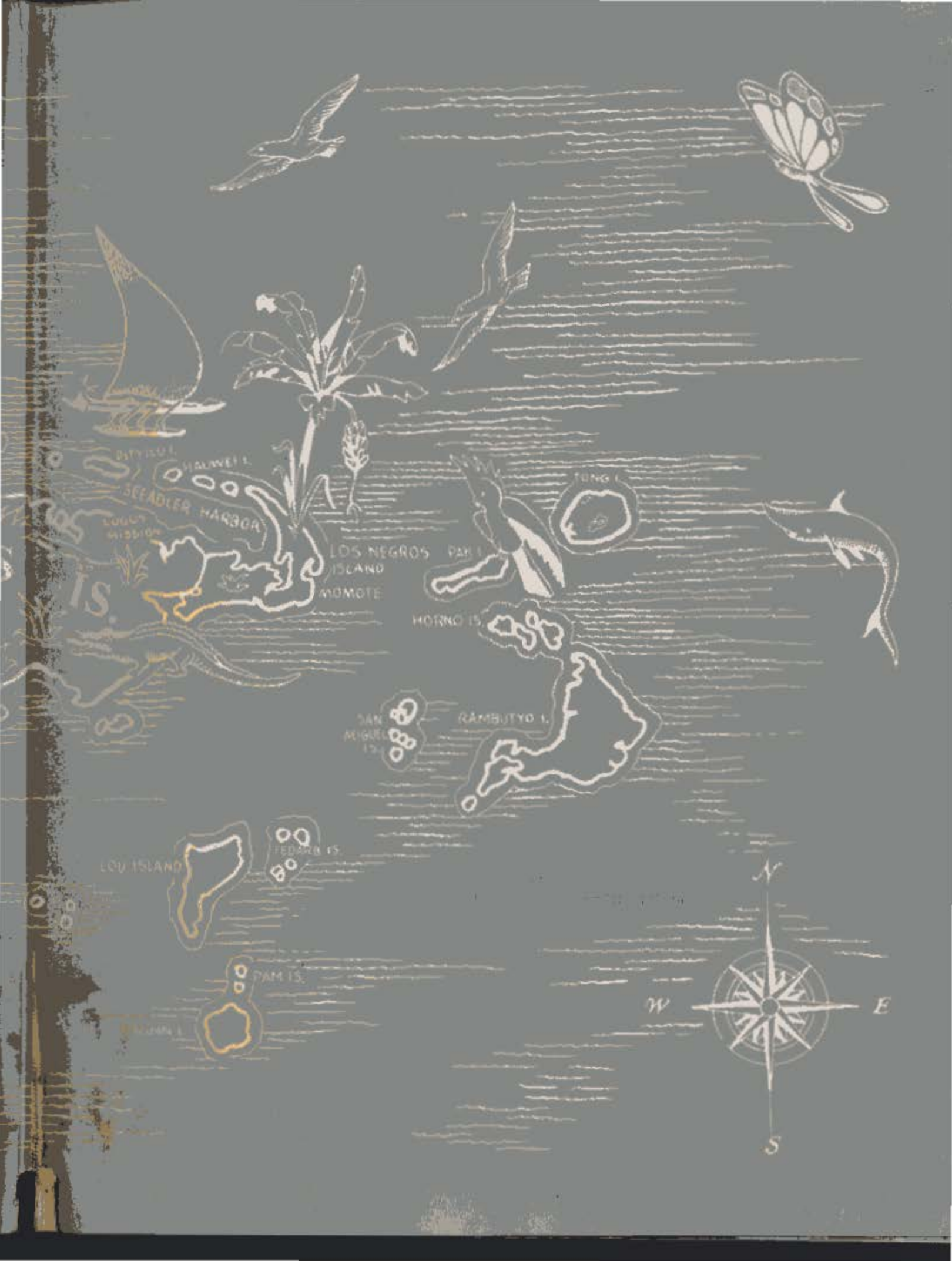
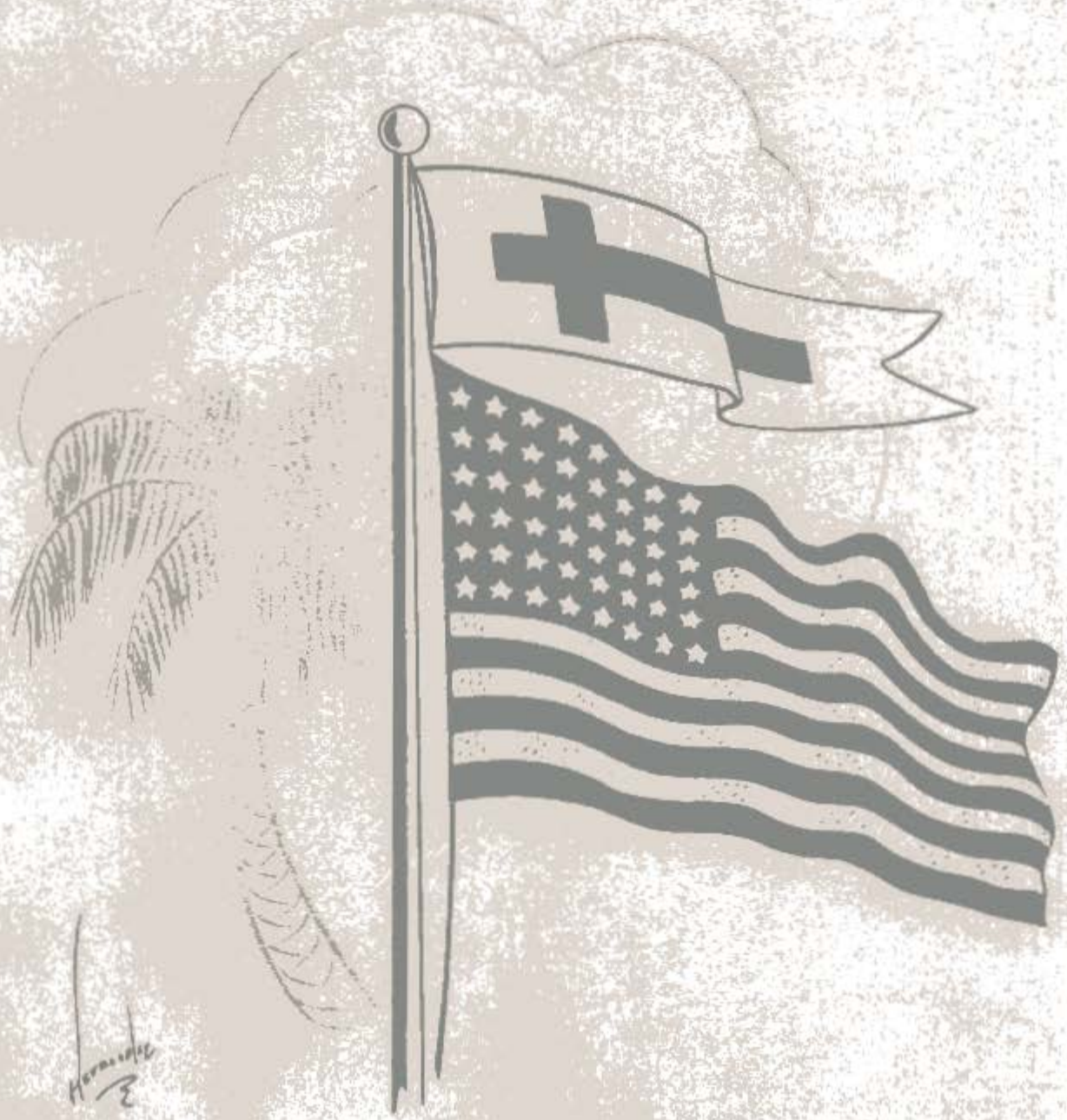




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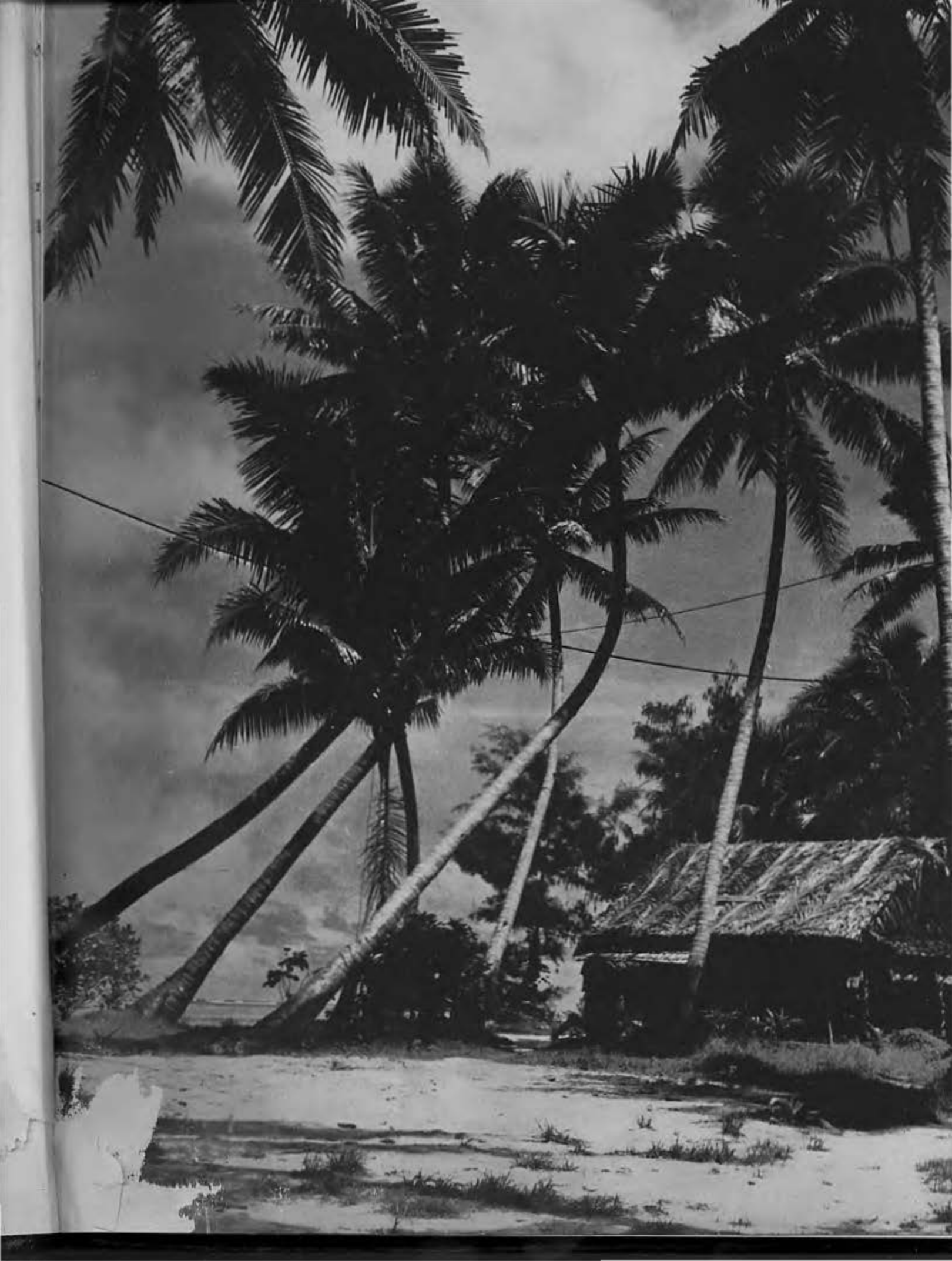


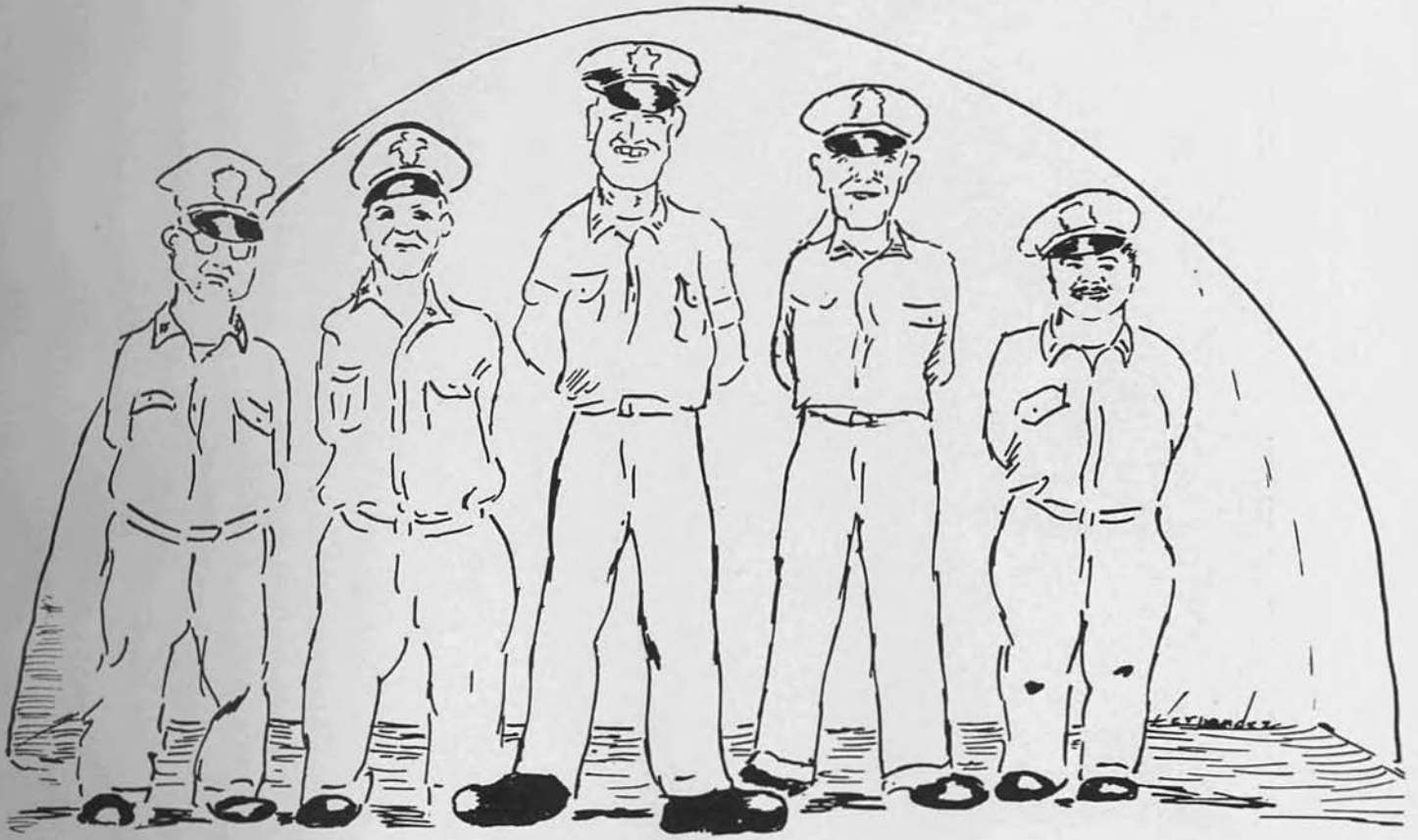
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The entire content of this book was prepared by the personnel of CBMU 610.





OFFICERS





Elmer H. Lindquist
Lt. (CEC) USNR
Officer-in-Charge

Lt. Lindquist was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, June 18, 1914. He attended elementary and South High School in Minneapolis, and enrolled at the University of Minnesota in 1932. In 1935 he graduated with a degree in Civil Engineering. His first job was with the Minnesota Highway Department in the Bridge Division as design engineer. Later he joined the Al Johnson Construction Company as construction engineer. Just previous to receiving his commission as Lt. (jg) in the Navy he was working for the above firm on air base construction in Newfoundland.

He began his Naval career on September 18, 1942, and received indoctrination training at Camp Allen, Norfolk, Virginia. He was then assigned to the 32nd Naval Construction Battalion which left shortly for Port Hueneme, California, and then proceeded to Adak in the Aleutians. Mr. Lindquist's duties with the 32nd Battalion included "A" Company Commander, and Officer-in-Charge of the Mechanical Division for the Sixth Naval Construction Regiment. On October 1, 1943, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant.

Upon return from his first tour of duty he was assigned as Officer-in-Charge of CBMU 610 when the unit was commissioned June 16, 1944. While on leave he married Miss Margaret Anderson of Minneapolis. While on duty with 610 his duties in addition to Officer-in-Charge were Welfare and Recreation officer, Personnel Officer, and Operations Officer for four combined CBMU Units.

He intends to continue in the Construction business after he once again returns to civilian life.

A MESSAGE FROM THE OFFICER-IN-CHARGE

As this book goes to press, the 610th Maintenance Construction Battalion will be on its way to Manila in the Philippines on the last leg of what we sincerely hope will soon take us back to America and our loved ones.

As you men turn your efforts back to civilian pursuits, you can all be justly proud of your performance in helping to bring World War II to a successful conclusion. I wish to take this opportunity to express my appreciation for the fine spirit of loyalty, cooperation, and the devotion to duty of all the officers and men of the Unit. You have accomplished all assignments and objectives with an enthusiasm typically American.

It is my sincere hope and earnest desire that the associations started while shipmates of this unit will be maintained in years to come—surely friendships could not be truer than those cultivated amongst men who have dedicated their lives to the cause of their country.

In the post war era of reconstruction and progress, I trust that all of you will dedicate your abilities to the rehabilitation of the world and to continued peace with the helping hand of Almighty God.

Elmer W. Lindquist





Thomas C. Elliott
Lt. (CEC) USNR
Executive Officer

Lt. Elliott was born at Fort Monroe, Virginia, on April 4, 1914. His early years were spent in Petersburg, Virginia. At 12 he moved to Roanoke, Virginia, where he completed his high school education in 1931.

In January, 1933, he enlisted in the U. S. Army 13th Engineer Corps and attended the U. S. Army Enlisted Engineer School at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. He was discharged from the Army in January, 1936, with the rank of Private First Class. He immediately entered Virginia Polytechnic Institute Extension School at Bluefield College, Bluefield, Virginia, and later transferred to Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Virginia, where he graduated with honors in Civil Engineering in September, 1937. He is a member of the National Honor Fraternities, Tau Beta Pi and Phi Kappa Phi as well as a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers. After completing his education he was employed by the Norfolk and Western Railway Company as Engineering Draftsman at Roanoke, Virginia.

He received his commission as Ensign, CEC, USNR, and reported for active duty September 15, 1942, at Camp Allen, Norfolk, Virginia. He was assigned to the 32nd Naval Construction Battalion. Before leaving for overseas duty he married Miss Hope Carson at York, South Carolina, on November 9, 1942. He spent 14 months overseas on Adak in the Aleutians with the 32nd Battalion with duties as Public Works Officer and Facilities Officer for the 6th Regiment and later became Headquarters Company Commander.

Upon return from his first tour of duty he was appointed Executive Officer of CBMU 610 when the Unit was first commissioned June 16, 1944. He left again for overseas duty on October 23, 1944, and proceeded with CBMU 610 to Manus in the Admiralties. His duties with CBMU 610 in addition to Executive Officer were Facilities Officer for the Combined CBMU's and Base Transportation Officer. He was promoted to Lt. January 1, 1945.



Lawrence J. Badurina
Lt. (ig) (CEC) USNR

Lt. Badurina was born in Portland, Oregon, on August 22, 1910. His early years were spent in the northwest. He is a graduate of Oregon State College with a degree in Engineering. His work before entering the Naval Service was with the U. S. Army Engineers and the Bonneville Power Administration of the Department of the Interior.

He enlisted in the Navy February 18, 1942, as Electrician's Mate First Class. He served 18 months with the 3rd Naval Construction Battalion and the 7th Construction Battalion in the Southwest Pacific. After serving 14 months he was commissioned as Ensign in the CEC, USNR.

He returned to the States and was assigned to CBMU 610 with duties as Personnel Officer. While on leave he was married to Miss Antoinette Tomich of Vancouver, Washington. He proceeded to Manus in the Admiralties with CBMU 610 where he was assigned duties as Supply Officer, Electrical Division Officer and later took over the Manus Power Plant.

He intends to work in the Engineering Division of the Bonneville Power Administration of the Department of Interior when he returns to civilian life.



Earl R. Lidh
Ch. Carp. (CEG) USNR

Mr. Lidh was born January 25, 1896, in Stockholm, Sweden. He graduated from English High School, Boston, Mass., and attended La Salle Extension University, Chicago, Illinois. He served in the first World War from 1917 to 1918 in the rank of Corporal in Company A, 352nd Infantry, 88th Division. He served in England, France and Germany. He served three months in the front lines in Alsace Lorraine. He then served with the Army of Occupation from 1918 to 1919.

He married the great granddaughter of the original settlers of Elgin, Illinois, and has three children, two of whom are in the Service. His civilian work consisted of private contractor, construction manager for Shell Oil Company for ten years, production superintendent and manager of Elgin Sweeper Company and finally before entering the Naval Service he was Nitro Cotton Area Foreman with the Hercules Powder Company. He received his commission as Warrant Officer on April 30, 1943, and reported for active service at Camp Perry, Virginia. He was attached to the 134th Naval Construction Battalion in September, 1943, and was stationed in Camp Endicott, Rhode Island, and Camp Holladay, Gulfport, Mississippi. He joined CBMU 610 at Camp Parks, California, in June of 1944, with duties as Military Training Officer. He headed a detachment of CBMU 610 men assigned to a special Forest Fire fighting detail in Mendocino National Forest in September, 1944. He proceeded to Manus in the Admiralties with the Unit and was immediately assigned to a special Guard Detachment for Hauwei Island with a group of 610 men. In March, 1945, he returned to the main body of the Unit on Manus and continued his duties there. He was in charge of all transportation for the Combined CBMU's.



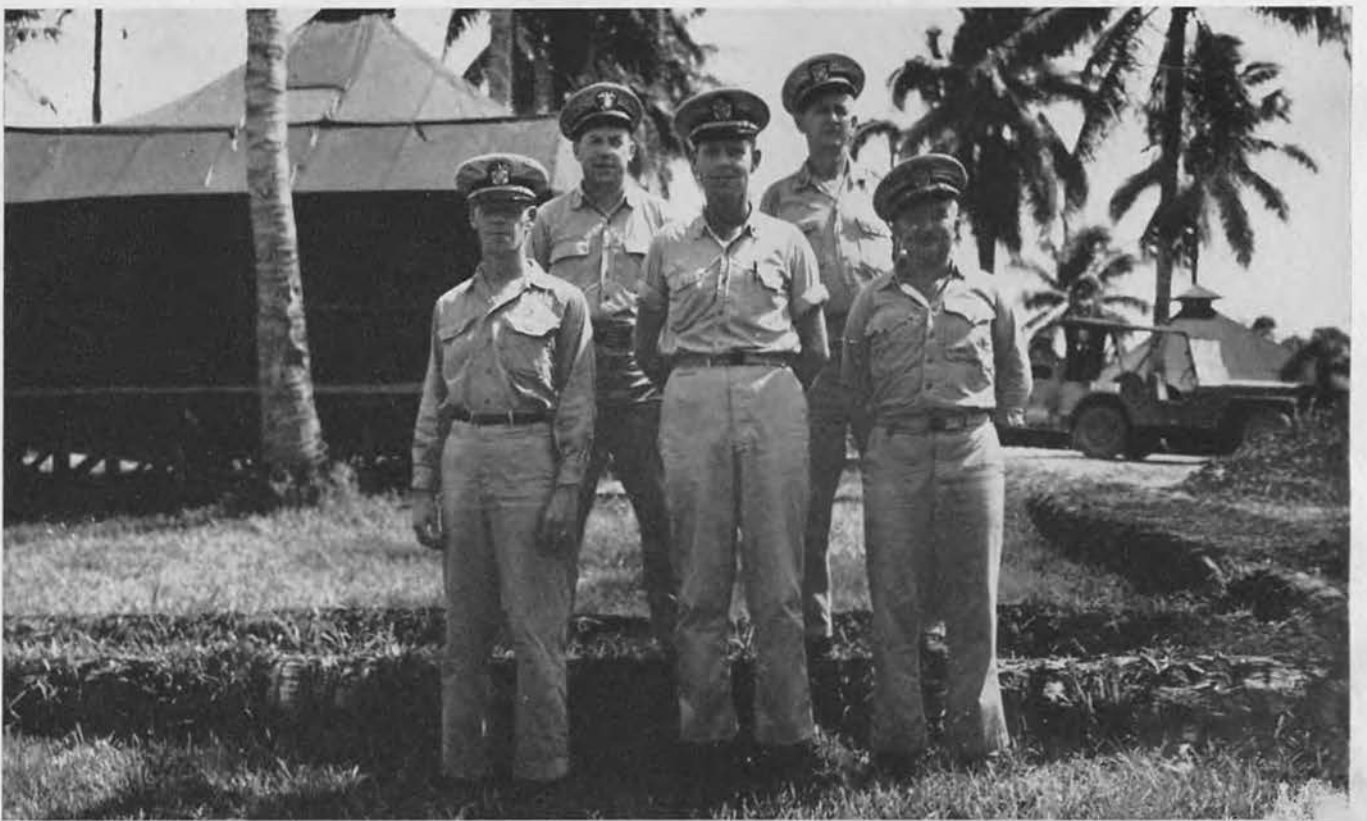
Edwin M. Ryan
Ch. Carp. (CEC) USNR

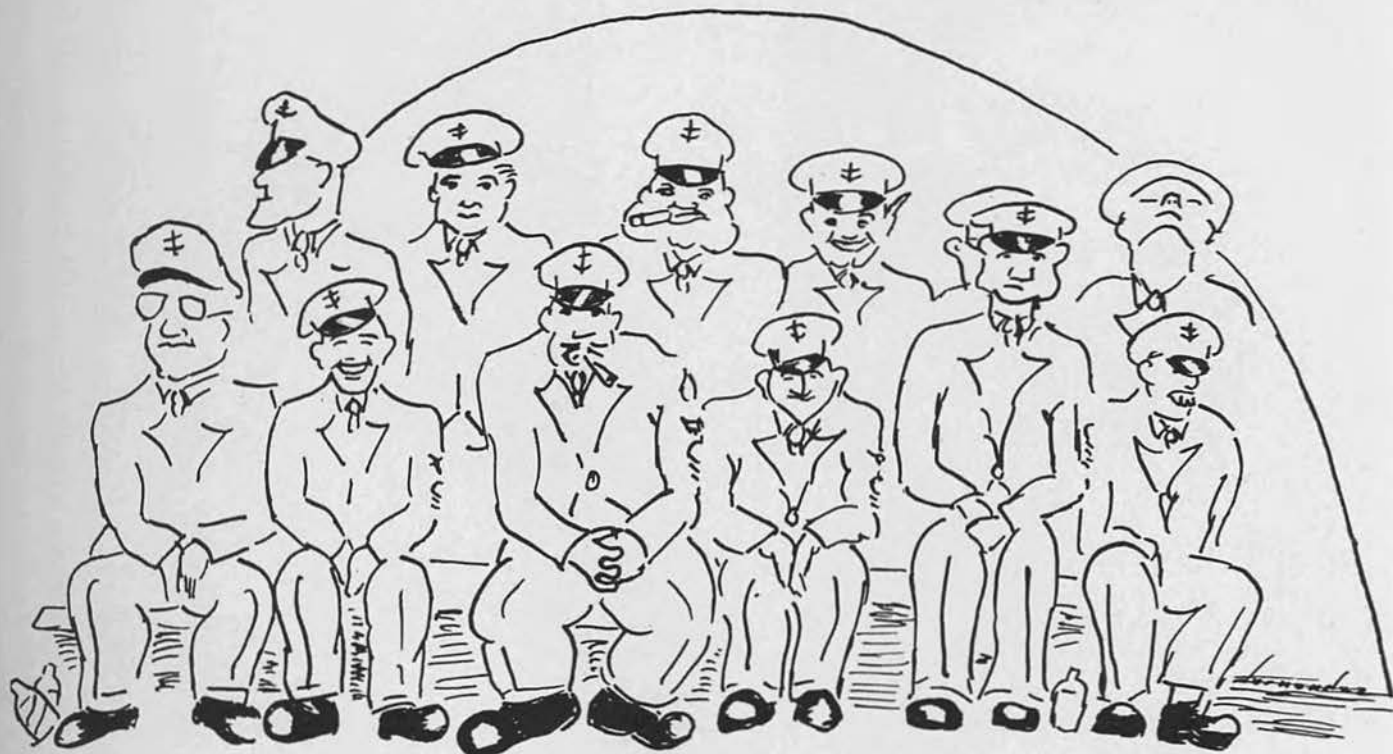
Mr. Ryan was born in Davenport, Iowa, where he spent the early years of his life. He graduated from Brown's Business College at Davenport.

His civilian career was spent with large middle west construction companies as time-keeper, foreman and estimator and general superintendent. After 18 years of construction work he enlisted in the Naval Service on July 16, 1942, as Chief Carpenters Mate. At Camp Allen, Norfolk, Virginia, he was assigned to the 32nd Naval Construction Battalion and served 16 months overseas with them. He was commissioned as Warrant Officer on November 1, 1943. After returning from his first tour of duty he was assigned to CBMU 610. His duties with CBMU 610 consisted of Assistant Facilities Officer. He was promoted to the rank of Chief Warrant Officer on February 1, 1945. He intends to return to construction work when he is discharged from the Navy.



OFFICER GROUPS





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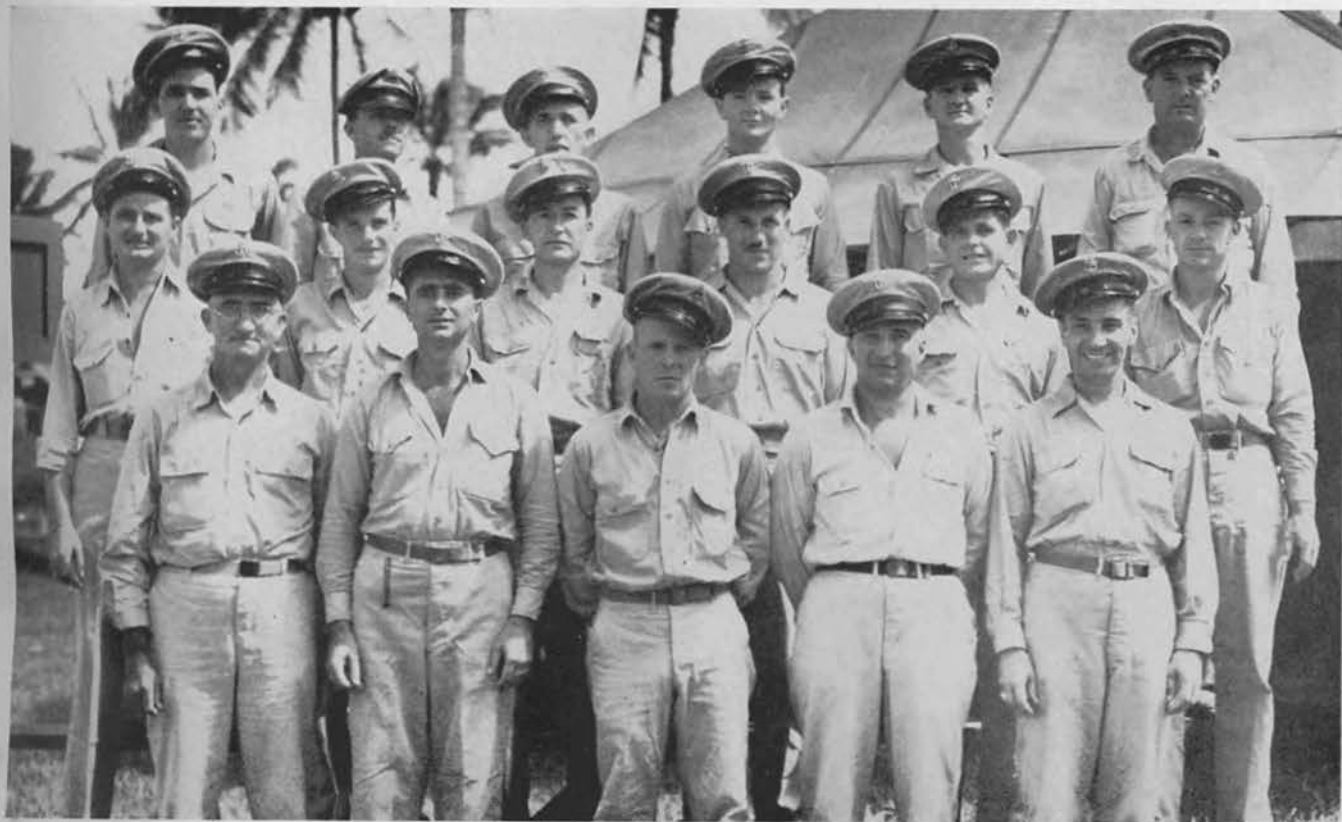
Noah F. Wessinger
Belwood, North Carolina



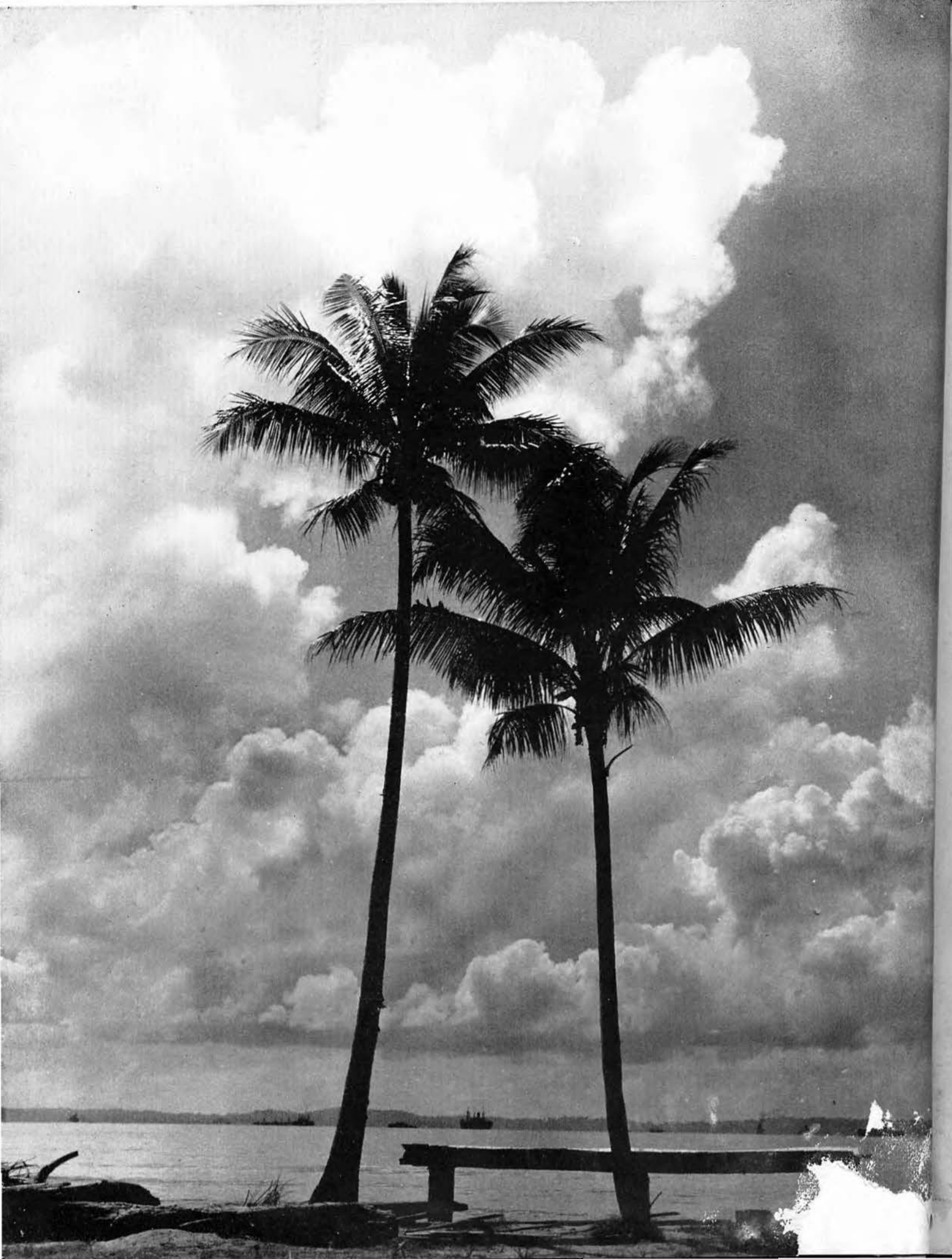
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Mosier, Oregon



THE CHIEFS



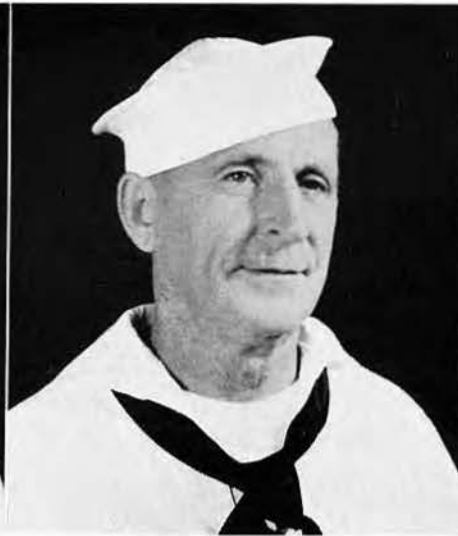


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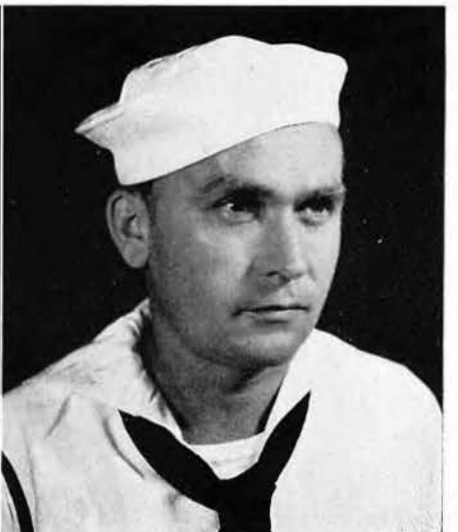
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Racine, Wisconsin





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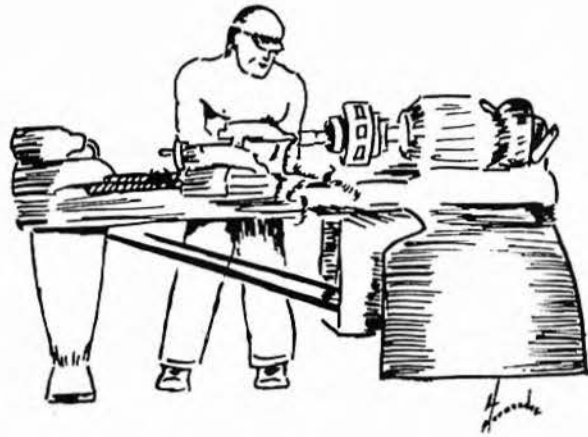
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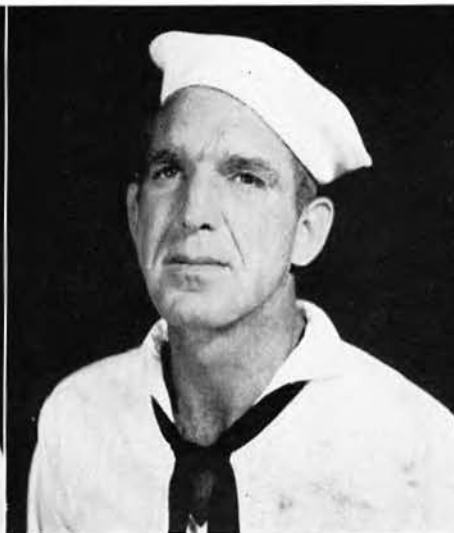
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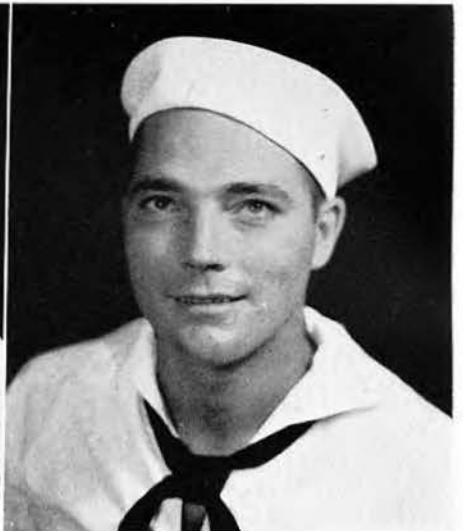




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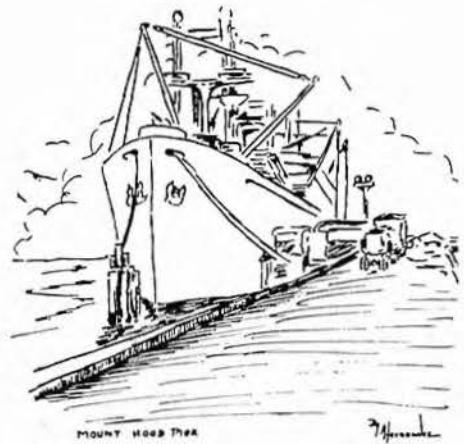
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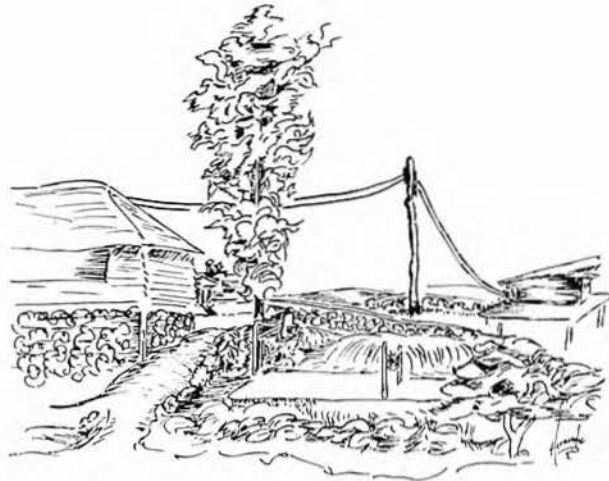
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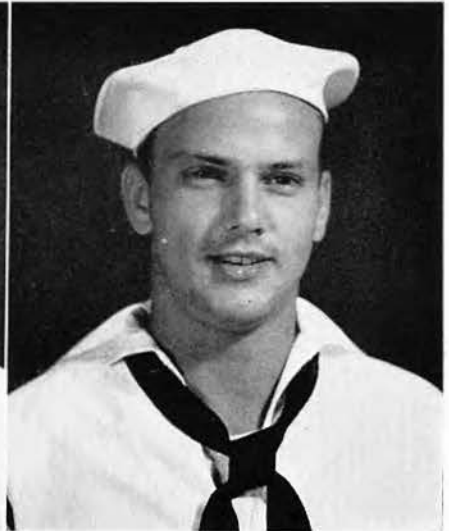




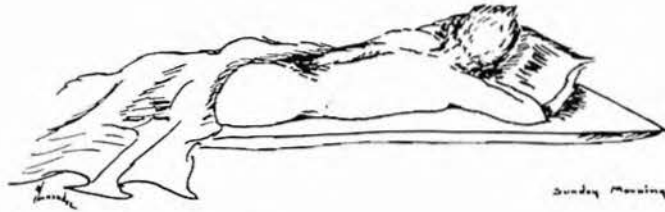
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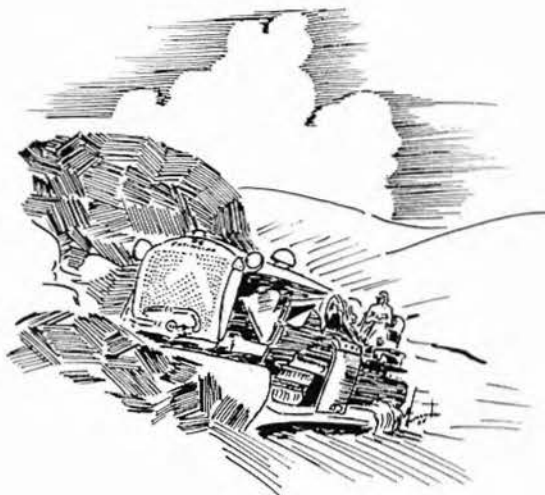
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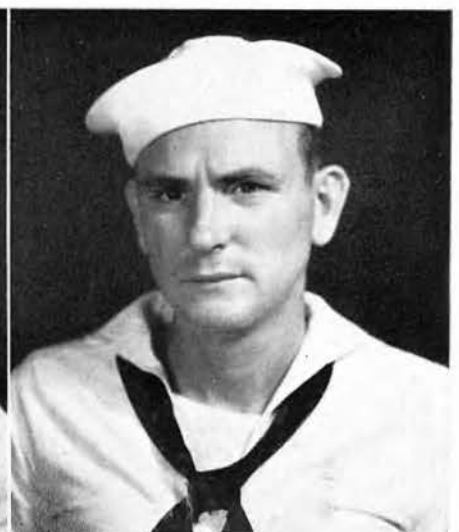
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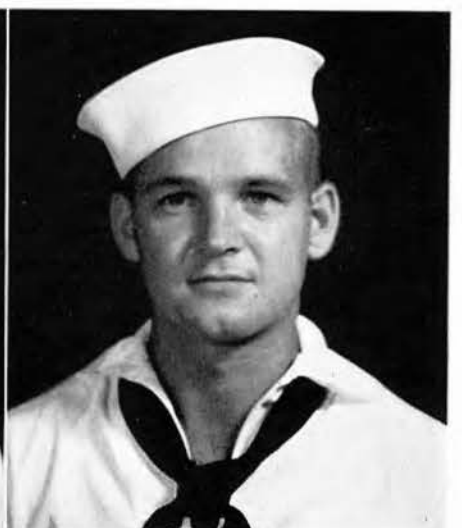


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Was Negroes - Manus.

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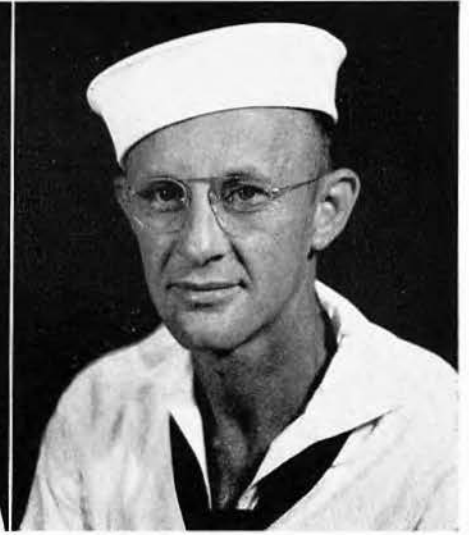




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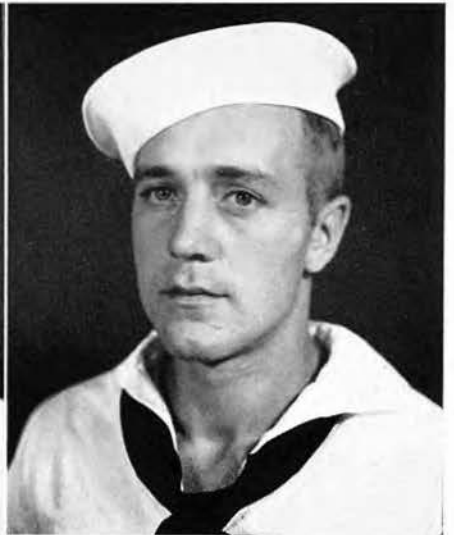




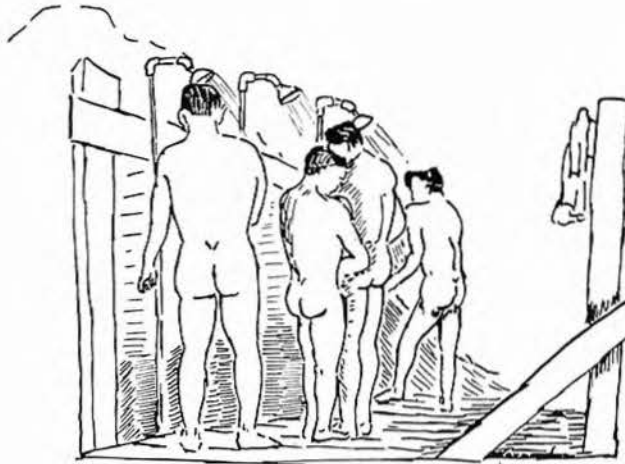
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Berkeley, California



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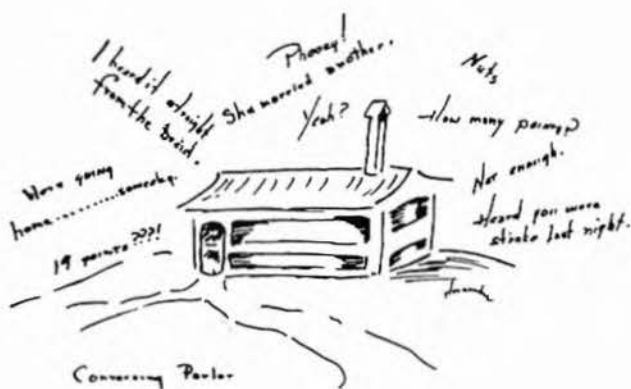
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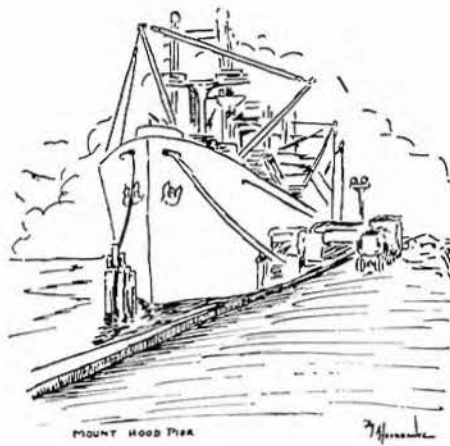
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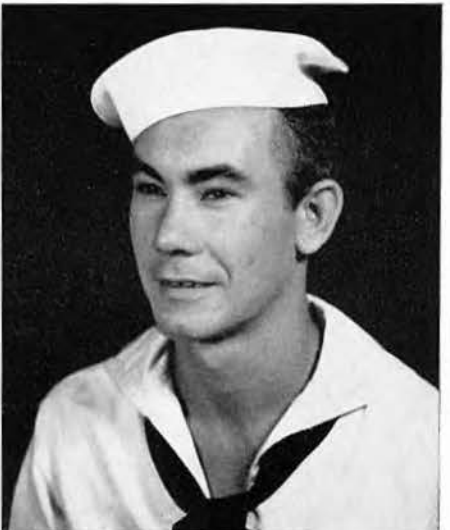
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Douglas E. Wilson
Orange, Massachusetts





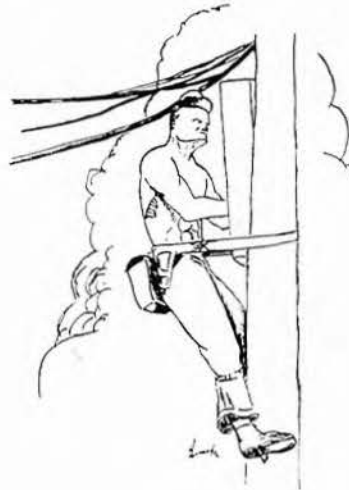
Lloyd A. Wilson
Milan, Indiana



Robert H. Wilson
North Braddock, Pennsylvania



Ewald J. Winkelman
Niangue, Missouri



Richard J. Wittstock
Waterloo, Iowa

William H. Woodroffe, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Henry J. Yerman
San Francisco, California





William G. Zuchowski
Williamston, Michigan



Henry G. Zumbrunn
Chapman, Kansas



Where's that skip?



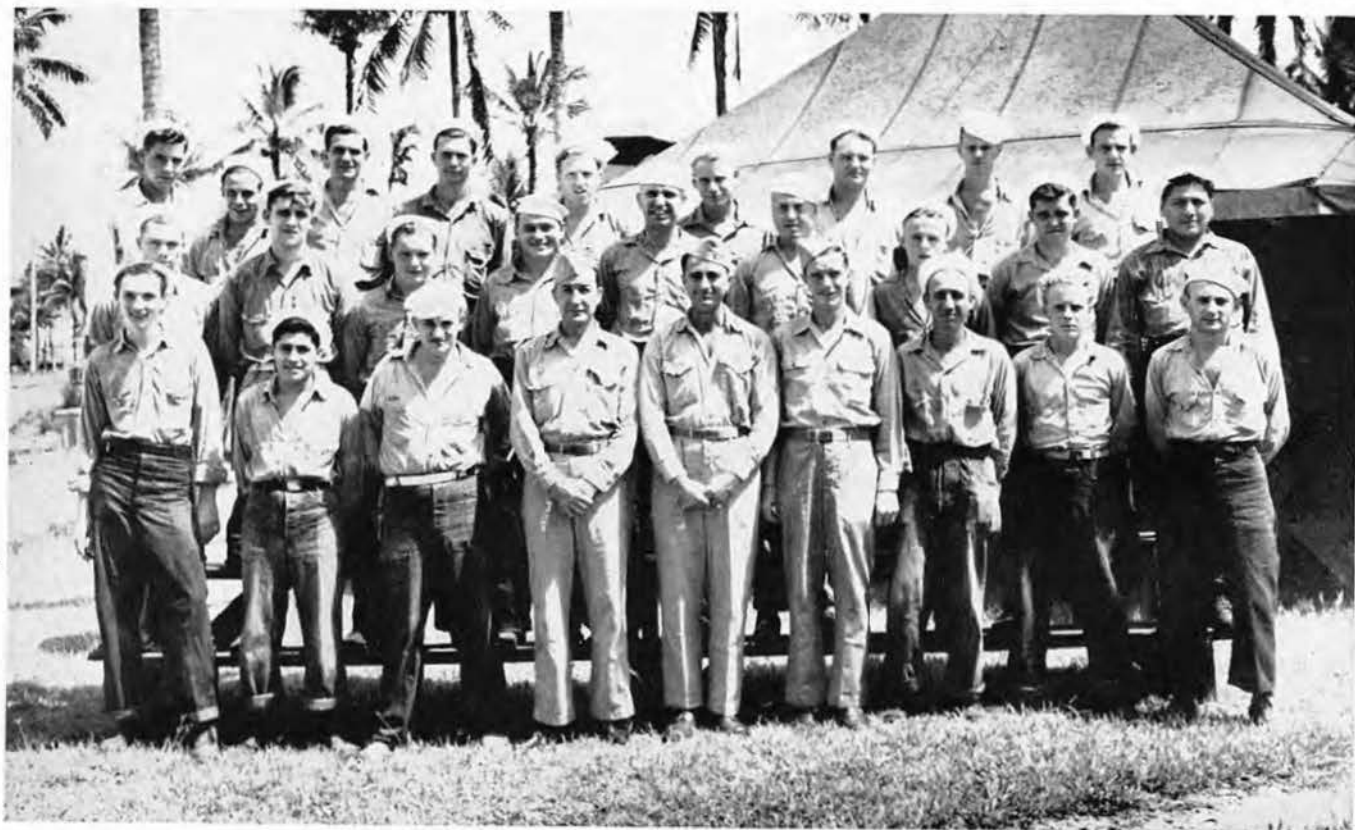
HEADQUARTER'S PLATOON



PLATOON ONE



PLATOON TWO



PLATOON THREE



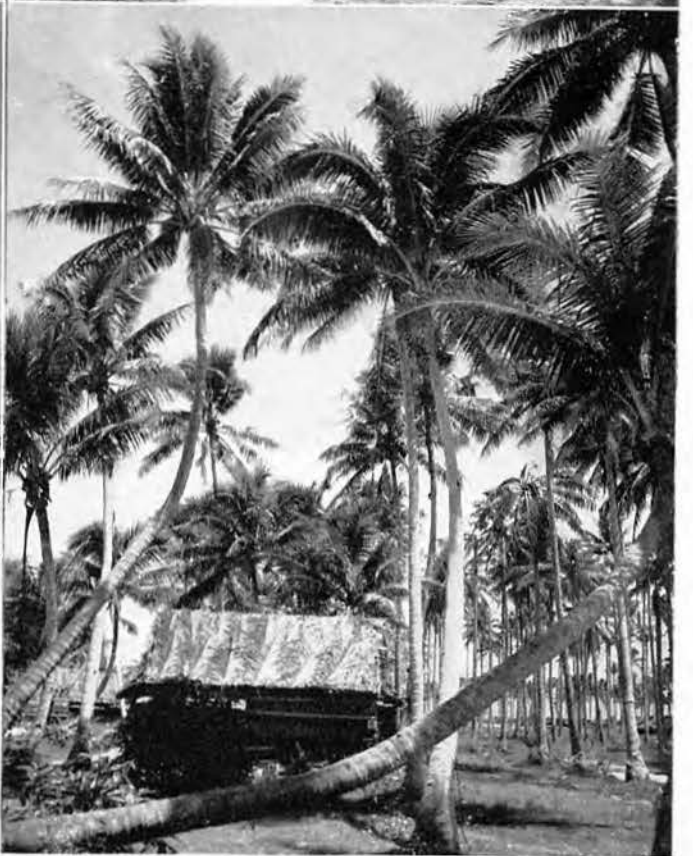
PLATOON FOUR



PLATOON FIVE



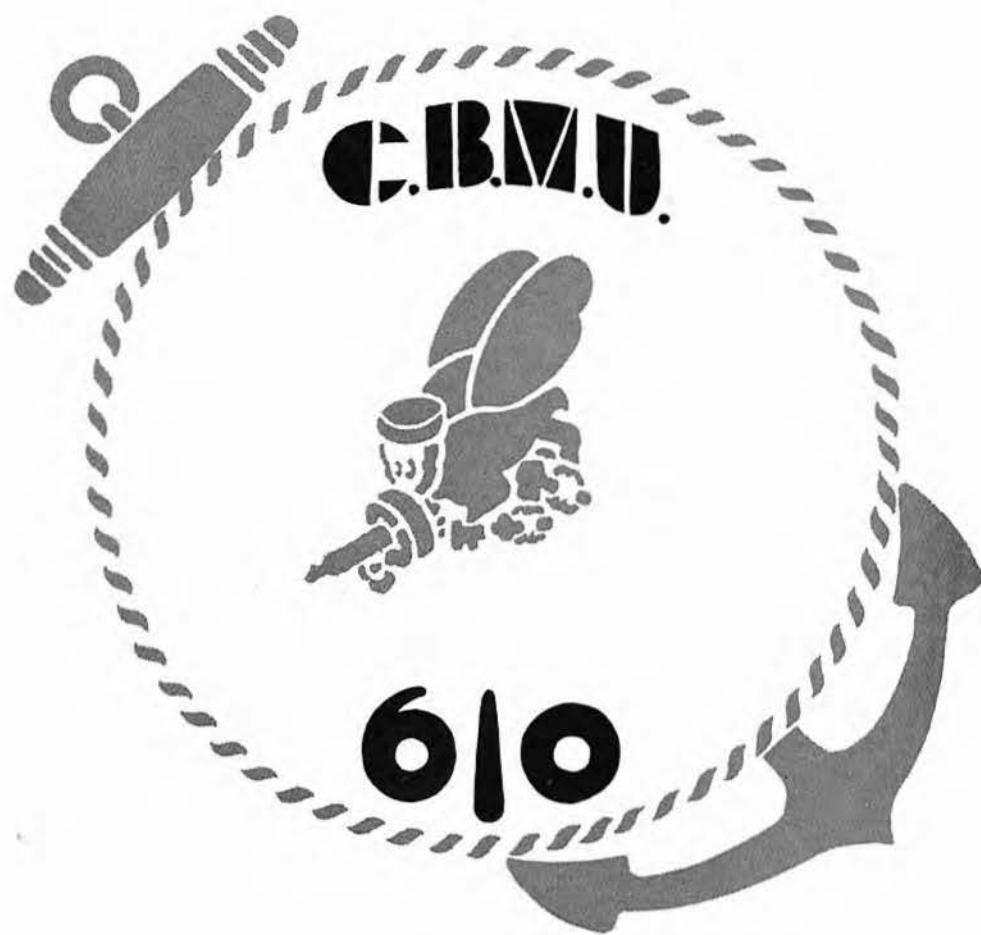
PLATOON SIX



Section of Camp at Hauwei Island
Quonset Hut Set Up
Chapel on Hauwei Island
Palms and Hut at Hauwei Island
Native Constructed Hut on Hauwei Island



Story of



This story is intended to give a rough sketch of the activities of CBMU 610 from its commissioning date up to and through V-J Day. To begin with, the Unit, as commissioned by the Bureau of Yards and Docks was composed of former 32nd Naval Construction Battalion Men. These men were veterans of the Aleutian campaign, being stationed at Dutch Harbor and Adak, in the Aleutian Islands. When the formation of the Unit began, Lt. Lindquist was appointed as Officer-in-Charge, and his men were picked from the personnel of the 32nd Battalion which had been de-commissioned while still on their overseas leave, the majority of which were wired an extension of leave for fifteen days as a pre-embarkation leave. When the men began returning to Camp Parks from their leaves, they were transferred into what was the original CBMU 610, using as a nucleus, Lt. Lindquist, Lt. Elliott, and W. Off. Ryan. With this executive staff and three chiefs, the old 32nd men and drafts of men from various Battalions that were stationed at Camp Parks, the Unit had its beginning in June 1944 at Camp Parks, California. Then two more Officers reported on board for duty, Ens. Badurina and W. Off. Lidh. This addition completed our complement of Officers. The Unit was drilled and whipped into shape for overseas duty again, and was all set to leave the United States when a more urgent order for men came, and 190 men were transferred to emergency assignments. This loss of personnel occurred about August 5, 1944. It then became necessary to rebuild the Unit's complement with new men in order to comply with Bureau standards. This new group of men was to compose our final Unit's formation and nearly all were destined to go overseas with us. The new men came from the 32nd, 38th, and 7th Battalions.

Then came the frantic and gruelling training at Camp Parks. Weeks of drill on the black-top, Commando courses for toughening up, schools to train the men and make them recognize instantly various booby traps, mines, airplanes, gases; to be able to handle Malaria Control, Passive Defense, Water Purification and all such other problems that would face a Unit whose job it would be to maintain and to continue construction of an advance base in the South Pacific. Naturally, even with all of these activities going on during the regular day, the men had their share of fun . . . of which the main one was liberty. The liberty towns near Camp Parks were Hayward, San Jose, Oakland, San Francisco and its numerous suburbs where if a man had sufficient money he could do most anything that pleased him. Many men had their wives in California with them and they often visited the Camp on off liberty nights. There were many places to go and things to do on the Base; pool halls, ice cream bars, ship's service stores, bowling alleys, beer hall, and the Base theater where many USO shows and Name Bands played every week. On the Base was also a beautiful recreation center called "The Hostess House," for enlisted men, where they could bring their wives and dates for cards, games, ping-pong and dancing. Here, too, was an ice cream and snack bar.

While still in training at Camp Parks, CBMU 610 assisted the State of California and the Counties around San Francisco in a service for which they received commendations from many officials. This meritorious service was a fire-fighting detail. On two different occasions men from 610 volunteered their services to help fight huge forest fires that were threatening to get out of control of the civilians and foresters. The men reported to the small black-top by the barracks with canteens, helmets, boots, trench shovels and immediately left the camp for Mendocino National Park. Arriving there they began starting back-fires and digging trenches to keep the fire under control. A temporary camp of pup-tents was set up and the business of fire-fighting continued.

After these exciting interludes, the men once more fell into the tiring routine of schooling and preparing themselves for war. By this time most everyone had accumulated regular leave time so at various intervals portions of the unit took a few days off in the local communities about the San Francisco area. Shortly after returning from these leaves 610 was alerted for movement overseas. Men who had not been given 15 days pre-embarkation leaves or who had spent 90 or more days in the states since their last pre-embarkation leave were granted a final 10 day leave plus traveling time.

Upon return to camp from this last leave the final preparations for leaving were completed. Every man had to have a final medical examination, shots were given to those who needed them. By this time most of us had had so many medical examinations that we knew just what would be asked and what the final outcome would be. Then to the G.I. issue warehouse to draw field shoes, greens, helmets, canteens, gas masks and duty belts. Next came the job of crating all the equipment we had accumulated to take with us. Welfare and Recreation gear had been rounded up and had to be packed along with office records and ordnance gear. W. Off. Ryan was ordered to Port Hueneume to supervise the loading of our ship with all our construction and maintenance equipment. As soon as we received word that the ship was loaded and ready to come up the coast to San Francisco to pick us up we were ordered to move from Camp Parks to Treasure Island embarkation center.

On the morning of October 20th, 1944, a beautiful sunshiny day at Camp Parks, all of the men were assembled on the black-top with their seabags and were loaded on busses in platoon order, for our last bus ride to San Francisco. There were very pretty bus drivers too, since due to the war all of the men had been replaced by women chauffeurs. These busses took us to Treasure Island, our point of embarkation. Naturally, we had no sooner arrived in the vicinity of San Francisco, than it began to drizzle, which is the common weather in that area.

Arriving at Treasure Island (or T.I. as we call it), we were assigned to barracks and told that we would be shipped out in about three days or less. There were facilities there for writing, telegraphing, telephoning and other-



Enduring Issue, Clothing Issue, Clothing Curiosity, Ordnance Issue, Crating Gear.

wise sending messages to our loved ones that we were there and ready to ship out, but of course we could not say (for security reasons) when we would leave or where we were going. All men were trying every angle to get out on a last liberty, but the rules were hard and firm, and no one was able to make it.

On the 22nd of October we were told to muster with all gear and to be ready to leave. We were herded aboard a ferry and taken across San Francisco Bay to Pier Number 46 and were landed in a transit warehouse to be loaded aboard the trooptransport APA 19 which was a former President Luxury Liner named the President Adams. Needless to say, there were no luxuries aboard her now since her conversion to war-time needs. There, we were assigned berthing quarters, and because of a mechanical defect of the forward port anchor winch we had to stay tied at the pier overnight. The repairmen worked frenziedly all night long and were finished early in the morning. Then came the order from the bridge, "Cast off, For'd lines, let go aft, cast off spring lines," and our voyage had begun. Small tugs nosed and pushed us into the channel and just before we reached the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge we felt the throb of the ship's engines under our feet. That pulsation of the ship's engines was to continue for 18 days and to become so much a part of our life that we were unaware of it in days to come. We sailed past the Bay Bridge, Alcatraz, "the rock," and then under the Golden Gate Bridge. While passing under the Golden Gate Bridge, every one was on deck and gave a terrific cheer and a last farewell to San Francisco and the United States. About a mile out we began to feel the ground swells and it wasn't long before the old salts could look around and see certain members of our Unit surreptitiously creeping below to lie down or to make a frantic dash for the head to relieve their first seasickness.

That evening we saw the United States for the last time until that day we again would return to our homes and our families.

The first few days aboard ship were interesting to the majority because this was the first time that they had been aboard an ocean going vessel. For some of the others, it was a hard period of re-adjustment to the roll of the sea. Then the card games started springing up and all hands fell into the routine of the ship at sea. Some of the skilled workmen were put to work to aid the navy in making their ship more sea-worthy; repairing air conditioning, welding, painting, and many maintenance jobs. Others worked in the ship's offices, stood watches, worked on K.P. in the galley and butcher shop. Everyone had a job of some sort or other. Some of the men were so proficient that on arrival at our destination there were commendations from the captain of the ship for a job well done. It wasn't long before the sound of the Bosun's pipe came over the ship's public address system and a harsh voice said, "Now hear this, Clean sweepdown, fore and aft." Immediately out came the clean-up crews with their swabs, brooms and hoses and

in a jiffy the whole ship was cleaned from stem to stern.

Sailing for 8 days we approached the equator and at Sunset, the day before crossing the equator, we were warned of our fate as pollywogs. This is the warning that we received (His Majesty's message): "Hear ye, Hear ye, All you Royal Shellbacks, and especially of the Pollywogs and other Vermin of the Earth. I wish to see the Master of this Vessel." (The Captain replies), "I am the Master of this Vessel." Then his Majesty states, "I have boarded this Vessel to inform you that his Royal Highness King Neptunes Rex, the ruler of the raging Main, had information that you are carrying a deck cargo of Greasy Pollywogs and other Lousy Vermin of the Earth, and that he will personally board this beautiful Luxury Liner on the Morrow at the proper time to interview each and every Pollywog that rides this Vessel into his realm. And on the Morrow, may God Bless all SHELLBACKS, and may God help all POLLYWOGS." Although many of us had been overseas before, most of us had been in the north Pacific and had not been initiated. After a restless night filled with wild dreams

about King Neptune and his helpers, the day of reckoning arrived. Shortly before noon we came to the equator and international date line. Promptly the ceremonies began. First, over the P.A. system came the voice we had already heard on the evening before. This time his address was as follows: "Ahoy, all ye Royal Shellbacks, and to all Mermaids, Sea Serpents, Porpoises, Dolphins, Eels, Suckers, Crabs and other Living Things of the sea, GREETINGS. Know ye that on this day of WARTIME in Latitude 0-00-00 there appears within our royal domain this Vessel, loaded with a filthy cargo of Pollywogs, Lounge Lizards, U.S.O. Play-boys, Market Street Commandos, and that new fangled creature called the Zoot Suiter. This I must say has displeased his Royal Highness, King Neptunes Rex, to no end. He is now boarding this vessel, and will retire to his chambers to interview the filthy deck cargo of this vessel. It is his wishes, that all Pollywogs lay forward and prepare to face King Neptunes Rex and his Royal Party. Any Pollywog failing to abide by these orders, will remember this day for the rest of his slimy life. SO BEWARE."

IMPERIVM NEPTVNI REGIS

TO ALL SAILORS WHEREVER YE MAY BE:
and to all Mermaids, Whales, Sea Serpents,
Porpoises, Sharks, Dolphins, Eels, Skales, Tuckers, Crabs, Lobsters and all other Living Things of the Sea
GREETING: From ye That on this 1st day of Nov 1944 in Latitude 0000 and Longitude (CENSORED)
there appeared within Our Royal Domain the U.S.S. PRESIDENT ADAMS bound SOUTH for the Equator
and for (CENSORED)

BE IT REMEMBERED

That the said Vessel and Officers and Crew thereof have been inspected and passed on by Ourself and Our Royal Staff
And Be It Known By all ye Sailors, Marines, Land Luthers and others who may be honored by his presence that

CBMU 610

having been found worthy to be numbered as one of our Trusty Shellbacks he has been duly initiated into the
SOLEMN MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENT ORDER OF THE DEEP

Be It Further Understood That by virtue of the power invested in me I do hereby command
all my subjects to show due honor and respect to him wherever he may be

Discey this order under penalty of Our Royal Displeasure

Given under our hand and seal this 1st NOVEMBER 1944



Dovey Jones
His Majesty's Scribe



Neptunus Rex
Ruler of the Raging Main
By His Command *M.C. Erwin* USN

If anyone failed to comply with the above orders is not a known fact but anyone that did comply with them certainly will not forget that afternoon on the promenade deck of the U.S.S. President Adams. First of all, during the morning hours, the Officers received a special initiation. Mr. Lindquist could be seen standing at the entrance to a passage way, greeting each enlisted man as he came by with "How do you do, Sir," then giving forth with a sweeping bow. Mr. Lidh, whose attitude was to help things along, kept lining up the men and sending them one at a time past the Lieutenant who after about two hours was nearly bent in two. Other officers could be observed pattering about the decks garbed in only diapers and trailing dolls behind them.

The general initiation ceremonies were held during the afternoon for all hands including officers and enlisted personnel. His Royal Highness held court with plenty of assistance from all hands who were already shellbacks. First, we passed by his throne where we were told to open our mouths and some very vile tasting fluid was sprayed down our throats by a member of the royal guard. While this was going on another member was firmly beating our back-sides with a wet towel. It might be well to mention that we were clothed only in our shorts so we had little protection. Next we had to kiss the baby which turned out to be a large piece of raw meat. On either side were men holding long handled paddles which were applied to our vital parts with a great deal of vigor during this operation. Then we were thrust down the deck to the next group who were waiting with a huge chair which we were told to sit in. One fellow dumped some paste-like fluid on our heads while another, who held a very large pair of shears, proceeded to cut off our hair in a manner seldom seen in a stateside barber shop. To hurry us on our way, a charge of electricity was sent through the chair. Next we had to crawl through a canvas tunnel about 30 feet long and the diameter of a rain barrel. While one was squirming through this small passage, members of the crew with paddles proceeded to beat anyone passing through. If you arrived at the end of the tunnel alive you were hurried down the deck with the help of more paddling. A large canvas tank had been set up on the deck and on the edge was a chair turned backwards to the water. After clambering into the chair we received the finishing touches to our hair-do, that is, if there was any hair left to work on. One royal guard gently swabbed our mouths out with a three-inch paint brush and we were then dumped backwards into the tank of water. In the process of crawling out of this tank more paddling was applied. This concluded our course and the initiation was over for us but we could now go back along the line and help the royal guard pour it on. Consequently those who last went through the mill did the least sitting down for several days. After this excitement, life on shipboard continued as usual.

The trip carried us close to the Hawaiian Islands, but we were too far out to even identify them as islands. The first land that was sighted was Guadalcanal, in the Solomons.

Shellback Initiation

Pollywogs

Final Plung

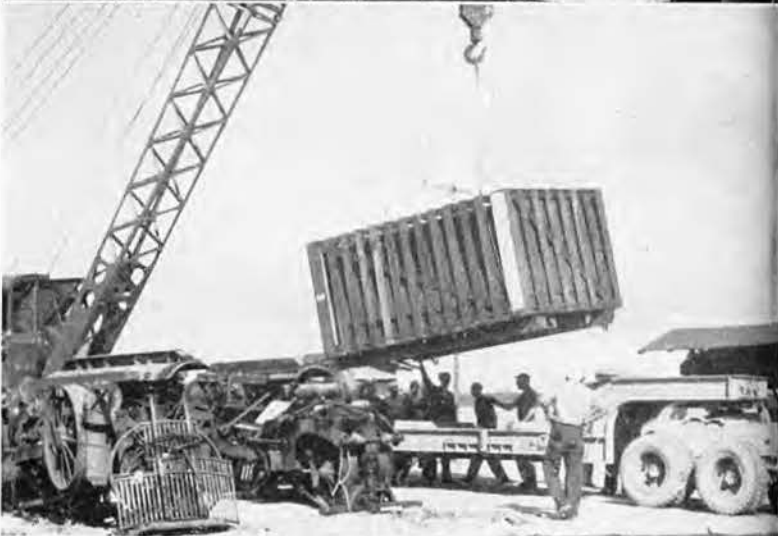


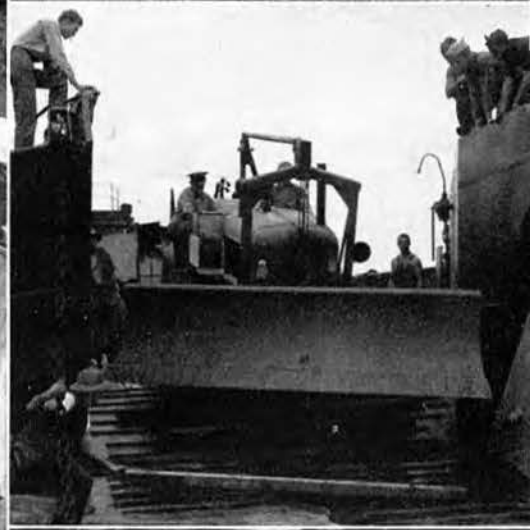
Later we passed between New Guinea and New Britain and from then on we did not sight any land until the morning of November 10th when we approached the Admiralty Island Group. About 11 o'clock in the morning just before entering the harbor entrance at Manus we noticed a huge explosion off our port beam, and were later to learn that it was the explosion of the ammunition ship, "Mount Hood."

Arriving in the harbor at noon, the commanding officer, Lieut. Lindquist, went ashore to report for orders from the Commodore of the Base. Having received his orders, he returned aboard and we stayed on board until the next morning. The next day we began our landing operations. The "Adams" dropped her LCP's over the side, and began ferrying us to the beach. Our beach-head was located at what is now called the Advance Base Construction Depot jetty which is about 500 yards south of the Lorengau river. Since no immediate housing facilities were available we were told to set up living quarters and offices in a large but not completed warehouse. Cots and mosquito nets were issued to us and we began housekeeping down on the seashore. No sanitary facilities were there. Immediately our ship-fitters got busy and soon we had a nice shower and a place to shave and wash which was situated about 20 feet from the bay. The President Adams' LCP's continued shuttling back and forth from the ship to the shore and soon all men were ashore except a small working party assigned to unload equipment. This was a very difficult assignment because the material had to be put overside and loaded onto barges and LCM's, secured to the deck so it wouldn't roll, then ferried to shore. The weight of the equipment usually kept the landing craft from a close approach to the beach and this consequently resulted in considerable difficulty in getting the material ashore; not to mention the wet feet and soaking the men got while struggling in the surf to take care of the equipment. After several days of unloading operations we finally got everything ashore safely.

Then we got settled in our warehouse home and the organization started functioning as a unit. Our office was set up, material was sorted and assembled, a small power unit was placed beside our home so that we could have lights, the barber shop opened to do a "rip-roaring" business of the popular south sea trim (close cropped hair). Perhaps the most important thing in our lives just then was mail from home. It had been nearly a month since anyone had received a letter and that, next to our immediate needs, was our main worry. But the mail came through and that was just about the nicest thing that had ever happened to us. Letters from home have undoubtedly been the greatest morale builder of the war.

Row One: The Explosion of the Mount Hood; Welcome to Manus; Arrival on Manus. Row Two: All Set; First Quarters; First Shower; Unloading of Cargo. Row Three: Dispersing Cargo; Beach-head; Heavy Equipment; Dozer Coming! Row Four: Cargo Alongside; First Office; First Barber Shop; First Mail Call.







A description of the Admiralty Islands and in particular Manus, where we were stationed for the entire tour of duty November 10, 1944, to August 15, 1945 (V-J Day), is quite a bit different from the usual unoccupied South Sea Island. Shortly after the beginning of the war, Manus was a huge mangrove swamp infested with Japanese. Today, by virtue of the fighting spirit of the First Cavalry Division and the incredible ingenuity of the Seabees, it is one of the most powerful Naval Bases in the world. Nowhere in the Pacific has the fantastic power which the United States Navy has marshalled to crush Japan been so astoundingly exemplified. On the map at the back of this book you will see a few little dots in the Bismarck Sea, about half way between Dutch New Guinea and the upper end of New Ireland Island, just south of the equator—that's Manus. Practically speaking, "Manus" is the navy terminology for vast Seadler Harbor, encircled by Manus and Los Negros Islands which shelter it from the winds and a chain of palm-fringed atolls, which protect it from the seas. Aside from Momote air-strip on Los Negros, taken by the First Cavalry and on whose coral sweep the First buried its dead, the Japanese did very little to develop Manus-Los Negros as a floating anchorage. But some shrewd eye of the United States Navy (we are told that it was Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., the frosty-eyed nemesis of Nippon) spotted Manus, placed a peremptory forefinger on it, and said, "That's the place."

Hauwei Island



It is the place, fantastic as some tall tale from the Arabian Nights. Aladdin's lamp and the magic carpet both operated here under the better known name of the United States Navy Construction Battalions, the immortal Seabees. The statistics we learned about were stunning: On June 8, 1944, there was not a single American erected building of any kind on Manus or Los Negros Islands. By September 15, there were 3100 quonset huts spread across the sloping hills for miles, and the 960 warehouses crowded the busy harbor. In those five months they built well over 450 miles of three-lane coral highways, highways which would not suffer by comparison with Pennsylvania's Superhighway or New York's Merritt Parkway. A story in itself is the construction of a high-lift water pumping station delivering 4,000,000 gallons of pure water a day . . . pure, cold water, incredible in the Pacific's forward areas. None of the pumping equipment was intended for its present duty. Storage tanks for water were constructed out of gasoline tanks. Pumps were unearched from wrecked navy craft. A river, the Lorengau, was dammed. A complete aeration, sedimentation, filtration and chlorination system was installed. The Seabees discovered that 24 inch outlet mains for the various purification process was required. As there was no 24 inch pipe, they calmly cut the tops and bottoms out of the required number of gasoline drums, welded the cylinders together, and there it was, plenty of 24 inch pipe.

Then they found out that 24 inch valves for the main were required. There were no valves so the seabees calmly chopped up mahogany stumps, and with the hand hewing of an expert carpenter, there they were . . . 24 inch valves. This entire project, completed in 58 days was another salute to the indomitable Seabee ingenuity, "Can Do."

The coastal area of Manus was one continuous mangrove swamp and included in its sweep the toughest, densest, most suffocating jungle growth in the world. So dense was it that survey parties, hacking their way with machetes, sometimes walked on an almost solid jungle matting 15 feet above the ground. This didn't stop the Seabees. Bulldozers, the Seabees' good right hand, poured ashore, rumbled deep in their steel chest, and waded into the jungle. Vines as tough as steel cables snapped; Palms, Mangrove, Pandanus and Mahogany went down under their bull-like rush.

TNT charges rumbled and roared and geysered in the harbor, blasting loose live coral from the harbor ledges. Hydraulic pumps spewed it upon the shore. Trucks by the hundreds picked up dry loads. In three months, miles of swamp and that is a literal, not a figurative phrase, were buried in an average depth of five feet under concrete-like coral upon which were erected the seemingly endless supply warehouses. The building of the naval base on Manus was one of the greatest and most speedy jobs of construction and organization in world naval history.

The mess-hall at the receiving station alone could feed 7,000 men in one hour and twenty minutes, on a spot which nine months before was a desolate island trading post,



boasting hardly a single livable hut. High on a shoulder of Manus, overlooking the harbor through a fringe of rustling palms, a former coconut plantation named Salesia, was a 1500 bed hospital, constructed of quonset hut units, all inter-connected by an all-weather series of covered passageways. You could put the surgical operation rooms in the best hospitals in the United States and none of the surgeons would demure.

Seadler Harbor, when we first viewed it, seemed alive with ships. They extended hull-down beyond the horizon with only the tips of their masts visible. Every conceivable type of craft, from brine-whitened battle-wagons to stubby-bowed harbor tugs, were at anchor or boiling along busily on their diverse errands. On a monster floating dry-dock, fiery sparks cascaded from the purple glow of a welder's torch. Everywhere there were little speed boats plying along at full speed. There were loaded barges, LCP's, LCM's, LST's, and all of the ships of the Navy, all types, shapes, and sizes. A visiting officer was apologetic. "The harbor is almost empty now," he said soberly, and protested in surprise when we laughed. "No fooling," he said. "We've had more than three times this number here." Three times that number could be anchored comfortably in the so-called inner harbor, which is only about nine miles long and three miles wide. Seadler Harbor itself is fifty miles long and in some places fourteen miles wide.

On a distant dock, cargo winches clanked and puffed and whined, slinging their tremendous cargoes outboard. Nearby, an iron-lunged sailor jerked a peremptory thumb at a group of wool thatched natives with tattoos on their faces, squatting comfortably in loin cloths along the lee of the warehouse. "Hey, you, let's get to work" (although it really sounded more like this, "Eye, you boy, lazy bugger me brok im bone long work") (said very fast). They, the natives, grinned and, rising, plodded silently along in their bare feet. All this was a picture of Manus as we saw it and the story of how it came into being. This was the base we were to help complete and maintain. It looked like a big job and it was.

Our first special assignment was given to W. Off. Lidh and a picked crew of 30 men. They proceeded across Seadler Harbor to a small island named "Hauwei." Here they had the job of maintenance, cleanliness, malaria control, and to clean the entire island from shore to shore of all debris. "Paradise" Island, as we had to call it for security reasons in writing home and in our publications, had been a former Japanese Coast Artillery Garrison. Numerous souvenirs were confiscated by the men to take home. The waters around the island were filled with shell, rockets, and various explosives of which the men found plenty. After the battle that removed the Japs, an American Artillery Unit had maintained a guard area there. After much work getting the island in condition the men were able to set a routine which allowed them much time to enjoy their beautiful

Looking in from the Reefs; Old First Cavalry Camp; Mr. Lidh Found a Home Here; Outrigger-Canoe; Sunset—Hauwei Island.





island. There was an abundance of sunshine, swimming at its best; and then the frequent visits of the natives made every man a trader. Through diligent efforts, the "Hauwei" islanders, turned their island into a garden spot. A small landing craft was operated daily between Manus and Hauwei by our men, and any of the men on Manus who had a day off could go out on a visit and spend a perfect day with their friends, hunting rare shells on the beach, swimming, fishing, or prowling out on the reefs for cat-eyes, deer shells, and coral. Through glass bottom boxes, the bottom of the sea could be studied; the water was very clear even in deep places.

While Mr. Lidh and his men were busy out at "Paradise," the men who remained on Manus weren't idle. After a two week stay at the warehouse, quarters were found for us in what was then known as the 35th Battalion area. The 35th had already boarded ship for home and we moved in to take over and continue their projects. Already the jungle had begun to reclaim this part of the island. At first it was rather desolate looking with the tents in bad condition from the wind, rain, the mildew, and the green mold. Grass had already started to grow through the cracks in the floors of the tents. The small green and brown lizards, too, had found themselves a ready-made home when the Seabees moved out.

Since living conditions weren't any too good there, the officers managed to locate part of the men in the 5th Regiment area which was the next camp only a few yards north of us. The regiment was moving up so it wasn't long before most of us had good quarters. As soon as we were all settled and began making small additions to our quarters, word came to move again. This time to the 57th Battalion area where some spare tents were located. The 57th was preparing to go home after two years overseas duty. Finally, after much moving and re-arranging, the unit settled into its final home with part of the men and the chiefs remaining in the 5th Regiment area on one side of a small ravine, with a little creek at its bottom, and the rest on the other side in the 57th area. Since there had been no former connection between the two camps there was no necessity for a bridge, but now that the area was joined, a bridge was needed. So, presto, in three days, a bridge was put across the ravine and the creek, complete with hand-rails and lights for night walking.

Completing this housing problem, the unit was ready to really dig in and go to work in earnest. We were joined in our new area by three other MU's, namely, 609, 612 and later by 561. Altogether we formed a small regiment and carried on the work of several battalions. Men manned the chow hall, bakery and galley. A ship's service was formed and this included not only the canteen, but a laundry, tailor shop, barber shop, shoe repair shop, and a coca cola stand. The recreation hall and library were set up, with books, checkers, chess, and ping-pong tables. The chapel was con-

Thirty-fifth Camp Area; Thirty-fifth Camp Area; Fifth Regiment Area; Chief's Country; Fifth Regiment Area.

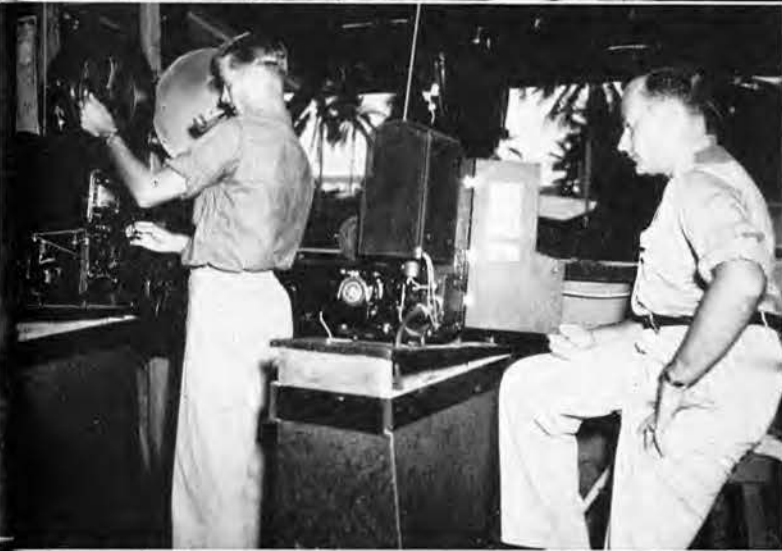
Top Row: Bridge Construction; Bridge Site; Entering the Combined CBMU Area. Row Two: 610 Camp Area; 610 Camp Area; Read It and Weep. Row Three: The Gestapo; "What . . . None for Me?" Hotcakes! Row Four: Kitchen Mechanics; The Doughboys; Waiting . . . Row Five: Still Waiting . . . ; Ah, At Last We Eat; A Mouthful.





Top Row: "How About a Coke?"; Ship's Store; Washerwomen. . . Row Two: No "Telltale Gray"; CBMU's Laundry; The Barber. Row Three: Rec Hall; Library; Sport Gear Issue. Row Four: Relaxation; Chapel; Sick Bay Staff. Row Five: Sick Call; Sick Bay; Extractor.





nected to the Rec Hall and each Sunday, during our first few months, visiting Chaplains came to give the services, Catholic and Protestant. All other services were held at the Base Chapel.

Since the complement of a Maintenance Unit does not include a Medical Staff, a sick-bay had to be set up and men from Base Hospital No. 15 were assigned to take care of us. The Unit remodeled the sick-bay and dispensary, installing indirect lighting and in general making a complete small hospital out of it.

An office was remodeled from a quonset hut in the Fifth Regiment area for use as a Unit Administration building. This was used for several months and then was moved to the Combined CBMU Administration Area located in the former 57th Battalion Administration Area. The Officer in Charge and the Executive Officer, along with the Personnel and Disbursing Office, set up shop here.

A photography lab was set up and immediately the photographer was assigned to begin taking pictures that would be of interest to this book. There were portraits to be made and the multitude of other pictures to be taken. Picture reports of our work had to be made up for the Bureau and for the base.

A chief's club was put up for the convenience of our chiefs and others in the vicinity. A beer garden was built for the enlisted personnel where all could gather in the cool of the evening to have a cool brew and to shoot the bull. Often music was provided by our then up and coming band, the "Swingbees." An officers' club was rebuilt on what was known in the area as "whiskey hill" for the refreshment and relaxation of the officers. The Officers Coun-

Top Row: 610 Personnel Office; Happy Island Storekeeper; Happy Island Boot Issue; Photographer. Row Two: Chief's Club; Opening Night; The Beer Flows Like Wine; Beer Line. Row Three: Happy Island Rummies; Swingbee's Performance; Movie Enthusiasts; Projection Booth. Row Four: Jumbo; First Boxing Match; Mountain Music; Jam Combo.





Top Row: New Stage; Sunday Baseball Game; "Strike!"; 610 Basketball Team. Row Two: The Undefeated 610 Team; "Two Points!!"; Christmas Dinner. Row Three: Christmas Entertainment; Unit Picnic; Dinner Music for the Party.

try was also located on this hill overlooking the Bay and the Bismarck Sea and situated so as to catch all the prevailing breezes of the Trade Winds.

We had a theater of our own and had a new show every night. The seats all had backs which is more than others on the island could boast of. To start we had a poor stage, but we eventually built one of the finest on the island. There were boxing and wrestling matches on the stage twice a month and our band entertained at frequent intervals. The band made quite a name for themselves in this section of the world as they entertained all over the island and on the small island outposts, as well as flying by bomber to Emereau Island about 180 miles away. For two weeks they played at the rest and recuperation center at Lake Sentani at Hollandia, New Guinea. Our stage had many shows from USO Camp Shows to local talent from the island, the latter of which was usually the best for our money. Sunday excursions to other islands were carried on weekly; baseball, softball, tennis, badminton, volleyball, basketball, and water polo were the popular sports. Our basketball team is still undefeated,

and the baseball and softball teams made an excellent showing in the all island league.

I guess we will all remember our first Christmas here. For those that were used to cold weather and snow it just didn't even look like Christmas. For most of us it was a day filled with thoughts of home. Packages had arrived and were held for Christmas. The Commissary Department out-did itself in preparing a real turkey dinner with all the trimmings. We had special entertainment and the chapels were filled all day. Shortly after the first of the year we had our first Unit picnic on Hauwei Island and it turned out a complete success. Detailed plans were formulated for a full course dinner, transportation, recreation and entertainment. About three-quarters of the Unit was able to attend.

Now while all this recreation was going on and in fact from the first day we arrived on the island, there was work to do and lots of it. All departments had to be set up in a hurry. There were the carpenter shop, sheetmetal shop, paint shop, plumbing shop, sign shop, welding shop, electric shop, garage, preventive maintenance, heavy equipment

repair, and in addition we took over road and drainage maintenance, waterfront maintenance, the quarry and coral pits, dredging operations, maintenance of the entire telephone system, the water system, and the logging camp and sawmill. This was a large order for us but as we continue on in this narrative you will see that we came out on top.

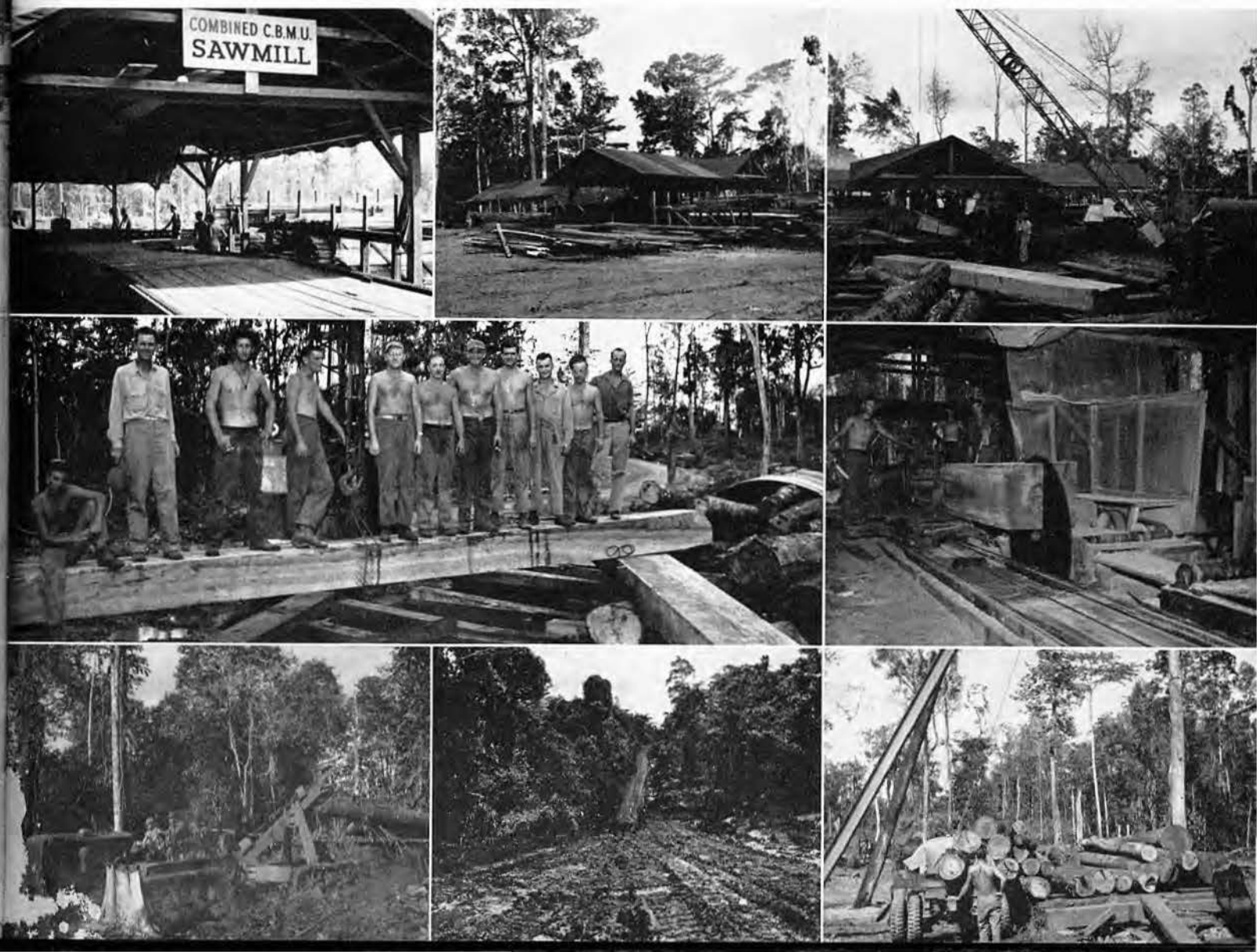
The lumbermen of CBMU No. 610 which took over and rebuilt the logging camp and sawmill on this base were experienced loggers learning a new trade of culling timber out of tropical jungle, after cleaning shrapnel out of the timber and moving unexploded bombs out of the surrounding brush. One of the stock gripes was, "We always seem to hit shrapnel in the logs just as we're getting in that last lick and always when we have a new saw in." Much of the timber in the area is studded with Jap and American shrapnel from sharp skirmishes which were fought in the surrounding jungle only months before. Loggers swinging axes, cat-skinners snaking logs, and bulldozer operators in roads must keep one eye peeled for falling timber and the other for stray unexploded bombs which still are found in the area. One

bomb, a thousand pounder, was picked up after men had been felling trees around it for days. One of the bulldozer operators said, "I sure was glad to be able to see my dozer tracks the other way. When they picked it up, my tracks straddled both sides of her." When the men were not chopping steel out of trees, replacing teeth in shrapnel torn circular saws, or disposing of live bombs, they logged and cut lumber to the total of 15,000 board feet per day with occasional record days of 16,000.

Part of the maintenance of the island was keeping the electrical power system going. Men were assigned to generator stations which supplied power and electricity for most of the island. Each area had its generators and the huge reefer banks required special power. Later we completed and operated the main Manus power plant which supplied nearly all the power for the island and did away with most of the small generator stations.

We also took over the Reefer Bank where there was over a quarter million cubic feet of refrigerator space to check, repair, and keep in operation. As this was a huge supply

Top Row: Sawmill; Sawmill Site; Sawmill Processing. Row Two: Sawmill Crew; Sawmill Production. Row Three: Logging; Logging Road; 15,000 Board Feet per Day.





Top Row: Manus Power Plant;
Inside Power Plant;
Electric Power.

Row Two: Reefer Bank;
Reefer Section;
Lorengau Dam.

Row Three: Lorengau Falls;
High Lift Water Plant;
Aeration.

Row Four: Catwalk.



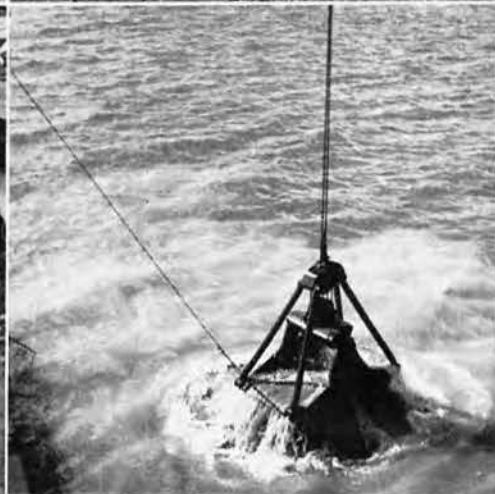


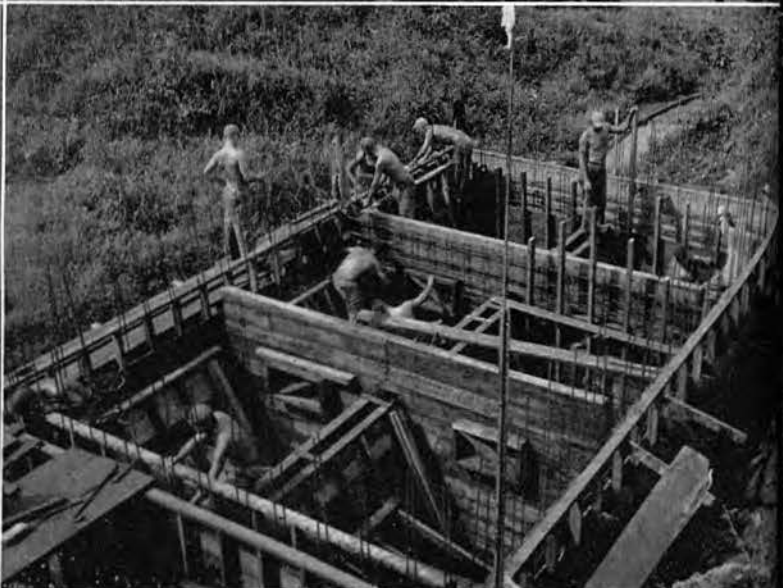
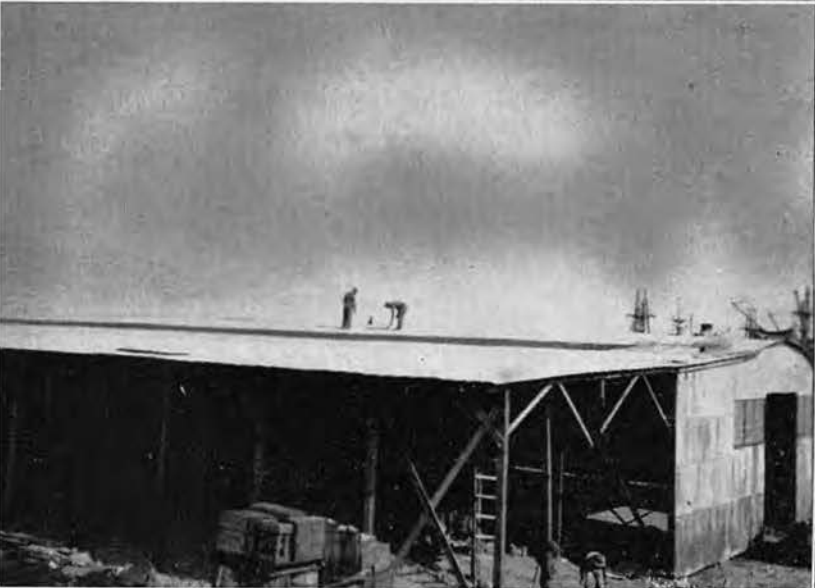
Top Row: Low Lift Water Plant.

Row Two: Water Storage;
Heavy Equipment Shop;
Heavy Equipment.

Row Three: Quarry;
Quarry;
Quarry from Signal Hill.

Row Four: Dredging;
Going Down;
Coming Up.





Coral Dredging
Finishing Touches

Warehouse Construction
Form Building

Imhoff Tank



base, tons and tons of meat and fruits were kept there to supply the fleet and the outlying bases up the line. Our men repaired all the reefers on the base and took care of any repair work on the ships in the harbor.

The Water Plant, a vital detail, was operated by us. This was a complete system from the pumping station above the water-falls in the Lorengau river, to the purification and distribution to all points on the island. This work was handled as efficiently as any local city water system in the States.

The Telephone Department was a major operation as the construction of the many miles of wire for the modern telephone system was just started. All telephone installation and repair was done by this department. Underwater cables were laid to the outlying islands and all the intricate local systems had to be brought under one main system. Communications systems were a major feature in the winning of this war.

The Waterfront Division took over maintenance and construction of docks, dredging channels, and underwater blasting. The Heavy Construction Department handled the



Incinerator
Loniu Passage Bridge

Incinerator
Loniu Bridge Dedication

Base Chapel

quarry and rock crusher, road and drainage maintenance and the coral pits.

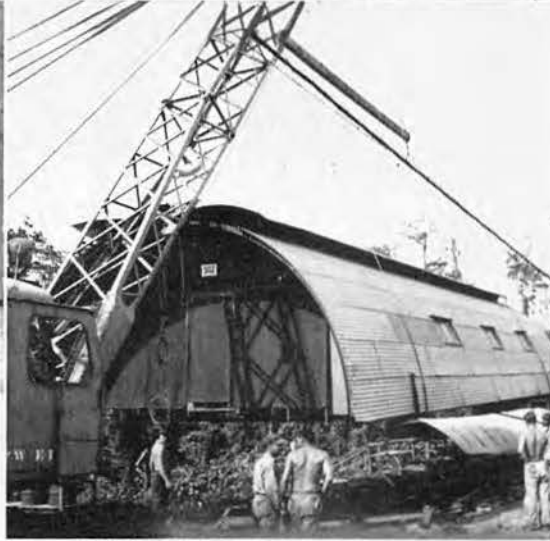
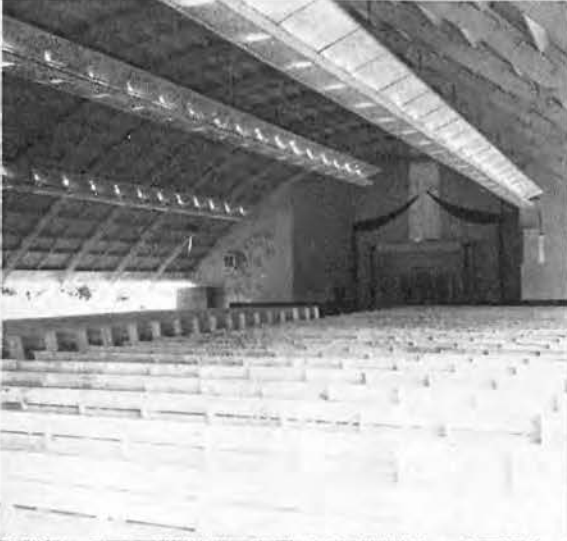
The Building Division took over the construction projects which included every conceivable type of building from a quonset hut to huge warehouses. No building job was too large or too small for our men. Each job was completed in record time and high praise was given by the Commander Naval Base for the work done.

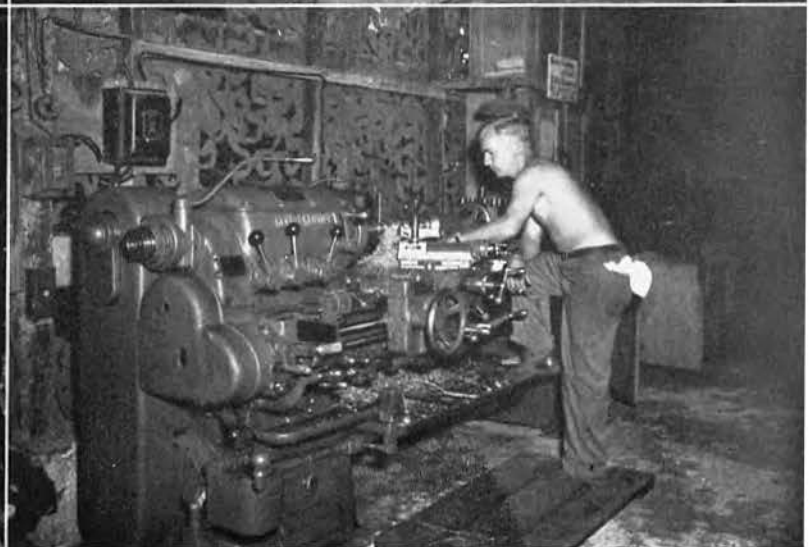
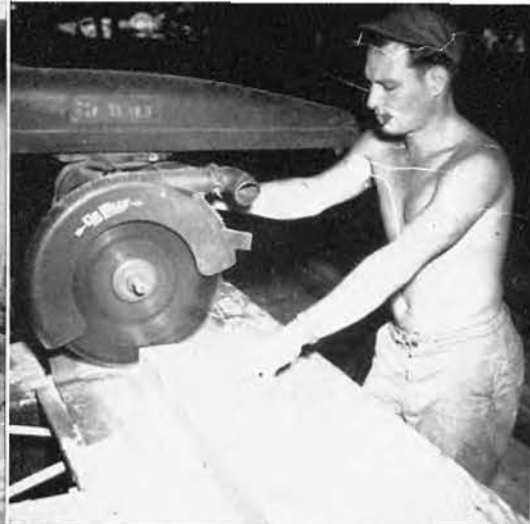
In order to maintain all these jobs there were a multitude of smaller shops that had to contribute to the whole scheme of things. The sheet-metal shop would prepare the metal for the roofers, the painters would paint the completed project, the electric shop would repair the motors and wind generators, the diesel repair shop kept the huge generators running; all of these and many more made the other projects possible.

Our job continued to be maintenance of everything on the base, building more and more and then maintaining that which we constructed. This base was very important to the Fleet which was then carrying the fight to the Philippines, and we worked from sun-up to sun-down for many



Top Row: Interior of Base Chapel.
 Row Two: General View of Chapel;
 Quonset Hut Moving;
 Quonset Hut Moving.
 Row Three: Setting Up Quonset Hut;
 Quonset Hut Being Moved;
 Salvage Lumber Yard.
 Row Four: 610 Shop Area;
 Shop Area.





Top Row: Sheetmetal Shop;
CBMU 610 Sign Shop;
Carpenter Shop.
Row Two: Garage Crew;
Mechanic at Work.
Row Three: Parts Room;
Machine Shop.
Row Four: Preventive Maintenance;
Tire Shop.



610 Commandos

months. What this base contributed to the end of the war, we CBMU 610 personnel helped make possible. Each man received a commendation in his service jacket from the Commander Naval Base which reads as follows. "COMMENDATION FROM THE COMMANDER NAVAL BASE: For maintenance of a highly important Naval Base for the supply and repair of fighting ships and for service to the Fleet with the utmost efficiency, which contributed materially to the successful operation of the Allied Forces in the South-West Pacific Area during the period of March 1944 to February 1945."

With all this work going on we still found a bit of time now and then to relax and enjoy life. There was a military training team organized known to most of us as "Stone's Commandos." This stout hearted group of men took part-time off to practice the art of Commando tactics. With full emergency attack gear they marched through the jungle, staged attacks, and in general gave the Unit its military air. There was radio entertainment also. The Armed Forces Radio Station W.V.T.D. kept us abreast of the times at home and all the favorite programs could be heard daily. Many had their personal radios, but for others there were loud speakers placed in convenient places such as the chow hall and theater to enable every man to listen if he cared to. In February we finally got a permanent Chaplain for the combined units. He was Chaplain B. H. Thaden. It was good to have him with us as his cheery smile could be seen in many places about the camp and in sickbay. He maintained an office where any man could call and discuss his private problems. The reli-

gious activities picked up considerably with the coming of the Chaplain. The chapel was re-decorated and trimmed up. Each Sunday found the chapel jammed to capacity. His sermons were so convincing, and the male chorus accompanied by the small reed organ sang so well, that if we closed our eyes for a moment we could picture ourselves sitting in our own church at home. Men were accepted into the church, communion services were held, and baptismal ceremonies were conducted both in the Chapel and at the Lorengau River just below the falls in a crystal clear pool. Our only regret is that we didn't get Chaplain Thaden earlier.

Our life continued on from day to day uninterrupted with only an occasional air-raid alarm which usually turned out to be nothing. One evening two Jap planes paid us a surprise visit and sent a couple of torpedoes into one of the huge floating dry-docks near Los Negros. Little damage was done as only one section was damaged and it would have taken about 20 more torpedoes to sink it. Our fleet kept us so well protected that the Japs just couldn't get through to us.

Having followed the news of the war in Europe through the daily newspapers on the island and radio news-casts, the word that the German Nation had been defeated was anticlimactical to the majority of us. This news, coming to us as it did, was received quietly because at that time we could not figure out how it would affect us or how it made our Pacific victory any nearer. The men with friends, brothers, and sons in the army were naturally elated; but to the rest of us there was little change in our feelings except the

thankfulness that that phase of the war was concluded, and a more grim determination to finish the job.

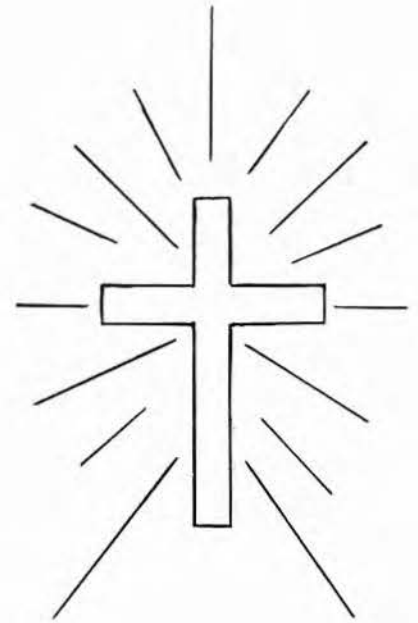
A few months later men 42 years and over were given discharges, and it was then that we began to think about the end of the war in the Pacific. Even having the knowledge that we had great power and were winning every day did not give us an inkling of just how soon the day of peace would come. The night that the story of the Atomic Bomb was released the theater was filled with cheers. Most of us felt then that it could not last more than another six months, and when only a few short days later we received our first rumors that Japan had applied for peace through Switzerland the camp went wild. That news came over on the last news broadcast that evening but it wasn't long before most everyone was out of bed and in his neighbor's

tent to hear more of the news and to spend most of the night talking of nothing else but the end of the war and going home.

When the news became official, we had a holiday filled with good times. The beer garden gave out free beer, picnics were held, special entertainment was provided, and most important of all there were special church services. It is with the announcement of V-J day that we stop this story of our Unit and go to press as we know that most of us will be home for Christmas.

We are proud to have been able to play our part in the winning of this war and our prayer is "May peace and the Spirit of God continue over the face of the Earth for ever." It is with a prayer of thankfulness that we leave CBMU 610 for a peaceful and better world.





A Message from Our Chaplain

I have been with CBMU 610 only a short time. But in this brief span of time I have cherished the friendships made and valued the loyal devotion and duty to Christ and His Church.

It is with hope and confidence that we face the future. For the spiritual response and faith in God exhibited by our men, coupled with sagacity and courage, with firmness for the right, give us faith and assurance that God will bless our efforts and guide our way. "For He is a Lamp unto our feet and a Light unto our pathway."

God bless each one of you as you return to your respective duties and vocations of life following your release from the service.

Chaplain Thaddeus



Joining the Church



The Congregation

The Male Chorus



The Chapel

General

Top Row: View Overlooking Seadler Harbor; Dock and Beach Section; Nabu Dock and Supply Area. Second Row: Ship at Dock; Outer Harbor from Los Negros Road. Third Row: Moonshine on Manus; Loniu Passage. Fourth Row: Cove View—Los Negros Road; View from Los Negros Road.



Interest

Top Row: Cigarette "Joe"; Navy 3205, Manus; Palms and Clouds. Second Row: Jap Coastal Gun; Jap Gun Looking Seaward. Third Row: Black Cat; Road Through the Palms; Road Through Jungle. Fourth Row: Fair Weather at Sea.

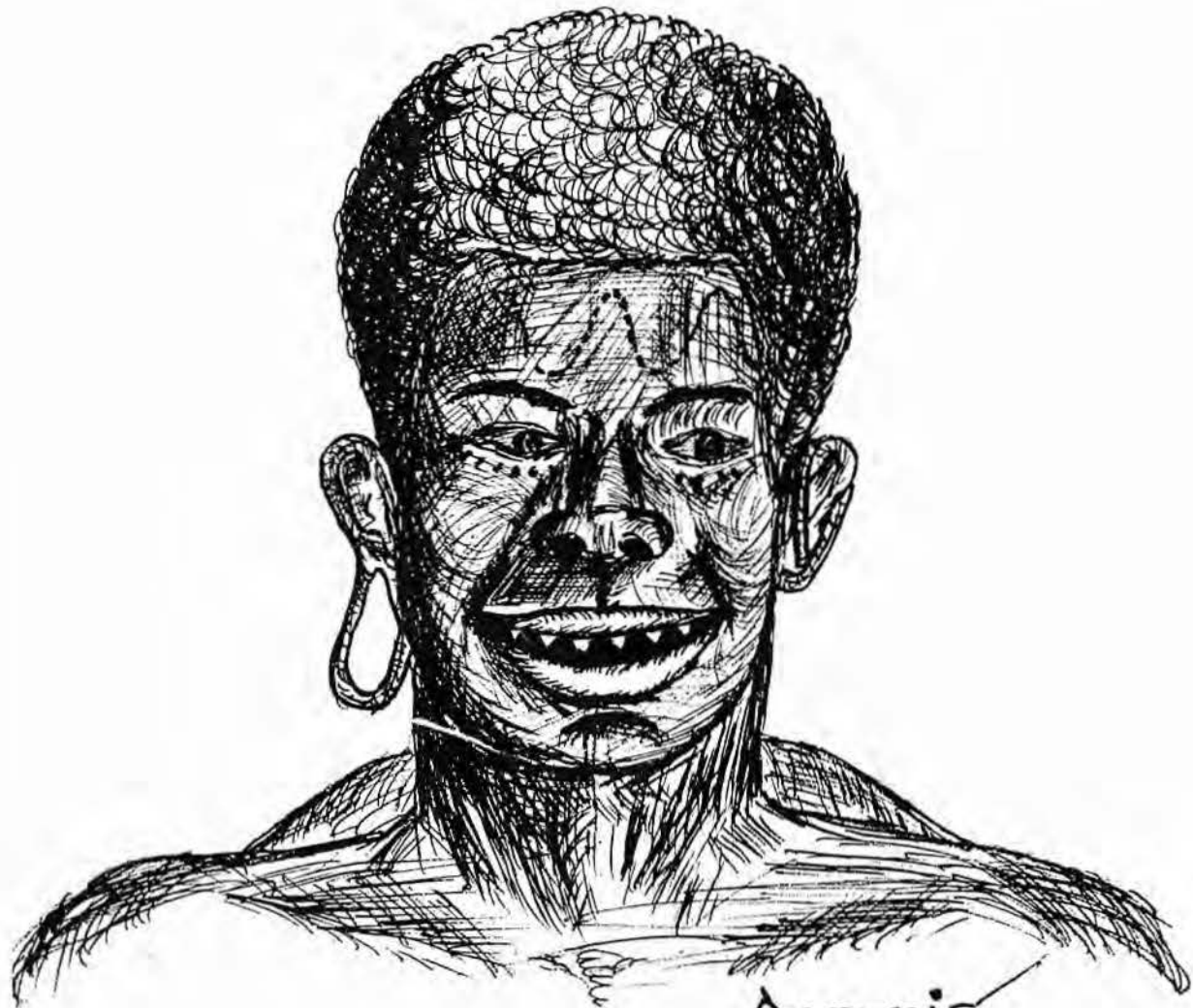




Sky and Beach at Hauwei Island
Army Camp at Hauwei Island

Beach at Hauwei Island
Hut and Road on Hauwei Island

Natives of the Admiralties



MORRIS

9-16-45

Native Customs and Manners

Almost every native village and hamlet is a little independent group. Within the space of a few miles there may be great differences in custom and language. In the old days neighbors fought and feuded; every settlement was an armed camp. This is still true in the uncontrolled areas. In modern days, barriers between groups have been breaking down, yet natives don't like to leave their own localities except under the protection of the white man.

Practically all the native people living around the ports and accessible coasts are now converts to Christianity, and so are many groups deeper in the interior. Altogether, the mission bodies, Catholic and Protestant, working in these islands claim to have many converts. Native Christians are usually very devout and strict about Sunday observance and church-going.

The Bible has been translated into a number of their languages and also into Pidgin. You'll hear natives frequently humming or singing hymn tunes. The usual name for Christianity in the islands is "Lotu," the "Word," and the Christians will speak of themselves as Lotu People. Even the Christian natives still hold on to some of the old religious beliefs which continue to flourish among the unconverted natives.

The islanders are very much concerned with spirits, good and bad, including those of their ancestors. They also practice magic and sorcery. After all, life is pretty precarious around these parts, and they take no chances with things supernatural. Many of the native villages have a sacred

house or other holy place where secret societies meet and religious ceremonies are held. In these places are kept sacred objects, such as images, drums, flutes, and ceremonial masks.

Most natives are quite smart in driving a bargain and by tradition they are great traders. Salt water people exchange products with the hill people. Some coastal groups trade over considerable distances of ocean and reach the surrounding islands. The goods may include shells and "shell-money," clay pots, canoes, and foods. For the most part, however, native communities are self-supporting. The people garden, gather wild forest products, hunt and fish. Generally they satisfy their needs from day to day. Only when seasonal crops like yams and breadfruit are harvested, or when special foods are grown for some big celebration, are there likely to be food surpluses on hand.

Natives now living near the trading posts depend on many articles, such as metal tools, cloth, matches, soap and tobacco. At Angau, where a good many men of CBMU 610 have gone on visits, there is a native souvenir store where they sell their merchandise under supervision of the Aussie-in-charge for good old American dollars, and with this they buy what they want. Many of them earn money as government employees, and are quite competent in construction of the native thatched hut for the American beer halls, etc. Natives ordinarily need money for small annual head taxes, for church contributions, and sometimes for court fines. They prefer to be paid with stick tobacco, knives, razor blades, salt or other articles they need.



Around the areas of white settlement, calico waistcloths are the usual garments for natives, though short pants are coming into favor with the men. Women may or may not have a top covering. For reasons of health, the governments have discouraged the wearing of a lot of clothes, especially on the upper part of the body. Away from these settled areas, native style clothing, or the lack of it, is still usually the vogue. Scanty as they are, fashions of native dress vary amazingly in detail from area to area. You'll be able to spot the home locality of a man by his type of loin-cloth or his loin covering of shell, gourd, coconut shell, bark, and of a woman by the cut of her grass skirt or kilt. Such things as body ornaments, tattoo marks, strange hair-do's, and the nose plugs will also show where the natives come from. In dances and ceremonies, the natives wear amazingly elaborate masks, head-dresses, and other adornments made of gorgeously colored feathers, shells, human hair, etc.

The islanders are always ready for a celebration. Their life is spiced with all kinds of ceremonies—at birth, marriage, sickness, and death, when luck is good or bad, and before, during, and after house-building, gardening, hunting and fishing. At these times the native really goes to town with feasting, singing, and dancing. You'll often hear the boom of the native drums and songs over the jungles and through the hills. In Pidgin a festivity of this kind is called a "Sing-Sing," a name which here has a pleasant meaning.

Natives have many games of their own. One game, for example, is to throw spears for distance or to try hitting a moving object bowled along the ground. Some natives play soccer and cricket. The governments and missions found that these sports were a good way to work off tense feeling between natives, and kind of substitute for intra-tribal warfare.

When you see natives playing soccer you would be surprised at the way they "boot" the ball with bare feet, and unless the referee is careful there may be more action than the rules permit. Before the war, annual tournaments were held to which districts and villages have sent their teams.

Also a word as to betel chewing. Some have made the mistake of thinking that betel-chewing natives have just come from a cannibal feast. But chewing is only a good old island custom. A quid is made by combining betel nut (from the slender areca palm) with lime. When chewed this produces a bright red juice which the natives spit in all directions. Incidentally, betel chewing has a tendency to blacken the teeth.

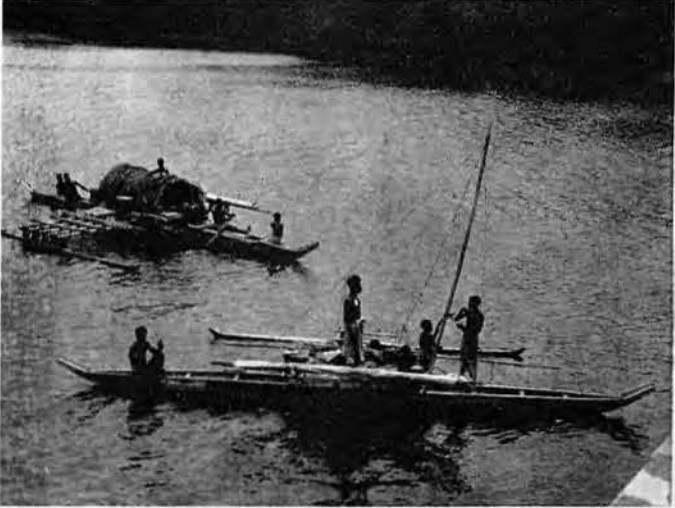
You may think that native men don't have very much respect for their women; it is true that women are shut out from some of the important religious and other affairs of the community and they have to do a lot of the hard work. More than we do, the islanders make a clear distinction between men's and women's activities, and in their own field women have plenty of opportunities for self-expression. See them at a sing-sing and you'll realize they're just as concerned with glamour and with catching the eye of the opposite sex as our girls in the States.

Natives, however free and easy they may seem to be among themselves, are likely to resent outsiders interfering with their women. Some of the islands people, too, outdo the strictest mid-Victorians in their prudishness. In some places no public show of affection is allowed even between husbands and wives. Native women everywhere are likely to be much more timid than men. In more isolated districts they may even hide in the bush when strangers visit their village.



Laniu Passage Design.
Was Nigra - Manus.





Top Row: Native Outrigger Canoe; Native Canoes Off Shore. Second Row: Canoes at Loniu Passage Bridge; Typical Native Village. Third Row: Grass Huts by the Sea; Native Children at Home. Fourth Row: Natives at Work; Native Woman.

Top Row: Interior of Hut and Family; Native Women. Second Row: Native Family; Jungle Chew. Third Row: Native Woods Crew; Homeward Bound. Fourth Row: Native Child; Native Children.



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Bodnar, Steve	Thayer, Illinois
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Boyd, William J.	Barney, Georgia
Brannon, Alfred C.	Richmond, California
Brian, August A.	806 E. Madison St., Louisville, Kentucky
Brittingham, Wade H.	Salisbury, Maryland
Bryant, David M.	114 Princeton Ave., Dover, New Jersey
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Byczkiewicz, Casimir V.	99 Anaren St., Bayonne, New Jersey
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Cozzone, Leonard F.	4432 W. Congress St., Chicago 24, Illinois
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Goforth, Arliss J.	Reno, Nevada

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Hillman, Charles P.	Santa Monica, California
Hoffman, Nelson H.	c/o Geo. E. Hoffman, R. D. No. 7, York, Pennsylvania
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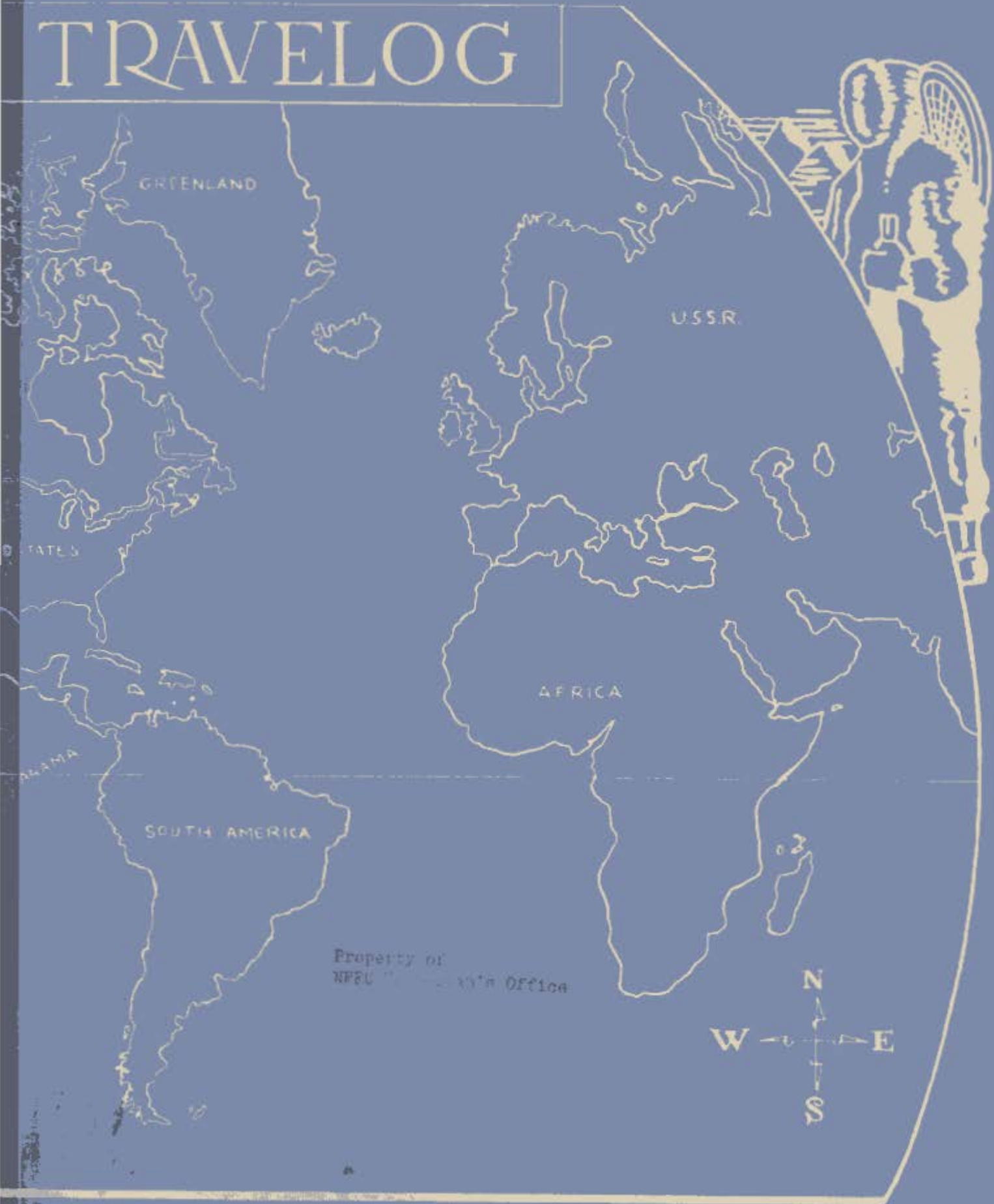
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