or sent home.

In each and every train carrying these recruits, the main topic for conversation was their future in 'boot' camp. "What is boot camp like?" "Will I have to have all of my hair cut off?" "Will the shots hurt?" Groups gathered around the MAA, usually an old salt (about six months out of boot camp) asking all about life in the service and listening intently to the advice and answers given.

Some of the men passed their time playing cards and arrived in camp with considerable respect for the card playing ability of some of their new found friends.





COMMANDER R. P. MURPHY, CEC USNR
Officer-in-Charge
133rd Naval Construction Battalion

We have come a long way and now we stand on the brink of a new world. The road we traveled has not been easy, but the 133rd United States Naval Construction Battalion has come through with high spirits and flying colors. We pay tribute to our comrades who gave their lives, and they will be enshrined in our memories as long as we have minds to think and hearts that love.

Our united efforts, trials and sacrifices have not been in vain, for that which we sought is now in view. It has been inspiring to do this job together. In doing it we have gained a fuller respect of the individual, a more complete understanding of the accomplishments of whole-hearted, harmonious cooperation, and a larger appreciation of the luxury that is ours—freedom in a democracy.

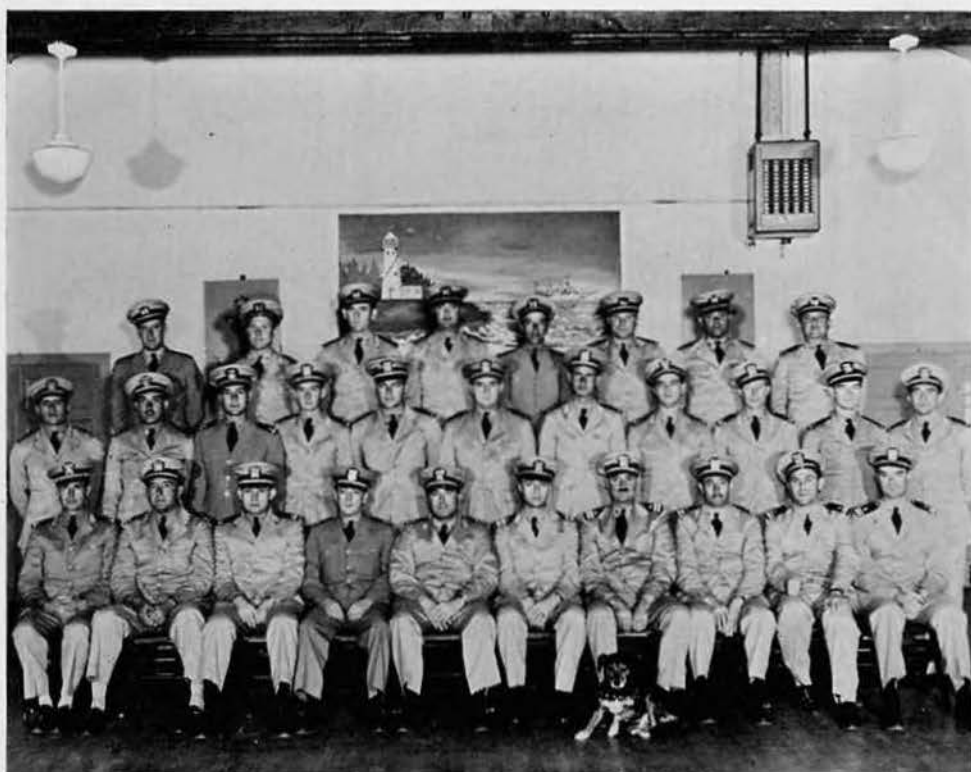
This perishable book of paper holds lasting memories of comradeship that will have growing significance in the coming years. Having conducted ourselves with honor, it is an earned pride we feel, and a sense of satisfaction that our humble efforts contributed in part to the success of the greatest endeavor our country has ever undertaken.

Officers and men of the 133rd United States Naval Construction Battalion, you have done well. I salute you!

R. P. Murphy



J. J. FRITCH
Lieut., CEC USNR
Executive Officer



ORIGINAL OFFICER GROUP



H. D. BROADHEAD
Lieut., MC USNR
Medical Officer



L. R. FLEMING
Lt. (jg) CEC USNR
Personnel Officer



H. L. MONETT
Lieut., DC USNR
Dental Officer



THE STAFF



J. J. RATH
Lieut., SC USNR
Supply Officer



D. G. CREECH
Lieut., ChC USNR
Chaplain



J. K. MORGAN
Lt. (jg) SC USNR
Disbursing Officer

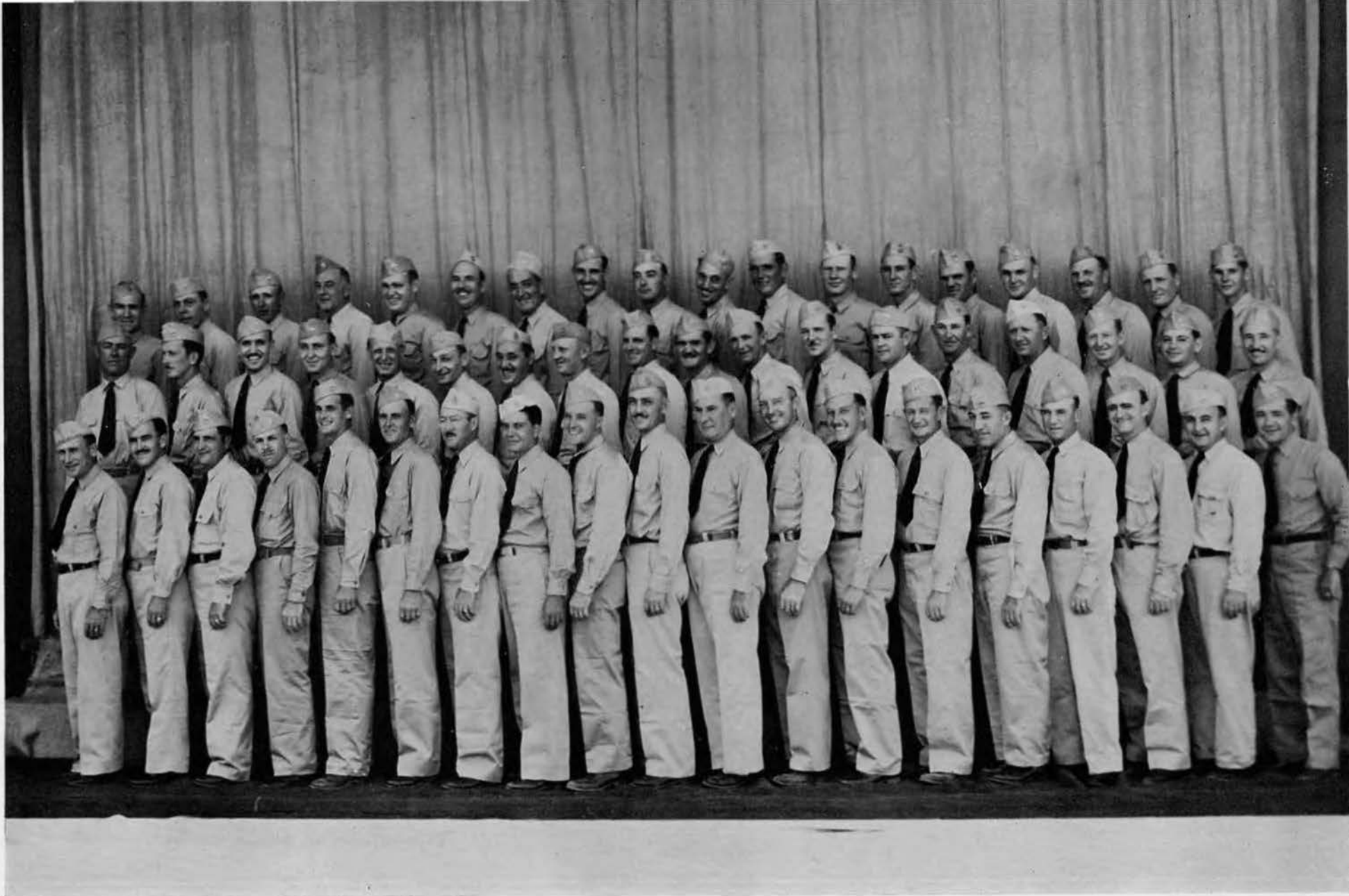


THE OFFICERS

Rear Row, left to right—ChCarp. G. E. Hermansen, ChCarp. J. R. Potterton, Lt. (jg) L. R. Fleming, Lt. (jg) T. A. Clark, Lt. (jg) R. J. Bass, Lt. (jg) I. D. Thunder, Lt. (jg) J. K. Morgan, Lieut. D. G. Creech, ChCarp. E. J. Munn.

Center Row, left to right—Ens. W. H. Morgan, Ens. P. S. Marra, ChCarp. M. E. Smith, Ens. R. H. Ross, Lieut. J. J. Rath, Lt. (jg) R. H. Edwards, ChCarp. R. A. Ruppert Jr., ChCarp. P. Ritchie, Ens. R. L. Theaux.

Front Row, left to right—Lieut. H. L. Monett, Lieut. S. R. Stanbery, Lieut. M. H. Birger, Lieut. M. B. Kite, Lt. Comdr. R. P. Murphy, Lieut. J. J. Fritch, Lieut. D. H. Greenfield, Lieut. W. H. Shears Jr., Lieut. H. D. Broadhead.



CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

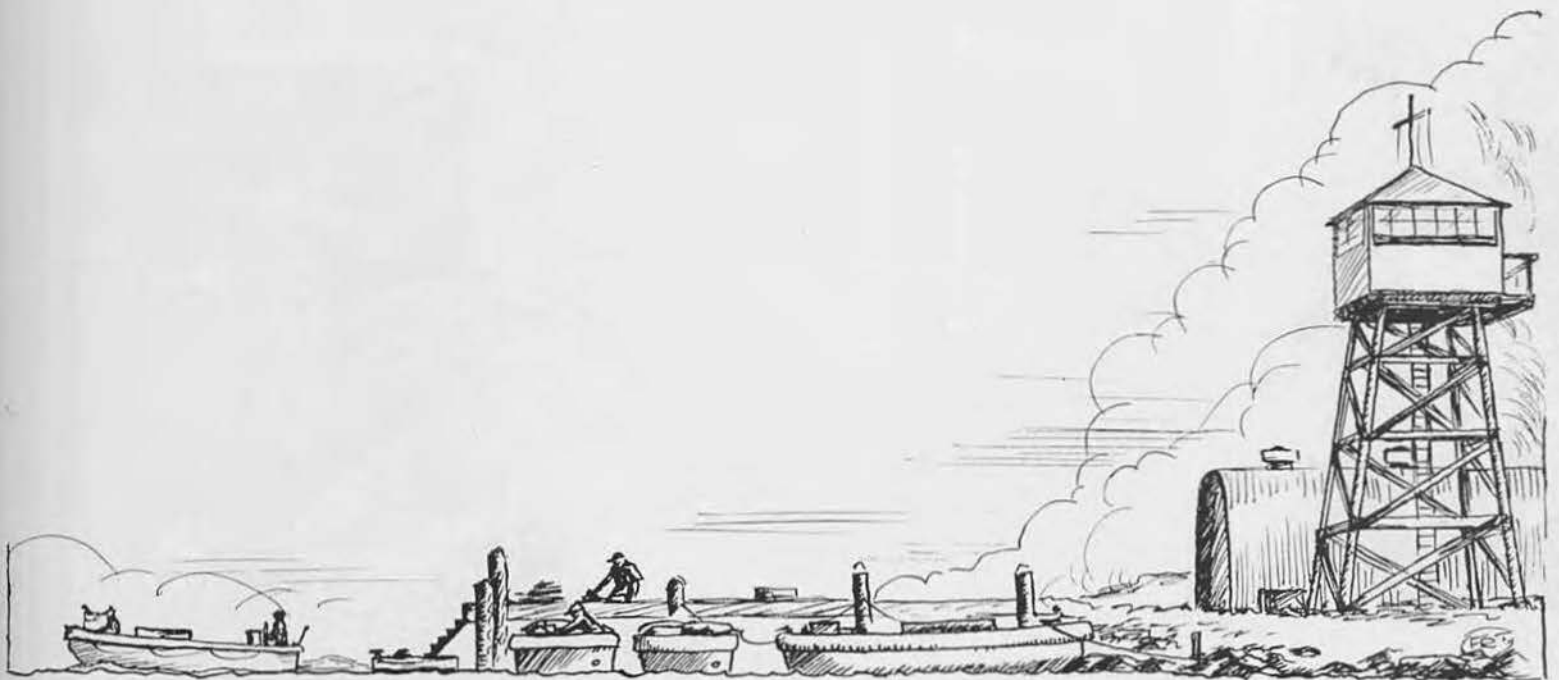
Back Row, left to right—G. O. Heinz, B. P. Cook, R. Overman, H. S. Concannon, J. W. Curtin, C. P. Harrington, F. E. Bowes, B. A. Gentry, G. P. Oliphant, C. S. Arter, A. W. Barker, D. M. Duncan, J. E. Tanner, R. L. Hutcheson, J. H. Hastings, W. Walmsley, V. M. Critchfield, L. C. Plattner.

Middle Row, left to right—W. C. Wellman, D. S. Marshall, F. T. Mack, L. B. Hunter, L. Nepute, A. L. Reuscher, W. W. Herbert, C. T. Enoch, J. H. Wilson, W. A. Barnett, J. R. Kromer, B. Denton, J. B. Sharp, L. M. Edgington, J. Howard, C. C. Moody, J. A. Brunswick, L. F. Breault.

First Row, left to right—L. G. Renninger, H. Y. Dupre, W. S. Layton, L. H. Davidson, J. P. Priegel, J. C. Walker, A. A. Blinks, D. Davis, W. F. Broderick, R. F. Holden, G. McCarthy, R. A. Brown, W. C. Smith, D. C. Church, E. J. McClaskey, C. L. Case, F. E. Johnston, J. Mayes, F. E. Farina.



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY





P. S. MARRA
Ens., CEC USNR



G. E. HERMANSEN
ChCarp., CEC USNR



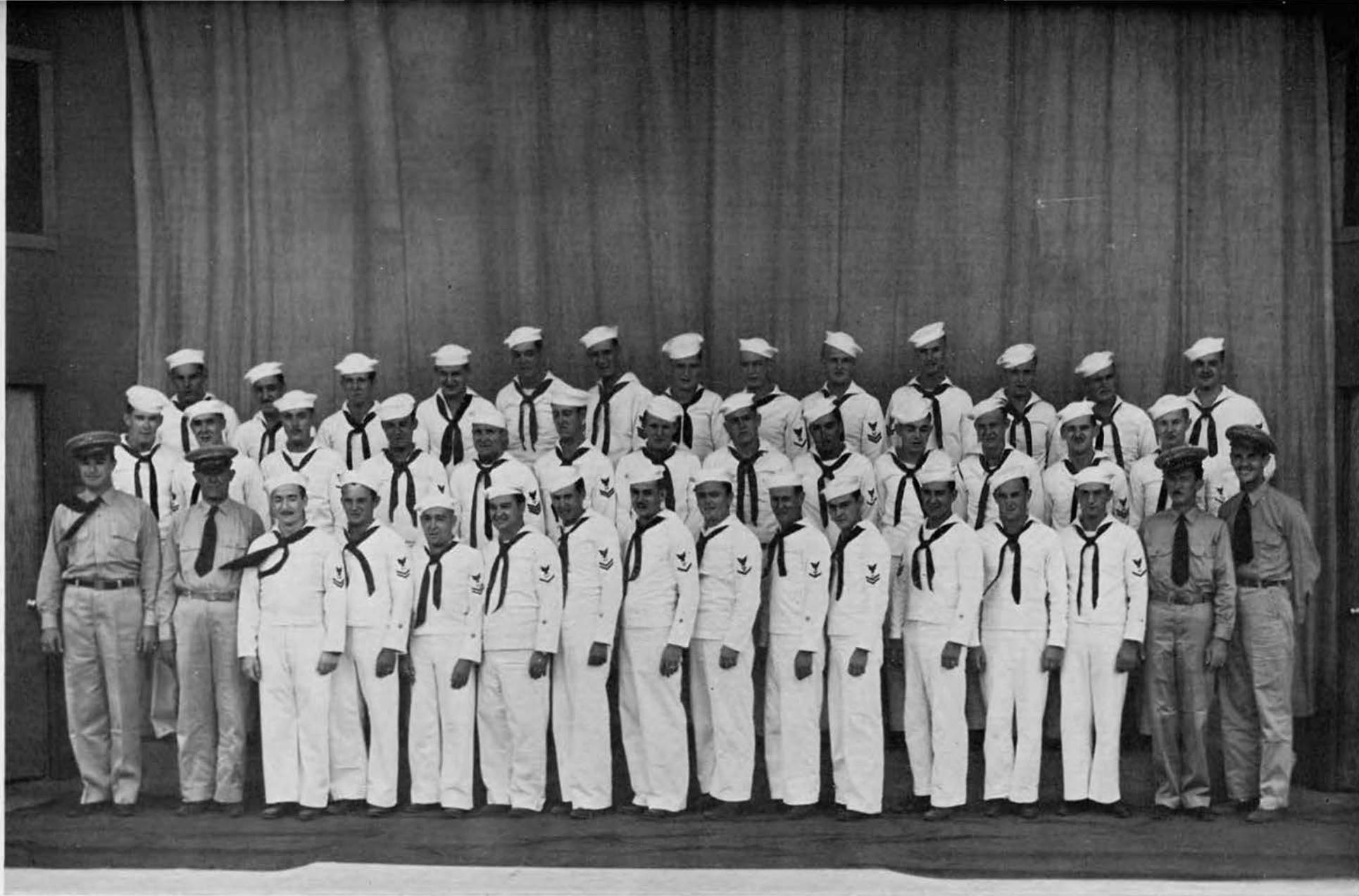
S. R. STANBERY
Lieut., CEC USNR
Company Commander



J. R. POTTERTON
ChCarp., CEC USNR



P. RITCHIE
ChCarp., CEC USNR

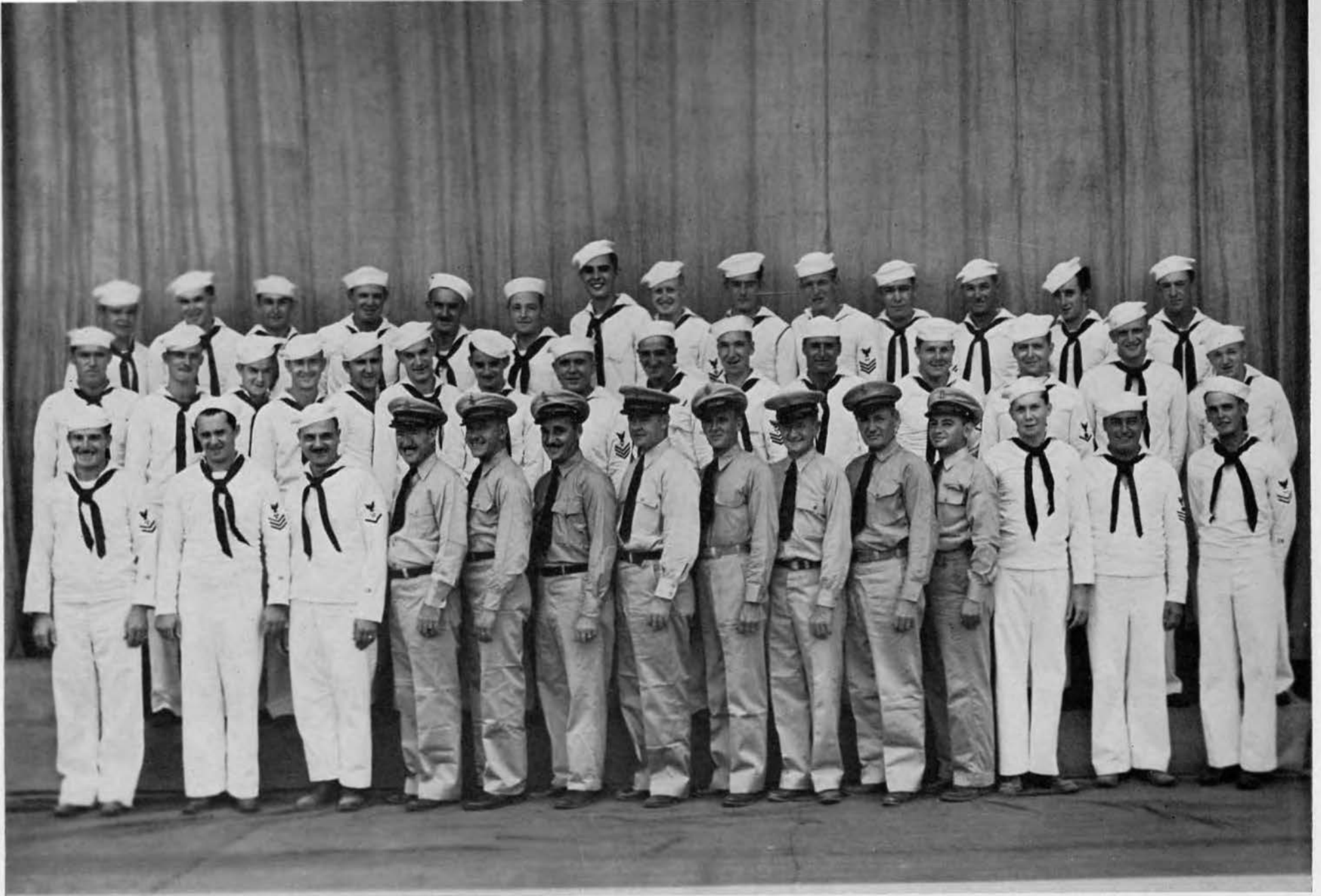


PLATOON ONE

Back Row, left to right—C. L. Mowry, P. Salvatori, R. M. Hughes, G. A. Packard, E. D. Weimer, J. M. Smith, A. H. Braley, D. J. Faes, W. W. Fedde, F. Loretz, J. Beckish, R. Dillard, D. Whyngaught.

Center Row, left to right—W. A. Nielsen, A. C. Shamek, R. B. Thomsen, R. W. Morehead, H. E. Odom, C. S. Randall, A. E. Beach, H. L. Overton, H. L. Stwalley, D. M. Hull, D. Texley, H. W. Koropal, H. H. Nagle.

Front Row, left to right—G. P. Oliphant, H. C. Wellman, I. D. Berger, O. E. Goodwin, H. W. Colwell, J. N. Battaglia, S. E. Porter, P. M. Grandidier, F. J. Armbruster, R. C. Pelton, H. E. Bender, R. L. Horr, J. F. Kupstas, I. R. Lane, D. S. Marshall, B. A. Gentry.



PLATOON TWO

Back Row, left to right—W. G. Christiansen, L. M. Frederick, L. J. O'Malley, E. M. Anderson, J. S. Nielsen, D. A. Cowden, P. J. Newman, J. A. Anderson, J. Lees, A. S. Hilbert, W. L. McComas, E. E. Reed, H. D. McAlonie, J. A. Woodard Sr.

Center Row, left to right—J. D. McLaughlin, G. L. Johnson, H. J. Howat, I. L. Gentry, V. A. Prutch, D. B. Johnson, P. E. Sunseri Jr., C. E. McKesson, P. W. Shaw, F. Johnesse, H. J. Gerlach, G. W. Jacques Jr., A. J. Hope, M. Kolakowski, C. P. Kaiser.

Front Row, left to right—A. P. Pavia, A. Alessio, A. Barilari, A. A. Blinks, W. C. Smith, W. W. Herbert, J. B. Sharp, J. C. Walker, D. C. Church, V. W. Critchfield, J. A. Brunswick, J. E. Sullivan, M. A. Hasselvander, E. L. Jones III.

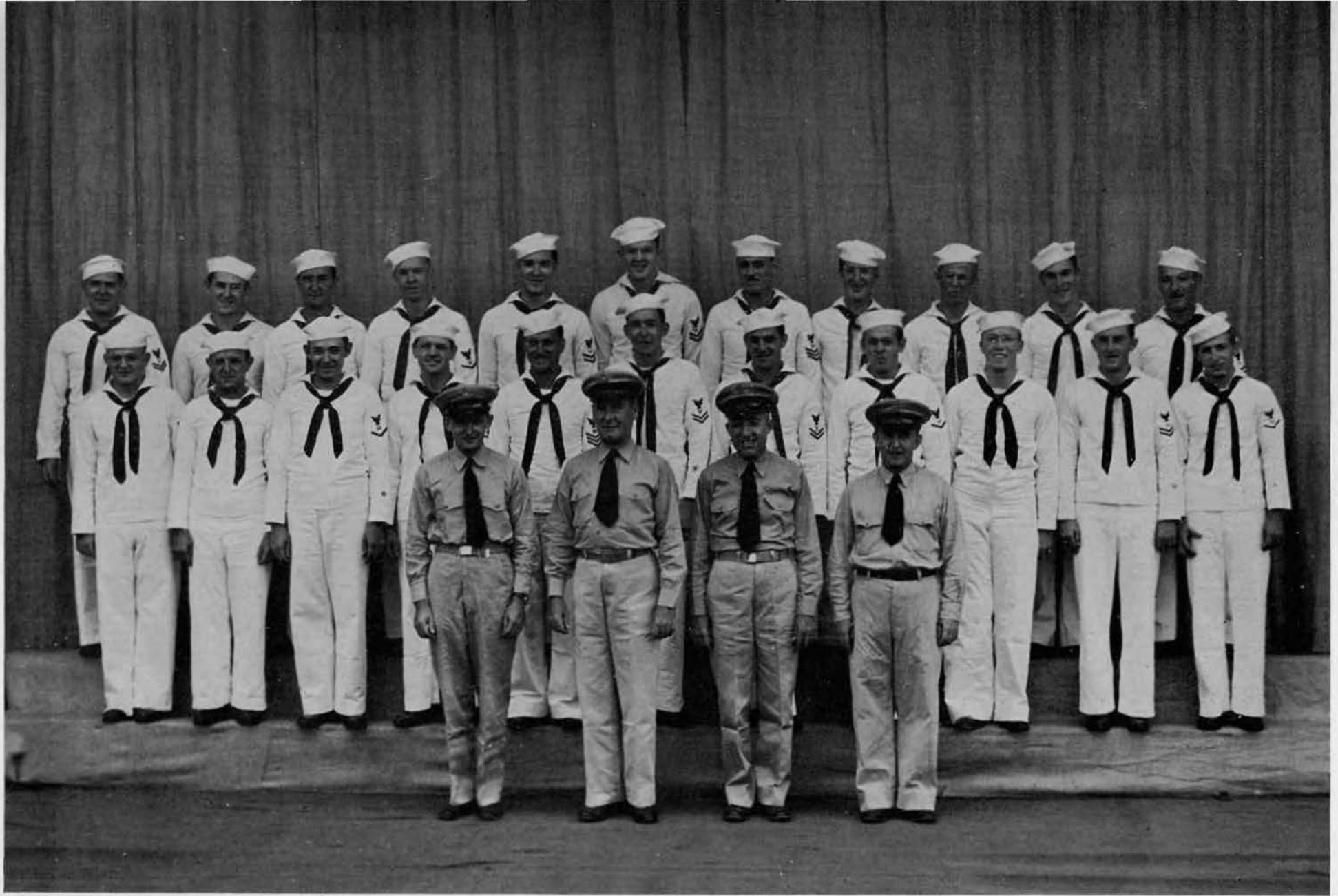


PLATOON THREE

Back Row, left to right—J. VanTassell, R. Leitner, L. F. Lipson, J. McCusker, H. M. Giannattasio, L. E. Wynn, A. J. Kirmil, F. J. Tokasz, R. M. Lauer, W. T. Gardell.

Center Row, left to right—R. W. Lapine, E. P. Reuter, C. J. Alsheimer, R. E. Powell, W. A. Mashinsky, H. Deitman, R. F. Middleton, R. Willinger, W. H. Hale, T. E. O'Malley.

Front Row, left to right—H. Y. Dupre, F. W. Guidry, R. E. Arneson, A. Levine, C. L. Wallace, C. D. Berardinelli, S. D. Inis, M. A. Daniels, M. Horwitz, M. V. Mouradjian, C. C. Moody.

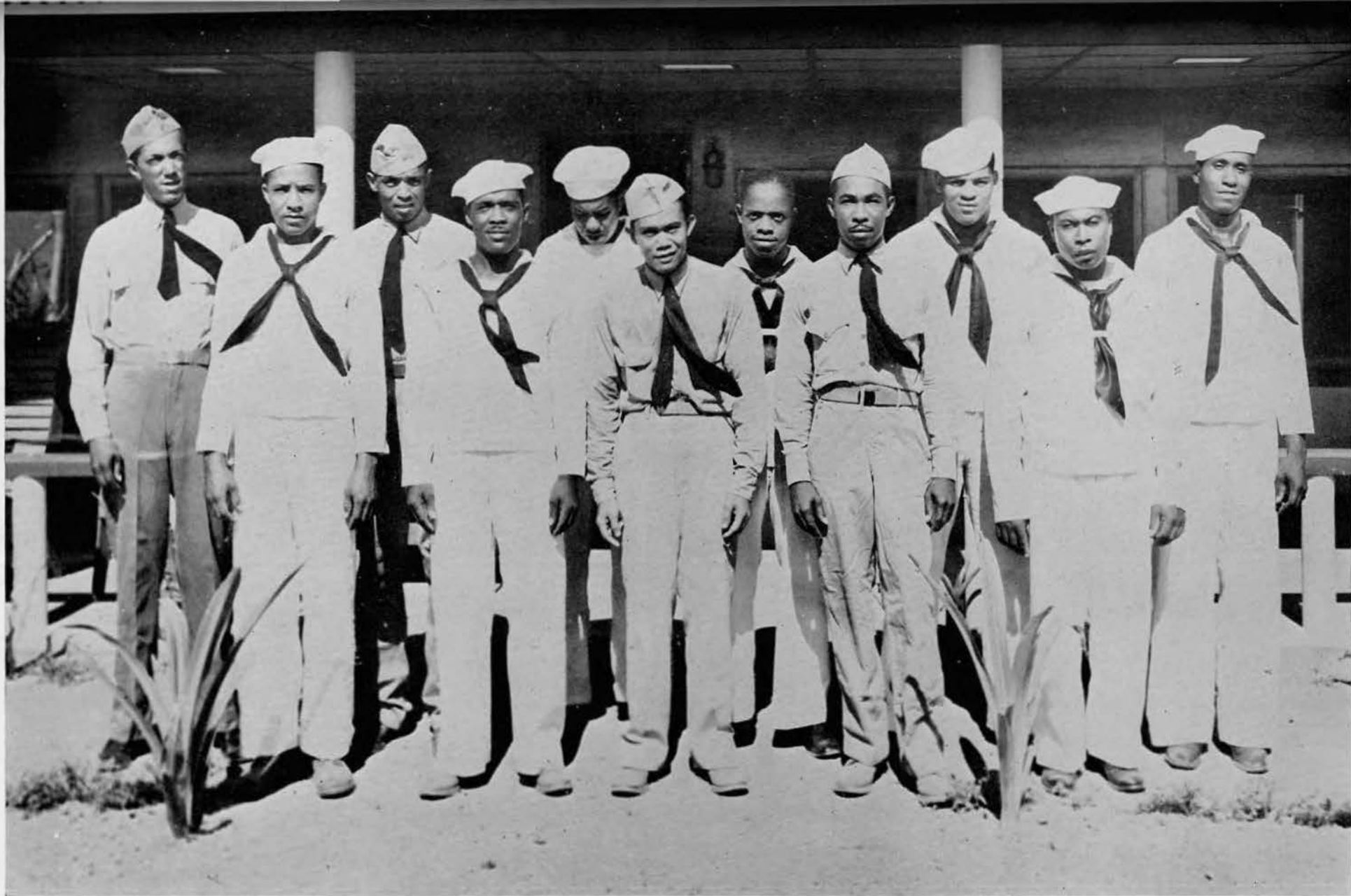


PLATOON FOUR

Back Row, left to right—H. W. Eisiminger, J. E. Gray, J. B. Rey, R. Leavitt, J. Chartock, M. E. Fischer, T. G. Lovett, A. S. Gonseth, R. B. McCurtain, D. Stockwell, S. Karpf.

Center Row, left to right—J. I. Lumpkin, A. A. Vitale, H. Pabst, E. R. Silliman, H. E. Howard, C. W. Garmany, H. E. Derrick, D. E. Gutzki, E. E. Stokes, J. R. McDermott, F. B. Radzyniak.

Front Row, left to right—A. L. Reuscher, G. McCarthy, E. J. McClaskey, J. Mayes.



PLATOON FIVE

Back Row, left to right—C. S. Lewis, W. H. T. Dorsey, S. Burgans, H. Brown Jr., P. Roundtree Jr., N. S. Heath.
Front Row, left to right—J. H. Dodson, F. Wilson, S. N. Magno, C. P. Dixon, C. Washington.



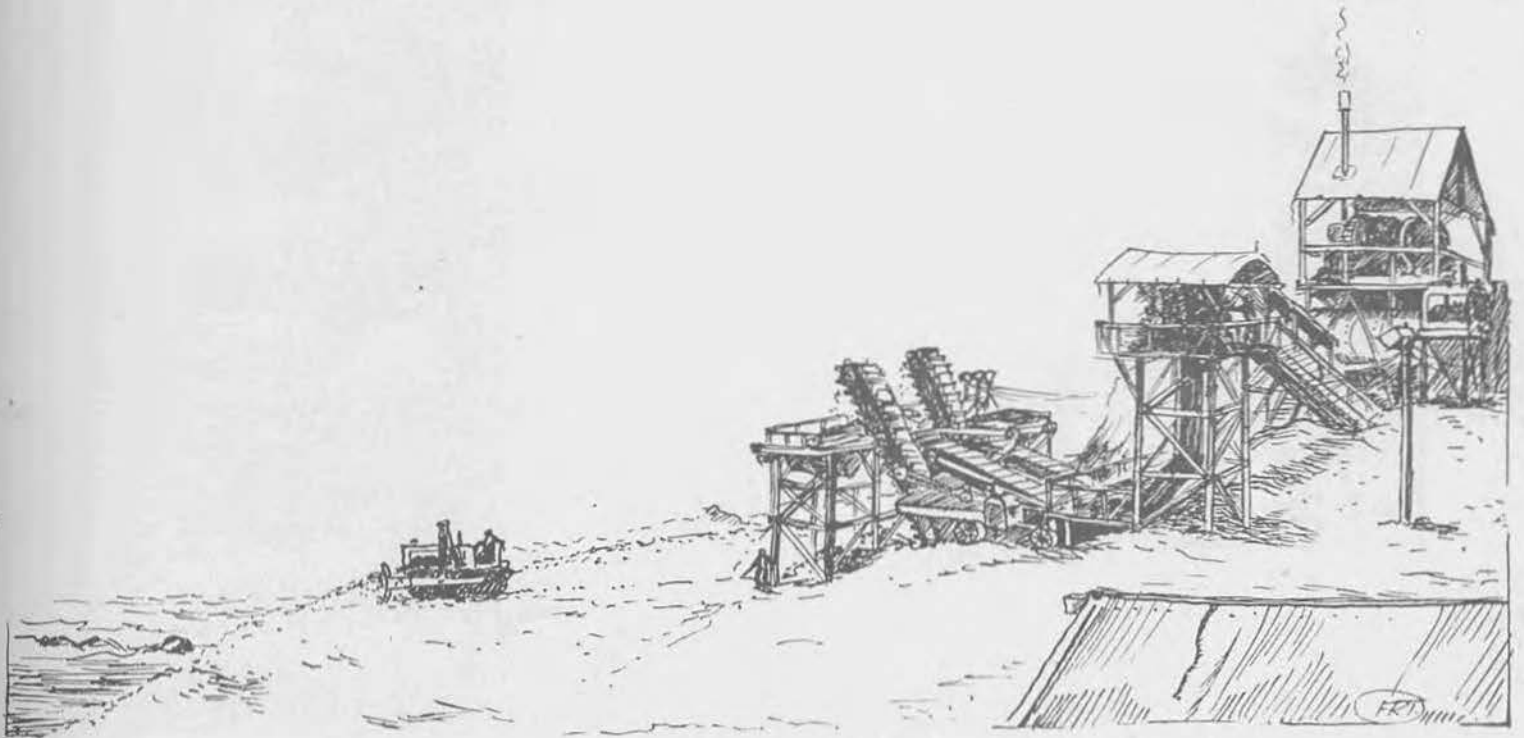
STRAGGLERS

Back Row, left to right—H. J. Weeks, H. T. Clark, E. R. Wagner, J. E. McDermott, R. C. Schultz, H. W. Geoghegan, M. Nilles.
Front Row, left to right—R. L. Matson, R. J. Siemers, R. D. Green, K. E. Thompson, H. D. Ossler, H. C. Davis, H. D. Whalin,
H. O. Idecker.



A

COMPANY





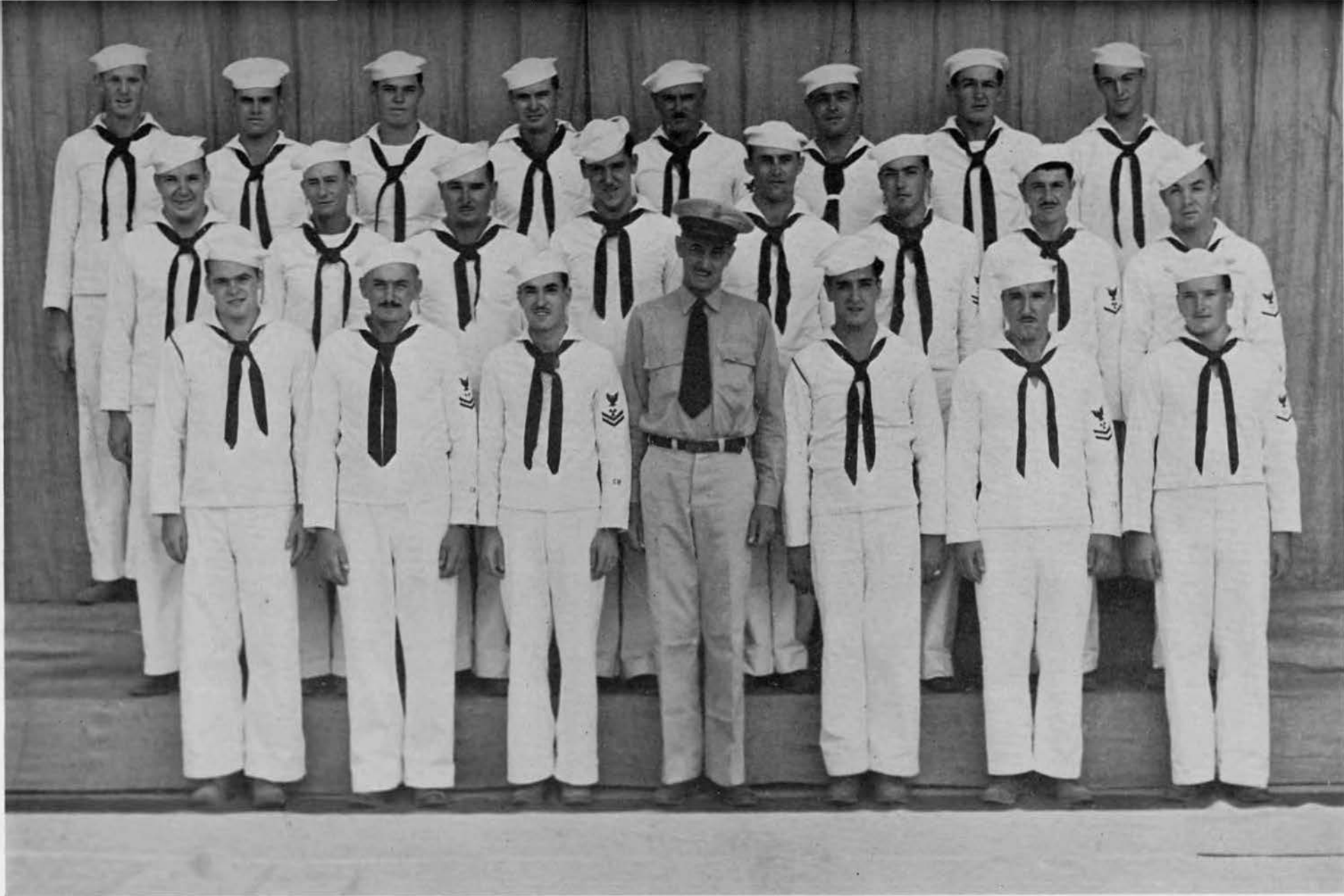
M. B. KITE
Lieut., CEC USNR
Company Commander



R. H. ROSS
Ens., CEC USNR



E. J. MUNN
ChCarp., CEC USNR

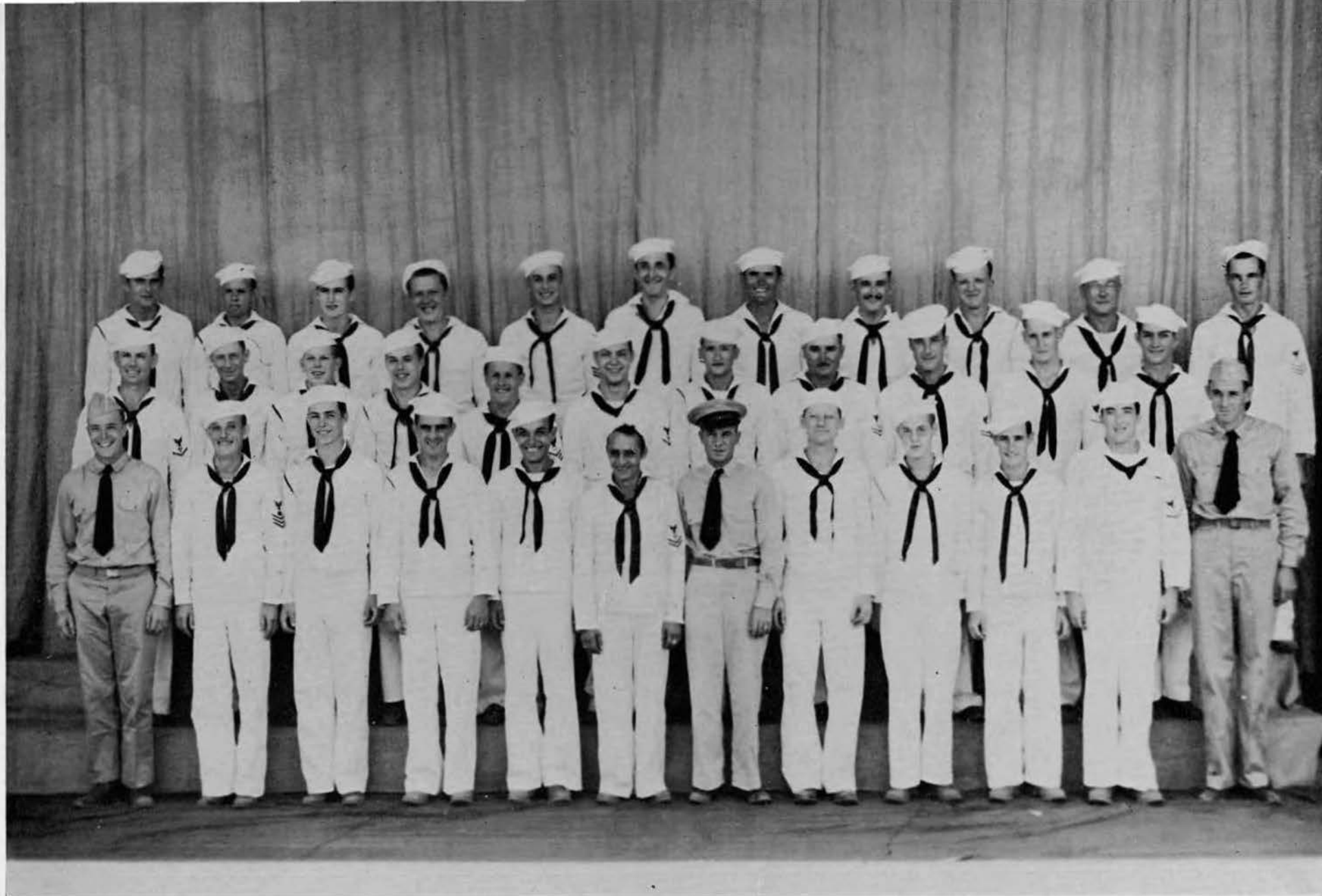


PLATOON ONE

Back Row, left to right—C. H. Maxfield, I. Y. Fake, H. U. Bratcher, R. H. Murphy, W. E. Cook, A. L. Sawitch, W. H. Rape, O. Curnutt.

Center Row, left to right—W. F. Wyatt, S. D. Wettermark, J. W. Back, G. J. Beaudin, J. C. Grutzik, H. S. Parker, S. V. DiCara, R. S. Armstrong.

Front Row, left to right—F. J. Ghostley, J. Jozwiakowski, E. P. Sample, C. W. Arter, F. J. Giordana, R. J. Muse, P. A. Welk.
Absentee: F. McKenzie.



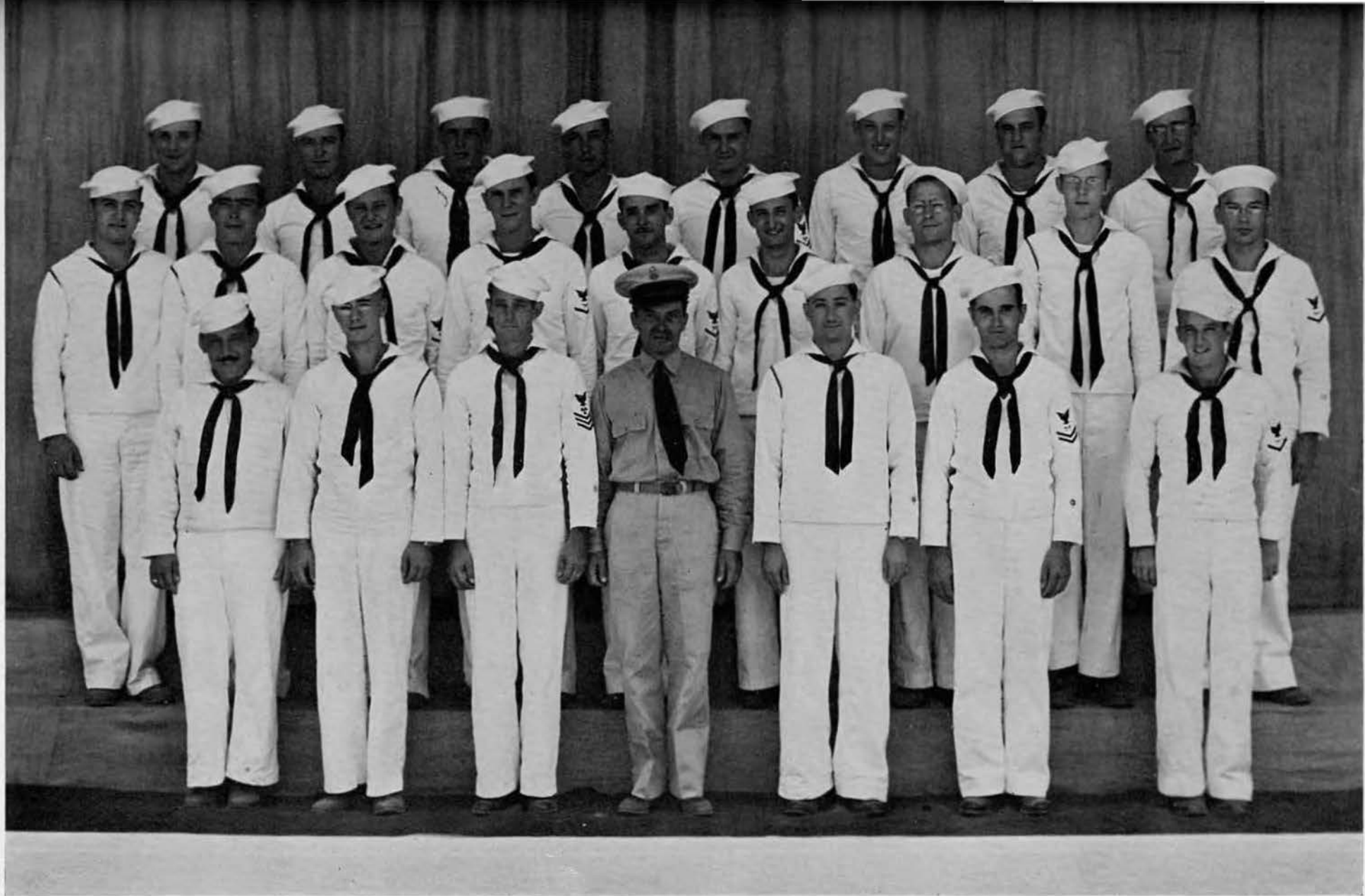
PLATOON TWO

Back Row, left to right—T. B. Sobaskie, B. A. Hicks, C. N. Hughes, F. J. Sullivan, M. B. Paradis, T. A. Broughan, M. A. Nottingham, F. H. Nolan, H. P. Blankenship, O. E. Hildebrand, H. J. Prokoff.

Center Row, left to right—B. W. Boyd, S. D. Wettermark, H. W. Record, R. D. Woodcock, H. S. Stefanowicz, C. F. Higby, W. R. Scott, J. W. Back, T. Buist, L. J. Bliss, T. D. Hall.

Front Row, left to right—W. F. Broderick, O. C. Harvey, T. K. Hickman, M. R. Patenaude, N. Demedovich, J. Coppola, C. L. Case, R. B. Sanders, R. N. Olsen, S. T. Gibson, J. C. Gay, J. E. Tanner.

Absentees: J. W. Dahlke, J. V. Kroll, H. S. Stoudt.

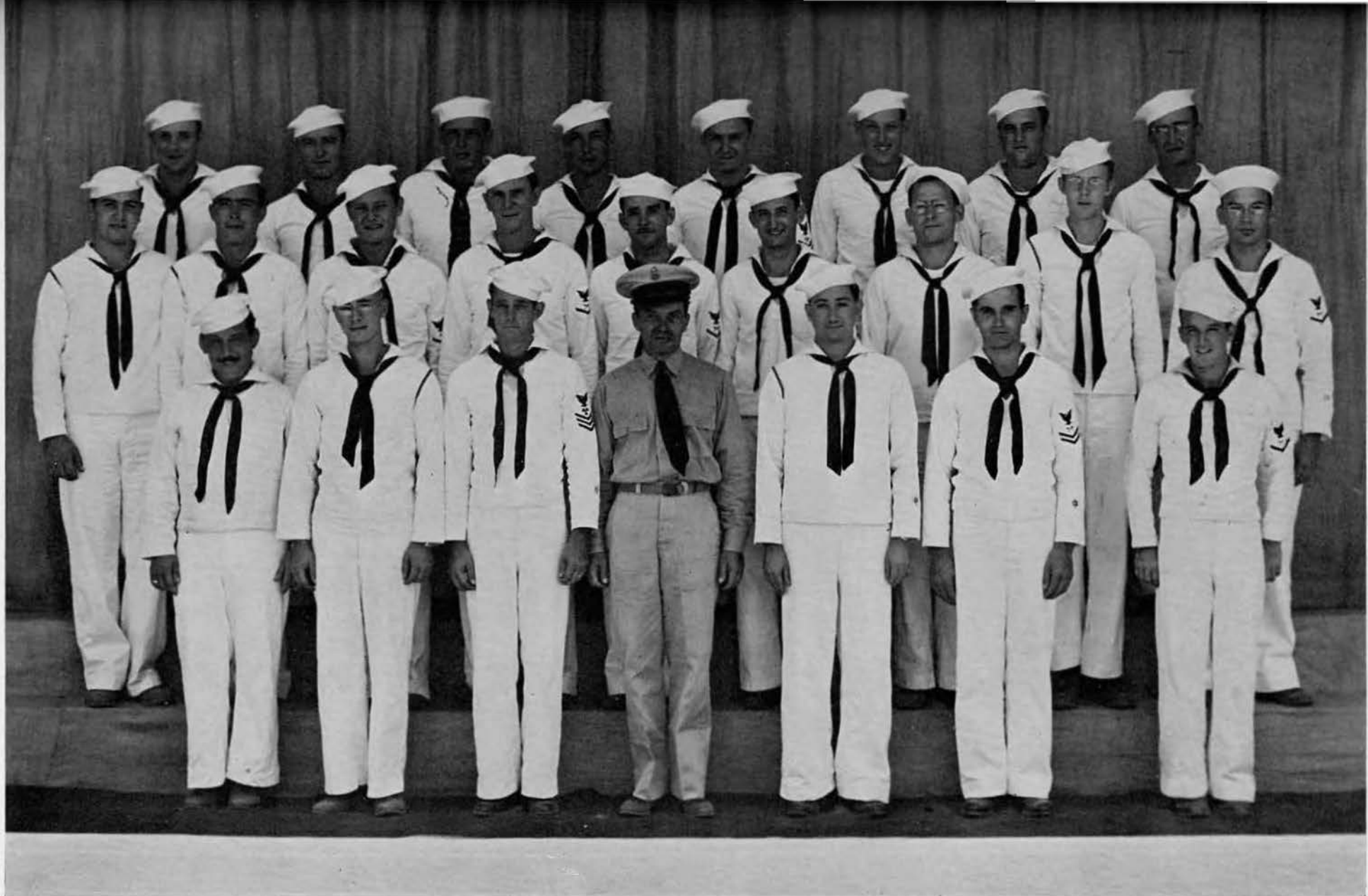


PLATOON THREE

Back Row, left to right—O. L. Ramey, O. P. Bonetti, C. E. Siegman, E. Belcher, D. E. Higbee, H. J. Rapp, J. W. Knerr, M. C. Gille.

Center Row, left to right—S. D. Soranno, E. M. Bickerdyke, W. F. Frankenberg, J. T. Connolly, J. J. Trumble, J. B. Broadwater, C. H. Robertson, R. O. Shaw, D. J. Rodabaugh.

Front Row, left to right—H. J. Kelsch, C. J. Boyle, C. J. Blaisdell, D. Davis, H. H. Weinstein, J. F. Mikula, H. J. Hoy.

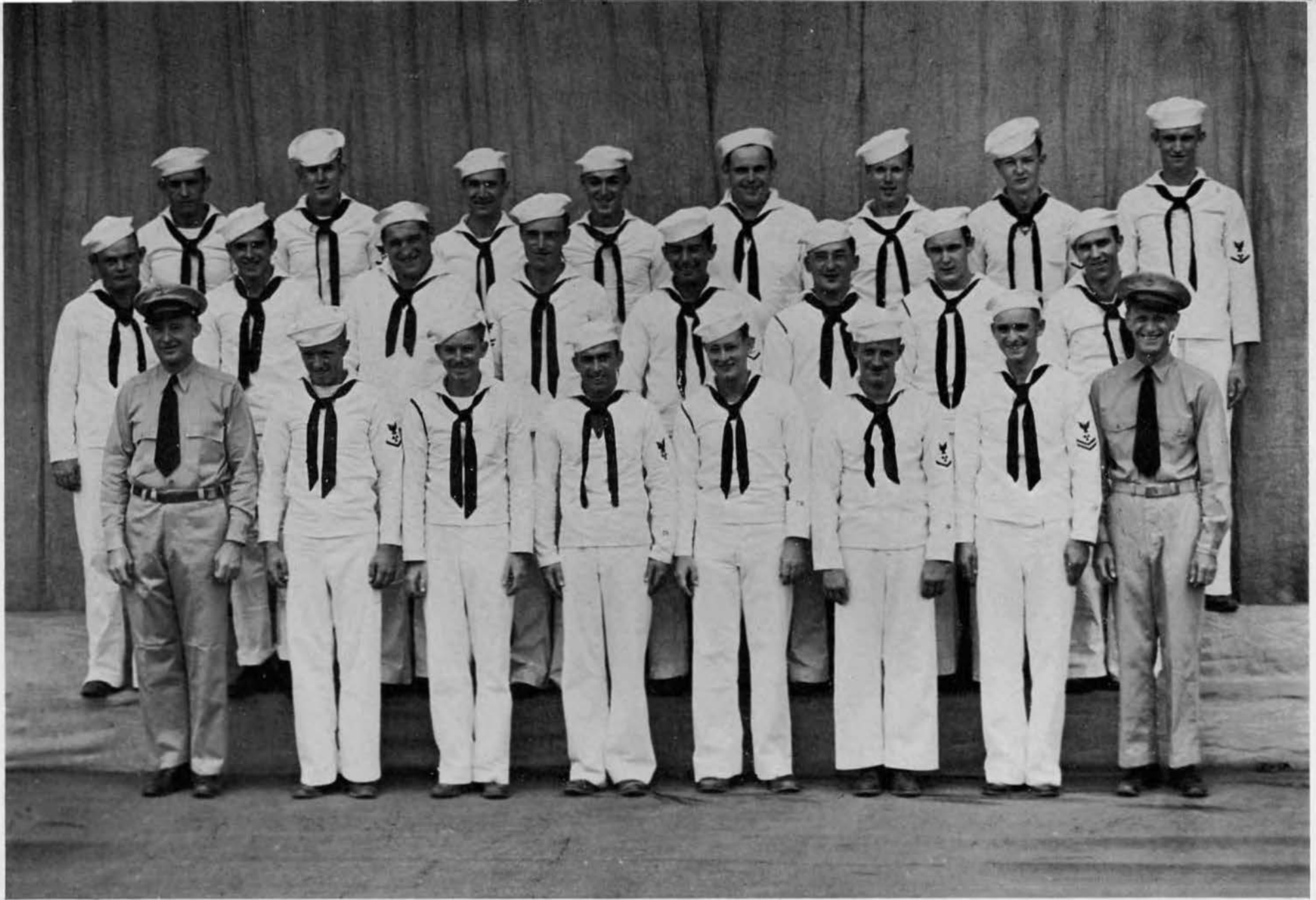


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Back Row, left to right—O. L. Ramey, O. P. Bonetti, C. E. Siegman, E. Belcher, D. E. Higbee, H. J. Rapp, J. W. Knerr, M. C. Gille.

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Front Row, left to right—H. J. Kelsch, C. J. Boyle, C. J. Blaisdell, D. Davis, H. H. Weinstein, J. F. Mikula, H. J. Hoy.



PLATOON FOUR

Back Row, left to right—D. M. Large, G. B. Summersgill, E. Szymiczek, L. T. Greenleaf, W. G. Atkinson, A. C. McCully, J. B. Tower, J. T. Haggerty.

Center Row, left to right—J. J. Grost, P. Franz, M. S. Moyer, E. A. Soester, M. M. Resnik, C. J. Moskal, J. J. Coutts, A. A. Berube.

Front Row, left to right—R. A. Brown, D. C. Dolloff, A. N. Shields, L. J. Martineau, W. C. Beggs, J. B. Balliet, D. E. Partlow, L. Nepute.

Absentees: J. C. Guinn, G. U. Mandigo.



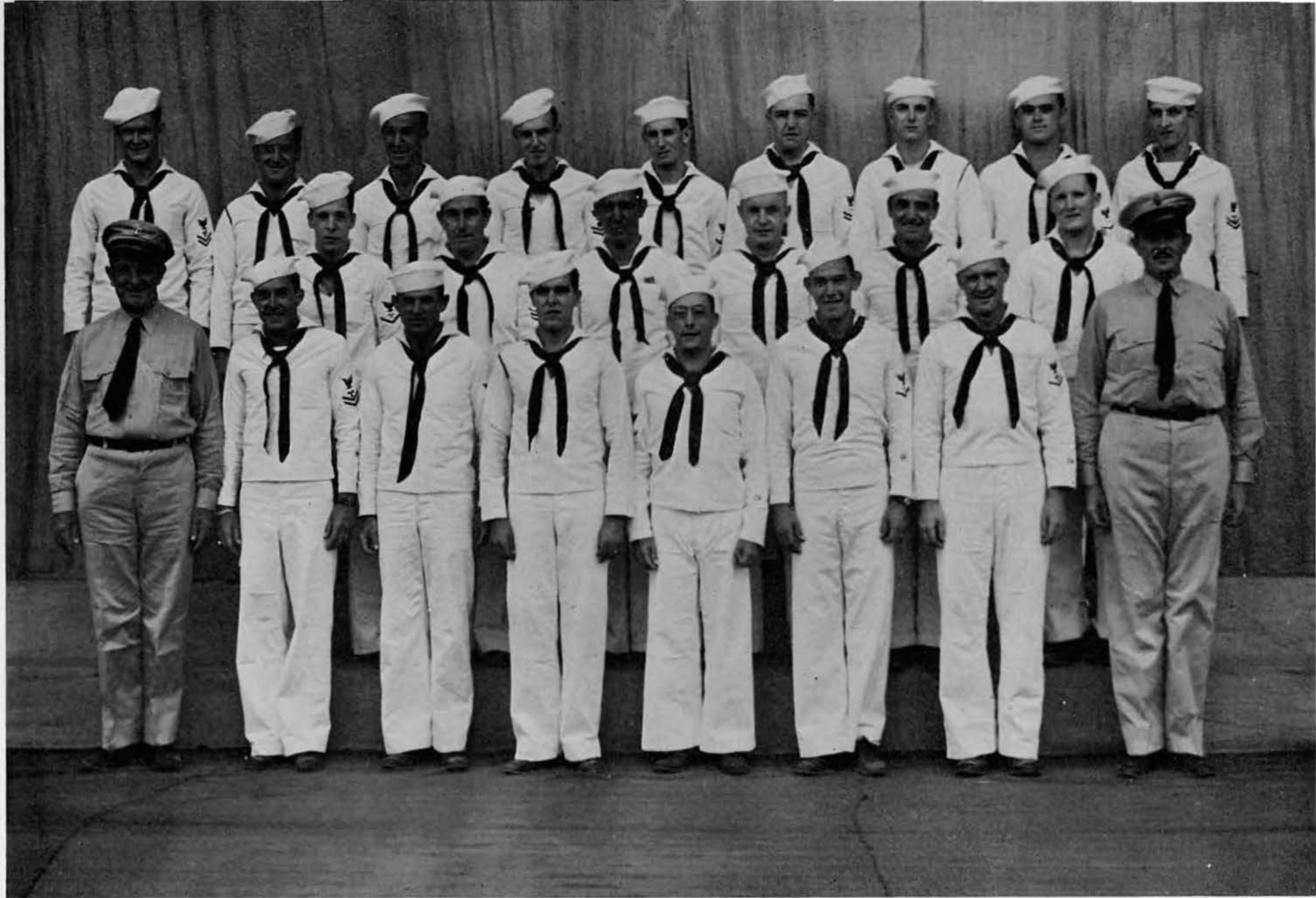
PLATOON FIVE

Back Row, left to right—C. W. Palmquist, F. H. Gustafson, W. J. Alfson, G. B. Vines, A. Buermeier, S. Gotter, L. M. Weeks, C. A. Gump.

Center Row, left to right—R. E. Schmidt, R. J. Sredenschek, V. E. Tullos, D. Vivenzio, F. S. Jones, R. L. Campbell.

Front Row, left to right—E. R. Hildebrand, C. B. Stevens, S. B. Westover, J. R. Kromer, J. P. Martin, F. M. Quinn, R. P. Guliani.

Absentee: C. R. Williams.



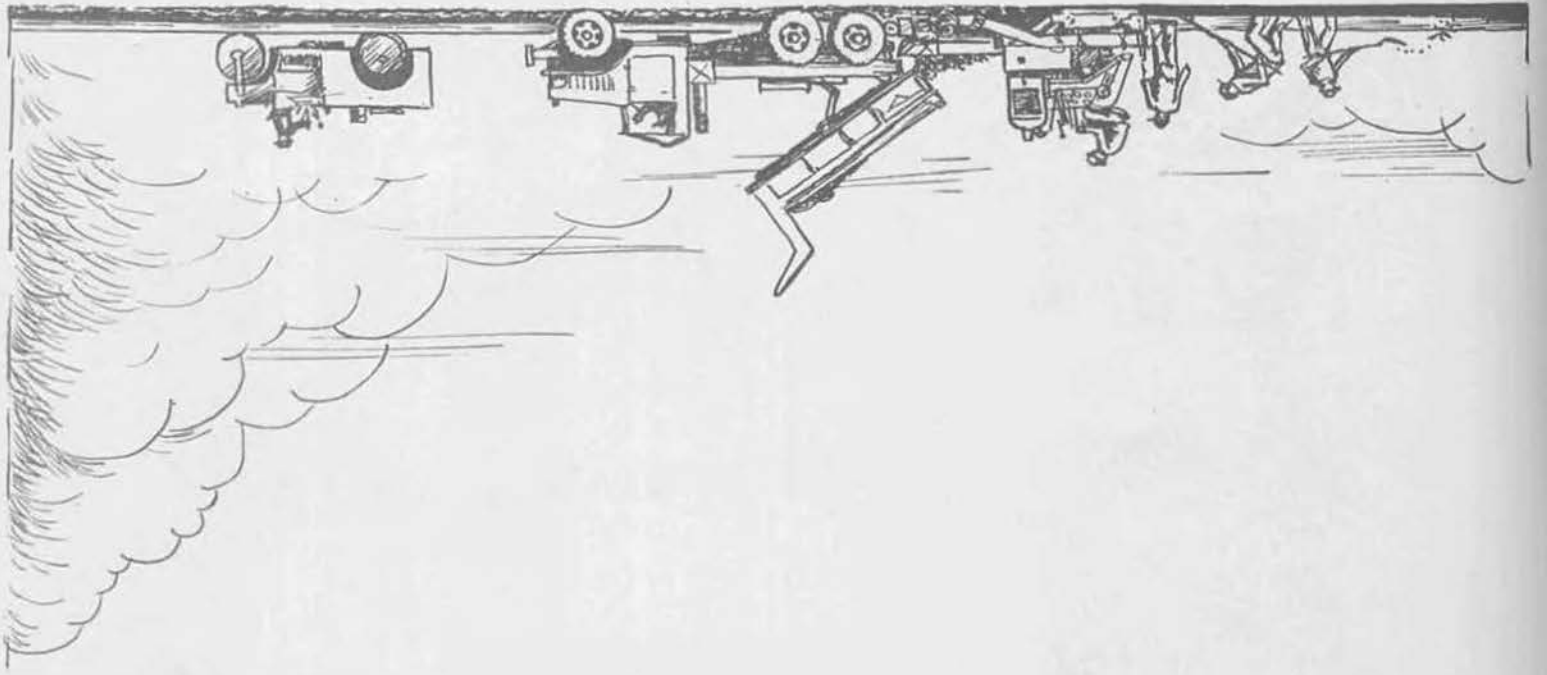
PLATOON SIX

Back Row, left to right—H. C. Porter, J. P. Parziale, W. J. Reynolds, G. W. Priegnitz, J. A. Vogel, G. L. Welch, N. T. Hengels, S. Romanosky, W. Domenico.

Center Row, left to right—V. C. Washabaugh, T. R. Demyttenaere, J. V. Catalano, P. H. Ross, J. Bas, J. B. Reese.

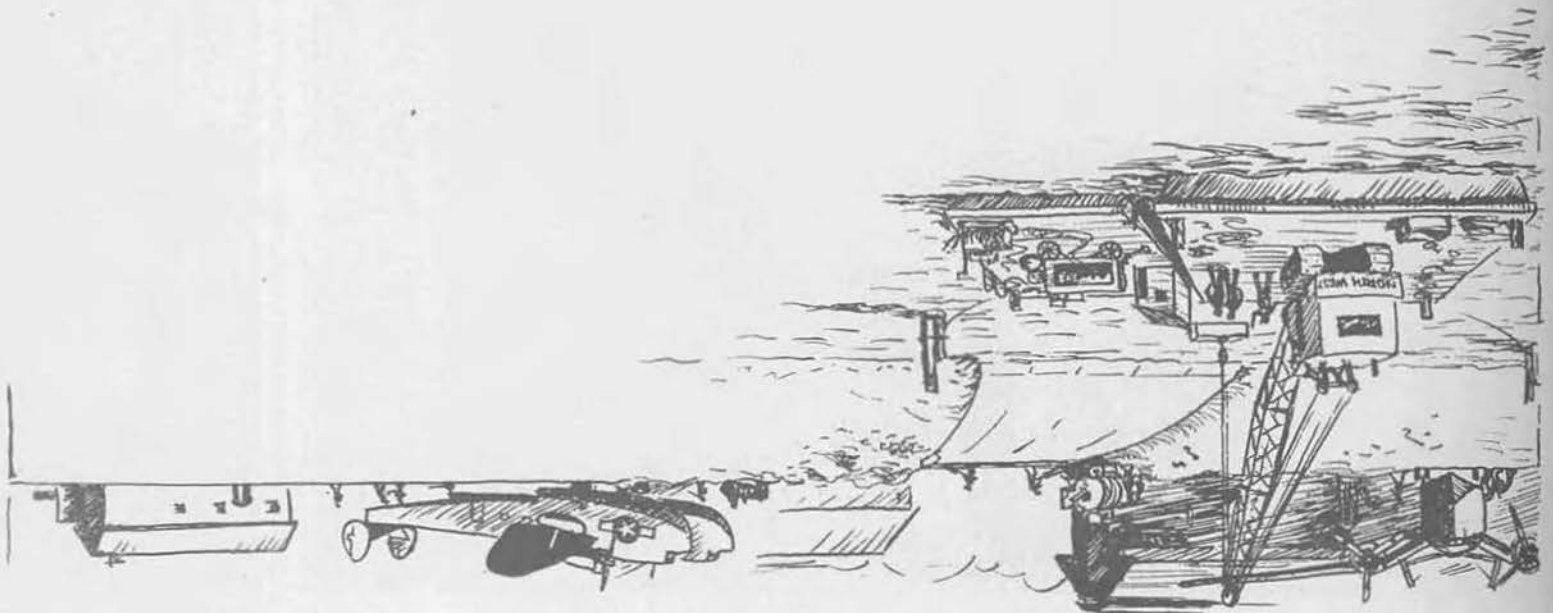
Front Row, left to right—F. E. Bowes, E. J. Bergeron, J. L. Abernathy, L. J. Strickland, E. F. Millis, H. H. Spradley, H. C. Mackey, A. W. Barker.

Absentee: G. R. Hedrick.



COMPANY

B





M. H. BIRGER
Lieut., CEC USNR
Company Commander

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R. J. BASS
Lt. (jg) CEC USNR

★

★



I. D. THUNDER
Lt. (jg) CEC USNR



PLATOON ONE

Back Row, left to right—C. O. Loyd Jr., N. W. Mercer, E. F. Branson, R. J. Clark, C. A. Hill, H. J. Hoffman, M. E. Siem, W. R. Hodgson, J. (n) Damico.

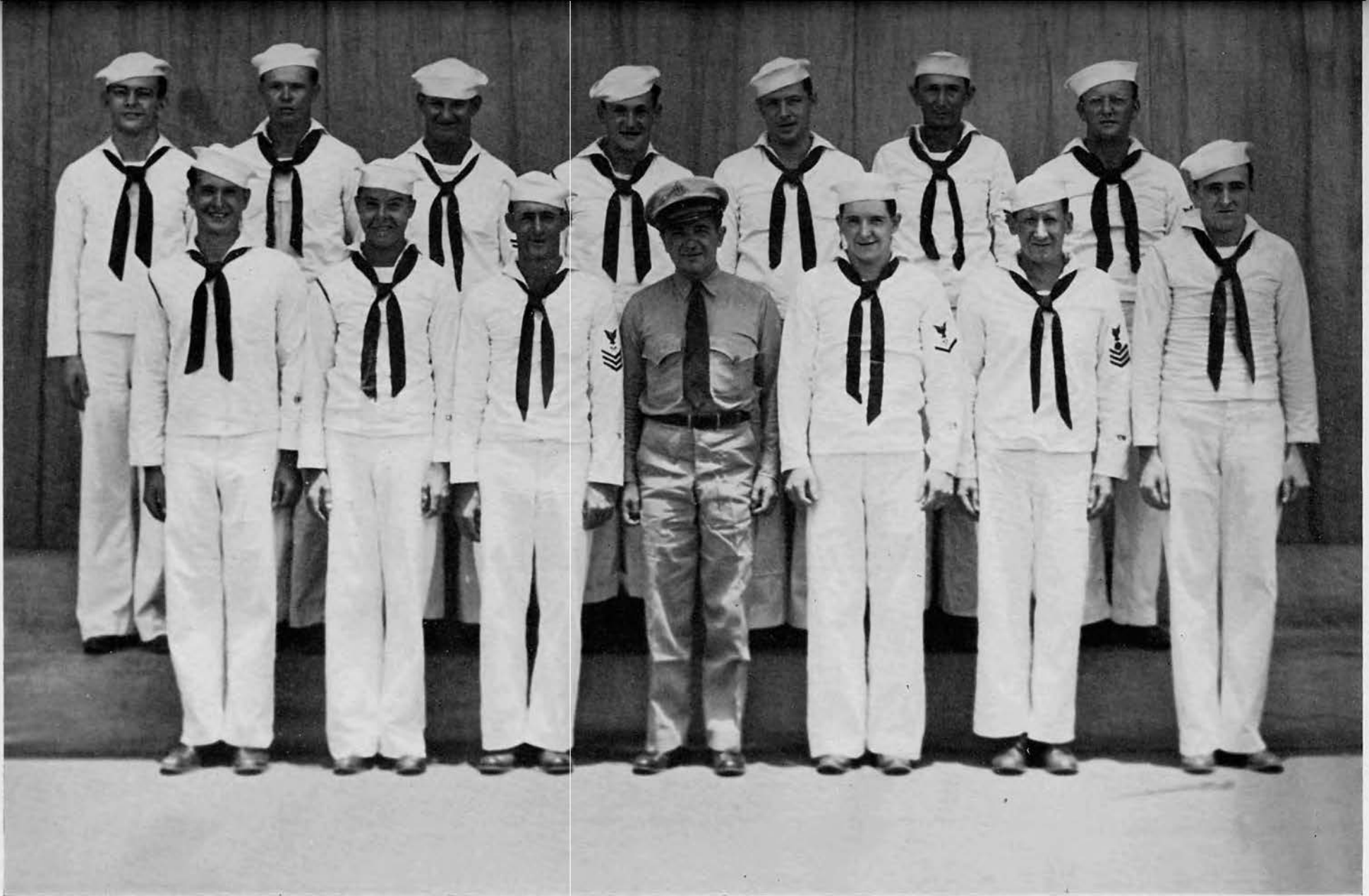
Front Row, left to right—M. C. Carlson, H. L. Perkins, A. (n) Coppola, A. R. Hilburn, E. C. Hansen, R. D. Cushman, H. G. Fowler, A. M. Burt, W. T. Bielecki.

Absentees: T. J. George, R. D. Holley, J. L. Hughes, J. A. Meadows, C. E. Nungesser, J. B. Porter, S. R. Ritchie, A. B. Silvia, C. D. Stanton, C. J. Trefethen.



PLATOON TWO

Back Row, left to right—V. E. Loose, W. W. Miller, C. A. Cole, H. R. Pearson, J. V. Rincavage, L. E. Davis, W. (n) Grigaitis.
 Center Row, left to right—H. L. Huebner, R. O. Gregory, E (n) Szentmiklossy, O. (n) Wild, N. (n) Damiano, C. A. North.
 Front Row, left to right—R. L. Gutierrez, H. F. Bishop Jr., E. L. Knox, W. C. Barnett, L. S. Hung, R. R. Shank, A. B. Mason.
 Absentees: C. B. Gorman, R. G. Prokaski, E. (n) Gillis.



PLATOON THREE

Back Row, left to right—F. T. Jelinek, V. J. Kurowski, J. W. Penny, C. J. LaBrusk, J. S. Peterson, F. O. Smith, D. J. Spenningsby.
 Front Row, left to right—R. J. Horvath, J. H. Land, V. W. Sleuter, F. E. Farina, E. L. Peck, W. H. Ellsworth, M. L. Kizzire.
 Absentees: G. Del Bucchia, H. E. Easter, K. V. Gilbert, R. L. Hummel, W. H. Husk, G. (n) Jannacone, C. H. Jeffries, C. B. Keung, L. F. Newell, J. E. Raymont, A. (n) Ruzyski, O. D. Snow, W. L. Speaks, W. L. Tabor, D. J. Vincent, L. C. Hise.



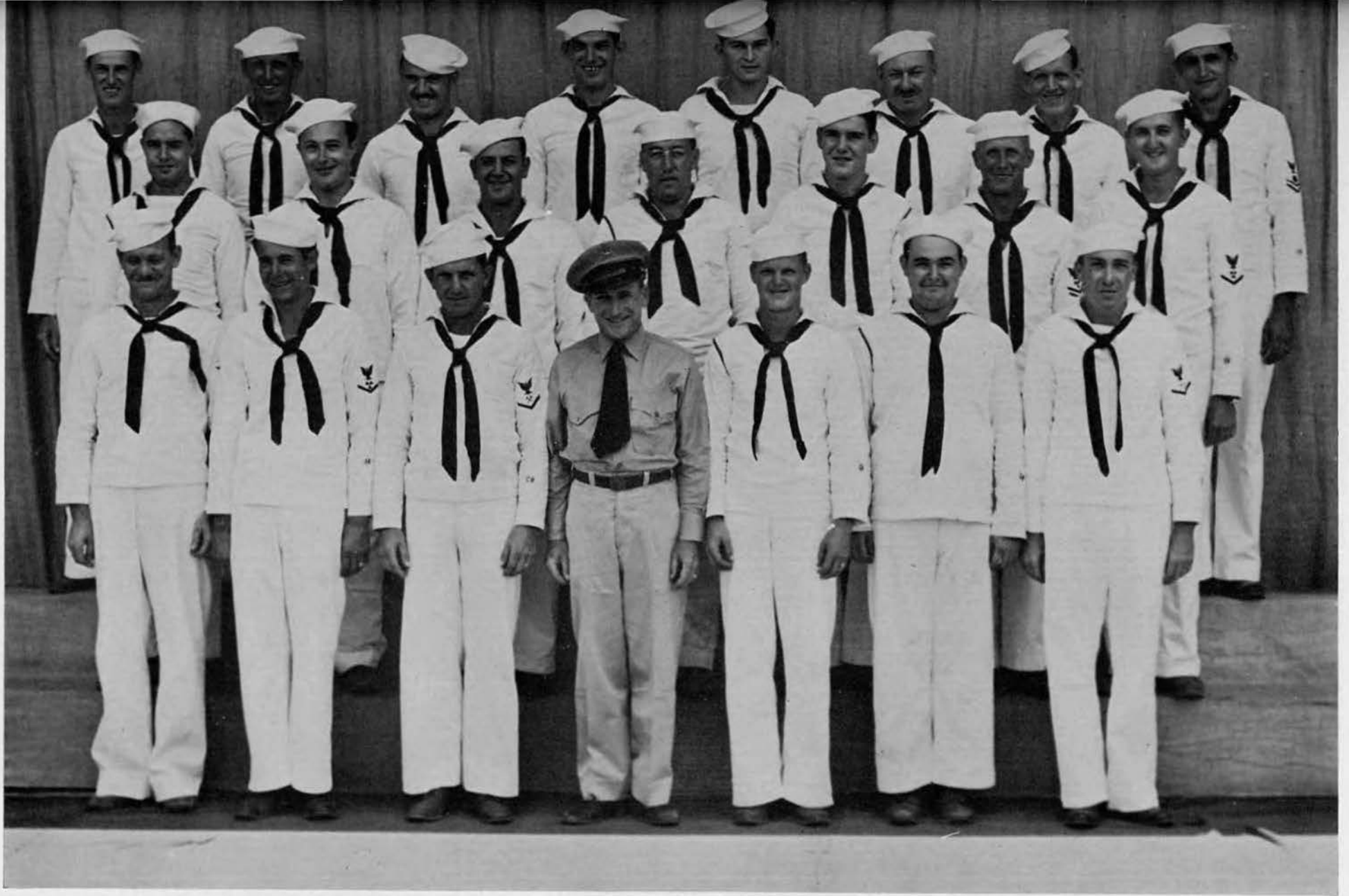
PLATOON FOUR

Back Row, left to right—J. O. Davis, M. (n) Potoshnik Jr., O. C. Maudslien, W. T. Shodahl, J. D. Esser, R. D. Jones, G. J. Mahoney, A. J. Hodge.

Center Row, left to right—P. E. Gatenby, J. M. Austin, R. M. Felton, W. C. Herke Jr., E. D. Johnson, T. (n) Terwilleger, L. (n) Lopez, G. G. Spencer.

Front Row, left to right—G. V. Derry, G. H. Phillips, K. H. Henderson, C. T. Enoch, C. W. Phelps, A. L. Hermann, H. (n) Reay.

Absentees: J. (n) Armanovich, E. G. Dane, J. F. Jones, D. J. Libby, R. A. Maulick, E. W. Reynolds, N. C. Rodgers Jr., R. A. Robidas, J. T. Surdyka.



PLATOON FIVE

Back Row, left to right—H. A. Janssen Jr., J. E. Carroll, A. M. Seamanik, F. W. Keefe, C. J. Huffman, W. F. Hansen, C. W. Elliott, V. F. Balog.

Center Row, left to right—V. R. Graham, N. (n) Keller, E. S. Bochenczak, S. J. Stevens, P. C. Merillat, H. (n) Jensen, W. H. Ulfeng.

Front Row, left to right—S. W. Handlin, L. G. Chenard, H. R. Emerson, L. G. Renninger, H. E. Hodge, D. W. Grumbling, W. M. Keefauver.

Absentees: C. E. Faulkner, A. (n) Finn, V. L. Love, F. (n) Rielte, J. J. Ruane Jr.

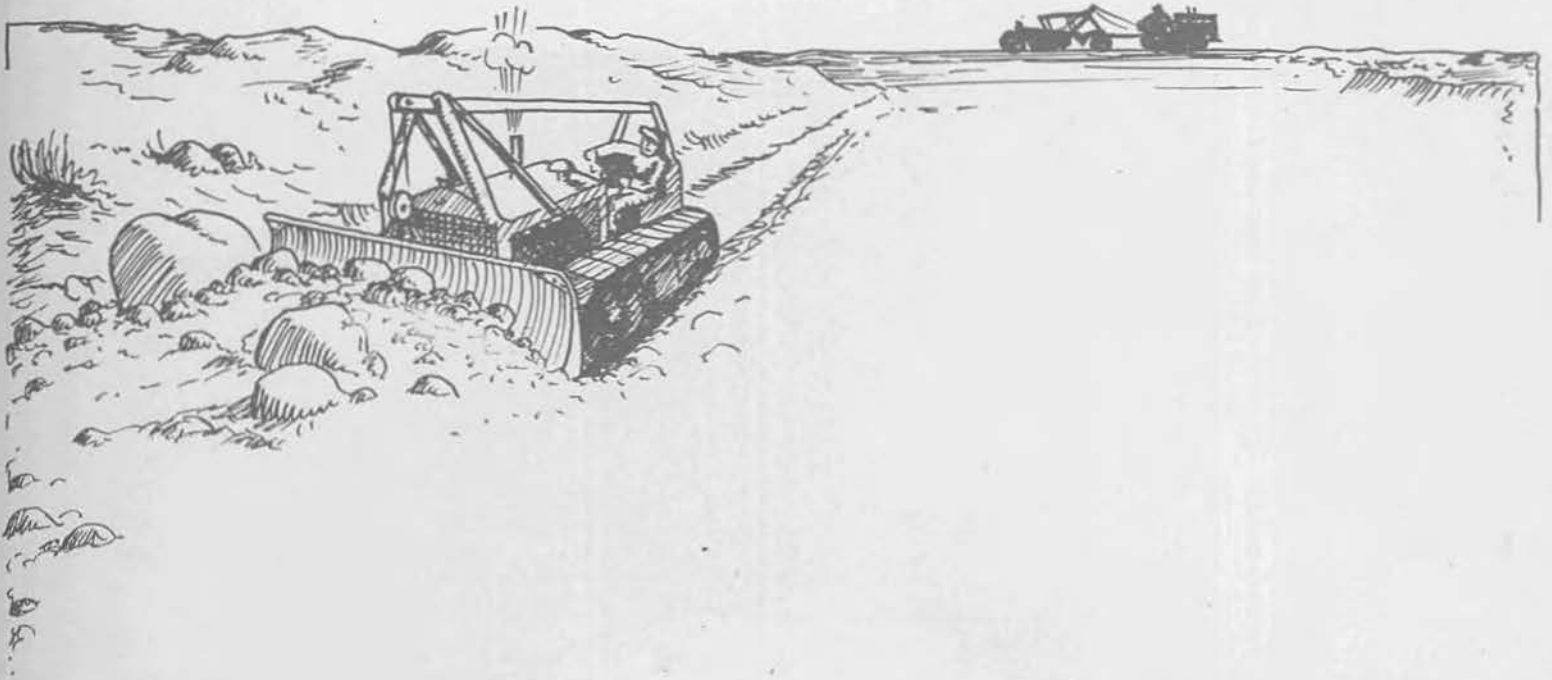


PLATOON SIX

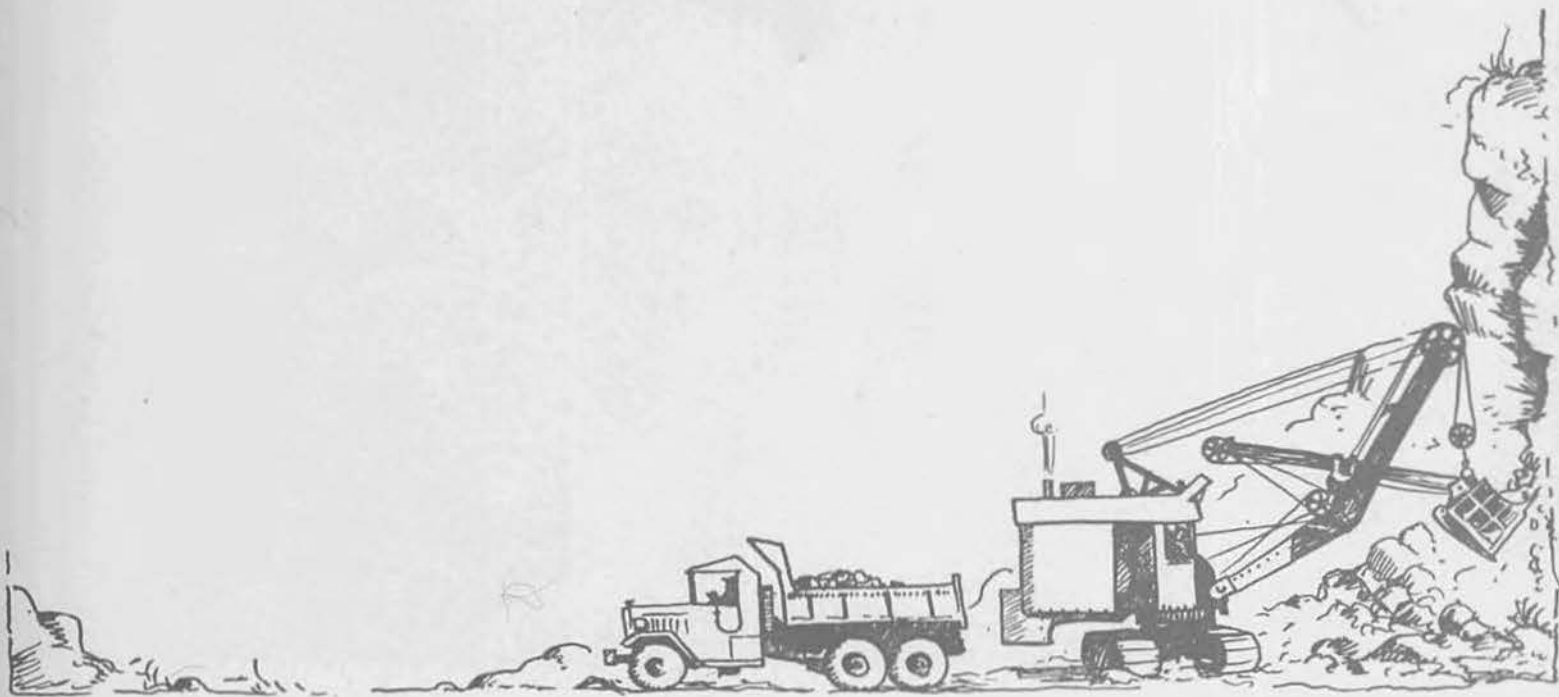
Back Row, left to right—S. L. Lytken, J. N. Shawinsky, G. C. Mene, H. (n) Haskovitz, J. L. Riley, A. R. Amann, R. E. Story, P. J. Murphy, R. W. Kessling, M. O. Wood.

Center Row, left to right—F. C. Berard, A. E. Stoner, H. A. Sellers, M. J. Pollock, A. (n) Dahlke, R. F. Heyn, A. (n) Reid, H. G. Darnell, F. R. Marino, C. A. Herron.

Front Row, left to right—E. J. Mercier, M. J. Quinn, R. H. Phelps, W. L. Gamblin, H. S. Concannon, I. R. Rauh, J. F. Maass, D. T. Gustafson, J. (n) Vaughan.



C COMPANY





D. H. GREENFIELD
Lieut., CEC USNR
Company Commander



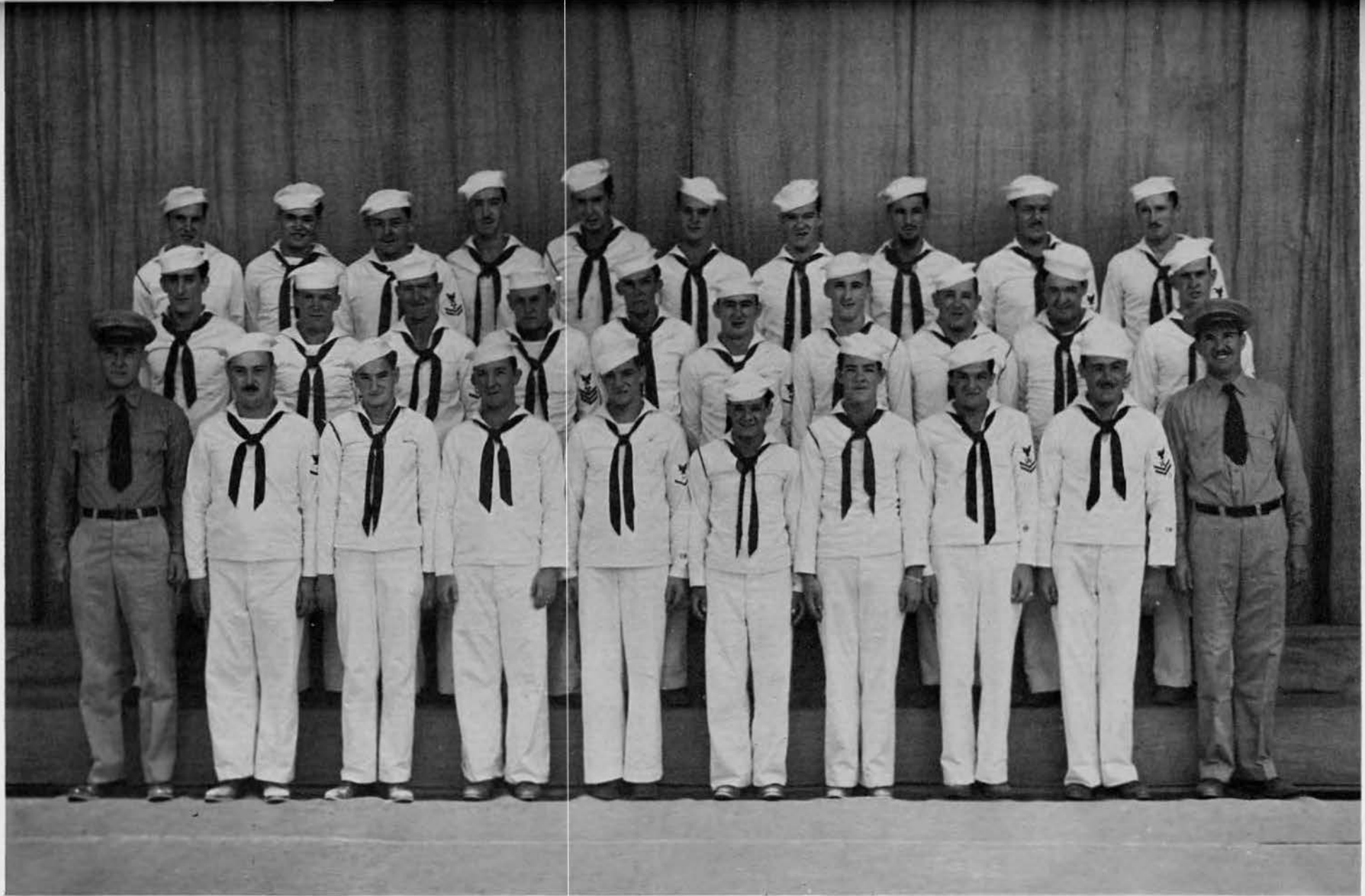
T. A. CLARK
Lt. (jg) CEC USNR



W. H. MORGAN
Ens., CEC USNR



M. E. SMITH
ChCarp., CEC USNR

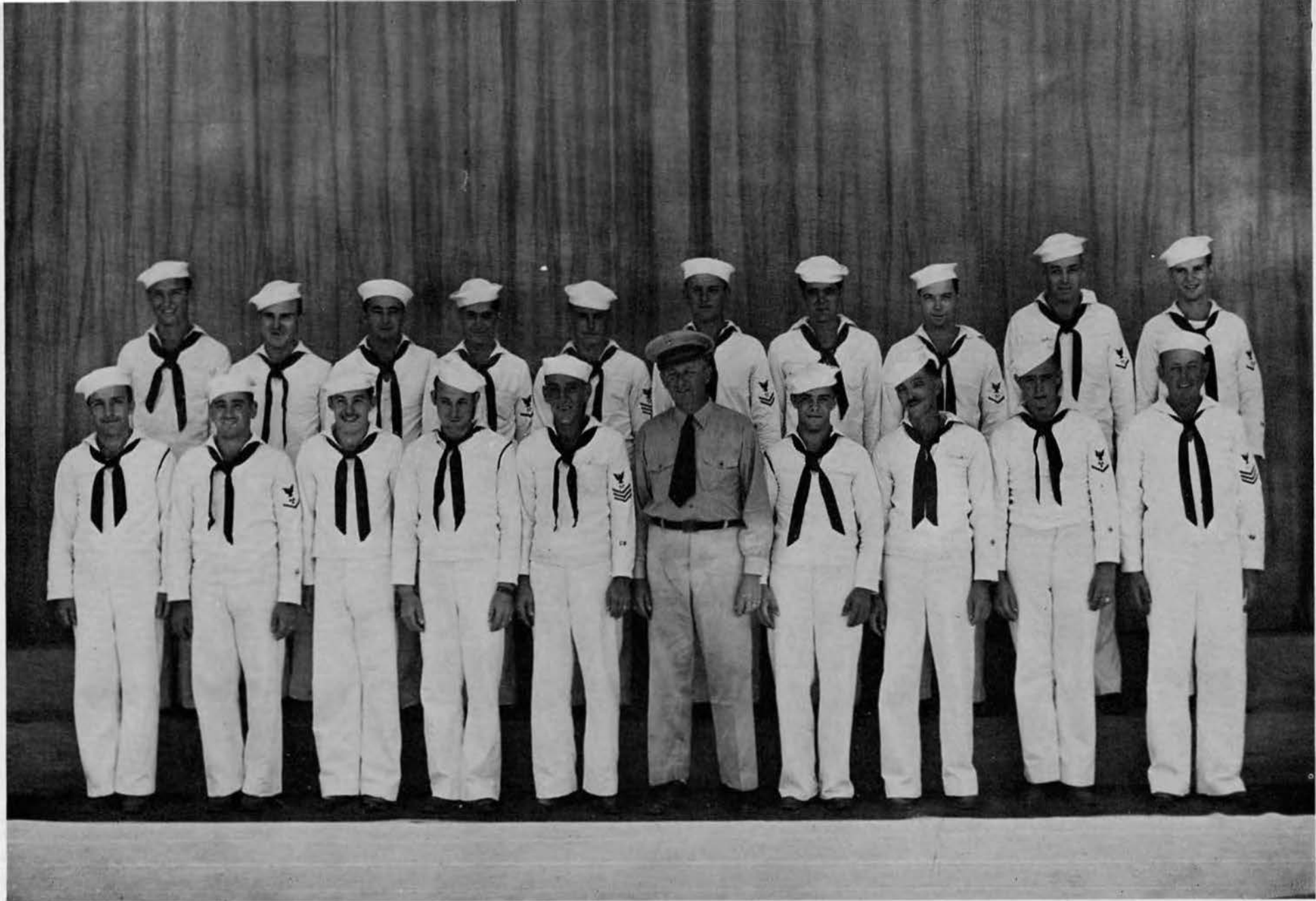


PLATOON ONE

Back Row, left to right—H. H. Rockwell, R. O. Kouba, E. M. Lepley, J. A. Thornley, P. Nelson, E. R. Lorandau, C. E. Bergstrom, R. R. Hopkins, R. E. Cameron, J. O. McGuire.

Center Row, left to right—M. M. Rizick, A. L. Eads, C. J. Heinen, H. P. Narramore, A. S. Melson, L. E. Guilmet, W. J. Konop, E. J. Kowalski, P. M. McCarley, T. R. Kelly.

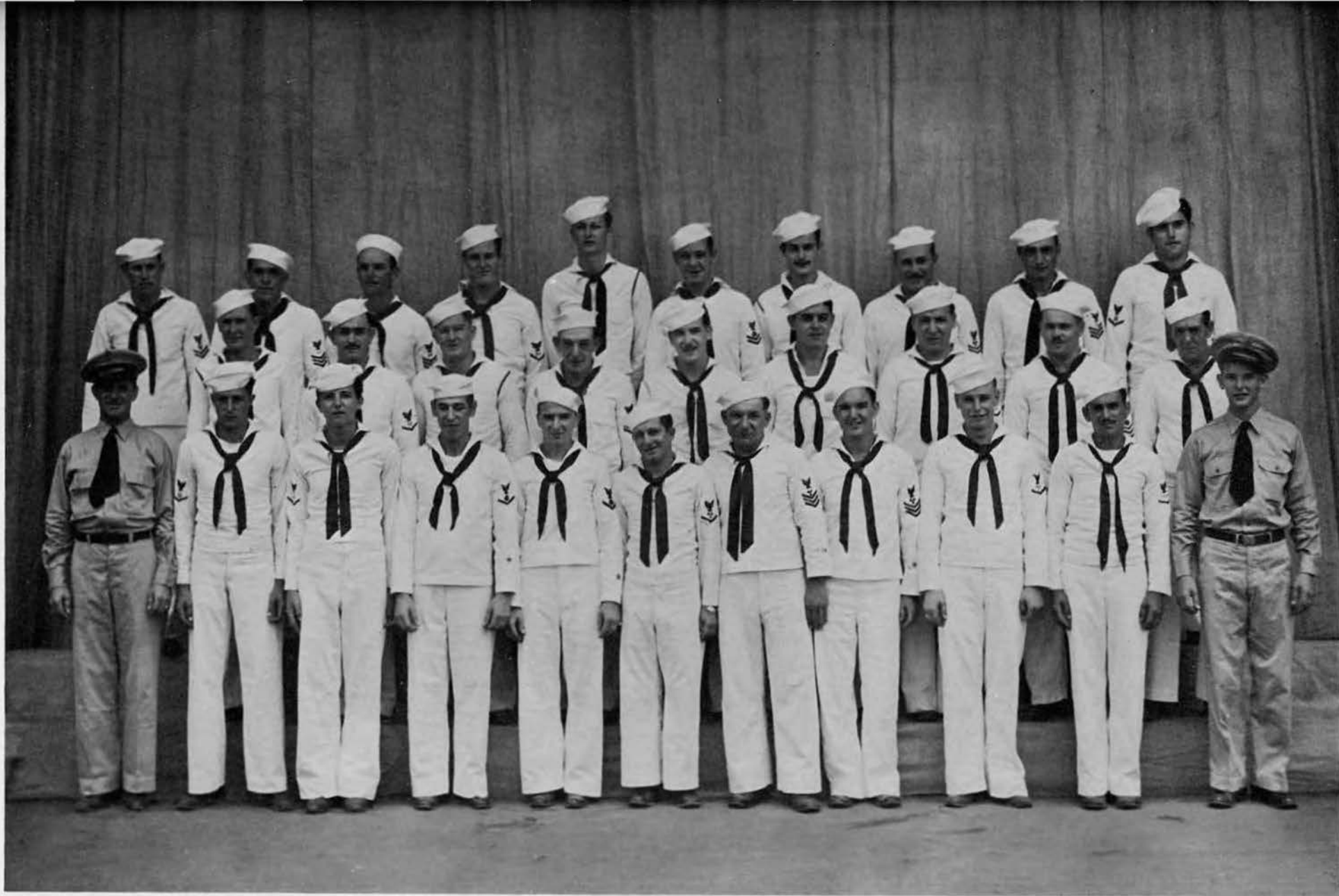
Front Row, left to right—L. B. Hunter, P. D. Elliott, J. C. Horne, J. J. McGovern, F. M. Erickson, V. D. Paliotta, D. Hay, P. B. Page, J. C. Bonham, C. P. Harrington.



PLATOON TWO

Back Row, left to right—H. O. Thornton, E. C. Mangione, J. E. Wilson, M. H. Warner, L. H. Jacobs, J. Steiger, A. B. Anderson, M. B. Kelley, C. P. Huntington, D. R. Levergood.

Front Row, left to right—A. E. Lareau, J. D. Bossio, P. A. Sperry, A. E. Dunston, W. McMunn, J. H. Howard, L. L. LaMendola, H. N. Steel, R. E. Nawman, C. W. Lepine.

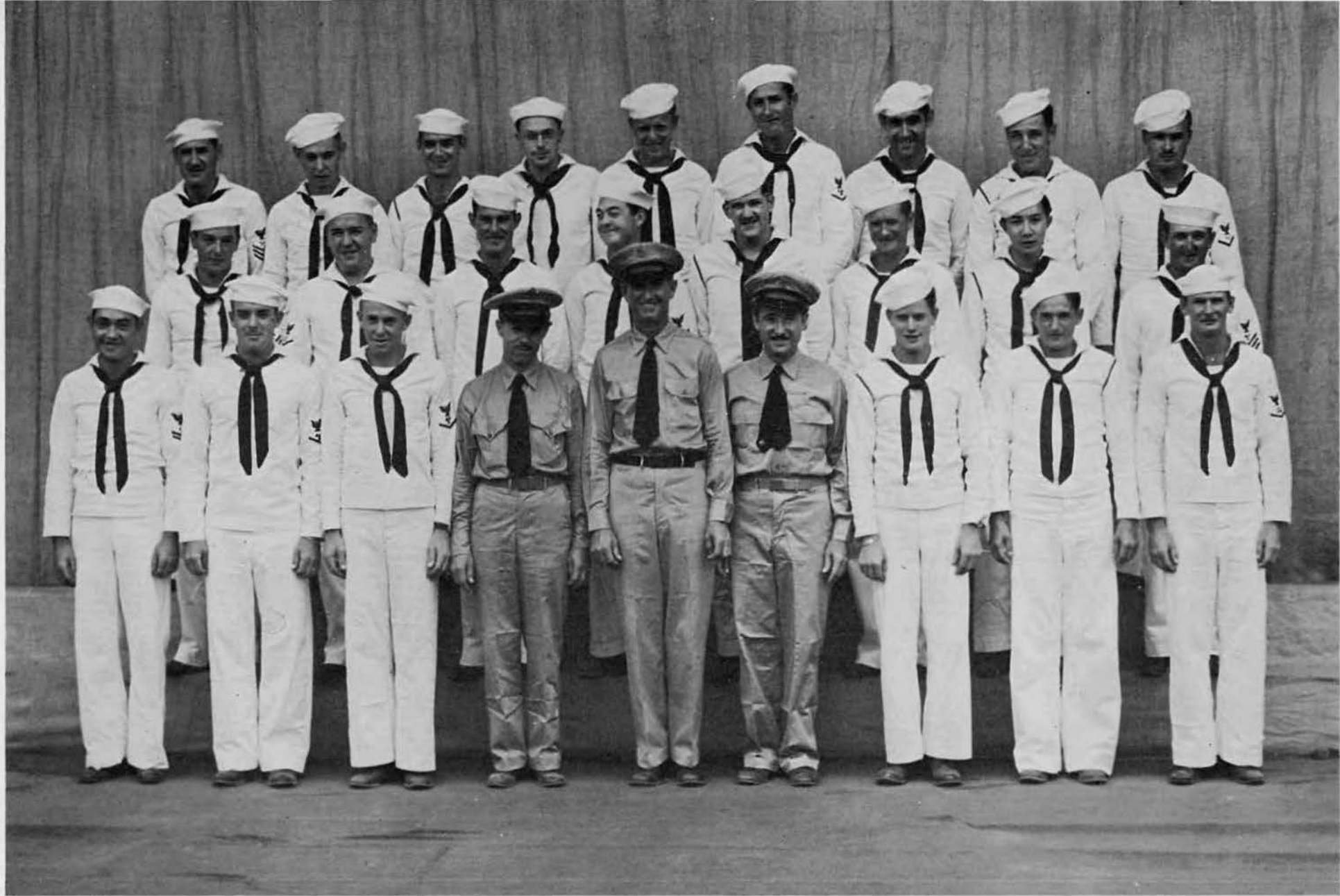


PLATOON THREE

Back Row, left to right—C. A. Bassinger, L. L. Culp, S. T. McCloy, W. A. Cole, T. F. Paul, P. R. Wetherbee, R. Insani, I. L. Wall, E. J. Brown, M. W. Owens.

Center Row, left to right—A. E. Eads, J. R. Akers, R. D. Murray, T. O. Wilson, C. Lebo, E. G. Grilc, E. F. Stephenson, W. E. Guentner, A. C. Jones.

Front Row, left to right—J. H. Wilson, E. J. Steen, J. J. Lazer, J. Archipoli, P. Androsky, J. P. Lemek, C. Staszak, H. Rouse, M. H. Sweat, F. E. Fultz, L. C. Plattner.

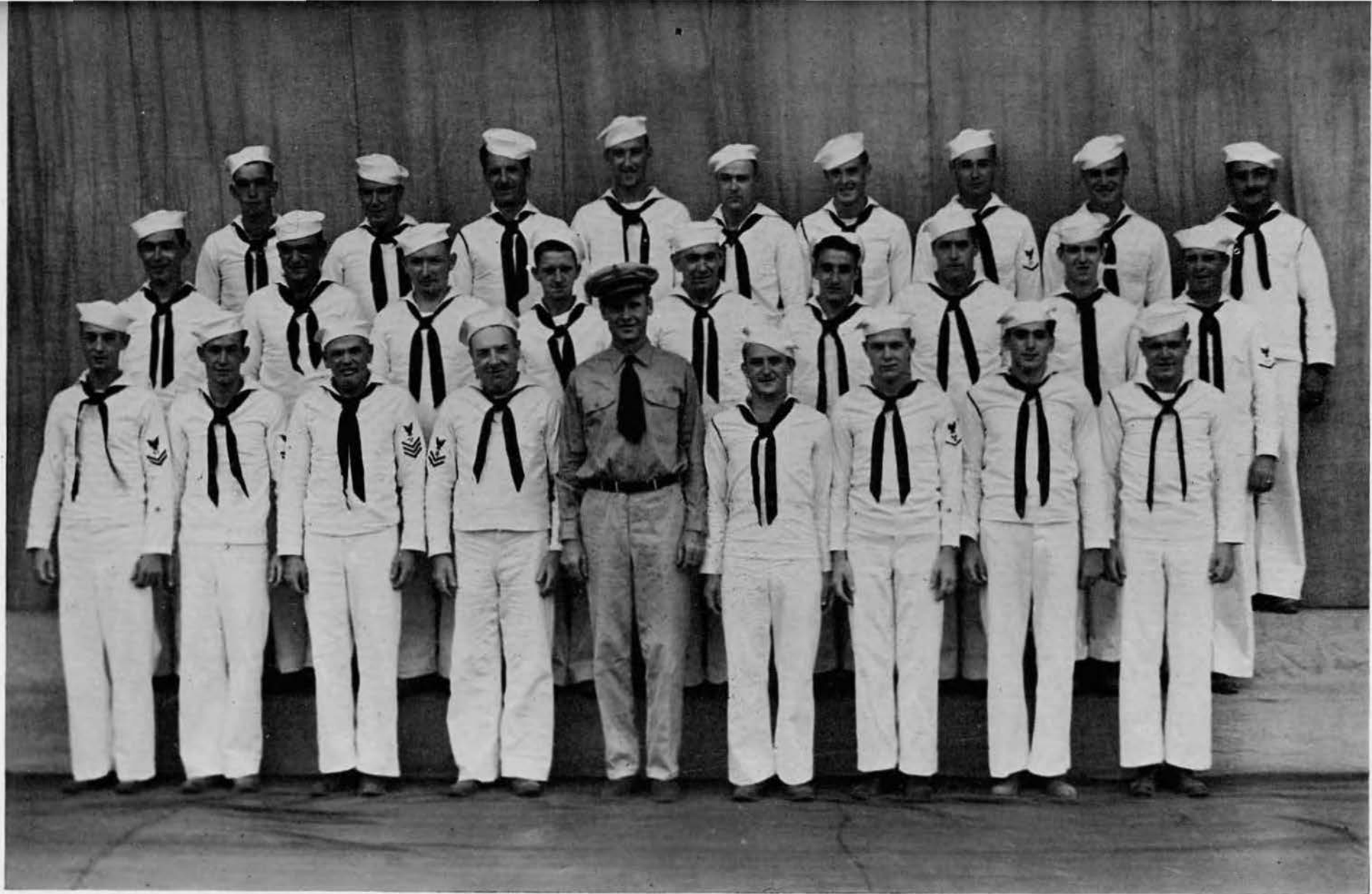


PLATOON FOUR

Back Row, left to right—A. J. Belanger, R. Lemke, R. W. Tannahill, R. D. Waldron, E. A. Pate, R. W. McMichael, E. T. Horan, E. D. Rome, J. J. Pinko.

Center Row, left to right—R. L. Gilly, F. J. Gurtek, C. P. Bryant, T. F. McFarland, W. B. Luzader, D. O. Moody, H. B. Leon, A. J. Benard.

Front Row, left to right—R. M. Marsh, T. Langsdorf, J. E. Cashatt, L. H. Davidson, L. M. Edgington, L. F. Breault, E. F. Stanley, H. A. Schmunk, R. H. H. Hubert.

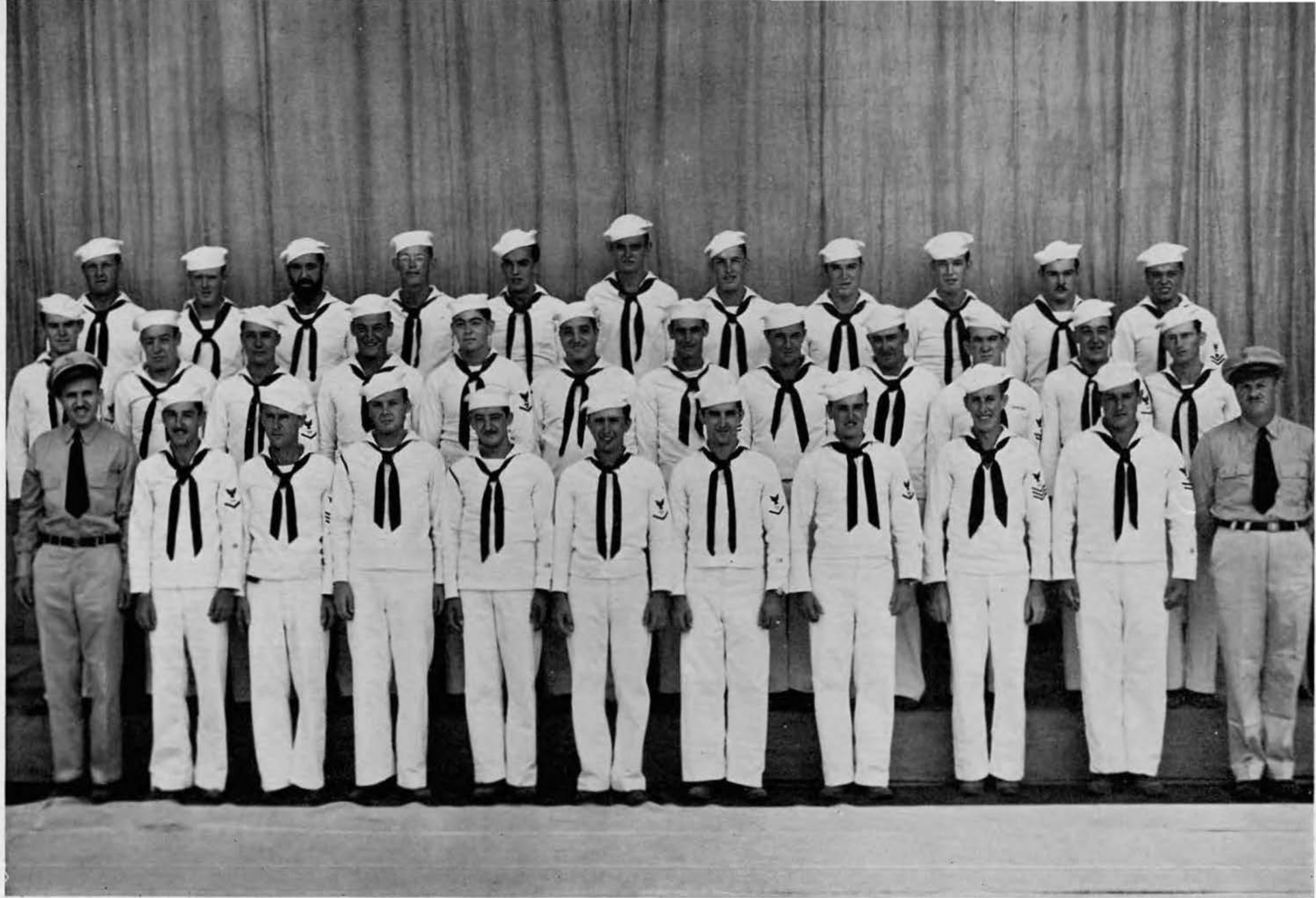


PLATOON FIVE

Back Row, left to right—C. F. Merryman, J. H. Mead, F. Lumia, J. D. Thornton, T. J. Pogue, D. E. Curry, A. A. Helfant, C. W. Roush, A. Ramos.

Center Row, left to right—M. Benson, G. D. Green, E. Lares, T. L. Nihiser, G. Cristofori, V. P. Galvagno, E. Bolen, S. R. Scheen, E. S. Harris.

Front Row, left to right—J. A. Gothot, G. T. Shippy, E. D. Lyle, I. H. McElroy, D. M. Duncan, R. A. Salata, C. J. Hudson, J. Rubino, B. J. Trumble.



PLATOON SIX

Back Row, left to right—E. C. Loufek, C. W. Pickle, B. W. Stone, G. Mabbett, J. D. Atwater, E. W. Huntoon, A. L. Hahn, C. A. Mitchell, C. E. Morrill, R. S. Templin, J. L. McCann.

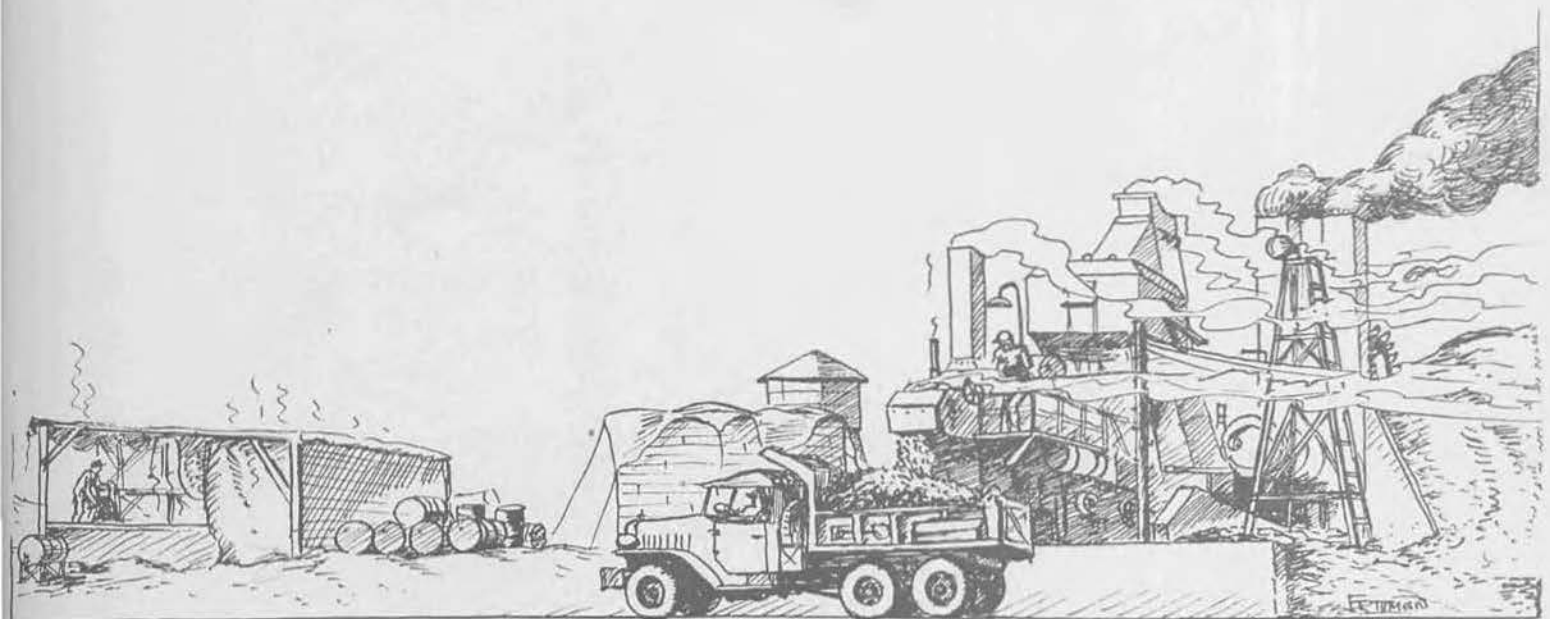
Center Row, left to right—A. D. Marlin, M. G. Guest, A. Maceyko, E. Mosblech, F. F. Austin, P. C. Provenzano, B. I. Evans, J. L. Gittens, H. Blagg, P. W. Heaton, R. H. Greatorex, R. M. Tope.

Front Row, left to right—F. T. Mack, P. J. Finazzo, F. M. Tanner, B. P. Jalovec, S. W. Jakse, D. O. Malafouris, O. E. Lessard, A. F. Maslott, H. E. Hines, H. G. LaPoint, W. Walmsley.

Absentee: C. R. Tengs.



D COMPANY





W. H. SHEARS JR.
Lieut., CEC USNR
Company Commander



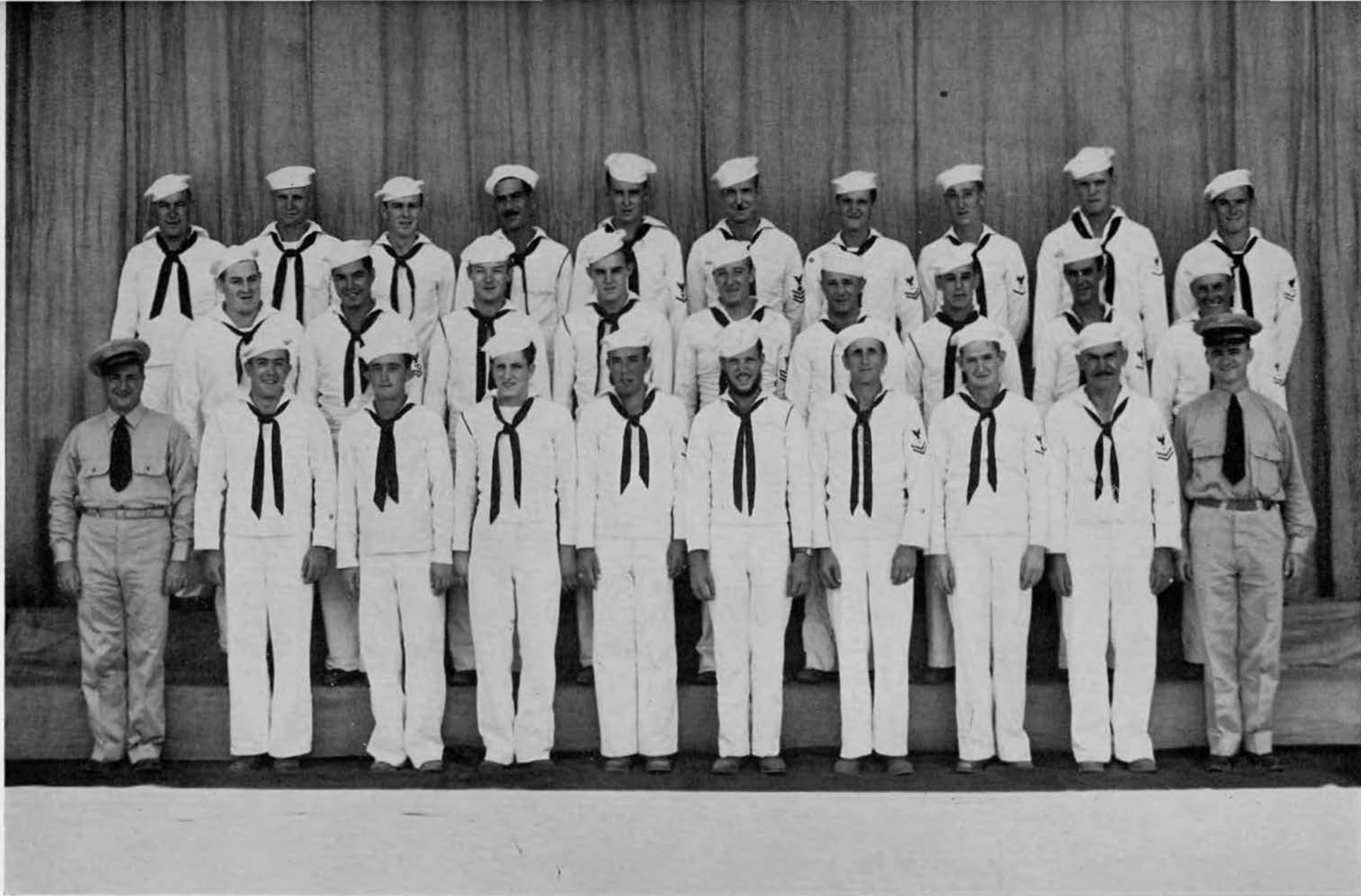
R. H. EDWARDS
Lt. (jg) CEC USNR



R. L. THEAUX
Ens., CEC USNR



R. A. RUPPERT JR.
ChCarp., CEC USNR

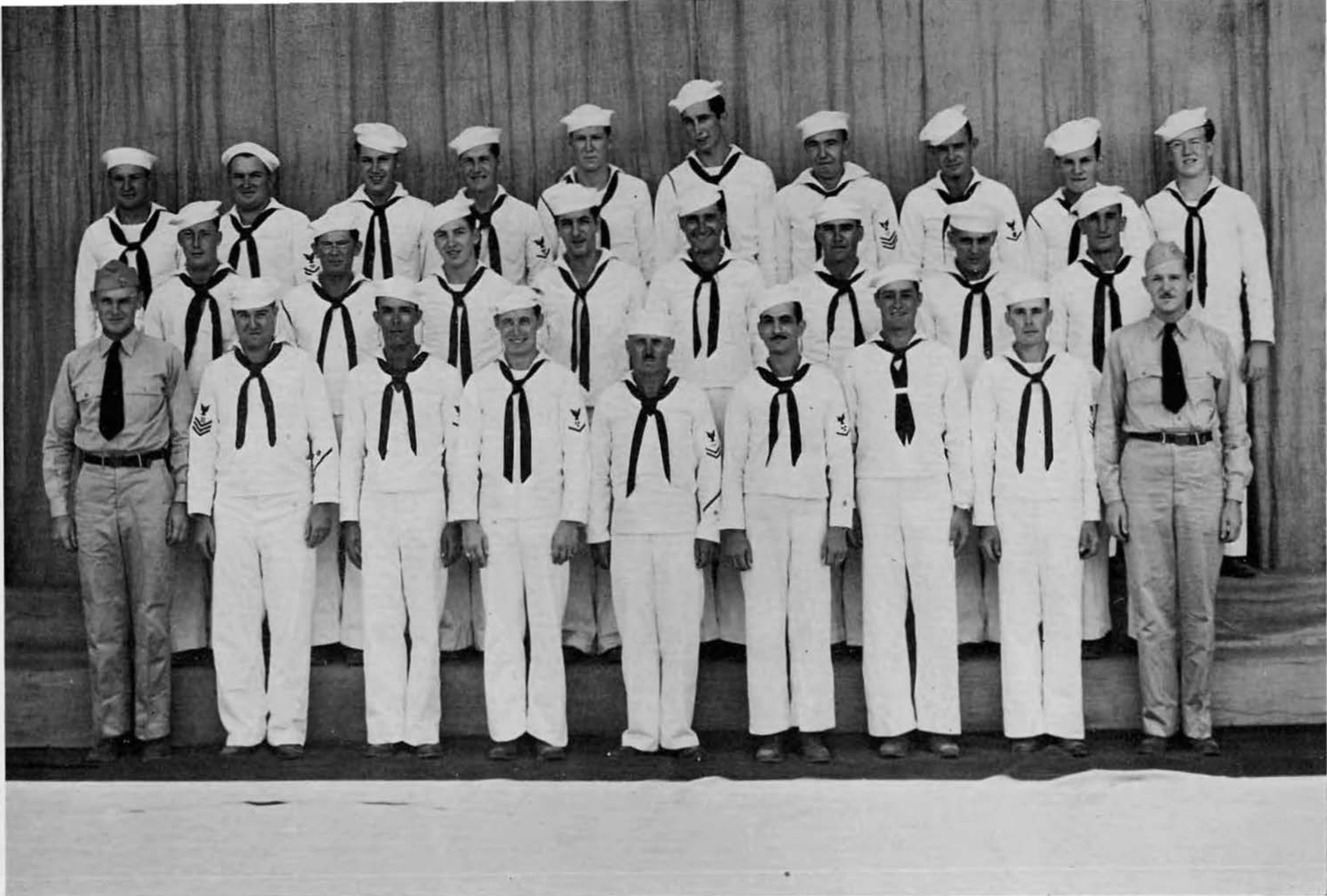


PLATOON ONE

Back Row, left to right—W. G. Keeler, C. A. Fuller, C. E. Simmons, O. Faul, D. A. Dunlap, G. H. Adams, H. D. Selvig, R. E. Henry, W. W. Barber, K. A. Smith.

Center Row, left to right—D. J. Hennessy, H. J. Denny, T. J. Pfister, C. T. Trammell, J. T. Robinson, R. A. Meidenger, J. M. Mamone, F. S. Hawthorne, L. W. Garfield.

Front Row, left to right—W. S. Layton, G. A. Chinaris, L. Ivie, C. J. Tyler, L. S. Rohde, W. F. Attwood, A. A. Arsenault, W. P. Skiffington, E. Laliberte, F. E. Johnston.

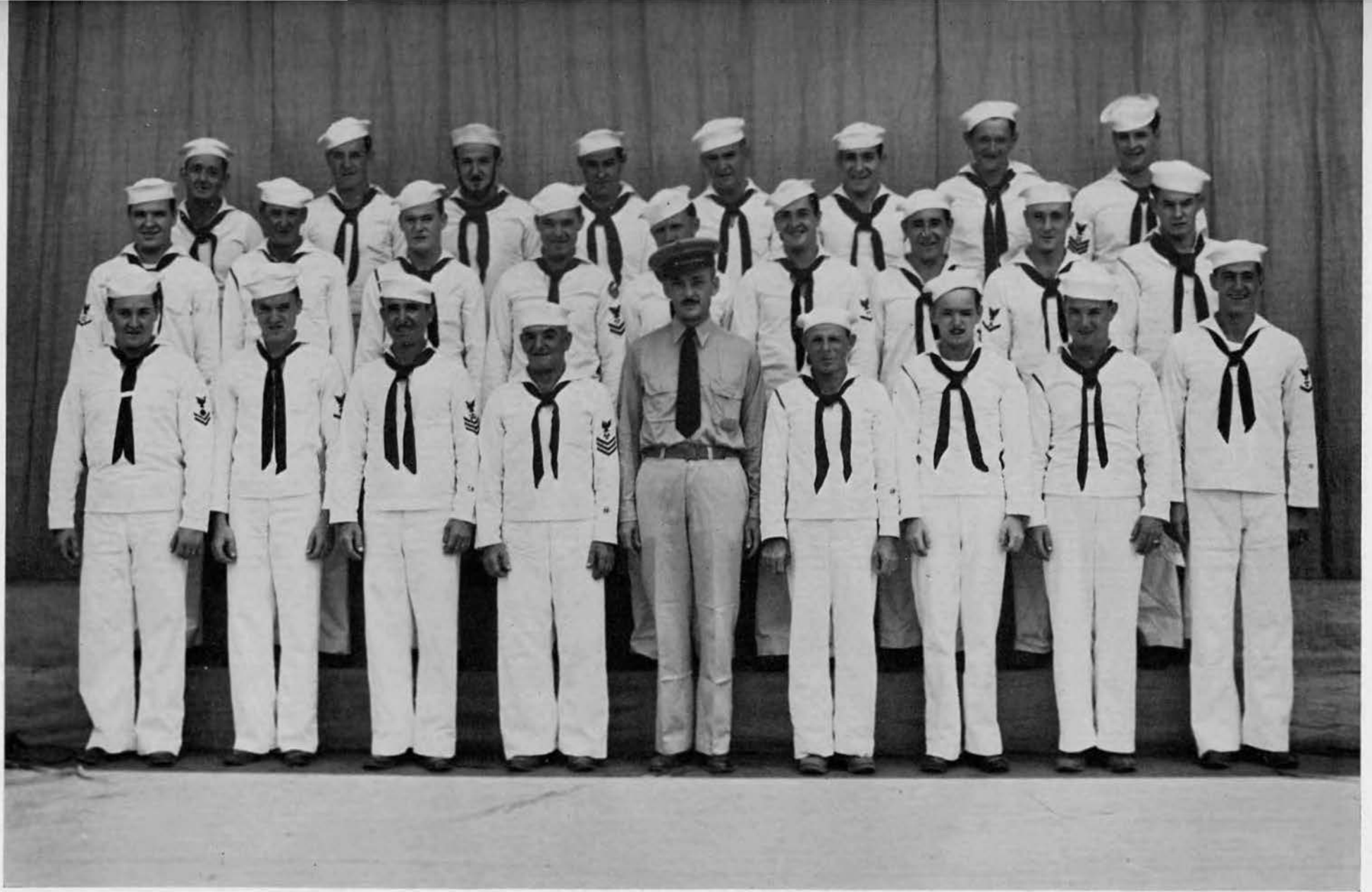


PLATOON TWO

Back Row, left to right—M. J. Grisier, H. W. Adams, S. A. Homway, M. C. Mathews, O. Williams, W. Vukovich, W. J. Dries, H. O. Withers, P. J. Ward, R. C. Thompson Jr.

Center Row, left to right—C. B. Pickett Jr., R. C. Waggoner, C. R. Canter, H. R. Roehn, J. W. McAmis, O. H. Thorgaard, T. Henley, R. T. Purgatorio.

Front Row, left to right—J. H. Hastings, I. W. Smith, O. R. May, J. W. Cluck, C. Crumb, S. L. Price, E. W. Agan, F. C. Kilian, B. Denton Jr.

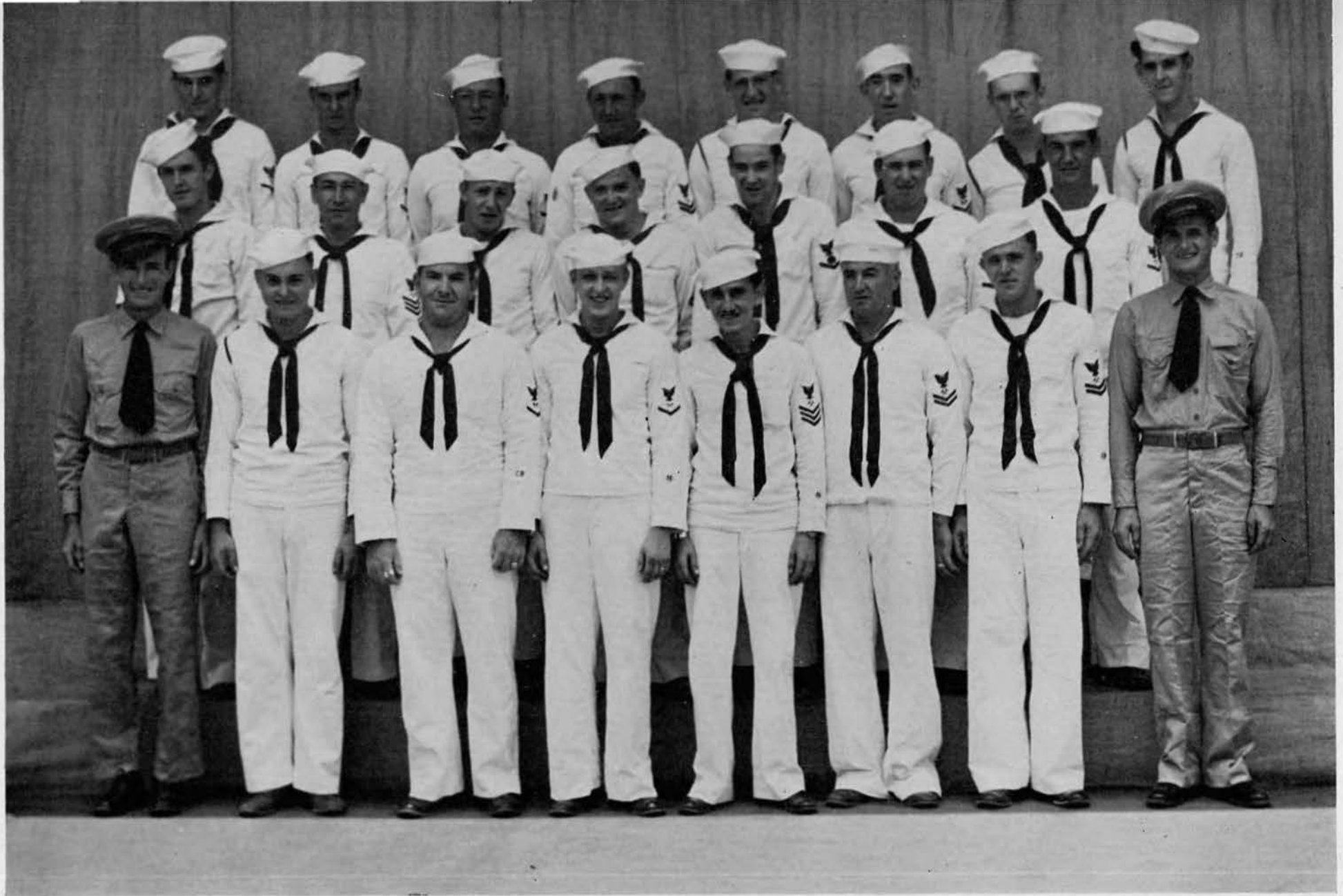


PLATOON THREE

Back Row, left to right—F. H. Nary, J. A. Brostrom, D. M. MacGregor, E. G. McGhie, W. B. Sinnott, D. J. Lippre, R. P. Jeske, J. L. Orban.

Center Row, left to right—J. R. Russell Jr., F. D. Sawyer, C. E. Tyrell, J. E. Dorn, R. D. Skinner, W. R. Jandro, E. H. Pritchard, W. M. Coney, M. M. Martin.

Front Row, left to right—M. W. Berens, J. W. Skyles, J. E. Redondo, J. H. Mirra, R. F. Holden, J. B. McDade, J. J. Pawlik, W. F. Maxfield, E. H. Townsend.

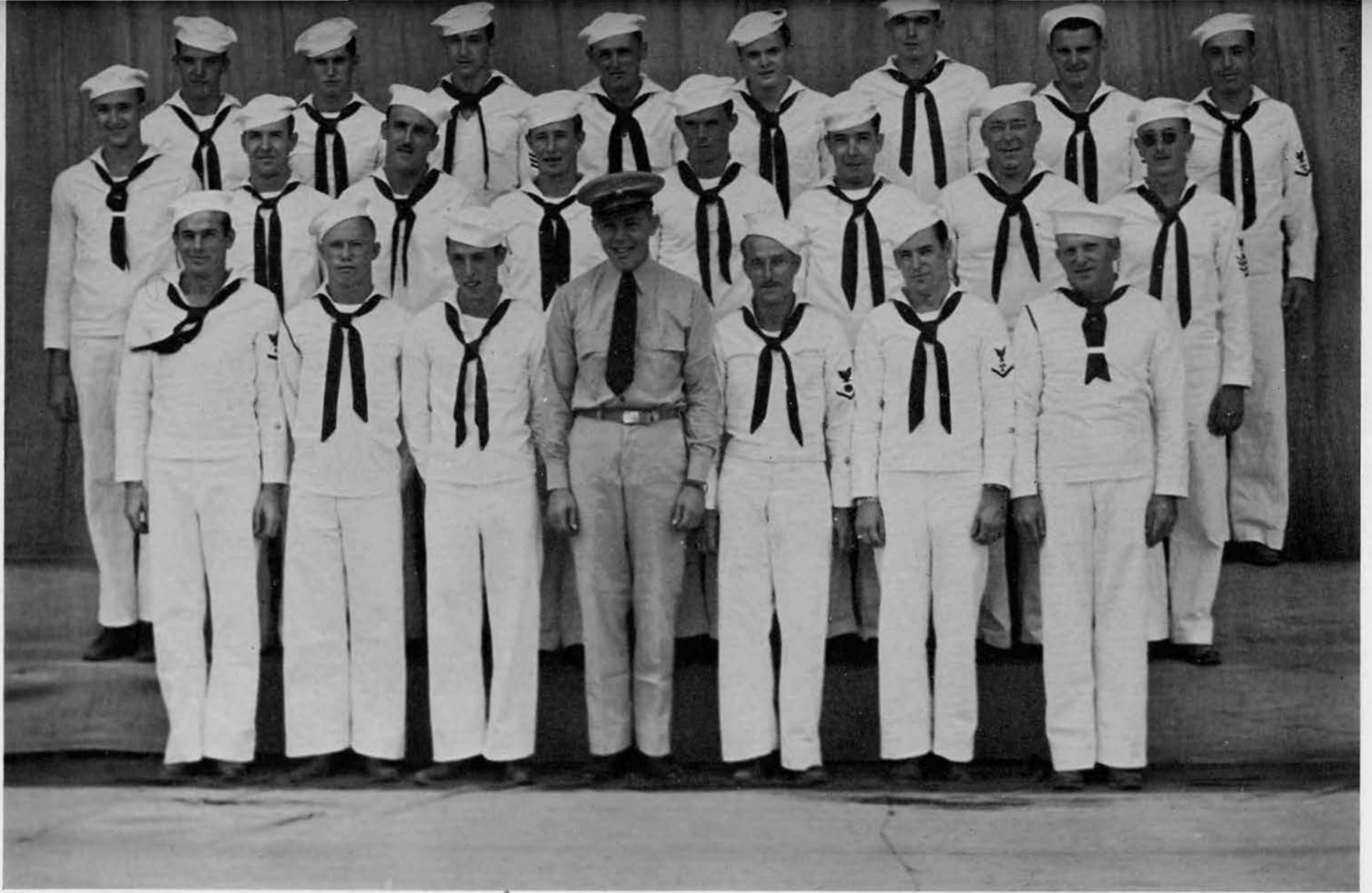


PLATOON FOUR

Back Row, left to right—R. G. Maynes, R. W. Rector, J. R. Irwin, C. E. Bragdon, M. T. Henry, J. W. Egbert, B. H. McGee, W. R. Lucas.

Center Row, left to right—D. L. McConaughy, V. D. Cortez, E. J. Stamborski, A. L. Andrews Jr., W. E. Williams, B. Briley, T. E. Robinson.

Front Row, left to right—G. O. Heinz, F. C. Jabusch, P. J. Trefz, F. R. Titman, H. L. Richards, W. R. Nicke, A. V. Seagrave, J. P. Priegel.

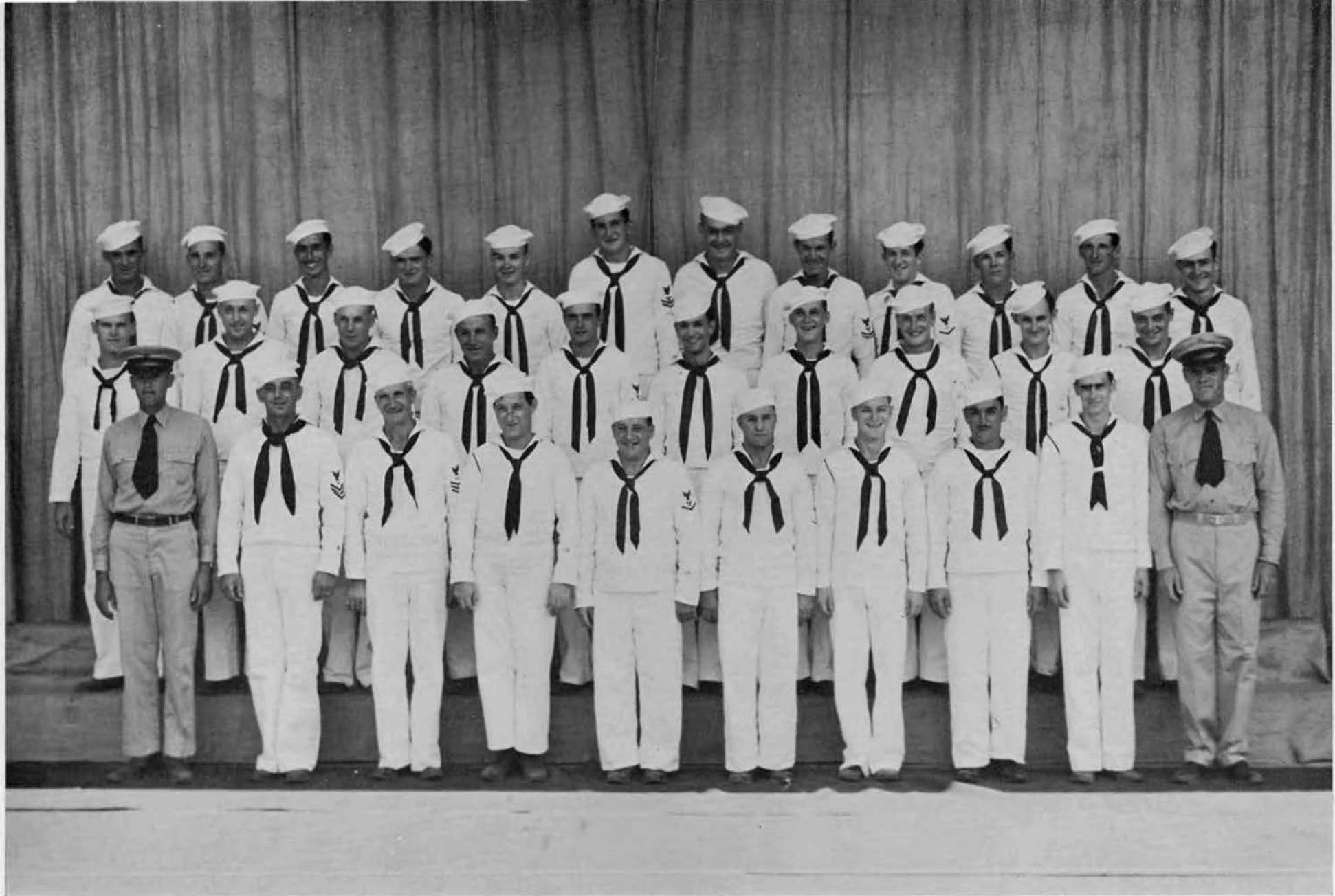


PLATOON FIVE

Back Row, left to right—J. S. Bucknell, J. K. Carroll, E. Hirsch, W. Oke Jr., T. A. McDonough, P. J. Kulik, R. T. Halloran, H. M. Fisher.

Center Row, left to right—W. MacGiffert Jr., G. W. Bennett, L. F. Keller, C. L. Marlowe, F. L. Chitwood, J. O. Maloney, H. J. DeVries, C. K. Connors Jr.

Front Row, left to right—N. L. Perron, D. M. Green, A. Conley Jr., B. P. Cook, R. F. DuBois, E. E. Powers, J. J. McHale.

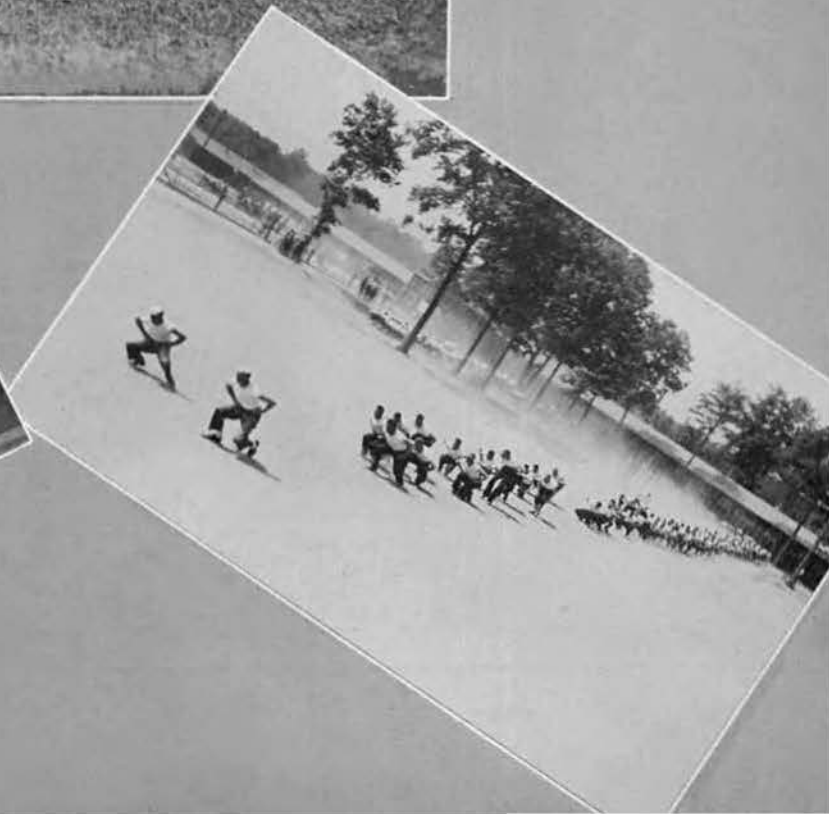
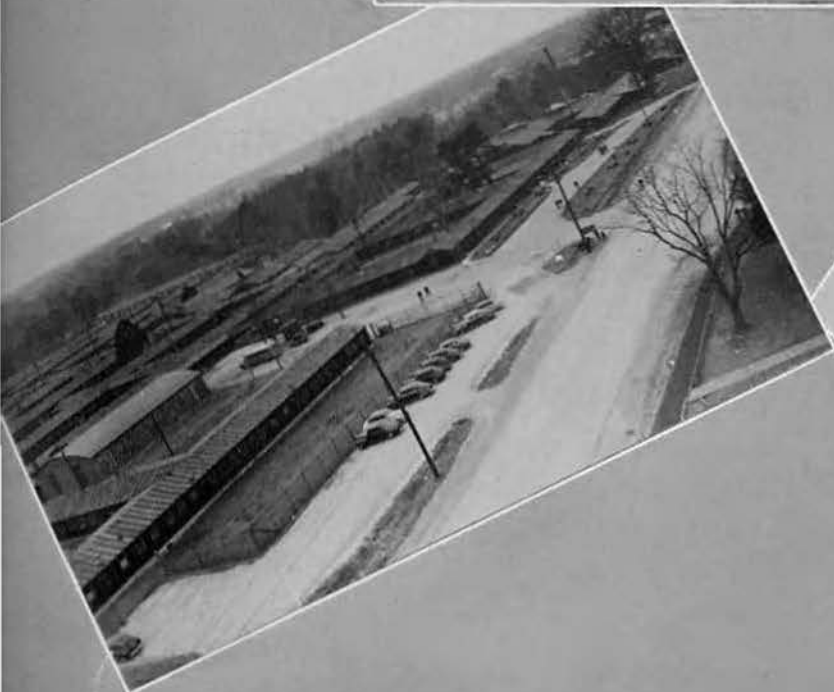
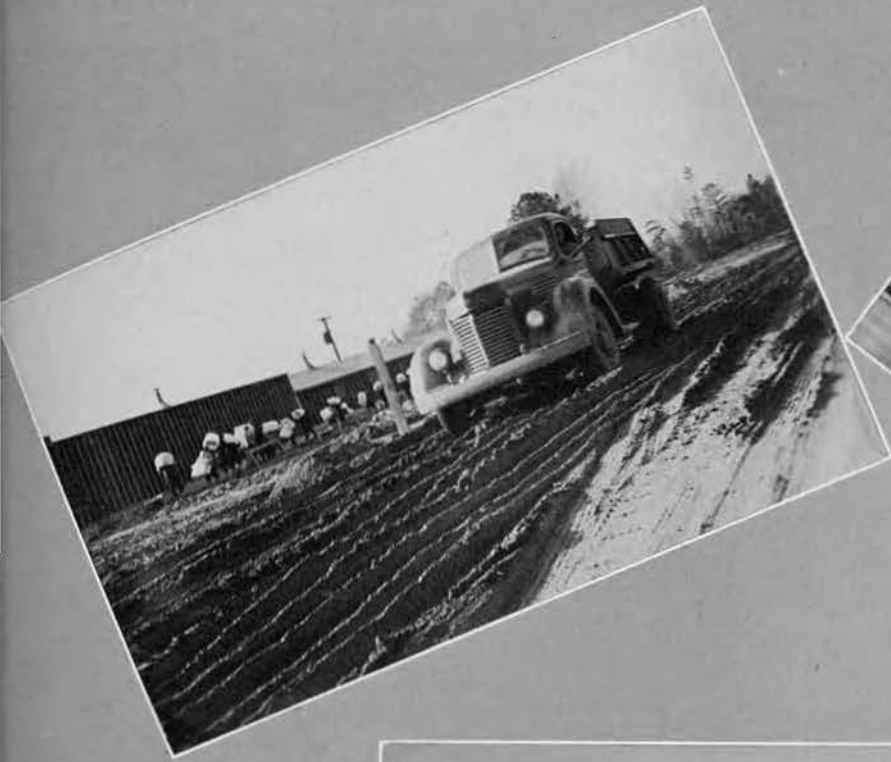


PLATOON SIX

Back Row, left to right—F. A. Titus, R. H. Puckett, G. R. Molera, L. E. Utterback Jr., R. A. Mann, J. M. Ware, H. M. Hastings, C. R. Fetty, F. W. Whetstone, R. B. Roberts, P. M. Koster, J. W. Jackson.

Center Row, left to right—L. Pearson, C. M. Gilman, R. G. Hall, A. Gmitro, E. V. Carpenter, C. T. Pryor, G. H. Pedersen, S. L. Klepek, M. Kalinsky, W. L. Lutz.

Front Row, left to right—R. Overman, S. V. Houghstead, J. Damasco, P. H. Branson, G. F. Syrene, F. A. Schimke, C. R. Walsh, P. R. Falco, W. C. Paul, R. L. Hutcheson.



BOOT CAMP

Camp Peary will perhaps linger longest in our memories as the place where you were greeted with the phrase, "You'll be sorreee." That little saying will invariably be implanted in all of our minds for many years to come. "Where ya from, Mac?" also brought many joyful cries from all of us. Well, the fun didn't last long for shortly after our arrival at the camp we were hauled from the railroad siding in convoy trucks to the induction area and turned loose in a barracks that had sacks on the double-decker bunks. Everybody cleaned up the best they could in the head, which was in medium pig-sty condition, then rested until supper-time. They led us to supper in a body, up hill and down, over a cinder patch which filled our shoes and finally to a large chow hall. Memories of that first chow at Peary still linger. Oh my, what a meal! But how about the coffee? Everyone agreed that the Navy chow wasn't so bad after all, but what in the— did they do to the coffee?

After supper a P. A. system routed us out to a cleared-off space with a platform at one end, on which stood an instructor in a sun helmet, with a list of names and a not to be forgotten cocksure manner. He took muster of the mob that was packed



around in the space below him and assigned us to barracks for the night. These barracks were also equipped with mattresses, and it certainly wasn't very long before everyone was sound asleep.

The next morning we were up bright and early ready for all of the induction ceremonies which filled a long day and accomplished an incredible amount of work. After an early breakfast, we were lined up in front of our barracks with any civilian clothes we wanted to save and were told that everything with the exception of handbags and toilet articles would have to be discarded. The instructor then gave each of us several slips of paper to carry and told us his name so we could find him if we became separated, as the processing required the group to disperse and re-form a number of times.

We marched double-file to a large building where every man stripped to the skin, retaining only one sock in which he put his billfold and such valuables as he wanted to save. Cardboard boxes were handed to each of us and in them we put all of our civilian clothing, filled out express labels and left them there to be shipped home. We had no further need of civilian clothes until after the war. Naked, we were X-rayed, and numbered on our shoulders, like beef, with mercurchrome. We then received a partial issue of clothing including dungaree pants, shorts, skivvy shirts and shoes—so that at least we were partly dressed.





Now we were introduced to the "lines" of the Navy. We stood in line for everything from then on. We got in line for a couple of medical shots, we were lectured on insurance and allotments, then interviewed individually and signed up for these two pay deductions. Then we fell in lines to be interviewed on our occupational backgrounds and several other items of importance for our service records.

The issue of our gear was the main event. We lined up again and received a mattress cover which served as a bag. We carried it up and down the lines of counters where clothing of every sort was hurled violently in by the storekeepers. Work clothes, underwear, socks, dress and undress blues, whites, hats, towels and soap went into the big bag. We tried on the dress clothes and immediately put them back in the bag. We received a mattress, buttons, sea bags, pillow, blankets all chucked together in another mattress cover so that each man had two bulky bags, a considerable combined weight to carry around. Staggering under this load we kept going from place to place, setting down the bags whenever we had to enter a building.

Then came the big shock! The G. I. haircuts were a great comedown for most everyone. The barbershop men, who were anything but barbers, simply cut off all of our hair with the speed of a power lawnmower and left you feeling very naked

and not at all the gentleman you had been in civilian life. Then they ran us through the photographer's section, where in dungaree shirt, with close-cropped skull and a number in front of you, you were photographed for your identification card picture.

Then to the never to be forgotten stenciling room. Here we were again lined up and lectured briefly on how to arrange all of our clothes for stenciling. Everything was to be stenciled with the exception of shoes and handkerchiefs. We were handed stencils already cut with our names just as we had filled them out earlier in the day. After all our clothes had been stenciled they were put back into the bags and we dragged and carried them to our barracks. Somewhere along this outsize assembly line we had knocked off enough time to eat the noon meal and now we stopped to take on evening chow. Every man's belongings were piled by his bunk in one of the enormous mattress covers. As the night before, the mob collected in the area below the platform and the same instructor with the mike began checking more muster lists and assigning us truck numbers which were to take us to the detention area. Before midnight, trucks had arrived for every group and we were hauled to our various barracks in D-10 area and bedded down for the night. This whole induction business had been completed in one long, hectic day and now we were ready to commence boot training.



BOOT TRAINING

Now we were definitely in boot camp! Everyone was housed in long barracks with double-deck bunks. Each barracks held two platoons, or about sixty men. The platoons were in the most part bunked one on each side of the barracks, each with a Chief in charge. We were taught how to make up a bed, how to leave it ready for daytime inspection, and how and where to hang our sea bags. No clothing or gear was to be out in the open at any time. It was all to be stowed away in our bags and from now on all the men had to learn to "live out of a sea bag" doing without the aid of tables or chairs or dressers or any of the little things to which one had been accustomed in civilian life.

An instructor was placed in complete charge of each barracks and his job was to turn out sixty well trained sailors at the end of a few weeks' training in place of the sixty untrained, green boots he had been given. All the men who ever went through boot training will agree that the instructors did a good job. Everything was done on a schedule. From reveille until taps no one had any time to himself. It seemed as if you were either falling in or falling out every time you turned around.



Here we had our first taste of military discipline. We listened to extensive lectures on military courtesy, learned when and whom to salute and how to do it properly. Our program was very heavy and moved along very rapidly. Our days were divided into periods much as it is in any school or college in the country. We had tiring periods of close order drill until the men were sure they couldn't stand on their feet much longer. Then we would fall out and have a period of lectures or movies. Our lectures included such subjects as sex and personal hygiene, Navy regulations, chemical warfare and security both in camp and on the march. After spending hours of drilling and trying to master the manual of arms, it was sometimes a relief to take up work with the machete, hand grenade or bayonet, or perhaps a little time spent with learning to signal with semaphore flags.

It was here that most of us began to realize how simple life had been at home. We not only had to become good housekeepers, but at the same time had become school boys and common laborers too. Our barracks had to be swept and swabbed down each morning after an early session of vigorous P. T. and breakfast before the day's work of drilling and classes began.





Every few days each barracks took its turn at being the duty company for the day. On duty days we each had our turn of guard duty (and memorizing the general orders), K. P., and general work details (usually pick and shovel).

During these hectic weeks in boot camp we found out why the Navy had issued us so many clothes. It was to keep you busy in the odd moments, either changing them, washing them, or rolling them up in their proper manner. And they really had a proper way of rolling up each and every item of clothing and laying them out for inspection. All of the washing of clothes had to be done in the old fashioned way, by hand scrubbing. They could be hung either indoor or out, but each piece had to be fastened to the line in a prescribed Navy way, using clothes stops.

As the days advanced, so did our training. We were soon taking long hikes through the wooded sections of camp and working out some military problems in extended order under simulated battle conditions. All this training had been coordinated so as to build us up to the best physical condition in the shortest possible time, although very few of

us realized how much good it had been until we were put over the obstacle course. This course was really a test of just how much stamina a man had. It meant running cross-country, climbing high walls, jumping ditches, swinging and climbing on ropes, crawling under and through barbed wire entanglements, in fact it was a real test of strength and speed of every man in the outfit.

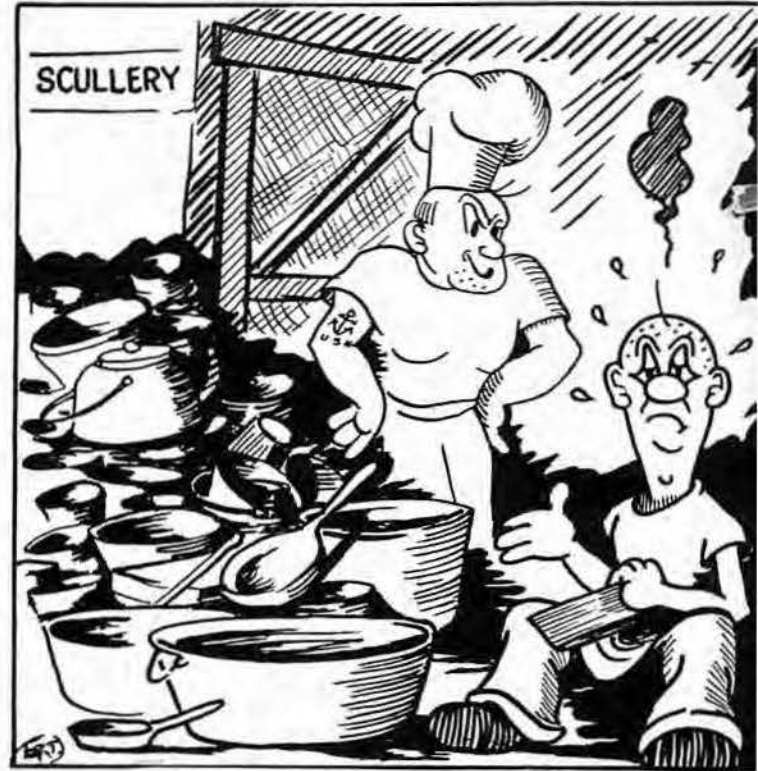
Somewhere along the line during these weeks we had managed to sandwich in half a dozen visits to the dispensary for all of the various kinds of medical shots (the effect of which could be felt for many days after).

During this time we had not been allowed to leave the confines of our area and it was with great joy that we were soon told our boot training was nearly over and we would be able to break detention. Our final days were spent in reviewing the myriad of subjects which had been thrown at us in the past few weeks, and in doing a lot more close order drilling in preparation for our final review, by companies, under competition. After this event was over we knew that it was the end of boot camp and that on the morrow we would be moved out of the area.





Two left feet but willing



Join the Seabees and follow your trade?

A BATTALION IS BORN

On the evening before the boots were to leave the area for good, all were summoned to the drill field where as each name was shouted the man answered and was told his assignment. Practically all were assigned to the 133rd Battalion. Each man was given his company and platoon.

That night everyone packed sea bags and handbags as much as he could—hampered in this job, of course, by an inevitable last-minute bag inspection. Next morning sea bags were carried by their owners to the drill field and stacked in designated places. The men reported to the drill field later in the day to find the parade-ground marked off by Companies and Platoons. Each man found his assigned platoon and his future platoon chief took a muster. Convoy trucks took the men out of the boot area to B-6 drill hall—the first of many a place the 133rd Battalion was to occupy. The outfit spent the first four days of its history there—Sept. 17 to Sept. 21. The huge building housed the entire Battalion. Men were assigned the double-deck bunks by company and platoon. Each company took up several rows lengthwise of the building and within each row there were a couple of platoons, so that the men had visual demonstration of how a Battalion was organized. The sea bags had been trucked over and after each man found his own and made up his sack, things settled down peacefully. There were no work details except messengers, guards around the drill hall, and head-watches posted in the large lavatory next door, so most of the drizzly days spent there were used in writing letters and sending home the new address: Camp Endicott, Davisville, R. I.

The different companies went out for a little hippity-

lip, and this was a chance to get acquainted with the new platoon chiefs—or in many cases to renew acquaintances, for a number of them were the same chiefs who had been in the same boot area. The drilling was close-order drill, "company front" formation, in preparation for a future Battalion review; instructors (some of the boot instructors again) scurried alongside, bawling and sweating.

In the drill hall there was still another one of those occupational experience questionnaires to fill out. Many men met their officers for the first time when they came through distributing and collecting the papers. The stage at one end of the building held a P. A. system which announced reveille and taps, transmitted bulletins, and produced recorded music. The O. O. D.'s office was in one of the anterooms off the stage.

Nearly everyone at some time got permission from his chief to go topside (main area) so as to enjoy the thrill of being for the first time, away from detention area and under his own cognizance. Busses took them there and brought them back with fresh supplies of soap or razor blades. Movies could also be seen there at night.

Train lists were posted for the forthcoming trip and instructions were to wear undress blues. This would be the first time most of the men had them on since the day they were issued. Some of the men did a little laundry in the large head and dried the clothes as good as they could between showers. It was here that the lucky owners of electric irons really got in their lick and collected handsomely for it. Blues needed pressing and particularly neckerchiefs which the men figured they would be wearing soon on their first liberties.

UNDERWAY TO DAVISVILLE

Two practice musters were held in front of the drill hall. Moving day came and with it a drizzly rain. Late that afternoon all the 133rd Battalion with the exception of those who drew the loading detail mustered the final time and were hauled by convoy to the trainside. The station band played a tune or two while the men boarded the train. Orders were that at sundown the shades had to be drawn, so the men who wanted to see New York were sadly disappointed unless they got the

shades up on the sly. However, the train passed through Washington while it was still daylight and a few of the government buildings could be seen in the distance.

Supper was served in the diner. This was a notable occasion since it was the first civilian food the former boots had eaten for a long time.

The Battalion arrived at Camp Endicott in the very early hours. Debarkation from the train was followed by a long chilly hike to quarters.

MAIN GATE AT CAMP ENDICOTT—DAVISVILLE, RHODE ISLAND





ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

OUR SOJOURN AT CAMP ENDICOTT

We arrived at Camp Endicott on the 22nd of September 1943 and assigned to occupy Area G, which consisted of an administration building surrounded by barracks (double-decked, each housing a company) with messhall and heads conveniently placed. Staff officers, company officers, M.A.A.'s, O.O.D., and medical department transacted their business in the administration building.

Company M.A.A.'s were appointed whose duties were to keep order in the barracks and see that they were properly cleaned each morning. Some unlucky men were drawn for "permanent K.P." The 133rd's own cooks and bakers began to function. The food was wonderful compared to that of Camp Peary. Chow call was announced over a P. A. system with speakers in each barracks—but when the first company was called out for chow, all of the other companies heard it too and made a rush to get in line, so that all chow lines were discouragingly long. And to top it all we had more than our share of rainy weather. It took considerable persistence to get a meal for different wings of the messhall were opened and closed according to whims, and K. P. humor was exercised by calling out erroneous information that over on the other side there was a short line.

Men were paged and announcements made over the P. A. system. An experiment was made of giving news announcements over it, but they couldn't be understood very well. Practically every man who wasn't on K. P. went to at least one school or class in technical training. Some classes met only half-days, or were over in a couple of weeks. Time outside of classes was spent in military training—if the Battalion caught up with you. The

training was mostly drilling on a paved drill field with airplanes roaring overhead so the orders were mostly unheard. The best part of the drill was when the instructors, too lazy to walk all of the way back to area G, would put one of our men in charge to march the men back. They immediately made it "route step," count or no count, each detachment falling out in a highly informal manner when its own barracks was reached. The instructors were not nearly so rough or exacting as the men had been led to believe, but they did introduce something unpleasantly new called the "21-count manual" which threw most of the men. The training rifles (old heavy Enfields with their length further increased by the addition of bayonets) didn't make it any easier. Then there was bayonet practice, and a little judo training and tumbling (which attracted some men though most were apprehensive).

The obstacle course was more spectacular but easier than the one at Camp Peary—though in wet weather it was an ordeal. Future work as a shore party was foreshadowed when the men put on packs for the first time and carried their pieces down a landing net into a replica landing barge, to dash out when the ramp was dropped, squirm under barbed-wire, and make a charge—all of this done by squads. A few men in each company were given instructions in making up Army packs, with the idea that they were to act as instructors to the rest of the men later on. We practiced grenade throwing, with such added refinements as flipping it through a small window in a hut as you dashed past; we also practiced diving through this same window head first although some of us really didn't care for it.

It was pleasant to be able to go topside at will, where you had access to all of the ship's service including a beer line (where you drank your beers as you waited in line for your next one). There were free movies every night. One night the Battalion used the theatre for its own stage show—songs, dances, and vaudeville skits.

Of course the great thing was liberty—the men's first chance to make contact with the civilian world since induction. The first liberty was also the first time of wearing their dress uniforms. There was a lot of looking into the mirrors to see how the tie looked, and how funny the schoolgirl middie looked, and what the little white cap looked like. It was the 133rd's first experience with liberty cards, too, and the cards were handed out one by one from the administration building causing many fellows to spend a part of their liberty time standing in line waiting for the pass; things were speeded up for later liberties. Many of the men lived in Boston or other nearby cities, and could get home overnight or week ends. Some had their cars parked outside the gates. Those with no nearby relatives or friends to visit went to Providence, a city of dim-outs and crowded sidewalks—but at least it was a civilian city and very hospitable. The S. P.'s proved to be good Joes, willing and able to help a sailor find his way around, and in no hurry to make trouble for him. Week ends, men staying over night there swamped the hotels, YMCA's, private rooming houses, and every other place that had cots available for service men.

The big feature of military training that everyone took part in was the handling of the carbine. "Dry fire" was the name given to the preliminary instructions given in the drill halls. Practice in aiming, including breathing, holding the piece and squeezing off the shots, gave confidence to a lot of men who had never before handled a piece. There was work in slow fire and rapid fire in the different firing positions (the kneeling and prone positions on a concrete floor are wearing on protruding parts of the anatomy). Instructions were given on windage and safety on the firing range. The instructors knew their business and had everyone genuinely interested in doing well on the range. The time soon came

to go to Sun Valley and put this training into practice. This range was named for a nearby town, and we marched those long seven miles. There we were introduced for the first time to Quonset huts, and the breakup into smaller groups went a long way toward acquainting men within a platoon. Careful training in rifle fire made nearly everyone unusually intent on the job and the result was some very good scoring and a feeling of satisfaction. There were no work details, except a little camp cleanup. Men fired one-half day and worked the targets the other half and in between times learned a lot about the care of a carbine. There was no fence about the Sun Valley range, and some of the boys did a little unofficial visiting during the evenings. The only unpleasanties about it was getting up so early in the morning and eating "picnic" meals outside in the cold weather. Upon their arrival back at camp the boys found their barracks piled high with trash left there by some outfit which had used the barracks for a few days in their absence. Their housekeeping conscience had reached a pitch, which was never again attained, and voluntarily they went to work and cleaned the place up before unpacking gear and bedding down.

Laundry was quite a problem during their stay at Endicott. The weather was cold, the rains didn't help any, drying rooms were jammed and there was a shortage of buckets and hot water. Many of the men developed colds and sore throats, but none too serious.

Embarkation leaves were granted to all of the men with the exception of those whose homes were on the west coast. Bond allotments were sold to many on the basis of increased overseas pay. Most of the Battalion went out on an extended military problem to polish up on combat conditions, and all in all it looked as if we were soon to be shipped out. The Battalion Review heightened this expectation of going into action, signifying as it did the 133rd's achievement of full status as a Battalion.

Embarkation leaves were over all too soon but most of the men returned on time (sober or with just a shady hangover). Finally word came that we were to leave Endicott and excitement ran high.





CHAPEL

ON TO GULFPORT

None of the men had much of an idea where they were going. Train lists were posted, lockers emptied, bags packed, and loading details put to work. The K. P.'s rushed over from their last messhall shift to pack their whites away and put on the undress blue uniform required, just in time to make the march to the train. The Battalion marched down in formation, carrying handbags inboard as per regulations, escorted by the station band. It didn't actually rain that afternoon, but the sky was overcast and between spells of music the silent, marching columns made a solemn scene. They came up alongside the train sections, each carload at the proper spot, went aboard, and shoved off on schedule on the 31st of October 1943.

One man's guess was as good as the next as to the

destination of the train. Every kind of conjecture found supporters during the next few days. All sections of the train were bound for Gulfport, Mississippi, but the passengers couldn't tell it. Following different routes, they meandered about the country leisurely and indecisively so that true information on where we were was really as misleading as false information. At last, in the middle of the night, the sections arrived at Gulfport and remained on the siding until the next morning. The 133rd detrained and looked about them at the Advance Base Depot, situated on the Gulf of Mexico, which was to be a mere stopping-point where they'd stay for a few weeks before shipping out. The arrival of the first section at the new advance base took place on the 3rd of November.

CAMP HOLLIDAY—GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI

When the Battalion arrived at Gulfport it was just beginning to get acquainted with itself. There proved to be plenty of time for the process to continue, contrary to predictions that "We'll only be here a couple of weeks and then ship out." Most men were glad to get away from outdoor training in sharp New England October weather. In Mississippi, at the time of arrival there November 3rd, the weather was still warm at midday. And during the winter months that followed, even though it was an unusually cold season for the Gulf, things never were really bad.

The 133rd found itself living in two large double-deck barracks and in surrounding Quonsets. It shared the area messhall with a neighboring battalion. A Ship's Service and a movie were conveniently located nearby. The closest liberty towns were Gulfport and Biloxi. In less than a week the men had mastered the intricacies of the state's liquor laws and also the technique of getting to New Orleans—and back—in spite of transportation shortages. They began to feel at home.

Yeomen, cooks, butchers, and the like had permanent assignments; for remaining battalion personnel there were three days of training and one "duty day" when they took their turn at guard duty or clean-up details or K. P.

Life at Gulfport was always giving signs of settling into a routine, but it never did quite get there because the Battalion was always getting squared away for an expedition, or going on one, or recovering from one. First of these was the journey to the bivouac area which the Battalion made on foot. The area was a region of swampland with trees and brush. The men moved into pyramidal tents "heated" by wood-burning stoves for which the men gathered or procured fuel. Baths consisted of a dip in the ice cold creek nearby. Lights were candles or gasoline lanterns. Amusements were roasting "wild" hogs for unofficial feasts and in the evenings there was beer. Thanksgiving day came and went here. Then one rainy morning the Battalion loaded its seabags on trucks and moved up the road (on foot again) a few miles to the rifle range.

The main thing to be said about the rifle range is that it was cold there. The long barracks had stoves, but not enough of them. The weather stayed damp and everybody went to sleep at night wearing sweaters and other outdoor garments. The Battalion began to make the acquaintance of something the Navy calls "cat fever."

On the rifle range men got acquainted with M1 rifles. They found out why you need a sling on a piece of that weight and why you don't let the thing buck loose and get you on the nose. Few of them ever found the bull's eye on the targets. To this day it is practically impossible to find out what score your friends made.

Two weeks in all were spent at the bivouac area and the rifle range. The trip back to the camp—30 miles—was made as usual on foot. It was a long trip. The homecoming took place in the dark, but the boys arrived cheering and singing—the ones that could talk. There was a late supper waiting at the messhall. Next day, records at the sickbay showed a large number of cases of "feet."

It took a week to get clothes laundered back into decency again. Meantime, technical training began to get under way. Classes were organized in refrigeration, brick stabilization, road building, and water purification. Men were assigned to practical

projects of camp construction and maintenance. Military classes included such matters as signaling, special weapons, extended order, and seamanship.

Since first coming to Gulfport the men had been hearing (with no particular pleasure) much about Cat Island, which has to be invaded by each Seabee battalion in turn. The advance party of the 133rd arrived at the Island and set about preparing defenses. Then came the rain. For two days the main party waited, congratulating themselves that they were still under barracks roofs. The rain stopped and the men set out. They found that several hours on a barge is a cold experience even in the Gulf of Mexico. They splashed through the chilly water to the beach, they "rook" the island by extended order, and put up their shelter halves, (the advance party had spent a couple of miserable nights staying partly dry under the mess tent.) Some men were assigned to airstrip and other construction; everybody got experience living out of packs and sleeping on the ground. There were oysters to be had for those hardy enough to wade out and get them. The food consisted mostly of beans and meat. This time the boys not only didn't do any laundry; they didn't even wash their faces or shave. After a couple of nights, to everybody's relief, the Battalion was ordered home again. The Seabees had got off dry land for the first time.

The most important thing now was the arrival of the first Christmas in service. A surprising number of emergencies suddenly occurred to take men home over the holidays. Some men's wives were already living in the vicinity of Gulfport and many others arrived at this time. A certain amount of Yuletide relaxation became evident at Camp Holliday. Liberties were granted almost nightly and 62's were obtainable over weekends. All knew that the next Christmas wouldn't be spent in the states, and they made the most of this one.

Work projects and technical classes swung into high after the New Year. At Quonset Hut school 95 men sweated and hurried to get their four huts built and taken down again. New kinds of work assignments made their appearance. Liberty privileges shrank. The number of Cat Fever cases declined. About a hundred men went to Bay St. Louis for a few weeks to build bridges and power-lines for the Army. There was a Battalion dance at the USO in Gulfport.

In February came the second invasion of Cat Island. The crossing wasn't so chilly this time and the Gulf water wasn't so cold in wading ashore. The advance party "defenders" showed more scrap this time. Camping and living were the same as before except far pleasanter. This time the Battalion stayed long enough to get some real training in airstrip construction and storage tank construction—making a record in each.

By now most men were surprised to find themselves still in the states. This was the period of great scuttlebutt, when everyone knew the outfit was to leave and everybody wondered where it would go. Training had been with both carbines and M1's so nothing geographical could be deduced from that. From Gulfport East and West seemed equally likely directions. It was announced that the 133rd had been assigned overseas. Finally, just before leaving Gulfport, the information was made known that first there would be a stop at Port Hueneme, California. The 133rd alighted there, after a "cattle car" train ride on February 28 and 29.



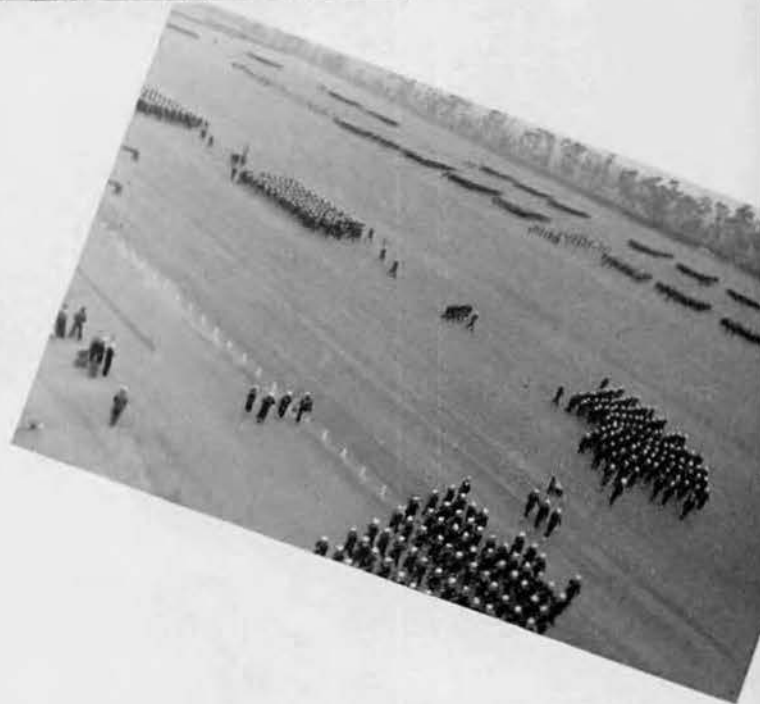
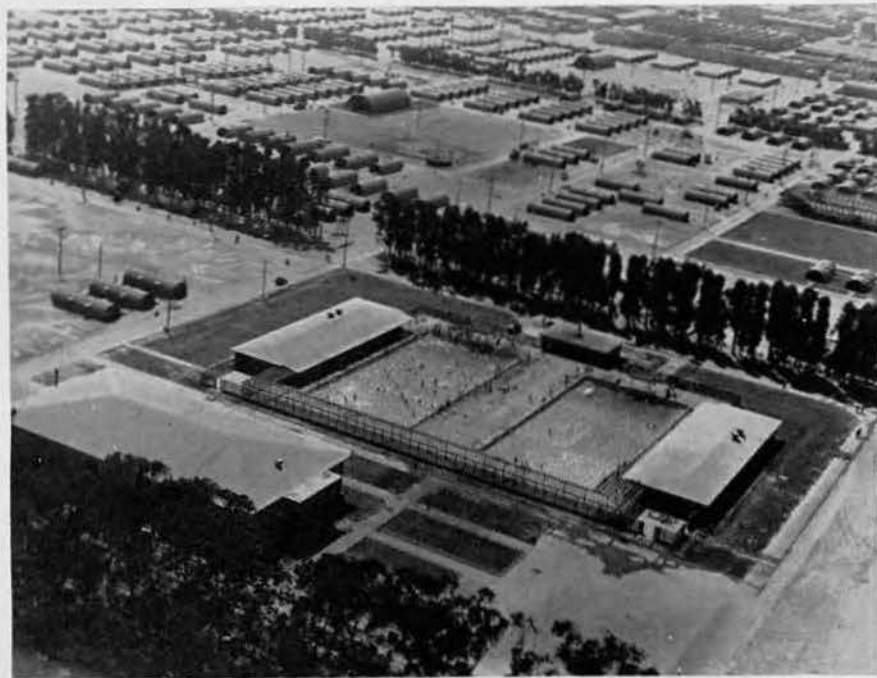
CAT





ISLAND





CAMP ROUSSEAU—PORT HUENEME, CALIFORNIA

The Battalion first began to realize it was in California when the train stopped on a siding close to San Bernardino. The mountains, purple in the haze of late afternoon sunlight, swept down in a long slope to wind up as an orange grove adjacent to the tracks. Several of the train's porters dashed out and picked some of the fruit overhanging the right of way, and the men lucky enough to get the oranges seemed to think they tasted fresher somehow.

It was dark long before the troop train pulled into the Los Angeles Terminal. The Native sons in the outfit admitted they were glad. The tracks wound through exactly the same sort of surroundings as railroads always do, which were hardly in keeping with the extravagant promises the Californians had made. Out through Burbank, and finally to Oxnard, where the train switched to a long curved siding, and the Battalion hit the deck in Camp Huene me.

Shouldering their gear, men of the Hundred and Thirty-Third sleepily followed the Station force guides to the barren Quonset huts which were to be the last "Home away from Home" in the states.

True to Battalion tradition, and much to the discomfiture of the West Coast boosters, the first morning dawned through rain. The "unusual" weather, or "heavy dew," was more frequent than the California Tourist Bureau had led the men to expect; but it didn't interfere with the outfit's activities. Training continued in all specialties, and when the day's work was over, it was a short ride to Oxnard, Ventura, or even south to Los Angeles.

A typical day at Huene me started at 0500 when the companies lined up in the crisp pre-dawn gloom for calisthenics. After breakfast the clean-up and policing details rushed to finish before muster. After muster the men reported to the various instructors. Boarding busses they rode through acres upon acres of trucks, pontoons, bulldozers, plywood, and all types of construction

equipment to the respective instruction areas. Conditioning hikes, obstacle courses, rifle range, practice with mortar and hand-grenades were the order of the day. Then relaxation and play to balance and round off the program.

The congestion surrounding all such centers of war-time activity was equally present in Southern California. The ever-present problem of transportation was as usual and gasoline rationing didn't help matters. Hotels and other living quarters were at a premium and overnight liberties called for ingenuity. But the men of the Hundred-Thirty-Third found their efforts well repaid.

Most of the Battalion went to Los Angeles for their week ends. Following either the coast route, along the Roosevelt Highway, or the inland route down the San Fernando Valley, the ride alone was entertaining. From the busses or cars some of the publicized eccentricities of California were open to inspection. Gay's Lion Farm, oddly shaped roadside stands, false buildings of movie location lots, and always the rocky, semi-barren hills that parallel the coast. Malibu Beach, then turned over to the services and Santa Monica with its beachful of potential starlets came in for their share of observation. And the Pacific Ocean, so soon to separate the Battalion from the things it was to fight for, pounded against a predominantly rocky shore.

For playtime there were Earl Carroll's, the Cocomanut Grove, the Biltmore Bowl, the Palladium, and other night spots. There was Grauman's Chinese, where the stars have been encouraged to spoil the sidewalks by stepping on the wet concrete and the Carthay Circle if a good picture show seemed indicated. The people of California were friendly.

In spite of the good natural rivalry between the men from other states and those from California, everyone in the Battalion was ready to admit that the stay in Huene me was entirely pleasant. When the time came to board the Transport at San Pedro, it was with regret that the Hundred and Thirty-Third said "So long" to the westernmost state of God's Country.





ON OUR WAY

Just before midnight on the 30th of April we boarded a train in Camp Rousseau which took us, in just a few hours, to San Pedro, California, where we were to board ship. We arrived at San Pedro and by noon time were all quartered aboard the U. S. S. Leonard Wood ready for our long journey. The following morning lines were broken and the great ship slowly moved away from the pier and out into the bay where the convoy was formed. Just as the sun was preparing to dip below the horizon, our convoy all formed, we steamed out of the bay and into the long rolling swells of the beautiful blue Pacific.

Our next several days aboard ship were comparatively uneventful. We occupied our time with routine duties, playing cards, watching the maneuvers of the convoy or just watching the blue water and marveling at the flying fishes.

We soon learned, from the crew, that because of the good

fortune of our ship in previous engagements she had been nicknamed "Lucky."

Early risers, and men standing guard duty aboard the U. S. S. Lucky saw Koko Head, on the southeast corner of Oahu, poke out of the purple Pacific on the morning of May 9, 1944. Short hours later, those of the Battalion who had previously visited Hawaii now were pointing out Diamond Head and the landmarks of Waikiki Beach. There was plenty of time to admire the picture book beauty of green palms against darker green mountains and the translucent blue water pushing against golden sand because heavy traffic through the narrow mouth of Pearl Harbor delayed docking until mid-afternoon.

Our passage through the myriad of channels and mooring basins of Pearl Harbor, seeing ships six abreast against every foot of dockside and their decks swarming with men, gave us a full realization of the phrase "Honolulu, the crossroads of the Pacific."



N. A. S.

H O N O L U L U



CONSTRUCTION PROJECTS

At last the great day came, the day every man in the Battalion had been looking forward to, the day that was to answer the thousand grumbling queries; "When do we go to work?" Now was our chance to prove ourselves, to prove just how good we were as a construction Battalion, and every man, mentally at least, drew up his belt a notch and resolved to show his stuff.

Eight months of training lay behind us, training that had sent us to the East, South and West coasts of the U. S., and across thousands of miles of the Pacific to our present Station. Everywhere we had established an enviable record. Now, we were expecting to do even better.

Our first large scale construction assignment could not have been better suited for a "shake-down" period. Naval Air Station Honolulu was already one of the largest and busiest airports in the Pacific theatre, and plans were formulated for a rapid expansion to even greater capacity. We were to play our part in this expansion.

Working conditions were good, hours not too long, one day off a week to see the sights of the Island, comfortable quarters, and excellent weather all contributed to a high morale. From a builder's standpoint, equipment was fairly adequate and in fair shape, materials were available to a persistent procurer without too much delay, and the variety of work was such that the majority of the personnel could be used in the capacity for which best suited.

Of immediate concern to the Battalion was the organization to be set up to cope with the numerous projects that were assigned to us. Should we pool our personnel by skills and draw on the pool for each job, or should we leave each Company organization intact, assign the projects to the companies and make them responsible for the satisfactory completion of their assignments? The latter policy was adopted and

followed successfully throughout our entire program. Cooperation between officers and men and between organizations and jobs highlighted our endeavors. Progress was highly gratifying both to ourselves and to construction officials at N.A.S.

The diversity presented by our building program is clearly illustrated by a brief mention of some of the major projects. Grading operations on taxiways, runways, warm-up aprons, service aprons, parking areas and roads were constantly underway. Large precast concrete culvert storm drain systems were laid. Two precast concrete slab seaplane ramps were built at the water front. A 50,000 gallon capacity aviation gasoline tank was substantially completed and a distribution system for refueling seaplanes installed at the eight finger piers at the water front. Huge warehouses for aviation parts storage were constructed, as were a machine shop, fire station complete with towers, filling station and grease rack, beachmaster's office, several 250-man capacity frame barracks, an officers' mess, Waves' quarters, and many large double-deck quonset barracks. Water lines were installed in both the housing area and aviation storage area. Electrical and plumbing crews made all installations in our projects and many in the large 10-plane nose hangar as well. A large outfall sewer extending well out to sea was installed. Pile driving for various water-front installations was a heavy assignment. A casting yard that supplied precast concrete items for any and all projects on the station was operated by this Battalion continuously throughout our stay at N.A.S.

After a little more than five months here (31 October 1944) we left for our next Advanced Base. A last tour of the Station, a last look at the work we had accomplished, and there came to us a sense of satisfaction in a job well done. We faced the future with a confidence born of our past achievements.



Excavation for Back Fill



Placing Coral Fill

RUNWAYS

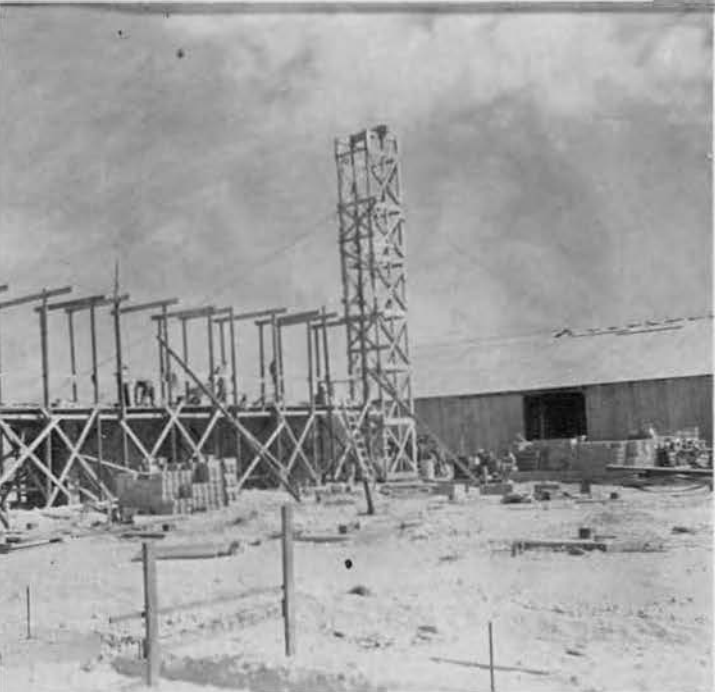
Grading operations were many and varied. Coral runways, taxiways, warm-up aprons, parking areas and service areas shaped up rapidly. Adjacent to the strip, large areas for warehouses, machine shops, and hangar installations were built. In the housing areas, highway and drainage installations were built and all calls for grading on miscellaneous Battalion projects were met. Many men were trained in heavy equipment operation to fill shortages in certain classes of operators. Under the general supervision of Lieut. Greenfield, with Chief Carp. Smith assisted by Chiefs Walmsley, Breault and Latta handling details in the field, the "dirt movers" were off to a good start.



Compacting Coral Fill



Finished Runway



Fire Wall Construction



Warehouse and Filling Station



WAREHOUSES

Three aviation storage warehouses 150 ft. x 400 ft. complete with masonry fire walls, thousands of storage bins, and asphalt paved decks constituted a major project. Here was the first big "tryout" for many carpenters, concrete workers, masons, sheet metal men, electricians, riggers, crane operators and many others. In conjunction with the warehouses, a large quonset hut was built to serve as a Supply Office. Supervision on this project was shared by Lt. (jg) Edwards and Chief Carp. Ruppert, with Chiefs Cook, Farmer, and Haaglund, and Guidera, Hastings, and Leyton in charge of field operations.

Warehouse No. 4

Supply Office

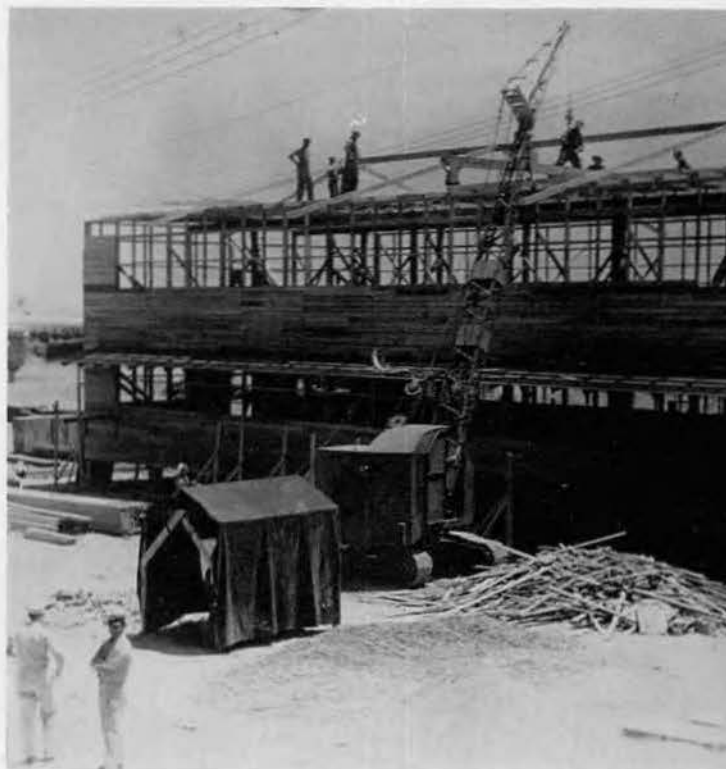


FRAME BARRACKS

High on the priority list of general projects assigned us was the construction of several 240-man frame barracks urgently needed to provide quarters for additional personnel expected on the station. Despite a rush schedule and long hours put in by our builders, the newcomers were moved into two barracks while the water, plumbing, and lighting facilities were still incomplete—but not for long. Chief Carps. Blythe and Munn, who also collaborated later on the machine shop and quonset barracks, were in direct charge of operations. Assisting them in the field were Chiefs Davis, Barnett and Kromer with Woodcock, Freitas, Demettynaere, and Nepute pushing gangs.



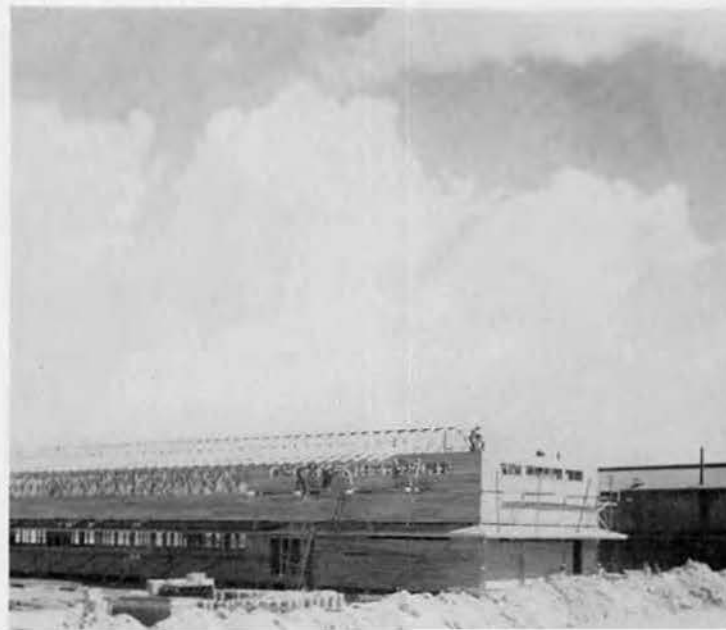
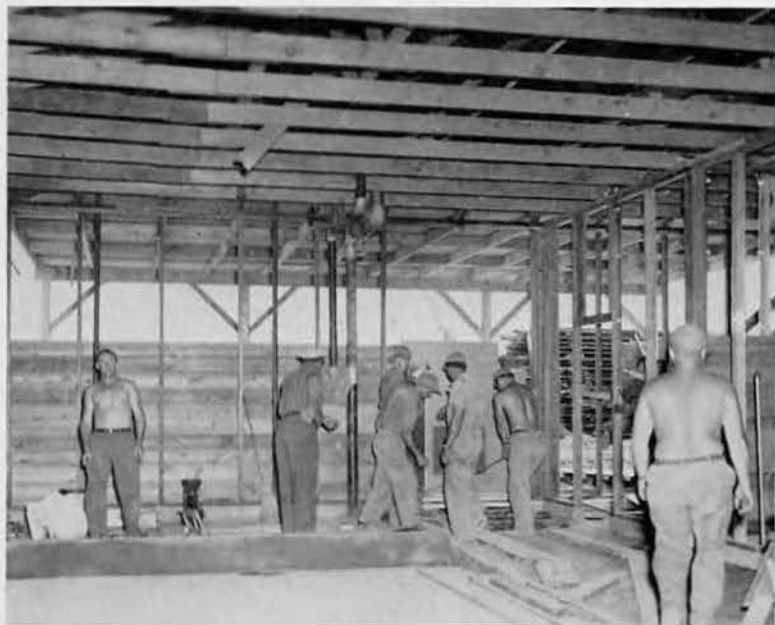
General View



Placing Roof Trusses

Plumbing

240-Man Barracks





Sub-Grade Screeding Rail in Place



Placing Concrete Slab



Divers



Grouting Slabs

SEAPLANE RAMP

Two seaplane ramps along the water front were among the toughest assignments we drew. The underwater portions of these ramps consisted of large precast concrete blocks weighing ten tons which were bedded on gravel subgrade. The exposed portion of the ramps was poured in the field as built. Precast blocks were handled by floating cranes and set in place by divers instead of using caissons to open up working area. This reduced considerably the time required in building as compared to ramps already in place. Carp. Shupp was field supervisor, assisted by Chiefs Farina, Renninger, and Denton.



Precast Concrete Slabs for Seaplane Ramp



Stripping Precast Culvert Forms

CASTING YARD

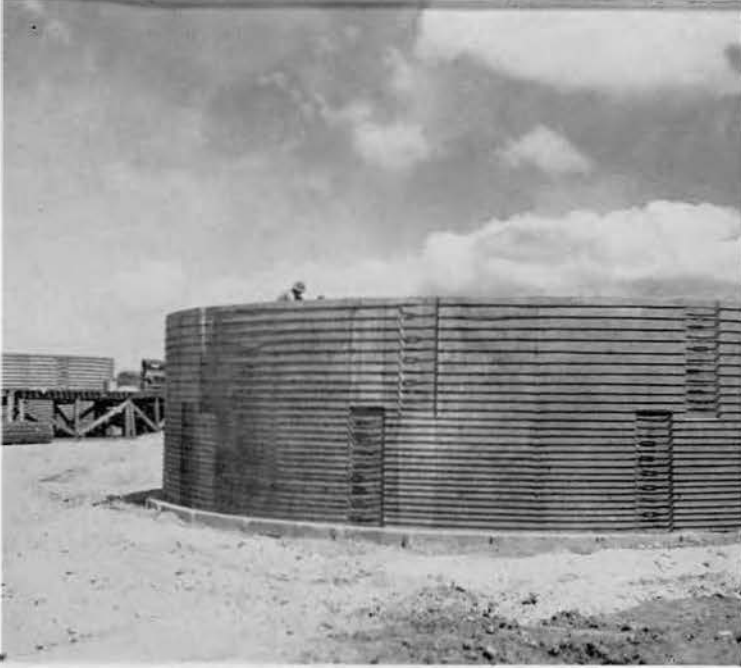
The casting yard was under the general supervision of Carp. White and was one of the busiest places on the Station. Supplying orders from our own projects as well as from all Battalions on the base, this job furnished many precast concrete items such as culvert sections, seaplane ramp slabs, manholes, manhole covers, concrete piling, conduit spacers, anchor blocks, and many miscellaneous items. A steel gang supervised by McCarley and Mosblech fabricated steel for all precast work and for all projects requiring construction of concrete structures. Chiefs Howard and Hines handled the form work and placing of concrete.



Rod Bending Crew



Culvert Sections



Prestressed Rods in Place



Pouring Wall



General View



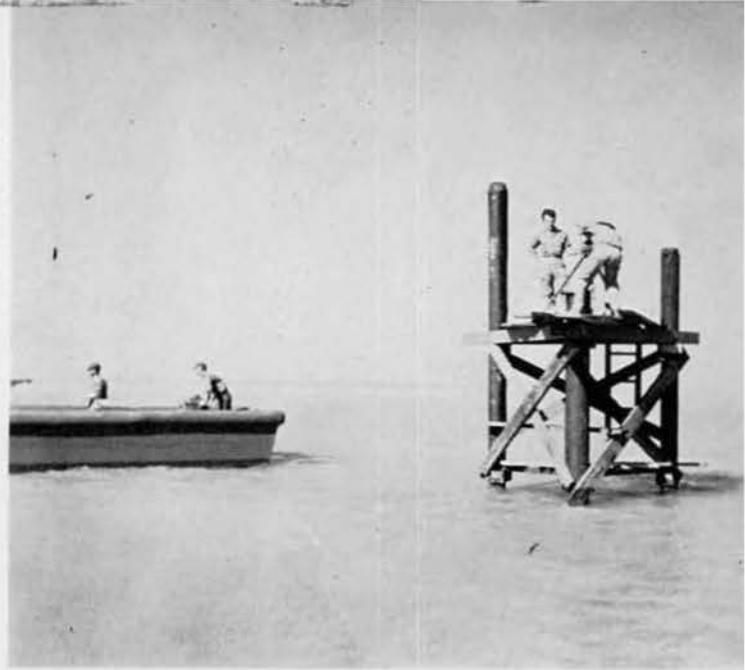
Filling Rack

TANK FARM

An interesting project was the 500,000 gallon capacity tank farm for storage of aviation gasoline. There were ten 50,000 gallon prestressed steel reinforced circular concrete tanks. Only two of these were in temporary operation when we took it over. The job was substantially completed with all piping, pumps, motors, loading racks, and electrical controls, installed in a concrete control building. Also a complete "gas-up" system was installed on all the finger piers on the water front. Under the supervision of Lieut. Greenfield, aided by Chief Boso in the field, work progressed rapidly. Davidson, McMunn and Culp pushed the form work and concrete while Harrington handled the piping.

PILE DRIVING

The pile drivers got in their bit in the driving of pile clusters for seaplane runway lighting standards and foundation piles for the docks in the repair basin for small boats. Lieut. Shears had general supervision of this work with Chiefs Davis and Hutcheson handling details in the field. The boat crew under the supervision of Chiefs Walker and Marshall handled all boats and barges on all water front projects.



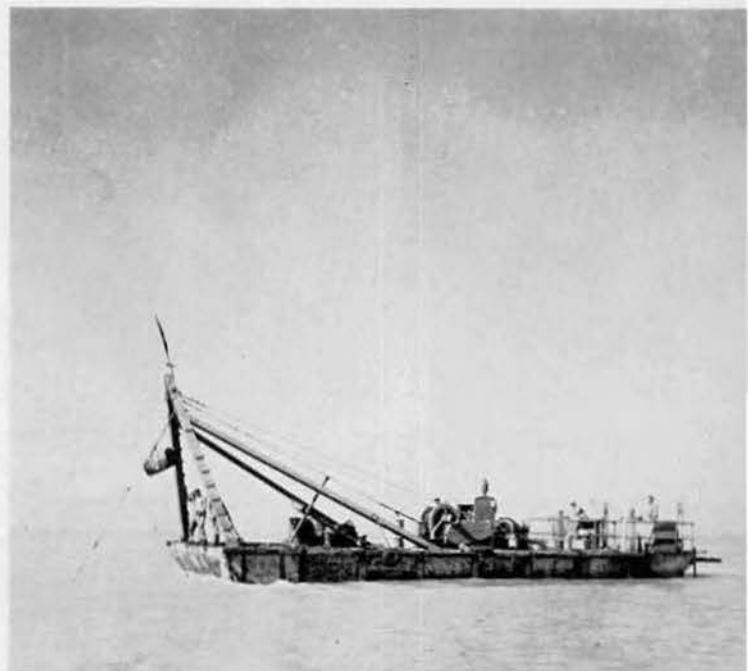
Survey Crew



Compressor

Pile Driving Barge

Anchor Barge





Excavating for Main



Fire Main

WATER LINES

To meet the rapid expansion of the base many thousands of feet of water lines were required and were laid as part of the Battalion's work. Mains for supplying the housing area and aviation storage area were the chief projects. The former, constructed under

the difficulty of having to blast the pipe trench out immediately adjacent to existing lines, was under general supervision of Lt. (jg) Jones with Chief Barker in the field. Lines laid in the warehouse area were put down by Chief Cook assisted by Overman.

Laying 12-inch Main



12-inch Main in Place





Manhole



18-inch Line

SEWER LINES

A major Battalion project was the completion of a 3000 foot, 24 inch outfall sewer line which extended to deep water outside the reefs, 1200 feet of which was laid by a previous Battalion. Using a large barge equipped with crane, winches and ramps, pipe sections were bolted together aboard the barge, slid down the ramp to where empty barrels were

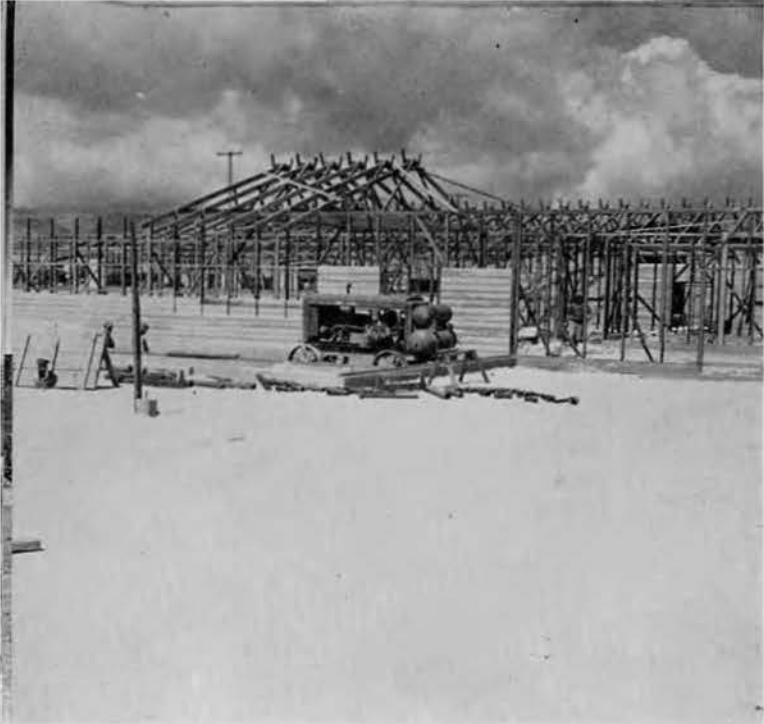
attached to provide buoyancy. When all the sections were in place the old line was raised, connection made, and then the entire line was sunk by perforating the drums by carbine fire. Lieut. Fritch was in general charge of the project, with Lt. (jg) Shears handling details in the field assisted by Chiefs Davis and Hutcherson.

25-inch Outfall Line



Floating Outfall Line





Framing Officers' Mess



Nearing Completion

GENERAL VIEWS

Pictured above is the Officers' mess, one of our Battalion projects which filled an urgent need in the expansion of the base. With Chief Carp. McKinney in charge and Chiefs Enoch and Barnett directing activities in the field this job was completed in good time.

The large quonset hut heads shown below were erected in the Station Force area as part of the general expansion. Chief Carp. Blythe directed activities generally with Chief Davis in charge in the field assisted by Wagner and Fogg.

Framing Quonset



Interior of Quonset





Control Building at Tank Farm



Electric Manhole

GENERAL VIEWS

Activities of the Electrical Department, while not covered pictorially, were quite extensive. In addition to making all electrical installations in our own projects which included some heavy work in the electrical control system at the tank farm, a sizable crew was kept busy on installations at the nose hangar. Under the capable supervision of

Chief Carp. Hermansen, Chiefs Hansen, Arter, Wilson, Riggs, Murphy and Hunter kept operations rolling smoothly.

Adequate storm drainage, always important in airfield construction, was installed under the general supervision of Lt. (jg) Clark with Prewitt in charge in the field.

Storm Drain Manhole



Pyrotechnic Magazine





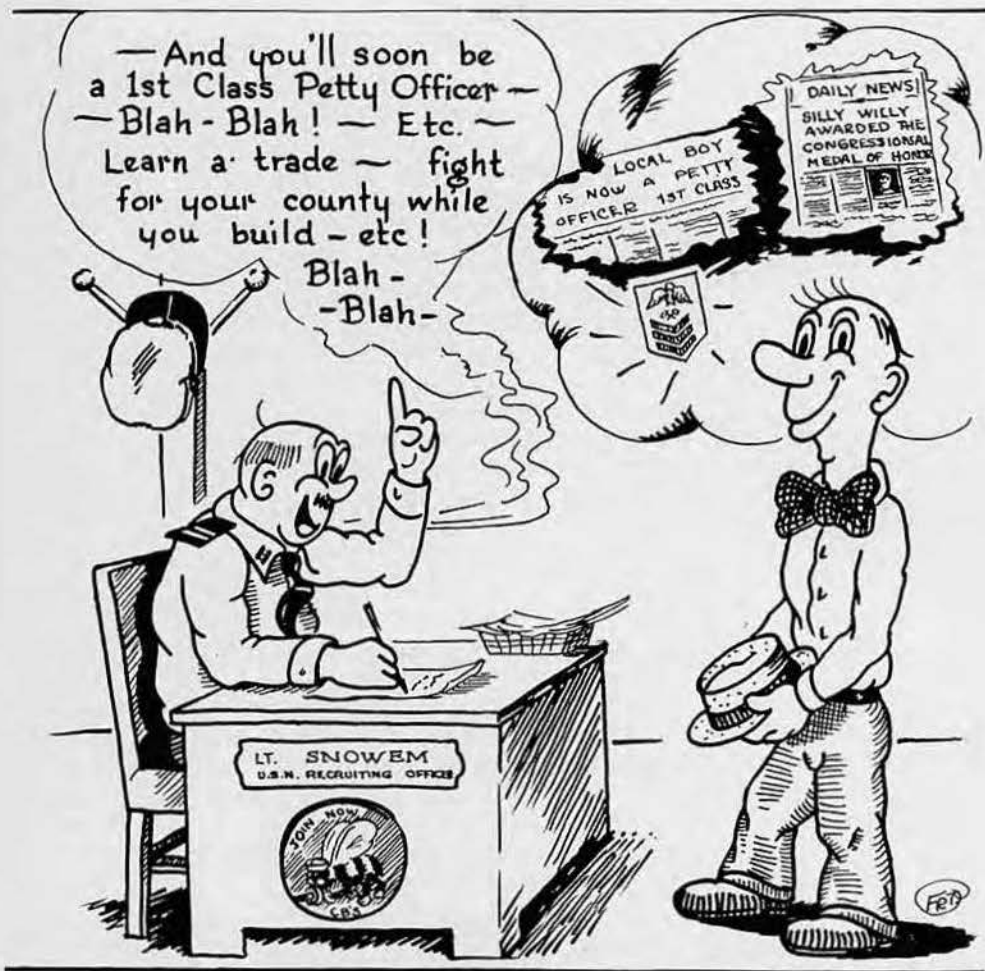
F. J. T. (signature)

— GOING TO CHOW —



F. J. T. (signature)

— GOING TO WORK —



PONTOON DETACHMENT

On July 23rd, 1944 a group of 17 men, one Officer and one Chief Petty Officer were detached from the 133rd Battalion to be assigned to a pontoon detachment for the purpose of operating pontoon barges for ship to shore transportation.

The group was in charge of Chief Carpenter P. Ritchie, and J. C. Walker CBM, and was made up of the following men; R. L. Horr, E. K. Steirert, E. P. Kelly, O. R. May, M. C. Carlson, W. A. Nielsen, H. T. Clark, W. R. Scott, E. J. Steen, L. J. O'Malley, R. W. Morehead, G. W. Jacques, J. F. Kupstas, J. A. Brostrom, C. R. Means, W. G. Christiansen and the photographer, J. S. Nielsen.

After a short time spent at Maunaloa Ridge they embarked on an LST and left Pearl Harbor on the 8th of August, 1944. Eighteen days later they reached the Florida Islands, in the Solomon group, where they learned that their destination was to be the Palau Islands. After a ten day stay at Florida Island and Tulagi Harbor, during which time quite a few cases of beer were consumed on the beaches, their LST sailed from the Solomons and joined a convoy.

Arriving in the Palau Islands on the night of September 15th, they were able to see the beginning of the Naval bombardment of Anguar and Pelelieu. Once while standing close to one of the islands their ship was almost hit by five shells which passed over and landed in the water close beside it. Needless to say, the spectators on deck wasted little time in getting below.

D-day on Anguar was September 17th, and two days later the detachment lowered their pontoon barges from the side of the LST and prepared the engines and other gear for use. That night the barges were sent to the various ships to be loaded with cargo. Early the following morning the first barges hauled their cargos of gasoline and artillery projectiles ashore. There was light fire from the shore at this time, which didn't seem to be very accurate.

Due to the lack of docking or harbor facilities it was necessary

to bring the barges into the beaches over a shallow coral reef. Several barges were wrecked the first day from pounding on the reef in the heavy surf. Continual high swells and surf made loading very difficult and hazardous for the entire time the barges operated.

The crews lived on their barges for the first few days but later a bivouac area was established.

Some of the barge crews had some very unusual experiences—one barge was forced ashore in a storm with a dead engine and the crew found themselves in the middle of a live minefield. One crew member swam out and brought a line in from an LCI, and after some time the ticklish job of removing the barge from the beach was accomplished. On another occasion one of the barges and its crew was being used to evacuate several hundred Army troops from an end of the Island where fighting was still in progress. The barge came under severe mortar fire but luckily no hits were scored and the troops were removed safely.

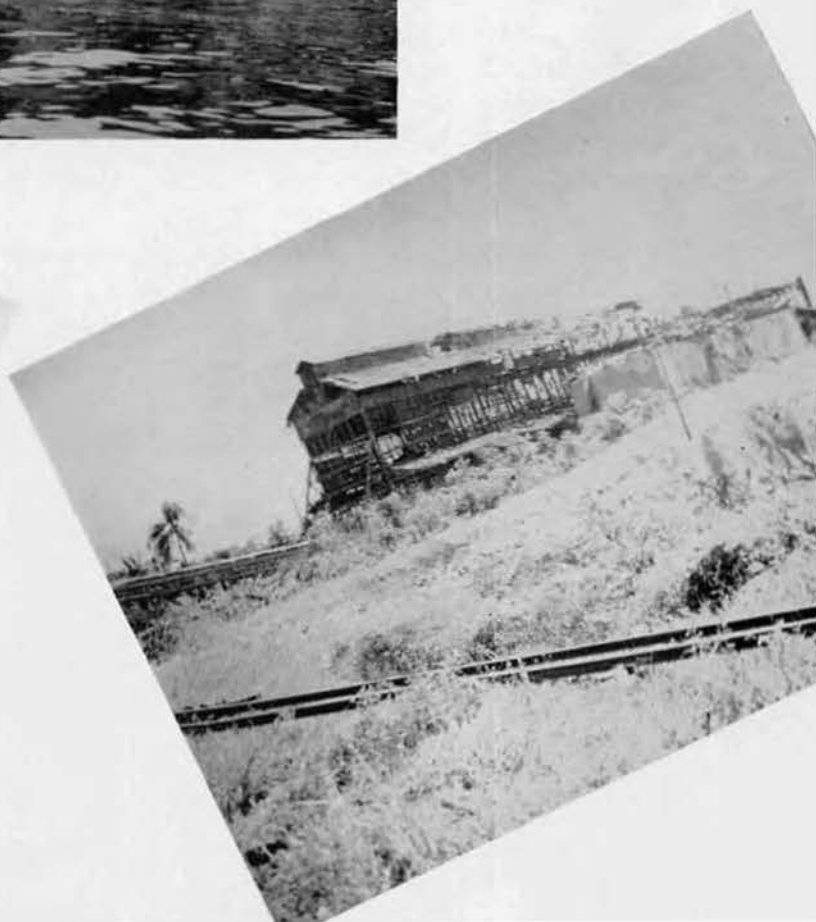
The cargos carried on the barges were mostly fuel, ammunition, building supplies, construction equipment and food, each barge carrying about 40 tons on each trip.

On October 2nd, the detachment turned over the barges to a GROPAC unit and embarked on an Army transport which stayed in the vicinity of the islands until October 13th, when it departed for the Russell Islands. From there they headed for Pearl Harbor, by way of the New Hebrides Islands and New Caledonia, arriving there November 13th. It was here that the men received their first mail in almost four months.

For a job well done on this assignment, a letter of Commendation was awarded to the detachment by the Task Force Commander.

On November 23rd, they arrived in Camp Maui and rejoined the Battalion exactly four months after being detached and just in time to be refitted for our coming invasion.







HONOLULU

The Lucky was met by a small part of the bus fleet operating in the huge Pacific naval base; and the men of the 133rd wedged themselves aboard for the ride to new Quarters. The busses wound through the maze of roads, past the Submarine Base, and out the Sub-Base Gate to Kamehameha Highway. A short ride toward Honolulu, then Mauka (North) to Maunaloa Ridge where the empty Quonsets lined up awaiting occupancy. By the time the Battalion was delivered to their new doorsteps, the bus drivers had been pumped dry: "How's liberty here?" "What outfits are here?" "How long do the Battalions hang around before shipping out?"

Beds were uncrated and the Hundred-thirty-third was "at home" but not for long. Within the week, the outfit had moved to barracks at the Naval Air Station, John Rodgers Field. Raw and new, the white coral "made ground" threw up a glare that hurt the eyes, and dust that coated everything; but the Battalion at last had some real work to do, and an unfamiliar surrounding to explore.

The view from the deck of the transport was no preparation for the realities of war-time Honolulu. Men of the Battalion found that getting transportation for the five mile trip into town was a combination of luck and organized mayhem. The big pre-war busses were jam packed at their terminals, and trying to get aboard at any mid-station stop was out of the question. However, with perseverance, it was possible to cover the distance in an hour.

Once in town, the Liberty-goer had a choice of several pastimes: Go to a show, (standing in line); go to a restaurant (by standing in line); try to patronize a bar (by standing in line); or just stand in line. Two out of every three people were in uniform, and civilians had developed the brusque attitude usually attributed to cities on the Atlantic Seaboard. Thousands of juke-joints and catchpenny jewelry and "curio" shops smothered the more dignified estab-

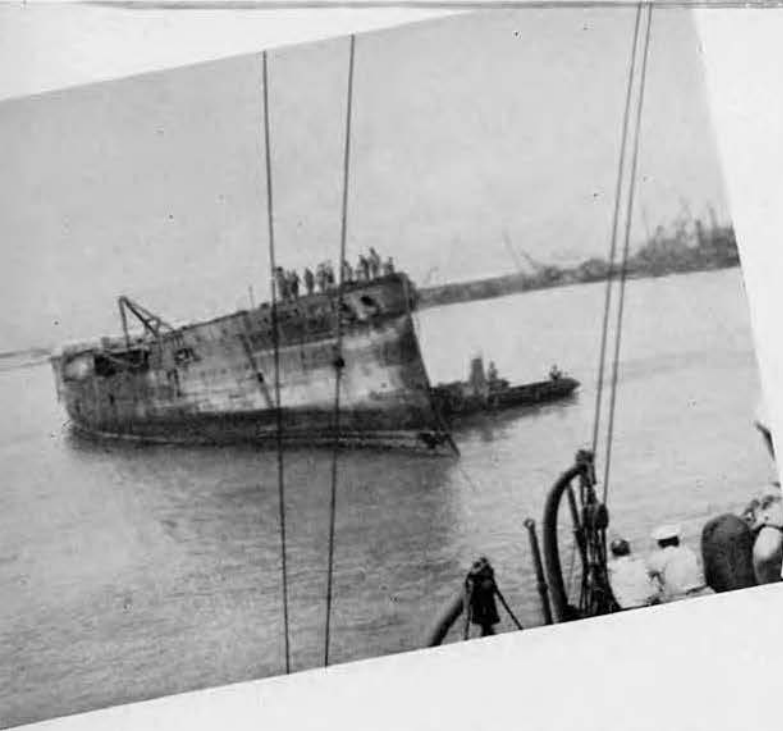
lished stores. Whole streets were given over to concessions, usually run by a "hapa-haole" girl with a more or less friendly smile. Hula girls, in cellophane "grass" skirts, posed with servicemen for the modest stipend of a hundred dollars a day and in the next booth, beaded pillowslips were the prizes for knocking down the milk bottles with three baseballs.

But much of Oahu's pre-war beauty was still unsmothered by the tawdry, carnival atmosphere. The beaches, though crowded, were still warm and golden. The swimming was as good as can be found. Surfboards were for rent and proved almost as entertaining as the old travel posters indicated. The golf clubs extended hospitality to those of the Battalion interested. In spite of war-time maintenance difficulties, the courses were well-kept and beautiful. Natural beauty wasn't limited to the golf links! Kalakua Park, Moana Park, the Nuuanu Valley, and all of Windward Rural Oahu were lush with unfamiliar trees, shrubs, and exotic flowers.

Of its unofficial actions and entertainments on the Island of Oahu, Territory of Hawaii, the members of the Battalion will probably remember the setting longer than the things done. With the mountains of the Waianae and Kahoolawe ranges in the background, and the green of sugar cane fields, or the endless expanse of geometrically planted pineapple in the foreground, men of the Hundred and Thirty-Third were constantly reminded of the leisured beauty which even the turmoil of war couldn't efface. And while the exigencies of war made Hawaiian hospitality a scarce item, the members of the Battalion came in for more than a fair share.

There is an old saying in the Islands: "Once a visitor has seen Hawaii, there is always a desire to return someday." No doubt that future memories of the stay in Hawaii will give many members of this Battalion a pleasant nostalgia for another look at Diamond Head.





HISTORIC CRUISER BALTIMORE SUNK BY SEABEES

The old cruiser Baltimore, long anchored at Pearl Harbor, was scuttled by our Battalion 15 miles off Oahu.

The ship, which took part in the Battle of Manila Bay under Admiral Dewey, was decommissioned in 1922 and in December, 1941, was offered for sale to the highest bidder. The Jap attack on Pearl Harbor interfered with salvage operations by the new owners.

The Baltimore was built in 1886 in Philadelphia and commissioned by the Navy in 1890, the third Navy vessel to bear the name. She served in Chilean waters and in the Asiatic area and during World War I laid about 900 mines to combat German subs in the north Atlantic. Later she became flagship of the mine detachment in the Pacific. In 1943 she was succeeded by the new heavy cruiser Baltimore.

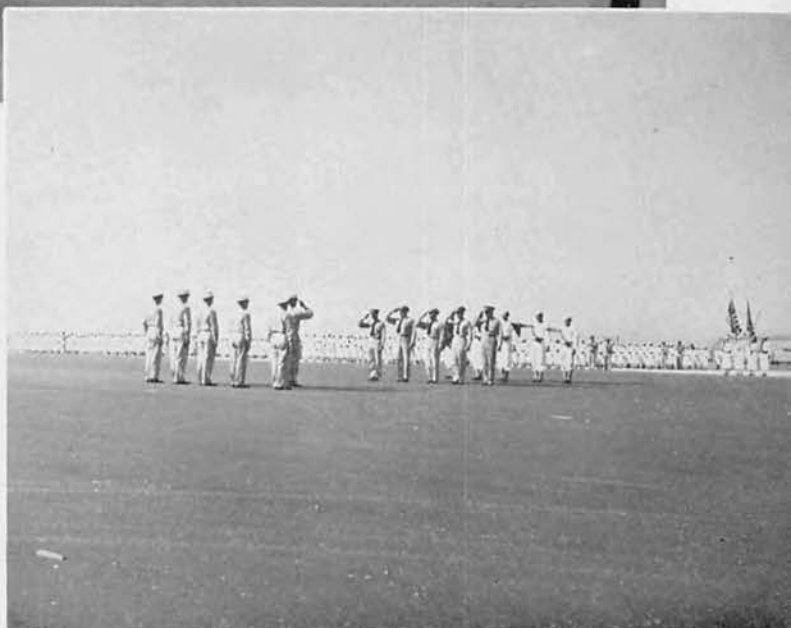
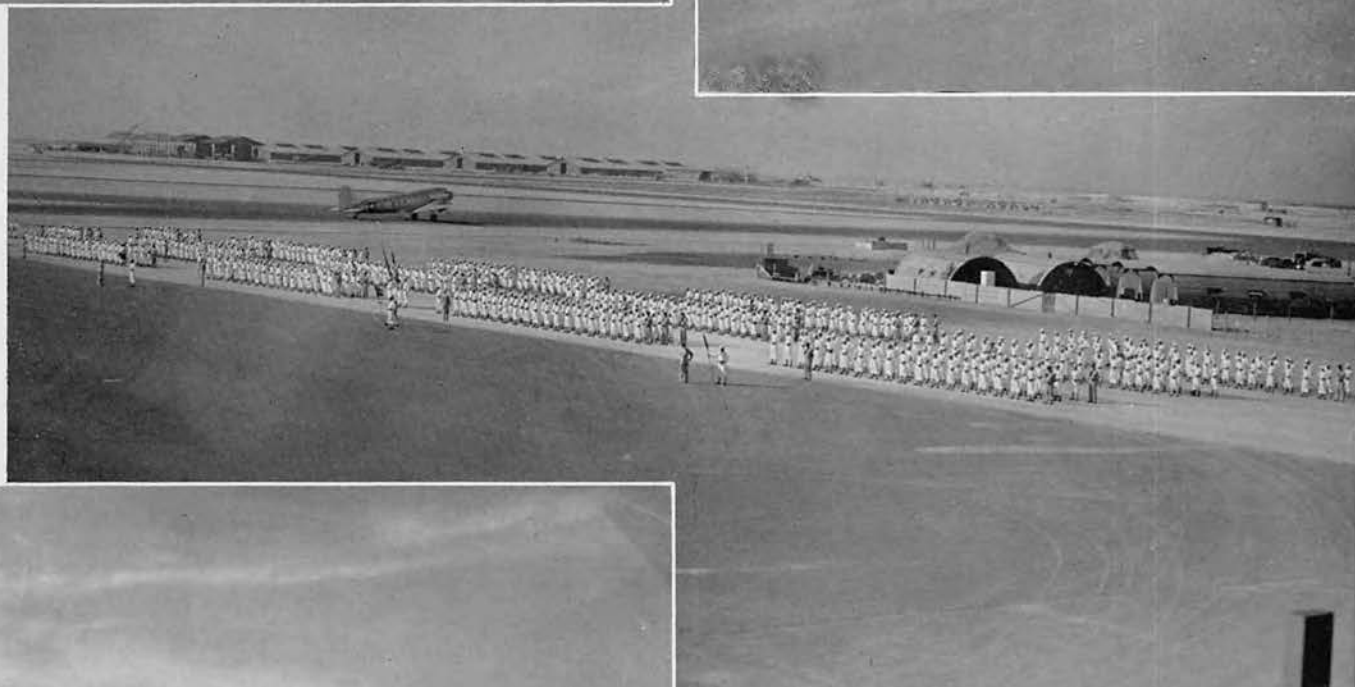
On the morning of September 22, 1944 a party of officers and demolition men left the station and went to the pier where the old ship was laying. They prepared the ship for

towing out to sea and placed demolition charges in the old hull. Each of the three charges consisted of 100 pounds of dynamite well tamped with sand bags to force the blowing of the plates.

At 1245 o'clock the towing got under way heading out through Honolulu Harbor. After a few hours it was decided they had towed her out far enough and the towline was cast off. Fuses were lighted and the tugs laid off to await results. At 1650 the first charge let go and three minutes later the bow of the gallant old cruiser sank from view to take her place of honor alongside her sister ships in Davy's locker.

The men of our Battalion present were: Lieuts. Birger, Bass and Fleming, Chief Warrant Officers Schupp and Ruppert and Warrant Officer McKinney; Chief Barker; Abbott, Boyd, Edington, Raymont, Reay, Narramore, Pysnik, Silvia, Pulver, Rockwell, Leon and McClasky.





**BATTALION REVIEW
OCTOBER 8, 1944**

SPORTS



Creased file folders, tattered record sheets, stand in the cabinet drawer like silent testimonials to days of Battalion achievement and recognition in the field of sports. Frolicking, carefree moments when the most important matter in the world was to win that game, defeat that opponent. Days of good fellowship and sportsmanship. Nostalgic days. Pleasant memories. Recall them to mind once more.

Turning to the page of the musty file copy of the Camp Endicott paper, "Bulldozer," dated October 5, 1943, is the bold headline, "133rd Battalion Boxers Cop Base Championship." The first triumph for a Battalion which was commissioned only a few weeks ago—September 17, 1943. Within the ranks were men of Championship caliber and they proved it immediately. Through the fighting skill of Tullos, Roberts, Molina, Haynes, Ward, Attwood, and Padilla, a cup, signifying victory was awarded to the Battalion.

Moving on to Mississippi the following month, November, an all-out effort was made to make every Battalion man active in some sport or another. By the 9th of November, the Battalion had its first Basketball team, and it joined the Camp Holliday basketball league. Their first game was against the 113th. For this and results of subsequent games memories were short—at

least the boys wished it more so. They were shellacked by the walloping score of 42-12. For the entire first half of the season, the 133rd stayed in the cellar, Battalions 117, 127, 139, 118, 143, 134, and 116 proved too tough. However, the boys refused to admit defeat. Beginning the second half of the season, they came back with a vengeance, and solidly thumped their former Nemesis. Not to be denied were the high scoring duet of Pryor and Lewis, supported by such stalwarts as Ware, Schultheis, Pittser and Guidera. Coach Keeler's men fought the good fight, and had the Battalion remained a few days longer at Gulfport, another championship trophy would have been added to its collection.

The outstanding fighting record established by the boxers at Endicott was continued. Featured in weekly Camp Smokers, the boys thrilled hundreds of their mates with their ring finesse. Led by Tullos, Roberts, and Ward all comers were defeated. The night the Camp championship was won, the best opponents in the Camp were handed decisive lickings. The tempo set was a furious one. No breaks were given or asked. Tullos, Roberts and Taylor performed magnificently that evening and won their fights with KO's. When the tally of points were counted, the 133rd added another trophy to its shelf. Individual prizes were awarded Tullos, Taylor, Roberts and Molina for representing the best in their weight classes.



RECREATION



Special attention was turned to the older men in the Battalion. A tug-of-war team was formed around musclemen Meyer, Silva, Mercer, Nungesser, Kelly, Adams, Martin, Leighton, Barber, Lutz and Hastings. In their first league game, they frightened a meek C.B.M.U. 569 in two quick pulls. This same team threw their weight around to such good advantage that it was rumored from their chiefs and officers they received special considerations. Investigation of the matter showed that once they had trounced both the chiefs and officers in an after-hour game of tug-of-war, behind the Administration Building.

Each platoon had its own softball team and quick were the challenges hurled at the other platoons. Despite uncertain and irregular work and training schedules, Headquarters Company found its standard bearers in Woodward, Porter, Texley, Vitale, Silliman, Fischer, Radzyniak and Lumpkin. Companies A, B, C, and D had more than their share of supporters in Hedrick, Hengels, Strickland, Greenleaf, Guliani, Palmquist, Gille, Surdyka, Rincavage, Knox, Easter, Tabor, Lopez, Roush, Salata, Finazzo, Pittser, Konop, Hay, Maffeo, Chinaris, Keller, Cluck, McDermott, Briley, and Skiffington.

Late February, 1944, the four-month stay in Gulfport ended. The Battalion was slated for additional training at Port Hueneme, California. Setting camp up at Hueneme was achieved with a

minimum of confusion. Within the military and work program and liberty schedule, athletics and recreation were included.

Several former professional ball-players were uncovered in the Battalion. A pitching staff was formed around Mayceko, Mene and Lumia. In the catching department were Bochenczak, Bossio, Holly and Lyle. In the infield combination were Burt, Potoshnik, Peyton, Benson, Prokaski and Hilburn. In the outfield were Hall, Bielecki, Mosblech and Malafouris. Their first game was against the highly touted Camp baseball team and the score was extremely unfavorable—14-3. This defeat had only one effect on the boys and that was to train more, play more games and to get one more chance against the Camp team. Their moral triumph came when they once again met the Camp team. This time it was a different story. When the 9th inning was completed, the score read 6 to 4, in favor of the Hueneme Stars, and this time the two teams knew they were in a ball-game.

Unobserved, but still having as much fun and pleasure as ever were the men who checked out the sundry athletic gear during their free time. California weather was too extravagant to not take advantage of it. All the fellows at one time or another had checked out their share of athletic equipment.

Eight weeks at California slipped by quickly. The Battalion's next move meant overseas.





A pleasant surprise was in store for the men when they docked at Pearl Harbor. They were to learn soon that the entire recreation-athletic program of the mainland was in action here. Boxing arenas, colossal baseball stadiums, football fields, excellent beaches, golf courses, and countless numbers of volleyball and tennis courts,—all here on Oahu. These recreational facilities were under the close supervision of the Central Athletic Association, and their primary function was to be of assistance to the enlisted men.

Participation in tennis tournaments discovered several top players in Gutzki, Chartock and Dalin.

Boxing was the main social event on the Island. All types of championship bouts were staged—Seabees vs. Navy, Navy vs. Army, Navy vs. Civilians. In most of these shows were Tullos, Roberts, Attwood, Ward and Hughes. At every bout the boys covered themselves with recognition and glory. Tullos displayed so much fighting ability that he became undisputed welterweight champ of the Island. Popular at the Naval Air Station were intramural sports. Softball leagues were formed and each Company in the Battalion placed a team on the field. Volleyball teams were organized and basketball was played once more. Producing a winning basketball team were the men of Company C—Butts, Paul, Roush, Pittser, Konop, Rome, Stanley, Pinko, Greatorex

and Erickson. They led the league the first half of the season. During the second half, the Battalion received its moving orders, and once again a cup was lost.

Again into the limelight came the Orioles, the Battalion baseball team. Coached by Chief Sharp, they joined the Seabee National League. They played heads-up ball and stayed near the top of their league. Their favorite out-of-the league warm-up opponents were the Redmen of the 129th Battalion. Their two games with the Redmen had the Orioles copping both decisions by scores of 6-5 and 4-2.

Six months at Naval Air Station ended like a three-week vacation period at the beach. In late October, 1944, the boys were transferred via ship to Maui. Once there, the 4th Division Marines were on hand to greet their fellow-warriors. There was little time for recreation and sports. Long hikes, drilling, physical exercises, and rifle practice were worthy substitutes. There were times though that the boys were able to squeeze in a few softball games with their new-found buddies, the Marines. Each contest was won by the Seabees. Jestingly the Marines would crack, "You fellows showed us a few things on the softball diamond, but wait and see our bag of tricks when we move into the big game."





OUR BAND

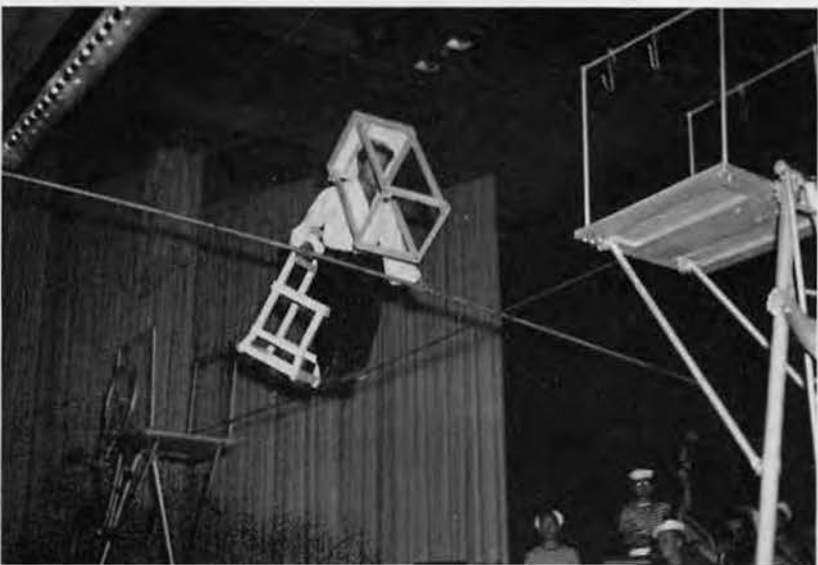
It was on the island of Oahu that the two musical units of the Battalion were in constant demand. The thirty-five piece concert-military band and the sixteen piece dance band toured the island giving concerts and playing for dances at the various service groups and United Service Organizations. The Princess Kahaku U. S. O. was the spot most frequently visited. Here, the band presented Sunday programs twice monthly and played ceremonies during the week, and the dance orchestra presented a semi-monthly show.

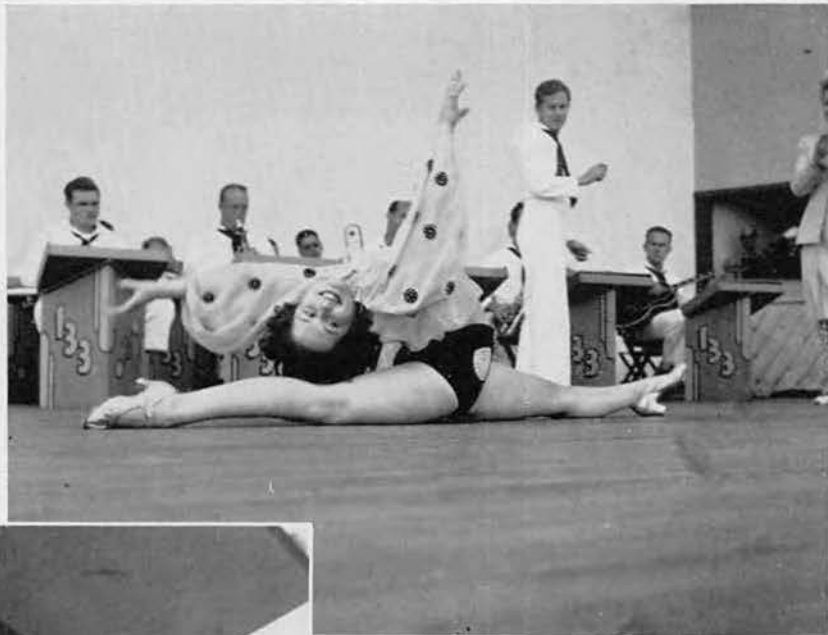
The band was organized in November 1943 at Camp Holliday, Gulfport, Mississippi, and played its first engagement ten days later, the Battalion review. Thereafter it played for morning colors, gave programs at noon chow in the messhall, broadcasted over the local radio station. At Port Hueneme, California, the band piped a number of Seabee battalions aboard their ship and gave them a rousing send-off as they pulled out into the Pacific. At Naval Air Station, Honolulu, the unit gave open-air concerts for the Battalion and Station personnel. Members of the band and orchestra were: H. H. Nagle (director), F. A. Tecce, Dale Texley, A. Pavia, O. E. Goodwin, L. F. Greenleaf, R. D. Woodcock, F. N. Fromn, N. A. Day, F. S. Jones, B. J. Staats, J. J. Coutts, L. J. Strickland, J. B. Broadwater, G. B. Summersgill, C. F. Berard, A. Coppola, R. L. Gutierrez, L. W. Doty, O. Wild, R. A. Geer, N. Damiano, C. L. Railey, J. L. McCann, A. L. Hahn, S. R.

Scheen, J. A. Medeiros, D. E. Curry, R. P. Sawyer, E. Schultheise, J. Mendes, T. J. Pfister, H. D. Baker, G. F. Mitchell, A. S. Hilbert.

Upon arrival at Naval Air Station, Honolulu, the dance band started to present a Monday night program at the station's theater. This show gradually grew in size to include vocalists, dancers and the high-wire act of the Battalion's own Eugene Lechler, who proved to be somewhat of a sensation. With this troop the band toured nightly, playing before most every unit and organization on the crowded island at the time. The orchestra was judged the best Seabee musical unit on the island and was picked by the U. S. O. to tour the Pacific with a troop of entertainers. The production was titled "Four-O" and in addition to the band it included two comedians, Eugene Lechler, vocalist Jimmy Howard of Naval Air Station, and a chorus of six girls, who also did specialty acts; music was scored by two members of the Battalion, Oldrich Wild and H. H. Nagle, and the orchestra spent two months in rehearsal with the show.

The show never got to leave the island because the week it opened the Battalion received a new assignment and a few weeks later sailed for Maui to train for the Iwo Operation. However, Eugene Lechler did not return to duty with the Battalion but joined a U. S. O. show and continued entertaining service units on all the far-flung bases in the Pacific.





BETTY



HUTTON



SHOW





U. S. O.



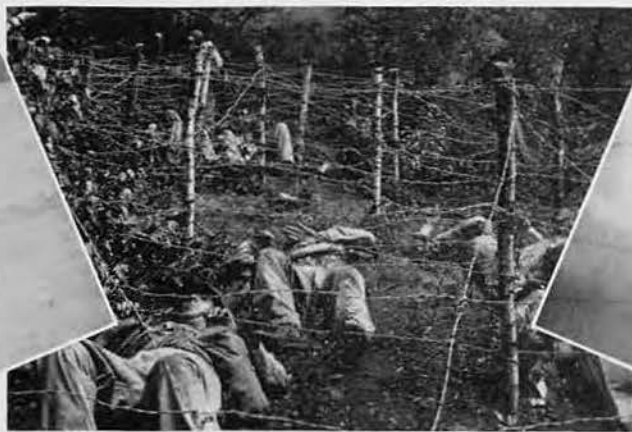
SHOWS



ANNIVERSARY



PICNIC



JUNGLE TRAINING

The 133rd has a number of firsts to its credit, among them the training for combat on the Jungle Training Course situated on Windward Oahu.

The Battalion was the first to train on the re-organized Green Course, which was located in one of the valleys slicing into the Kahoolowe Mountain Range. The course was laid out on the hillsides along the little stream that flows down the valley floor. The whole area was covered with lush, humid, tropical vegetation and was several square miles in area.

Specialists and others from the Hundred and Thirty-third preceded the main body of the Battalion by a week, the interval being spent in familiarizing themselves with the Course under the regular instructors. When the rest of the Battalion arrived they were old experienced jungle fighters which they proceeded to prove by putting their mates through as rigorous a week as possible.

The Battalion was divided into class groups by platoons. One course dealt with barbed wire fences. The men were taught to build every type of combat fence; then how to circumvent them by blowing them up with bangalore torpedoes, cutting the wire scientifically, or climbing across by taking a running start across a mate's back.

Another course covered crossing streams on two makeshift type bridges, either of which would have been difficult on a quiet summer day. But the instructors had a better idea! They planted dynamite just under the water alongside the bridges, and with the billowing, blinding clouds from the protective smoke generators obscuring everything, the dynamite explosions came as a realistic unpleasant surprise.

Village fighting called for concentration, cool headedness, and good physical condition. A simulated Jap village was built complete with tea houses up the steep side of one of the mountains. Teams were formed. Following the carefully detailed plan, these men fought their way up the streets laying down a criss-cross

field of fire with live ammunition from carbines, Thompson sub-machine guns, B. A. R.'s, and a couple of light machine guns. Coordination and timing were essential since target assignments quite frequently were houses which several seconds previously had been occupied by friendly team mates. Just the full speed run up the steeply inclined street was strenuous; but carrying grenades and firing a heavy B. A. R. made it that much more interesting.

One course, which wasn't for individual participation, was that in which the use of different weapons was demonstrated in the destruction of an accurate reproduction of a Jap pill-box. The Seabee instructors ran through the demonstration several times a day for the benefit of rotating classes. Under cover of artillery fire, a machine gun crew set up with a field of fire covering the embrasure. Under cover of the machine gun fire a bazooka team set up in the center while a flame thrower crept up one flank, and a rifle squad eased up the other. The bazooka fired and the flame thrower gave a squirt, then men from the rifle squad dashed across and rolled grenades in on anything that might have been left.

On the rifle range the men of the Battalion became adept at shooting from the hip with carbines, M-1, A303, Thompsons, B. A. R.'s, and .30 and .50 caliber machine guns.

There were night courses in scouting and infiltration across terrain ordinarily impossible even in broad daylight. There were classes in demolition and booby traps. Men made their own shaped charges with composition C and learned the difference between commercial and military blasting caps. There was an obstacle course to end all obstacle courses. When the men of the One-thirty-third had finished their week of intensive training, they had a better than nodding acquaintance with almost any conceivable eventuality that could arise. It was the same course given to Marines but boiled down to days instead of months.

And just to do the job up Seabee fashion, the 133rd set a safety record on the course by being the first outfit to go through without a fatality or casualty.





MAUI

The Battalion returned from the Jungle Training Course to dive into the confusion of packing everything. And within the week the men were walking up the gangplank of a small Inter-Island Steamer, loaded with seabags, ditty bags, packs, helmets and carbines.

Out the narrow entrance of Pearl Harbor and turning slightly Southeast the vessel headed for Maui, eight hours away. It was a cramped ride, all accommodations being on a windy deck; but the weather was clear and warm and the discomforts were ignored.

The ship lost way and drifted gently on a long swell running in to Kahului Bay just at sunset. The fringe of lacy palms along the beach was visible through the haze as the pilot came aboard. The rails were crowded to see them grow bigger as the steamer came in to dock in the shallow, man-made harbor of Kahului.

Debarcation was made with a minimum of confusion. Soon the Battalion was roaring away toward Camp Maui by truck as the neon lights on the night spots of town were lighted.

After a late supper of bread, coffee, and weiners, everyone was glad to rig up the issued canvas cots for a good night's sleep.

Dawn found the 133rd making itself at home. The tents, festooned in lines along the steep, red-clay slopes had been unoccupied for some time. Floors had to be repaired, guy lines refastened, electric wires strung, gear stowed, and the area policed.

Then started the all too short period of preparation in earnest for the real thing. That the Battalion had been given a man-sized assignment was no longer mere "scuttlebutt." The men looked around to see the Marines who were to take them in and found them good. These were the Marines of the Fourth Division, veterans of Roi-Namur, Saipan and Tinian; mutual respect was inevitable.

Very little or no time was lost. Officers and Chief Petty Officers of the Battalion were invited to a meeting with the officers of the 23rd Regimental Combat Team. In clear concise terms, the general overall picture was explained. The Battalion's part was roughly outlined. Even such a sketchy discussion took several hours. The details were covered subsequently in similar sessions. It was explained that the 133rd was to form the major part of the Shore Party on the invasion of an unspecified Jap stronghold.

The Battalion was divided into the specified assignments. Each

unit began its preparation for its particular job. Sandwiched between periods of practice and instruction were long conditioning hikes, inspections, and the furnishing of arms and gear. There were combat issues, skull sessions on stripping all kinds of small arms weapons, and trips to the rifle range. And always it rained. The red-clay turned slick. The tents leaked. Arms had to be cleaned and oiled daily.

However, it wasn't all grind. Men of the Battalion found the towns of Maui to be hospitable and not quite as crowded as Honolulu. Kahului and Wailuku were favorite liberty towns. In spite of wartime shortages, it was nearly always possible to get a juicy steak or a rum-coke. There were several scenic rides on commercial bus routes and the ever-present pineapple fields were pleasant to see.

The highest point of the Hawaiian Islands was practically in the back yard of Camp Maui. Haleakala, the active volcano, stuck its head into the clouds and was largely responsible for the tremendous amount of rain which was so much of a discomfort.

There came a time when the Battalion was ready for a dress rehearsal. In order to include the Naval and Coast Guard personnel, the Battalion was embarked with skeleton gear aboard a number of A. P. A.'s. These Assault Personnel Auxiliaries cruised about the waters of Maui until the scheduled time. Then over the landing nets, into the LCVP's, and a long fast dash was made to shore. The organization was set up and functioned in what the Marines called a "dummy run." The beaches were operated, token loads brought ashore, dumps established, defenses set up, and maps and reports submitted.

Several weaknesses were noticed during this trial action. There were two subsequent, though not so elaborate rehearsals.

The last week was spent on the thousand and one details inevitably to be considered under such circumstances. Packs were checked, seabags packed and re-packed, instruments, weapons, and equipment gone over carefully, and the lists of everything in triplicate were typed and retyped.

The Battalion was at last prepared to discharge its duties as part of the 23rd and 25th Regimental Combat Teams, which was a cog in the Fourth Marine Division, which was part of an attack force scheduled to make the bloodiest invasion in Marine History.





**RAISING
OUR FLAG
AT
IWO JIMA**

A reproduction of the painting by C. C. Beall
inspired by Joe Rosenthal's historic photo-
graph of the gallant raising of Old Glory
on the crest of Mt. Suribachi on Iwo Jima.





TO THE SEABEES

by CAPT. JOHN ESTABROOK, USMC

*Up from the beach the long road winds,
Over the distant hill—
Born of the sweat and toil of men,
Born of a dauntless will.
Swept by the rains of tropic skies;
Scorched by the burning sun;
Bearing its burden the long road lies
'Til the work of war be done.*

*So we'll sing the song
Of the brave and strong—
Of Hunkies and Swedes and Micks—
Of hammers and nails
And girders and rails,
Of shovels and blades and picks.
We'll sing a song
Of the brave and strong—
Battalions, proud and great—
That paved the way
To the Glory Day
And dared the band of fate.*

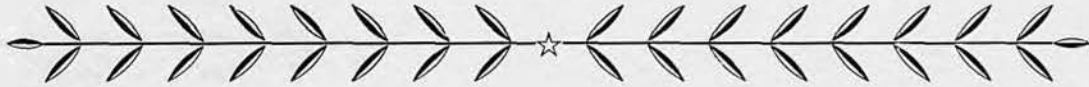
*Up from the beach the long road bears
The panoply of war—
Up from the beach where dust clouds hide
The shattered palms and shore.
That fighting men may live and fight
The road must wind away
And builders build where the long road ends
And death has had its day.*

*Here's to the men who builded well—
Sweated and bled and died—
Who fought the jungle, swamp and Hell,
Their fighting men beside.
Here's to the docks and camps and dumps;
Here's to the roaring strips;
Here's to the men who turn to war
The treasure trove of ships.*

*Down to the beach some day will wind
The road that led to war
And men will turn the long way back
As men have turned before
And ships that wait will sail away
And eyes will brim with tears
For roads of war lead back again
From out the bitter years.*

*So we'll sing the song
Of the brave and strong—
Of Hunkies and Swedes and Micks—
Of hammers and nails
And girders and rails,
Of shovels and blades and picks.
We'll sing a song
Of the brave and strong—
Battalions, proud and great—
That paved the way
To the Glory Day
And dared the band of fate.*





DEDICATION

WE PAUSE REVERENTLY, with remembering hearts, to pay honor here to those comrades of our battalion who fought the good fight side by side with their mates of the 133rd. Words are indeed empty things with which to attempt to fill their vacant places. They have a secure niche, however, in the hearts of those who knew them and lived beside them. And they are *not forgotten* by their loved ones whom they left behind. In Requiem Mass and Memorial Services, in laboriously prepared headstones and stone arches, in pictures and in letters, we have attempted to show our devotion to their memory. We are united with them in our resolve that we can best honor the principles for which we fought together by working to build a better world for their children and loved ones.

Our contacts with the families of these men have revealed one common possession—a deep sense of their devotion to duty, a sympathetic understanding of the difficulties which we all face, and an abiding resolve to be worthy of the best that was in the influence of each of them. It is therefore with full hearts that we wish to dedicate this section of our book to those who laid down their lives for their friends and for their country.





IN MEMORIAM

*Peace I leave with you,
My Peace I give unto you;
Not as the world giveth,
Give I unto you.
Let not your heart be troubled,
Neither let it be afraid.*

ST. JOHN 14:27





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SAN ANGELO, TEXAS



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BUFFALO GAP, SOUTH DAKOTA



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PONTIAC, MICHIGAN



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ERIE, PA.



ROBERT PIRIE, CM1c
3 SYLVAN CIRCLE
SO. LYNNFIELD, MASS.



PHILANDER F. PITTSER JR., S1c
GENERAL DELIVERY
SPRINGFIELD, COLORADO



MALCOLM ROSE, F1c
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BINGHAM CANYON, UTAH





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JESS E. SIMPSON, SF1C
BOX 256
BURBANK, CALIF.



EARL E. SMULL, CM3C
2405 FOREST DRIVE
WILKINSBURG, PA.



CASPER W. TOMASETTI, SF3C
320 MARION ST.
EBENSBURG, PA.

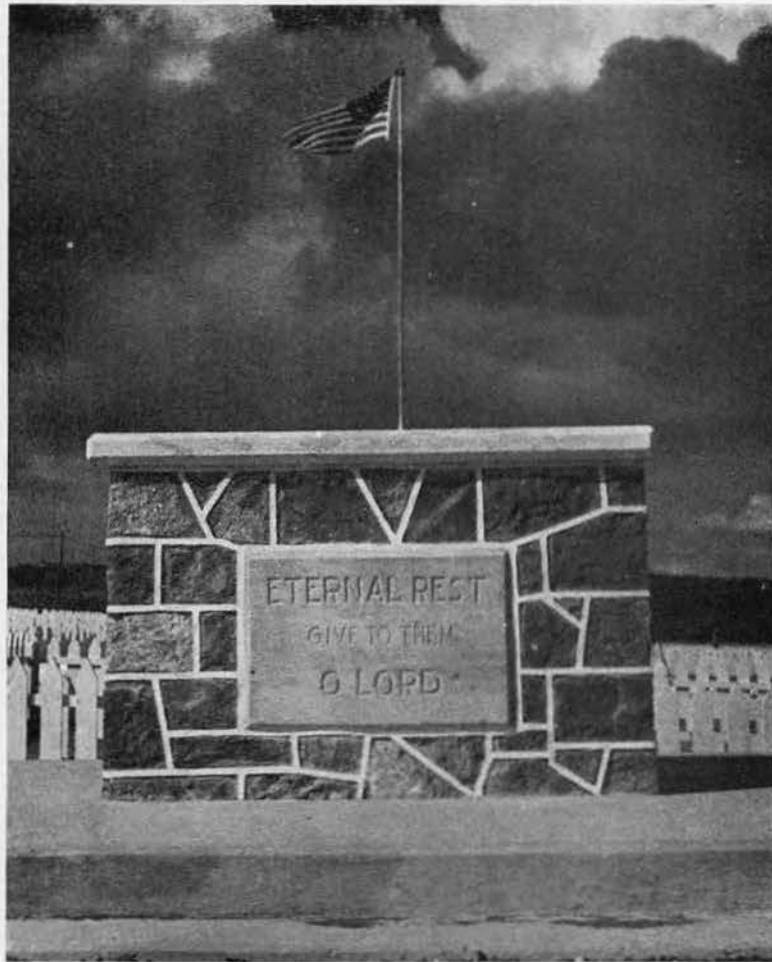
MISSING IN ACTION



FRANCIS C. ROBINSON, LIEUT., MC
194 BEAVER ST.
BEAVER, PA.



RALPH W. CAREY, SF3C
1617 W. 14TH ST.
ANDERSON, INDIANA



*"They shall not grow old as we
that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them nor
the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun,
And in the morning,
We will remember them."*

LAURENCE RINYON





PURPLE HEART AWARDS

PURPLE HEART AWARDS were made on the evening of 16 July 1945 at the Battalion's Skyline Theatre by Commodore R. C. Johnson, Officer in Charge of the 9th Naval Construction Brigade. The Commodore was presented in a short speech by Commander R. P. Murphy, our skipper, to an audience of Seabee and Army personnel. The awards presented in this ceremony represent only those men still with the Battalion. Actually 137 more men were evacuated and according to our records were eligible to receive the Purple Heart. Following men received the award:

GREENFIELD, DONALD H.....	Lieut.	HIGBEE, DONALD E.....	SF2c
STANBERY, SAM R.....	Lieut.	HILDEBRAND, OSCAR E.....	EM1c
DENTON, BART.....	CCM	HOPKINS, RICHARD R.....	S1c
HARRINGTON, CHARLES P.....	CSF	JELINEK, FRANK T.....	S1c
HEINZ, GERALD "O".....	CSF	JONES, ALBERT C.....	MM2c
HUNTER, LORAN B.....	CEM	JONES, RICHARD D.....	S1c
KROMER, JOHN R.....	CSF	KNERR, JOHN W.....	MM3c
MARSHALL, DEAN S.....	CBM	KOLAKOWSKI, MAYNARD.....	PhM3c
SHARP, JOE B.....	CSp (A)	KONOP, WILLIAM J.....	Cox
ABERNATHY, "J" "L".....	MM1c	KOWALSKI, EDWARD J.....	SF3c
BEAUDIN, GEORGE J.....	MM3c	MCCULLY, ALLEN C.....	CM3c
BELANGER, ALBERT J.....	SF1c	MCGOVERN, JAMES J.....	CM3c
BERARD, FRANCIS C.....	CM2c	MARLIN, ALFRED D.....	CM3c
BERGERON, EDWARD J.....	MM2c	MUSE, RALPH J.....	MoMM2c
BERUBE, ANDREW A.....	MM3c	PINKO, JOHN J.....	CM3c
CONY, WILLIAM M.....	SF3c	POTOSHNIK, MICHAEL.....	SF2c
COPPOLA, JOSEPH (n).....	MM2c	REYNOLDS, ELDRIDGE W.....	SF3c
CORTEZ, VICTOR D.....	SF1c	REYNOLDS, WALTER J.....	CM3c
DAVIS, HARRY "C".....	MM1c	ROBINSON, THOMAS E.....	SF3c
FINAZZO, PHIL J.....	Ptr3c	RODGERS, NORMAN C.....	CM2c
FRANZ, PHILIP.....	CM3c	SAMPLE, ELMER P.....	MMS2c
GILLIS, EDWARD.....	S1c	SANDERS, ROBERT B.....	CM2c
GREEN, GREER D.....	CM2c	SCOTT, WILLIAM R.....	BM2c
GUEST, MERRILL G.....	EM1c	SHANK, ROBERT R.....	MM1c
GUSTAFSON, DANIEL T.....	Cox	SLEUTER, VICTOR W.....	CM1c
GUTIERREZ, RICHARD L.....	S1c	SPENNINGSBY, DOUGLAS J.....	CM2c
HEDRICK, GERALD R.....	S1c	TEMPLIN, RAYMOND E.....	F1c
HICKMAN, TRAVIS K.....	S1c	WILSON, JAMES E.....	CM2c



BRONZE STAR AWARDS



GERALD "O" HEINZ
CSF



DONALD H. GREENFIELD
Lieut., CEC USNR



JOHN P. PRIEGEL
CEM



VINCENT J. KELLY
CPhM



E. N. SZENTMIKLOSSY
MM1c



GARLAND G. SPENCER
SF1c



FRANK A. SCHIMKE
MM2c



HENRY T. CLARK
S1c



MARVIN A. NOTTINGHAM
MM2c



GIOVANNI (n) JANNACONE
S1c

IN A BRIEF but impressive ceremony, citations for Bronze Star Awards, won by members of this Battalion for meritorious service beyond the normal call of duty during the assault phase of the operation at Iwo Jima, were presented from the stage at our Skyline Theatre before a large audience of service personnel.

Introduced by Commander R. P. Murphy, the presentations were made by Commander C. M. Herd, Acting O-in-C of the 9th Naval Construction Brigade, who in a few well-chosen words lauded the accomplishments of our Battalion as a unit and the personal achievements of all hands.



COMMENDATIONS

COMMENDATIONS, awarded by the 4th Marine Division were received by the following listed Officers and men of this Battalion. Awards were made in recognition of meritorious service on the beaches of Iwo Jima during the assault phase of operations. At time of this writing commendations had not been presented but plans were underway for a presentation ceremony at a future date at the Battalion's Skyline Theatre.

Lieut. W. H. SHEARS JR., CEC.....	USNR	H. O. THORNTON.....	MM2c
Lt. (jg) R. J. BASS, CEC.....	USNR	R. T. HALLORAN.....	M2c
ChCarp. R. A. RUPPERT, CEC.....	USNR	H. G. LAPPOINT.....	MM2c
WILLIAM WALMSLEY.....	CCM	F. H. GUSTAFSON.....	MM2c
C. P. HARRINGTON.....	CSF	P. D. ELLIOTT.....	SF3c
L. F. BREAUULT.....	CCM	M. C. MATHEWS.....	WT3c
L. B. HUNTER.....	CEM	G. L. CRISTOFORI.....	SF3c
B. P. COOK.....	CMM	R. E. TEMPLIN.....	EM3c
R. L. HUTCHESON.....	CMM	S. M. PRICE.....	MM3c
C. K. CONNOR.....	EM1c	S. W. JAKSE.....	CM3c
E. C. LOUFEK.....	CM1c	W. H. COURTNEY.....	S1c
A. S. MELSON.....	MM1c	H. D. WHALIN.....	S1c
W. J. DRIES.....	M1c	P. J. WARD.....	S1c
R. J. SREDENSCHER.....	MM2c	WILLIAM VUKOVICH.....	S1c
		H. J. WEEKS.....	F1c



BLACK HELL

Before the first light of day on the morning of February 19, 1945, men of the One-thirty-third were gathered in small groups on the decks of the A.P.A.'s. The pre-dawn gloom was alive with the roar of gunfire, and the fiery streaks of tracers, rockets, and shells. Eyes were straining to penetrate the darkness, trying to see the outline of the island fortress of Iwo Jima.

Breakfast was hurried, and there was an orderly confusion of preparation. Packs were assembled, weapons checked, combat rations issued, and final orders passed. Then began the wait until the loud speakers should blare: "Boat Group Easy one report to debarkation station ten." That would be part of the Battalion.

The first assault waves left; and anxious eyes followed the frothing wakes of landing boats spearing toward the dark gray beach, nearly five miles away. As many as could crowded around the radios in jeep command cars, listening to the men who were already coming into contact with the enemy on the shore which was alive with explosions and gouts of flame from flame throwers. Reports were encouraging: "We're in fifty yards," "Tanks are up a hundred yards," "Let's have some Naval gunfire support in Target Area so and so."

Then the radio jeeps were over the side and gone. Men of the Battalion could only look shoreward, pray a little, and wonder how the Marines were making out.

Part of the Battalion was sent in hard on the heels of the first assault waves, the rest following, until the entire outfit was ashore by four in the afternoon of D-day. The first companies in were naturally the hardest hit. They found the shore line already littered and choked with wrecked amtracks, dukws, tanks, and L.C.V.P.'s. The few available landing places still open were under heavy concentrated mortar and shell fire. Coming onto the beach was like running through a curtain of red hot, biting fragments of steel.

It was discovered that the situation had changed since the first early reports. After the assault waves had passed the first two terraces of the beach, the enemy had shown his strength. Every inch of the deep sand was under the guns high on Suribachi and on the two Airfields; and every inch was being searched with mortar, artillery, and machine gun fire. Men, equipment, and material were perishing almost faster than they could be landed. And the One-thirty-third was in a more precarious position than the Marines in the front lines, some hundred yards in from the water front. The Battalion's job was to remain on the beach, take what the enemy had to dish out, and unload and forward the ammunition and supplies needed to blast the Iwo defense back.

No reminder was necessary to persuade men of the Battalion to dig in. Foxholes were scooped in the volcanic sand with shovels, helmets, mess kits, hands, and shoulders. But such foxholes were only protection against small arms fire and near misses with heavy caliber shells. A large number of men suffered casualties when heavy mortar shells landed in, or too close to, their shallow holes. Then too, the shelters were only to be sought during the heavier bombardments. Work went on during the comparative lulls when the shelling became scattered and desultory. The men became almost inured to the noise, heat, stench,

and dust; and unless a mortar burst was within a hundred feet, kept on manhandling howitzer and machine gun ammunition, oblivious to the whine of shrapnel. And always there was the unreality and hurt of seeing shipmates unlucky enough to be caught in the open by the first shell of a barrage.

D-day night was one of tense and nervous alertness. Unloading went on in the dark, and men on security stared hard into a darkness only partially relieved by star shells, one succeeding the next. The front lines were a matter of yards inland; the Japanese still held their first line of defense, already marked by wrecked American equipment that had battered against it earlier in the day. Howitzer batteries on the second terrace broke up well-organized enemy counter-attacks in the darkness, and the night finally passed, somehow.

D-plus-1 was a repetition of the first day, and a pattern for the long days to follow. Demolition men blasted beach obstructions, opening up unloading points. Bulldozers cleared debris on the beach, and smoothed access roads for amtracks and dukws. Men from the One-thirty-third carried supplies by hand or loaded them into the vehicles going inland. A vehicle maintenance group kept trucks, jeeps, tractors, and other equipment running. Another detail established and operated dumps of ammo, food, water, fuel, and other supplies. The corpsmen worked with the evacuation station personnel, and their casualty rate evidenced their disregard for personal danger in the monumental job of caring for the wounded. The surveyors and draftsmen were assigned to intelligence work; and kept up-to-the-minute maps and reports for higher echelons. Some of the battalion members assigned to security duty even went up on the front lines and fought beside the Marines until their specialties were required for the beach operation.

For twenty-six days the Battalion lived under conditions of intense discomfort, violence, and destruction. The men learned how to identify the sounds of battle, when to duck, and when to ignore them. They learned by bitter experience how to avoid mines, and to spot booby traps. And there was always the problem of finding something to eat, and time to eat it.

There were highlights: When the flag was raised on the top of Mount Suribachi; when an occasional L.S.T. offered the use of its showers; when the commissary department made fresh doughnuts and everybody had a couple.

Unpleasant memories include air raids from the receiving end, and rockets and rocket mortars as large as the average water heating tank. Dust hung in a thick pall over everything, and everywhere the overpowering odor of death.

When the Island was declared secure on March 16, work had already begun on the Battalion camp. Details of men were erecting tents, constructing a galley, putting up a water plant, installing generators, and building the many facilities necessary to make a camp. Finally all was ready, and it was with immeasurable relief that the men came out of their foxhole homes to the comparative luxury of tents, cots, and hot meals served in a messhall.





WRECKED PLANES



PILL BOX



JAP TANK



WRECKED SULPHUR REFINERY



BLOCK HOUSE





TRUCK REPAIR



UNLOADING EQUIPMENT



UNLOADING DETAIL



ROAD BUILDING



STANDING BY



LOADING LOW BOY



LOADING ARMED AMTRACK



UNLOADING LSM



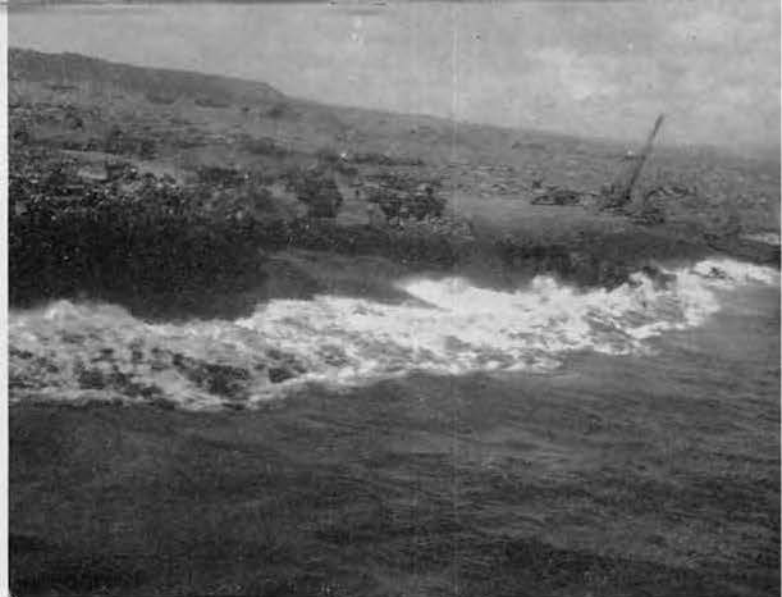
UNLOADING



LOADING LVT



OUR FIRST GALLEY



BEACH SCENE



SHORE PARTY COMMAND POST



COAST LINE



BEACH HOMES



WRECKED DOZER



TRANSPORTATION



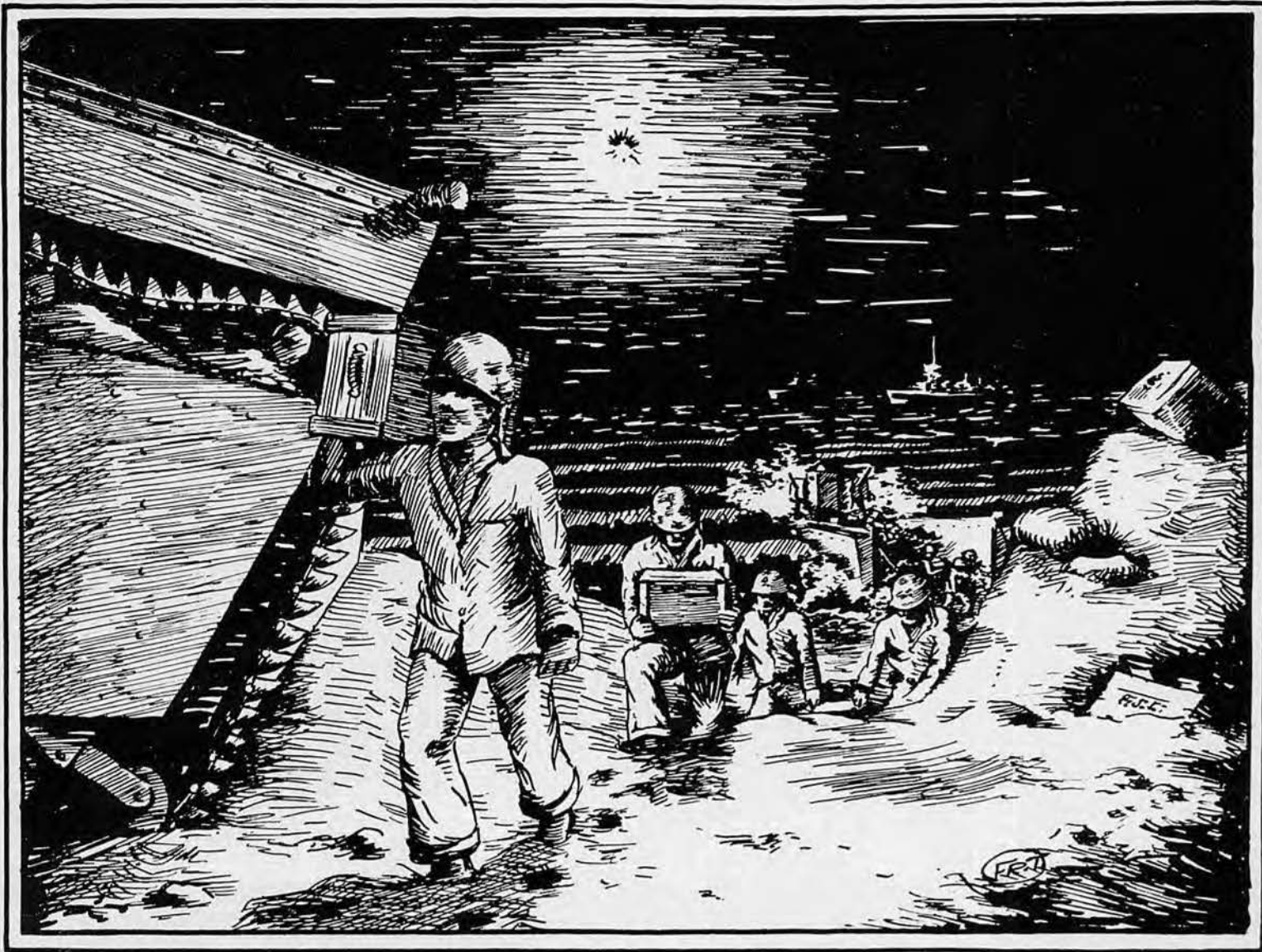
WATER TANK



WRECKED SHOVEL



MINED DOZER





BOOM TOWN





Official Photograph U. S. Navy



TAXI STAND



EMPLOYMENT OFFICES



CITY HALL



CENSOR AND POST OFFICE



ENGINEERS' OFFICE



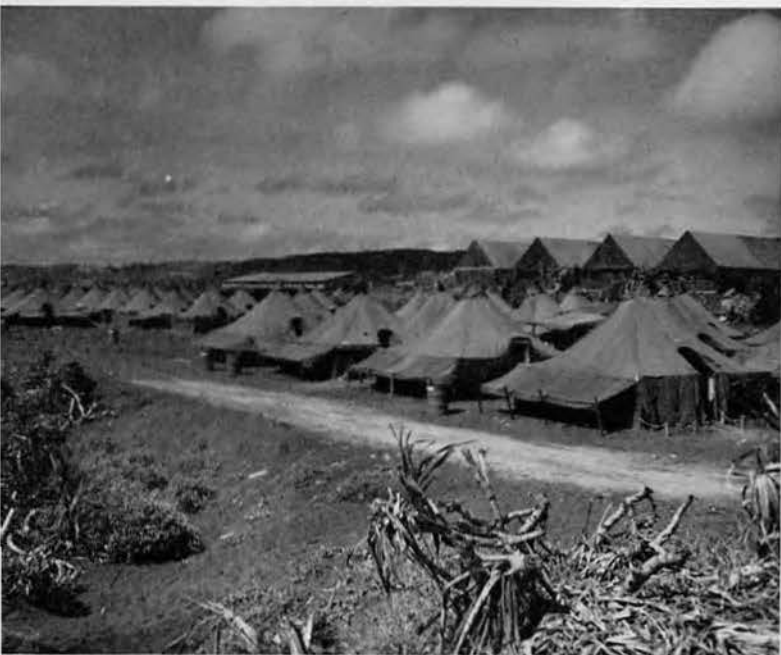
TENT CONSTRUCTION



COMPANY AREA



SITE



COMPANY AREA



GOODWIN'S GARDEN



THEATRE CONSTRUCTION



BUILDERS



POWERHOUSE FOUNDATION



LIBRARY CONSTRUCTION



LIBRARY INTERIOR



RIBS GOING UP



GALLEY



JAP GARDEN



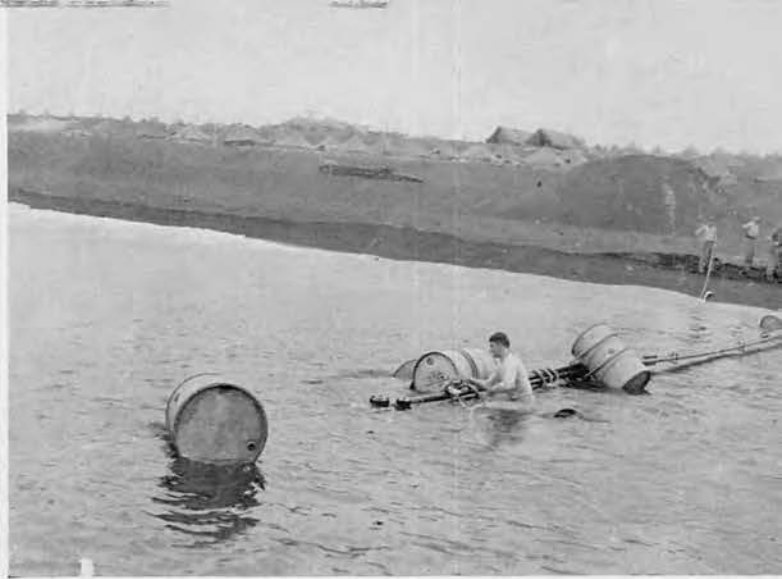
OFFICERS' MESS CONSTRUCTION



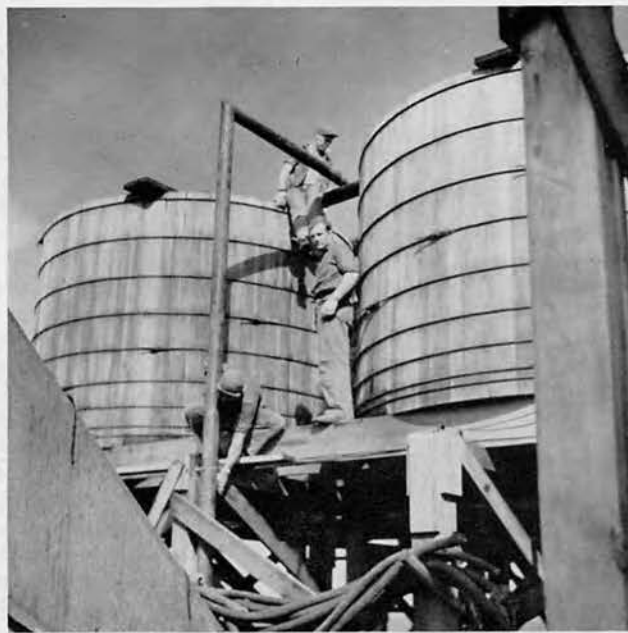
SICK BAY



WATER TANKS



WATER SUPPLY



PIPE CREW



CHAPEL CONSTRUCTION



CHAPEL



PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT

The Personnel Department is the chief administrative unit in the battalion working solely for the men. Its name "personnel" does not belie its function, as here, the woes and joys, good deeds and delinquencies,

of the men are dealt with, given proper official action, and recorded. Transfers, receipts, rerates, family allowance, insurance, and experience classification are but a few of the matters handled on the individual level, not counting the many reports, muster lists, and other general tasks embracing the battalion as a group.

Most men of the original 133rd Battalion probably think of its beginning as the rainy Virginia day, 21 September 1943, when we boarded the train at the Camp Peary station and rolled away to Camp Endicott and advanced training. But several days before this auspicious occasion, the boys of the Personnel department had started to work, setting up card files and musters of the battalion.

At Camp Endicott, the real work of the department began when the service records were received. These form the real heart of Personnel's work, and the various entries in the records, insurance and family allowance problems, a growing and varied correspondence, and the headaches of leave and liberty began.

An outstanding job on insurance was done at Endicott by Personnel, resulting in full coverage of \$10,000 for every man in the battalion. This situation has changed little up to the present time, and today approximately 99% of the battalion has the full coverage.

Personnel has always taken a special interest and care in family allowance matters also, and the problems and questions of the men, and changes regarding all dependent benefits have gained ready response and prompt action in the department.

Longevity of service, which ultimately effects an accrualment in pay, has been dealt with by the department also, and records are kept of the longevity due dates for all men in the battalion.

The inexperienced yeomen had to break themselves in to all these new duties, not the least important of which were the reports to the Navy Department in Washington, both monthly and quarterly. The monthly reports cover such things as muster rolls, promotions, deaths, transfers, receipts, and accounting of men on board by rates. The muster lists required for the quarterly reports alone require forty man hours of typing by typists averaging 60 words per minute.

The climax of the Endicott period came with the embarkation leave. Approximately 700 men of the battalion went on leave during this period, requiring 2100 copies of leave papers to be made up.

The four months spent at Gulfport comprised the same work as at Endicott, but with broader scope and greater volume. By this time, the general files of the battalion, housed in Personnel, became of greater importance, as correspondence increased and the administrative activities of the unit gained a history of some

months' duration. Today, the general files contain about 18,000 pieces, covering a multitude of subjects.

The classification function of the department records and classifies the civilian and service experience and skills of the men, for proper job assignments and rating designations. Countless interviews with men were made, and the information recorded in several card files, to supplement the experience sheets received from Camp Peary and other Navy induction centers. With the card files completed, an elaborate and complete book was compiled, with the past occupations, skills, and training of the men in alphabetical order, listing the men involved under each occupation. This listing ranged from accountant to wireless operator, and included such unusual occupations as aviary keeper, bookie, chemist, chiropractor, clam shucker, detective, bologna maker, and pillow filler. The talents and skills of the men are listed in one or more of 298 job classifications. Also, there are records of men attending 73 different types of service schools. The classification system is broken down by company and platoon and by rates as well as job experience.

When we knew we were going overseas, final preparations were made, including the battalion musters connected with any movement. On shipboard the yeomen found work to do, where their services were requisitioned temporarily for censoring mail, a new battalion activity.

In Hawaii, classification and work pertaining to the projects and jobs of the battalion played important roles. In addition, new reports had to be submitted to the Bureau of Yards and Docks and other C.B. activities regarding the work of the battalion in the field.

Our second location in the Hawaiian area brought new tasks involving next-of-kin and other items concerning the ship musters for the jump which climaxed in the flaming crescendo of D-Day. The yeomen worked for two weeks making the ship musters for this move, and it involved approximately a dozen different musters, hundreds of copies each, plus a master muster list of the whole battalion. In all, it involved 13,000 sheets of paper to put the battalion aboard its several assigned ships for the operation.

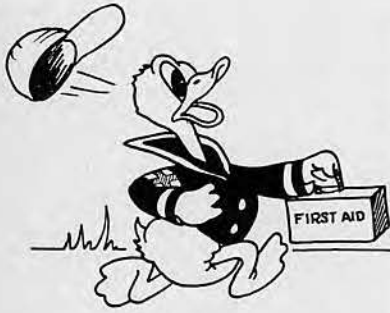
For the operation, a selected group of yeomen comprised the Personnel unit, under Lt. (jg) Fleming and Chief Moore, and were part of the regimental shore party headquarters. Their main job was the reporting of casualties and correlation of the battalion situation as to personnel. Eventually, a temporary tent set-up was achieved on the beach, and the department emerged from a fox-hole, and full operations began once more. Upon moving to the new battalion camp site, Personnel obtained a very adequate and well-located office, which has been improved in equipment and organization since that time. The Personnel department has always been and remains the chief administrative organ for the service of the men of the battalion.

The membership of Personnel has changed quite a lot since the first group formed from yeomen in replacement and station crew at Camp Peary.

The staff of the office remained intact until at Gulfport, where Frances T. Burns, Y2c, went to Navy V-12 training, and Charles E. Paige, S2c, was transferred to the 135th Battalion. Also at Gulfport, we received two first class men from the 124th Battalion, John W. Curtin and Edwin J. McClaskey. In Hawaii, Ernest E. Prezel, Y3c, was transferred to work with the Bureau of Yards and Docks. Then, at the present location, George Brittan, Y3c, and Marion E. Fischer, Y1c, went to the Ninth Brigade and Hugh F. Lynch, Y1c, and Herbert Moore, CY, to the 41st Regiment. This leaves only seven of the original group in the battalion today, plus Curtin and McClaskey, who came to us three months after the battalion's formation. Of these nine, Radzyniak has become the transportation department's clerk, and the rest have remained in Personnel. Personnel's present day staff is as follows: John W. Curtin, CY (Chief In Charge), Edwin J. McClaskey, CY, Jack E. Gray, Y1c, Jack Chartock, Y2c, Charles W. Garmany, Y1c, Donald I. Gutzki, Y2c, John I. Lumpkin, Y3c, Frank B. Radzyniak, Y3c (Transportation clerk), and Elmore E. Stokes, Jr., Y2c.



MEDICAL DEPARTMENT



The first week of September, 1943, saw three Naval officers and eight enlisted men, representatives of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, reporting at Camp Peary and inquiring about a 133rd Naval Construction Battalion to which they had been ordered to report.

In due course the Battalion was organized and these officers and men—two Medical and one Dental Officer, and eight hospital corpsmen—were on hand to dispense the first white tablet and pull the first molar.

Lt. Comdr. Herbert R. Toombs, the Senior Medical Officer, was assisted by Lt. (jg) F. Clay Robinson, MC, and Lt. (jg) Wilmar F. Lange, DC. The corpsmen were under the leadership of Vincent J. Kelly, PhM1c. Months later Drs. Robinson and Lange were promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and Kelly was advanced to CPhM two months before we set off for that big operation against the enemy.

D-Day found our medical department in the first assault waves with Marine Corps doctors and corpsmen. The bravery of many of our members will long be remembered by the survivors. Our losses were great. Dr. Robinson was evacuated with wounds, and at this writing is officially listed as "Missing in Action." Lawrence E. Betz, PhM3c, was killed near the beach while aiding wounded marines. CPhM Kelly was seriously wounded but kept at his work until additional wounds made further work impossible. Dr. Lange was also the victim of the heavy fire of the enemy. Dr. Toombs was forced to leave the beach after a nearby ammunition dump blew up. Other corpsmen evacuated as the result of wounds were: Robert J. Bell, PhM3c; and Maynard Kolakowski, HA1c.

When the battle was over the evacuated medical officers were replaced by Lieut. H. D. Broadhead, MC; and Lieut. H. L. Monett, DC. Jerome A. Brunswick, PhM1c (later advanced to CPhM), was in charge of the corpsmen. Of the wounded, only Kolakowski was returned to the Battalion for duty.

"Corpsman! Corpsman!" The pleading voice rings out in the night as the limping Seabee struggles to the night corpsman's room in the sickbay. "Corpsman! Corpsman!" Again the shrill

call! The tired and weary corpsman jumps out of his sack and hastily inquires, "Who's there? What's wrong?" "It's me,——, Say doc, I've got athlete's foot. Have ya got some stuff to put on me feet?" Such is the life of a member of the medical department. A corpsman is nurse and mother (but never sweetheart) of the men of the Navy, Marines, and Seabees.

If you have something in your eye a corpsman will take it out (the something, not the eye). Did you trip over an empty tar barrel and gash your leg while running to your air raid shelter? A corpsman will suture your wound to suit you. Too much liberty in town and you can't remember just what happened? A corpsman will look over his stock of white pills and choose the ones which will make you happy again. Have you a nasty cold? A corpsman will bed you down in the ward and feed you, doctor you, etc., until you are fit for duty on that old rock crusher again. Need some red dye to make a Jap flag? A corpsman will give you some. Looking for a medical discharge? (So are the corpsmen).

Much has been written about the brave deeds that doctors and corpsmen have done in this war. Our own medical department has its own share of that glory. They were among the first to pay a recent visit to the shores of our organized enemy.

On the other hand little has been said of the day to day doings of these guardians of the Seabees' health. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week our medical department stands ready to help.





SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

"The Supply Department is responsible for the procurement, reception, care, issue of, and the accounting for, all supplies; including provisions, clothing, ship's

store articles, and equipage for all departments of the battalion except ammunition, Marine Corps, and medical stores. It is also responsible for the custody of all supplies and equipage not issued for use."

Thus are the duties of the Supply Department summed up in one short paragraph, but, as the officers and men of the 133rd Supply Department have discovered actually carrying out this responsibility was much more difficult than one could imagine.

When the battalion formed at Camp Peary, Virginia, we found that none of the enlisted personnel, except our Chief Petty Officer, a Navy man in the last war, had any more than six months of Navy service under their belts and most of us had closer to three months service to our credit. So in Navy terms we were very much "boots."

Upon checking all our records we found we had as a supply officer a former teacher of economics. Then we had a real estate man, a food salesman, a hardware salesman, a time clerk for a construction company, a railroad switchman and operator of a dairy, a manager of a retail hardware store, one who had a food business, one a student, and a railroad clerk. All knew their jobs on the outside but they had to forget practically all their former methods and systems of doing business and learn the Navy way in a very short time.

We started in the minute the battalion formed by helping the disbursing storekeepers get the pay records of the entire battalion in order. In transferring the more than a thousand pay accounts to the battalion as an individual functioning unit required four nights of work and was the beginning of night work that we were to do off and on as long as we were together.

When we arrived in Camp Endicott, after the four days in the big drill hall at Peary, we started in immediately on a four weeks course that covered every department in the Supply Department. Here we all took courses in Ship's Store, GSK, Commissary, Clothing and Small Stores, and also here for the first time we actually saw the equipment, material and supplies, that are taken out into the field by Seabee outfits. As this base is an outfitting base, we

saw this equipment actually boxed, crated, and prepared for shipment overseas. We also watched the actual loading of ships with Seabee equipment. Needless to say we were all impressed with the vast quantities of material that are needed for the operation of the Seabee battalions.

After our four weeks in Camp Endicott and our ten day leave we arrived at Gulfport, Mississippi for what some thought would be a four day stay but finally wound up being a four months stay. It was here that we got our first taste of actually supplying the battalion. We operated our own galley, handled the clothing and shoes for our own personnel and on maneuvers had the responsibility of supplying the tools, equipment, material, and supplies in the field. The Bivouac, Rifle Range, and Cat Island operations gave us good actual experience of what was in store for us. Of course all these maneuvers were on a small scale and were strictly training projects and we little realized what vast amounts of commodities we would some day handle.

After our four months in Gulfport, we went to Port Hueneme, California and everyone knew this was the port of embarkation and this meant this department would finally go to work in earnest as here we came into custody of our entire initial outfitting, from shoe strings to bulldozers.

A lot of equipment was actually issued in Hueneme. This included all military and infantry gear, (carbines, packs, canteens, etc.). Practically all the office equipment was issued there to the various departments, but the bulk of our equipment was loaded onto the liberty ship "The Jimmy Lick" at Oakland, California. An advance party of thirty men were sent to Oakland to travel with this cargo to our Island X. In this party were five from the Supply Department. Valuable experience was gained by them as we were to handle this cargo, or one just like it, many times.

Our Island X turned out to be Pearl Harbor and as we thought we were on our own we were greatly disappointed when the battalion was put to work on the John Rodgers airfield as a junior battalion and actually working under another battalion. All our cargo was taken away and we were refurnished with odds and ends. Of course we had equipment and supplies and plenty of it but it was entirely different from the way we thought things would work out. We operated under a regiment and brigade and ran into plenty of red tape in procuring the necessary items that were needed by the men in the field. However, by making lots and lots of requisitions and getting plenty and plenty of signatures we managed to do fairly well in supplying the men in the field.





After the six months at the Naval Air Station, Honolulu, we left for Maui to join the Fourth Marines and our first real operation. We received another complete outfitting and many days were spent in scurrying hither and yon in collecting items that would be needed in the coming operation. No item was too

small or too big not to be considered. As we had found out by past experiences the small items were the ones that are the most difficult to obtain and occasionally the most needed. Also at this time we had to procure many items that were not on our allowance list and would be essential in the coming job.

The personnel of the battalion left for Maui except for the small group of men headed by four storekeepers left in charge of the cargo that was being assembled at Iroquois Point in Pearl Harbor. This group along with the cargo arrived in Maui a short time later and our real work began. Our cargo was unloaded at Maui and every piece, every box, and every item no matter how small had to be marked with the battalion's special marking. Separate sections were marked with different colored paint. Each piece was numbered and this number stenciled on. Every item had to have a weight and cubic measurement stenciled on. All this was necessary so we could tell at a glance what each box, crate, or container held. The cargo was split up into three distinct movements. The most necessary had to be separated from the rest and made sure of getting on the right ship. Each ship could only take a certain amount of weight and cubic measurements, and on the assault movement many ships carried our cargo, it being split up in small lots in order to be accessible in the shortest time possible.

Beside all the physical handling of all this material there was plenty of paper work involved. This was done day and night under the supervision of Lieut. Stanbery. How well the work was done was shown by the fact that very little of our cargo was lost during the landing.

After these two busy months at Maui the Supply Department

personnel embarked for our destination along with the rest of the battalion. Along with our supply officer we were all on the same ship. The big day, February 19th, finally came and we arrived on the shores of Iwo Jima at 1600. The first two weeks were spent by the supply personnel in doing the same thing all the rest of the battalion was doing; namely getting the ships unloaded and supplies stacked onto the beaches. Originally there was a plan where we were to keep a sort of an inventory of all materials and supplies unloaded for the Marines, but as the operation evidently developed a different trend than was expected this plan was discarded, to a certain extent, and it was simply a question of getting the supplies ashore.

About D-plus-ten the battalion's own cargo started coming ashore. Of course this was after all the necessary Marine supplies were in. Our first dump was located at the end of number one airfield. And here this cargo was unloaded from Ducks, Amtracks, Trucks, and anything that happened to be around when the LST's were being unloaded. Most of that cargo came up at night and was unloaded in the dark as we tried to observe the blackout as much as possible.

Soon we had to move the cargo to another compound located on the site near our eventual permanent camp site. It was after we got the cargo moved to this new location that the balance of our cargo came in and this meant more night work. Finally the camp site was started and much of the dump was used and removed from the supply pile. All in all we came through with everything that was needed and our camp was one of the best on the island.

Now the Supply Department is in very good shape. The issue tents are nicely set up with plenty of bin space. There is a tent for G. I. clothing and cleaning supplies, one issue tent for heavy construction tools and materials, one tent for small hand tools and a tent for the supply office. The outside storage is neatly arranged and indexed. All records are up to date. The supply routine has become familiar to us on this base, and everything is running smoothly. And now "scuttlebutt" has the battalion on the move again, so the whole procedure will have to be gone through with once again, if the "scuttlebutt" is right.

In closing we would like to say that we have sincerely tried our level best to serve the battalion to the very best of our ability, as that is the reason for our being here, and if we have failed at times it was caused by conditions and reasons beyond our control.



MESS HALL



It took eleven days to build the new mess hall with plenty of overtime, planning and Seabee ingenuity thrown in. The cooks, bakers, K. P.'s, and customers liked the building for its pleasant, proportioned appearance and for its convenience and efficiency.

"Get it all under one roof" might have been an apt slogan if you were advertising the place. Instead of running up a large Quonset for the galley and serving line, with tents nearby for a dining hall and a couple of small huts for a bakeshop, these functions were combined in one large building. The Engineering department produced floor plans for a large hut in the middle with two smaller huts joined along either side for a part of its length. This saved the material of the inside walls. Old hands at the construction game took on the job and decided to go further and eliminate also the inside ribs of the small huts. Three huts for the price of two were actually realized, for salvaged ribs and other materials amounted to an entire Quonset which later became a Battalion dispensary. They did it by making steel trusses to use for the roof supports in place of the wooden girders originally proposed. The trusses came from floor beams, shipped as part of the huts but not needed since the floor was built of concrete. The light, strong beams were readily cut to desired lengths and welded into trusses long enough for an extra Quonset. The trusses conserved precious lumber and also freed floor space enough to seat 50 additional men. When completed, the 80 foot width of the "dining room" seated 360 men comfortably, in spite of the serving lines and scullery in the middle. The 40 foot galley, partitioned off in the rear had plenty of room for workers, mixers, ovens, ranges and all the necessary galley equipment. This layout almost entirely eliminated standing in line and waiting as the mess hall could feed 1000 men in less than an hour.

The eleven days of building time, without overtime work, was something of a record since the foundation and floor alone required four days. Using salt water, and coarse gravel and cinders instead of sand, the concrete men worked with unfamiliar materials. In spite of this, and the fact that many of the skilled workers had been casualties on the beach, the boys ran up the

building, put in the fixtures, assembled the furniture, and had the place ready to go in eleven days.

Several features of careful arrangement made the building a handy, compact workshop. For example, the large refrigerators were built in as a part of the rear bulkhead so they could be entered from inside the galley and yet did not take up floor space. Their foundations were continuous with that of the building itself. The men were proud of their home-made cooling tower, which salvaged hot water from the ice machine and cooled it for use again and again. In this way only about ten gallons of new water had to be added during one freezing job to replace refrigeration loss. Small refrigerators, mixers, and other electrical machines were mounted on rubber shock absorbers that once served a similar purpose in rocket cases. The metal drains on each side of the dish washer were fashioned from catchment tanks. The beading around the scullery was unused Quonset hut flashing.

All in all it was the pride of the Battalion and the envy of each and every unit on the Island. To put it in the words of the men, "It's the best set up we have ever had."

Messmen come and messmen go but our mess hall Master-at-arms, Henry Odom, like the veritable brook goes on and on. Henry, or rather Odom, as he is known to the men, took over this assignment November 1, 1943. In case you fellows forgot, that was the day our Battalion arrived at Gulfport, Mississippi, for that four day layover that extended into a four months training period.

Needless almost to mention, Odom has done, and is still doing, a job worthy of our commendation. Actually, however, there are very few of us who fully appreciate the problems of his job. He has to be everything from a squad pusher to a diplomat. In the wee small hours of the morning, before 5 o'clock, his first problem is to get the lads on mess duty up and going. You can't blame the boys for not wanting to get up, (no one enjoys leaving his sack that early in the morning and reporting for duty)—especially for mess duty. But Odom somehow manages to have all hands awake and ready to go when the chow hour arrives. But that is only the beginning of the many trials and tribulations. All day long he is confronted with the fellows who want something just a little extra, or the early chow seeker. The latter being generally the type that needs early chow because he goes on duty at midnight. And then there is the Doctor's inspection, when things in general get that little extra polishing. Problems galore, but Odom comes through with a job well done and a smile.





COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT

The old one about an army moving on its stomach can certainly be applied to the 133rd Battalion. In all of our many moves from one camp to another, while we are at work or play, and even while we were enroute aboard ship, one department that was always at work was our commissary. Others could always have a day off occasionally but even on days off you must eat!

From the time of the formation of our Battalion, in September 1943, until May of 1945, this department was under the able supervision of Chief Commissary Steward E. D. Gibson, who with his crew of cooks, butchers and bakers did a noble job of preparing the food for Battalion consumption at all of the various bases at which we stopped.

At Camp Endicott, Rhode Island, Sun Valley, Camp Holliday, Mississippi, over open wood fires at Cat Island, the bivouac area near Gulfport, and at Bay St. Louis they were always ready when chow time came around. At Camp Rousseau, Port Hueneme, California, they did their work in a few small Quonset huts. Aboard ship coming out from the states they fed us from the ship's galley and at our station at the Naval Air Station, Honolulu they took over a tremendous job in the big galleys feeding both our Battalion and the station force.

When we were attached to the Fourth Marine Division and moved over to the training camp at Maui our commissary department had a double job to do. They not only did the cooking and baking in the galleys, but also spent their spare time in the field learning how to be good infantrymen, as that was to be their assignment upon hitting the beach in combat.

Aboard ship, after leaving Maui, on maneuvers and on our trip to the staging area and then on to the target they took their turns at the ranges of the ship's galley. When word came to go over the side, they all took their places in the various infantry combat teams to which they had

been assigned, and with whom they had trained. Upon hitting the beach one would never know that they were cooks, butchers, and bakers. They were just hard-fighting foot soldiers of a crack division working their way on to what was to be the bloodiest, hardest beachhead in Marine history. For thirty days after landing they did everything in the book. They did stevedore work unloading ships, they hauled ammunition, built ammunition and food dumps, made hot coffee on D day-plus-2 and sent it to the front lines. In short they did anything there was to be done and did it well. Later on it was their pleasure to open the first permanent galley on the Island.

Since our battalion has been formed our cooks have prepared and our men have consumed an enormous amount of food. The following figures are only up to June 1, 1945, but up to that time our battalion had consumed 638,110 pounds of meat, over 60,000 pounds of chickens, and more than 600,000 eggs. Of butter, we have consumed more than 30,000 pounds, and of sugar, we have used over 162,750 pounds. We find ourselves to be quite some beverage drinkers when we look back on the records and find we have drunk over 62,000 gallons of coffee and over 15,000 gallons of tea, not to mention the chocolate drinks and lemonade we have consumed. Close to a million pounds of potatoes is a lot of spuds too. We have used over 13,000 pounds of flour for making pastry and cakes. The rest, to make a total of more than 168,000 pounds, was used to make more than 174,000 loaves of bread. If these loaves could be laid end to end along the road from our old base in Hueneme, California, they would reach from there to our favorite liberty spot in downtown Los Angeles.

So, you can see, that while the rest of the men in our battalion have been busy building roads, airfields, and all the other projects necessary for a successful war, our commissary department has not been idle in the business of keeping them well fed.



DISBURSING OFFICE

The Disbursing Office, that sanctum of high finance operated by Lt. (jg) J. K. Morgan and so eagerly sought by Battalion personnel on pay days, came up with a few figures to demonstrate the cost of Uncle Sam's war. In this Battalion, in the nearly two years of our existence, a survey reveals the following:

Total Earned pay	\$2,500,000
Cash payments	1,072,000
Undrawn pay	175,000
Bond Sales	147,000
Allotments	620,000
Insurance Checkage	165,000
Family Allowance Checkage	321,000

Lt. Morgan's force consisted of Chief J. Mayes and storekeepers, E. Silliman, A. Vitale, H. Pabst and T. Lovett.

POST OFFICE and CENSOR

From a morale building standpoint, nothing surpasses "Mail Call." When mail is coming regularly everyone is in a good frame of mind.

Before leaving the states not a man in the Battalion actually realized how important the postal service was to him. At every camp in which we stayed mail was always handled in an efficient routine. It was only a matter of a few days for mail from home to be delivered in camp.

While at Honolulu our mail service was still very good. In fact the only times we had very few mail deliveries were during our long periods of being in transit.

The amount of mail handled by our Battalion postal clerks would compare with that of a city of 15,000 population. The last week before leaving Honolulu over 2,200 packages alone were mailed to the states.

After hitting the beach at Iwo Jima it was just nine days before mail service was resumed. We were able to write and mail V-mail letters which were delivered in the states by March tenth. Our first mail service was handled in a fox-hole. Thereafter, each post office, as we moved, improved until we finally built one in our permanent camp area large enough to meet all our needs. An average month's business



here consisted of sales of 30,000 Air Mail Stamps, 10,000 envelopes and \$30,000 worth of Money Orders. Fifteen hundred outgoing letters and fifteen hundred incoming letters was the average per day. An average month's business in parcel post packages and papers would have filled two big trucks or about 100 sacks.

Our board of censors were selected and began functioning immediately after leaving the states.

Censorship of all outgoing mail was something new to all of us. It took sometime to learn what could and could not be mentioned in your correspondence. The censors have always been the recipients of a good many wise-cracks and bits of verbal abuse. Nevertheless, they performed a duty, with dispatch, which was very essential to the security of all troops. After our arrival at Iwo Jima all censorship work was handled by Norman C. Rodgers with the assistance of Frank J. Gurtek, Raymon L. Hummel, and John R. Russell.



THE HONEY BEE LAUNDRY

Our Laundry (like many other services within our Battalion) did not have an opportunity to function properly in the states. At Gulfport, Mississippi, our laundrymen ran a small plant which was able to handle only a small portion of the Battalion's laundry. When we arrived at N. A. S. Honolulu, our laundrymen went to work in a new modern plant. This plant could handle the work of fifty thousand men and was comparable to any laundry in the large cities of the states. It was the only "CB" laundry in Honolulu. It was operated entirely by personnel of the various battalions stationed there.

Upon our arrival at Iwo Jima all of our laundrymen worked with the various infantry squads with which they had trained. Just one month after our landing they had a small laundry operating. It wasn't very fancy but could certainly produce the work. Our clothes were washed and returned wet, but at least we were able to have clean clothes. This was the first official laundry on the island.

After moving to our permanent camp area a real modern laundry was opened. In this new plant we had facilities for handling all of the requirements of the Battalion including laundering of blankets. During the first month of operation over 85,000 pieces were laundered. This plant was operated as much like a civilian plant as possible from the marking and sorting of soiled clothing to the neat bundles of finished work. We had a plant, a service, and a laundry crew of which we were proud. Our laundry problem was solved.

THE BUSY BEE BARBER SHOP

To be neat and well trimmed at all times is a standing rule in the Navy. In "boot" camp this was never much of a problem, for after getting your regulation haircut it took several weeks growth before you were in need of the services of a barber. Men who had been barbers in civilian life now broke out their tools and plied their trade wherever they could find a box and the room. After the formation of the Battalion, some of these men were assigned to work at their trade and take care of the men of the Battalion. In some of the various camps at which we stayed our barbers worked in the main barber shops on the base. It was not until we reached Camp Holliday at Gulfport, Mississippi that we were able to put up our own shop. Here the barbers operated in a portion of the carpenter shop set aside and partitioned off for use as a barber shop. When we reached Port Hueneme, no space was available and they again went to work in the base shop. During our stay at the Naval Air Station Honolulu, we again had our own shop. This shop was not pretentious, but nevertheless was a very comfortable two-chair shop in the administration area which served the needs of most of the personnel of the Battalion. Of course, while at Honolulu everyone had access, while on liberty, to the many barber shops in the city and a good many of our men rather liked the idea of having their tonsorial work done by the native young women barbers.

Aboard ship you could find the barbers working most any place. They would put a box or a barrel on the deck, on a hatch, down in a compartment, or most anywhere and give you a trim.

After hitting the beach there wasn't much thought given to the condition of one's hair until about D-day-plus-29 when a 16 x 16 ft. tent was erected and our barber, A. Barilari, went to work in the first barber shop on the Island.

A really good shop was constructed shortly after moving to our permanent camp area. This new shop had three

chairs, running water, electric lights, electric clippers, and in short, everything a modern shop needed. It was opened all afternoon and evening and averaged about 60 customers per day. On opening this shop it was necessary to have more barbers. A call went out for strikers and the shop opened on April 18th with A. Barilari tutoring the strikers and teaching them the barber trade. It wasn't long before we had no strikers, but instead three good operators giving the best of service to all the Battalion. This shop with its inevitable table piled high with magazines, its waiting benches, and its clean white painted interior gave one the feeling that he was in a small neighborhood shop at home.

THE BEE FIT TAILOR SHOP

Our Battalion tailor shop, like several of our other services, was not set up to be operated on its own until we arrived at our permanent camp.

During our stop-over periods at the various camps our tailor, W. W. Fedde, worked in the base tailor shops. At N. A. S. Honolulu he was in charge of the shop under the 3rd Regiment supervision. It wasn't until our shop was opened on this island that any of us realized how much tailoring there was to be done in an organization this size. Alterations and repairs to uniform clothing of all the men made up a good portion of the work. There was a large quantity of work required to make up complete linen for battalion use. Other items included smocks for four barbers and covers for typewriters and various business machines. Of course the souvenir business came in for its share of repairs. Captured Jap flags and clothing were repaired. Flags representing various states were also produced. When the new Naval Hospital was erected our shop produced hand towels, male covers, spinal sheets and various other linens necessary to the functioning of the hospital.

An average days business brought in about 20 to 25 customers, some with a small repair job requiring only a few minutes while others may have wanted 20 table cloths requiring many hours to make. The oddest job of all to come into the shop was the sewing together of the pages of each of the thousand copies of our Battalion paper the "Carryall."

THE LUCKY BEE COBBLER SHOP

Good shoes are a necessity to a Scabee, and keeping the shoes of a whole battalion in good repair is a tremendous task. In two years time a Battalion of 1000 men normally requires about 10,000 pairs of rubber heels and 7000 pairs of soles.

It wasn't until we put up our permanent campsite on Iwo Jima that our three Battalion cobblers had an opportunity to work in our own repair shop. Up until then, they had worked in the shops of the various bases and camps at which the Battalion was stationed.

Our new shop was well equipped, modern, and large enough to handle all the work for our own men and give special service to other units on the Island. Besides averaging about 35 pairs of shoes each day, our cobblers have made several pistol holsters, built up a good many orthopedic shoes, and repaired a pair of western riding boots. The largest pair of shoes known to have been repaired on the Island, came from another Battalion and was a size 17. The soles were so immense that it was necessary to use a large size full sole in order to have a piece of leather large enough for a half sole.



ENGINEERING and PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT



Under Lieut. Sam R. Stanbery, the Engineering Department began its functions at John Rodgers Field. The numerous and varied projects required plans and construction stakes; and three draftsmen and twenty surveyors were kept busy.

Plans were constantly being revised, to meet the rapidly changing requirements of the station. It was necessary that construction drawings be checked; and sometimes amplified, when details of construction were left to the discretion of the Battalion.

The field crews placed stakes for line and grade on the installation of sewer and water lines, roads, air-field runways, piling, seaplane ramps, drainage structures, and buildings. The 133rd was assigned as many diverse projects as are possible on a Naval Air Station, and the wide previous experience of the Engineering Department was very useful.

On the invasion of Iwo Jima, the major part of the Engineering Department was attached to the Intelligence Section of the Fourth Marines. Under the direction of G. E. Hermansen, Ch. W. O., the surveyors and draftsmen made daily reconnaissance, and prepared the tactical and logistic maps of the sector occupied by the Fourth Marines.

The day after Iwo was declared secure, the survey crews under Chiefs Church, Critchfield, Wellman, and Gentry were detailed to prepare topographic maps of specified areas in the Central and Northern portion of the Island. These crews were composed of Anderson, Goodwin, Gerlach, Hilbert, Porter, Jones, Stwalley, Randall, Prutch, Colwell, and McComas. The maps were made under difficult conditions. The area was still infested with Jap snipers, and quite frequently, the surveyors were forced to seek cover.

On completion of the topographic surveys, the survey crews staked out the runways, taxiways, and roads assigned to the One-thirty-third. The plans and drawings for these projects were prepared, under the supervision of Lieut. Stanbery, by Chief Blinks, Alessio, Johnson, Frederick, and Hull.

Within three months after D-day, the field parties were placing the line and grade stakes for finished asphaltic pavement on a large part of the assigned Central Airport project, and the Engineering Department had contributed its share to another chapter of Seabee achievement.

Lieut. Stanbery, as Public Works Officer, also had under his supervision the operation of various shops and utilities, comprised of carpenter shop, fire department, paint and sign shop, refrigeration and boiler installations, water works, electrical department, metal shop and sanitation department.





WATER WORKS



Our water department, one of the most important parts of a Battalion organization, began functioning on 5 March as a Combat Water Unit at Iwo Jima.

Under direction of Ch. Carp. Ritchie, assisted by Chief Oliphant and M. A. Hasselvander, a temporary water point was set up at the foot of Mount Suribachi to supply water to Marine combat troops, as well as our own personnel.

The original unit consisted of six portable Badger units, operated on a 24-hour basis. Temporary canvas tanks sufficient for 9000 gallon storage capacity were set up, with 90 percent of the fresh water going initially to the front line troops. Water ration at the front was three canteens per day per man.

The water plant was a complete unit boasting its own temporary galley and tent quarters for personnel. Due to its proximity to one of the major Jap strong points on the Island a 24-hour security guard was maintained against enemy troops trying to infiltrate to steal water or to pick off operating personnel.

Late in March, the Island having been declared secure and our permanent camp site allocated, construction of the camp distillation and distribution system was begun.

Under the same general supervision a carpenter crew under Chief Davidson began erection of the wood stave storage tanks in preparation for moving our distillation units to their new site.

The intake was located at the beach, 4000 feet below the camp site, with a 236-foot lift required to

reach the plant. Pumping was by means of a 250 gpm Chrysler fire pump, with a booster pump at the 160-foot lift point.

With everything in readiness the original Badger units were moved from the beach to the campsite and installed there together with a 5000 gpd Cleaver-Brook unit. Later, as work projects got under way and more water was required, five more vapor-compression type machines were installed to increase the plant capacity. With these additional machines a daily production capacity of 24,000 gallons was reached. Salt water storage capacity was 30,000 gallons, and to assure a sufficient water supply in case of breakdowns a storage capacity of 40,000 gallons was maintained on fresh water.

Throughout our stay at this base fresh water showers were available, although they were necessarily limited at times due to plant breakdowns. Water also was furnished to many adjacent small Army units who were not equipped to supply their own water.

Supervision at the water plant was fairly constant throughout, with Chief Oliphant in general charge of operations assisted by Hasselvander and Woodard, with Powers in charge of mechanical repairs.

Working in conjunction with the water plant were a crew of pipe fitters and plumbers who did the piping on the plant, installed the distribution system, and handled all maintenance work in the camp.

After nearly 5 months of continuous 24-hour day operation the equipment began to require mechanical overhaul, accomplishment of which was complicated by that well known advance base "bogey," shortage of spare parts.

But the "water gang" had never failed to produce yet and as usual came through in fine shape to keep the plant running.





ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT



The electrical department of this Battalion did not function as a department 'til after we left the United States.

Some of the Chief Electrician Mates and Electrician Mates did work at their respective trades while we were

stationed at Gulfport, Mississippi, and Port Hueneme, California.

While at Gulfport, Mississippi, our battalion received orders to do electrical work at the Army's 10,000 acre Hancock County bombing range near Bay St. Louis, Mississippi. This job was to re-map five miles of telephone lines and poles, install two miles of new poles and lines, and other electrical work that was needed at the range. This job was done under trying conditions. The men had to set telephone poles and string miles of wire through snake-infested swamps and rough country. The men liked this job for it was a good deal as far as they were concerned. They camped with the Army, and best of all, had liberty every night and no dress blues!

While stationed at Port Hueneme, California they did more training than work. Some of the crew were assigned new construction work on warehouses and quonset huts, along with some repair work. This work was done in the latter part of our stay at Port Hueneme and its purpose was to help prepare them for when they arrived at their advanced base.

While we were heading towards island 'X' some of our electrical personnel was needed to help put the ship's equipment in first class condition. This was just what our lads were hoping for! A chance to work their way across the blue Pacific. They repaired lighting circuits, electrical controls on refrigeration plants, ice cream machines, ventilation motors, controls and ducts, rewound and repaired motors, put scuttle butts

in usable condition, and many other jobs they were called upon to do. For this work they received a letter of commendation from the ship's captain. In doing this work aboard ship it helped to pass the time, and also made the trip much more enjoyable for all the men aboard.

May 16, 1944 is a date that will not be forgotten by the electrical crew. On that date they went to work at N. A. S. Honolulu, T. H.

The electrical materials used at this station were the best the Navy could procure. This enhanced the ability of the men to do this job in a workman-like manner.

The above-mentioned electrical equipment and workmanship applied to the following building projects our battalion contracted to do: A large aircraft nose hangar with shop and offices, four large transformer vaults, taxiway lighting, seadrome lighting, seaplane ramps, gasoline tank farm, warehouses, quonset huts, messhalls, fire stations, officer and enlisted men's barracks, and many other smaller electrical jobs that our crew was called upon to do. This was a large electrical job and it afforded every last man in our crew a chance to prove his ability and, at the same time, do the kind of work he liked. The men would have preferred to stay on and finish the job but on October 31, 1944, Uncle Sam said they must pack their electrical gear and lay aside their tools for a while for he had a bigger job for them to do.

The smoke of battle had not cleared completely on Iwo, when the electrical department received orders to install the necessary power and light for our new camp. Chiefs Arter, Wilson and Smith formed three respective crews and tackled their individual job wholeheartedly.

Chief Smith supervised the wiring of our camp; Chief Arter supervised all electrical projects outside of camp; Chief Wilson supervised all telephone underground and pole line work.

Within four weeks the generator crew headed by Ellsworth EM1c then, but now a chief, had one 75 KW diesel generator and two 15 KW generators for stand-by's below ground, behind sand bags and pumping juice into the lines that feed the enlisted men's chow hall, enlisted men's quarters, officers' B. O. Q., administration area, transportation area, supply area and many other buildings and tents a camp needs in order to function.

The telephone and line crew installed a fifty circuit switchboard, along with forty-eight sub telephones, which were installed throughout the camp, running many thousand feet of telephone and power lines underground.

Chief Arter's crew wired the asphalt plant and rock crusher, installing generators at each plant, which furnished the necessary power and light. Floodlights were installed at both plants and on airfields 1 and 2 for night work. Around the clock watches were maintained by this crew.







TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT

The Transportation and Heavy Equipment Department was formed at Camp Peary, but did not function as an organization until arrival of the battalion at Naval Air Station, Honolulu. At Endicott, Gulfport and Hueneme various courses in operation and maintenance of equipment were attended by personnel of the battalion.

Upon arrival at N. A. S. Honolulu this department provided and maintained the necessary equipment for the battalion projects. This necessitated the setting up of the following shops: Motor Transport Repair, Machine Shop, Welding Shop, Battery Shop, Blacksmith Shop, Light Equipment Repair and Salvage, Tire Shop, Lubrication Rack, Riggers Loft and Parts Department. On completion of the work projects at Oahu all equipment was shipped to the Island of Maui. Here the equipment was processed for overseas shipment and loaded aboard various types of amphibious landing craft.

The landing at Iwo Jima proved hazardous. Equipment began coming ashore early on D-Day and practically all of it was ashore by D-plus-3. Working conditions were very precarious due to enemy fire, salt water, deep volcanic sand and land mines. Several

bulldozers hit land mines, a number of trucks were blown up and various other pieces of equipment were riddled with shrapnel by the enemy. The shops began to function on the beach under very difficult conditions. Before the securing of the Island, most of the equipment was in operation on Number 2 Air Strip. Maintenance of this equipment was extremely hard, and a considerable amount of it was done on the field. After a short time, but before the Island was secured, a compound was built with adequate facilities for all shops. Spare parts were very scarce articles, and the various shops had to improvise parts needed out of salvaged enemy gear. Upon final securing of the Island all major work projects were under way. Due to the high number of casualties on the beach, working all equipment on a round the clock basis was a major problem. Two hundred eighty-one (281) operators and maintenance men were used in the operation of two hundred and three (203) pieces of equipment. That the men of this department made an enviable record for themselves is proven by the absence of deadlined equipment in the shops and by the good records turned in by all projects where equipment operators played their part.







OPERATORS







42 'ERS



BEARDED WONDERS



OLDEST AND YOUNGEST

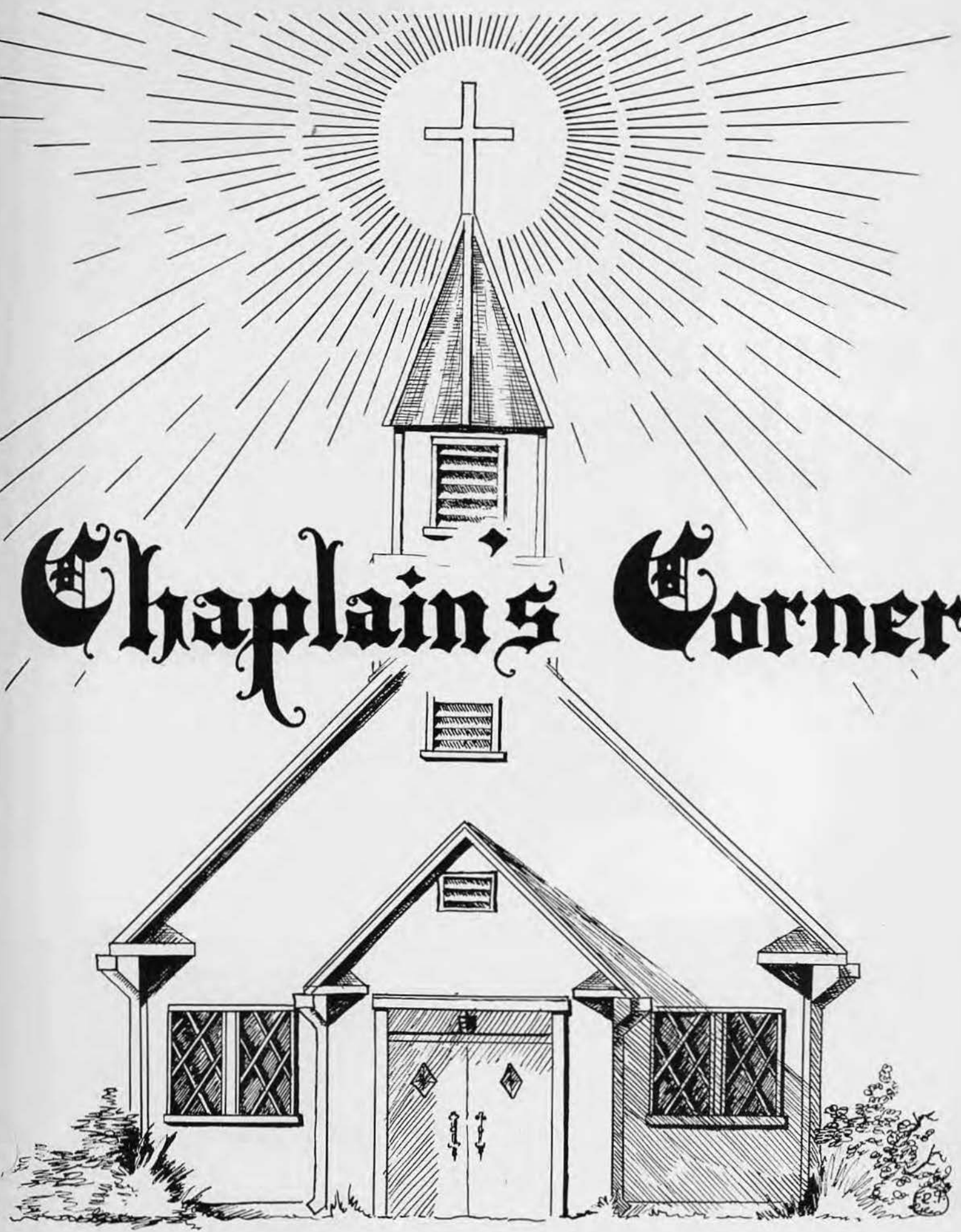
THREE SALLYS

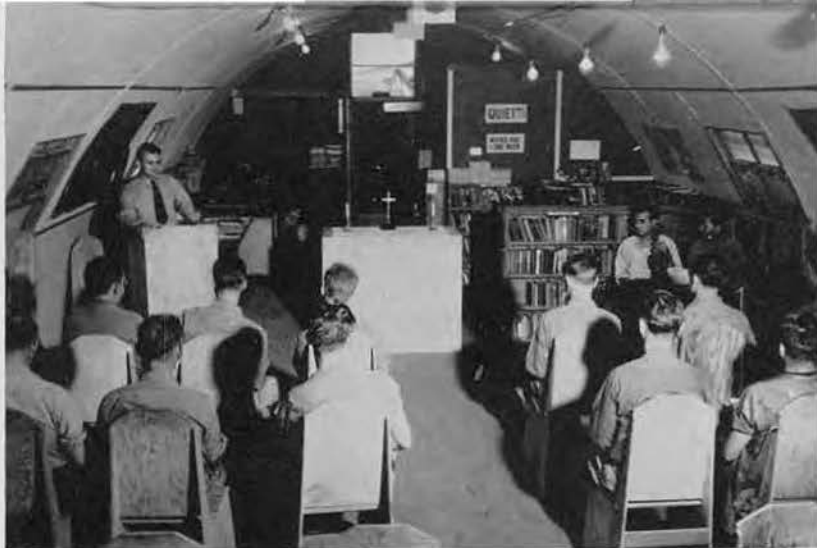


REPLACEMENTS



Chaplain's Corner





THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

The duties of the chaplain's department were ably headed by Chaplain Herschel Richmond until he sustained severe injuries during the Iwo Jima operation. He was evacuated at that time, and activities were directed temporarily by the department under the direction of Ch. Carp. Hermansen, Welfare Officer. In April of 1945 Chaplain Donald G. Creech arrived to take over the work of the department. In all of his stay with the battalion he was assisted first by Henry W. Koropal, who was the mainstay in educational work for all hands. H. H. Nagle was responsible for the *Carryall*, battalion newspaper, and did an outstanding piece of work, ably assisted by D. Roda-

baugh, who divided his time between the paper and the battalion library. Chief Specialist J. B. Sharp, well known as the undefeated champion of the checker table, headed the athletic work of the battalion, making up schedules for all tournaments, and supervising construction of athletic fields and courts. Joe Kupstas and "Cappy" Coppola were the unseen men behind the movies, both 16mm. and 35mm. Men of other outfits came from far and near to view our battalion movies. For some time Dean S. Marshall devoted himself to getting this book ready, and to working with the department in his evening newscasts. Last, but far from least, "Nick" Damiano was always present to assist in the musical end of religious activities, his most conspicuous appearance being on the stage of the theater at Iwo when Archbishop Spellman said Mass. It is difficult to weigh the results of much of the work of the Welfare and Recreation Department; however, it has been represented from the bedsides of the sick of the outfit to the ball diamonds of Oahu and Iwo. Whatever success has crowned its efforts has been due largely to the whole-hearted cooperation of all of the members of the battalion, officers and men alike.

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN'S MASS

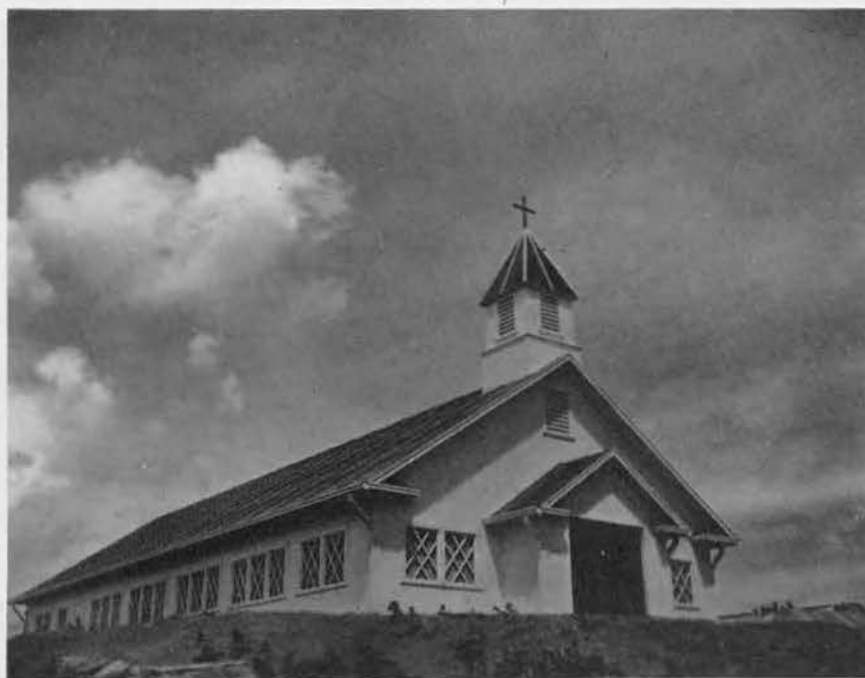




CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE



TENT CHAPEL



MEMORIAL CHAPEL

MEMORIAL SERVICE



WELFARE AND RECREATION



LIBRARY

The Battalion library was open every day with hours arranged so that no matter what shift a man worked he could take out a book or return one during his free hours. About a hundred men used the library each day, some of the night shift men doing magazine reading and letter writing there.

Over twelve hundred books were in the library; the Fiction, Western and Technical books were the most important to the readers. The Battalion subscribed to nearly all the better-known magazines, with three or four subscriptions to the most popular ones. These magazines received plenty of use, although second-class mail delivery at Iwo was highly irregular so that after weeks of no magazines there would be a temporary over-supply. Many men donated books to the library after they had finished them, particularly paper-bound editions.

The library offered relief from the heat, being a Quonset with tropical roof and dormer windows which provided some air circulation even on the worst summer days. Quonset construction crew, carpenter shop men, painters, and electricians vied with one another to produce a good-looking and well-lighted interior. Tin reflectors, Battalion-made, brought the light down close over stained plywood tables. Built-in bookshelves, trimmed in bright blue, and the powder-blue walls with stenciled decorations, made the place an attractive hangout.

SKYLINE THEATER

The Skyline Theater at Iwo Jima, seating more than 1200 men, was the third and final location on the Island where the 133rd provided movies for itself. On the invasion beach the Battalion set up a screen and a 16 mm. projector, and scattered ammunition boxes around for seats, long before the fighting was over. Shows were sometimes halted abruptly by air-raid alerts. After the Battalion moved across to settle down on the west side of the Island, a second temporary theater, exactly similar, served until the permanent one was ready.

The theater gave movies seven nights a week at 2000, preceded by the reading of the day's news-sheet over the P. A. system. It was a true Battalion center for off-duty hours: important announcements were made there; ceremonies such as the award of Purple Hearts and Bronze Stars were held there; and U. S. O. entertainments as well as the Battalion's own "133rd Vanities" were given on the 30-foot stage.

The theater had two 35mm. machines in its projection booth; floodlights to illuminate the seating area; footlights and overhead lights on the stage; and back of the stage, dressing rooms and an upstairs art-and-music room.



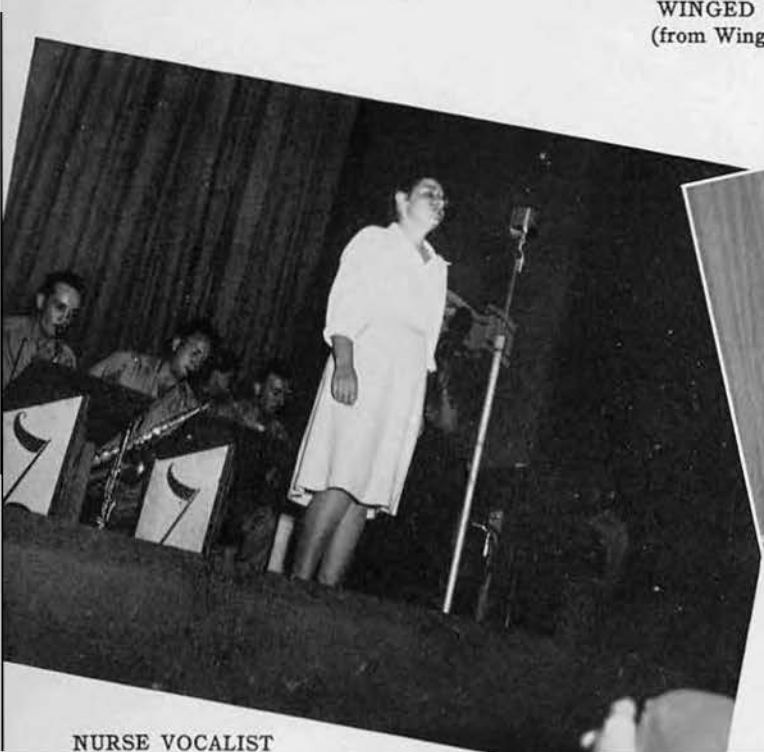
TEMPORARY THEATER



PROJECTION MEN



WINGED PIGEONS
(from Winged Victory)



NURSE VOCALIST

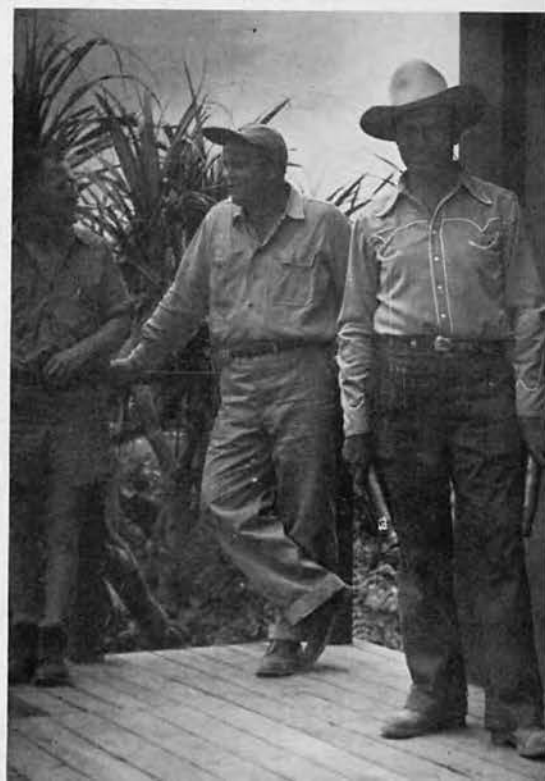
ARMY BAND



SHAPES AHOY



GENE AUTRY





133RD "VANITIES"



SPORTS



BEER GARDEN



BAR-B-Q

SPORTS ON IWO

As soon as the firing had ceased on Iwo, and the camp site was established, men began looking for means of recreation. Volcanic ash, however, was not conducive to baseball, softball and basketball games. Until the time came that sufficient rock and clay could be brought into the area to make the necessary diamonds and courts, indoor games were the only diversion the men had.

Ping-pong tables were placed in the welfare tents of each Company, plus one in the Officers' Club and one in the Battalion's Recreation Tent. These were used from early morning until late evening. To be able to play a game in the Battalion's Recreation Tent, the player sometimes would have to wait for an hour or more. His waiting, however, was of a pleasant nature, since he could always sit in on a game of checkers, dominoes or chinese checkers. In the event that these games held no attraction for him, he could always listen to the radio, which blared from early dawn to dusk.

In the meantime, progress was being made on the construction of volleyball courts. One company was sufficiently aroused on this project that its men, not satisfied with a rock and dirt deck hauled asphalt from the plant to complete their court. Eventually the same interest was expressed by the other companies. Games on these courts were played until darkness. It was good exercise for the men, who took full advantage of it.

Fishing parties were popular with the men who worked on the night shift. For them this was their only relaxation. At least two or three times a week, they would take to the beaches with their efforts paying big dividends. They would return with tuna (and with no apologies to Izaak Walton) 3-to-4 feet in length, and buckets full of mackerel. Promptly it would be taken to the galley and prepared as a late evening snack.

With the organization of all Naval Personnel on this Island, a Committee was selected to schedule inter-battalion athletic contests. This Committee was partially responsible for the many baseball and softball diamonds that began to spring up on the Island. Actively participating in this League was the 133rd Battalion's Softball Team. Much to the pleasant surprise of the players, they found no difficulty in getting back to their winning strides of Hawaiian Island Days.





C. P. O. CLUB

The C. P. O. Club was organized on the Honolulu Naval Air Station at Oahu in May, 1944. The men elected to hold the governing offices were: President, D. C. Barnett CCM; Vice-President, A. W. Barker CCM; Secretary, J. Mayes CSK; Treasurer and caterer, A. A. Blinks CCM.

A meeting was called of the newly organized club where the various committees necessary were appointed. The constitution and by-laws were read to the members. Then President Barnett called upon the procuring abilities of all the Chiefs to outfit the club. The results were astonishing! G. P. Oliphant CCM, built the bar, tables, chairs, and furnished the Varga girl pictures which gave the feminine touch to the club interior. Other members brought in a stove, dishes, silverware, and cooking utensils. A refrigerator was furnished by the supply department as well as other very useful items.

Opening night found the club well stocked with beer and food. The Officers of the Battalion were the guests of the eve-

ning and Commander Murphy drank the first bottle of beer.

During the stay in Honolulu the club prospered and a real need in the social life of the C. P. O.'s was supplied.

When the Battalion moved to Maui, the club suspended operations and the equipment was packed for shipment to the forward area. The Chief Petty Officers' mess functioned however, in conjunction with the Marines. A complete set of chinaware, glasses, and silverware was procured by the Supply Department for the Chiefs' Mess which was packed and is being used at this base.

Some two months after our landing on Iwo Jima, the Battalion moved over to their new camp area. Then plans were under way to get the club and mess into operation. Commander Murphy directed the club to pour a concrete slab the size of a Quonset hut (the hut was to come in on a later echelon). In the meantime a 16 x 50 ft. tent was erected, the equipment installed, and beer and food was being dispensed in the usual manner.



OFFICERS' CLUB

The Officers' Mess served the combined functions of a messhall and recreation center at Iwo.

The structure consisted of a Quonset hut, housing a dining room and small bar, with a wide porch across the front overlooking the sea. A fully equipped small galley at the back completed the layout.

The building was designed by Lieut. Birger, in charge at the time, of camp construction, and built by a crew under supervision of Chief Enoch.

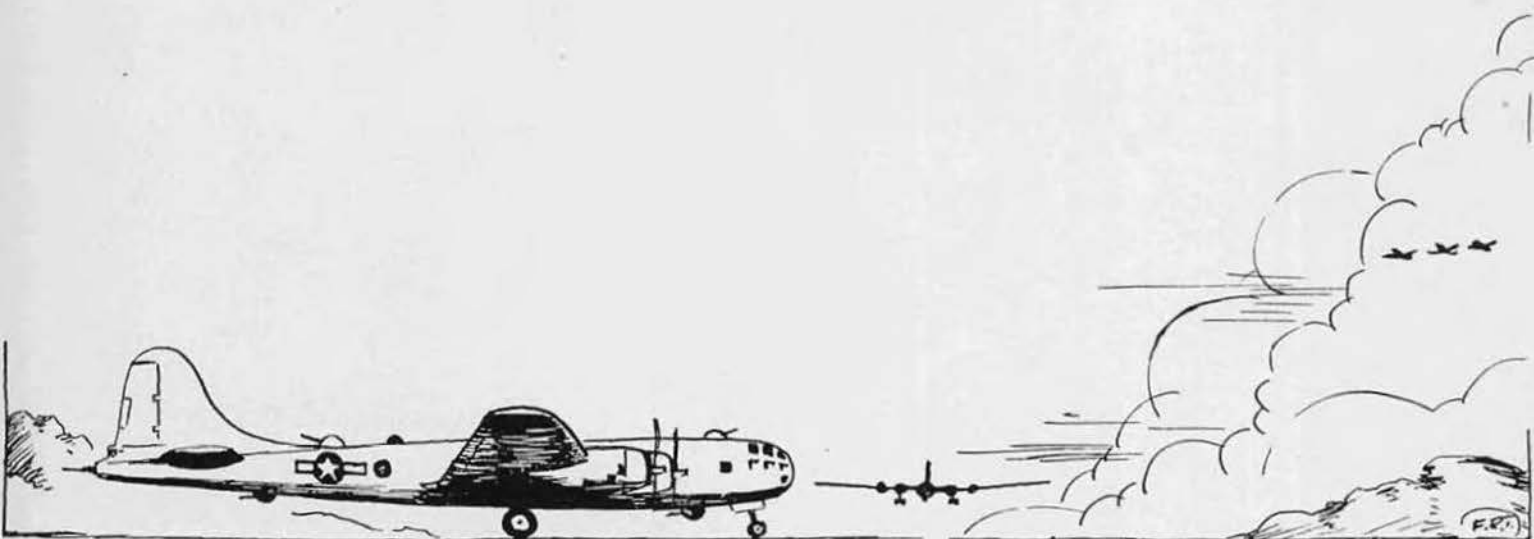
The galley was under the capable supervision of S. N. Magno, Ckic, while S. Birgans, StM1c, and C. S. Lewis, StM2c, officiated at the bar.

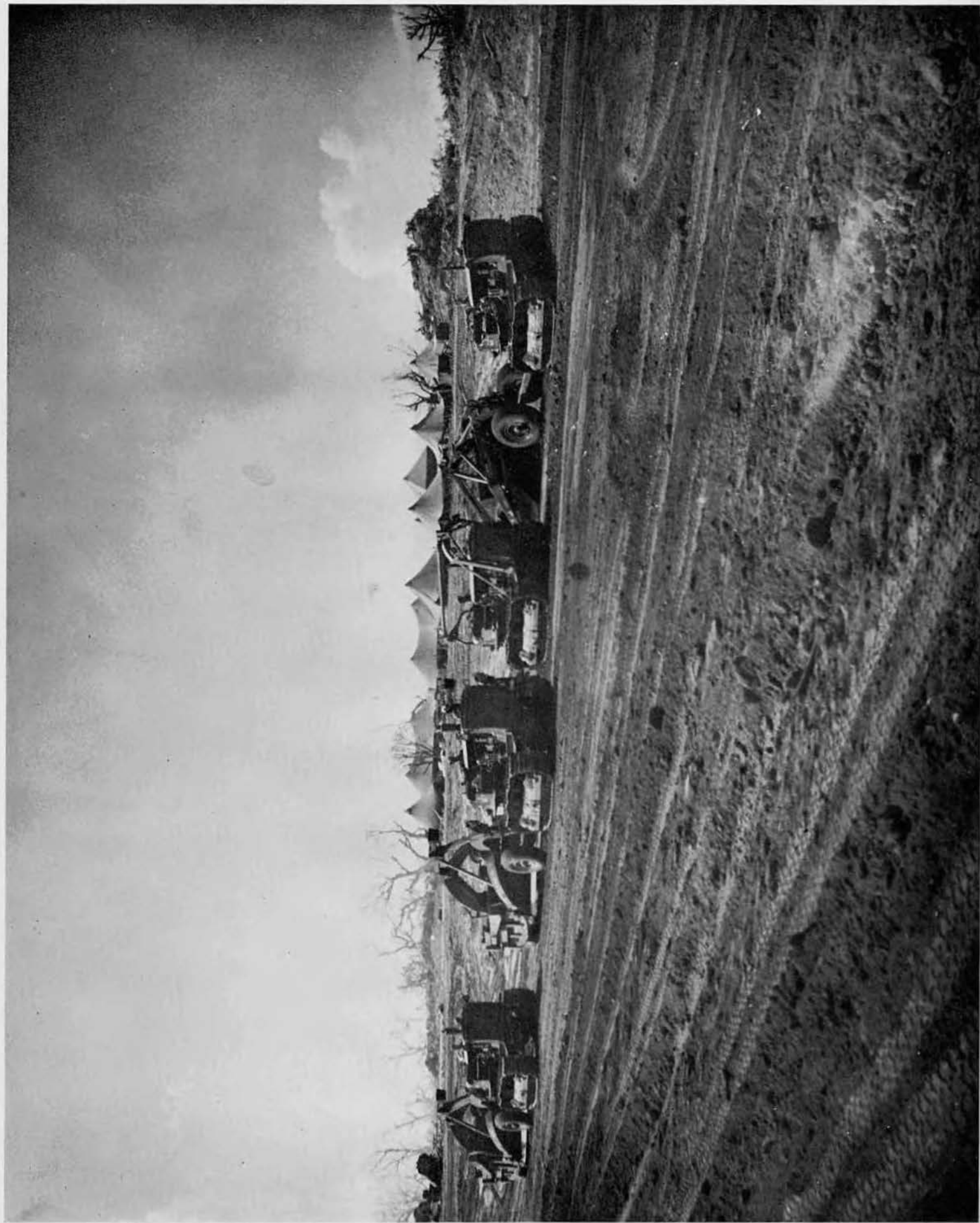
Recreational facilities were identical with those furnished all Battalion personnel, namely a ping-pong table, cribbage boards, and a volleyball court close by.





WORK PROJECTS





GRADING OPERATIONS

While the Marines still fought their slow, painful way forward a few hundred yards ahead, while our shore parties struggled to keep supplies flowing across the beaches to the men at the front, while a stubborn enemy still fought back with every resource at his command, our "dirt movers" went to work.

On D-plus-7 came our first call. Additional help was needed to put Airfield No. 1 in shape to receive land based fighters and transport planes. Two motor patrols and a roller were needed. F. O. Smith, H. Jensen and A. L. Sawitch took them up and went to work on the field that was still under enemy mortar and artillery fire.

A few days later, on D-plus-10, with Airfield No. 2 partially secured by our forces, came a second call, this time for two more rollers to augment equipment being put in use there by other Battalions. In these early days everyone, regardless of unit, combined forces and worked together until such time as individual project assignments were to be taken over. C. Staszak and T. R. Kelly took the rollers up and stayed to operate them.

As conditions on the beach became more secure our heavy equipment continued to come ashore. Led by Chief Holloway, assisted by Plattner, Pickle, Tanner and many others, crane booms were attached and rigged up. Tractors and dozers were conditioned and put to work on the beaches. Carryalls were made ready to go when needed.

By D-plus-13, plans for the extensions to Airfield No. 2 that were to produce eventually the longest airstrips in the Western Pacific area to date were under way and our carryalls joined forces with those of other Battalions in the first large scale operations begun thus far. Men who had spent many days working on the shell torn beaches now climbed aboard their machines and went to work on the airfield. They worked only days at first since the area was not secure enough from Jap infiltration to risk the men and equipment at night, but after about two weeks all grading operations went on a round the clock basis and more of our operators were called into action.

A little over a month after beginning major operations, on April 12 to be exact, we were assigned our own projects. Survey crews under Lieut. Stanbery made preliminary surveys from which locations were selected and grades designed. The grading organization under Lieut. Greenfield, set up on the basis of the working knowledge of men and equipment gained at N. A. S., began to function. A plan of operation was outlined and with Ch. Carp. Smith and Lt. (jg) Clark assisted by Chiefs Walmsley and Breault each handling a shift in the field, our projects were begun.

The going was tough. The terrain, fashioned by the elements into a jumble of crags and pinnacles of rocklike clay and deep eroded gulches and ravines, pitted with caves and fissures spouting sulphur fumes and steam, was formidable in itself. Add to this the Jap mine fields and booby traps, large duds and small duds, tons of live ammunition scattered around, and the debris of wrecked pillboxes, guns and equipment, and the going gets tougher. Many times the first few weeks our operators, working under protection of our own or Army security guards, were forced to take cover from Jap sniper fire or night patrols venturing from their cave hideouts. But the job went on.

A crew of demolition men under Edgington scoured the working areas ahead of the equipment, to discover and dispose of any explosives found there. These men including Schmunk, Pinko, Lares, Lessard and Lepine, none of whom were properly trained for their job, searched and probed, discovered and disposed of vast amounts of explosives in one form or another. Disposal was usually made by placing the miscellaneous explosives in a cave in

the working area and propagating them with dynamite charges, thus serving to take care of any hiding Japs and collapsing or sealing the caves as part of the construction. Thus too were Jap pillboxes and gun positions destroyed. The success of this demolition work was demonstrated by the fact that not a single piece of equipment was lost or damaged from explosives throughout our entire period of operation.

Working two 10-hour shifts a day, leaving just time for maintenance and lubrication crews to service the equipment, our projects rapidly took shape. Refueling loop No. 1 and taxiway No. 1 were our first completed projects, and proud we were to see them come into use by the huge bombers that were "working over" the Japanese homeland. In rapid succession we completed or prepared for paving, hard stands, warm up aprons and parking areas adjacent to the first big bomber strip. Then we moved on to the system of taxiways, complete with service areas and hard stands, that was to link the North and Central fields and convert practically half of the Island into one huge airfield.

Operating more or less on a "design as you go" basis, we saw and were forced to make, many sudden changes in plans and locations, necessitating much moving of equipment from area to area. Yet the work never stopped. Handicapped by losses sustained in the invasion of the Island we were not in a position to man much additional equipment above the normal battalion complement. Nor were we able to provide relief for our operators who were consequently forced to work long periods without a day of rest. There was some grumbling to be sure, but the facilities we were building were badly needed, so we carried on.

Normally we had eight or nine carryalls varying in capacity from 8 to 16 yards, three HD-8 dozers, one or two rooters and one or two sheepsfoot rollers working on the projects. For finish grading we used, at various times, from one to five or six motor patrols, coordinating the use of this equipment with the penetration paving projects. Also available were a couple of Northwest 6 shovels, but due to scarcity of trucks these were seldom used.

Personnel requirements, considering the scope of operations, were small. In addition to the equipment operators we used a two or three man party on each shift, under Gothot and McCloy, to check grades and set grade stakes; a couple of dumpmen or load checkers; an electrician to handle flood lighting on the night shift, and generally two heavy equipment mechanics to do any minor repair that could be done in the field. Extra labor required to build and repair light towers, install drainage facilities, pour concrete, or install electrical conduit, were assigned as needed.

Drainage facilities, installed in conjunction with grading operations were as simple as could be devised. In true Seabee fashion, culverts were made from empty drums, with the ends cut out, and welded into drain lines; shoulder drains from drums, cut and welded and placed in concrete. The largest single drainage installation was placed on taxiway No. 2 where five 24 in. lines approximately 600 feet long were encased in concrete. These installations were built by Chiefs Howard and Davidson and their crews.

At this time, after about five months work, the end of our job is in sight. Already preparations are under way that will take us to our next Advanced Base. A glance at the figures shows a total of 1,250,000 cubic yards of dirt moved, 4800 lineal feet of 24 in. drain pipe and 1100 lineal feet of 12 in. drain pipe laid, 4400 lineal feet of conduit installed and 725 cubic yards of concrete placed. The equipment hours put in by our grading equipment averages 2000 hours per unit.

With this job "under our belts" we were again ready for whatever lay ahead.



RUGGED



TERRAIN





RUGGED



TERRAIN





DRAINAGE



INSTALLATION





JAP AMMO



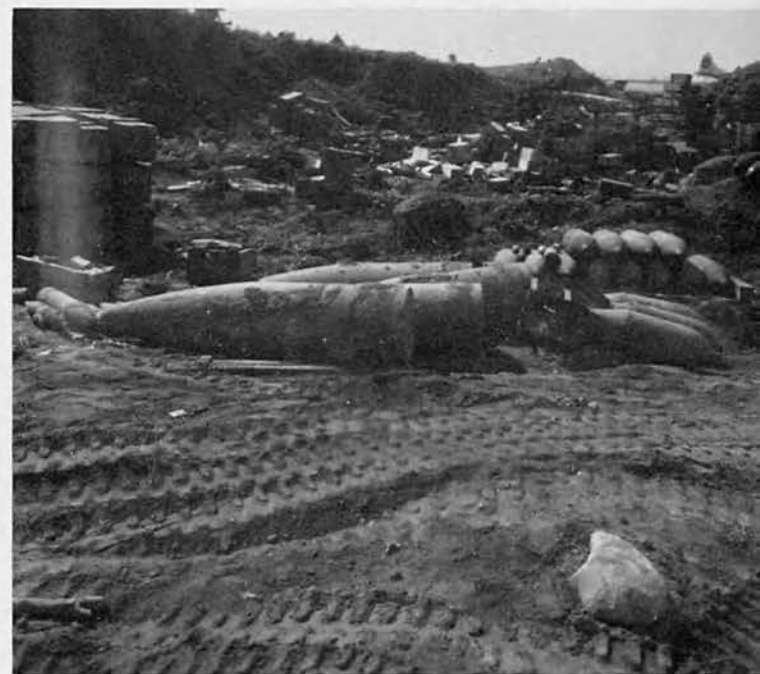
CAVES



LOADING

THE BLAST

AMMO COLLECTION



ROCK CRUSHER

The erection and operation of a crusher plant for the production of crushed rock to be used as aggregate in bituminous paving was one of the major projects assigned our Battalion. We received the "word" on 30 March and immediately got under way. The job was assigned to Lieut. Kite.

Investigation revealed that the machinery was already on the Island, but where it was no one knew exactly. The large 36 x 42 in. jaw crusher was located on Brown beach. Two 18 x 36 in. jaw crushers and two 18 x 36 in. roller crushers were found here and there, up and down the beaches, unloaded in the time-honored haphazard way common to Advance Bases. When all the parts were finally discovered they were hauled to the asphalt emulsion storage area for assembly and for repair to damage sustained in transit. Assembly and repair was done by E. J. Brown, J. E. Redondo and J. T. Haggerty.

Reconnaissance of the Island for a suitable site for the crusher was extensive. Keeping in mind a location close to a natural supply of suitable rock for crushing and a location that would permit erection of the plant with the least possible delay, a site was finally selected at the extreme north end of the Island on a bluff overlooking the sea. The main difficulties with the location were that there was no road into the place and that it was still liberally infested with Nips. Nevertheless, on April 2, grading of a road into the area was begun, with Coppola and Stevens on the dozers while Sullivan and Frankenberg stood guard with their carbines.

In the meantime a Battalion survey party made a topographic map of the proposed site, picking up in the process, one badly used "Son of Heaven." For a time it seemed we would have to place him on the muster of Lieut. Stanbery's Headquarters Company since no one could be found who would assume jurisdiction of a live Jap. The Marines were not accustomed to that type, and the Army was not prepared for them, but finally took him into a P. O. W. compound for safe keeping.

As soon as grading of the access road and the crusher site was completed, bins were erected, a dumping trestle built, and the crushers placed in position. All erection work was on a two shift basis to meet the dead line set up for beginning production. Night shift crews worked under protection of Army guards and encounters with Jap snipers were the rule rather than the exception. Additional roads were built to the beach below the crusher plant from where our original material for crushing was obtained. Here a thick bed of smooth round boulders varying in size from twelve inches down had been deposited by high seas. All that was necessary was for shovels to pick it up and load it into trucks which hauled it to the crusher.

About 23 April the crushers went into actual opera-

tion. For the next few weeks it seemed that every breakable part on each crusher was destined to break. Our rock proved to be very hard to crush and the way it stuck in the chutes or bounded out of the hoppers and bins at the most unexpected places was absolutely diabolical. To add to our difficulties, it was found that shrapnel was practically indigestible in any crusher, and there was plenty of it mixed in with the rock. As a result everyone had to keep a sharp lookout and to keep his ear cocked for the clang of metal as the crusher operated.

After a short period of operation it was decided that the difficulty of crushing the smooth, round boulders was excessive. It was thought that a quarried rock with its sharp edges would give a better finished product and also be less wearing on the crushers, so a quarry was opened up adjacent to the plant. The quarry also operated on a round the clock basis to keep up with the requirements of the crushers.

Blasting in the rock, or lava, peculiar to this Island was not without its difficulties. The lava, having been deposited in a hot fluid condition in the dim past, had cracked badly at the surface during cooling. This made drilling slow and difficult, and blasting uncertain. By trial and error it was found that "snake holes" drilled at the bottom of a face gave the best results. Shooting out the toe of the face allowed the rock above to drop down and since it was already seamed and cracked there was very little oversize rock that required secondary blasting.

All the bugs in the equipment and operating procedure were finally ironed out, and production stepped up. Rock, grading between 1 in. and 2 in., was stock-piled for base course on penetration paving. Crusher run rock under 1 in. size was stock-piled for use at the hot mix asphalt plant. Rock was hauled from stock piles as required.

The entire plant operated on a two shift basis from the beginning, with Ens. Ross and Ch. Carp. Munn each in charge of a shift. Chief Davis and Chief Kromer were in direct charge of crusher operations on their shifts, while Chiefs Brown and Barker, and later Chief Case, were in charge of drilling and blasting.

Each crusher operating crew was composed of about 18 men and 7 drillers. In addition, Transportation Department furnished operators for three dozers, one 1¼ yard shovel, two ¾ yard shovels, seven trucks and a crawler type bucket loader for aggregate loading.

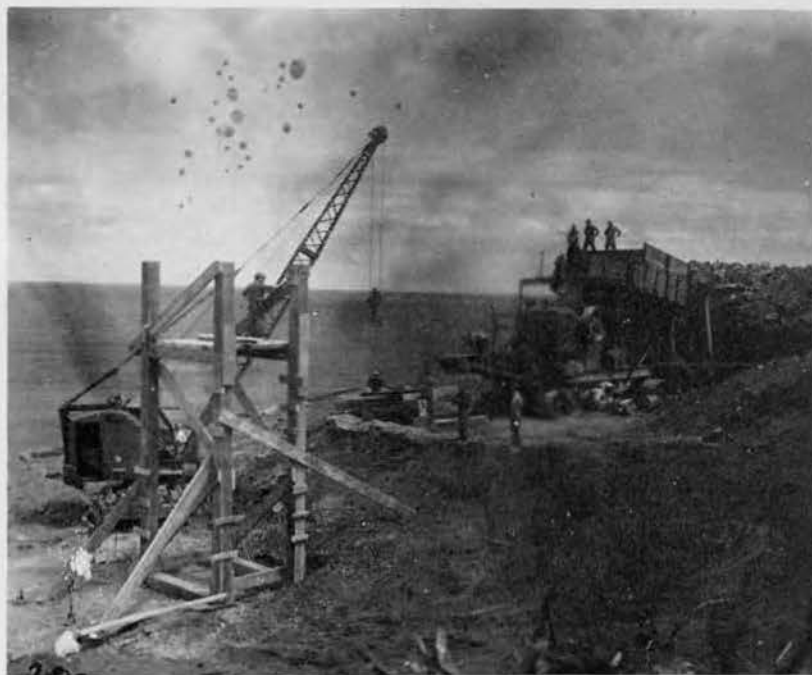
Since beginning operations the plant has averaged about 60 tons per hour. However, production for July averaged 73 tons per hour. The rated capacity of the plant is 70-100 tons per hour, so it may be seen that the plant was operated as efficiently as possible under local conditions.

Total production to time of this writing was 115,000 tons.





BOULDER BEACH



MAIN CRUSHER

MAIN CONVEYOR AND SPLITTER BIN



CRUSHER CREWS



LOADING ROCKS





SECONDARY CRUSHERS

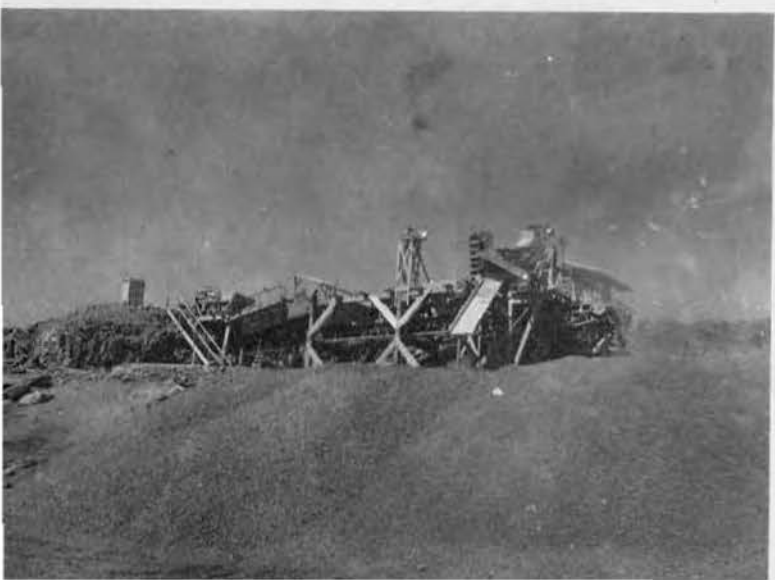


STOCK PILING



EQUIPMENT OPERATORS

STOCK PILE



LOADING OUT





DRILLING



LOADING HOLES



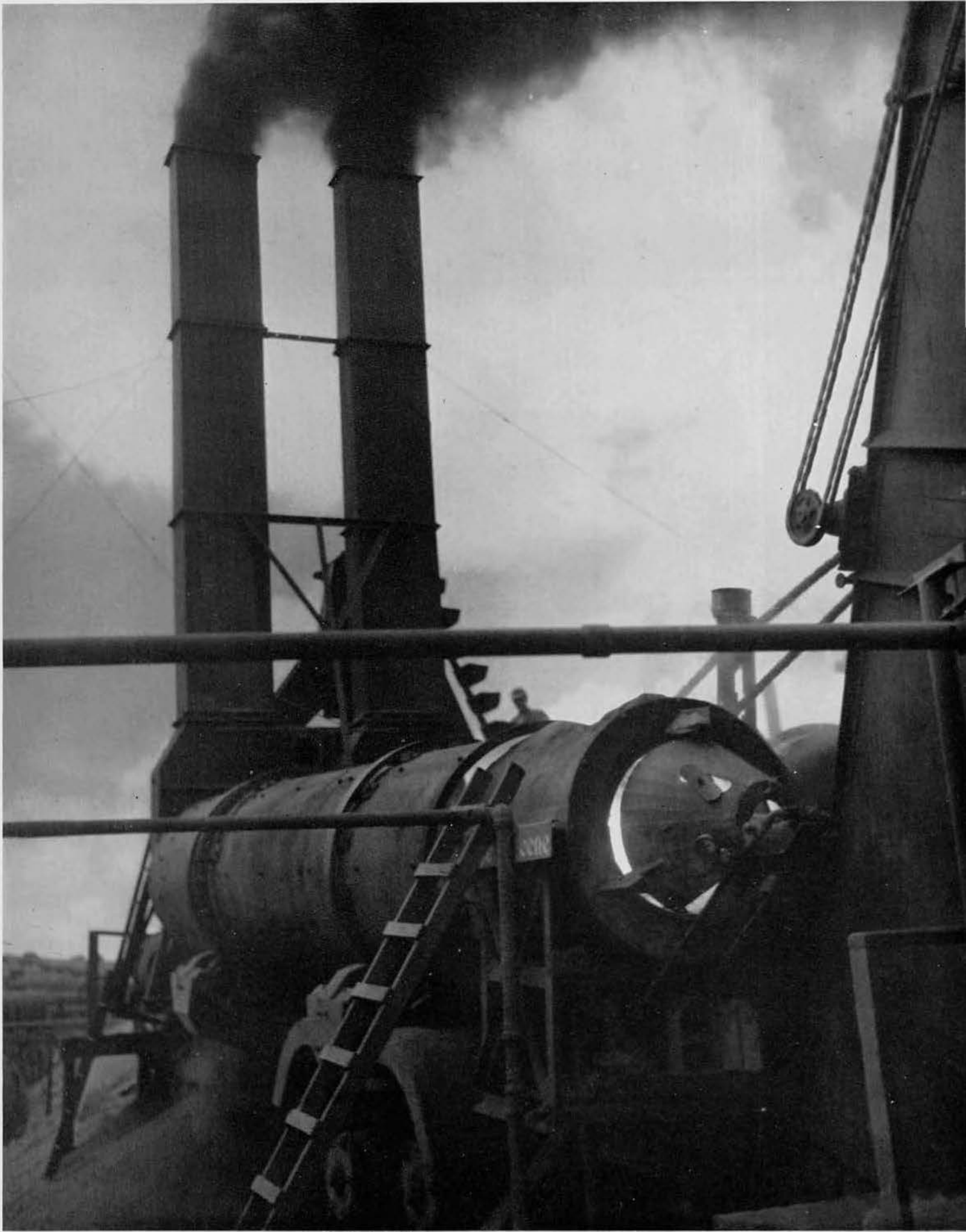
QUARRY CREW

THE BLAST



QUARRY





HOT MIX ASPHALT PLANT

The Hot Plant, which produced asphaltic concrete for surfacing airfields and roads, was designed, set up, and operated under the supervision of Lieut. W. H. Shears.

The plant, which was a standard heavy duty hot mix plant, manufactured by the Barber-Greene Company, was shipped to us in many large waterproof crates. On the day of its arrival, a site previously selected was approved by the Island Command, and work was begun on leveling the site, and the hauling of the crated plant from the beach to this site. The site was ideally situated near the airstrips. Approximately two-thirds of the site was used for storage space for the asphalt drums, and the other one-third was used for the plant, its access roads, and other installations.

As soon as the site was ready, the actual erection of the plant was begun on a two ten-hour shift per day basis. Chief Burton P. Cook had charge of the daytime erection crew, while Chief Bart Denton was in charge of the night erection crew. Chief Howard Concannon supervised the steamfitting and piping work, and also the installation of five boilers.

In addition to the erection of the mechanical equipment, it was necessary to construct a 15,000 gallon concrete asphalt melting tank, complete with steam coils, for the purpose of melting and heating asphalt, which was shipped to us in 55 gallon drums. Chief Layton supervised the construction of this tank, while Jacobs supervised the welding of the heating coils, which were so designed that steam was admitted at one end and passed through 2000 feet of two-inch pipe before leaving the tank.

Chief Brown supervised the carpenter detail, and their work consisted of the construction of the timber aggregate bulkhead, the messhall, materials testing laboratory, work shop, generator house, and office.

Altogether, a total of forty-five men participated in the set-up and erection of the plant. The plant was ready to operate eleven days after the start of erection, and just two weeks after the equipment arrived on the Island.

Beginning with the actual operation, the plant was put on a three shift per day basis, with Chief Burton Cook and Chief Johnson in charge of the first shift, Chief Priegel and Chief Heinz in charge of the second shift, and Chief Denton and Chief Hastings in charge of the third shift. Hot mix was produced on each of the first two shifts, while maintenance work was carried on at night by the third shift.

The first two days the plant operated, the haul roads in the plant site were paved. These roads were paved to ease the traffic situation in the plant, and also because it afforded an excellent opportunity for practice for the crews and balancing of the plant under conditions where close supervision could be maintained. This proved to be a good idea, as many adjustments had to be made, and were made where the quality of the product wasn't too important.

During these first two days, about five hundred tons of asphalt were produced. The third day, which was the first day on the strip, seven hundred tons of asphalt were produced. From then on, production rose steadily, until it had reached seventeen hundred tons per day, during thirteen hours of actual production time. This production was at a rate of approximately one hundred thirty-one tons per hour, which was considered very good, since the manufacturer rated the plant output at eighty to one hundred twenty tons per hour. This production gave a yield of 14,500 square yards, two and one-half inches thick, or a strip ten feet wide for a distance of nearly two and one-half miles.

There is a certain amount of science back of the manufacture of asphaltic concrete. Certain standard procedures and specifications have been set up by highway engineers, and if the paving is to hold up, these procedures and specifications must be strictly adhered to. For the purpose of testing the finished product, and the materials which go to make up this finished product, we had our materials testing laboratory. In this laboratory, McComas and Pritchard determined that a combination of approximately seventy

percent crushed rock, approximately twenty-five percent sand, and approximately five percent of asphalt, would make a product passing specifications. The plant was set to produce this mix, and their job was to constantly check the sand, rock, and final mix just to make sure that there was no deviation from specifications. They also checked the final product for temperature as specifications required that it be at least two hundred fifty degrees Fahrenheit, and for density, by means of compacting the mix into a cylinder of known volume and weighing it.

The sand and crushed rock were hauled directly to the plant from the crusher and were stock-piled in separate piles, from where it fed by hopper to an automatic feeder. Here the correct proportions of aggregate were maintained by means of adjustable gates. The mixture was then elevated to the aggregate dryers, operated by Frank A. Schimke and Harold M. Fischer by a bucket conveyor. The dryers were huge, inclined rotating drums in which the aggregate was dried by means of oil-burning torches producing a temperature of 4500 degrees. The material left the dryer at about 300 degrees Fahrenheit.

From the dryers the heated aggregate, by means of conveyor, went to the mixer storage hopper where an apron feeder received it and fed it to the "Pug Mill." The pug mill, operated by Elmer T. Horan, Thomas Nihiser, Clarence Fuller and Max Mathews, was the business end of the mixer. Here the aggregate was combined with the hot asphalt by a mixing action produced by revolving paddles, to form asphaltic concrete. The finished asphaltic concrete was delivered directly to dump trucks from the mixer for delivery to the airstrip.

To complete the operating cycle, the asphalt was delivered to the pug mill in the following fashion. The 55-gallon drums were trucked to the dock adjacent to the melting tank where crews headed by James W. Egbert, Bradford W. Stone and Sigurd V. Houghstead kept it flowing on a 24-hour day basis. These crews cut the ends out of the drums and heated the barrels with blow torches until the asphalt became fluid enough to fall into the melting tank below, where the steam coils heated it to a temperature of about 300 degrees.

To meet the normal day's requirements of 23,000 gallons of asphalt, two additional storage tanks of 4,000 gallons capacity, insulated and equipped with steam coils to keep the asphalt hot, received asphalt from the melting tank. From here it was drawn off by the mixer pump and metered to the pug mill at any given rate desired, to complete the mixing operation already described.

A great deal of the success of the asphalt plant was due to the fine work of our maintenance crew. This crew consisted of mechanics John W. Dalke, Ruben A. Meidenger, Jose E. Redondo, and Henry J. DeVries; pipefitters Joe V. Catalano, and Homer W. Adams; and welders Louis H. Jacobs, and Willard F. Maxfield. The men who fired the boilers to keep the asphalt hot twenty-four hours a day were Frank H. Nary, Frank H. Nolan, William H. Cole, and Oldrich Wild. The oilers were Daniel J. Hennessy, Forrest S. Hawthorne, and Clark J. Tyler. Pumpmen were Russell J. Siemers, Gordon H. Pedersen, and Jack E. Dorn. Our supply man, who did most of the procuring of supplies and parts, necessary to the erection, and who kept supplies on hand for maintenance work, was William B. Sinnott.

The operating crew totaled seventy men. Many of these men performed labor functions, such as unloading asphalt drums in our storage yard, cleaning up around the plant, spotting loads, etc. Each man had his specific job on his shift, and he was responsible for it.

During our operation, the Japs tried to put us out of business by dropping four two-hundred-fifty pound bombs on the plant. These bombs did minor damage, and set five thousand gallons of diesel fuel oil afire, but repairs were made and the fire was put out with a loss of only three hours working time.

At the time of this writing, the plant had produced nearly 125,000 tons of asphaltic concrete. Its work was not nearly done, but we kept it working until the job was secured.



PLANT SITE



UNCRATING EQUIPMENT

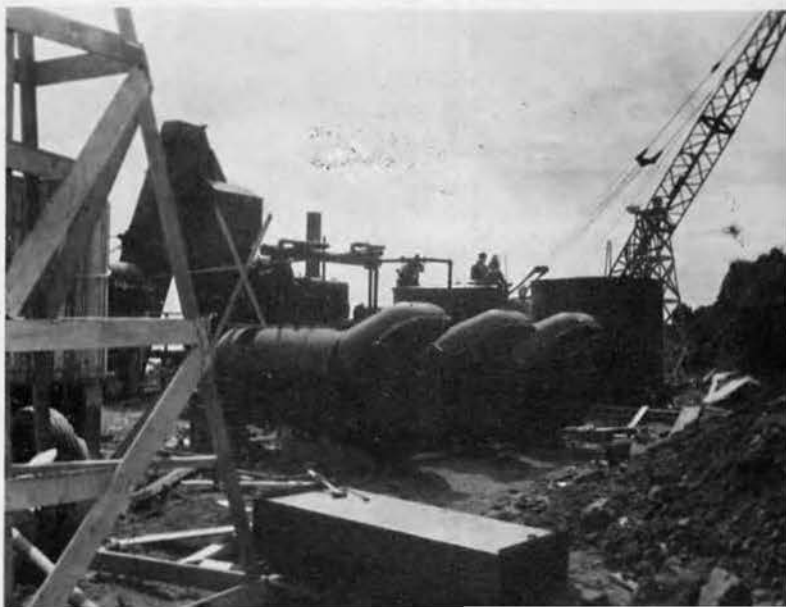


ASSEMBLING DRIERS

ASSEMBLING ELEVATOR



BOILERS





MELTING TANK



PIPING IN MELTING TANK



WATER TANK

STORAGE TANKS



PLACING DIESEL TANKS





ASSEMBLING MIXER



ASSEMBLED PLANT



PLANT

LINE UP



LOADING OUT





STORAGE



UNLOADING



EQUIPMENT OPERATORS

BOMB CRATER



BOMB DAMAGE





PENETRATION PAVING

Surface treatment type paving on two of the airfields was done by the 133rd Naval Construction Battalion, under the supervision of Lieut. William H. Shears, with Lt. (jg) Richard H. Edwards, and Ch. Carp. Ruppert as field officers-in-charge of this work. Chief D. Duncan having had considerable civilian experience with this type of work, trained the distributor operators, and the spreader-box men.

The surface treatment consisted of a number of separate operations. First, the base rock, which was a rock varying in size from one inch to two inches, was dumped on the subgrade. Placing of rock, usually hauled and dumped on the subgrade at night, was under the direction of Paul J. Trefz, Miles T. Henry, Theodore Henley, Charles E. Tyrell, Edward J. Stamborski, and Howard Roehn. The following day, these piles of rock were spread with motor graders in a two-inch-thick layer. This layer of rock was then rolled and keyed into the subgrade with two ten-ton, three-wheel rollers. When the rollers were finished, four-tenths of a gallon of emulsified asphalt was applied, per square yard, by means of our asphalt distributors. The asphalt distributors were trucks or trailers, upon which was mounted a twelve hundred gallon tank, gasoline engine, and asphalt pump. Distribution was by pressure spray, over a width varying from four to twenty-four feet, with the amount per unit area regulated by speed of the truck.

Following the first application of emulsion, a one-inch layer of rock sized from one inch down to one-half inch was applied by "spreader boxes" pulled by trucks. This layer was then rolled and another shot of one-half gallon per square yard was applied by the distributors. Then a one-half inch layer of rock, sized from one-half inch down to one-quarter inch followed.

At this point, a brush drag, towed by a small tractor was used on the surface to smooth the layer of rock and bring it to a uniform thickness. Two tandem rollers and one rubber-tired roller, working in conjunction with the drag, produced a smooth, compacted surface.

After the surface was completed, it was then ready to be sealed. Sealing was done by the application of one-quarter gallon of asphalt, followed by a blotter course of sand spread very thin. The finished surface was then rolled with tandem and rubber-tired rollers for a period of two days, when conditions permitted. Incidentally, this was very seldom, as planes were generally using the surface as soon as the spreader boxes pulled off.

At one time, a B-29, limping back from a raid on Tokyo, with two motors dead, came in on the South Fighter Strip while the surfacing gang was still working on it. It was a common sight to see Seabees dashing madly off the strip, fleeing for their lives, as a fighter plane, out of control, would come careening off the rough, unsurfaced half of the runway, directly parallel to where the surfacing gang was working.

Half of the runway was surfaced while planes used the other half. The boys never stopped work, even when planes were taking off or returning from a strike. Fulton O. Smith had the exhaust stack knocked off of his patrol grader by a P-51 Mustang, while he was operating it. It didn't scare "Smitty" much, and he just pulled his sun helmet down a little lower over his eyes, and went

on with his blade work, just as if death had not blown her hot breath on his neck only a minute before.

In addition to this straight surface treatment work, the paving gang also had the job of spreading and asphaltting base rock for hot mix, and the sealing of the finished hot mix. Chief Robert Overman was the Chief-in-Charge of this project. He supervised the laying of the one-to-two-inch base rock, which was rolled and asphalted in exactly the same fashion as that for the surface treatment. The hot mix laydown crew then laid two inches of hot mix on this base rock, and twenty-four hours later, Chief Overman put his sealing crew to work, sealing the finish hot mix with an application of three-tenths of a gallon of emulsified asphalt, blotted with sand. This sand was then brush-dragged and rolled, and the paving was ready for use.

The men who worked under Chief D. Duncan, and Chief Overman, were as follows; Chief F. O. Smith, who was in charge of the four motor patrols, and aided both Chief Duncan and Chief Overman in the supervision of all blade work, which consisted mainly of laying down base rock. The distributor operators were Edward G. McGhie, Eldon V. Carpenter, John A. Broostrom, Ralph D. Skinner, Charles R. Fetty, and Max O. Wood. The spreader-box men were Joseph H. Mirra, Everatt W. Agan, Olaf H. Thorgaard, Leonard E. Utterback, Raymond P. Jeske, Robert E. Henry, and Joseph M. Mamone. The finish men, who hand-raked and broomed the bald spots left by the spreader boxes were John J. McHale, Charles Crumb, and Paul M. Koster. Load checkers were Thomas E. Robertson, and Philip H. Branson. Load spotters were Fred D. Sawyer, Paul Trefz, and Miles T. Henry. Charles E. Bragdon was Chief Overman's assistant, while George R. Molera acted as a general handy man, filling in any vacancy.

The roller operators, truck drivers, shovel operators, and motor patrol operators, were all assigned to the job by the Battalion Transportation Department, and consequently the operating personnel changed from time to time.

The emulsified asphalt came to us in fifty-five gallon drums. It was necessary, therefore, to construct a transfer plant, where these drums could be emptied into the distributors. For this purpose, three amphibian trailers, once the property of Japan, were sunk into the ground, and connected together with a six-inch pipe to make one 6000 gallon tank. Into this tank, a crew of men under the direction of Clifford K. Connors, kept dumping emulsified asphalt, and from this tank the distributors pumped their load. Drums arrived at this tank by rolling down a railroad track, appropriated from the Japs and laid between the piles of drums, with a slope so that they would roll by gravity from the piles to a position directly over the tank. Drums were placed on the track at the piles by means of a crane with a sling, which picked up four drums at a time. This set-up produced as high as 45,000 gallons of asphalt per day in a single shift.

Empty drums were permitted to roll over the tanks and onto a loading dock, where they were loaded into waiting trucks. From here, they were taken to other parts of the Island, and used for the construction of underground homes—in other words, foxholes. The demand for these empty drums was so great that it was necessary to turn away long lines of trucks each day, with the promise of "maybe some tomorrow."



HOT MIX PAVING

The hot mix or plant mix paving was the last major assignment to get underway. However, it didn't take the paving gangs long to make a "hot" showing, with many "black marks" appearing on the Island. One was the wearing surface of the largest runway in the Western Pacific to date—1.86 miles long and 200 feet wide.

Upon receiving our assignment a survey was conducted to find experienced hot mix paving personnel to man the job. We found that we were not too plentifully equipped with qualified personnel, but with a little training could take over. D. J. Vincent proceeded with the uncrating and assembly of the paving machines, which were soon ready to go.

In preparation for paving of the runways it was decided to put in a little practice work. Consequently a short piece of Island road was paved and a large repair and service area was paved for Casu 52, testing the machines and giving the paver operators, screed men, truck drivers and other personnel some first hand knowledge of their various jobs. This service and repair apron, incidentally, stood up perfectly throughout our stay at this base.

On 24 May paving operations began on the first of the main runways, on a 1000-foot strip near the mid point which was ready to go. When this section was finished we really thought we had something—crews of TBF's parked nearby wanted to take it over for a private runway, saying they could take off very handily in that length strip. But we still had a long way to go.

On 27 May paving was put on a two-shift day to take advantage of all hours of daylight, and the men started early and worked late. In very short order our finished strip had grown to 4500 feet.

But our good luck was not destined to continue. Heavy rains hit the Island, turning the old Jap strip which was being used until the new one could be built, into a sea of mud. This was the first real test of our work. All equipment was removed from our new strip and it was put into use by the great fleets of bombers that were harrying Japan.

Finally, on 26 June after various delays due to weather, bombing operations, equipment breakdowns and the many things that can happen to hold up progress, our strip grew to 6600 feet in length and was put into full time use pending completion of the final 3200 feet. The old Jap strip was immediately decommissioned and grading crews began preparation of the remainder of the new runway. The pavers, in the meantime, turned their attention to the many taxiways, aprons, and service areas that were ready for black top, and the giant airfield gradually took on a finished appearance.

On 6 July paving was resumed on the main runway and it was brought to its full 9800 foot length on 12 July. From this time on

paving was laid wherever and whenever grading of an area was completed. Parked planes were shuttled from here to there and back again as the pavers worked. The operation developed into a "merry-go-around" but never stopped. Sometimes our pavers were hauled two miles to catch an area that was ready, only to be hauled somewhere else a few days later to another job.

As our finished work remained in use a number of small failures began to make their appearance at various places. This led to the necessity of setting up a maintenance crew to repair and patch these breaks. Chief Renninger who was engaged in camp construction activities, was designated to take over maintenance.

Here again the work developed into a "hit and run" scheme. The work had to be coordinated with the traffic on the strip, and men and equipment were sometimes kept standing by for hours as a flight came in or left but by handling small areas at a time, sometimes working late into the night or starting in the early dawn, the strip was kept in operation. A few times it became necessary to replace considerable areas of the strip, and in these instances grading crews and equipment were called in to handle the excavation.

Many were the arguments as to the cause of paving failures, between old dirt men and pavers and between men who had been initiated on this strip as their first job. Some of the reasons were obvious. Failure of subgrade due to concealed Jap caves collapsing under the weight of the big bombers; settlement of deep fills, put in at the greatest possible speed and immediately paved. The extreme heat of the volcanic earth and the effect of the spurting steam that led this to be called the only "steam heated runway in the Pacific" were, no doubt, contributing factors. But in spite of all this the maintenance gangs have and will continue to keep them flying from this Island X.

When paving was first started, Vincent and W. J. Alfson were each in charge of a shift of pavers. Later they were relieved by Chief Enoch and Chief Harrington as they were released from other work.

Just before this article was written paving was expanded from airfields and related areas to include paving of the perimeter road that encircles the Island.

At this time the equivalent of 55 miles of two lane highway had been laid by the two crews of pavers. Their best day saw 13,700 linear feet of 10-foot wide strip go down, and their best week netted 82,050 linear feet.

But there is still a long way to go. Whether or not we finish our job here is problematical, but whether we do or do not move on to another base, we know that we have the men who have the "know how" to handle any paving job they may be given.



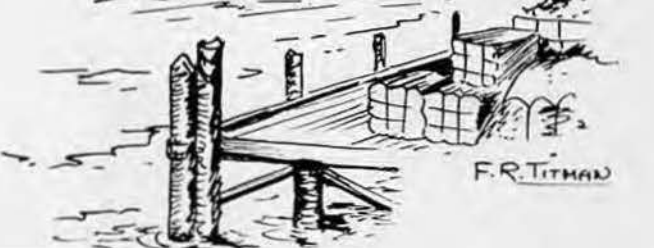
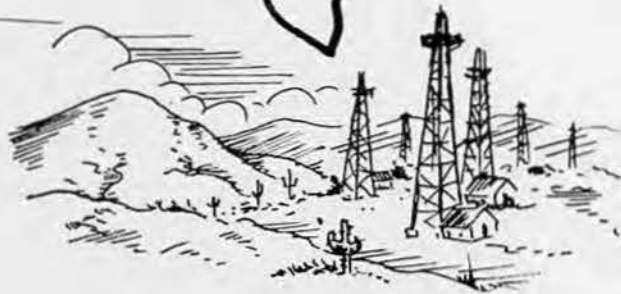
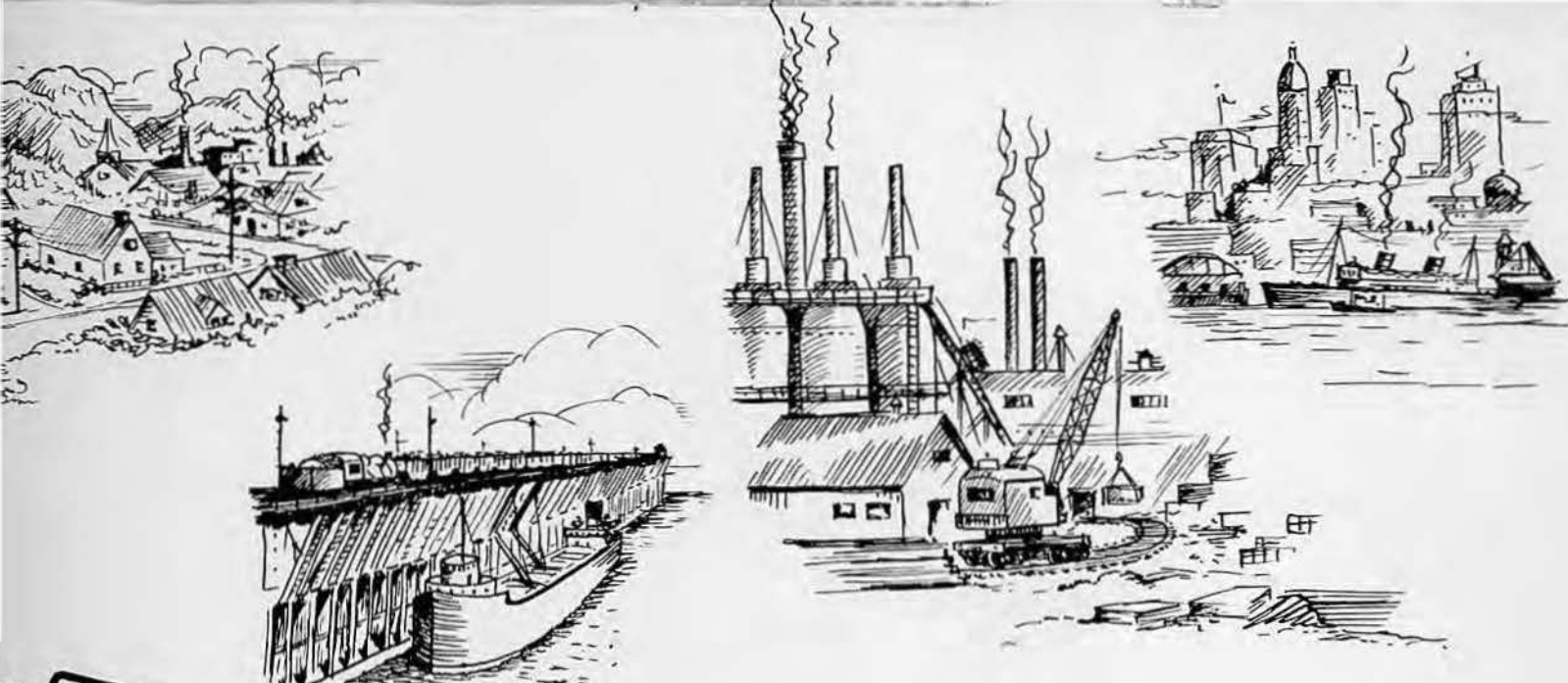


GENERAL



SCENES





F.R. TITMAN



FAMILY





ALBUM



EPILOGUE . . . And so we reach the end of the chronicles of our battalion's wanderings, from a world at war to a world once again at peace. Our men have seen war at its best and at its worst. They have worked, fought, and built, from the States to the bloody battlefields of Iwo Jima, and other places too numerous to mention. Some of our number—too many—are resting in the soil they worked so hard so secure. It would ill behoove us to forget them and the principles for which they died. Great feelings are always difficult to put into the limited words of our vocabularies. They escape our ability to put them on paper. Nevertheless, it is possible to say that we have seen men from all walks of life, from all parts of the United States, working, fighting, and even playing, to further the end toward which we all are hoping, praying, and living. We have seen ourselves taken from a life in which there was not thought of international catastrophe to a life in which the sole aim was to exist while defeating a hated enemy. Now it is up to us to see to it that no repetition of what we went through will be visited upon our children or upon our families. If this book serves to re-create some of the happier scenes of service life, that is as it should be. But it should serve as well to remind us of a time that was not basically pleasant, a time when we forgot the thin veneer of civilization and lived once more as men did centuries ago, only to kill or be killed. And that reminder should sober us with the thought that we must avert the coming of the shadow of the God of War. As we turn our faces homeward, and wish each other "Godspeed!" we can take with us happy memories, some new and fine friendships, but above all a new sense of the value of freedom and democracy, a new understanding of what it takes to make men get along. It is the hope of the editors of this book that it may bring all of these things to you—and that your motto for the world of tomorrow will continue to be: "Can Do!"

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LT. PAUL F. COOK, CEC USNR

LT. WILMAR F. LANGE, DC USNR

LT. ROY B. O'BRIEN, CEC USNR

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LT. (JG) JOHN W. MCKAY, CEC USNR

ENS. PAUL WOLTERS, CEC USNR

CH. CARP. JOHN H. SCHUERMAN, CEC USNR

CH. CARP. GEORGE A. SHUPP, CEC USNR

CARP. ADRAIN A. BOWLING, CEC USNR

CARP. CHARLES E. GLOVER, CEC USNR

CARP. ALBERT J. JAMES, CEC USNR

CARP. OWEN S. WHITE, CEC USNR

BATTALION ROSTER

AS OF 31 DECEMBER 1944

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JOHN I. LUMPKIN
Tuskegee

PAUL M. McCARLEY
Equality

EUEL A. PATE
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KENNETH D. BLAIR
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HOWARD S. PARKER
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JOSE E. REDONDO
Box 252, Cottonwood

ARKANSAS

FLETCHER F. AUSTIN
Lead Hill

ARTHUR W. BARKER
c/o Sheriff's Office, Ft. Smith

HARRY P. BLANKENSHIP JR.
Pocahontas

BENJAMIN F. BRILEY JR.
Van Buren, Ark.

VADE W. CRITCHFIELD
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LEONARD L. CULP
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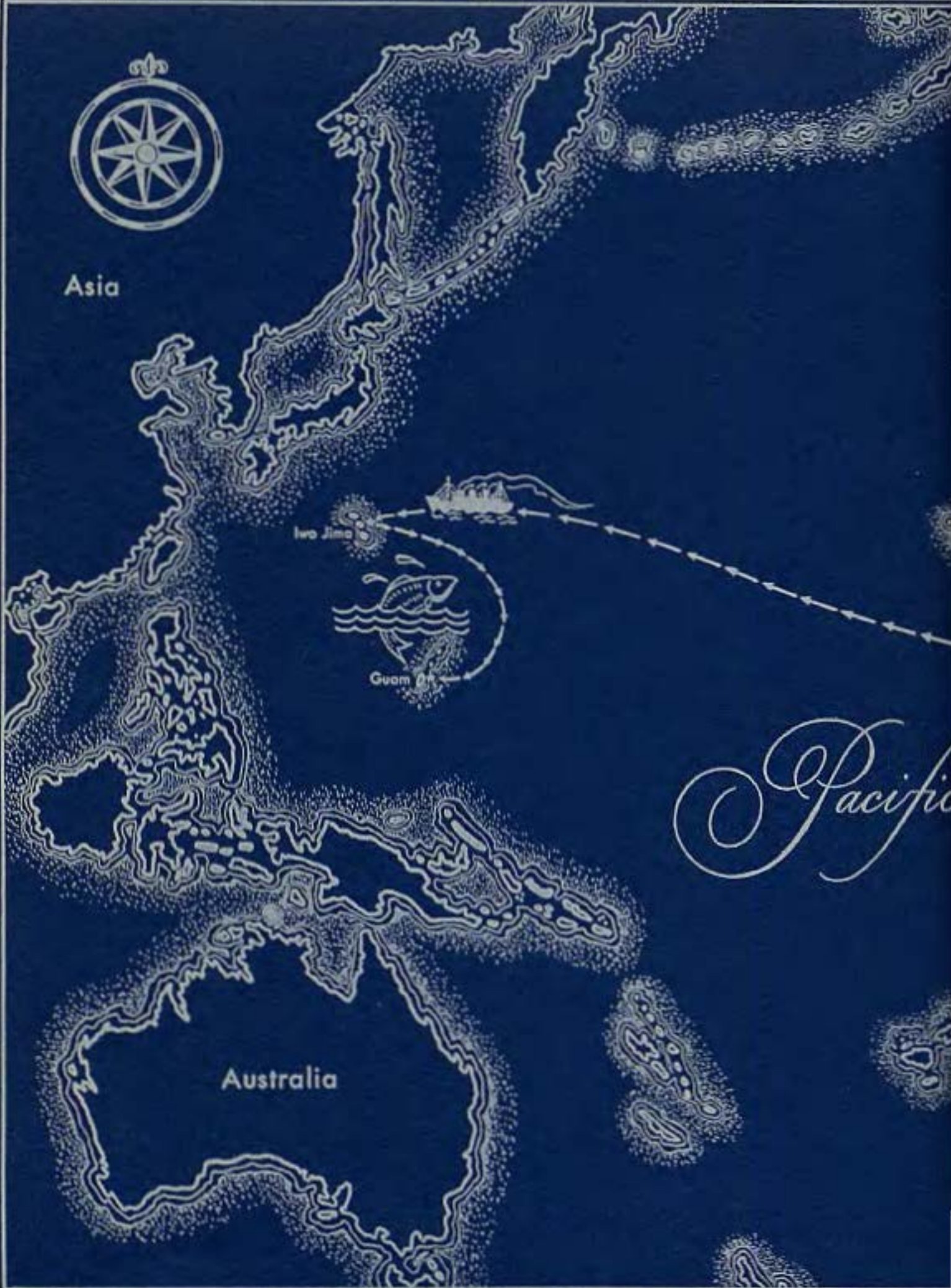
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