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SITKA ATTU



NCB #22

NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION CENTER
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SITKATTU



AN ACCOUNT OF THE ACTIVITIES

OF THE

Twenty-Second U. S. Naval Construction Battalion

FROM ITS INCEPTION TO THE COMPLETION
OF ITS FIRST TOUR OF DUTY OVERSEAS

1942 • 1943 • 1944

"GOOD GO JOE"

JOE TAKES THE PLUNGE!

-UH HUH-AN' I'VE HAD FIVE YEARS OF ELECTRICAL WORK 'AN SIX YEARS OF CARPENTER WORK 'AN THREE YEARS OF PLUMBING- I KIN RUN A BULL DOZER, A DRAG LINE - I CAN ALSO COOK, I CAN—

WELL, WELL, MY BOY- JUST THE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR!! - IF YOU HAD ONLY BEEN HERE YESTERDAY, I HAD TEN FIRST CLASS OPENINGS--! HOWEVER, THERE'S A GREAT NEED FOR SECOND CLASS SEAMEN—



JOIN!
the
NAVY
SEA BEES
FIGHTERS!
BUILDERS!
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

Bill Coop

INTRODUCTION

NOT SO LONG ago while sojourning on faraway Attu we were approached by a fellow Seabee and asked the following question, "Just what are you fellows going to print in the yearbook?" Well, at that time (still Attu, remember), we were not so sure ourselves as to what would eventually be found within the covers of this book.

Now, after many days of tiring toil combined with the wonders of a thirty-day leave, we've come forth with what we believe to be an interesting and colorful account of our many months together. In so doing we have endeavored to produce that everlasting effect known as "remember when" that will be treasured by you in the years to come.

The journalistic style followed in this text will probably coincide quite closely to that found in the Battalion's well-known weekly newspaper, "The Dragline". That fact, gentlemen, could not be helped, for you see this bit of historical matter was edited and written by those same outspoken, scuttlebutt crazed editors of "The Dragline". As a result, we hope you will bear with us and not think too low of the efforts herein.

In putting this collection and effort together we strove mainly to give you as much picture content as was possible. Our job in that category was made extremely simple due to the untiring and accurate camera-eye of Battalion photographer, Bob (Slim) Allen.

With the preliminaries over, let us give you a quick keyhole glance of what the contents have to offer. To start with, our acting "Skipper", Lt. Whittock, writes a commendation that in all future years to come will take its place as one of our fondest memoirs. It is indeed a tribute of our life as a Seabee Battalion. Following this commendation come the much talked of company sections in which, one by one, the five different companies of the battalion are pictured. In conjunction with each of these company sections is an article written by the commander of the particular company dealt with. Each and every one of these is truly a gem and definitely adds a distinct flavor to the book.

"Good Go Joe", the popular cartoon created by Dragline artist Bill Cook, makes frequent appearances throughout the pages. We cannot help but think that you will enjoy these cartoons. In our estimation, they act as a measuring cup of what helped make our life as a service unit just a little more pleasant than the ordinary.

Coupled with each cartoon you will find a more or less factual account of our various stages of travel. Once again, we have hopes that somewhere within these accounts you will find a choice morsel for reminiscing.

Johnny Dowd, remembered for his rare talent as a news hunter, comes through in typical style with an over-all and highly-amusing rendition of his traditional column titled "Hut-Scut". A page devoted to the ever-popular "Foxhole Rations" should please you no end. Plenty of fond memories in just a few words.

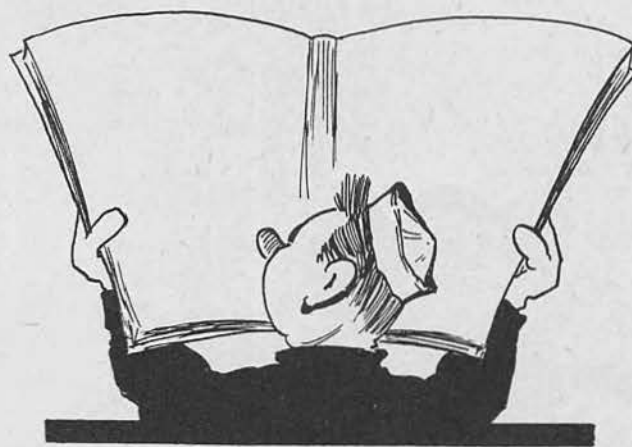
Snapshots, selected at random and depicting the everyday life of us all are shown. These candids were picked after much thought and discussion and there-

fore should provide a fair share of laughs. Truthfully, they go a long way in fulfilling our main desire, that being to make this edition as informal as could be.

In closing the pages you will discover two well-written themes, one in the form of poetry, the other as an article. The poem honors those who died for democracy's life. The article deals with our future task of setting the pace for the peace to come. With that bit of writing the book draws to a close. Read it slowly. Digest its contents fully. When you have finished, we feel that you will have realized with bountiful pride that this, the 22nd U. S. Naval Construction Battalion, can hold its own against any and all.

THE EDITORS

Editor	Bob Utecht
Layout & Design	Hank Powers
Cartoonist	Bill Cook
Managing Editor	John Dowd
Photography	Bob Allen



I HAVE BEEN with the Twenty-Second Battalion since its inception and have seen it organized into a smoothly functioning building and fighting unit. As we have gone along, we have been confronted with divers problems and circumstances. All of these have been mastered. We have operated in some of the worst weather conditions in the world. Our accomplishments speak for themselves as our enemies well know. We have been commended and highly spoken of by other organizations with which we have had contact.

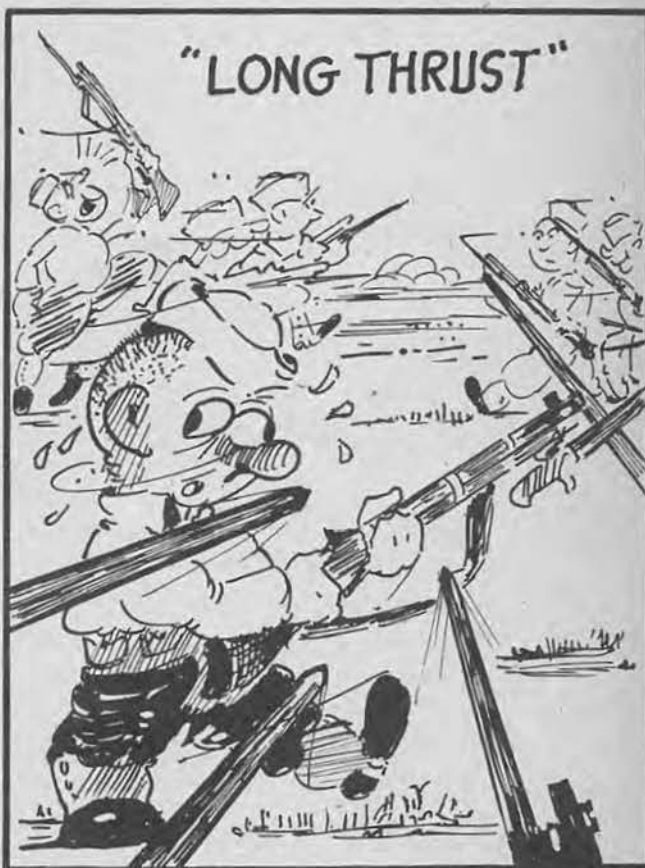
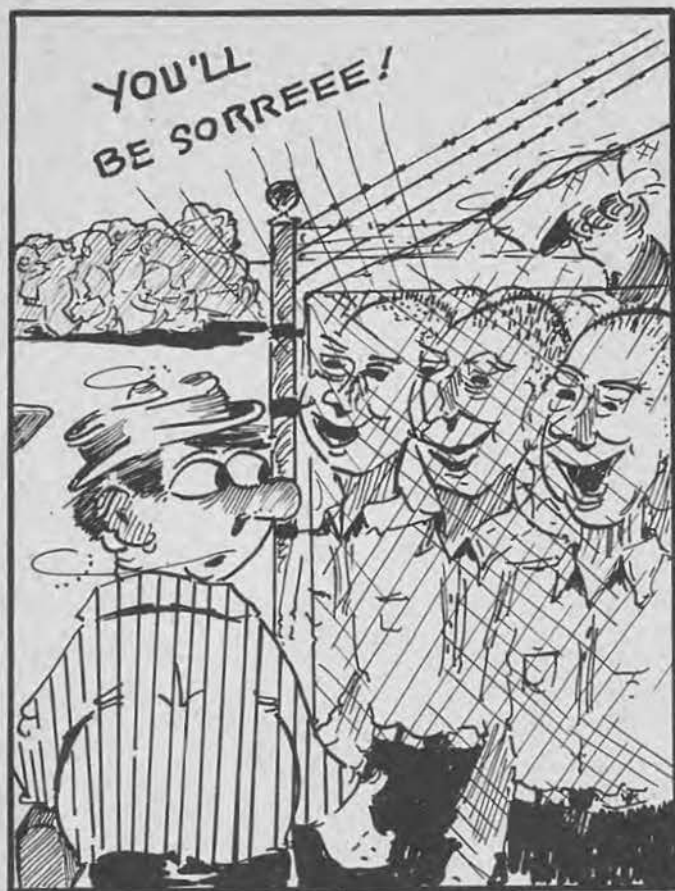
This Battalion has had two Officers-in-Charge while on its tour of duty: Commander Charles M. Noble who left us in October, 1943, and Lt. Commander Ernest S. Bathke who was detached in April, 1944. I feel that I express their sentiments when I say that your ability and proven performance cannot be praised too highly. Your work was well done.

If, as the war continues, we become scattered, we can do a great good by instilling our Battalion spirit of industry and good will into whatever new unit of the service we may find ourselves.

In that way we continue—till the lights go on again.

WILLIAM B. WHITTOCK
Officer-in-Charge (Acting)

CAMP ALLEN, VIRGINIA



BOOT CAMP

Oath of Allegiance: *I, William Fairweather, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever, and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and articles for the government of the Navy.*

And I do further swear (or affirm) that all statements made by me as now given in this record are correct. . . . I DO.

And so with the Oath of Allegiance and the first spurt of warm perspiration over, you began your career as a member of the U. S. Navy.

Since that time which could have been anywhere between January and July of '42 much water has flowed beneath the bridge. Although you lived a full twenty months as a Seabee Battalion, you probably recall those long-past and eventful "boot" camp days more vividly than any others. As for that matter, who could help but recall those days?

No doubt all of you remember that first train ride as service men. Memory correct, that ride began at Minneapolis, Minn., and followed a course through Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Ashland, Kentucky, and thence to Camp Allen, Norfolk, Virginia. One could write pages on that scenic and eventful trip but it all passed too quickly. Consequently we'll say no more about it except that it was, after all, quite a sooty affair. We shall pass over that stage of the game and dwell for awhile on those hectic days called "boot".

Camp Allen will perhaps linger longest in your memory as the place where you were greeted with the phrase, "You'll Be Sorreeee." That slight saying will invariably be implanted in your mind for many years to come. "Where ya from, Mac?" brought many joyful cries from all of us. You know how it was. Always glad to see someone from home. Well, the fun didn't last long. Shortly after arriving at Allen we were herded en masse to a warehouse in which blankets, mattresses, towels, a bar of lifebuoy and one pair of flimsy drawers were flung our way. Finding a place to sleep did not prove too difficult but the smell of moth balls and lifebuoy did. Remember that first chow at Allen? Oh me, Oh my, what a meal—Didn't that coffee taste just a little different from the usual cup? Or did our imagination get the best of us? Any number of you were heard to mutter, "This Navy chow isn't so bad after all, but what in the \$&%!*?! do they do to the coffee?"

Most of you thought after that first meal what a nice bit of slumber would do to you. Seems as though the best laid plans sometimes get off the beam, for the

following morning, at just the time that everyone enjoys sleeping, the Navy's fighter planes from nearby Norfolk Naval Air Station began to take off. They certainly took the place of the well-known rooster. It didn't take long to decide that any sleep desired would have to be had between the hours of 2200 and 0500.

By this time you'd all heard what we now know as "Scuttlebutt". Some of it strangely was good—some of it was not so good. Talk of hospital corpsmen and their favorite weapon seemed to be the core of most rumors. It would be an even wager that many of you spent a sleepless night or two in dreaded fear of those so-called hospital corpsmen and their long, slender, well-pointed needles. It all went by quite quickly though. You took the dreaded physical (who fainted?), emerged, donned dungarees that were too big and shoes that certainly were not made for civilians and there you were—Yes, sir, a full fledged boot. But wait, we missed the haircut. What a deal. Truly a barber's paradise, only there weren't any barbers. Some mighty cute Hollywood hair-do's lost their life on that memorable day. It seems that about that time some bewildered pusher began hollering at the top of his voice the following, "Last chance to send your civies home!" and then quite meekly he would say, "If you don't wanna send them home, then let the Salvation Army have them." Most of you probably did.

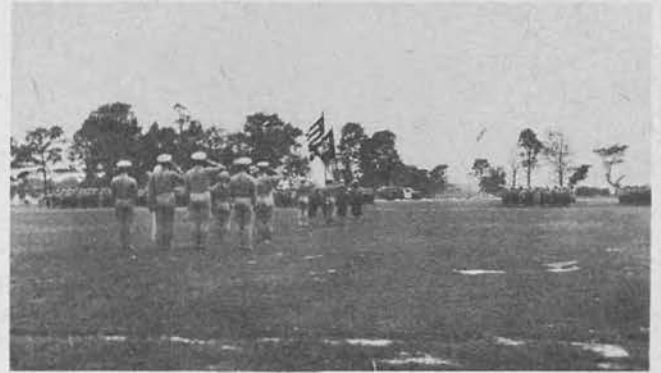
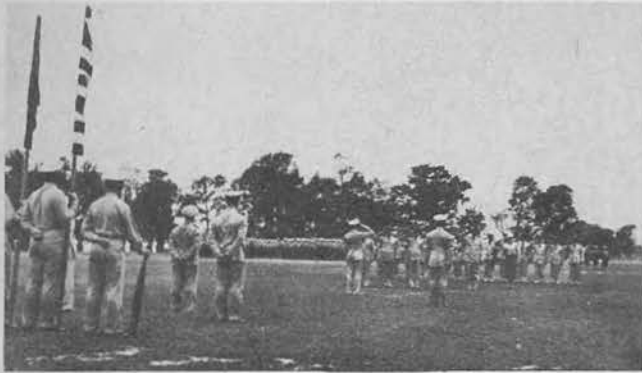
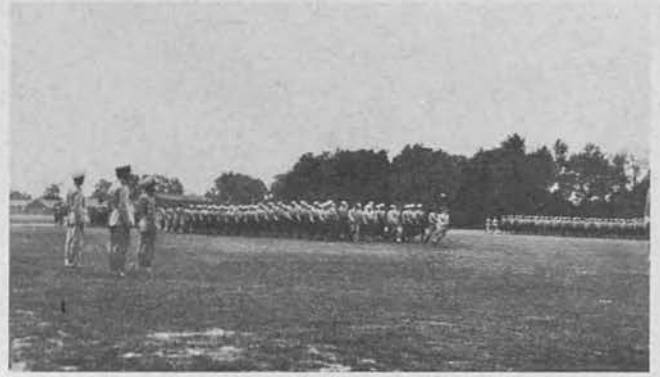
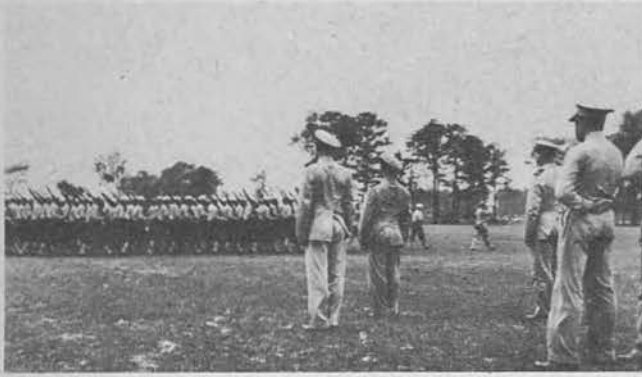
Along about this time dame rumor took another twist, the scope of which was that we were to have our faces photoed. Have them photoed was saying it mildly. They were stamped. A couple of days passed and finally you were given your ID card upon which appeared the photo. What a sight. Each guy looked like a lifer. And for that matter, some even took the time to brag about it. With the addition of that ID card you became full-fledged boots. (By the way) Take a close look at that photo and see if you still resemble the Seabee pictured thereon.

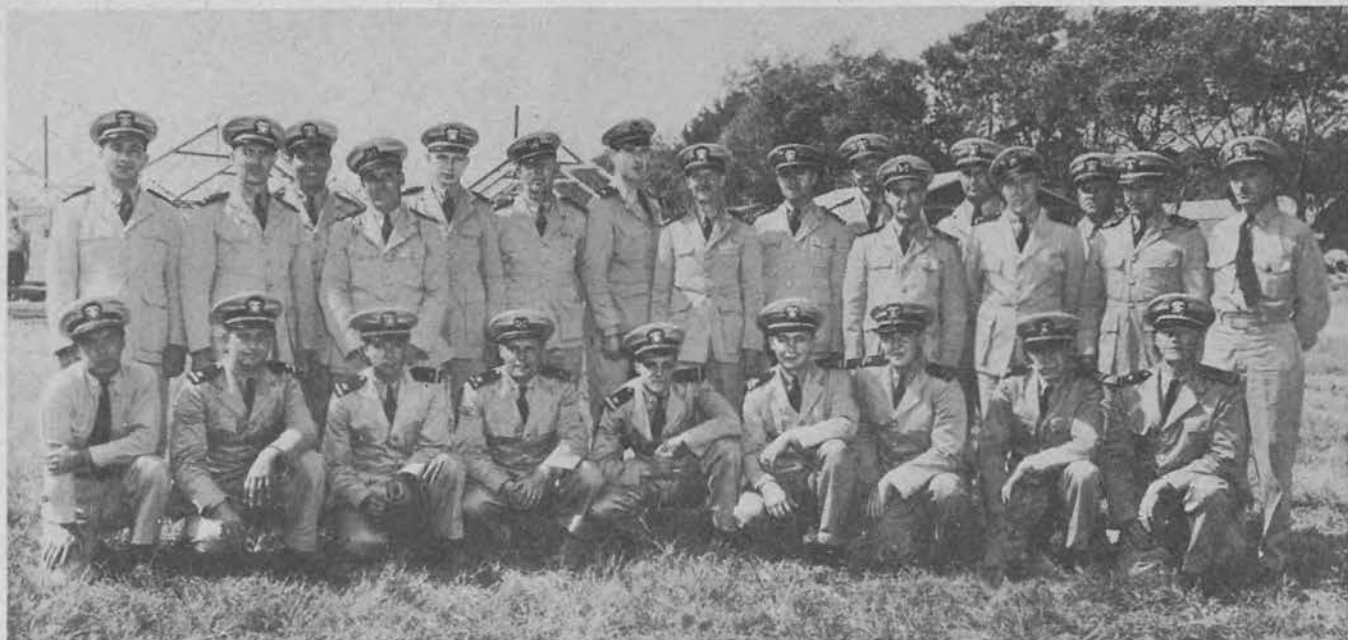
A first glimpse of Camp Allen's auditorium came when, after much "flanking" and field maneuvers, you attended the all-important lecture on sex. It proved highly interesting and educational and even produced a number of blushing "Bees". Nevertheless, it struck the main purpose, that being the fact that the Navy considers cleanliness all-important in the building of men. Together with this lecture came the business of insurance and allotments. This over, we found ourselves definitely on the road to greener fields.

Daily, throughout all this basic routine we were schooled in the art of saluting. We were told that soon we would be released from detention and that then our art of saluting would be most important. Brother, never a truer word was spoken. On the first evening after the bars of detention had been lifted, we wandered to the movie hall and enroute, over a distance of three blocks, we saluted fifty times. Practice makes perfect, you know.

Naturally, in covering this period of "boot", we had a goodly taste of "drilling". Some of that was a trifle rugged but when we finished we were hardened. Above all, we took on the aspect of fighters. A great day it was when the battalion, complete with its officers, passed in review, received its colors and was commissioned the Twenty-Second U. S. Naval Construction Battalion. It would not be but a matter of time before we would shove off for Camp Bradford and an artificial taste of Island X.

A BATTALION IS BORN





STANDING—(Left to right) Lt. L. Wolf, Ens. R. T. Bradley, Lt. (jg) H. E. Wise, Carp. C. S. McKenzie, Ens. W. F. Burger, Carp. D. M. Falconer, Carp. J. F. Connell, Lt. Comdr. Charles M. Noble, Lt. W. A. O'Leary, Lt. W. Pettyjohn, Carp. J. Kraft, Ens. L. H. Shulman, Ens. T. A. Lane, Lt. (jg) A. S. Huey, Jr., Lt. W. B. Whittock, Lt. Comdr. D. J. Murphy.

KNEELING—(Left to right) Lt. (jg) H. J. Lenahan, Ens. H. E. Coe, Ens. J. T. Paxson, Carp. V. Galotta, Ens. D. A. Samuelson, Lt. E. S. Bathke, Ens. Y. W. Faison, Jr., Lt. (jg) J. E. Daigle, Lt. (jg) C. J. Vranek.

ORIGINAL STAFF OF OFFICERS

LT. COMMANDER CHARLES M. NOBLE, Officer-in-Charge

LT. E. S. BATHKE, Executive Officer
 LT. W. B. WHITTOCK, Transportation Officer
 LT. COMMANDER D. J. MURPHY, Medical Officer
 LT. (jg) H. J. LENAHAN, Assistant Medical Officer

LT. L. WOLF, Dental Officer
 ENS. W. F. BURGER, Personnel Officer
 ENS. L. H. SHULMAN, Disbursing Officer
 ENS. Y. W. FAISON, JR., Supply Officer

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

ENS. T. A. LANE, Commander
 CARP. J. F. CONNELL
 CARP. C. S. MCKENZIE

COMPANY B

LT. W. A. O'LEARY, Commander
 LT. (jg) C. J. VRANEK
 ENS. J. T. PAXSON

COMPANY A

LT. (jg) H. E. WISE, Commander
 ENS. D. A. SAMUELSON
 CARP. V. GALOTTA

COMPANY C

LT. (jg) J. E. DAIGLE, Commander
 ENS. R. T. BRADLEY
 CARP. D. M. FALCONER

COMPANY D

LT. W. PETTYJOHN, Commander
 LT. (jg) A. S. HUEY, JR.
 ENS. H. E. COE
 CARP. J. KRAFT

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

WE OF Headquarters Company like to consider ourselves unique. Our personnel and duties are different from the construction companies, a fact which has added no little to the normal confusion of things and kept the lives of its officers from becoming too uninteresting. It is essentially a service company designed to keep the battalion's wheels greased and rolling smoothly. Consequently, the personnel are a varied crew composed of surveyors, draftsmen, mechanics, electricians, storekeepers, yeomen, cooks, bakers, barbers, cobblers and mess attendants. We even have a man-hour juggler who can show the battalion hard at work even on a day off. In fact, so diversified are the duties that men are on duty every hour throughout the twenty-four and never, on any single occasion, has the company been assembled as a complete unit.

When the battalion embarked from Port Hueneme for our first Island "X" at Sitka, Alaska, transportation facilities required the battalion be divided and shove off on different dates. Consequently, the ranks of Headquarters Company were split so that both sections might have the benefit of our services. After all, everyone must eat and yeomen are always required to type directives and man-hour reports. This division in our ranks has been the source of quite some rivalry all through the company's existence. The original "pioneers", as they term themselves, still look down their noses at the "tenderfeet" who arrived all of two weeks later. Those first few weeks will long be remembered by those hard-working, self-effacing members of the maintenance Department. Many long hours were put in installing new water lines and thawing out old ones, running power lines and keeping faulty generating equipment going without regard to any established work schedule. One of my fondest memories of those days was the sight of the battalion barber, oil soaked from head to foot, delivering oil for the barrack's stoves. Obviously, warmth was considered far more important than neatly trimmed heads.

After passing through the initial state of confusion, things began to straighten themselves out and the construction program got under way. The various departments of Headquarters Company took up their subsidiary duties of keeping the wheels greased. The survey crews armed with transit and tape turned-to on the many preliminary layouts required at Sitka and the outlying islands. With unfailing energy they dodged the trees laid down by the junior "Paul Bunyans" of "A" Company on the line up to Indian River and cut their way through to the Cascade Dam. Lt. O'Leary and his hard working crew will testify to the ruggedness of the latter terrain. The draftsmen found themselves buried beneath an ever-increasing pile of revisions which did not add to their joy of living but were none the less taken care of with dispatch. The supply and commissary department kept all hands amply

supplied with the clothing required for Alaska weather, the tools necessary to turn out the work and the food to keep us healthy and on the job. The yeomen were all busily engaged typing out directives and man-hour reports on a mass-production basis. The boys of the Disbursing Office provided us with the wherewithal for an occasional fling at "Ernies" and the "Anchor Bar" while the Personnel Department kept check on the all-important matter of family allotments and insurance. A new department, Material Procurement, was formed after leaving the states, whose job it was to furnish the other companies with the materials required for the various jobs and this they did in fine style. Apart from all the hustle and bustle, in the Sick Bay over the hill, the hospital corpsmen, quietly and efficiently, went about their job of caring for the sick and injured.

As the construction work approached a climax and the end was in sight, orders came through to secure all work and prepare to shove off, destination unknown. The scuttlebutt market leaped tremendously with the order to oil up all rifles and get in some practice on the rifle range. Every spot from Point Barrow to New Guinea was mentioned as the probable destination and not until we actually dropped anchor in Massacre Bay did we know for sure that Attu was to be our second Island "X".

LT. LANE





BACK ROW—Richardson, D. J.; Switalski, R. T.; Lowe, G. E.; Jelinek, M. T.
 CENTER ROW—Giganti, P.; Poole, M. D.; Bush, C. D.; Powers, H. L.; Hamilton, G. R.; Weselis, B. S.; Walsh, H. V.; Greenholt, W. H.
 FRONT ROW—Parson, P. E.; Palumbo, E. J.; Cosner, L. H.; Solomon, W. G.; Slinger, A. M.; Marzolf, L. G.; Anderson, H. H.;
 Holsapple, F. A.; Bergen, M. P.



BACK ROW—Timm, C. F.; Bender, J. H.; Smith, M. B.; Gowing, G. E.; Landreth, L. C.
 CENTER ROW—Ford, L. A.; Reed, C. T.; Whitlam, G. J.; Fulton, L. A.; Angel, W. A.; Hren, A.; Hoyt, G. F.; Welch, J. F.
 FRONT ROW—Boughton, J. W.; Miller, H. G.; Mulcahy, R. F.; Gothot, J.; Jacques, D. R.; Simonetti, E.; Watts, F.; Hammond, G. J.



BACK ROW—Stackhouse, S. H.; McPharlin, H. F.; Klaprat, B. E.; Thomas, F. L.; Glass, P. D.; Wortman, W. F.; Fortney, M. F.; Huber, W. J.; Cabe, H. R.; Keeler, A. J.; Boshier, H. G.
 CENTER ROW—Cardoza, J.; O'Neil, H. H.; Elkins, J. F.; Terry, W. L.; Bischoff, P. A.; Blitz, H. S.; Russell, S. L.; Petersen, W. C.; Robinson, R. J.; Stoddard, F. I.; Stinchcomb, W. J.
 FRONT ROW—LaBat, C. A.; Marnadjian, W. V.; Nokes, H. C.; Rohrer, J. E.; McKee, C. R.; Zelinski, S.; DeMore, R. E.; Robidas, R. A.; Foster, R. D.



BACK ROW—Deveraux, J. R.; Miller, V. T.; Reyelts, C. T.; Anderson, J. A.; Ridden, J. A.; Kenworthy, R. E.; Schroeder, F. E.; Hoff, E. W.; Quinlan, J. E.; Hughes, L. J.; Rose, P. A.
 CENTER ROW—Graham, D. M.; Wade, L.; Moen, A. M.; Boyd, P. B.; Tilley, C. L.; Drew, R. W.; McCoy, W. C.; Schaub, W. A.; Rickel, M. C.; Silk, H. B.
 FRONT ROW—Welch, R. P.; Proestas, A.; Charottino, A.; Middaugh, D. R.; DeStefano, A.; Downing, J. D.; Warhoftig, D.; LaGrange, F. M.; Cassara, J.; Danapas, J.



BACK ROW—Boice, A. M.; Nolden, P. W.; Nagel, D. W.; Lutter, O. H.; Granger, C. D.; Band, F. C.; Hedrick, R. F.; Prarie, W. R.; Kindred, R. J.; Gould, A. W.; Kelley, B. B.; Perry, W. M.; Lucas, P. A.; Hazen, H. W.
 CENTER ROW—Podojil, F.; Carlson, J. L.; Ohl, B. L.; McAleese, J. H.; Hisel, J. W.; Myers, E. L.; Leverenz, R. F.; Hemmy, T. B.; Highlander, G. P.; Manhire, R.; Long, H. E.; Davis, A. C.
 FRONT ROW—Navarre, G. N.; Faulkner, C. E.; Hamann, F. H.; Inman, J. M.; Metz, W. S.; Solomon, J. J.; Kelley, C. V.; Williams, C. E.; Gottschalk, C. A.; Easterly, E.



BACK ROW—Rogers, D. M.; Stone, J. W.; Burkman, L. A.; Silsby, H. E.; Moore, I. D.; Beuttel, D. R.; Porter, B. M.; Chamness, C. C.
 FRONT ROW—Bean, R. A.; Hanson, R. F.; Dingler, K. L.; Brunk, J. B.; Byrd, J. R.

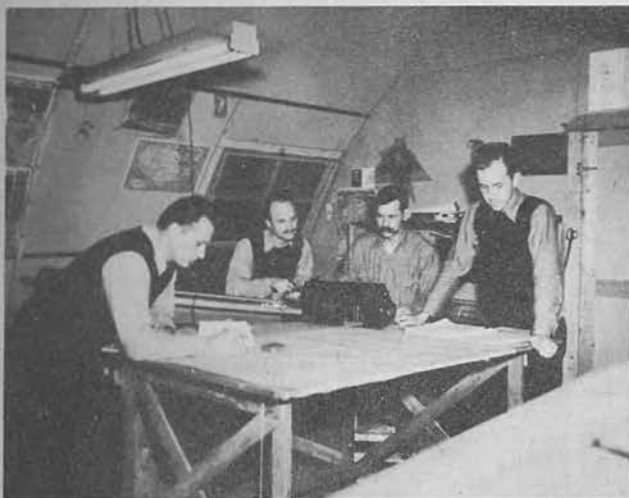


Davis, W., Smith, R. L.; Roseman, H.; Brown, W.; Savage, J.; Richardson, A.



COOKS

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY ACTIVITIES



DRAFTSMEN



SURVEYORS



SURVEY CREW



DISBURSING OFFICE



CAMP BRADFORD, VIRGINIA

'GUARD DUTY'



'COMMANDO TRAINING'



'FIRST LIBERTY'



MEET THE
'GOONSPAWN'



CAMP BRADFORD

BARELY THREE weeks after our arrival at Camp Allen we prepared to move again. Our journey, if you recall, was to be but a matter of miles and would carry us to Camp Bradford, where we were told, snakes, water and heat were abundant. On the second of September, 1942, we mustered for the first time as a battalion. Buses arrived at Camp Allen and in a short while we had made the trip to Bradford.

Camp Bradford was probably a little different than we had expected. Whoever planned the dispersal of Bradford's quonset huts certainly had an eye for a jig-saw puzzle. Nevertheless, after arriving there, we did get settled. It was then that we received our introduction to the well-known "Goon-Spoon". Rakes of the conventional lawn type also came in for their share of the hand-shaking. We were told to go over yonder and begin clearing a spot of brush that would later be used as an area for more housing. This move made many of you decide that your talents were for better things, consequently the term, "Good Go" came into being within this Battalion.

A few days of forestry work and we were again ready for more "right flanking". This time the basic maneuvers were somewhat tougher than at Allen. "Gyrenes", detailed to drill and instruct us, were high in their praise as to our abilities. They even went so far as to say that we were quite adept at "hitting the deck", probably because we enjoyed the horizontal position. Approximately one week of drilling passed before we took part in the traditional Bradford swamp game. You will no doubt remember that trek across swamp and sand for many a year to come. Although much of this training carried its humorous side, in the long run it shaped us definitely as a hard-hitting fighting unit.

A fair majority of you squeezed your way out of drilling and into the various technical schools in existence then. You were an envied lot, but truthfully, we knew that you were already being primed for the eventual important and skilled jobs that would confront us on Island X.

It was at Camp Bradford that we first fired the Springfield '03. Some mighty fine scores were turned in as were many bruised and battered noses. The range at Bradford had its thrills when a deadly water moccasin aimed its fangs at O. O. Robertson of Company "B". Robertson came through that one alive but will more than likely remember the incident for many years to come as will the rest of those who were on the firing line at the time.

Three weeks at Allen with no liberty was almost more than we could bear. With the movement to Bradford came these long-awaited liberties. Red and Green liberty cards were issued and men were allowed to go ashore every other night.

Liberty towns that found the 22nd celebrating were the much-talked-of Norfolk and pleasant, cool Virginia Beach. A number of good times were had at both towns. Shore Patrols (SP's to you) gained quite a bit of fame as men let their thirst for grain juices get the best of them. but all in all those first liberties were quite enjoyable. They afforded us the chance to become adapted to "Dress Blues" which was a pretty important thing after all.

One could not write about Camp Bradford without spending some time on our well-earned but short five-day pre-embarkation leave. It doesn't take much reminiscing to recall that train ride on the Pency to Chicago. Since that ride you will undoubtedly avoid "specials" in the future. A traveling dry-cleaner could have made a fortune just keeping up with our soot-soaked "Blues". All too soon, though, the leave ended. Some of you took the fatal plunge and came back carrying the title of husband and talking about what a swell honeymoon you'd had. All of us came back a little sad, but with minds made up, for we knew it would be many a moon before we'd again see those loved ones.

It was at Camp Bradford that we officially met our Commanding Officer (then Charles M. Noble) and his staff of officers. It was also at Bradford that Comdr. Noble in a stirring address to the men of this Battalion told us that the road ahead was narrow and tough but that he was fully confident we had the ability and stamina to do the job. He further expressed his sentiments when he remarked that we would through our efforts become the best of all Seabee units.

A few days passed and then "scuttlebutt" began to float, the drift of it being that we were headed for Port Hueneme and the wonders of the California coast. A slight feeling of joy could be seen on the faces of all as this rumor spread.

The hours escaped swiftly until finally the last day at Bradford rolled around. We packed and by bus were taken to the siding on which stood our troop special. We experienced a bit of a thrill then as the Seabee marching band from Camp Allen played a final salute and wished us through its music the best of luck in our travels westward. We boarded the train and after making ourselves comfortable headed for the glamour of California, wondering just what the future had in store for us.

COMPANY "A"

BOAT! BOAT! Send a boat!" When that prayer was answered for the 22nd, there existed in the Battalion the same feeling a baseball manager has as he sees a homerun wallop soaring over the fence and enough "ducks on the pond" to give his team a one-run margin of victory.

Yes sir! A great feeling to know one is on his way to a 30-day leave with the folks at home. For after all is said and done, the only real hardships we experienced were those that come from not being with the ones we love.

To give an account of our many activities for the past year and a half is a job for technical reporters. However, the highlights make good reminiscing.

Much was accomplished from the time Comdr. Noble made his now famous "Men, this is it. This is the real thing!" until "five by five" Pete Fulson was rescued from the Tundra Tunnel. The handiwork of Company "A" can be found at the Night Club Water Works on Indian River—The Pump Crete Resort at Biorka—The Fishing Lodge at Port Armstrong. "Custer's Last Stand" had nothing on our Hardstand Stand and Dock Dickering on Attu. The worst feature of Attu was that, besides men, for a long time there was nothing alive on the Island except three foxes and they were males.

It has been said that "The Pen is mightier than the Sword". Could be true but we believe that our sword in the form of active bulldozers, draglines, shovels, carry-alls, carpenter, plumber, and electrician tools contributed to making good Japs dead ones.

I know the Officers and Chiefs will join me in assuring that to the men rightfully belongs the credit for the successful completion of our mission. You possessed the skills and by active application of those skills, once more proved that "Actions speak louder than words".

Here's hoping the rest of your short visit of 60, 70 or 80 years may be pleasant and spent keeping the progress of peace rolling.

LT. H. E. WISE



FIRST ROW—Cerin, J. K.; Dolan, J. E.; Reel, L.; Schwier, F. R.; Arnold, C.; Fulton, R. E.; Lutz, H. E.; Arkes, B. J.; Austin, A. L.; Bryant, K.
 SECOND ROW—Berg, R. H.; Alexander, R. E.; Seger, J. L.; Buss, W. A.; Anderson, E. A.; Haas, E. C.; Conroy, T. O.; Ferguson, J.; Flood, V. S.; Collins, C. F.; Ekblad, E.
 THIRD ROW—Bell, J. M.; Carlson, L. J.; Butler, S. R.; Adamson, C. E.; Vaughn, J. H.; Wallace, A. H.; Morrison, D. M.; Curry, T. B.; Bauman, R. L.; Albers, A.; Shields, T. R.



FIRST ROW—Ashley, G. H.; Ashley, R. J.; Thompson, J. D.; Cory, F. L.; Garrard, E. J.; Bunch, L. K.; Dargontina, A.; Thirlwell, E. C.; Gross, R. F.; Bartels, H. L.; Bateman, R.; Fanning, A. F.
 SECOND ROW—Eddy, C. N.; Adams, A. J.; Lundquist, C. W.; Christensen, E. S.; Spaw, C. E.; Ackerman, J. F.; Mersing, S. E.; Baker, R. F.; Selz, R. A.; Hebert, D. A.; Dowd, J. E.; Kirschner, J. N.
 THIRD ROW—Tate, J. B.; Boyett, T. J.; Sokol, C. A.; Woodward, H.; Middleton, M. R.; Erickson, M. L.; Moore, R. B.; McCloud, D. L.; Little, O. H.; DeCristoforo, D. J.



FIRST ROW—McClain, J.; Bulger, J.; Carr, F. J.; Engel, Q. S.; Palm, M. H.; Anderson, C. A.; Jones, C. M.; Knowles, J. N.; Luggen, A.; Funk, E. C.; Osborne, T. S.; Gilbert, C. O.
 SECOND ROW—Cook, W. E.; Eade, E. F.; Elbert, E. P.; Mentzel, V. K.; Long, A. F.; Lewis, L. G.; Mensching, M. W.; Davis, D. D.; Harms, W.; Snider, R. S.; Parish, D. E.; Kemp, C. O.
 THIRD ROW—Rochow, W. J.; Moon, E. W.; Burr, G. H.; French, S. L.; Leavitt, A.; McRoberts, W. H.; Ouimette, F. V.; Davis, J.; Madison, L. H.; Darush, H. W.; Brehmer, A.; Bledsoe, R. P.



FIRST ROW—Fulson, P. H.; Draves, C. J.; Hayter, V. L.; Godwin, W. H.; Davis, F. B.; Shover, K. L.; Ahlers, E. C.; Camp, G.; Gabel, P. A.; Gade, W. A.; Dahlin, J. F.; Coones, R. R.
 SECOND ROW—Douglas, J. O.; Garwood, E. L.; Butz, E. S.; Hoskins, D. H.; Watters, J. S.; Dickerson, H.; Hannan, W. D.; Anderson, F. W.; Beeson, T. W.; Gabrielli, R. J.; Brosius, D. B.
 THIRD ROW—Kuns, D. H.; Gustafson, D. L.; Miller, H. D.; Blair, T. W.; Hanrahan, D. F.; Haaland, R. I.; Brown, J. W.; Percy, D. A.; Caffarello, R. A.; Bishop, G.; Barbic, J. V.



FIRST ROW—Prickett, B. A.; Dundom, J. H.; Fowler, E. M.; Weding, A. J.; Siems, L. M.; Hever, S. L.; Hills, A. E.; Schneider, H. C.; Dahl, C. N.
 SECOND ROW—Paulsen, G. J.; Anderson, H. R.; Cooper, G.; Lee, W. L.; McClellan, V. D.; Hylton, H. H.; Geldaker, K. J.; Donaldson, J. E.;
 Woodward, P. M.; Schlottmann, F. W.
 THIRD ROW—Fernette, F. E.; Malone, G. V.; Devlin, L. A.; Carney, B. W.; Fagan, C. E.; Hendrickson, L. H.; Hargrove, W. F.; Lemon, B. D.;
 Dixon, W. J.; Titsworth, E. L.; Blair, G. A.



FIRST ROW—Brydon, W. S.; Wilson, J. A.; Walker, R. J.; Weyl, D. R.; Arliskas, J. F.; Drake, J. T.; Erway, B. F.; Hilgart, E. A.; Alley, J.;
 Johnston, E. A.; Holsman, A. J.; Neff, L. R.
 SECOND ROW—Ryan, J. R.; Hallingshead, H. T.; Robinson, J. W.; Dahlin, G.; Eschmann, E. C.; Benedict, M. A.; Arliskas, J.; Pavesich, A. J.;
 Schuster, E. W.; Hagerdon, C. W.; Croll, W. R.
 THIRD ROW—Blow, C. W.; Isaacson, A.; Barrow, K. T.; Capron, H.; Plumlee, G.; Egan, R. A.; Dillon, G.; Hufford, F. C.; Tate, R. B.;
 Groothuis, F. J.; Elrod, O. A.

COMPANY ACTIVITIES



PORT HUENEME, CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA, HERE
WE COME-FIRST CLASS!



'LIBERTIES' IN HOLLYWOOD!



SCUTTLE BUTT!

I GOT THIS STRAIGHT,
WE'RE GONNA GET
TEN YARDS OF MOSQUITO
NETTING AND A PAIR
OF SNOW SHOES!

YEA'



MAT LAYING CONTEST

WHO,
ME?

CAN YOU
COUNT?



PORT HUENEME

LEAVING the confines of the state of Virginia was not a difficult task for any of us. Most important of all, though, was the ever-present fact that "boot" days were over and that we were now seasoned Fighter Builders. We left via three separate Pullmans called the "A", "B" and "C" trains. Each was routed a different way as the danger of sabotage was then at its peak. Regardless of which train you rode, it wasn't long before you discovered that the engine was pointed west. We will not dwell at length on that train trip. The fact that a great majority of you were sons of the mid-west made the ride through the South and Southwest an education. The Carolinas, Louisiana, Texas, Arizona and New Mexico all came in for their share of traveler's delight, although we are still wondering where the famed cowboy of Texas was.

Port Hueneme and its Seabee reservation, known as Camp Rousseau got its first glimpse of the 22nd on the morning of October 1, 1942. Your first few hours there were full of the usual confusion but before the day was out the situation was well in hand. After setting yourself in a so-called solid groove you took on a most important worry, that being, "When would we have our first liberty?" That first evening at Hueneme was really filled with excitement and scuttlebutt. Practically all that anyone talked of was either Hollywood, hitch-hiking, the liquor situation or the abundance of California's female species. You liberty hounds slept pretty well that night as dreams of future evenings out occupied your slumber.

The following morning brought the highly important directive on liberty—Yes sir, every other night out—That news was truthfully a scoop. Those men who rated liberty that first night came home with plenty of bacon and a varied assortment of autographed white hats. The reason—They were the first group of servicemen to open the now-famous Hollywood Canteen. Stories about this movie star and that gorgeous "dame" were the center of all conversation from then on. Some of you had the nerve to claim you were carrying on affairs with some of Filmdom's better-known Pin-Ups. (For all we know, perhaps you were.)

Port Hueneme is probably best remembered by its dust storms and d—— cool mornings. (Wonder where all those California publicity men were.) Aside from this dust, though, it must be readily admitted that old Sol came out daily in grand style. Plenty of sunshine helped immensely in keeping us up to par. All told, we enjoyed California's weather. Our only squawk was the early morning exercises. Boy, they were a dreaded thing but they were for our own good.

It was while at Hueneme that this Battalion earned the title of "The Famous 22nd". Many of you no doubt have wondered at times how we picked up that title. Well, we don't exactly know ourselves but we can state a few reasons that in all

probability were responsible for our being tagged the "Famous". Within the boundaries of camp we proved our worth as a construction unit time and again by walking off with honors in local competition. Quonset hut erection, Pierced Plank laying and many other things all fell by the boards when this Battalion took over. Another item of interest was our Battalion baseball team. Although limited in its scope and schedule, the squad was able to defeat any and all competition. The 27th Battalion, who at that time challenged any and all for Seabee honors, fell at the hands of our 22nd nine by the lop-sided score of 15 to 3. This bit of baseball helped our reputation no end. Another very interesting and important fact that helped put this Battalion over was the extremely good conduct of you when on liberty. Residents of Oxnard and Ventura and other surrounding towns were always high in their praise of your good manners and clean-cut appearances. No doubt, those days enjoyed there had much to do in shaping our future as an efficient and snappy military unit.

The operation of heavy equipment, etc., occupied the time of many of you. Draglines, shovels, LeTourneaus and all the rest were given their share of work. A great majority of you handled machinery and heavy equipment that later was an integral part of our operations as an advanced base unit. Some of you "Good Go" artists were stymied when after worming your way into these schools and instruction classes found that the boys in the field were drilling but a few hours a day. Who had the last laugh on that one?

Scuttlebutt never once lost its popularity. We literally travelled round the world during that seven-weeks tour. New Caledonia, England, Australia and China all held the spotlight at some time or another. To a casual stranger it would have seemed as though we were leaving every other day and yet we hung on and on enjoying the glories and glamour of Southern California.

Rifles, Packs and Ponchos were added to our list of friends along about the middle of our stay at Hueneme. Machetes and Jungle Knives also came nigh close to becoming a part of us but somehow we avoided that.

As usual, time waits for no one and so after seven weeks of California sunshine and plenty of choice liberties we prepared to shove off once again. By this time most of you had garnered a general idea as to where we were headed. It was a chilly morning when the train bid Hueneme "Good-Bye". Scuttlebutt said Seattle was our destination. Come what may, we were definitely on our way toward Island X.

COMPANY "B"

THE MEN of the 22nd U. S. Naval Construction Battalion are best described in the words of old Father O'Reilly, our former friend and admirer, when he termed you, "A fine body of men". Coming as you do, in a large part, from a section of the country noted for the production of average Americans, it is not surprising that you have demonstrated exceptional ability and esprit de corps since the time of our organization. Now that our first tour of duty has come to an end it is interesting to reminisce a bit.

Who can forget our first Battalion review at Camp Allen, Virginia, when officers and men were first thrown together? This was undoubtedly a particularly trying situation for both. Can anyone forget the hot, sultry afternoon on which our five-day embarkation leave started or the dull, cloudy evening on which we entrained at Camp Bradford for the long circuitous trip to Port Hueneme, California? I shall never forget the morning that part of the group under my command was being marched along a street at one of the train stops. Two rather pretty girls wearing attractive dresses were standing on the sidewalk and as the group passed, Lt. (jg) Paxson (then Ensign) barked, "The Dress Is Right!"—All hands agreed.

The various railroad representatives encountered enroute all seemed surprised at your character and behavior during the trip and rightly so.

If I were asked to comment on the outstanding characteristic of the men of this Battalion I would say that it was their collective ability to perform their assigned jobs with a minimum of supervision. Behind that fact and, of course, the native construction abilities of each and every one of you, lies the key to the success of the organization.

I want to pay a very special tribute to the heavy equipment repair men who, in spite of untold obstacles, managed to keep our equipment on the job and producing. Working in mud and wind and snow and rain, they demonstrated the real Seabee guts. Long after this conflict is over the officers of this Battalion will remember, with respect and admiration, the labors of this group.

On a par with the performance of the heavy equipment repair group is the achievement of the heavy equipment operators, particularly the Cat, Shovel and Dragline operators. Who can forget the feat performed by Mulju in manipulating his bull-dozer to the top of the "pyramid" preparatory to exploiting this mound of earth for fill, or the skillful handling of a shovel by Chief Mouglin in making a pilot cut for a water line up a grade of 20% through the Alaskan forest at our first base? Such construction feats are generally seen only once in a lifetime. I mention these performances not to detract from the importance of everyday operations but merely to touch upon the high spots. It was, after all, the persistent, steady grind in daylight and darkness in the world's worst weather by *all* operators that built the finest airfield in the Aleutians.

Next in order of achievement is the work performed by the carpenters, ship-fitters, electricians and seamen in the construction of the various projects that make up the essence of this advance base. The completion of the hangars, magazines,

warehouses, housing facilities, theatres and utilities in record time and in accordance with construction standards found in normal peace time work is an evidence of the varied skills and energies possessed by the Battalion.

Beyond all this there has been demonstrated a spirit of comradeship and good fellowship under the most trying circumstances. It is said that a friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same. On this theory many lifelong friendships must have been formed among us since we left the States. Living in close and crowded quarters you have had to endure the other fellows' peculiarities and personal habits, despite which there seems little evidence of personal animosities among you. Even the bugler seems to enjoy a bit of popularity, or does he?

The last long mile is always the hardest. It is my earnest hope that wherever the fortunes of war may lead you, the same good fellowship and fine traditions will continue. You have consistently exhibited a fine brand of military courtesy among yourselves and toward not only your own but all officers of all services. This is a mark of the gentleman to the manner born. Keep up this attitude. It is the mark of a smart, alert military unit.

A last word—you will undoubtedly live over again in future years the experiences of the last year and a half. When Company Commanders' ears begin to burn, wherever they may be, they will know that an elbow bending session of the Famous 22nd is in progress somewhere, probably in the mid-west. We all hope that as the "cup that cheers" is drained our backs will not be "lathered" too much.

LT. O'LEARY



FRONT ROW—(Left to right) Hornbrook, J.; Ellison, T.; Barnes, C.; Spellman, E.; Johnson, O. E.; Johnson, L. H.; O'Neal, I. D.; Valdez, L.; Swartz, S.; Goacher, F.
SECOND ROW—Bowhall, E.; Powers, K.; Randall, C.; Culpepper, J.; Bear, C.; Hirsch, E.; Michalski, C.; Cusick, A.; McKinley, G.; Jackson, L.
THIRD ROW—Fraser, J.; Jacober, A.; Waddell, E.; Fons, C.; McLain, L. R.; Pierce, O.; Wittnebert, L.; Owens, E.; Johnston, F. O.; Dienhart, I.



FRONT ROW—(Left to right) Perry, D.; Davis, F. H.; Gross, J.; Mycock, J.; O'Connell, G.; Van Herset, J.; Points, D.; North, O.; Keskenin, W.; Hannan, G.
 SECOND ROW—Kipp, W.; Flaucher, H.; Zwyer, E.; Lindsey, C.; Cavender, C.; Rawson, G.; Poddany, W.; Troy, C.; Kaatz, A.; McAvoy, L.
 THIRD ROW—Dingess, G.; Kammerer, C.; Gardner, R.; Kelly, V.; Kenney, D.; Kilroe, J.; DuDeck, M.; Carroll, I.; Vernino, M.; Herrell, E.; Hrinko, P.; Carlson, A.



FRONT ROW (Left to right) McCarty, J. P.; Lange, H.; Wilson, E.; Noel, R.; Stewart, L.; Burris, J.; Herman, M.; Berge, H.; Canziani, M.; Clapper, R. T.
 SECOND ROW—Campbell, W.; Finke, L.; Jasnocha, R.; Thomas, J. C.; Schaap, J.; Duran, S.; Borchert, W.; Ganske, C.; Fry, R.
 THIRD ROW—Utecht, R.; Smith, M.; Ferguson, C.; Bergren, A.; Watkins, L.; Endicott, W.; Gatenby, P.; Clark, F.; Gruentzel, L.; Gilbert, H.



FRONT ROW—(Left to right) Desy, E. E.; Fox, G.; Earp, C.; Lavery, W.; Smith, R. P.; Joy, R. D.; Hubbard, W.; Wright, C.; Springer, T.
 SECOND ROW—Bartlow, G.; Lige, F. O.; Deplanche, V.; Gray, J.; Foster, T.; Rowe, J.; Lawrence, D.; Shaver, N.; May, A.
 THIRD ROW—Shelton, H.; Schermerhorn, R.; French, K.; Moore, R.; Creekmore, J.; Gunn, A.; Bergum, A.; Meyer, R. R.



FRONT ROW—(Left to right) Hinchcliff, R.; Hill, A.; Linder, E.; Meissner, G.; Hanson, H.; Guzy, S.; Naugle, C.; Huber, K.; Kuhn, F.
 SECOND ROW—Lidikay, H.; Jones, M. M.; LaRowe, W.; Cerrato, J.; Diliberti, S.; Norheim, P.; Berg, G.; Wyatt, C.; Huber, P.
 THIRD ROW—Sale, H. R.; Quick, P.; Stockmann, R.; Fisk, S.; Carter, P.; Carriker, L.; LeGros, E.; Fisher, H.; Burrows, L.; Argo R.; Mouglin, T.

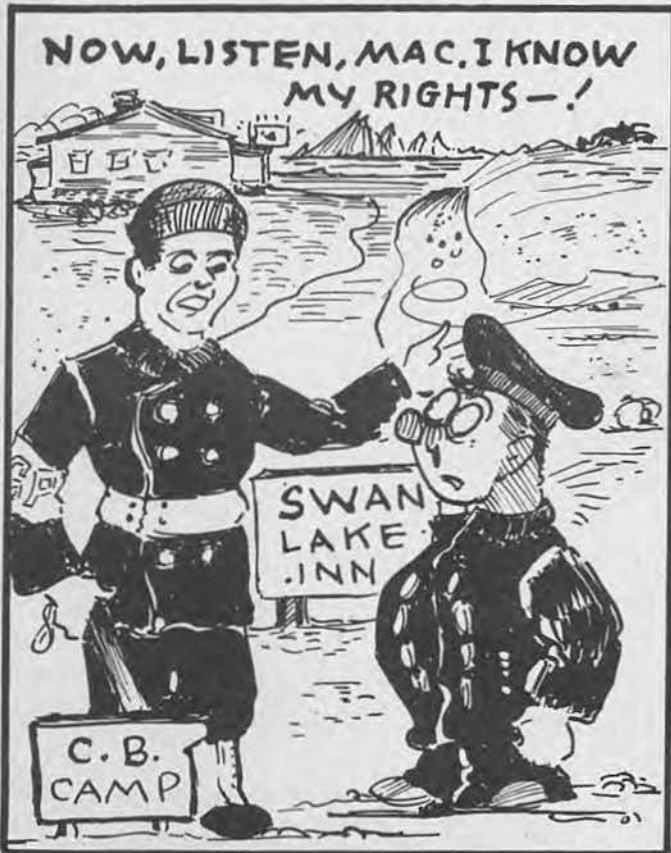
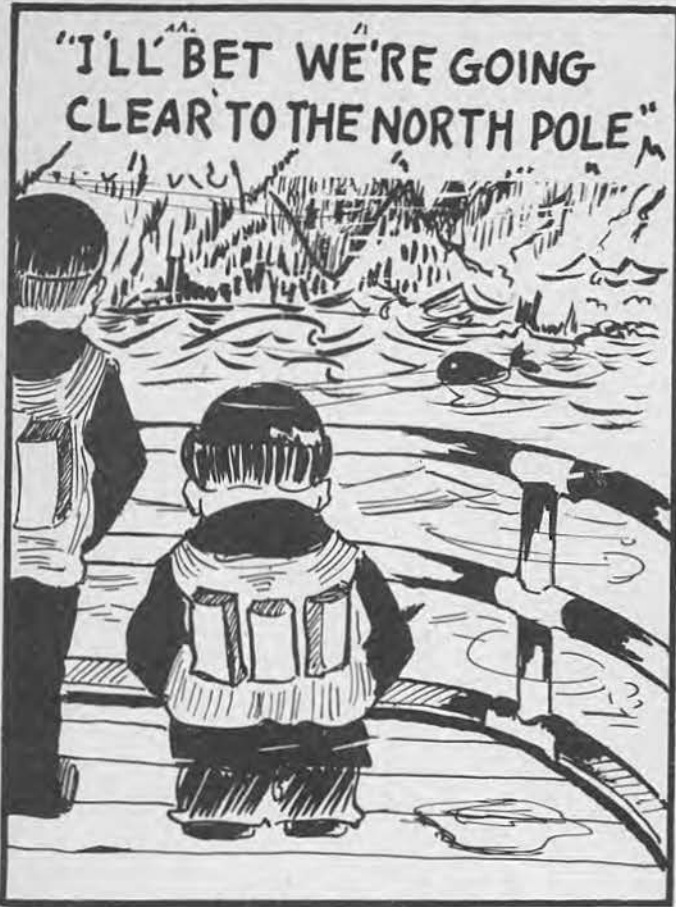


FRONT ROW—(Left to right) Silvia, H. J.; Knoy, T. C.; Soberiski, C.; Smith, R. W.; Kochie, C.; Knollenberg, A.; Jacobson, M.; Kundrot, P.;
 Russell, R.; Elmore, H.; Goddard, D.
 SECOND ROW—Hays, G.; Kasten, P.; Whitted, D.; Clancy, W.; Cassada, H.; Sturdevant, G.; Jones, F. N.; Ghere, C.; Fortch, C.; White, S.;
 Kokenes, P.
 THIRD ROW—Grude, I.; Woznica, J.; Demont, K.; Montana, F.; Floyd, G.; Clausen, C.; Zeck, H.; Walker, N.; Day, H.; Thomas, F. C.;
 Jorgensen, P.; Summers, A.; Krause, G.



FRONT ROW—(Left to right) Maham, E.; Winner, B.; McKillip, D.; Palermo, D.; Thomas, J. R.; Signore, P.; Childress, J.; Robertson, O.;
 SECOND ROW—Copeland, Jack; Link, M.; Djovick, H.; Miller, V. H.; Rains, G.; Deller, C.; Lee, C.; Copeland, Joe.
 THIRD ROW—Jump, S.; Hoff, L.; Kownover, R.; Thoen, J.; Hembree, W.; Likens, H.; Grau, F.; Erickson, W.; Swanson, L. A.

SITKA, ALASKA



SITKA

AT PORT HUENEME on November 17, 1942, one half of this Battalion consisting of "A", "C" and a portion of Headquarters Co. boarded what was known as the "A" train and after two days of gazing at the absolutely grand beauty of Northern California, Oregon and Southern Washington, arrived at the docks in Seattle. The former vacation liner, SS Alaska, her bow pointed north, was waiting with arms open for the members of that group. Those of that initial contingent did not lose much time in getting aboard. Before the day was out the Alaska, with her cargo of 22nd Seabees, was well on her way toward the land of the Midnight Sun.

At this point it becomes necessary to shift our thoughts back to Hueneme. Here on the 18th of November the second contingent composed of "B", "D" and the other half of Headquarters Co. heard the call of "All Aboard" and with a long last good-bye wound their way northward. They too enjoyed the scenic beauty of the Pacific coast and on November 20 arrived at Harbor Island, Seattle.

Seattle, during the ensuing two weeks, found out plenty about Seabees. Liberty, for those at Harbor Island, came every other night. Practically all of you who sojourned there left with some cute number's address. Seattle certainly proved its worth as a city for pleasure. Thanksgiving Day saw a great many of you enjoy dinners at the homes of civilians. An enticing bit of hospitality that was. Each and every day of these two weeks saw this contingent parading through the nearby defense districts. These parades were invariably highlighted by the appearance of women workers. (Which of you did the most whistling?)

On December the 3rd after spending two glorious weeks this second group boarded the returned "Alaska". Once again, her bow pointed north, she cast away all lines and slipped smoothly out of Seattle's harbor and into Alaska's famed Inside Passage. No man making that trip from Seattle north will ever forget the grandeur of Alaska's Inside Passage. That proved to be more than just a page from a Traveler's Guide.

The 7th day of December, 1942, marked the day, after two weeks of separation, that the Battalion united once again. On that day, the second contingent sailed into the harbor of Sitka, Alaska. There on the docks stood many of you who arrived two weeks before. Your shouts of joy and some razzing brought the realization that the Battalion was once more reunited and ready.

Scuttlebutt on that memorable day was at the height of its popularity. Stories of Sitka's dark-skinned women known as cl----s and its houses of drink and black-jack held the center of all thought. Before the day was out talk of one contingent's hard work and the other's good times went the complete rounds. The news that you of the first group had labored long, hard and tirelessly, shaping a camp, made those

of the second group come to a halt. Now we knew that as a Battalion, work and more work would become the daily byword.

Sitka for the next seven months became a temporary home to all of us. Many of you ventured forth to such spots as Port Althorp, Port Armstrong, Yakutat, Shoals Point, Biorka and others to perform construction work. Each place, no matter how small or large, will linger long with you. Water lines became a hated enemy to all—Alaska's muskeg was probably responsible for many of you swearing off ditch digging for life.

Sitka, although a small town, afforded the semblance of a metropolitan center. Liberty came every fourth night, with a full day off coming every eighth day. Facilities for pleasure were meager, but most of you seemed to enjoy your stay there. Blackjack became the pastime of many as money lost its value and changed hands almost nightly. Liquor appeared to affect any and all just a trifle differently than before, with the result being that any number of you swore off for good. Women were a very scarce commodity, but through Sitka's USO at the Baranoff Castle and those fun-filled Friday night dances, we managed to maintain a contact with those of the fairer sex.

Article upon article could be written about our stay at Sitka but none would seem complete without a mention of "Swan Lake Inn". Known as a gay spot, this inn will no doubt be the core of many future stories when members of this Battalion say, "Here's How". Some of you frequented this place—others did not, but all passed it daily and as time wore on, you began to regard it as a landmark of Alaska's still wild, carefree frontier.

Days rolled into weeks and weeks grew into months. Gradually as time progressed we became an experienced construction battalion. Along with this, most of you began to sort of adopt Alaska. Oh, it rained way too much and a great majority of those days were dull, but something about Alaska's beauty attracted you. All of us, somewhere inside, hold a deep fondness of that frontier land of the midnight sun.

The month of June, 1943, rolled around almost too quickly. As usual, scuttlebutt had been floating on endlessly. Each week brought out a new tale as to when we would be going home. Finally, after months of muskeg blues and some intermittent fun, we received news of securing. That, friend Seabee, was quite a day. A good "bookie" could have cleaned up that day. News leaked out that the USS Chaumont, a troop transport, was on her way to pick us up. Once more bets flew high, wide and handsome. Those who knew better made their bets the right way—those who didn't simply wagered that we were going home.

The "Chaumont" arrived at Sitka on July 4, 1943. On July 6 we went aboard and with a couple of unmistakable tears, watched Sitka fade away on the horizon. By now, most of you were resolved to one fact—that being that we were not going home. A new day confronted us.

PHOTOS OF SITKA





COMPANY "C"

OUR FIRST cruise has ended with a year and a half of good duty. Well, anyway a year and a half of duty. And that's with a definite emphasis on the D-U-T-Y.

Like certain types of marriages, liberty parties and ocean voyages, you wouldn't trade the "experience" for anything. But next time, you'll tell the recruiting officer a thing or two. (Rumor has it that Marine guards have been posted at all recruiting stations since the 22nd returned.)

Seriously though, fellows, you've chalked up a deuce of a lot more than individual experience. The main point is that you have accomplished a real job . . . a tough job . . . individually and by work parties and as a collective unit.

Out of your sweat, guts and griping, some mighty barren islands—and we do mean barren—have mushroomed into the finest military mosaics of docks, roads, pipe lines, airfields, hangars and warehouses to be found in any theater of war. Whenever anyone asks me what "Can Do—Will Do—Done" stands for, all I'll have to say is "22nd Seabees, of course! And furthermore, it's the best damned outfit in the Navy!"

Sure, we've got a few more graying hairs, deeper furrows in our brows and a slight droop in the seat of our pants. Who wouldn't if he signed up as a carpenter and found himself on a bulldozer. Or an electrician mucking out the Admiral's sewer. And on top of that, fighting mud, wind, sleet, mud, snow, rain and MUD, to say nothing of too much scuttlebutt, too little transportation, and shortages of equipment, women and rum.

Yes, I can gripe with the best of you, and believe me I have. But we got the jobs done, didn't we? And there's damned few of them we didn't do under the minimum deadline. What's more, any jobs that Uncle Sam's Navy dishes out in the future to any of you fellows will be handled just as expeditiously and thoroughly. I know you well enough to be convinced of that.

I hope it doesn't sound trite—because I mean every word of it—to say that I am especially proud to have had the privilege of working with you men of Company "C", and I am immeasurably satisfied with the performance you have turned in. But above all else, you have earned the gratitude and respect of an entire nation in contributing more than your share toward the winning of a helluva tough war! So go ahead and stick your chest out. You owe it to yourself.

LT. DAIGLE



FIRST ROW—Heft, A. W.; Smith, R. C.; Olson, R. W.; Daughenbaugh, G. D.
 BACK ROW—Ch. B. E. Ford; Ch. J. T. Smith, Ch. E. R. Hinkle; Nunn, C. C.; Fruth, A. P.



FIRST ROW—(Kneeling) Crumb, C.; Ringgenburg, A. F.; Baier, E. E.; Beverly, C. E.; Arnold, R. E.; Ch. J. J. Cetera; Young, C. W.;
 Hoiseth, M. A.; Hayward, L. R.; Ruda, J. E.
 SECOND ROW—Howard, F. P.; Runyan, F. A.; Ferguson, J. O.; Cifranic, L. N.; Mecker, W. O.; Durrant, H. W.; Regenold, L.; Dodds, B. D.;
 Hansen, B. J.
 THIRD ROW—(Standing) Huss, W. H.; Gusic, P. R.; Ch. F. J. Van Suple; Ch. E. E. Steele; Ch. R. Burns; Ch. C. J. Kramer; Ketcham, J. R.



FIRST ROW—(Kneeling) Silvestri, A.; Bjorgan, M. K.; McConnel, L. M.; Mills, J. C.; Monroe, S. W.; Crown, M. W.; Stadelmeyer, M. B.; Yielding, W. E.; Dorr, A. C.; Kreckow, L.
 SECOND ROW—Bozich, J.; DeWindt, J. A.; McDermott, H. C.; Lenhard, H. J.; Goss, P. E.; Roman, E.; McHugh, J. H.; Reichert, W. G.; Kuker, W. E.; Roberts, L. A.
 THIRD ROW—(Standing) Huerner, L. E.; McPherson, E. L.; Siewert, I. H.; Schmelzer, L. J.; Ch. M. C. Thompson; Okey, S. H.; Oakwood, C. J.; Green, T. W.; Ch. F. J. T. Carlson; Bardowski, W. F.



FIRST ROW—(Kneeling) Broyles, W. H.; Widmier, C.; McRae, F. E.; Beardsley, R.; Lloyd, H.; Kahn, G. A.; O'Connel, R. A.; Wolf, J. J.; Frisk, C. O.; Lavender, H. F.; Jones, H. W.
 SECOND ROW—Pockrus, I. M.; Herman, N. R.; Lafferty, G. A.; Ch. M. Hultman; Ulrey, R. W.; Hardt, G. F.; Prehn, H. L.; Halvorsen, E. B.; Mercury, R.; Johnson, C. W.; Means, A. L.
 THIRD ROW—(Standing) Ch. B. Powell; Esser, J. D.; McHugh, L. J.; Wright, F.; Kron, G. A.; Ch. W. B. Preston; Ch. C. E. Schultz; Ch. F. L. Gerlitz; Ch. W. R. Fitzpatrick; Hampton, M. S.; Pendergrast, C.; Meyers, C. E.; Gulshen, E. B.



FIRST ROW—(Kneeling) Lackey, O. L.; Pelz, R.; Olson, R. L. H.; Olsen, G. H.; Johnson, C. C.; Shenk, M. I.; Nothdurft, W. F.; Kowalski, J. J.; Waney, A. B.; Stamborski, E.; Prince, W. L.
 SECOND ROW—Moreau, A. J.; Downing, L. T.; Perkins, R. V.; Rogers, C. W.; Johnson, C. E.; Niemier, E. B.; Runge, H. E.; Lunny, B. E.; Jackson, V. D.; Shandy, G. A.; Mills, K. R.
 THIRD ROW—Ch. J. R. Potter; Morey, I. H.; Slagle, P. O.; Rohrman, J. D.; Boots, K. F.; Rutkowski, A.; Stewart, D. L.; Munro, D. G.; Moore, W. A.; Scharnhorst, E.; Rose, F. A.; Salo, R. M.; Ch. H. S. Pletcher.



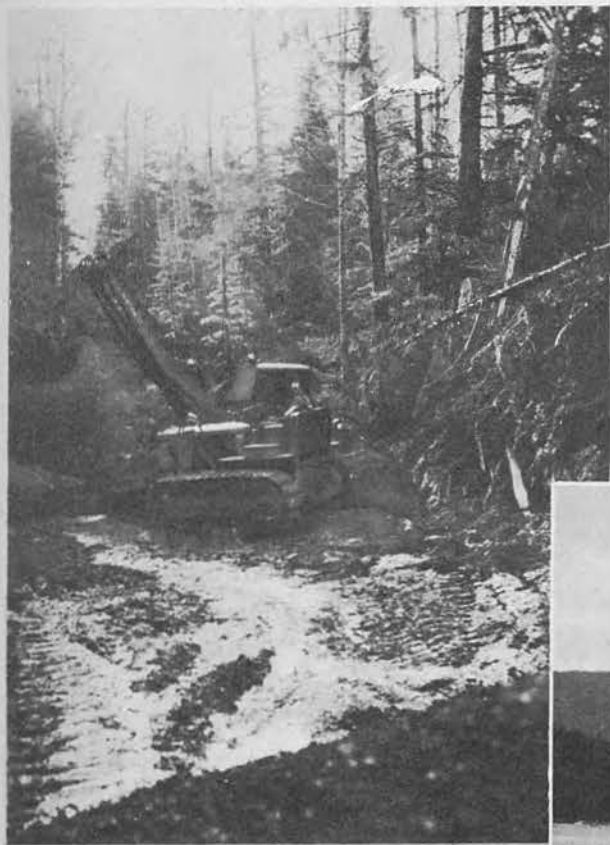
FIRST ROW—(Kneeling) Blair, H. G.; McCormick, J.; Woods, O. O.; Cornett, E. B.; Andersen, E. F.; Neumann, W. E.; Heikkinen, J.; Roberge, G. J.; Shea, R. J.; Stadterman, T. J.; Soucie, W. J.
 SECOND ROW—Pace, L. E.; Hill, N. S.; Gregwire, J. E.; Joseph A. Griffin, J. W.; Cain, S. J.; Netherland, J. A.; Tveten, J. H.; O'Shaughnessy, J. L.; Orschell, H. F.; Valenzanio, D.
 THIRD ROW—(Standing) Ch. C. H. Warren; Jones, P. R.; Mueller, R. J.; Enloe, G. A.; Edwards, H.; Ch. G. L. Payne; Peterson, R. A.; Hoeger, F. J.; Shaw, H.; Osborne, P. B.; Kees, G. J.; Ch. A. J. Anderson.



FIRST ROW—(Kneeling) Crobar, E. L.; Takala, W. H.; Barone, R. L.; Dowell, H.; Ross, S.; Matthews, H. C.; Baird, T. F.; Nestor, C. H.; O'Brien, J. J.; Dicks, H. S.; Riggs, G. M.

SECOND ROW—Lamb, M. G.; Pond, F. C.; Getz, L. M.; Johns, E. J.; Kuhn, C. K.; Kruse, W. R.; Schneider, S. J.; Sullivan, D. A.; Gagen, P. J.; Stiver, F. W.; Edwards, M. K.; Tonne, T. W.

THIRD ROW—(Standing) Potter, F. B.; Shoemaker, R. O.; Lindskog, W. O.; Knispel, E. R.; Taylor, M. F.; Culton, P. R.; McLeod, W.; Ch. C. E. Glover; Petters, C. J.; Means, F. L.; Mercer, S. E.; Frazier, D. B.; Radcliffe, W. L.; Wilder, F. E.



ATTU



ATTU

JULY 9, 1943, was a day of awakening to many. On the morning of that date we saw Dutch Harbor hove into view. That slight incident changed the picture of many wagers. As a matter of fact, many still thought we were going home. (They certainly were born optimists.) Upon tying up at the docks many were surprised to notice huge stacks of sleeping bags marked and routed, "22nd Battalion, Massacre Bay, Attu."—Sooooo, that was our destination. A feeling of relief surged through all as word was passed that Attu truthfully would be our home for the coming months but that with luck we would all be back in the States again by Christmas time. (Wonder who said that.)

At approximately 2100 that evening with the approach of darkness we slipped out of Dutch Harbor and once again headed west, this time with the full knowledge of where we were going. The remainder of the trip from Dutch to Attu was uneventful. The weather was fairly warm with an abundance of vitaminized sunshine. Seasickness took a good hold on the final two days but everyone appeared to weather it quite well.

July 14, 1943, at mid-morning, the Chaumont sailed into the harbor of Massacre Bay, Attu. That, gents, is an event that most of us will long remember. A site that held interest to all was "Little Falls". Somehow, looking at those fresh white crosses laid out row on row made us all feel very small in this war-torn world. There at the foot of Little Falls lay the gallant Americans who fought Japs, wind, rain and hated cold to put us back in command of the Northern route.

To go into detail about events on the isle of Attu would necessitate many pages of writing. For that matter, most of you would probably rather forget the majority of those experiences, at least for the time being.

No doubt, the biggest single item that held interest outside of the actual construction was scuttlebutt. From the first week there until our final departure, rumors as to stateside duty were forever prevalent. In between rounds of scuttle we managed to enjoy ourselves a bit on occasions. The erection of theatres proved a tremendous help in keeping us in touch with the situation back home.

Women, wine, song and trees were indeed a scarce commodity. Pin-ups became a highly popular thing, thanks mainly to Esquire. Along in Autumn after four months of fast tiring work, the grapevine began to hum to the tune that a contingent of Navy nurses were to arrive shortly. A few weeks passed and then came the nurses. Not many of us saw them but all felt the feminine atmosphere. We felt civilized once again. Shortly before Christmas time Errol Flynn and Martha O'Driscoll dropped in for a couple of days and gave some of you a bit of entertainment in the flesh.

There is no doubt that Martha picked up many votes for the title of sweater girl with her laughing appearances in front of the mike.

The holidays went their way as did the months of January and February. Finally after exhausting all the scuttlebutt angles an EXTRA was flashed by our popular newspaper, "The Dragline", giving us the complete lowdown that March 9 would see us secure and that March 11 would see us merrily on our way. Everything worked according to previous plan and on March 15 after four boresome days of waiting out a storm, we slipped once again into the broad Pacific. This time, though, our bow was pointed eastward in the general direction of home.



PHOTOS OF ATTU



PHOTOS OF ATTU



COMPANY "D"

IT HAS often been said that the first hundred years are the hardest and well may this saying be applied to the first tour of duty for the 22nd. Our first eighteen months may have seemed rather long and hard when we consider the sudden change from the free, easy-going life of the civilian to the discipline and regulations encountered in the life of a sailor, or more appropriately, a Seabee. Few of us had ever been subjected to any military training and were a bit bewildered at the new life, the regulations that must be adhered to, such as being at the right spot at the right time and not being able to go to the desired spot at the desired time. But with the preliminary training at Camp Allen and the subsequent training and experience gained at the various bases to which we were introduced, it was not long before we were catching on to what this Navy life really is and what was expected of us.

Our official debut as the 22nd Battalion occurred with the review at Camp Allen, at which time officers and men met for the first time. All of us were wondering just what was in store for us and almost like magic the picture was unfolded to us with our embarkation for Camp Bradford. This was the beginning of a life far different from that to which we were accustomed and a period of our life in which we were to pass through varied experiences, some unfortunate, but for the most part valuable and enjoyable. The general confusion which ensued at Bradford while getting squared away might be a clue to the origin of the nickname, "Confused B's", but from the midst of chaos and confusion emerged a Battalion that has accomplished its mission to the fullest extent, no matter what the assignment or the obstacles encountered.

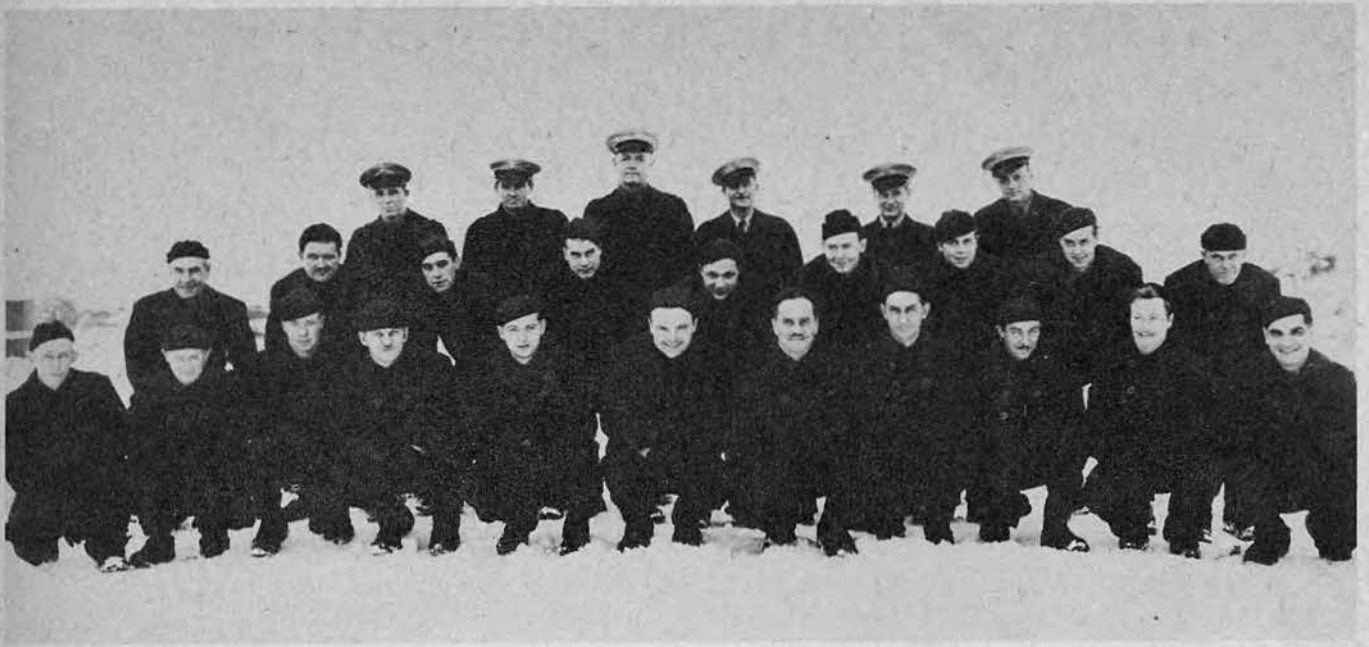
To point out particular instances in which the men of the Battalion have shown their ability to perform as a construction unit would fill a volume in itself, and would be far too great a task for such a novice in literary matters as myself. But it can be truthfully said that in doing the work assigned us at both our Island X's we have performed our duties to the utmost and have done our bit to "Whip the Nip". We have, in general, constructed buildings of all types, and all kinds of other installations, but far from least, an airfield, and in accomplishing the above we must consider the vast amount of incidental work that had to be done in order to turn over a complete job. Men of all trades were necessary and were available in the Battalion, and men of one trade were at one time or another called upon to do work in another trade, while others were broken in on trades they had never known. The work was done under conditions that, I believe, could not have been worse. True, we were in a climate free of disease, but weather conditions and lack of necessary materials made the going tough and made the progress chart look like the devil itself. But in spite of the many obstacles, we have done a good job and one to be proud of.

Any success that the Battalion has achieved in its first tour of duty, and I believe we can truthfully say that it has been a complete success, is due to the men within its ranks. Their mechanical ability made them capable of doing the work, but it took the guts and the individual personalities to keep the morale at the high pitch necessary to fight off the many obstacles which were encountered. Many lasting friendships have been made and there will be many times, after this war is over, that we will meet old friends of the Battalion and laugh, and most probably drink, to our past experiences with the 22nd.

In closing the first chapter of our Naval service I want to wish every one of you the best of everything. I know that you will continue your fine work wherever you are stationed, and will carry with you that old personality that has made so many friends for you. To the men of Company "D" in particular do I want to say that this tour of duty has been a real pleasure, and I am sincerely hoping that the next assignment will find Company "D" intact and raring to go.

LT. PETTYJOHN





BOTTOM ROW—Tomberlin, N.; Ferry, C. C.; Swanson, O.; Moss, H.; Mikulec, S.; Jaynes, H.; Sowitch, J.; Reneau, M.; Krouskop, G.; Vollmer, R.; DeCutt, J.
 CENTER ROW—Brown, W.; Collinge, W.; Poczekaj, A.; Bruland, E.; Schriver, E.; Bambula, A.; Saether, W.; Schack, R.; Timmons, F.
 REAR ROW—White, H.; Dybalski, J.; Matechick, S.; Gilbert, C.; Brooks, C.; Handy, D.



BOTTOM ROW—Kellogg, L.; Larkin, P.; Stevens, H.; Clare, J.; Hull, D.; Andes, O.; Parker, R.; Stalley, G.; Cox, E.; Salinas, J.
 MIDDLE ROW—Massey, E.; Selk, C.; Lockhart, E.; Lust, A.; Kersbergen, M.; Johnson, C.; Schmitt, R.; Heck, L.; Lynch, J.
 TOP ROW—Hyde, P.; Sinclair, J.; Walls, H.; Hoyer, O.; Johanson, S.; Alger, F.



BOTTOM ROW—Zuckel, L.; Sharp, R.; Logsdan, L.; Stark, F.; Wackimon, M.; Zimmer, R.; Brown, H.; Sweikhart, A.; Semanko, F.; Gutgsell, C.; Sanborn, H.; Warner, W.
 CENTER ROW—Ping, L.; Henke, A.; Hensen, J.; Orluck, G.; Manni, E.; Unruh, J.; Wharton, M.; Duke, F.; Wolfe, J.; Tully, J.; Thomas, A.; Lingren, H.; Johnson, H.; Mackey, J.
 REAR ROW—Meier, P.; Boroughs, J.; Sorensen, C.; Takala, A.; Yost, W.; Walters, B.; Schneider, H.; Ingvolson, E.; Price, A.; Nelson, R.; Benedict, E.; Thorp, M.; Whittle, L.



BOTTOM ROW—McCormick, H.; Zeck, W.; Keegan, H.; Mincks, C.; Ferris, R.; Mansfield, A.; Vergowe, A.; Schmect, E. Mascilak, G.; McFadden, H.; Spahn, J.; Joy, F.
 MIDDLE ROW—Robb, I.; Mullju, W.; Shilhanek, L.; Smith, E.; Waltz, L.; Talmo, N.; Maher, T.; Lee, E.; Murphy, R.; Hogan, W.; Studer, J.; Mansfield, T.; Ellis, L.
 TOP ROW—Vittitow, W.; Palon, W.; Starkey, R.; Linn, C.; Craig, J.; Stittsworth, E.; Stone, E.; McCombs, D.; Warner, J.; McDaniel, W.; Barren, E.; Stoczynski, E.; Higgins, J.



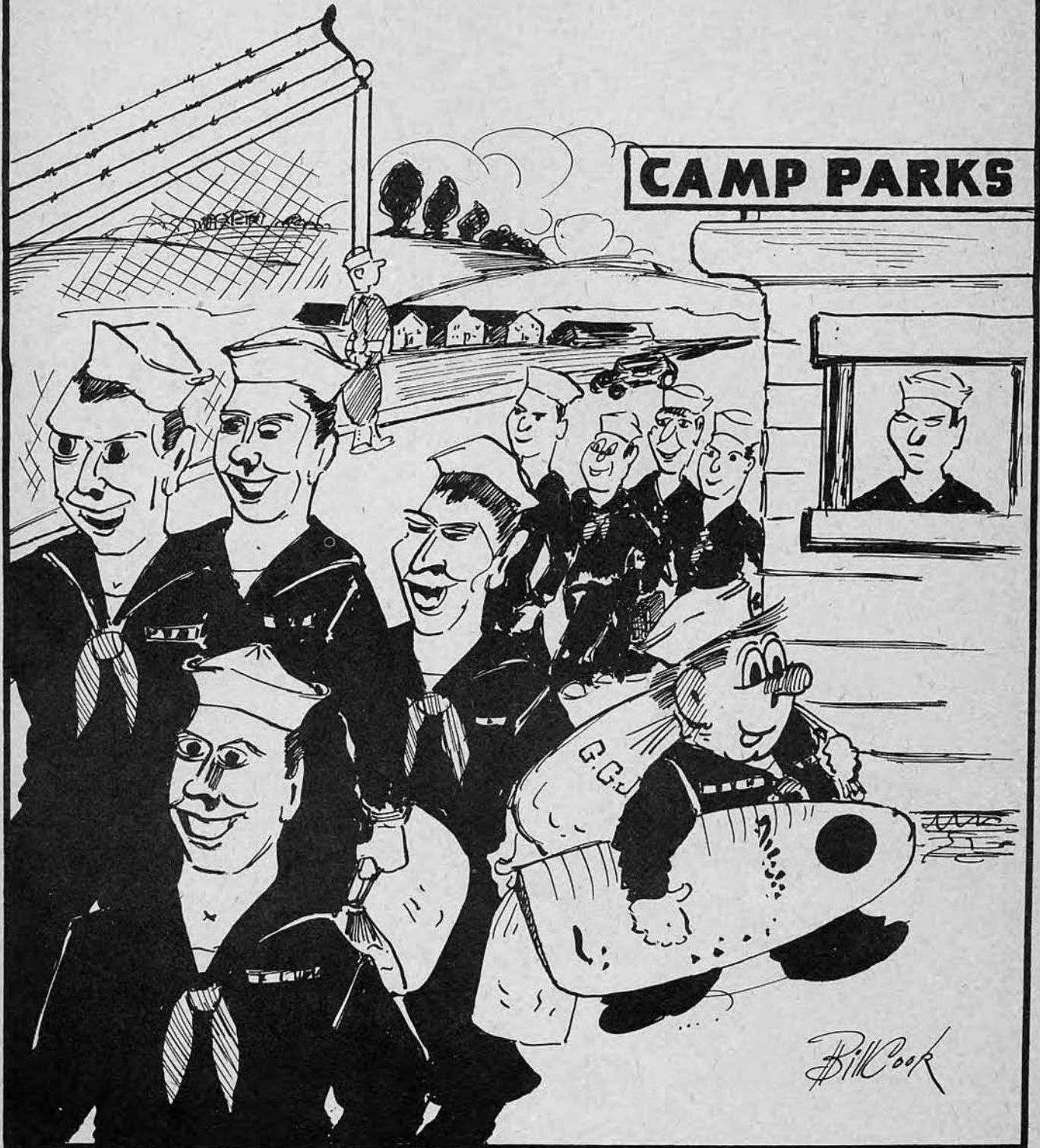
BOTTOM ROW—Liffiton, L.; Meagher, T.; Von Gunten, A.; Morgan, C.; Evans, D.; Ulwelling, A.; Zackowski, E.; Lemons, P.; Show, C.; Vigilante, M.; Cooksey, H.; Fleming, J.
 CENTER ROW—Fergus, J.; Crawford, W.; Tolustad, I.; Cunningham, J.; Crawford, F.; Thompson, R.; Vasluski, J.; Terhune, J.; Keri, W.; Orluck, A.; Fugate, C.; Brown, C.
 REAR ROW—Reeves, J.; Alford, H.; Taylor, H.; Metz, W.; Woodward, J.; Wannebo, E.; Rehiring, W.; Hortenstine, J.; Duncan, S.; Vlasticak, J.; Snoddy, H.; Loney, L.; Crawford, E.

William Fairweather



BOTTOM ROW—Hardt, P.; Deyling, L.; Burcenski, M.; Peterson, R.; Guentner, W.; Robinson, A.; Nesmith, J.; Elling, H.; Poidomani, J.; Zambeck, J.; Bowler, M.; Sepp, J.
 MIDDLE ROW—Jaye, J.; West, W.; Sandro, F.; Weigle, H.; Gill, T.; Keating, A.; Zaracki, E.; Zivich, J.; Nienaber, J.; Nelson, E.; Nosko, M.
 TOP ROW—Fairweather, W.; Zeiman, R.; Krueger, B.; Sipes, C.; Kelsch, R.; Nieters, R.; Wanless, A.; Headrick, H.; Mitchell, J.; Schockey, H.; Null, F.

HOME SWEET HOME!



HOME AGAIN

THE VOYAGE from Attu to Seattle was typical. Most noticeable was the terrific amount of seasickness due to the unconventional roll of our liberty ship, the SS Henry Failing. We all got by okay, though, and on March 25 with old Sol shining in all his glory we moved into Puget Sound and shortly fastened our lines to the docks of Seattle, Washington. That was a great day.

A new sight confronted us in the picture of women working on the docks. Most of us could not help from talking, jabbering and hollering so great was our excitement. That afternoon and evening we were given liberty within the limits of the station. That proved to be great fun. Never before was such a quantity of beer consumed. Malted milks came in for their share of purchasing, as all of us attempted to put ourselves back in the proverbial groove.

The following day, March 26, we boarded the old-style chair coaches and settled back for a scenic trip to Camp Parks, California. How different it was to see fully lighted cities instead of blackouts. Truthfully, it seemed like a new world.

We arrived at Parks on March 27 amid the old familiar cries of "You'll Be Sorreee." We knew we wouldn't though, and so after getting settled and drawing those precious savings we embarked on the long-awaited thirty-day leave.

After seventeen months of sweating it out we were now actually on our way home. That was by far the greatest feeling of our lives. It seemed almost like a dream to be able to look forward to home and the loved ones we all wanted to see so badly. It is useless to say much about the leave as every man enjoyed it in his own quiet, peaceful way. It's over now and again seems like a dream.

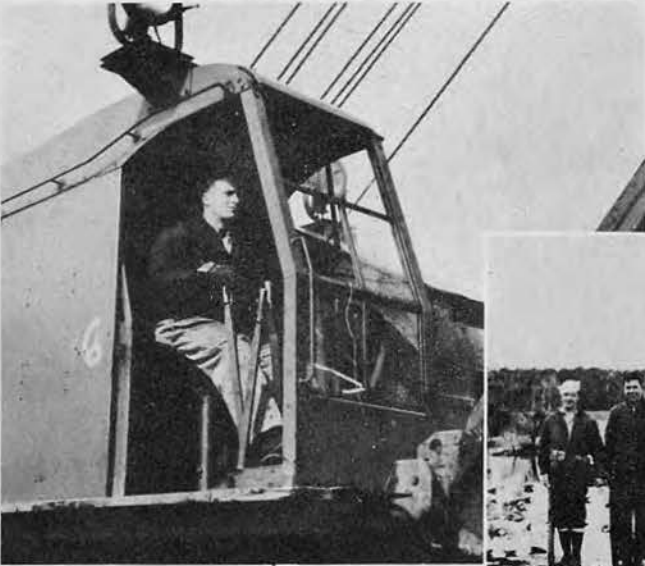
Once more we are preparing for a journey—this time, we hope, much closer to the pillars of Tokyo.



RELIGIOUS SERVICES



AT WORK



FISHING



FIVE ON A RAFT



JAPONSKI BOUND



ON LIBERTY



MERRY CHRISTMAS



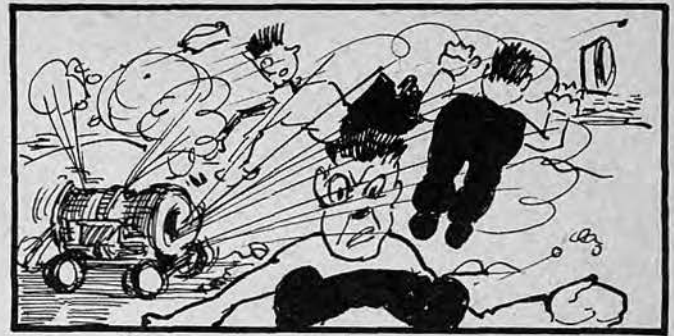


By JOHNNY DOWD

Can you remember when our song used to be "You'll be sorree" sung in an agonized soprano?



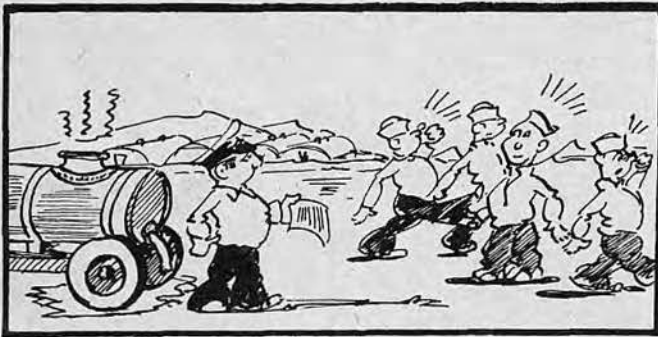
Camp Allen—where the boys still got up in the morning with a smile on their faces. It was here that "Myrtle" used to sprint around a few lockers yelling, "It's not true and I can prove it."



Spreading out our activities, the boys over on Biorka Island at least found a new way to empty a concrete mixer—bang!??



Over at Yacutat the gang staged a sham battle with ketchup and pretty near gave the medics heart failure.



Our short stay at Camp Bradford gave us time enough to become acquainted with Chief Arnold and the *Honey Wagon*. "All volunteers fall out to the rear."



Out at the range while pulling targets "Daisy Mae" had that hung on him—I wonder what became of all the Cokes he was stuck for.



Along came Sitka, the land of the Totem Pole and the goon spoon. Those were the days when we grabbed a tight hold on a pipe-line, pushed it in the ground at Cascade Dam and at Indian River, making it come up a couple of months later over on Japonski Island.



Even in those days the Scuttlebutt artists were around with the inside dope that we would be going home soon; they just didn't have the year straight, that's all. I can see those faces yet when we loaded the sleeping bags aboard at Dutch Harbor marked Massacre Bay, Attu.



"Shortly thereafter" the famous 22nd got their orders to board ship. Little did we know that for the next four days Mr. "Willie Waw" would be in charge and we could not move till the storm subsided. For awhile, I had visions of the newspaper headlines in Seattle reading something like this: "22nd Battalion arrives tied to the dock they built on Attu."



Attu—what a land of milk and honey—that's where the boys found out they could look both ways at once—one eye on the Japs and the other on their work.

★

Will you ever forget the powdered eggs or dehydrated potatoes? After drinking that stuff they laughingly called milk, I didn't think I could ever look a cow in the eye again.



By the way—that enlisted men's center established by Double Dip Jones out on the job sure got a big play; it gave the boys a chance to wring the blood out of their gloves and pass the latest Scuttle.



Maybe we did go first class on our trip to California the first time, but there was no question about the class we were in coming back—think all they did was to put wheels on a coal scuttle—the windows were so dirty I thought we had taken the subway to Livermore.



Back in the good old U. S. A., it was not from the frying pan into the fire—it was from the long handles into the swimming shorts.

★

Brother, we sure went first class on the trip to California—little did we know what the future held in store. At Hueneme the boys began to understand the meaning of the word liberty—took Los Angeles by storm. Even the scenery was nice there. Wow! what gals.



Pretty nice rest camp here but I understand it's a little tough resting with a 50-pound pack on your back and walking up hill—

★

THAT'S ALL, BROTHER.



THE DRAGLINE STAFF



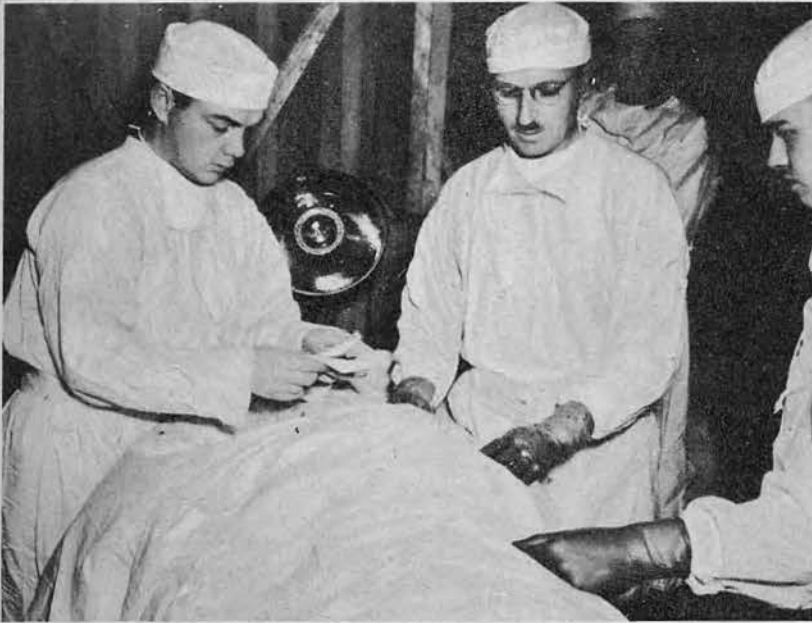
THE BATTALION BAND



SPUD LOCKER



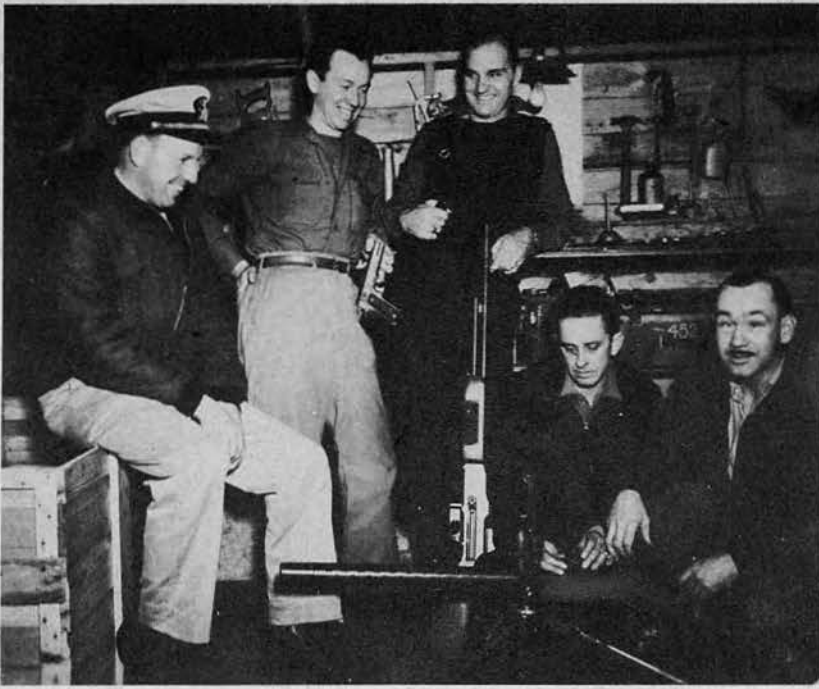
THE CENSORS



THE DOCTORS AT WORK



POST OFFICE



THE ARMORY

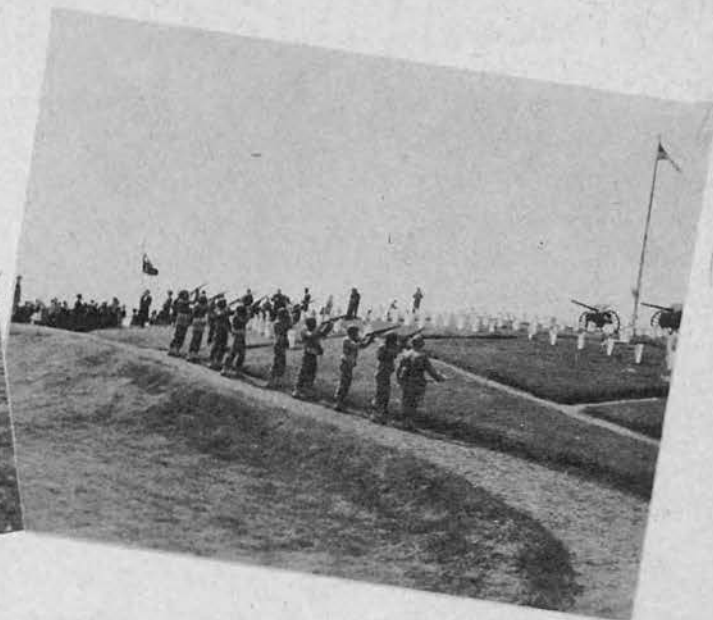


WELFARE DEPARTMENT



THE "RADIO RAMBLERS"

MEMORIAL DAY



In Memoriam

DONALD MCKINNEY FALCONER
Carpenter (CEC) V-(S) USNR

JAMES E. HUNTER
CMM(AA), (CB) V-6 USNR

GEORGE H. HAYS
MM1c, (CB) V-6 USNR

MORRIS K. EDWARDS
WT3c, (CB) V-6 USNR



. . . This column, with your kind permission, will be the final one under the above heading. . . . From here on in, rations will have to be obtained over the garden fence or via some generous barman's mahogany. . . . In putting this yearbook together the editors figured the reader content should be built upon memories. . . . Following that line we will attempt to dig back and refresh you with some of the better-known tales of days now gone by. . . . It certainly does not seem like two years since we first heard those "You'll Be Sorry" cries. . . . How many times since have we heard the saying, "If we knew then what we know now"—. . . hmmm, wonder what they mean by that. . . . Norfolk, Virginia, was quite a town—'member those signs that read, "Dogs and Sailors keep off the grass." . . . Yeah, and who could forget those signs on Granby St. that read, "Steaks—\$2.50 per plate." We tried one once—might say they were a tasty two mouthfuls. . . . Vague tales still are told with regard to the five-day leave. . . . That sure was a short affair. . . . Camp Bradford by the sea could better be termed Camp Bradford by the swamp. . . . We certainly rode in style on our trip west. . . . Goodness—Porter service, dining cars and scenery. . . . We'll wager that Hollywood and L. A. will be topics for conversation from now till dooms day. . . . We still think that a great many of you were giving your autographs to stars instead of receiving them. . . . Mary Pickford's home was the scene of some swell parties involving 22nd men. . . . The Hollywood Canteen received its more or less official opening from this gang of "Bees". . . . Some of the spots we hold tender were Oxnard's "Oyster Loaf", "The Castle" in Ventura, Hollywood's "Brown Derby" and of course, "The Biltmore". . . . Seattle in our estimation is a wonderful liberty town. . . . The 22nd sure spread Seabee propaganda in their short stay there. . . . If this battalion ever has a reunion in Alaska, it'll probably be staged at the

Columbia Bar or Ernie's in Sitka. . . . For our part, the Navy may dispense with water lines. . . . They're just too much work. . . . One would have to travel far to better the scenery found at Sitka. . . . A hearty and lasting congrats is extended to our Basketball quintet for their winning of the service title while at Sitka. . . . A note of thanks to all those people at Sitka who gave so much of their hospitality in making our stay pleasant. . . . The Aleutian Isles really fool a person on first glance. . . . But, oh, that muskeg and tundra. . . . Plenty of good laughs were enjoyed at seeing some of the Battalion's over-sized "Bees" go over the side, pack and all, and head for shore. . . . Attu turned out to be a happy hunting ground for you who are souvenir-minded. . . . What a price those Jap .25's brought. . . . We can understand now why they call the Aleutian winds "Williwaws" (Doc Murphy called them "Willi-WOWS"). . . . Attu could almost be called a fisherman's paradise. . . . What a supply of trout. . . . Plenty of laughter still rings when the Jap's miss-fire raid is brought up. . . . Who was the gent in Co. B who hollered, "Why they're only Venturas"? . . . Those coffee hours at mess hall #1 were fine scuttlebutt sessions. . . . A never-to-be-forgotten sight was Dean Lawrence, the ship-fitter's pride, resolving not to wash his right hand after having it shook by charming Martha O'Driscoll. . . . Never a dull moment when Tokyo Rose was holding her nightly broadcasts. . . . She took great pride in telling us how she would spoil our trip home. . . . Seems tho' her wishes never came true. . . . Attu will be best remembered for its weather. . . . Riding a liberty ship calls for individual stabilizers. . . . Boy, how they do roll. . . . What an experience it was to see women upon our arrival at Seattle. . . . And did that fresh milk ever taste good. . . . Camp Parks seemed pretty sweet in comparison to the Aleutians. . . . Couldn't quite get over the abundance of sunshine. . . . The thirty-day leave will probably linger as a memory for many a year. . . . It sure was fun. . . . Toughest part was that it ended too quickly. . . . A noticeable increase in husbands seemed to be the most important result of the leave. . . . Enough has been said. . . . We hope you have enjoyed the contents of both this column and of the book to the fullest extent. . . . And so, with that thought in mind we bid you a final adieu. . . . Adios, Good luck and plenty of smooth sailing.

THE STAFF

COMMENDATIONS

"The work of the Twenty-Second Naval Construction Battalion, prior to their departure from Sitka in July, was of the highest caliber. By their organization, supervision and pervasive spirit of cooperation and will-to-do, they set the standard by which all future Seabee organizations in this area will be gaged."

R. S. Taylor
Commanding Officer
Naval Air Station
Sitka, Alaska

"I wish to congratulate the 22nd Battalion for the splendid work that has been done on the airport culminated to this date by the successful landing of the first transport plane thereon. The manner in which this job has been prosecuted is worthy in every respect of the fine tradition of the Seabees and will be a material aid in the prosecution of the war to its successful conclusion."

J. M. BOYD
Officer in Charge
Ninth Regiment

"Please express to every officer and enlisted man of the Ninth Regiment my appreciation of the spirit and energy with which you are attacking the construction job here. In my opinion this has been and continues to be the outstanding construction job in Alaska. Well done, Ninth Regiment!"

Admiral J. W. Reeves, Jr.
Commander, Alaskan Sector

"No defense town or city could be more favored or fortunate than Sitka in having such a fine group of men cast in their midst under the adverse conditions that existed at the time of your arrival and departure. It was hard going for us all and you fellows who at the time thought your cooperation and hard sledding but you didn't make it tough and hard sledding. You One of our highly esteemed citizens and former Mayor of our Town is in your midst now, Lt. Jack Conway, and he informs us that the 22nd Battalion is outstanding in doing their job and doing it well. This gives us a feeling of pride for we sort of feel that we are a part of you."

F. M. (Miss) GODDARD,
Mayor, for all the
people of Sitka.

"On the departure of the Twenty-second U. S. Naval Construction Battalion from this station, I desire to give official recognition to the fine spirit of cooperation and high class workmanship which the Twenty-second Construction Battalion has shown while under my supervision. You have already received commendation for your work as a part of the original Ninth U. S. Naval Construction Regiment in which I heartily concur."

L. W. ROSENWACH
Officer in Charge
Ninth Regiment

Well done!



Bill Cook

WATERCOLORS

Depicting

The Activities of the 22nd Seabees

on

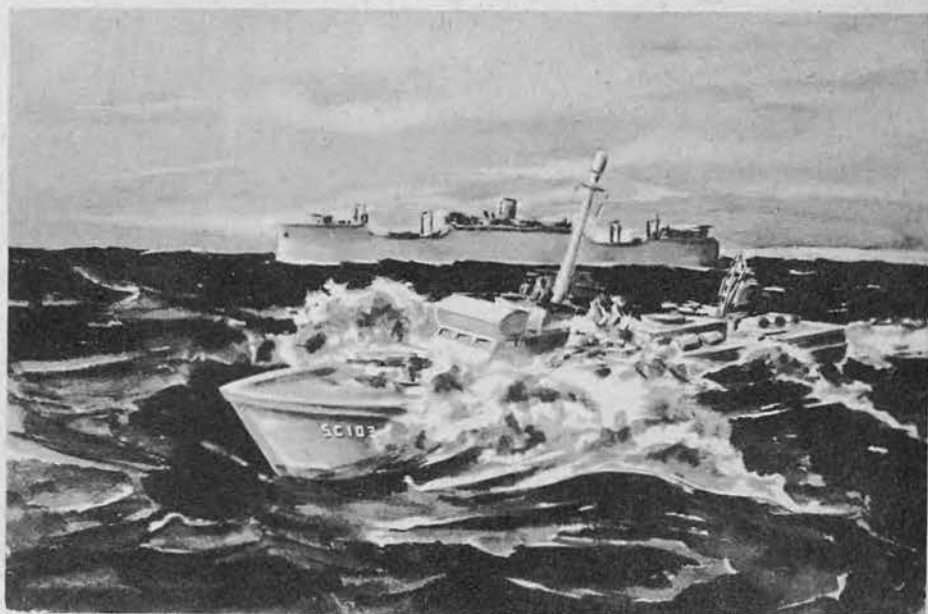
ATTU

By PHIL GAGEN

EVER WESTWARD

13 July, 1943

Scuttlebutt, flavored with fantastic stories of our ultimate destination, began to steadily fall off. Today we found ourselves rapidly nearing the boundary line of the Western Hemisphere—Shortly we shall sail over and beyond the 180 meridian. The bastion of Adak is now but a landmark on the lane back. Ahead lies Attu, the loneliest place this side of Hell. Our vessel is the USS Chaumont, long a U. S. Navy transport. The weather is somewhat rough—the sea a trifle choppy. Most men feel quite normal although there are some who show signs of sea-sickness. Providing our escort is SC 1031, a fast, highly maneuverable craft. So far, she has done a perfect job. Her convoying has made our westward voyage peaceful.



WE HAVE ARRIVED

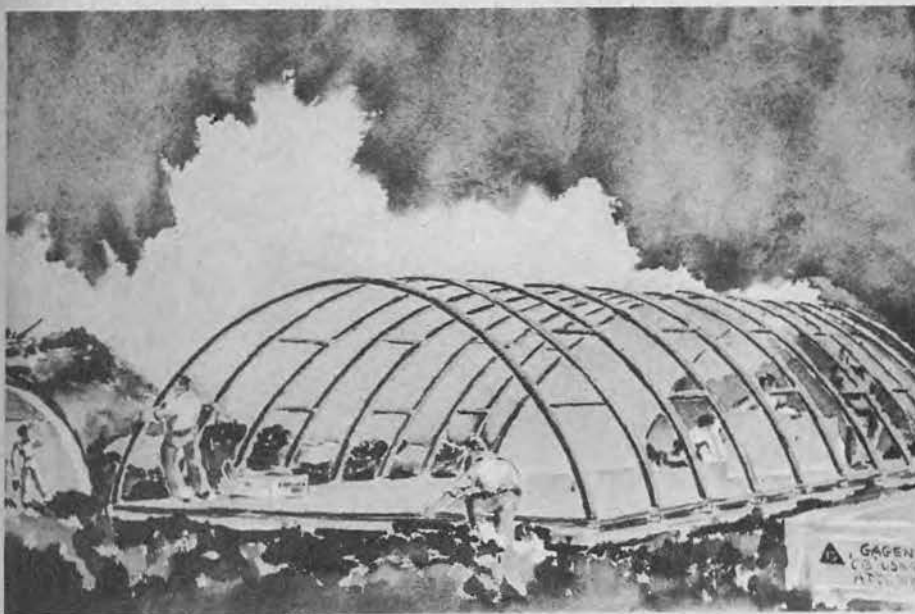
14 July, 1943

At 1900 this evening we sailed into the harbor of Massacre Bay, Attu. Tension, resulting from the many days afloat, began to release itself. At last we had arrived. It was but a matter of a few weeks back that the gallant men of Uncle Sam's Army had beaten the Jap at his own bloody game and secured this western-most island of Attu. We knew their sacrifice—we were ready to begin our task. Going ashore via LCT boats, we proceeded to become acclimated. Our immediate worry was to get our supplies from ship to shore. This was accomplished, once again, by the use of the extremely versatile LCT boat. Men, food, equipment, jeeps rolled endlessly in—Yes, we were on our way again.

BIVOUAC ON CASCO POINT

14 July, 1943

Orders were given at 2100 to move men and supplies to our newly-assigned area of encampment. Trucks were piled high with tents and together with the men they proceeded along the beach, passing en route the ancient grave markers and barabaras of former Aleutian dwellers, to a spot known as Casco Point. Here we were to make our home. In exploring our camp site we were amazed to find flowers—flowers so plentiful and beautiful that they made Attu seem like a lost island. The ground underfoot appeared at first firm but as one stood for awhile it began to feel soggy and wet. We realized then that we were still in the land of muskeg and dampness. We bivouaced by the light of an Aleutian summer night. Although it is already 2130 we still have plenty of light. Soon we shall "hit the sack" with thoughts of the morrow and what it will bring.



MAKING A HOME

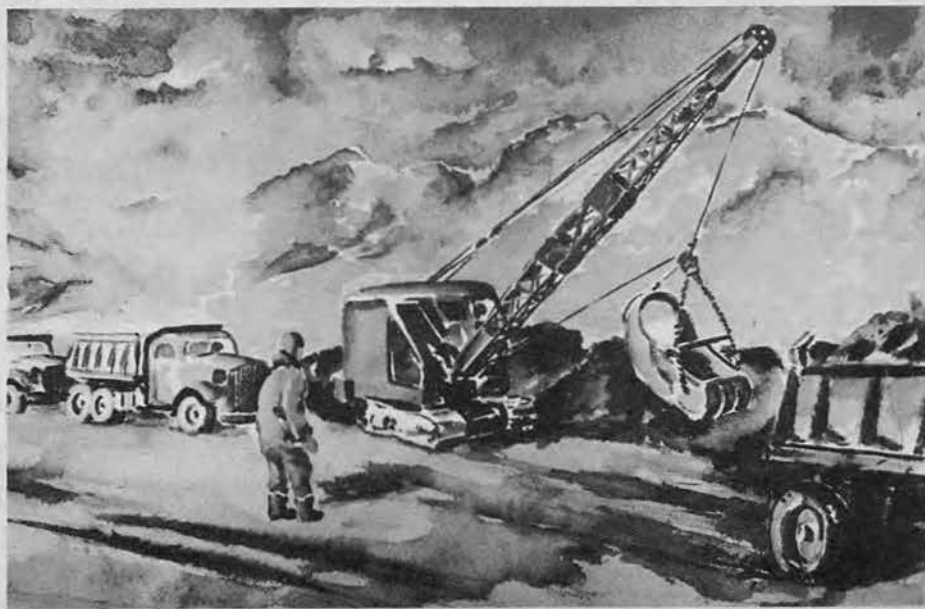
17 July, 1943

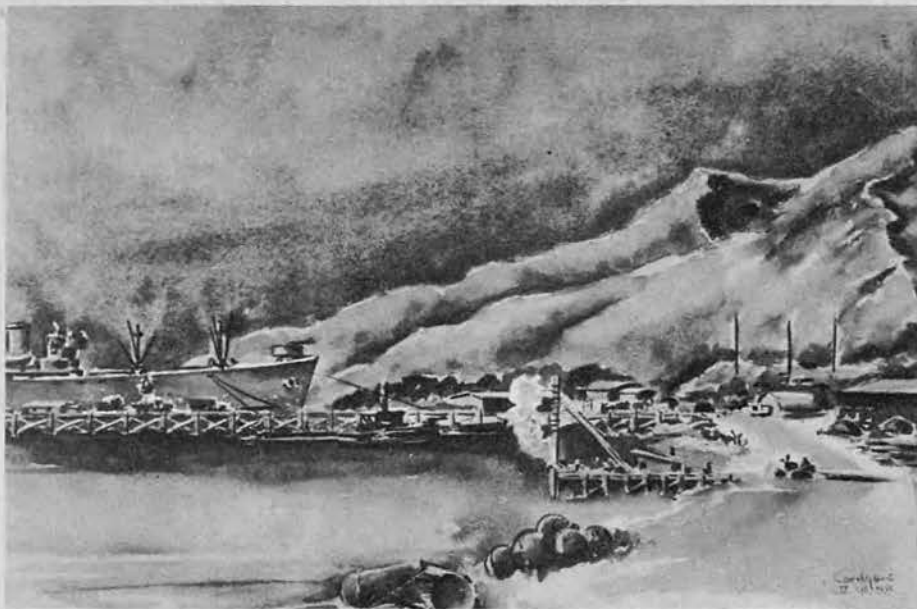
Three days have passed since we first landed. Our main concern now is to construct shelters. Yes, the Aleutians are a miserable place—for that reason we run a race against the elements to build our compact quonset huts. It will soon be but a matter of days before we attack the job ahead with full force. Today we experienced one of those rare Aleut wonders. As though in a new world, we found the sun reigning amid a blue sky in all its splendor. Almost unbelievable. Our carpenters are proving their Seabee qualities. They are erecting quonsets in record time. Already we feel "right at home".

OUR NO. 1 ASSIGNMENT

25 July, 1943

Our primary mission in journeying to Attu is to build an airfield from which U. S. Bombers can in the near future, begin a new era of destruction on the Nipponese empire. Work in this assignment began immediately after our landing on 14 July. Eleven days' toil with tripod, power shovel and carryall has begun to bear the fruit. The field is now taking shape. With good weather and hard work we should soon have a strip ready for operation. The main obstacle encountered to date has been "muskeg". A product of the north, it is forever a difficult type of soil to move. Our many skills are now coming to life in the operation of earth-moving equipment. We are now building for Victory.





A DOCK IS READY

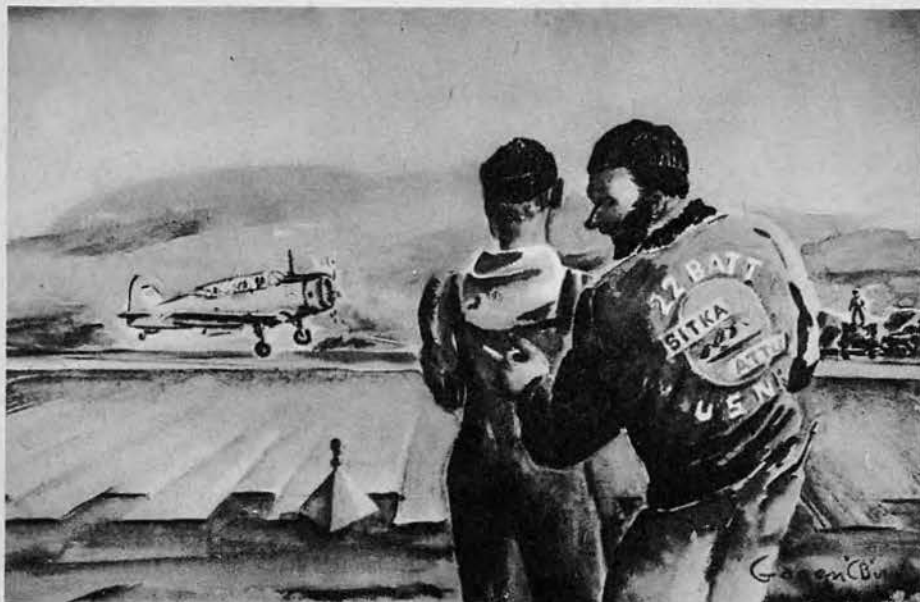
12 September, 1943

Life on Attu has now hit a definite, regular routine. The completion of a large dock has cut our ship unloading down considerably. The well-known "Liberty" ships are now supplying us regularly with construction needs, including the steel matting which is important in the building of airfields. A submarine base complete with facilities has been made ready. Machine shops, living quarters, and heads have sprung up in a miraculously short time. The base's stage of infancy is now over—Navytown is beginning to show signs of growing. Already a second dock is sprouting as Seabee speed along construction lines comes to the front.

BEAUTY AS NATURE MADE IT

28 September, 1943

Another day of tedious work has gone by. Work details are returning to camp, tired but content, after putting in another blow against the Jap. Contrary to popular belief, Attu is not always a land of storms and fog but instead it many times becomes most pleasant and beautiful. The sun, when shining here, appears quite close. As the light of day begins its adieu the island takes on an air of calmness. A sunset here is truthfully a sight to see. The sky during a local sunset seems aflame with rainbows. Indeed, one might consider an Attu twilight as a blending of the West with the East.



THAT FIRST PLANE LANDS

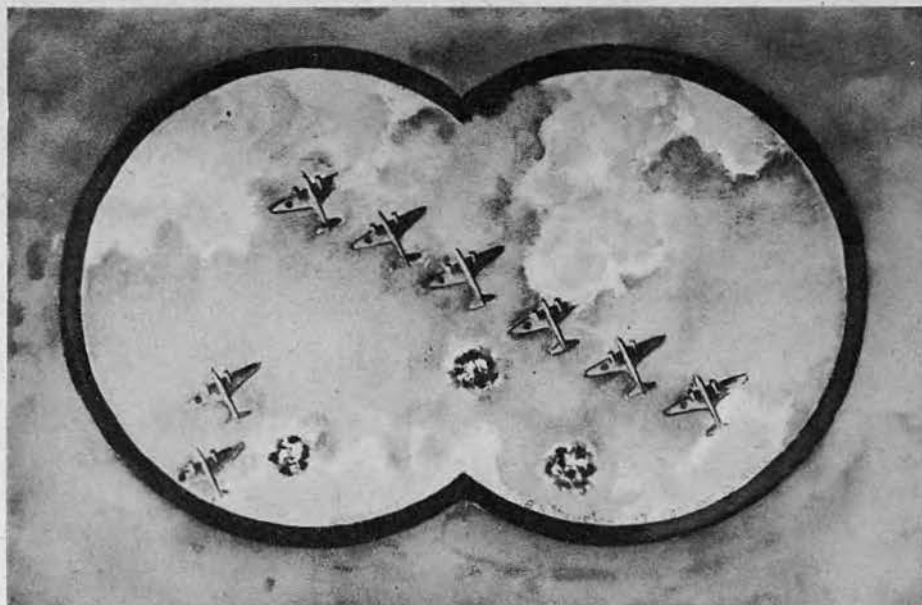
September, 1943

Today saw the first of our more important objects accomplished. This morning a Navy Trainer touched the planking of our initial 3000 feet of runway, thereby becoming the first plane to land on the newly-constructed field. The landing caused genuine and considerable thrill throughout the battalion not only because it marked a notch in our construction prowess but also because it meant that soon the mail plane would be able to make its regular stops. That alone would compensate for all the hours of toil and dirty weather encountered.

TOJO TRIED AND FAILED

October, 1943

The island of Attu has been a peaceful place since fighting ceased last June. This evening that peaceful cover lost its serenity and came to an abrupt halt when eight of Nippon's Mitsubishi bombers soared in from the west at 5000 feet and attempted to hand us a blasting. Damage was 0-0. Our Ack-Ack boys gave Tojo's lads plenty of hot excitement in line with aerial fireworks. A short while after the bomb run the raiders turn tail and at a high altitude disappeared once again in the west. Excitement for the remainder of the evening ran high. On one thing we all agreed. Yes—the men of Nippon, no doubt, would try again.



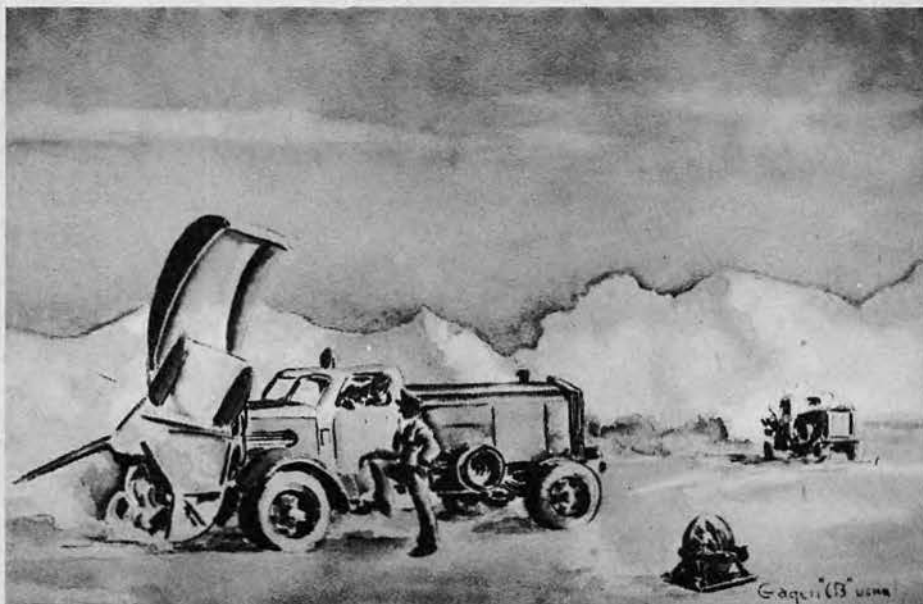
WILLIWAWS

Thousands of words have been phrased about the famed williwaws known throughout the Aleutians, particularly on Attu. Today with Thanksgiving just around the corner, a williwaw blew in. One has great trouble in describing this type of storm. Perhaps the best description would be that of a combination of all wind storms. Everything the elements can dig up appears to be flung in one's face. A consolation, though, comes from these winds in the fact that work is impossible, giving the tired "Seabees" a chance for "sack duty" or, in civilian terminology, the opportunity to retire beneath the blankets and enjoy a few hours of uninterrupted slumber.

A SNOWFALL ON ATTU

December, 1943

Winter out here has a habit of sneaking in quietly with none of the usual climatical announcements. Imagine the surprise of all this morning upon the sight of Attu's first snowfall. Fully two feet of the white flaky stuff covered the island. Although beautiful in its natural light this snow became an immediate headache to our air force. As a result our recently acquired "Sno-Go's" came into operation. With skillful handling by Seabee operators, these machines soon had the main runway clear of all snow and ready for flight take-off.



"LITTLE FALLS ON ATTU"

There's an island that's barren and beaten with rain,
It is known as a jumping off place;
It's the Isle of Attu at the end of the chain
Where our boys battled sons of the Japanese race.
The battle was staged in the month of May,
As our ships were tossed in the squalls;
A history was born at Massacre Bay,
It is written in Little Falls.

In Little Falls each man is marked with a cross;
Each cross is a part of a row;
These rows represent a part of our Loss,
And someone whom you might know.
Those men were all called by the Red, White and Blue,
Never flinching from duty's calls,
They fought for a Peace which they once knew—
Let us all pay a tribute to Little Falls.

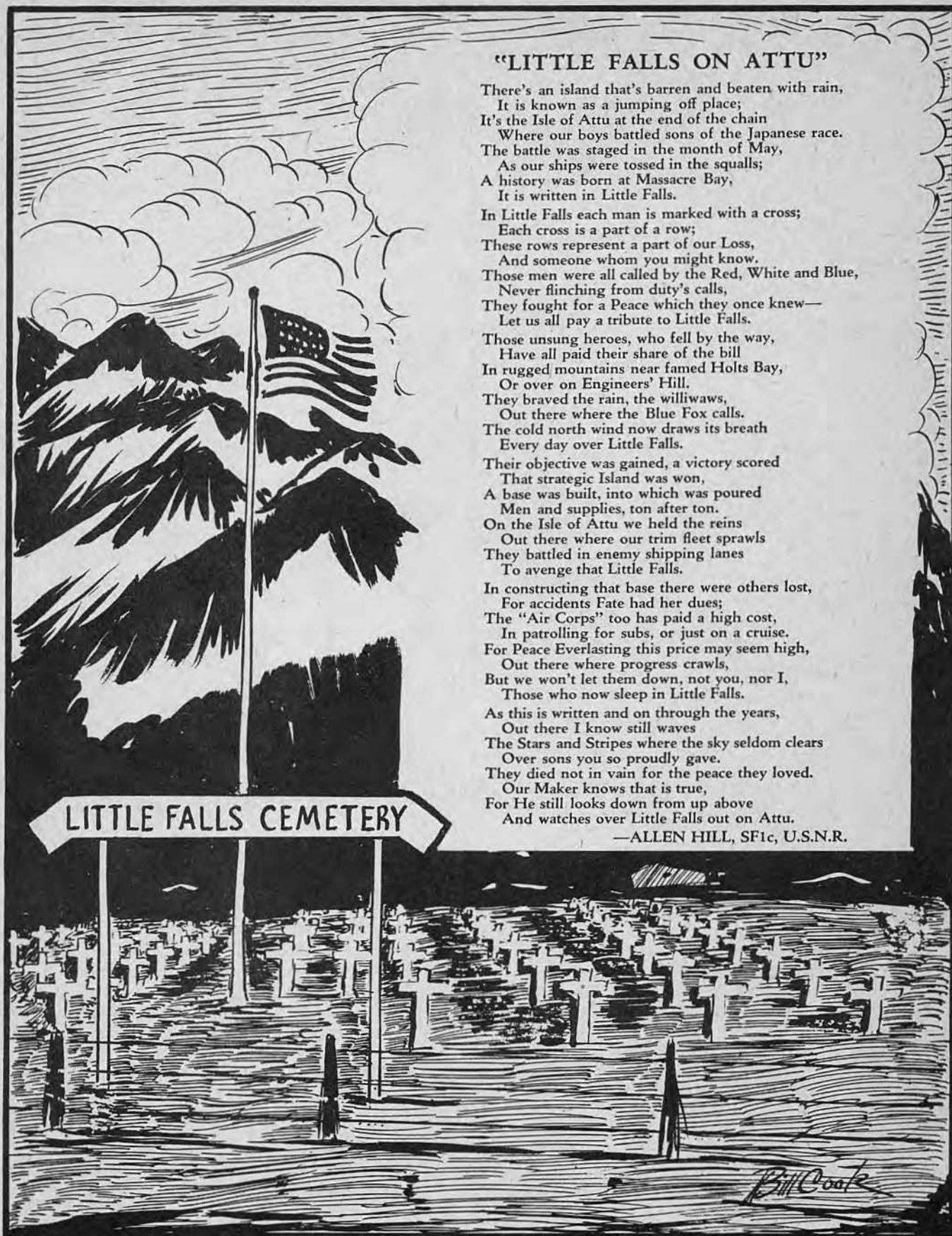
Those unsung heroes, who fell by the way,
Have all paid their share of the bill
In rugged mountains near famed Holts Bay,
Or over on Engineers' Hill.
They braved the rain, the williwaws,
Out there where the Blue Fox calls.
The cold north wind now draws its breath
Every day over Little Falls.

Their objective was gained, a victory scored
That strategic Island was won,
A base was built, into which was poured
Men and supplies, ton after ton.
On the Isle of Attu we held the reins
Out there where our trim fleet sprawls
They battled in enemy shipping lanes
To avenge that Little Falls.

In constructing that base there were others lost,
For accidents Fate had her dues;
The "Air Corps" too has paid a high cost,
In patrolling for subs, or just on a cruise.
For Peace Everlasting this price may seem high,
Out there where progress crawls,
But we won't let them down, not you, nor I,
Those who now sleep in Little Falls.

As this is written and on through the years,
Out there I know still waves
The Stars and Stripes where the sky seldom clears
Over sons you so proudly gave.
They died not in vain for the peace they loved.
Our Maker knows that is true,
For He still looks down from up above
And watches over Little Falls out on Attu.

—ALLEN HILL, SF1c, U.S.N.R.



**"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS: FOR THEY SHALL
BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD."—MATTHEW 5:9.**

EACH PASSING day carries us nearer to V-day when our enemy will be defeated and our nation will again be at peace. This time Victory will bring with it a grave responsibility. The responsibility of setting up and putting into operation the necessary machinery to insure us a world that is safe for all peoples; a world in which all may pursue, individually or collectively, their quest for happiness, freedom and security. There will be great and noble tasks for every man, woman and child of our nation.

Watchfulness must be our by-word. Watchfulness that our people never again become complacent; never again be made to think that peace may be maintained by ignoring the outlaw and aggressor. This watchfulness must become a part of our education so that future generations will be fully aware of their responsibilities.

Our nation is and always has been a pioneer country. A large part of our citizenry have yearly been engaged in exploring some new frontier. The post-war era presents us with a new frontier. The frontier of discovering and demonstrating the Science of Peace in the World. This should employ the efforts of our best thinkers. This field of activity offers wonderful and bright opportunities. And what is best, in working for peace for ourselves we must necessarily work for the peace of all mankind, thus fostering the simple principle of brotherly love, always the foundation of peace.

As we explore our new role as peacemaker, we will see the necessity of understanding our neighbor and every race and every type of people that go to make up this world of ours. As we become acquainted with these people, we will make important discoveries as to the character, the charm, the friendliness, the desire for progress and freedom that are inherent in all humans.

But we must take care that selfishness does not employ our thoughts nor self-seeking motivate our actions. We must prove to the world by our example of unselfishness and our spirit of cooperation that we are sincere in our desire for world peace. Naturally this will require sacrifices. It will require that each of us consider our actions in view of how they will affect others. It must mean that we take an active part in molding public opinion and in insisting upon fair play on the part of our political and civic leaders. Peacemaking must begin within our very homes and be taught to our children as a basic fundamental principle of Life itself.

Now, let us ask ourselves this question, "What am I going to do about it? Am I ready and willing to put forth the necessary effort and make the necessary sacrifices to insure peace in my home, in my country, in my nation and finally in my world?" Let us not answer until we are sure, but when we do answer let it be with conviction and resolution. Let our voices and our deeds say, "I am ready". We have a great deal to learn and we will make mistakes but if we go forward with a faith that it can be done and if we will put forth the necessary individual effort, then the world will become a better and happier place in which to live.

William Fairweather

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