



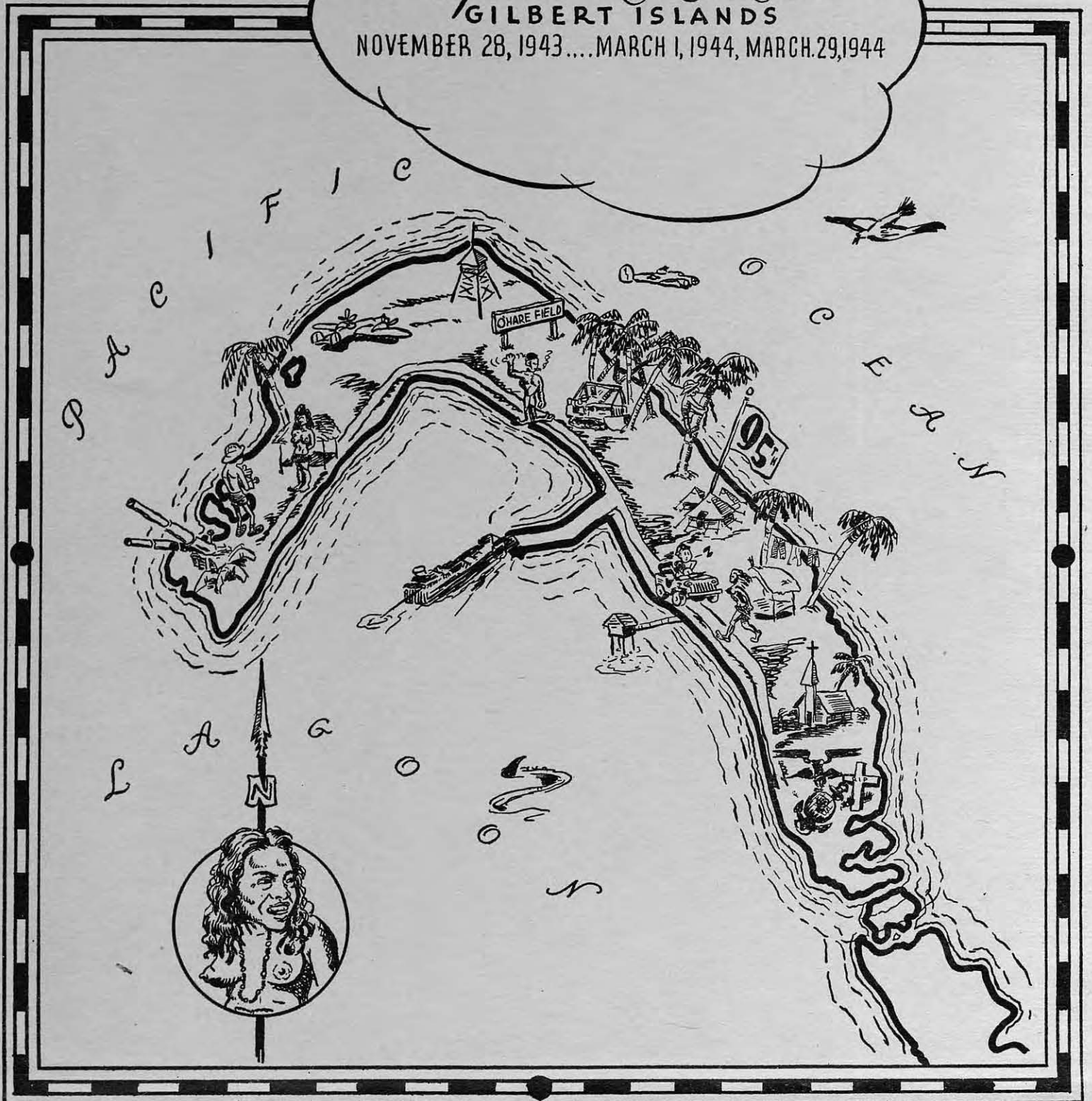
CRUISE RECORD

95th NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

Apamama

GILBERT ISLANDS

NOVEMBER 28, 1943....MARCH 1, 1944, MARCH 29, 1944



Oahu

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
 APRIL 15, 1944.....FEBRUARY 20, 1945
 AUGUST 12, 1944 FEBRUARY 20, 1945



Melvin H. Gangeloff - CO A

W.W. Arnold Co. B-5

Fred R Prutz Co B. 7245-6 ST BURBANK CO.

W.C. Hibler, CO. A
RN#1, BX 81
Hammonton, OK 73650

W.W. Arnold Co. B-5 Nov. 12, 1980

Edwin H Zaborowski IWO - 1944

W.W. Arnold Co. B-5 310 Ruins Rd. Aztec, N.M. 87410
" " " 11-12-82 " " 87410

Jim Hastings Co. D-5 394 WEST ST LUDLOW, MA. 01056

W.W. Arnold Co. B-5 310 Ruins Rd. Aztec N.M. 4-12-83

Edward Shum COA 1BLT. 913 W ARLING ST VIENNA, VA 4-12-83

* William S. Pond CO A PL-5 ~~2718 ENCANTO AVE, VENTURA, CA~~ NEW ADDRESS

Robert O. Ince Hagar Co-1529 CHESTNUT AVE, HADDON HIGHTS N.J. 7/26/83 08035

Osca M Young D-4 M1 Box 49 Quemado Tex 78877

Roger Barrow - 1967 Aliso Vista Mission 92627

George A Duimovich 487 Hot Springs Rd Montecito (1984) 93108
Duimo CO. D SEPT

Edwin Grecco (B-1) 40 Saltspray Drive Forked River New Jersey 08731

7-30-85 Carl B. Williams - P.O. BOX 87 PIONEER, CA 95066 COA.1.

8-14-85 Leon Doc Spencer B-2 11503 EXETER AVE NE SEATTLE WA 98125

6-3-88 Knelt J. Johns 123 Park Ave. New City, N.Y. 10956

9-11-88 ~~Don R. Juice~~ B-1 348 SABRA DR WILMINGTON N.C. 28405
11-9-88 (DAVE) (919) 799-2513

9/12/92 Elyse Piper D-4 - Safety Harbor, Fl.

11/20/93 Edmund C Shocken Lt. - 1 Orchard St. Wellesley Hills, MA 02181

3/21/94 John D Murray VIC HEADQUARTERS CO - 912 MISSOULA AVE, HELENA, MT 59601

6/14/96 LEON "DOC" SPENCER B-2 11503 EXETER AVENUE SEATTLE WA 98125

7-19-96 Andy Popadinez (SANTA) CO B4

14-7-14 - 139 ST WHITE STONE NY 11207

"This booklet has been prepared especially for the members of the crew of the 95th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion and their families and friends. Some of the material contained herein is not suitable for general release and it is requested that none of the contents be made available to the public press or radio."

TO THE SEABEES

by CAPT. JOHN E. ESTABROOK, USMC

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

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

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

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

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

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



Reveille

THE
CRUISE RECORD
OF THE *95TH*
NAVAL CONSTRUCTION
BATTALION

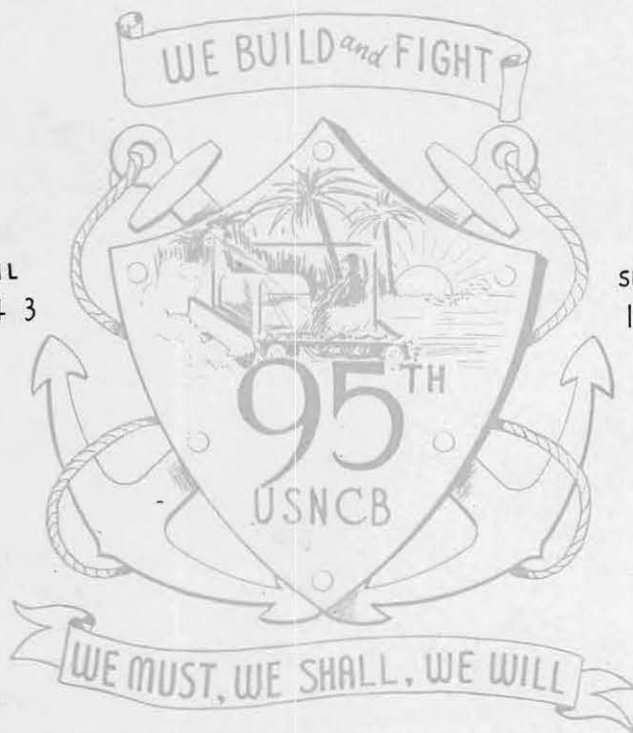


95TH U.S.
CONSTRUCTION BATT

The
CRUISE RECORD
of the
95TH
UNITED STATES
NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

APRIL
1943

SEPTEMBER
1945



PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE BATTALION PERSONNEL

A RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT

Do you remember....



Commander W. L. Johnson, CEC, USNR,
Officer-in-Charge

Camp Peary and the 'tough' marines in Advance Training, and how we cussed the drilling and hikes? The trip overland to Parks and on to Hueneme . . . the AOLs before embarkation . . . the madhouse at Iroquois Point loading and unloading out to the Gilberts . . . the heroes of Apamama, how we clambered down the cargo nets, got drenched in the LCMs, and waded ashore in water up to here . . . the "dig the foxhole deep complex" about January 4 . . . Mabu . . . the LST trip to Roi-Namur . . . the city dump where we built our camp and the seashell hunting? The reunion of the two sections at Oahu . . . the Paradise of the Pacific, Waikiki . . . the trip to Iwo . . . the black sands of White beach . . . the banzai charge that almost reached our camp? How you cussed the skipper when you moved into the new camp ("The crazy . . . wants us all to get killed!") . . . the cave hunters . . . the torrential rains . . . the night the two Jap planes were shot down . . . the day the first draft left for home ("Are they just kidding us? Maybe there IS a Santa Claus!").

Some of these things and more, we will all remember a long time. Some of them we will promptly forget. I know that this book will help us remember many things. As the years hurry by you will be looking up the answers in the Cruise Book; it will remind you of many things you have forgotten and you will laugh at the hardships. That is why American's are great people.

I think that I shall never forget the teamwork, the energy and resourcefulness of all hands, both men and officers, that made the 95th an outstanding battalion.

I know that I shall never forget those "re-rate headaches".

Commander W. L. Johnson, CEC-USNR
Officer-in-Charge





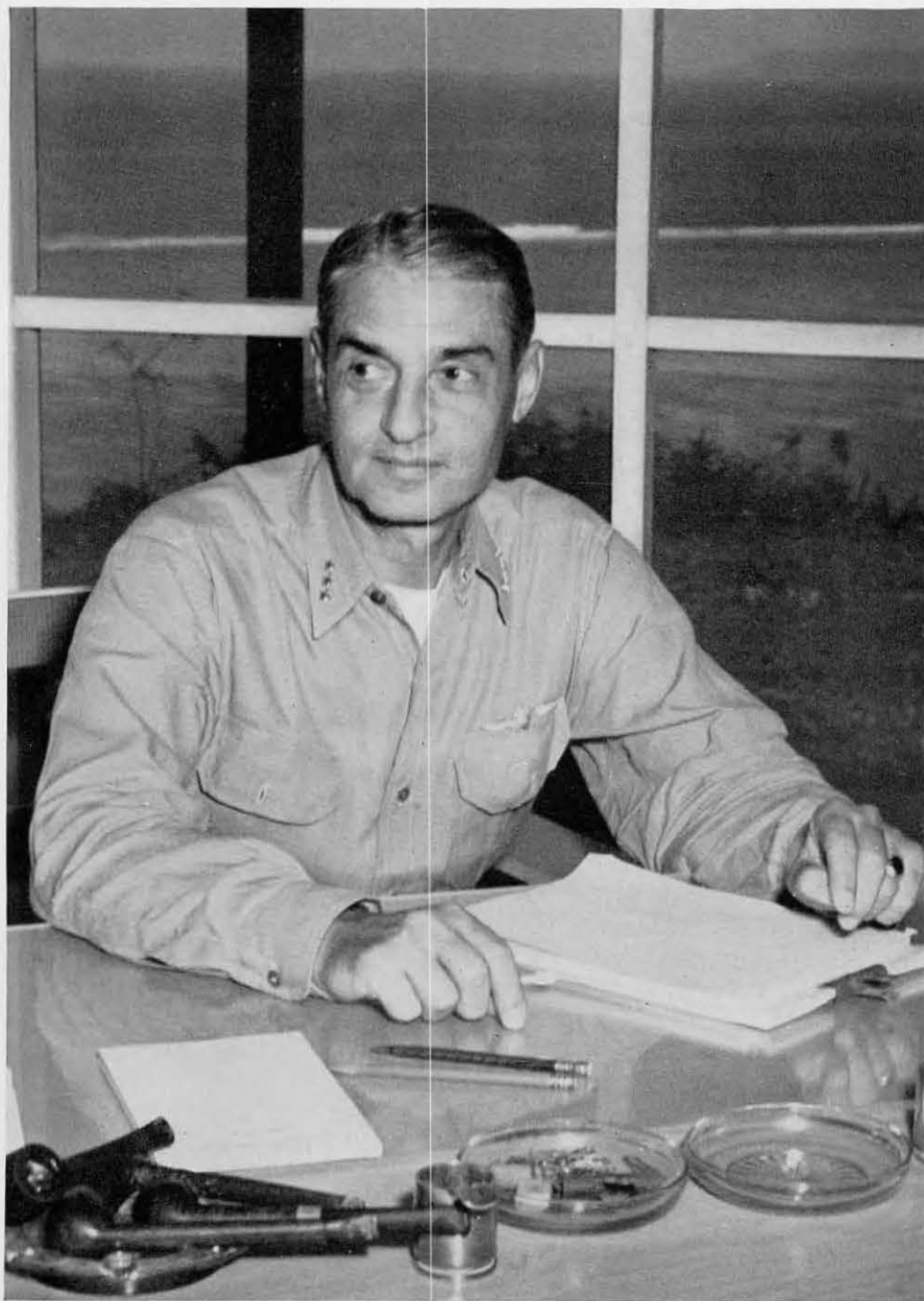
C. W. NIMITZ
Fleet Admiral, U. S. Navy

"To Comdr. W. L. Johnson and members of the 95th N.C.B. with best wishes and great appreciation of your valuable and efficient services in the Pacific Ocean Areas."



R. A. SPRUANCE
Admiral, U. S. Navy
Commander FIFTH Fleet
U. S. Pacific Fleet

"Best wishes for the success of your Cruise Book."



J. H. HOOVER
Vice Admiral, U. S. Navy
Director, Western Pacific Division
Bureau of Yards and Docks.



B. MOREELL
Vice Admiral, (CEC) U. S. Navy
Chief of Civil Engineers

"I am glad to hear that you are planning to publish a Cruise Book. It will be a record of your achievements and experiences, and something which every officer and man of the outfit can treasure in years to come."

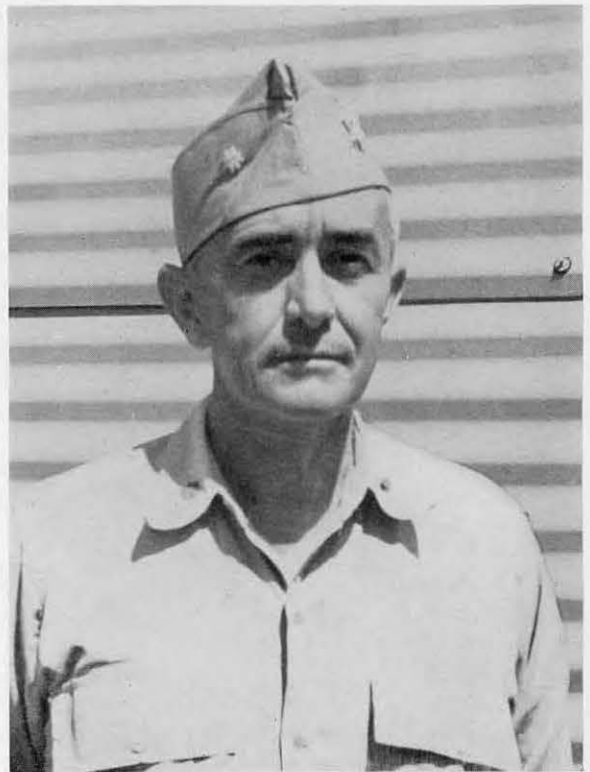


C. H. COTTER
Rear Admiral, (CEC) U. S. Navy



ROBERT C. JOHNSON
Commodore, (CEC) U.S.N.R.

Officer-in-Charge, 9th U. S. Naval Construction Brigade.



R. Y. TAGGART
Commander, (CEC) U.S.N.R.

Officer-in-Charge, 8th U.S. Naval Construction Regiment.

F. W. CONNOR
Captain, U. S. Navy



J. G. WARE
Captain, U. S. Navy

"I feel very much flattered to be a part of your Cruise Book. I feel that I am a part of the entire C. B. organization, probably having given the best I have given to any organization when I worked with and for them. I trust that your battalion is doing well and that your officers and men are enjoying good health. Please remember me to each and every one of them for even though it was not my privilege to know each officer and man individually, yet I felt that I did—and still do."

Camp Peary

THE BEGINNING was on a spring day in April 1943. The 95th Naval Construction Battalion comprised men from hamlets, villages, towns and cities from all four corners of the United States. Some had never been away from home; others had done some traveling, but very few to the extent that they have done since entering Navy Service.

Military life began unfolding its mysteries from the moment that we were given that memorable first order, "Fall in!" to be marched to our respective railroad stations to board the trains that would whisk us out of circulation for a long time to come. When our train pulled into Williamsburg, we were told to de-train and form in columns of twos alongside where SPs herded us unceremoniously into waiting trucks, for a rough

ride to Camp Peary. "Fall out and form in columns of twos under the shed" was obeyed with alacrity, and we stood in as military manner as we knew how, awaiting whatever was to come; some of the more venturesome tried to talk with his neighbor but was quickly silenced by "Knock it off, you guys!" After strutting back and forth before us long enough to be properly impressive, the group leader rasped—"All right you guys; knock off the chatter and listen to this;—all dice, liquor and knives will be piled in front of you; there is no gambling in the Navy;—no liquor will be brought into Camp except what is already in your bellies; now remember that!"

We were marched to barracks that were cold and damp, with old-fashioned pot-bellied coal stoves

SEABEES MARCH TO DUTY—A group of 200 Seabees, many of whom later were assigned to the 95th Construction Battalion, paraded from the Federal Building to South Station in Boston, Mass., to entrain for Camp Peary, Virginia, April 15, 1943.





The Upper Road at Camp Peary, looking toward Area A-5.

waiting for firemen. After being assigned bunks we marched over to a huge warehouse for mattress, mattress cover, blanket, pillow and pillow case, just enough gear to make us comfortable for the night. It hardly seemed that our eyes were closed until the harsh notes of reveille tore into our unconscious minds to rudely announce that 0430 had come and a new day was ready.

Never to be forgotten are the memories of that first boot camp morning chow. The chow hall was about a mile and half from our area, or so it seemed, up a long hill and over several foot bridges and after we started the march in an orderly fashion, our leader or instructor suddenly called out,—“All right now, lets double time to the chow hall;—you guys have been doing nothing for so long it will be good for you; give you an appetite”, and so we double-timed to wait in line for our first chow—a breakfast of baked beans and pork chops; a peculiar breakfast to most of us, but all trays were well cleaned. Immediately after this meal, we were issued a complete seabag of clothing, all of which was stencilled with our names, while we waited.

Next we were introduced to a Navy style haircut where a barber (?) transformed curly-locks into “skin-heads.” Adding insult to injury, our next stop was marked “Photography Section” where we were mugged; no better word can be found to

describe what happened; when those pictures appeared on our ID cards we were almost glad that we would be hidden away from our folks for six weeks so that they need not share our humility.

The veterans of two or three weeks at the indoctrination center took keen delight in yelling “Hi, boot!” or “You’ll be sorry!” at every opportunity; it wasn’t long until we were doing the same thing to newcomers. As soon as we were outfitted with a complete clothing bag, we moved to our primary training, or boot training area. Boot Camp was rough and tough for the newly converted civilian, made doubly so because of the restrictions imposed for quarantine. Reveille at 0430 . . . make up your bunk to a prescribed pattern (but the pattern changed every day) . . . bathe and shave . . . sweep and scrub down the deck . . . police the grounds, pick up every cigarette butt and match stem and infinitesimal piece of foreign matter so that barracks and grounds would be ready for morning inspection . . . morning chow . . . and then the hours and hours of close order drilling . . . “Column left . . . Column Right . . . about face . . . to the rear march that became to dulled ears, rrrriipp harrch! . . . one, two, three four . . . your left, your left, your left right left” hour after hour of it until you would drill in your sleep.

An interval for noon chow was a welcome rest



Camp Peary



Stencilling new clothing issue to "boots".

period but promptly at 1300 (1:00 PM to the uninitiated) that despised yell would come, "Fall out for muster!" and for four long hours more the intricacies of close order drill were pounded into us. After evening chow we could usually count on the evening, until 2130, being all our own; our time to write to the folks at home, read, go to movies or just spend shooting the breeze. Our program was varied to include hikes . . . made through dust clouds so dense that often the leader was invisible, or else rain and mud ankle deep, and extended order drills that were soon dubbed "scouts and Indians" . . . running through dense woods in a crouching position flared out in a fighting formation, with only hand signals to furnish directions;—the order 'hit the deck' meant literally to fall flat on the ground at once, and hug the ground; it didn't matter if you found yourself in a briar bush or in a heap of dried holly leaves with every barb sticking to you . . . up hill and down dale, through creeks and mudholes and finally emerging on the other side of the woods, confident that you could outsmart any yellow so and so Jap that you would ever meet. Some afternoons were devoted to indoor lectures that were held in stifling hot rooms immediately after a heavy noon chow . . . when it would be cruel punishment to listen to a droning voice and keep awake; any who succumbed to drowsiness and closed their eyes 'just for a minute' were invariably caught and punished by standing at attention in front of the room for the duration of the lecture.

The days were hard and the nights short, yet there was a goal in the distance worth striving for; each man tightened his belt an extra notch, gave his courage an added boost, determined to reach that coveted sixty-two hour leave that marked the end of boot and would mean his first chance in weeks to put his feet under a restaurant table and have food served to him on plates, with tablecloths, napkins and the other accessories at-



Theater in Area A-5.

Interior of a Camp Peary Galley.



Interior of a Camp Peary Mess Hall.





95th Battalion Dress Parade, June, 1943; Captain Ware inspecting Company D.

tendant to good eating . . . dreams of that first steak smothered in onions helped many a weary soul those last few days, not to mention the chance to quench a thirst of six weeks standing. The sixty-two hour leave started the 27th of May and meant a trip home to some and to them, excitement was at fever pitch; to others it meant a visit with their loved ones at Richmond or Washington or some nearby rendezvous.

At long last they had everything put ship-shape, themselves included; and deserted that camp to pile into busses, taxicabs, or any other vehicle going their way. Those taking the train out of Richmond surely must have reminded old timers of past battle scenes, and they climbed aboard already jammed trains with no other concern than to be on their way. The first leave for us was really a pass to freedom, the chance to do again the things that made up our lives before; to visit with our families and greet our friends and have a drink or two at the corner tavern, but it ended all

too soon and before we realized it we were back again at Camp Peary. After breaking boot, some of the restrictions were lifted and for one thing we were allowed liberty every fourth night; the boys would trek into Richmond or Williamsburg to catch a date or drink beer or simply wander aimlessly up and down the streets window shopping.

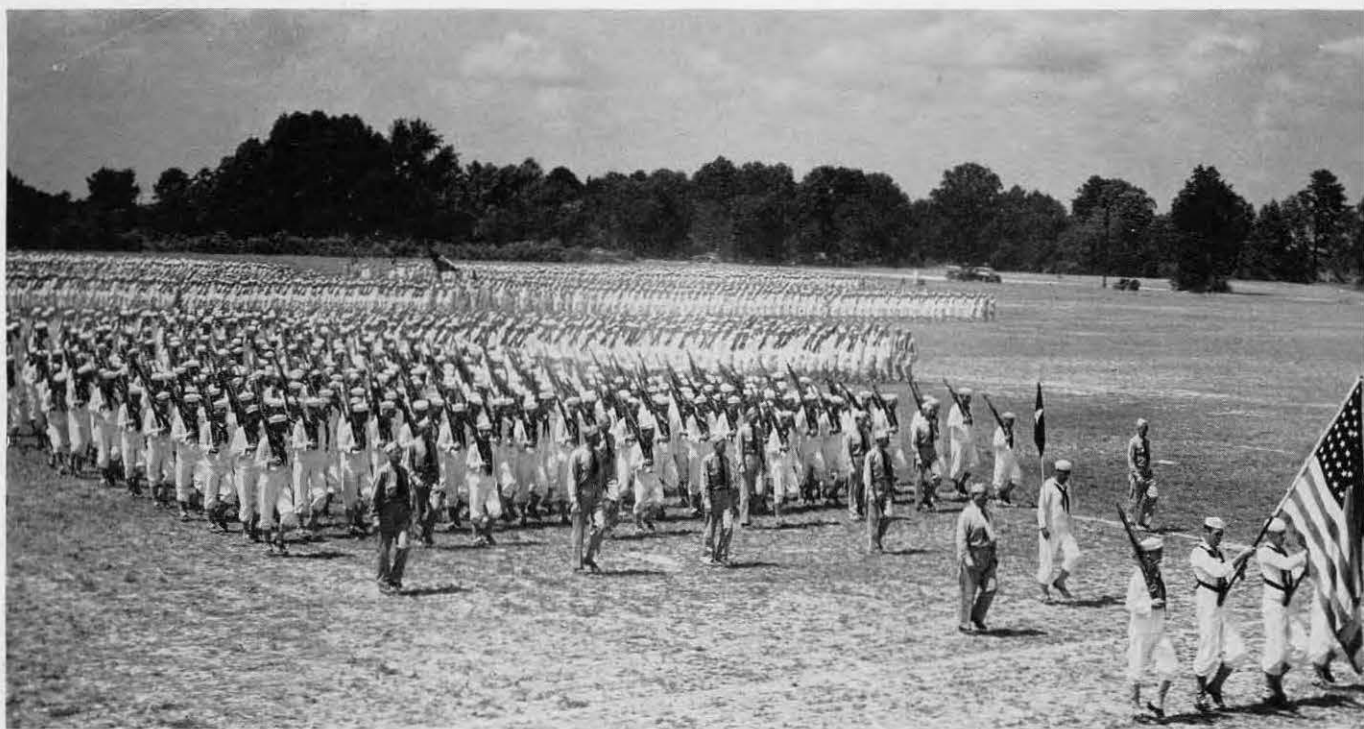
The 4th of June was another milestone;—on this date we were assembled and assigned to company and platoon organization;—the 95th was taking form, and we and our personal gear were trucked to Area A-5 in Camp Peary for Advanced Training, a period of six weeks of intensive physical, military and scholastic training. Each man was again interviewed and his qualifications checked for various classifications and assigned to various schools for a six week period. A total of 334 men attended Specialist Classes. Military training was in charge of seasoned Marine instructors many of whom had seen overseas combat service and were tough drill-masters. From early morn-





Regimental Review July 5, 1943.

95th Battalion Dress Parade, June, 1943; Capt. Ware, Comdr. Johnson inspect Company D.



Presentation of Battalion Colors to Comdr. Johnson, Lt. Comdr. Lewis. Color Guard—J. J. Banks, Bool, J. E. Thompson, Kinnarney.



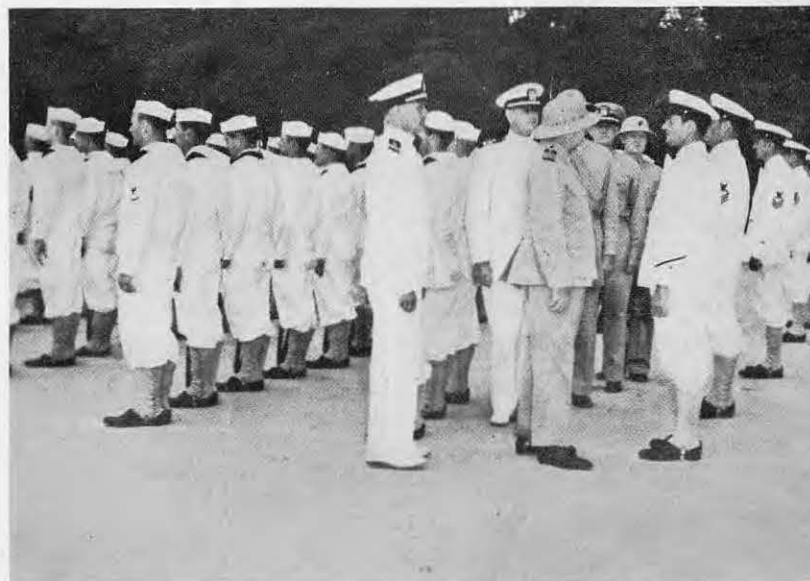
Camp
ing to late evening we would get close order drill; up and down and over that drill field through clouds of dust until we acted automatically and amidst a confusion of sounds, heard only the peculiar voice of our individual instructor. The memory of that hot drill field will always be with us and you can almost taste that Virginia dust and see the men rushing for a drink of water when the 'break' would come. For a change, these same instructors would take us on five or ten and even twenty mile hikes, with pieces and packs through swamps and thick underbrush and woods along dirt roads and paved roads until you wondered tiredly if you were a Marine or a Seabee and you staggered back to Camp hating Marines and regimented training. And in order to provide a little more variety, these same Marines would lead us through the Tidewater woods playing more games of 'scouts and Indians' with new arrangements; one group would be the 'enemy' today, to be advanced and hidden away to trap a second group who would be 'our men'. Woods tactics and infiltration were taught along with the art of concealment and digging of fox-holes, and along with this all were persistent rumors and scuttlebutt that we were being trained for use as combat troops, and we were sure that we would eventually be shipped out for a tour of duty in the Pacific.

Our physical training was not neglected for we had a continuance of that bugbear of early morning, PT . . . the deep knee bends . . . the jumping jack . . . the windmill, and the West Point breather. And our first acquaintance with the obstacle course, that fiendish invention to break men down instead of build men up, or so it seemed after a trip around the course. It was aptly named obstacle course, for from the beginning to the end it was a series of obstacles . . . the series of three log hurdles from an easy jump-over to a miniature wall;—it looked easy for a fellow to slip around the end of an obstacle and omit the work of climbing over it, but the Marines anticipated just that and were just around the corner to silently wave him back. Up and over the high board wall . . . double timing to the water hazard to grab a knotted rope and swing easily across a pool of water to the other side to discover quickly that you had miscalculated and into the water with a splash and to the jeers of your mates . . . climbing hand over hand over ropes suspended between trees . . . over swaying footbridges high in the air . . . crawling on

hands and knees and stomach through the board and dirt tunnels, and thru the barbed wire entanglements; it was a real feat to crawl and drag yourself through that last barrier and keep from snagging your clothes or skin;—if you did, it was at the expense of skin rubbed off knees and elbows. Then came the day when we made a trip down the York River in landing barges and returned, to jump overboard in about five feet of water with full pack and piece and wade ashore;



Regimental Review—Seven Construction Battalions participated.



Capt. Ware and his staff; Cmdr. Johnson and Lt. Hudson pause to talk with Chief Boatswain Jennings; Company A, Platoon 6 in background.



not an easy job;—and later the practice of climbing up and down cargo nets,—“scramble nets” . . . with full pack, gas mask and carbine, none of which would stay in its proper place but would become entangled and the carbine bang and bump you in the face and body until you decided it would just be better to jump and take your chances.

One of the most colorful of the Camp Peary days was the day we were reviewed by Captain Ware and the battalion colors were presented. Under a broiling summer sun we marched and turned in perfect formation; we had ceased to be boots and were now well trained Seabees. The July 5 review when seven battalions passed in review will be even longer remembered; we marched about five miles to the parade ground and after the hours of marching and standing at attention we were completely wilted and the immaculate white uniforms were a mess.

Life was not completely a round of work and training for we did have a few hours of leisure to ourselves each day to enjoy at the movies, or in letter writing, on liberty and in getting acquainted better with the men with whom we were living and to form friendships that were to endure long after these training days and the war itself were forgotten. Some of us found it necessary to change

old habits and accustom ourselves to mass living; to learn the virtues of patience and adjust ourselves to regimented living; to learn to obey orders without argument or question; to accept the finality of “gold braid” decision. Most of us had come into service filled with an abiding love for our country and an abundance of patriotism with a strong desire to serve faithfully in the emergency of war; the coming months were to be a severe test of the depth of those principles. Time alone, or rather the duration of the war, would tell.

As the Advanced Training neared its end the prospect of a ten day leave loomed as a bright spot on the horizon. It was to be an embarkation leave with only ten short days to be spent with our families and friends. Many sleepless hours were spent in planning how to best spend that time and get the most out of it, for it could be that this would be our last visit at home for a year or possibly two years. Although we had few clothes to prepare and only necessities as personal gear, we still spent hours and hours pressing uniforms and scrubbing clothes; packing and re-packing ditty bags, until finally the long looked for day, July 18, arrived. We were up long before dawn, rolling mattresses to be stowed away in our absence, scrubbing down barracks decks and policing the grounds for all must be immaculate before we could leave.

Class for Disbursing Storekeepers.



Military Training—Down a scramble net with full equipment.



Camp Parks

The main exodus was by train but many left by taxi-cab, trucks, automobiles and some traveled home by plane. The train that was to take us to Washington via Richmond was over four hours late; who will ever forget those two hundred and forty-six minutes of waiting, anxiously peering down that length of track and cursing the fate that was stealing precious minutes from our leave. No one can estimate the amount of pure joy and happiness that was squeezed into those ten days, except each two people most concerned, knowing not what tomorrow might hold in store, and living each passing moment completely. Thoughts of those precious days must be re-lived countless times on Island X and by those left at home. Time sped on too quickly and the tenth day came and with it the sadness of parting. We were back at Peary on the 28th and the day was filled with chatter of adventures at home, but gradually the talk turned to our impending trip to an Advanced Base Depot. It meant that our training days were over and we were about to begin the big adventure. We left Camp Peary as a commissioned naval unit, the 95th Naval Construction Battalion.

On the 30th of July 1943, the newly formed 95th Naval Construction Battalion boarded its respective sections of the 95th Special Train, with the first section leaving at 0900 that day.

For five days state after state flashed by our Pullman windows until Virginia, West Virginia, Ken-

tucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah and Nevada had been left behind in our zig-zag course over back roads and by-passes, until the sixth day we arrived at Camp Parks, California.

Camp Parks will be remembered for its good chow, comfortable barracks, entertainment and recreational facilities and nearby Oakland and San Francisco. Here we received additional technical and military training. Every morning as we fell out for the inevitable PT and muster we expected to be told to prepare for another move; it just didn't seem possible that we would remain at this Seabee heaven for very long.



A Ship's Service Store.

The eighth mile of a ten mile hike—a snappy group of Seabees.





Extended order drill.



*Post Office at
Camp Rousseau.*

THE 95th BAND—Chief Cahill, D. Brown, Legge, Hoellworth, Saunders, Clay, Hinman, Richards, Gioscha, R. O. Johnson, Hetu, Lt. Hudson; Deamon, Remert, Potter, Baldrige, Hehn, Greco, Saraceno, Di Ciocco, Shinn, Polanski, Hurdle; R. Bergeron, W. Foster, Updyke, Feather, Bruck, Linscott, Cloud, Krajewski, Malan.



Port Hueneme

The sixteenth day after our arrival found us again loading aboard a train; this time a dusty, dirty, ancient day coach job and we were headed south to Camp Rousseau at Port Hueneme, and another short chapter in the 95th trail of adventures had ended. Our arrival at Camp Rousseau in the cold gray dawn of a California morning disclosed just another camp, the duplicate of those we had left behind, even to the inevitable crowds of welcoming Seabees, and their yells of "You'll be Sorry", "Where yah from, Mac" and "Hi-yah, Boot", but at least we were another step on our way to Island X. Here we were given our first taste of living in Quonset huts. After we were established in our respective quarters, we were immediately given a week-end liberty that meant Hollywood and Los Angeles to almost all of us, for very few elected to remain in camp. To most of us that first liberty in Hollywood was the realization of a dream, for we went to the Hollywood Canteen and saw many famous movie stars and danced with others; visited glamorous night clubs and ate at world famous restaurants, and saw and heard broadcasts of popular radio programs or had fun just walking the boulevards admiring Hollywood's beautiful women. When we heard that the liberty schedule at Hueneme was every fourth night and every fourth week-end we were

convinced that this wasn't going to be such a bad war after all.

We soon settled down to our various duties which included lectures on military courtesy, chemical warfare, camouflage and sanitation; gas mask drills, field problems, rifle range practice and hikes. Our major work details consisted of the construction of a large tent city at nearby Point Magu, a hot dirty job, and building an obstacle course in the deep sand that was typical of that seaside camp.

And lest we forget, there was the midnight hike; we were routed out of bed by "gold braid" unceremoniously sticking their heads inside our huts yelling, "Hit the deck! Snap into it, now!" One kept repeating over and over,—"Get up; everyone's going!" As another officer opened a door to give the alarm, someone yelled,—"Shut that door and get the hell out of here!": the officer, apparently too surprised to answer, shut the door and went his way. Another mate said,—"I'll be damned if I'll go; they can't make me." Overheard by an officer unobserved at the back door, he quickly changed his mind, dressed, and was ready to go ahead of the rest. We formed and marched in the starlit night to the edge of the sand dunes and then were divided into two groups, one for the offensive and the other for the defensive problem; the former crawled on hands and knees and slithered along on bellies through high salt grass dripping wet with dew to catch the defenders unawares; then an interminable wait



Water Purification School.

laying on very cold, wet ground, until apparently the problem was solved for we were ordered to march back to the camp area, then kept standing in the cold night air for another fifteen minutes and finally dismissed to return to the warm waiting bunks. The question was general as to just what it was that we had learned.

Later we moved to "Splinter City"; it was the quarantine area and all liberties were cancelled, but there were many ways of getting out, either by crawling under the high wire fence or simply walking thru the gate boldly. Our barracks were so situated that we could see ships as they arrived and departed from Hueneme harbor. At long last OUR ship arrived; the sailing orders were posted and eagerly read; the long list of do's and don'ts, and what we should put in our packs and what should go in the sea bags and what we should carry and the uniform of the day. The 27th of October was Departure Day and we were awakened by extra early reveille to fall in for muster in

S. S. WELTEVREDEN leaving Port Hueneme harbor.



At Sea



Trying to find a comfortable position to rest on the deck of the WELTEVREDEN.

a cold California rain, laden down with full gear. After endless waiting the order came to return to the barracks, which was a welcome respite and a chance to get warm and partially dried out. It seemed that we had only untangled ourselves from the mess of gear that weighed us down when the order came to fall in and this time they meant it. We formed in a column of twos and marched thru that dismal drenching rain to the dock, past stragglng civilians on their way to work who waved and wished us luck. On reaching the dock we were marched through the pier shed where our duffle bags, containing our bedding, were added to our already overburdened bodies. Then one by one we filed up the steep slippery gangplank past sailors who called,—“Follow your bags, mates; step lively!” up on to the deck of the transport and then down narrow dark ladders and along companionways, winding around and about until we were utterly lost and bewildered. It seemed that we went down into the very bowels of the ship but we finally found our bunks in a hot crowded bunk hold, with the bunks in tiers of four or five, and after unloading and stowing our gear, waited for the signal to go up on deck and wait for sailing time.

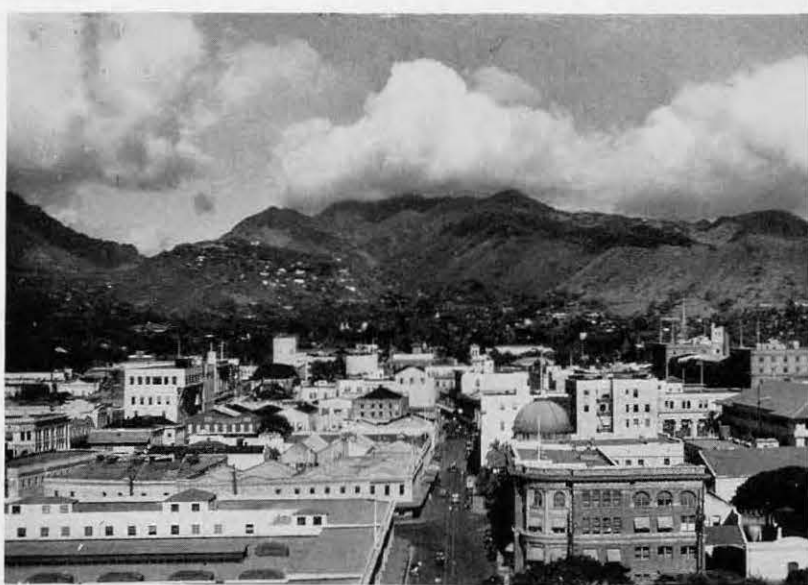
At 1600 there was a slight trembling of the ship and we were underway, and the shores of California slowly receded in the distance.

The days were forty-eight hours long on the WELTEVREDEN.



Our training had been hard and rugged and we thought we were in the pink of condition, but as the watery miles slipped by, first one and then another fell victim to that demon of the deep, sea sickness, and a poor lot of sad sacks we were. It wasn't long though until most everybody was feeling normal again. The only work details that fell to our lot were guard duty, mess and "Sweepers man your brooms clean sweep down fore and aft". It seemed that everytime we settled down for a nap or game of cards or to read, the bos'ns mate would sound the call to "Clear the decks" or "Prepare for fire drill" or "Abandon Ship" or "General Quarters"; we were never comfortable long, and wherever we went we had to wear our 'Mae West' or life jackets. Chow was served twice a day, and three times daily to those on work details. The days usually began by lining the rails for an hour or so, idly gazing at the endless expanse of deep blue water, then drifting off to find a shady spot, or perhaps to return to our sacks. The early evening, after chow usually found us again lined up along the rail when the order from the Dutch Master would come, "In feefteen minoots there will be a total blagoudt"; it was fascinating to watch for the first glow of phosphorous in the water that was visible with the coming darkness. The nights were quiet and peaceful, and because of the speed of our ship we traveled alone.

Hawaii



Honolulu from Aloha Tower.

Kau-Kau Corner—the Crossroads of the Pacific—2400 miles to Apamama.





The beach at Waikiki, Honolulu, Oahu, T. H., Diamond Head in the background.



Waikiki Beach—The Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels.

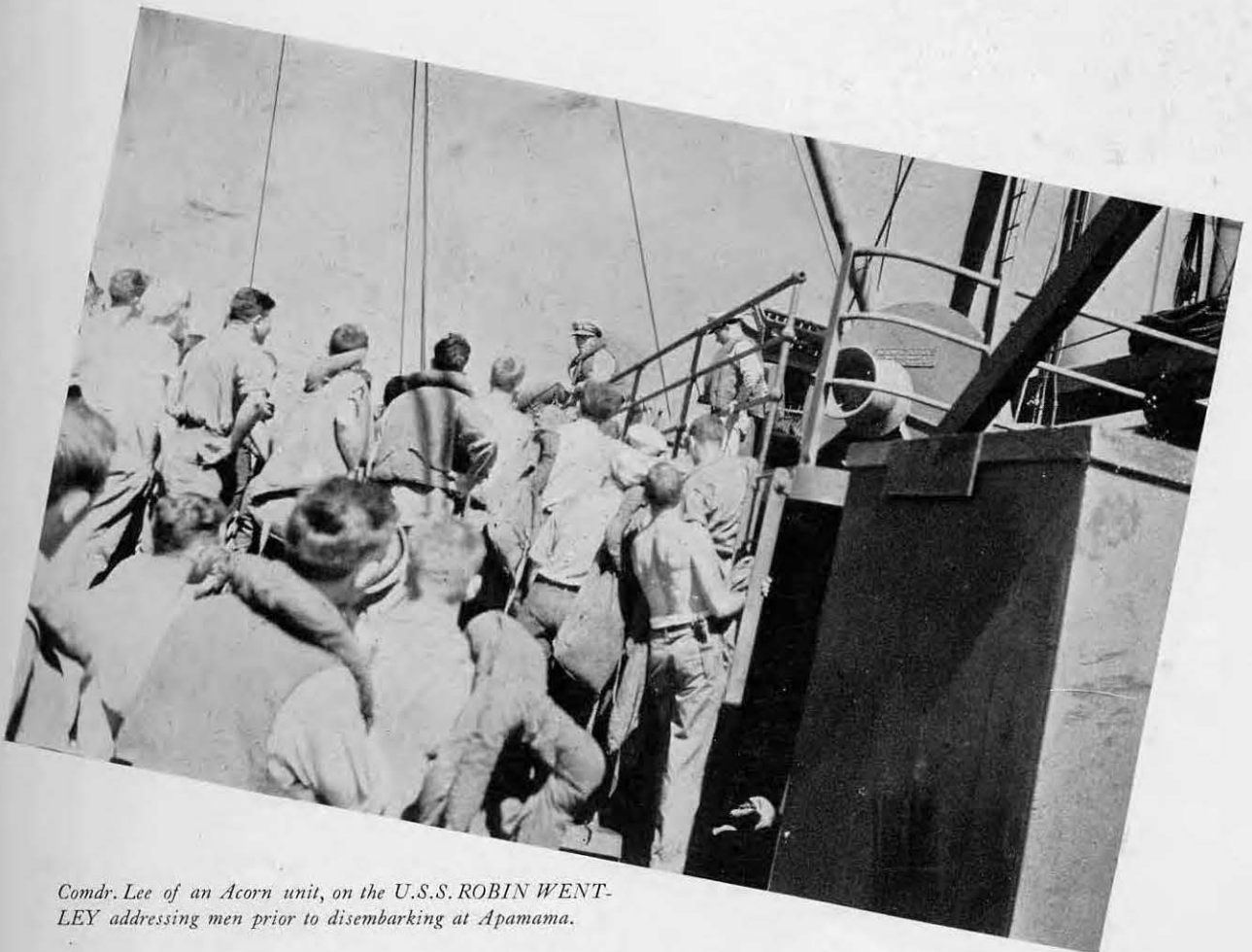
Our course was changed constantly, being altered approximately every six minutes, for, it is said, it takes a submarine seven minutes to line up a ship perfectly in its periscope sights.

Forgetting the seasickness our crossing was uneventful; sea life kept us amused with their antics; the small flying fish were especially interesting to

us landlubbers, and the larger fish, mostly sharks, seemed to want to race with the ship. As the days passed monotonously we began looking for land; presently, we were rewarded with our first sight of the Hawaiian Islands, the famous Diamond Head, on Oahu island. It wasn't long until the shore line became more distinct and we could see Waikiki Beach and the town of Honolulu and then the huge naval base of Pearl Harbor. Busy little tugs worried our ship alongside its dock, and on November 2, 1943, the WELTEVREDEN completed its voyage and brought the 95th battalion safely on the first lap of its journey. It wasn't long until those not on details were given shore liberty and groups departed for Honolulu; the very name had sound of adventure and allure to it, but the city was a disappointment to most of us for it was filled to overflowing with far too many service men milling about. It looked like a carnival town with the shops featuring tourist wares, but it was a liberty town and sailors the world over know how to find what they are looking for. The island of Oahu was strange and beautiful to our Western eyes; the climate was tropical, and we saw the strange sight of rain with sunshine and as many as four rainbows in the sky at once; the flowers were exotic and beautiful, but it was a foreign city and all its wonders couldn't make up for home. In a day or so after we docked we transferred to the ROBIN WENTLY and lived aboard this ship for several days and then moved out to Barbers Point, where we lived in fine two-storied barracks, that boasted good heads and reading rooms. This was a good place to live and our days were pleasant; we enjoyed several picnics and swimming parties at Nimitz Beach, and were introduced to real Hawaiian entertainments that featured the hula dances. The battalion was readied for the trip to Island "X" and provision was made for a small group to remain at Oahu to assemble and load additional supplies and equipment and follow us to our destination as the second wave. On the 19th of November the larger group boarded the ships PRESIDENT MONROE and ROBIN WENTLY, being about equally divided between those two ships. The balance of personnel were quartered on the CAPE ISABELLE and CAPE STEVENS. The sea voyage on these ships was, in many respects, a duplicate of the WELTEVREDEN trip, with the same hot stuffy bunk quarters, with the heat intensified as each day brought us closer to the equator; the same "general quarters" and "abandon ship" drills, the same

discomfort and lack of any facilities for the comfort of the enlisted men. We did have several false alerts that relieved the monotony somewhat. We spent Thanksgiving Day at sea and it proved to be just another day, with no special provision for holiday meals. On November 26 we had the unique and unusual experience of crossing both the equator and the international date line; in fact we crossed the equator twice for we went down under and then crossed back for a rear approach to our destination. It was significant and typically American that the traditional ceremony marking the crossing of the equator by U. S. Warships was still held despite that we were in enemy waters and there was constant danger of enemy air or submarine attack. Elaborate provisions for this ceremony were begun several days in advance; the crews of the ships only were to be initiated and converted from landlubbers, or "pollywogs" to "shellbacks"; as soon as Neptuneus Rex and his

Royal Court came aboard early that day, slapstick comedy and riotous fun were the order of the day; gun crews enjoyed the horse-play with one eye on the ceremonies and the other cocked aloft scanning the skies for possible trouble. As we neared Island "X", which we learned was to be the island of Apamama in the Gilbert Islands group, we rendezvoused with the balance of our convoy which totalled more than twenty ships, including LST's, DE's, Transports, Freighters, and the comforting sight of several Destroyers and Battleships in the distance, standing by to guard our safety. "Land Ho off the Port Bow", from an almost imperceptible line of distant land the formations of a low lying heavily wooded tropical island became more distinct, as we moved cautiously through shoal waters over beautiful jagged coral formations, the thought uppermost in our minds was what lay behind that silent barrier of tropical green.



Comdr. Lee of an Acorn unit, on the U.S.S. ROBIN WENTLEY addressing men prior to disembarking at Apamama.

Apamama



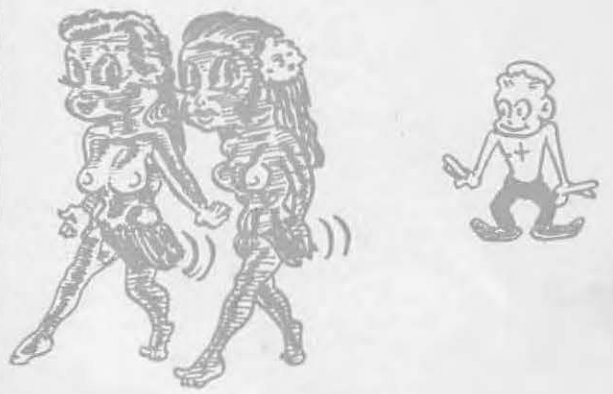
One of the first landing barges to leave the U.S.S. **PRESIDENT MONROE** for the eight mile trip to the beachhead at Apamama. Who do you recognize?



The first wave leaves the PRESIDENT MONROE.



Commander Johnson goes ashore the hard way.





Looking west on the original, native-built road on Apamama.

Apamama

The virgin beauty of Apamama—before the Seabees started to work.

APAMA
Lush green
... friends
smiling







A coconut grove at the west end of the strip—later to become a part of the runway.

It was on the 28th day of November 1943 that our voyage ended and the engines of the ships idled and drifted lazily seeking the best point of entry to the lagoon. We were surprised to learn upon closer inspection that what we had supposed to be a large island developed into an atoll of eight separate islands connected only at low tide. Our beach-head was to be made on the largest of the islands.

As preparations for disembarking were announced over the ships' Public Address systems, the various previously assigned details for shore duty as well as the details assigned for stevedore duty,

were assembled at the rails of the ships to await further orders. The stevedore details would stay with the various ships until all gear and equipment was unloaded on the beach; the shore details would go ashore and after it was declared safe to do so, would immediately begin the work of laying out the fighter strip, set up temporary camp sites, establish security guards, and start the tremendous job of unloading the cargoes that would give us food, water, fuel, housing and the tools and materials with which to complete our mission. The shore details were laden with full packs, steel helmets, carbines and ammunition, gas masks, trench tools, duty belts and canteens; we managed to climb over the rail and feel anxiously with nervous toes for a foothold on the scramble net and then began the long climb down the swaying twisting nets that was made doubly hard with carbines swinging around in the wrong places and helmets tipping down over eyes, and the continual circling of the ship that left some of us marooned at the bottoms of the nets like spiders on a huge web, waiting for the landing craft to jockey into position again. We were taken ashore in either LCM (Landing Craft-Mechanized) or LCVP (Landing Craft-Vehicles and

View along the center line of the strip prior to the beginning of construction operations, December 5, 1943





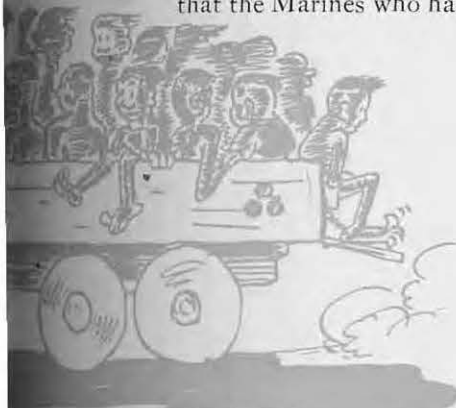
Preliminary clearing and grubbing operations at center of runway; December 5, 1943. Operator C. K. Jones.

Personnel), with thirty-five men jammed in each boat. These small craft, after loading, waited astern of the transport until all were loaded and the long trip to shore began over the jagged reefs that could be seen so plainly. The trip consumed almost two hours for the ships anchored about eight miles off shore. Some boats were able to land their passengers right on the beach, while others were hung up on reefs because of the change of tide, and those unfortunates must go overboard into water up to their arm pits and wade ashore. The first men ashore were pleasantly surprised to see one of our officers walking down the road followed by a group of natives bearing a transit and surveyors equipment. This officer had preceded the landing by a few days, coming from Hawaii by submarine, so that he could lav out the site of the strip roughly and establish points for his engineers to start from. He had a knowledge of Gilbertese and with the assistance of one of the natives who had been educated and had traveled considerably, he was able to get excellent cooperation from the Apamama natives. It had been reported that there were twenty-four Imperial Japanese Marines hidden on these islands, heavily armed with rifles, machine guns and hand grenades; it wasn't long though, that we learned that the Marines who had landed ahead of us had

combed the atoll thoroughly and discovered that the small band of the enemy had simplified our problem by committing Hari-Kari. Now that we could breathe a little easier, we took note of our surroundings and marveled at the sight of lush tropical vegetation particularly the numerous coconut palm trees, and the friendly smiling natives, naked except for grass skirts or burlap wrap-arounds; they were fine looking, intelligent people, medium to dark brown in color, with luxuriant coal-black hair and the whitest and most perfect teeth imaginable; the women were pretty and the men well built and some quite

Apamama

Excavating for live coral at low tide, with a 3/4 yard dragline.



Apamama



The second Corsair and its crew, Lt. B. W. Bohning, USMCR and Sgt. J. W. Eudaly, USMCR.



Lt. F. C. Williams, USMCR, and Corp. Richardson, USMCR, the crew of the Navy Corsair, first plane to land on the new strip at Apamama; Johnson, native interpreter at right.



Honor to a hero.

handsome. They were anxious to be friendly and made overtures of friendship with gifts of coconuts taking the lead; we watched with amazement youngsters climb a tall coconut palm almost as quickly as it takes to tell about it, twist off several nuts and hurl them to the ground and then come back down just as quickly and with only a sharp pointed stick to help, would shuck the hull off the coconut, break it open and hand it to you with a big smile. Until the day when we finally left their beautiful island, the natives of Apamama were consistently friendly and helpful and were faithful Allies. We took time for a quick meal of K rations and then prepared a bivouac area for the night, and we were ready for the work in hand. The Surveying Crew and the Engineers began to stake out the strip immediately, and it wasn't very long until the crash and roar of bull dozers push-grubbing their way through the tangled underbrush was heard and in their wake the swishing crash of falling coconut palms sent wild chickens and birds screeching out of the jungle.

Our living quarters and our personal comfort, even to the digging of fox-holes was sacrificed in favor of our mission; we had work to do and do quickly for in just eleven days this impenetrable tangle of tropical vegetation must be laid low and a smooth hard surfaced landing strip must be ready. While the work of unloading the ships in the lagoon went on and the various details started their work, the heavy equipment operators worked relentlessly, long hard hours of back breaking toil, twelve, sixteen and even eighteen hours at a stretch, with the result that in eight days we had a 4000 foot by 150 foot strip completed and ready for the first fighter plane to come in. Then on the 13th of December 1943, two tiny specks against the brilliant blue sky became two U. S. Navy Corsair Fighter planes, and we watched in fascination as they circled the island and then roared to a hovering halt over OUR strip and then settled gracefully to a stop to a group awaiting them. The planes were piloted by Marines and as they climbed out of the cockpits one yelled to the crowd,—“Anyone here from Texas?”

This marked the first portion of the work finished, but really it was only the beginning for much additional footage had to be added to the strip in length and width and tons upon tons of live coral must be dug, transported and spread, rolled, watered and rolled again and again until the surface was hard and safe and ready for the big



Partially graded but not completely surfaced, the new O'Hare Field was ready December 10, 1943; the first plane is pictured, ready to land December 13, 1943.

bombers to land. The strip itself was increased to an area 7700 feet long by 200 feet wide, large enough to accommodate the largest bombers then built.

The first bomber landed the 21st of December, 1943. We also added a 1950 foot coral sand strip which brought the total cleared area to 10000 feet by 400 feet, with hard stands 150 feet by 125 feet and 21000 feet of taxiways included. At this same time 19.4 miles of roads were cleared, graded and surfaced with coral, for vehicular access to the air strip. The live coral was taken from the lagoon bed by enormous six wheeled

carry-alls, or 'pans' and this work must all be done at low tide. Water trucks were kept busy constantly, wetting down the freshly deposited coral while diesel operated rollers worked continuously backward and forward packing it solid. The 23rd of March, 1944 saw the completion in its entirety of the now vital O'Hare Field, named in memory of Lieutenant Comdr. "Butch" O'Hare, famous Navy flier missing in action who left behind a heroic record that will be long remembered. O'Hare Field . . . that Seabee brains and brawn and sweat had transformed from the taro pits, the snarled undergrowth of tropical jungle and the site of stately palm trees to (so the



pilots told us,) the finest fighter and bomber strip in the South Pacific.

Accommodations for housing the Base Force of 9600 Officers and Enlisted men and facilities for servicing and operating fighter planes, bombers and transports were provided. A 12000 barrel capacity Tank Farm for storing vital fuels and oils was constructed, with a submarine pipe line 4983 feet long making possible the quick unloading of tankers anchored outside the lagoon. This was extremely difficult and unpleasant work for here in the tropics metal would get so hot that it couldn't be handled without gloves; those men who worked on the tank erection detail, and especially those who worked inside the tanks, deserve special praise for it was brutal work and many fainted from the heat.

We erected 63 Quonset huts, each 20 x 48 feet to provide hospitals, office and work shops for the other twenty-three service units that occupied Apamama.

Six steel storage huts each 40 feet by 100 feet were constructed for storing Base equipment and

supplies. Eleven frame structures were built for Chow-halls; while three observation towers built of heavy timbers were erected at strategic points. Three steel radio masts were erected. On the 4th of December 1943, work was begun in two twelve hour shifts, constructing a pier that would permit easy docking of LSTs; the pier must also have a hard surfaced roadway for heavy truck traffic from ship to shore. By the time we left Apamama the pier extended 2428 linear feet out in to the lagoon with its coral surfaced roadway measuring 26 feet in width; its height from low tide was 8 feet. The first LST to be unloaded at the new pier was on the 25th of February, and it was then loaded with part of the supplies and equipment that would accompany that part of the battalion which would move on to the Marshall Islands soon after.

The greater part of the work on the pier was done by native labor. Each group of twenty-five native workers required one Seabee supervisor; during the peak of operation on this job 426 native laborers, men and boys, were employed daily.

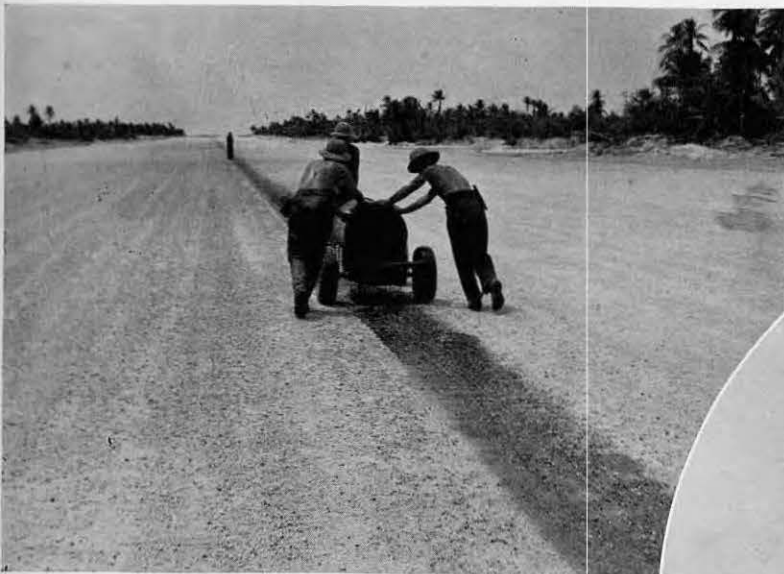
The natives loved to ride trucks or jeeps and

The Air Strip, Runways and Taxi-ways as seen from the air.

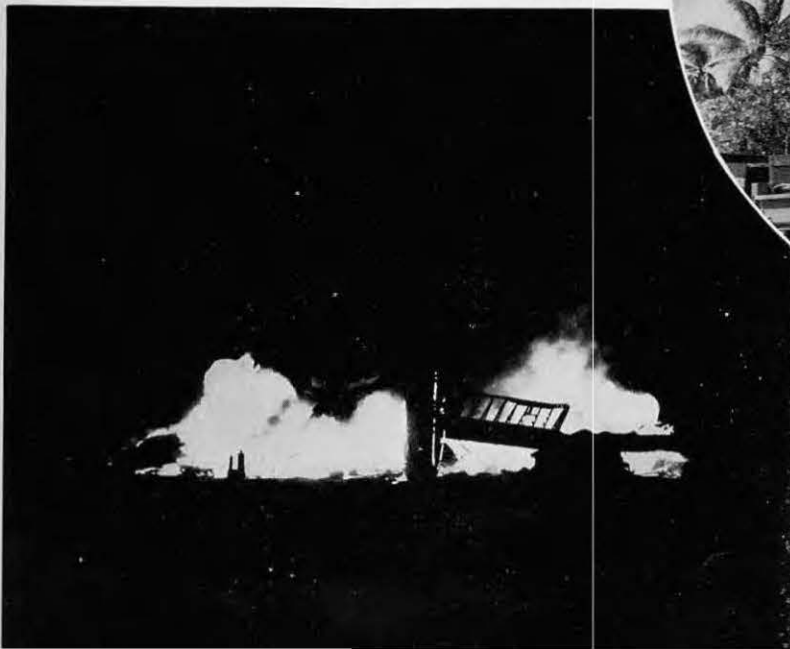




C46 Army Transport just after landing December 21, 1943; the first of the heavier type airplanes to come in.



*Painting a 4 foot center stripe on the runway.
Burning B24 Bomber after enemy air raid January 2, 1944.*



Observation and Control Tower.

Apamama



Security Guards and Ensign Jones, Chief Smith, Comdr. Johnson, Lt. Comdr. Lewis, Chief Burke, December 4, 1943.



Lt. McKay, Comdr. Johnson, Lt. Crosby, Guard Baldrige, December 3, 1943.

The first Water Still on Center Beach; Water Tender Jordan.

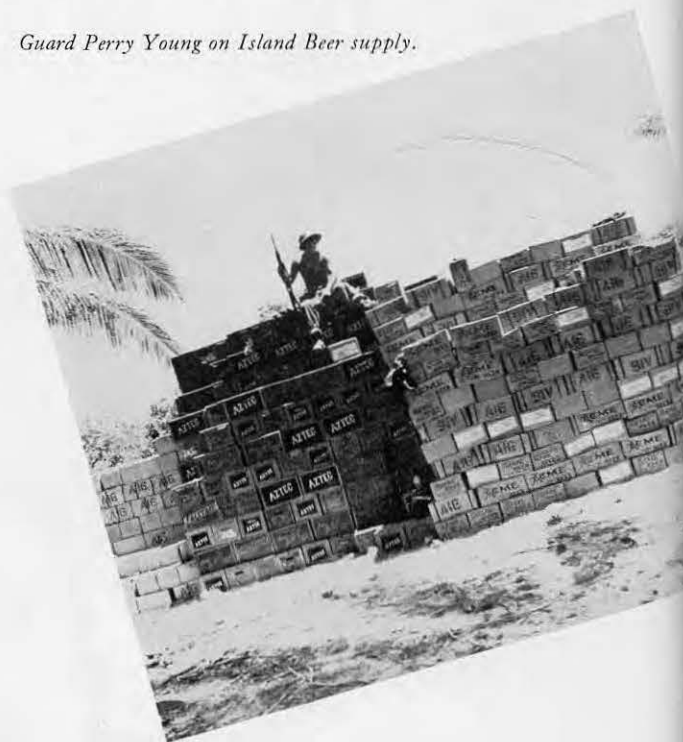


managed at every opportunity to climb aboard; once they were on they couldn't be dislodged and would frequently ride from early morning until late at night, although riding any vehicle on the Apamama roads was far from comfortable. The native men who worked were paid twenty-five cents a day, American currency, plus their meals. They were very fond of our cigaretttes and tobacco and became incessant smokers, and would barter native manufactured articles for tobacco, soap or clothing until it seemed that they had more clothing than we had. In the beginning, they were fed in our mess hall and as they developed a taste for our food, would come back into the chow line for seconds, until finally we built a chow hall for their own use, quite some distance from ours; a credit system was established later to enable them to purchase food at their native stores, so they could prepare it to suit their own tastes.

The first and only housing provided for the enlisted men of our battalion consisted of tents and tarps erected by us in our spare time soon after we came ashore; any improvements or additions were made by ourselves on leisure time. These shelters in most cases were without flooring or screening—open to any passing wild pig or chickens or flies.

Open air chow halls like "Ptomaine Joe's" at the strip offered a banquet to the millions of flies with the result that for a while there were many cases of dysentery. Mosquitoes were numerous and some cases of filariasis developed, but as soon as the Mosquito Control detail got underway this condition improved; we owe many thanks to this small conscientious band of workers.

Guard Perry Young on Island Beer supply.





The first cooked meal on Apamama, December 3, 1943; Fresh beef stew! Chief England, Marmilofski, Foley, Geida, Leiver, Lavenia, McDowell.

Our health was in the hands of two doctors and their staff of one Chief Pharmacist Mate and seven corpsmen. The Sick Bay the first days after landing was hardly more than a First Aid Station with a pup tent on poles to protect supplies. Three days after landing, a 16' x 16' tent had been erected and sick bay hours had been established for our personnel and the natives. Daily improvements were added until we moved to the permanent camp area; here our first aid station developed into a first class sick bay with three wards added for those needing regular attention and treatment.

We boasted an underground operating room

equipped with all modern surgery equipment. The hospital and accessory buildings had all been erected in a thick grove of coconut palms not only for good camouflage but for the welcome coolness of the shade. The Dental Office, an important division of our Medical Department, was opened December 12th. Our Dental Officer served men from Merchant Marine and LST ships in the lagoon as well as men from every outfit on the island except the Army.

Twenty-four hours after the first Water Purification and Distilling equipment had come ashore, sea water was rapidly being converted into fresh palatable water. Water stills were set up at





Water Still and Lister Bags at Beach 2, December 6, 1943.

intervals along the beach and lister bags and drums supplied drinking water for all. The other outfits on the island came to us for their water supplies, and later we set up stills for them and finally had nine 250 gallons per hour, seven 100 gallons per hour, and four 75 gallon per hour stills operating on the island that made enough water to total 55,000 gallons per day.

Our sanitation arrangements were comparatively simple and consisted principally of digging pit latrines and erecting simple country-style heads, screened with muslin; these were located at intervals throughout the camp area. Ingenious fly-traps were set out around the mess halls and galley and near the heads and although the annoying and dangerous fly pests were never entirely eliminated, they were brought well under control.

We ate K rations for several days after landing and never will forget our first cooked meal, a delicious beef stew (fresh beef 'procured' from one of the transports) with carrots, onions and a few potatoes, cooked in GI cans over fires of dried coconut husks, with freshly brewed coffee, and it really hit the spot! Our menu became very monotonous and consisted principally of Spam and other canned meats and dehydrated vegetables and eggs.

The chow hall those early days was crude, and was mainly a serving line under a roof; we ate out of mess gear, sitting cross-legged on the ground, on fallen tree trunks, on old boxes or anything that was handy, and were kept busy trying to balance the two-compartment mess gear in one hand and eat with the other and at the same time brush away the droves of flies. On the



Apamama

sixth day after landing a new aroma permeated the camp,—the deliciously tantalizing smell of freshly baked bread! It was a welcome addition to the menu and that first baked bread was the best our bakers have ever provided. The Commissary personnel deserve a lot of credit and their improvements kept pace with the rest of our work for on the 18th day of December we enjoyed the first meal in our newly constructed mess hall, a large roomy screened-in room. It was good to sit down at tables again and enjoy a meal comparatively free of the obnoxious flies.

Christmas came to the men of Apamama Island as more of a relief from the terrific round-the-clock work schedule, rather than a day of celebration of joy and merriment and 'Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men';—it was difficult to think of Christmas, living as we were practically astride of the equator in the technicolor atmosphere of a tropical island . . . Christmas means home and the association with loved ones and we were thousand of miles away from both. The various Chaplains made valiant attempts to help us, with Christmas Eve services . . . the age old

story of the birth of the Christ Child and the meaning of Christmas struck a nostalgic note in our hearts and for a brief interlude we went back through the years and were as little children again; it seemed we were still in that dream world when a real, live, flesh and blood Santa Claus, complete even to red costume and flowing white beard made his appearance and visited the tents and promised re-rates and discharges. Christmas Day was full holiday;—our first day free from work since we landed, with the highlight of the day a good dinner,—roast fresh (frozen) turkey with all the trimmings. The day was spent by most of us simply resting, while others explored the island, visited native villages or hunted for sea shells.

Communications . . . the nerve center of every outfit. The men assigned to this work broke all records in stringing their wires, reaching every main post along the beach and finally connecting every unit. A most welcome sound and strangely out of place in this place was the ringing of the first telephone. Amplifiers for the Public Address

A typical Seabee "lashup" (shelter); Greenslade, Chief Woehrl, Red Daniels.



Apanama

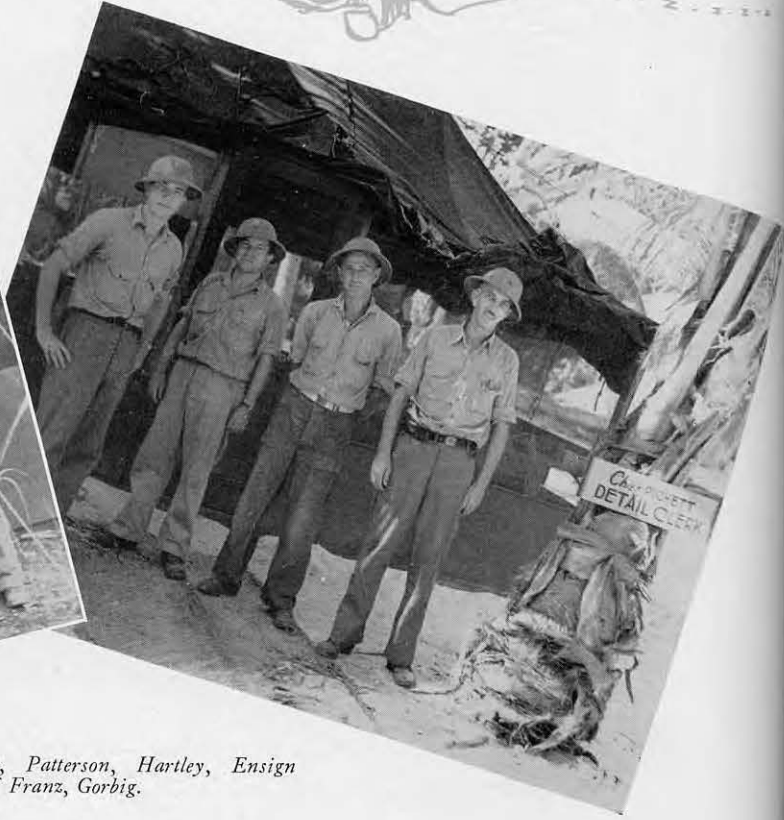


General Headquarters.

DETAIL OFFICE—Carkeet, Chief Phillips, Holzman, Chief Pickett.

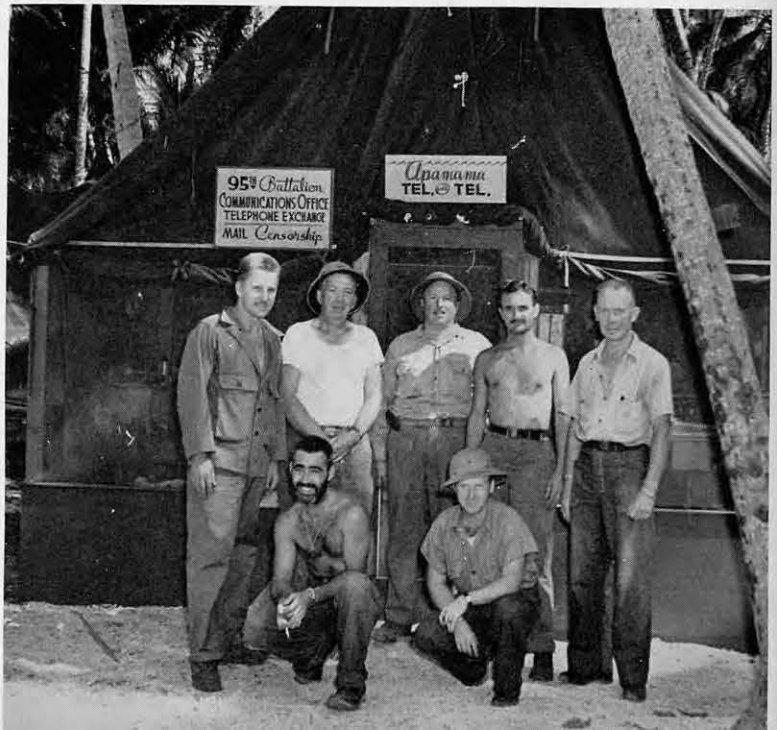
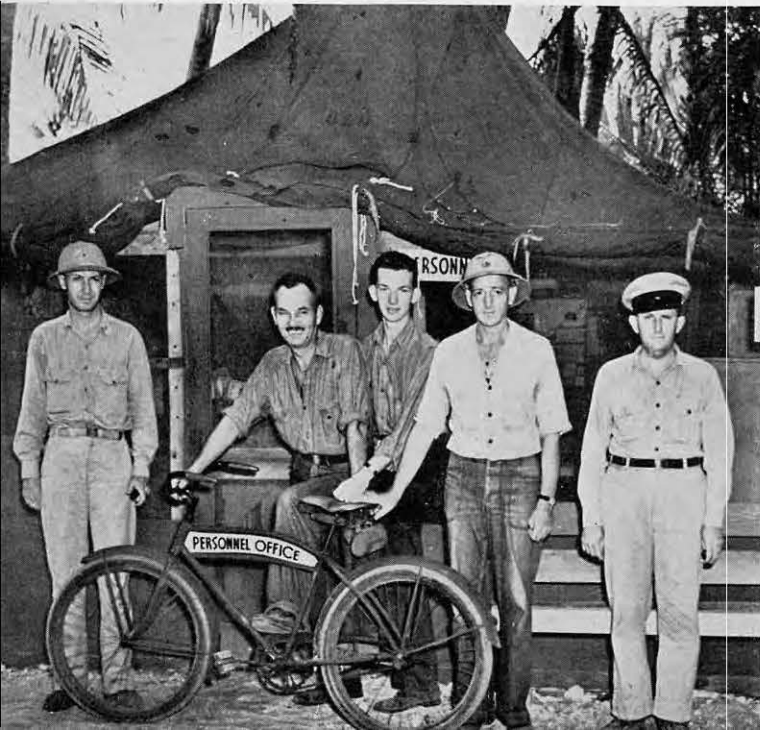


DISBURSING OFFICE—Westcott, Patterson, Hartley, Ensign Morey, Early, Chief Franz, Gorbig.



PERSONNEL OFFICE—Ensign Morris, Wright, Murray, Ruettgers, Chief Rice.

CENSOR BOARD—Lehto, Chief Wellman, Carp. Berger, Bayardi, Wise; Horgan, Remert.





*Lt. Comdr. Lewis and Comdr. Johnson
in conference.*



*LIBRARY—Potter, Chaplain Cooper,
Wagner, Koepfel, Remert.*



*POST OFFICE—Lehto, Welch, Cagley,
McElhone, Jones.*

The 95th TONSORIAL PARLOR—Barbers Saraceno, Winslow, Richards and Lebro.

*COMMUNICATIONS—Wenner, Busher, Woods, Carp. Berger, Chief Tabor,
Gerald, Burkett.*





The 95th DISPENSARY—insert, Lt. Comdr. Mansfield, Medical Officer.

*The first Sick Bay at Center Beach,
November 30, 1943.*



system were installed high on coconut palms around the camp area, to summon personnel, give out notices and in the evenings to broadcast transcribed entertainment. Evening time is dreaming time . . . the time when a man's thoughts would travel across thousands of miles to his loved ones; sometimes the familiar music recalled pleasant times of the past; at other times it just increased the pain of homesickness; Later our PA system brought us amplified radio programs and was a link with the outside world.

We were thrilled in a far different manner when this same PA system would broadcast warnings of air raids and other alerts, or give notices of total blackouts and all-clear signals.

Our battalion photographer was busy these days recording for official records the work and the projects constructed. Working under extreme difficulties and the crudest of laboratories, he managed to tell the story of our first mission



Apamama

completely, in pictures, and those pictures made this Cruise Book possible.

From our first boot days at Peary we had been reminded of the value and comfort of divine services, and the need for spiritual guidance. Our training camps furnished comfortable places to worship but here we gathered under the trees and worshipped God in primitive fashion. For awhile the battalion chaplain used a part of the small library tent for Protestant services and his congregation sat on the ground outside. Catholic services were held nearby outdoors, too, with the altar and chaplain under the meagre protection of a tarp rigged between trees. Later the Library and Recreation Department were assigned to a larger tent, where it was possible to hold Protestant services also. Three chaplains served the battalion personnel; Chaplain Cooper of the 95th Battalion; Chaplain Glynn of the 16th Acorn, and Chaplain Robinson of the 8th DB USMC.

On the night of January 2, the Chaplain had just begun his sermon when the familiar wailing of the siren broke the stillness of the night with its harsh interruption. The Chaplain kept on talking, raising his voice enough to be heard over the insistence of the warning, and the men listened attentively thinking this was just another alert. Suddenly the night was torn apart with the

smashing crash of anti-aircraft 90 millimeter guns fired in batteries by our Marine neighbors, and the shells bursting high in the air made the excitement unbearable when the Chaplain said,—“Men, this looks like the real thing . . . we had better hunt for shelter” and then we moved,—but quickly! What a sad hunt that turned out to be for we had been so busy with twelve hour workdays that only a small percentage had dug bomb shelters. Those having shelters found on reaching them that they were already overcrowded but they dove in nevertheless. As we huddled together in closely packed silence we could hear the dull thuds and the ground vibration that meant falling bombs. This raid was directed at the air strip of course, and our immediate camp area suffered no damage but it did scare the hell out of us! You can be sure that we were very busy all of the next day digging and building strong bomb shelters. We didn't have long to wait for the next raid for it came the very next night! . . . this time apparently directed at a communications installation; they scored a close miss and one of the maintenance crew who was on the ladder during the raid, was knocked off by the terrific concussion of one of the bursting bombs. They by-passed us on the 4th of January but were back again on the 5th. Five Jap planes came over and while four of them kept to a safe height, the fifth came in low apparently for a close crack at the strip and he was blasted out of the air to crash into the sea a

ENGINEERS AND SURVEYORS—Wettman, Pierce, McKenna, Waldron, Tenney, Brasher, Zimmerman, Tracy, Whetton; Gunn, Buskirk, Jolley, Dean, Brenneman, Carroll, Merone, Loud, Carp. Boothby, Chief Wadlington, H. E. Johnson, Garrett, A. C. Davis, Read, Stubbs, Paschall.





APAMAMA CPO CLUB—Guilmette, Jennings, Duffy, Bundy, Woehrle, Sherman, Hooper, Malan, Farris, Black, Phillips, Darr, Nelson, Smith, Bowers, Greco, Bryant, Beck, Mix, Shepard, Shelton, Burke.

95th CHOW HALL—side view (incomplete).





Field Welder at work.

few miles off shore. One of our B-24 bombers received a direct hit which quickly turned it in to a raging inferno, leaving hardly enough of the plane for souvenirs for the Seabees who swarmed over it after the raid.

The fourth and final raid was of no consequence . . . as the enemy planes soared overhead they miscalculated and dropped their bomb loads on a nearby island that was un-inhabited and into the sea. Those that did land on our island were at the far end. We were lucky!

The casualties for the four raids were extremely light . . . two Marine gunners were killed by flying shrapnel, and one of our own men, Ralph A. Legge, of Company B, received stomach wounds from shrapnel; he was sent to the Hawaiian area for hospitalization, and later rejoined the battalion. Legge received the decoration of the Purple Heart.

The damage to O'Hare Field was relatively slight; the few bomb craters were soon filled and leveled until all trace of the raids had disappeared.

Many men were assigned to the Machine Shops; it was an endless task to keep motors perfectly tuned and the tons of heavy equipment kept in working order and repair. A department for lubricating motor equipment including tire repairs made the Machine Shop a complete and efficient unit. Machinery and equipment working constantly using primitive roads was a combination that kept these men continually busy.

Trying to live without the familiar necessity of electric light made the early days a hardship, but the electricians were on the ball almost immediately and as soon as the portable generators could be set up, they had power lines established and were busily engaged in wiring tents and



Artist Matarazzi paints insignia on Comdr. "Buzz" Miller's famous bomber "The Flying Thunderbug".

MACHINE SHOP—front row,—Lembo, Diaz, Simpson, Peters, Buckingham; Gordon, Spera, Crozier, Cherry, K. G. White, Gitler, Hamm, Beretsky, Brusso.



WELDERS—Connelley, Cochran, Baker, Rudman, L. H. Cole, Lt. Hudson, Ropitsky, Graham, Gogal; Winterbauer, Shorts, Dougherty, Sanderson, Zackel, Palmer.



Apamama



Chaplain Glynn of an Acorn unit, at Field Altar.

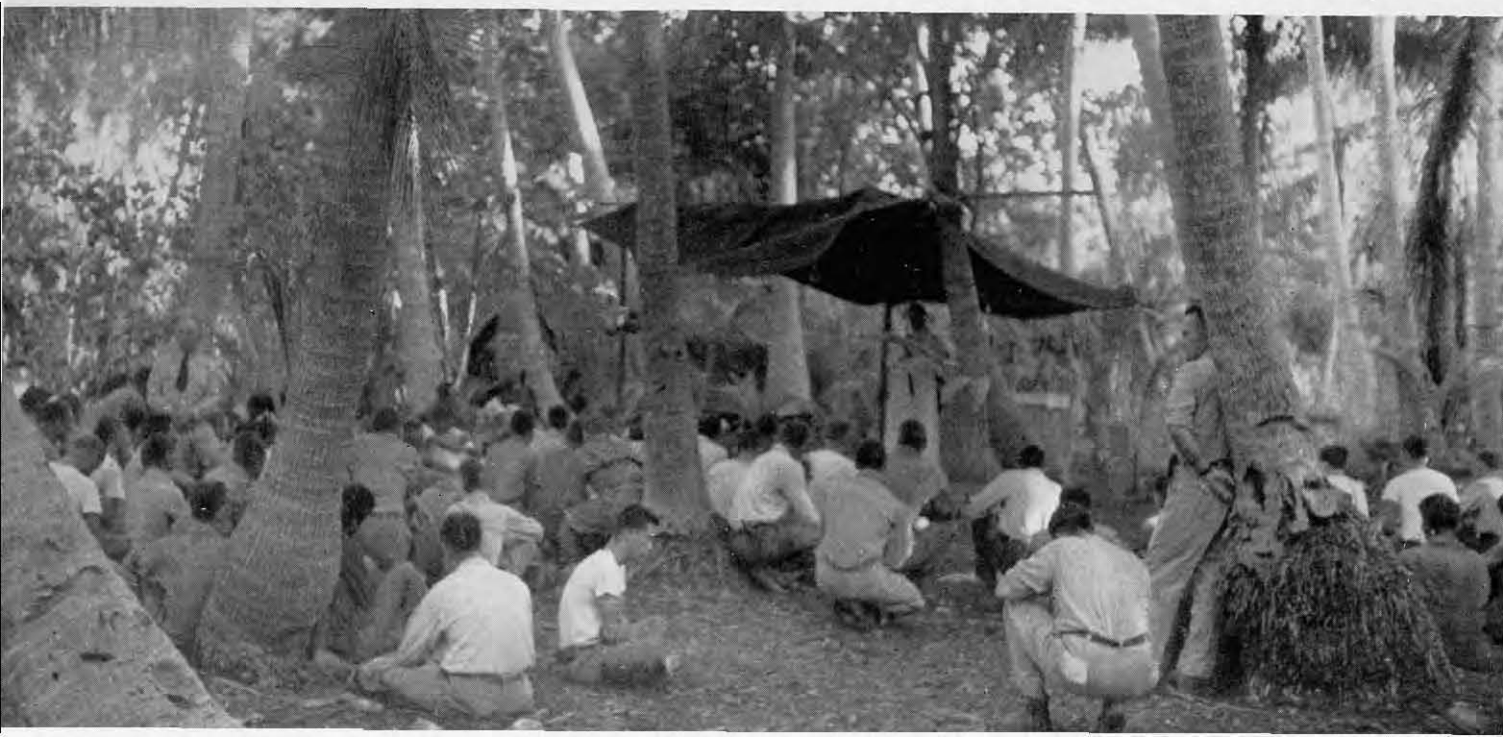
offices and the whole area was soon as brilliantly lighted as any small city back home. 95th electricians installed generators for every outfit on the island bringing electric light and power to all, until forty separate units had been put into operation, ranging in output from 75 K.W. per hour down to the small 5 K.W.s. The installation of these extra units was by no means easy, since we did not have sufficient new generator equipment; parts had to be either re-made or salvaged from discarded equipment. Even Jap generators were routed out from discarded junk to be overhauled, rewound and put back into operation.

As the major island projects neared completion, the Carpenter Detail and a large one it was, too, worked doggedly on; they were one of the first details to start to work and they worked right

up until the time to leave the island. They built everything from furniture to heavy timber towers, in a manner that was a credit to their ability. Although tents were used to house personnel and Quonset huts were erected to house supplies, many other buildings were built of wood. The main Field Operations tower was twenty-four feet high, with an observation room atop and a platform on all four sides; on top of this tower a large searchlight was mounted to flash signals to arriving and departing planes. The three guard towers built ranged in height from twenty to forty feet. In addition to the work for our own battalion, the carpenters built Mess Halls and other buildings and equipment for the other island units.

Under the direction of well trained plumbers and pipe fitters, a complete water system for the Galley, Scullery, Bakery and Dispensaries was installed and maintained, with extensions added for refrigeration and ice-making machines. While our construction progress added daily to our accomplishments and protection, a different type of work that meant much to our morale was underway. Our post office came into existence four days after we moved to the permanent area, and like most of the 'offices' it was a 16 x 16 tent. Mail call was from 1200 to 1300 and 1700 to 1800 daily; the day that brought the first mail to Apamama was a day filled with excitement for it had been a long time since we had received mail and it was doubly welcome. About the middle of January the Christmas packages started to arrive and continued to come through February. The first outgoing mail was censored and cleared early in December. The Censor Board at first was composed of four commissioned officers, two of

Catholic Mass Christmas Day, 1943.





*" . . . For they call it Apamama
And its hazy, golden glow
Comes from taffy colored maidens,
Sinuous, and sleek, and slow.*

*Yes, their raiment is the grasses,
Plus a bead or two for dress—
And indeed,—you will agree that
They could hardly do with less.*

*When the night wind's gently moaning
And the moon is not too bright,
They grow paler—paler—paler—
'Til you'd almost think they're white . . ."*



whom were Officers of the Day, and their headquarters was the first OOD lash-up—a shelter of palm branches, with a packing case for a desk. It wasn't long until the regular battalion censor board took over this work. For the period of occupation of Apamama, an average of 1000 letters a day were censored and cleared through the 95th post-office.

The first pay day was the 5th of January; our Disbursing Officer was a very busy man for in addition to paying the 95th he paid CASU, ARGUS, ACORN and the Bomber Squadrons, as well as the crews of commissioned ships that lay at anchor off Apamama and after part of the battalion personnel went to Roi, he flew there to make pay-day possible for those men.

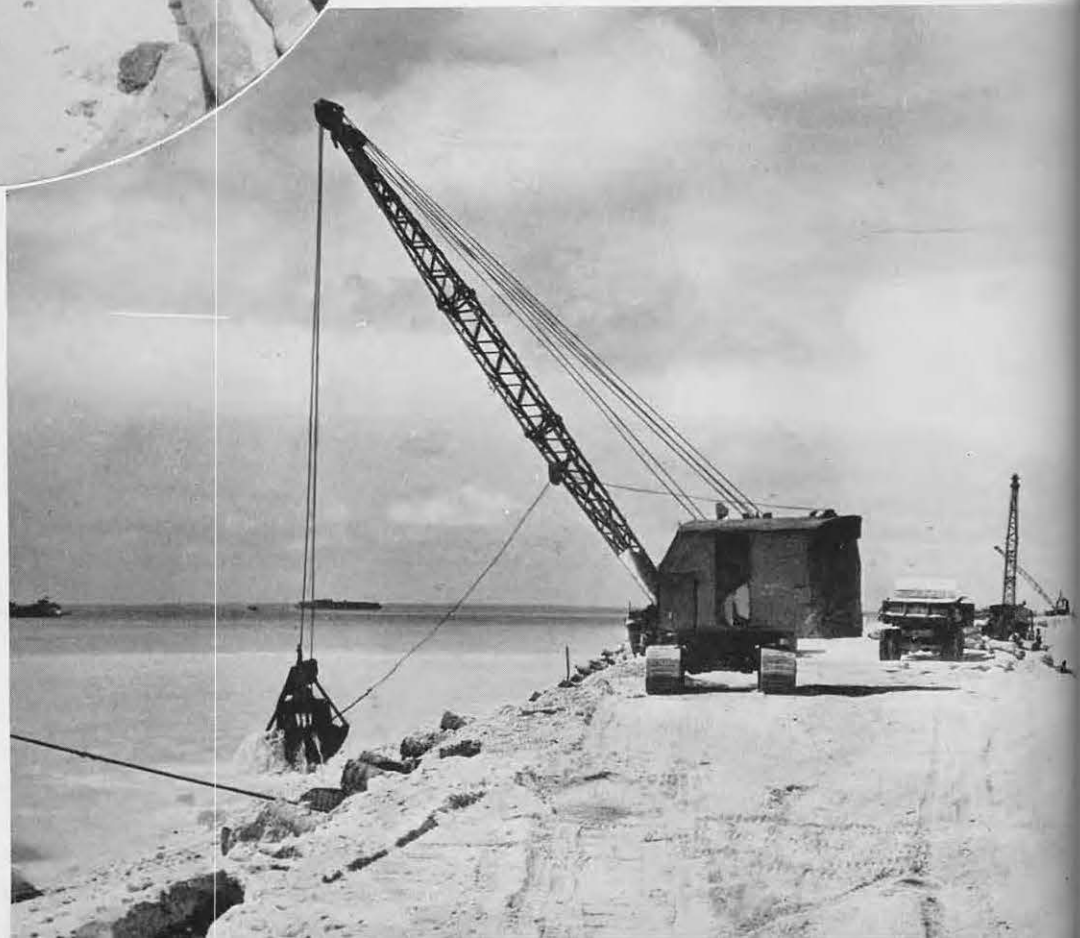
One of the least popular but none the less important details was the Security Guard. It was necessary to post men on guard duty over all supplies or rations, fuel, supplies equipment and particularly tools, as well as our tents. The men chosen for this dreary task could be seen pacing endlessly back and forth at all strategic points. Our Armory was well stocked with extra ammunition for carbines and special weapons, with capable gun-smiths available for inspection and repairs. Under the supervision of this department machine gun crews stood watch, independent of other island defense units.

The monotonous bill of fare offered by the Chow Hall was supplemented by snacks prepared by the men themselves (and on the whole, much more enjoyed); some of the fishermen caught small fish and cooked them, but anything that could be



Landing craft tied up to the causeway.

Construction of the causeway.



Apamama

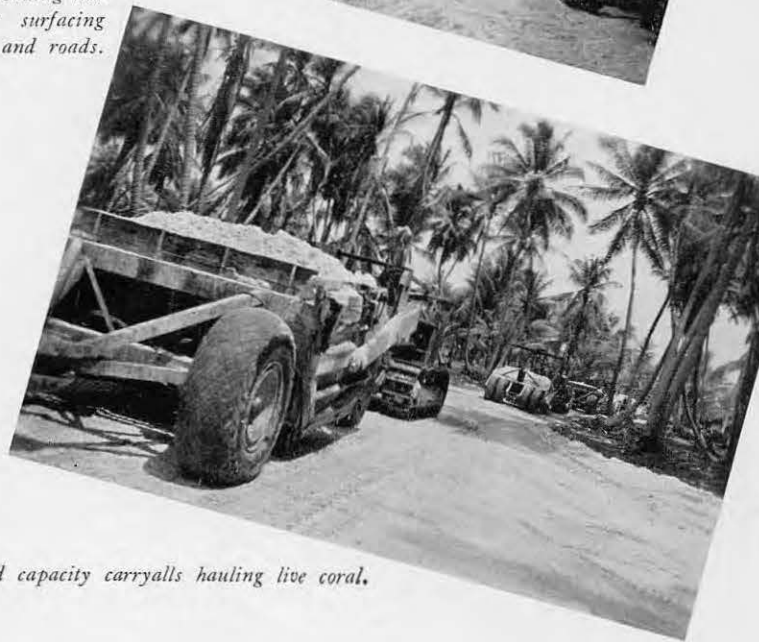
eaten was welcome . . . french fried potatoes, bacon, eggs, an occasional wild chicken . . . with any canned fruit you could wish for . . . canned fruit juices and canned meats. Many a 'Lash-up' or 'Folly' boasted a trapdoor in the floor with a good cache of procured canned goods.

Shorter working hours developed inactive minds and those with a craving for liquor began experimenting with the result that several stills were built and a moderate amount of 'kick-a-poo' juice was run off; a sort of wine was made of canned fruit and fruit juices, yeast and sugar, or raisins, water, yeast and sugar, and these fermented juices were run through a still producing a potent liquor that would knock the top off your head. This is not an exclusive Seabee practice for service men all over the world have satisfied their thirst for alcoholic beverages by making them.

As the work slacked off somewhat, trucks were available for a Sunday trip to the native villages to visit and trade for native manufactured goods. In the beginning we could secure anything for a trade of clothing, soap or cigarettes, but it wasn't long until the selfishness and greed of the white man anxious to get something before his mates, bribed the natives with money and soon money



Overhead Loader at low tide, loading live coral for surfacing runways and roads.



17 yard capacity carryalls hauling live coral.

HEAVY EQUIPMENT CREW—Chief Cheesman, Warbuton, D. D. Banks, Garlick, Hartness, Murie, Taraska, Chief Hamilton, N. C. Jones, Goss, Welch, Mensch, Ailan, Reardon, Lt. McKay, Le Beau, Risk, Mikusi, M. T. Johnson, Dudley, Pastillo, Funderburg, Kimbrell, R. Y. Johnson, Chandler, Wert, Chief Sherman, Peck, Yanchunis, Ensign Lewis, Benzing, Chief Shelton, Glenn.





Lumber yard and Carpenter shop.

The "CAN-DO REVUE" presented by the 95th N.C.B., Sunday, February 20, 1944, produced and staged under the direction of John DiCiocco and Tony Saraceno.



Apamama

was the medium of exchange. Notices of prices for native wares were posted. Before the villages were posted as 'out of bounds' to troops, we were often invited inside a hut to be shown beautiful handicraft, finely woven baskets and sleeping mats in many lovely designs, patiently woven of bleached pandanus leaves, which were offered for trade. Their chickens and pigs were for sale, too, but it was more fun to try to capture one; both were so tough that we soon lost interest in them. A final sign of civilization was the advent of Shore Patrolmen; it was the SP's job to keep us away from the native villages and out of the huts that were the homes of the natives.

Perhaps the most colorful of all the days on Apamama was the day of celebration and the entertainment sponsored by the 95th. All of the Island units were invited to participate in the show, and the natives were also asked to contribute singers and dancers for the general entertainment. Soon after noon chow of a Sunday afternoon men from all over the island started to gather and choose choice vantage points; the natives were ahead of them for some came early in the morning and waited patiently for the show to begin. Natives came from all over the atoll dressed in their best grass skirts, bits of brightly colored cloth and wearing garlands of flowers or tiny seashells in their hair. The 95th Band supplied the background of instrumental music, ably assisted by a small swing orchestra, the "Marine Hep-Cats", that kept the crowd humming and swaying in rhythm. Vocal and instrumental solos as well as tricky tap dances kept the crowd

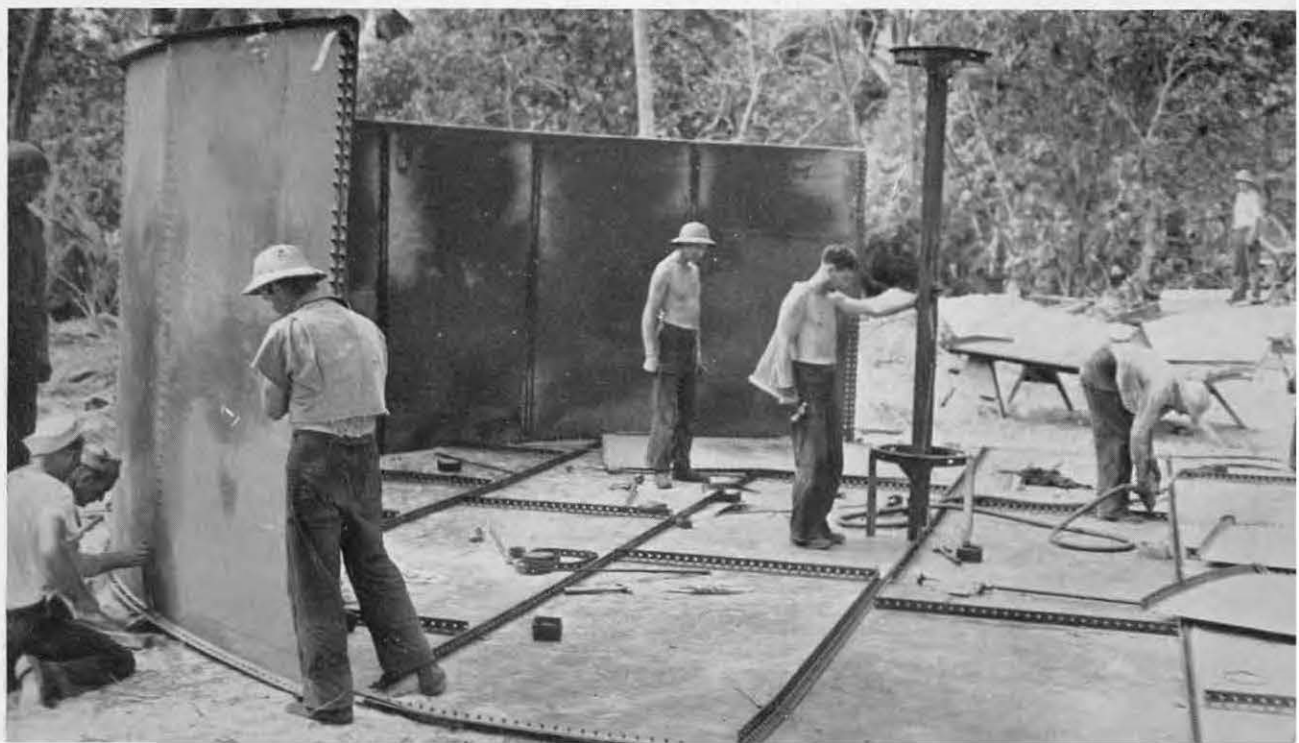


Launching Pipe Line from Tanker buoy to tank farm, January 18, 1944.



Storekeepers, Lawrie, Carlile, LaFleche.

TANK FARM—A group of Tank Erectors at work on one of the twelve 1000 gallon tanks.





Apamama

Scenes on the Island of Apamama, particularly in

A sign of the times.

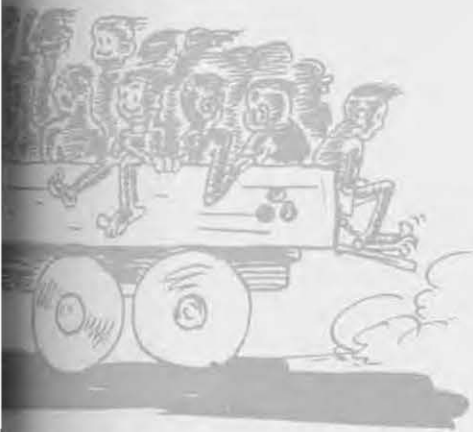
A typical Gilbertese family.



*Lindeman poses with an OLD friend—
a Gilbertese belle of the '90's.*



*The camera was more fascinating than the
chocolate bars.*



SCENES

and around the native village of Tekatirirake.

The home of the Island Priest, Father Mehl.



Native families.



The village of Tekatirirake.



The Mission Village.





One of the early drum-showers.



Barbers Winslow and Richards.



amused and entertained. The natives furnished several group dances, and one feature dancer . . . remember Maria? Her beautifully proportioned body, naked save for a grass skirt and the ceremonial leaf skirt over it, and the beads that are worn only during a dance, with her skin oiled with coconut oil to a sleek slipperiness that helped make her dance a thing of liquid rhythm, was a feature of the show; it's too bad she was so shy. A group of natives sang several native songs, but the publicity cramped their style and their songs lacked the freedom and beauty that accompanied their singing on the trucks and as they worked. We will always remember their plaintive half sad, half sweet songs.

As our mission neared completion, we sensed that we were due to move on or have a change of some sort; when a Seabee begins to get comfortable, it is a certain sign that he is due to pack up and move and undergo the hardships of setting up a new camp again. Sure enough, one morning disclosed pages of the battalion muster posted on the walls of the Mess Hall, with check marks after certain of the names; it was the notice that those men whose names were checked were to pack all gear and prepare to move on to another job; recent scuttlebutt had said that these men were to move to Roi island in the Marshall group, a current hot spot. For some of those who packed up and prepared to leave, it was a time of separation from close friends and buddies; for others it meant the excitement of a new strike . . . a new adventure and they were eager to be gone. The night was filled with gatherings . . . farewell parties and

Christmas Eve, 1943—Santa Claus (Popadinecz) surrounded by Jim Conner, Bowers, Morrison, Viserta, Parker, Shepard, Smallwood, Nelson, Woehrl, Verdon and Duffy.



Apamama

men helping each other gather together and pack their gear.

The sailing date had been set for 29th of February 1944, but although the convoy of three LSTs was loaded that day, it did not depart until the following day, the 1st of March. Trucks were loaded with men and their gear the morning of the 29th and the ride out to the end of the 95th built pier began . . . past the familiar places . . . and past the groups of natives who had gathered along the road to wave and yell "Tiakabo" (Chack-ar-bo) meaning, literally, "May we meet again"! The ships were loaded and anchored in the lagoon until the next morning and about nine o'clock the small convoy of LSTs and destroyer escorts was underway.

Back on Apamama a strange silence pervaded the camp area, particularly noticeable in the mess hall and the ease with which a fellow could get into the chow line.

There was routine work for those who were left behind to attend to regular duties to perform but we all knew we were just marking time waiting for the BMU to relieve us. We were not long in waiting for Base Maintenance Unit No. 557 soon arrived and we made preparations to board the ship that had brought them. The first day the BMU were ashore was spent in helping them get established. One of our mates discovered that his brother was with this BMU and they had a happy but brief reunion in the midst of the confusion and excitement of moving.

Finally on the morning of the 29th of March we boarded the trucks that were to take us out to the pier; as we rode along the familiar road we could not help but compare it with the road as we had first seen it . . . from a narrow smooth lane through thick groves of coconut palms it had become a wide, well surfaced highway; the stately trees that had lined the road had gone, cut down to allow more room. The natives were gathering to bid us farewell, dressed in holiday attire with their best grass shirts, brightly colored flowers in their hair and the strings of beads that were worn only on special occasions; some wore reminders of our stay . . . Navy scivvie shirts, an occasional pair of dungarees or a complete outfit of greens with sun helmet or white hats. One island beauty was outstanding in the crowd, clothed in a bright

yellow dress; as the wind whipped her skirt about, it revealed the traditional grass skirt underneath. As we boarded the small craft that would take us out to our transport they yelled and waved good-byes and good luck. We boarded our ship four weeks after our mates had left for Roi, and four months from the day we had landed. Just an hour or so before dusk we prepared to sail on the return voyage to Hawaii. As our ship moved slowly out to sea and the shores of Apamama receded from view, the happiness at leaving to return to civilization was tinged with sadness as we recalled the beauty and peacefulness of this island that Robert Louis Stevenson had labeled as the most beautiful of all of the South Pacific islands. We recalled the island as we had first seen it . . . the luxuriant extravagance of tropical nature . . . the clean coral beaches . . . the tall stately palm trees leaning toward the lagoon bent by the constant trade winds . . . the incomparable sunsets, blazes of glory reflected in the deep blue sea . . . the magic of the moonlight that transformed the island into a fairyland silvering the palm fronds and making the lagoon an unforgettable picture . . . the faint sweet sadness of a native song in the distance . . . it was the south sea island of the story books.

As we lined the ship's rails we had our last glimpse of Apamama, aglow with man-made light, and we wondered if our stay had destroyed all of the simplicity of native life, or had we contributed anything to better living for them?

Preparing a snack—probably procured.



The Sisters and the Seabees

by Edgar L. Jones, Correspondent for the ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Reprinted by permission of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

In a palm-shrouded, forgotten corner of the Gilbert Islands I have just met Three** Catholic nuns, survivors of Japanese occupation, who daily say grateful prayers for the U. S. Navy Seabees. To these three Sisters, isolated for many years in a native mission, the Seabees are gum-chewing galahads, saints on bulldozers, laughing, souvenir crazy, benevolent Yanks, who brought them the twentieth century, complete with refrigeration.

The three Sisters are the only white women on Apamama, a sleepy tropical island almost exactly on the equator. On some maps the twenty-mile atoll is spelled Abemama, but on most maps it is not spelled at all. Unlike Tarawa, Apamama is a richly verdant atoll, one of the few which satisfy an American's dreams of a South Sea paradise. On it a thousand Micronesian natives live effortlessly on coconuts and fish.

Until the Japs occupied Apamama in 1942, the island slumbered in a timeless setting. Four times a year a trading schooner stopped briefly to exchange tobacco and brightly colored cloth for copra, the natives' one cash crop. The missionaries attended to the natives, educational and spiritual needs, which were few. Save for Robert Louis Stevenson, who stayed six months on the island before moving on to Samoa, no white visitors ever remained long on Apamama. Therefore the Japanese, with a garrison force of fewer than two hundred men, had no trouble in establishing the New Order, which at best only amounted to bullying a few natives into digging defensive positions for guns.

The Japanese found no favor with the native women, and were even less popular with the males, whose drinking of fermented coconut toddy they tried to curtail. By November, 1943, when our Marines took over, the Japanese garrison had dwindled to twenty-five men who ran a radio and weather station. While the bulk of the American invasion forces were battling for Tarawa, a small group of Marines landed by submarine on nearby Apamama, where they killed one Japanese and shoveled dirt into the hole where the remaining twenty-four conveniently had committed suicide. Excluding one native child with rather obvious

Japanese features, no trace exists today of the New Order on Apamama.

Although the Japanese occupation did nothing to disturb the lethargy of life on Apamama, it was a different story when the Seabees swarmed ashore on the heels of the Marines. With bulldozers, road-graders, the steam roller, the Seabees whacked a broad swath through the coconut trees and laid down a coral-packed airstrip. They dredged the reefs for sufficient sand to extend a stout pier into the deep water, erected a city of Quonset huts, and tents, constructed machine shops and control towers, and introduced the mystifying game of baseball.

The natives were aghast, their sensibilities shattered by such a display of energy in their enervating climate. Stimulated, however, by the fact that a dollar was a dollar and an easy one at that, they quickly caught the working fever and began the mass production of baskets, grass skirts, miniature outrigger canoes and other trinkets dear

Sister Dolores and Sister Mary.



*Editors Note: The Seabees referred to are the 95th Naval Construction Battalion.

**While the 95th C. B. was on duty at Apamama, only two Sisters were stationed at the Mission—Sister Dolores and Sister Mary.



The Apamama native Catholic Mission, sponsored by the Order of the Sacred Heart.

to the hearts and pocketbooks of Americans. In fact they made their handicraft extremely dear, exacted heavy tolls for doing laundry, swapped mats off their floors for tobacco and knives, did odd jobs for clothing, and adopted a system of American currency with invalidated anything smaller than a five dollar bill.

Several weeks passed before the Seabees had time to investigate the Society of the Sacred Heart, the Catholic Mission situated for many years on a remote tip of Apamama. Except at low tide the mission was cut off from the main portion of the island, and the first Seabees to go across the reef were awed by their discovery of the Three White Sisters and their old French priest, who lifted his mosquito netting and waved from the bed where he had lain ill for more than a year.

To the Seabees, the Mission was out of this world, a fragment of yesterday which they could appreciate, but never understand. The graying clapboard church standing in a landscaped clearing, created a spiritual atmosphere in sharp contrast to their own warring world. The barn-like schoolhouse with its ancient wooden benches was a throwback to Tom Brown and David

Copperfield. Why the three Sisters, Australians by birth, had devoted their lives to the indolent uncaring natives the Seabees did not know, but they instinctively realized that the Sisters were lonely white women who lacked nearly every essential of physical comfort. The word spread, and on succeeding Sundays the Seabees came in laughing, jostling jeep-loads, all bearing gifts.

As the Sisters themselves point out, the Japanese had not actually mistreated them or molested the mission. But they were continually sneaking about, hoping to find fresh food and wine, scouring the underbrush for supposedly downed American flyers, and prying into every corner after a hidden radio set. So the three Sisters had buried their sacramental wine, hidden their few chickens in the bushes, chased prowling Japanese out of their church, and lived like the natives on coconuts, pandanus, fish, and crabs. The last trading schooner, had stopped at Apamama late in 1941, and for two years the Sisters had to carry on their missionary work without the benefit of fresh provisions, without medical supplies, without mail or any news from the Allied world. The old French priest, their spiritual leader, was slowly dying, and the presence of their Japanese con-

querors had seemed like an unending nightmare. Then the Seabees came. They did not sneak into the Mission grounds, as the Japanese had done; nor did they stand and look about quietly, minding their own business, as the Sisters' British countrymen would probably have done. From the commanding officer to the unrated seamen, the Seabees adopted the Sisters as their personal charges, stocked the Mission with canned rations, passed along books and newspapers, shared their candy from home, and made sure that the bed-ridden priest had the best of medical care. They displayed pictures of their wives, requested countless souvenirs, talked about their girls with candid optimism, and asked a thousand questions.

Unless one has actually seen the expression on the faces of the three Sisters as they discuss the Seabees, it is difficult to appreciate how much the Seabees mean to them. Reared in seclusion and piously dedicated to assisting the natives, the three Sisters were no longer young women. One has spent twenty-two years in native missions, and the other two almost as many. The few men they ever before had known had treated them differentially, as nuns. They had never met anyone from the United States.

I asked the Sisters how it seemed suddenly to have so many Americans around all at once. They smiled and admitted that they were alarmed at first, because they did not know how to take the Seabees. The Yanks, they said, were never disrespectful, and yet they managed to incorporate the Sisters in their American way of living with an alacrity which left the Sisters gasping. They were swept into a new world of laughing banter, bewildering candor, and casual generosity. Before long the Sisters were swapping jest for jest, flying about the island in jeeps, and enjoying their unexpected but never unexciting life as the Sisters of the Seabees.

The Seabees knew that soon they would move from Apamama to a new base closer to Japan, where fresh supplies and a more hazardous reconstruction job would await them. So with

plenty of equipment on hand they set out to modernize the mission. In the church, schoolhouse, and living quarters of the Sisters and the priest, the Seabees replaced the flickering candles with electric lights. They taught a native how to operate the small portable electric generator, which they left behind with an ample supply of fuel. Unwilling to see the frail Sisters carry cumbersome buckets from a well, they presented them with an electric pump salvaged from the Japanese. The wiring and plumbing they did on their time off. Apologizing for not being able to furnish them with an electric washing machine, the Seabees gave the Sisters a kerosene refrigerator, an unheard-of luxury for tropical islanders. For the first time the grateful women were able to have ice-cold water and to keep their provisions fresh. The Seabees even taught them how to make ice cream from canned milk and powdered fruit extracts. As a final good-will gesture, the Seabees brought the whole world within range of the isolated Sisters by producing a radio powerful enough to pick up music and news from America, Australia, and New Zealand. The tiny church when I saw it, had its altar bedecked with hundreds of delicate paper flowers. When I marveled at the flowers, one of the Sisters explained that the natives had made them from colored paper sent from the States. Real flowers are scarce on Apamama because of the absence of bees. So a Seabee had written to his mother that the Sisters needed colored paper, and had given her the name of the Mission and the nearest Naval Air Transport unit. The delicate Madonna standing behind the altar rail had come from a similar source. Long after the Seabees had left, the statue arrived in a package postmarked Chicago.

The Sisters were wearing ankle length blue and white habits which reminded me of the uniforms worn by nurses aides at home. Wondering where they were able to get the material, I found that the answer, once again, was the Seabees. One of the men from a Field Hospital brought them some white sheets and then had his mother send blue dye from America. The Sisters' special delight





Interior of the Mission; note there are no pews; worshippers sit and kneel on pandanus floor mats.

was their habits reserved for Sunday best—hand-made from the silk of a slightly damaged parachute. They showed me their Seabee Library, as they called it. On the left side of a large bookcase were their own religious books and publications in faded paper bindings; on the right were at least two hundred new books in bright covers. SHIRER'S BERLIN DIARY was there, and Bringle's LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT; Willa Cather was well represented, and so was Agatha Christie. In sharp contrast to the THOUGHTS FOR REFLECTION on the left was a mystery novel entitled MURDER IN A NUNNERY on the Seabee side. And there were large stacks of magazines. More than a year has passed since the first Seabees discovered the Mission and the three Sisters. The war has left Apamama two thousand miles behind the front. At irregular intervals small inter-island boats of the British Crown Colony stop at the atoll to leave food and mail, and patrol planes circle the island to make sure everything is in order.

For the three Sisters life is much more abundant than during the pre-Seabee days. If you visit them, they proudly exhibit their electric generator purring complacently under a plaited grass canopy, and lead you into the presence of their cherished Madonna, and, on special occasions, take a bottle of wine from their precious refrigerator so that you can drink a toast with the old French priest, who now is in better health and looking forward to his transfer to a cooler climate. When the shyness has worn away, they will ask you to sign their guest book below the names of more than three hundred Seabees. If you want to feel a warming wave of pride in your countrymen, ask about those Seabees, what they were like, whether or not they were of the same religion as the Sisters. Without hesitation and as a sort of benediction, the three Sisters will assure you that their Seabees were of no particular race, creed or color—they were "just plain Yanks", for whose safety the Sisters pray daily as they follow the news over their powerful Seabee radio.





The low coast line of Roi and Namur as we first saw it March 5, 1944

Roi-Namur

Approximately one half of the battalion under the leadership of Commander W. L. Johnson and Lt. F. E. Hudson, as Executive Officer of this section, left Apamama March 1, 1944, and after an uneventful trip aboard LSTs arrived at Roi, Sunday, March 5, 1944. As we laid at anchor in the lagoon awaiting orders to make a beach landing we were all grimly impressed with the desolation and destruction of the tiny strip of land that was to be our future home. Days of continuous shell fire from the fleet and bombings for our Air Forces had reduced the enemy installations to a mass of rubble and with the assistance of Marine ground forces had annihilated the Jap garrison. The view from our LST deck left one with an

immense respect for the might and fire power of the U. S. Navy. Later, when we went ashore, we could see more clearly the full effects of the American victory;—as far as the eye could see was desolation; . . . piles of broken concrete enmeshed with twisted masses of steel . . . broken and splintered wood still smouldering and smoking and crumpled corrugated steel sheets. Piles of dirt everywhere . . . huge bomb craters filled with stagnant water and with pieces of wood and bits of cloth floating idly . . . discarded articles of clothing and fragments of tents and tarps . . . torn rags that might have been some Marine's scivvy shirt . . . empty beer and sake bottles, wooden boxes and empty sand bags



. . . blood soaked battle bandages . . . unexploded cartridges and belts of heavier calibre ammunition ground into the dust . . . overall hung the nauseating stench of death like an oppressive cloud. The wonder of it was that the sun still shone brightly in a sky of flawless blue. It was a devastating scene but not a quiet one. The roar of heavy equipment was deafening; bulldozers pushing and worrying piles of rubble trying to clear space for incoming supplies . . . trucks loaded to capacity with rubbish . . . jeeps loaded with "gold braid" running from here to there . . . a little in the distance the noisy coming and going of sleek fighter planes. Through clouds of dust "our flag was still there" as it could be seen flying proudly from the temporary base headquarters that had so recently housed a frustrated enemy, adding the only color to an otherwise drab scene.

By details we moved quickly to the adjoining island of Namur—over a Jap built causeway that connected the two islands, past an enclosure of white crosses that marked the resting place of those brave men who had made the supreme sacrifice that this miserable strip of land could be used as a base to help drive the Jap into oblivion. No time was lost in choosing temporary camp sites, getting personal gear together and ourselves squared away ready to do the job we came to do—



Comdr. Johnson waiting on the beach at Roi to welcome us.

LST 241 ready to disgorge its cargo of 95th men and equipment March 5, 1944.





'Dozers starting to clear an area for the 95th camp.

the tremendous job of transforming this pile of ruin into an efficient and orderly Naval Air Base. The immediate problem of food was solved by our eating with a Marine defense battalion, but construction of our own mess hall, galley and bake-shop was started immediately; the engineers had already laid out a permanent camp site and their field corps were at work . . . heavy equipment operators were busily engaged in the huge task of clearing an area for our permanent camp;—all turned to for the preliminary, dirty, heavy work, and it wasn't long until the carpenters, electricians, welders and other details were at work in their own shops. Mail censorship was set up immedi-

ately and the first outgoing mail, twenty-six letters, was cleared 6 March 1944.

A new design and layout for the mess hall was adopted and with concrete details, carpenters, Quonset hut erectors, plumbers, electricians, welders, etc., working day and night, the new mess hall was completed and the first meal, a delicious roast beef dinner, was served Sunday 12 March . . . just exactly one week from the day we landed. Four hundred and seventy-two men were served in twenty minutes!

A number of projects were assigned to this section of the 95th;—general cleanup of the Island of Namur, to remove the tremendous piles of rubbish and to prepare the ground for living and working areas; the tangled masses of steel reinforcing rods meshed in chunks of concrete were perhaps the most stubborn things to remove and defied the patience of the 'dozer operators. We designed and erected a large frame general headquarters building,—and an underground Command Post to house radio and code units.

A beautiful home was designed and built for the Island Commander, featuring native style architecture—equipped with comfortable furniture designed, built and painted by 95th craftsmen—complete even to a flush toilet which was a real luxury indeed on this island "X". A Club House and a separate Officers' Mess for Fleet Officers

The 95th Camp Area March 5, 1944.



Roi Namur

use and entertainment, were built; the club boasted a large bar beautifully painted and decorated with glamorous girls, the work of our own men. Complete furniture for these two buildings was also built by us.

Meanwhile a tank farm and piping system for aviation fuel was constructed and placed into operation and later an efficient system of roadways was laid out and graded and additional plane landing strip areas on Roi were furnished. Work went forward week after week; what most of us had hoped would be a short tour of duty was developing into months of steady work.

The demolition squads spent untold hours reducing the ruins of the well built Jap Headquarters building; it must have been discouraging work, for huge charges of dynamite failed to produce much more than a pulsating shudder to the shapeless heap of rubble, and left the area hidden under a dust cloud. A Parachute Loft was built for CASU and 19 large (40 x 200) Quonset type storage buildings were erected for ASD with the complete deck areas concreted, the areas between the buildings concreted and a 50 foot wide street in this area was also concreted. A 100 foot steel tower was erected for a new type of Radar equipment and one of the carpenter details built an 80 foot signal tower of heavy timbers and erected

it on Ivan Island;—a coral pier was constructed on Anthony Island. We built an emergency hospital and then a larger, frame 300 bed hospital complete with operating rooms, diet kitchen and mess hall was built on Roi.

After this was disposed of the barber shop was built here.



This later became the Shop Area.





*Pratt, Couss, J. Martin, Chief Black, Scally,
getting ready to blast.*

A large area was graded and prepared for the future for enlisted men of the Fleet as a shore recreation center with a fine baseball diamond, track, basketball court, etc., with an adjoining plot transformed into a large outdoor movie and entertainment amphitheater. A concrete pier that was originally built and used by the Japs was repaired and christened "Yokohama Pier" and the wreckage of a hammerhead crane was cut apart and removed; our divers cleared the pier area so that U. S. Harbor Craft could make use of the pier.

The two large Jap aircraft hangars that had been beaten and pounded into a twisted mass of steel junk by our guns and bombs were torn down and removed from the edge of Dyess Field.

Several Jap harbor craft and landing barges were

The island of Roi in the distance; Namur in the foreground, connected by the Jap built coral causeway.





95th Water Stills and supply, March 9, 1944.



The Chow Hall almost completed March 9, 1944.

The Chow Hall completed, ready for the first meal, Sunday, March 12.





The Camp site March 7, three days after landing.



*Temporary Sick Bay March 8, 1944 —
Parker, Richards, Bykowski, H. Dawson
and Peterman.*

salvaged and repaired. Two huge Jap electric generators were found and put into use and eventually supplied most of the island power, and a large Jap switchboard was re-wired and converted to Base use. A battered enemy blockhouse was repaired and rebuilt as a Station Brig.

Eventually the Navy Department plans to move the bodies of all U. S. service dead temporarily interred on Roi, Namur and other islands of the upper Kwajalein Atoll to a National Cemetery to be established on Ivan Island. A large area on this island was cleared of undergrowth and prepared for the cemetery by the 95th men. This island had not suffered the severe shelling and





The completed 95th Area, March, 1944.

bombing that had made such a shambles of Roi and Namur, so the area selected was a picture of tranquil tropical beauty and will provide a peaceful haven to hold the remains of those Navy men and Marines who had died in the local battles. An enclosure, gate-ways and a memorial monument to commemorate these heroic dead were designed and the monument was built just before we left the islands.

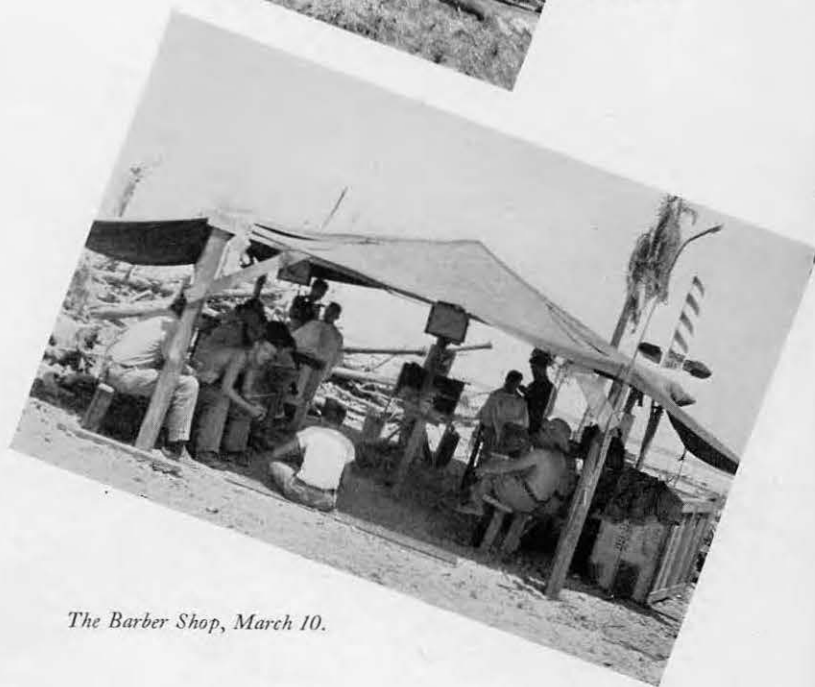
A familiar scene was the daily groups of shell hunters on the reef until at times we wondered if shell hunting was not the most important detail. This fascinating activity was not strictly confined to the enlisted men but indulged in by many of the officers including the Commander and the Doctor. Many of us used spare time to fashion beautiful necklaces and bracelets from the lovely shells found along the reefs of Namur Island. It was a tie as to whether necklace making exceeded the hobby of fashioning salvaged plexiglass handles for sheath knives;—later an epidemic of making paper knives or letter openers made its appearance and many beautiful knives were made of salvaged Jap Airplane aluminum.

As our stay on Namur lengthened into months, a universal gripe over the lack of fresh water was

Roi Namur



Mt. Texas.



The Barber Shop, March 10.



heard each day. Fresh water for showers was rationed to one half hour or even fifteen minutes use daily, and water for bathing and washing clothes was limited to a mixture of 65% salt water.

We will recall with pleasure the fish fries and French fried potato feeds held in many tents at night and the special occasions when even doughnuts were fried and very much enjoyed. The daily bottles of beer were a welcome diversion and would start the bull sessions going and soon the old subject of when we were going home would be up for consideration. Scuttlebutt was rife and varied;—how long we would be out from the mainland; how long the war would last; where we would go next and so on and on.

An effort was made to celebrate the 4th of July in true American fashion with a varied program of sports, and a holiday was declared by the Island Commander. A turkey dinner was ordered for all hands but enough fresh turkey could not be secured so the menu was changed to baked ham. For the majority of the 95th men this holiday was the first since Christmas, for a seven day work week was maintained. Field and track meets were held in the morning;—relay races, 100 yard dash, high and broad jumps, pole vault, etc. In the afternoon a soft-ball game between the All-Stars and a Marine Fighter Squadron was played to a 5 to 2 win by the All-Stars. The evening's entertainment offered several excellent boxing matches, a fine concert by the Marine Defense Battalion band and a good movie.



Captured Jap twin 5 inch rifles.



Remnants of Jap narrow-gage locomotive (powered with Chevrolet motor) note symbol of Japanese Imperial Marines.

Unearthing cache of Jap paint—Beamer, Gallagher, Coder, Stubbs, Lynch, Chief Farris, Chief Hamilton, Comdr. Johnson.



First headquarters of the Island Commander, Roi Island.



As soon as our area was graded and cleaned up and after the major projects had been completed, a soft-ball diamond was layed out and two teams organized to represent the 95th for the Island championship. The Cooks and Bakers team was eliminated early in the contest while the other, after defeating eight other island teams became the Namur Island Champions. Later they were defeated for the Roi-Namur Championship by the same Marine Fighters.

Several games between the 95th officers and enlisted men were played to the delight and entertainment of everyone; good natured horse-play and choice comments and yells were aimed at the officers who took it in good stride. Only American men know the true meaning of the word democracy and fair play and can lay aside



Surveyor Tenney on Alton Island.

Lt. Hudson and Comdr. Johnson beside riddled Jap gasoline tank-truck.



General Headquarters Building, NAS, Roi-Namur, constructed by the 95th.



Roi-Namur

Interior of Fleet Officers Club, showing mural be



Construction of the Island Commanders house; natives thatching roof.



Structural framework of Fleet Officers Clubhouse.

the insignia of rank long enough to indulge in games of good sportsmanship and play with their fellowmen, even in combat areas. Only Americans could transform a scene of death and destruction in a short time to a playing field where men could take time off from the drudgery of work to relax and forget for a few moments the confinement of island existence.

The Commissary Department did a swell job of feeding us with the best food that could be obtained, or "procured". Whenever possible they

would get fresh meat and vegetables and the cooks would really exert all of the culinary arts to cook appetizing meals. The bakers furnished a variety of baked goods, fine bread, biscuits, pies and cakes that rivaled those that mother used to make. We got our share of Spam, and tongue and corned willy and vienna sausage to say nothing of dehydrated potatoes, carrots, cabbage, etc.

Will you ever forget the night of the "big rain-storm" and wind storm, when it seemed certain that every tent would be blown clear to the





Moving Staff Officers' huts to Namur.



Erecting underground Command Post.



General Headquarters and underground Command Post NAS, Roi-Namur.

Aleutians? How that wind did blow and how we worked to hold the tents down and to keep the water from washing our belongings away; the area seemed to be completely underwater by midnight and the Sick Bay looked like a refugee camp with all beds taken by 'homeless' Seabees. Morning brought the usual clear blue skies but intermittent downpours came all day which was a break for most details for it meant no duty.

Under the capable administration of the Medical

Officer, and perhaps because of his precautions, there was no serious illness among the men of the 95th. With the exception of a few mashed fingers minor cuts and bruises that are part of every construction job, plus the inevitable colds, the corpsmen were not overworked but it was comforting and assuring to all of us to have this efficient and capable unit on hand for the trouble that never came.

Scuttlebutt was abundant and constant as to our



Roi Namur



Timber signal tower, 80 feet high, Ivan Island.

Framework of Fleet Officers Mess.



next mission, when and how we would leave, when and where we would meet the rest of the battalion until you either believed it all or became a pronounced skeptic. We were to go to Saipan; we were to go to Guam; we were to be stateside by Christmas or we were to return to Pearl Harbor; it was all governed by wishful thinking, but eventually we did receive orders to pack our gear, load our seabags and prepare to leave. As we left the area that had been our home for six long months and rode to the boat landing, a far different sight met our eyes, for what had been endless acres of ruin and desolation and death had been magically transformed into an orderly, smoothly operating Naval Base teeming with life and activity. We were proud to have accomplished our mission.

We were ferried out to our transport, and boarded her the hard way, up scramble nets hand over hand to the deck. It was a surprise to discover that we were again on board the U. S. S. PRESIDENT MUNROE, one of the troop ships that had transported some of us to Apamama nine months before. We got under way 3 August 1944, and as our ship slowly sailed down the Kwajalein lagoon and the low shore line of Roi and Namur gradually passed from sight, there were no regrets at leaving. It hadn't been a bad assignment and most of the hardships were only vague memories, but yet we were all glad to leave another coral island behind us.

Life on a troop ship is just an interlude between two existences. We were fortunate on this trip

A typical wind-powered washing machine.

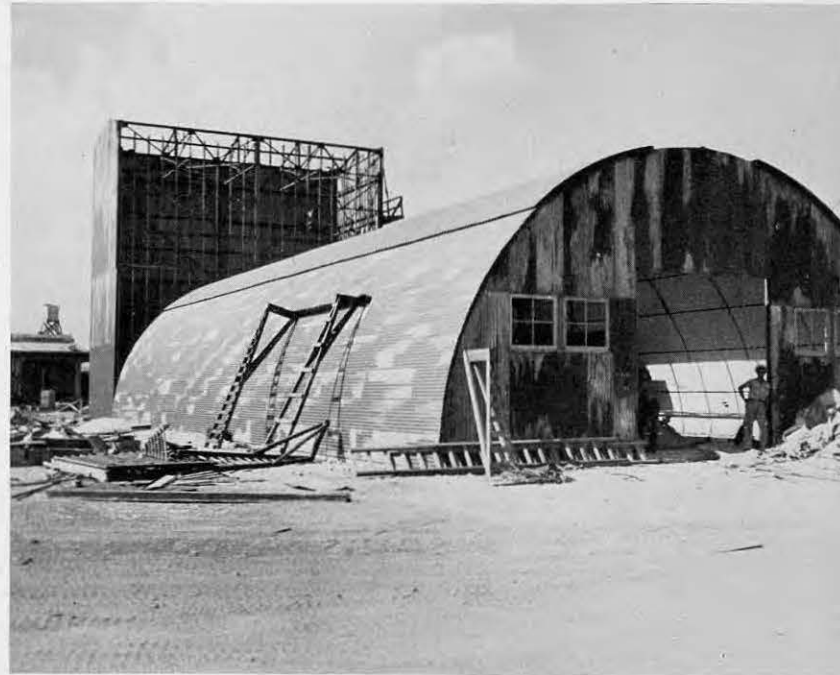




Grease rack at Mechanical Garage.



insofar as we had good food and three meals a day, but outside of that each day was just 24 hours to be lived through. It was impossible to find any comfort anywhere; you might find an unoccupied corner on the deck somewhere and get settled on the hard steel deck but invariably the Voice would bellow, "Sweepers man your brooms; sweep down fore and aft" and would have to move and wander aimlessly about hunting for another place. If you should happen to find an open spot large enough to sit down on, your fellow passengers would walk and crawl and step on you until you were black and blue. Sleeping below decks was an ordeal; the air was foul and so stuffy that you couldn't breathe, and hot as the hinges of hell. If you were fortunate enough to find space on deck large enough to stretch out you could get a night's sleep in good fresh air, provided it didn't rain; what a life! After nine days of this the welcome sight of land greeted our eyes and the indistinct mass gradually



Parachute Loft, Roi Island.

Interior of one of two wrecked Jap Hangars; note parts of destroyed Jap planes in wreckage.





Laying water pipe line.



95th Softball Team—May 20, 1944—Cosentino, J. Holman, Main, Carlson, Bennett, Pizzorno, Martino, Beacom, F. Lane, Czarniak, J. Hamilton, Le Clair.



emerged as the somewhat familiar island of Oahu in the Hawaiian group. The ship's railings and every available spot where a man could gain a toehold were jammed with tired Seabees eagerly scanning the approaching land and taking comfort from the sight of mountains. It was the 12th day of August when we returned. As our ship slowly edged into the dock and came to rest the stilled engines brought only momentary quiet—before the band on the dock burst into a blaring musical welcome,—not for us, but to honor the wounded men returning from Saipan who had been our fellow passengers. In our own individual ways we Seabees uttered silent prayers of thanksgiving to be back again in civilization, even though it wasn't "home" or the mainland, we were headed in the right direction. It was good to see people again and women with shoes on; and paved streets and sidewalks and grass and flowers and trees and homes . . . the city sounds of motor traffic and cop's whistles were music to our ears.

Re-union with the rest of our battalion was a noisy and excitable business . . . "Hi-ya, Red" . . . "Hello, Joe, you old so and so" . . . they really did give us a grand welcome and it was a day to remember; each one trying to out-talk the other and recount the experiences of six months in a single breath. The evening chow seemed like a banquet to us after those long months of canned and dehydrated foods;—a delicious dinner was served including plenty of fresh crisp lettuce and fresh tomatoes, and how we ate it up!

Theater area, Namur, June 15, 1944.





First Row, l to r: Comdr. W. L. Johnson, Lt. F. E. Hudson, Lt. P. J. McKay, Lt. E. V. Ryan.
 Second Row: Lt. (jg) Wm. Molnar, Carp. A. J. Intermont, Carp. Max Bosshart, Carp. A. W. Heidke, Ens. R. H. Mansfield, Ens. J. A. Jones, Lt. R. S. Rothwell, Carp. W. E. Boothby, Carp. K. E. Karekin, Lt. (jg) A. W. Vacca.

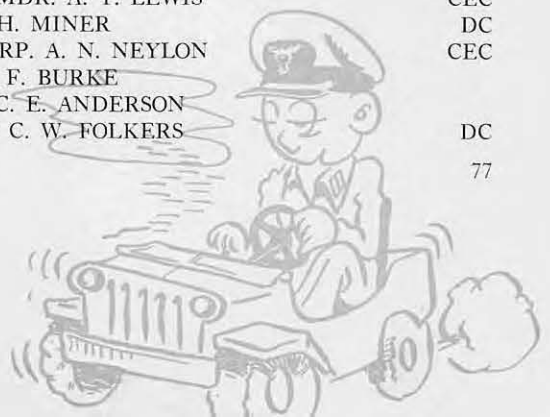
95TH CONSTRUCTION BATTALION SHOVEL CLUB

Founded at ROI-NAMUR, March, 1944.

MEMBERS

*COMDR. W. L. JOHNSON	CEC	*ENS. J. A. JONES	CEC
*LT. F. E. HUDSON	CEC	*CH. CARP. A. W. HEIDKE	CEC
*LT. P. J. MCKAY	CEC	*CH. CARP. MAX. BOSSHART	CEC
*LT. R. S. ROTHWELL	MC	*CH. CARP. W. E. BOOTHBY	CEC
*LT. E. V. RYAN	CEC	*CARP. A. J. INTERMONT	CEC
*LT. (jg) C. R. RUNGE	SC	*CARP. K. E. KAREKIN	CEC
*ENS. R. H. MANSFIELD	CEC	*LT. A. W. VACCA	
*LT. (jg) J. W. BIRKHEAD		*LT. (jg) WM. MOLNAR	
CAPT. E. C. EWEN		COMDR. L. L. HUNT	
VICE-ADMIRAL BEN MOREELL	CEC	REAR ADMIRAL C. H. COTTER	CEC
CAPT. H. W. JOHNSON	CEC	LT. R. BARBER	CEC
LT. W. H. DAUGHERTY	CEC	LT. (jg) R. N. PUCCI	CEC
CARP. B. C. DORFIELD	CEC	CARP. R. G. AGNEW	CEC
CARP. E. C. HOOPER	CEC	COMDR. H. C. STOA	SC
LT. H. S. WHITE		CARP. R. E. QUINLAN	CEC
LT. (jg) D. S. BACKUS	CEC	CH. CARP. H. D. ANTHONY	CEC
LT. R. T. BARR	CEC	CH. CARP. S. J. BERGER	CEC
*LT. H. C. MENUET	CEC	LT. S. B. COOPER	ChC
LT. E. F. CROSBY	CEC	CARP. W. S. DEWLANEY	CEC
LT. (jg) A. J. GILBERT, JR.	CEC	LT. J. P. HOGAN	MC
LT. (jg) N. R. HOWER	CEC	LT. A. W. JOHNSON	CEC
LT. (jg) M. H. JONES	CEC	LT. COMDR. A. T. LEWIS	CEC
LT. (jg) T. B. LEWIS	CEC	LT. C. H. MINER	DC
LT. (jg) G. M. MOREY	SC	CH. CARP. A. N. NEYLON	CEC
LT. (jg) E. C. SHEAHAN	CEC	ENS. J. F. BURKE	
ENS. R. R. SCHNEIDER	CEC	CAPT. C. E. ANDERSON	
LT. (jg) D. F. SULLIVAN	MC	LT. (jg) C. W. FOLKERS	DC

* Charter members





Salvaging dud shells, March 7, 1944—Scally, J. Martin, Coutts, Chief Black.

Partly demolished Jap Headquarters building.

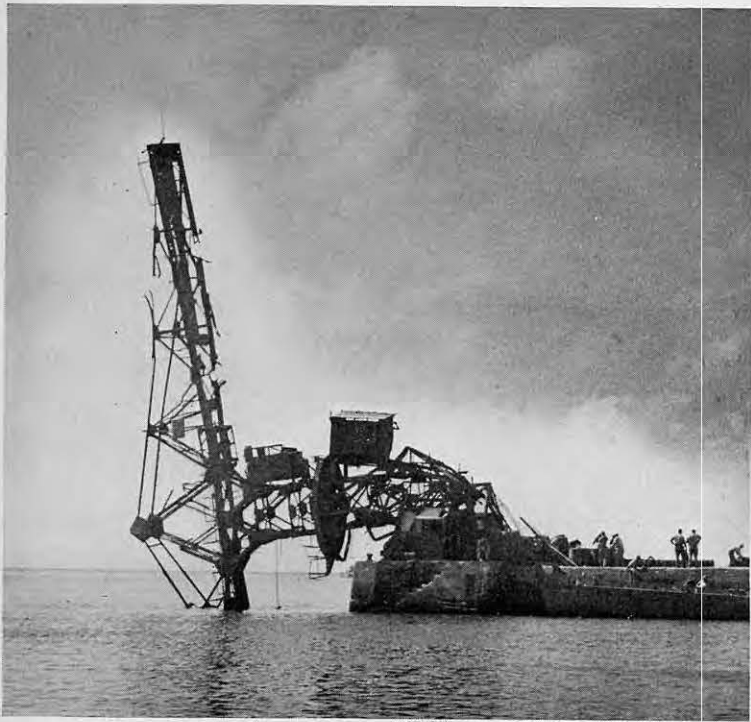


Heavy Equipment Crew on demolition of Jap Headquarters building—May 23, 1944—J. Green, Pecoraro, Cathey, B. Martin, Pearl, Coutts, R. J. Miller, Pratl, Sage, Douvier, Benzing, Lt. Ryan, Balles, Hutcheson, Chandler, Conner, Lt. Hudson, Chief Black, Healey, Wall, Malcom, C. K. Jones.

Grading roadway on Roi.

Roadway around Dyess Field, Roi.





*Jap Hammerhead crane on
Yokohama Pier, March 7, 1944.*



Framework of one of 19-40 x 200 foot storage huts.



*Crew who removed Jap hammerhead
crane—W. F. Palmer, Taraska, E.
J. Miller, Stickle, Carp. Heidke,
Chief Hamilton, Corrigan, Kolmel,
Kegans, Hailey.*

*A few of the concrete detail—N.
Thompson, Lamberth, Stewart,
Skinner, Geida.*



Erecting 100 foot steel Tower—Albertson, Sweeney, Smeal, Skrabely.



*Station Brig, Namur,
June 9, 1944.*

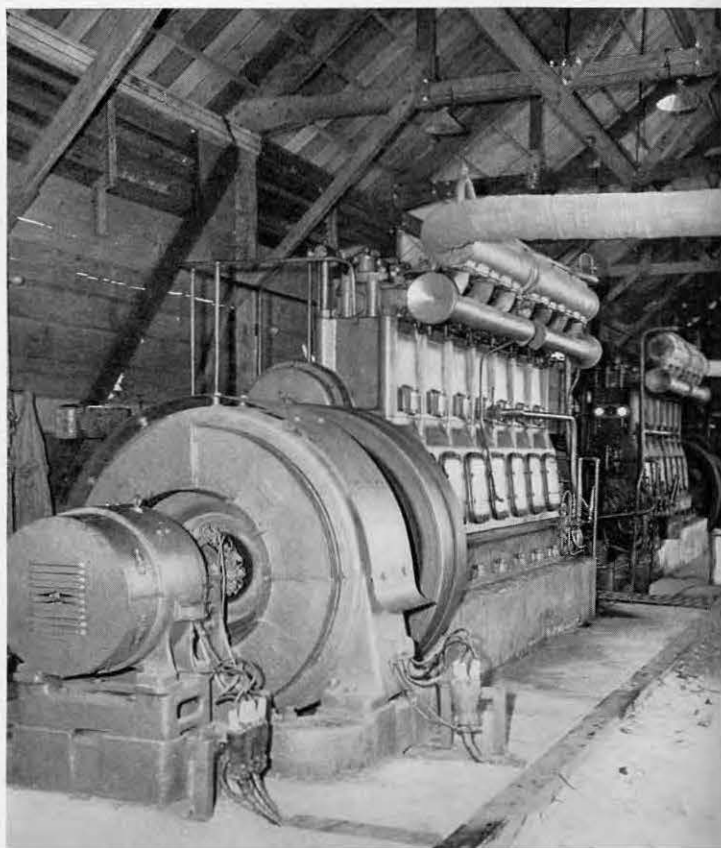


Beamer, spray-painting Headquarters building interior.

Salvaged Jap Diesel Generators.



Cochran, Cable-splicer.





Site of U.S. National Cemetery, Ivan Island, Upper Kwajalein Atoll.

*“ . . . So let them rest on their sun baked atoll,
With the wind for the watcher, the waves for a shroud,
Where the palms and pandanus shall whisper forever
A requiem fitting for heroes so proud . . . ”*



Roi Namur
81

Hawaii

On the 15th of April 1944 while the second section of the battalion was just getting well established on Roi and Namur, the first section, under the leadership of Lt. Comdr. A. T. Lewis, Executive Officer, as Officer-in-Charge, arrived at Pearl Harbor after ten monotonous uneventful days at sea enroute from Apamama. We went ashore the next day to be taken by truck to Waiawa Gulch and was introduced to the fine red dust that is famous on the island of Oahu—the dust that absorbed you and got in your eyes and nose and throat and gave our white clothes a tinge of pink. At the Gulch we were barracked in Quonset huts and shared a mess-hall, galley, Ships-Service Store and outdoor movie area with another Construction Battalion. We were just nicely settled when orders came to move to another area near the Naval Receiving Station at Aiea and here we were quartered in large two-storied frame barracks. We were moved twice in this same area, the second move being a short one, to make room for the "Tunnel to Tokyo" battalion. While at this area we were entertained by several excellent stage shows sponsored by a neighbor battalion—all amateur talent of songs, jokes and entertainment but definitely good. We had assumed that we were returned to the Hawaiian area for rest and recuperation, but were soon disillusioned when the familiar Work Detail Office was set up and working parties organized. The 95th battalion was called upon to furnish a variety of skilled and semi-skilled labor to man the many huge work projects underway that were rapidly converting pineapple and sugar cane plantations into the worlds largest and strongest Naval Base. A very large gasoline dump was constructed utilizing all of our heavy equipment to grade and prepare this extensive area. Several large drumming plants were constructed that required practically all of



Part of huge Manana job—storage warehouses (750,000 square feet of covered storage).



Fire wall in one of the Manana Storage Warehouses.



Lounge in the Rodgers Field Officers Club.—95th built.



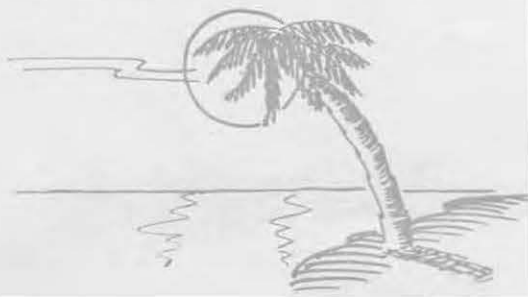
U-shaped bar in the Rodgers Field Officers club.



A few of the 95th boys and their friends from the 16th CB at the picnic at Nimitz Beach in June 1944.

our Carpenter, Welding, Pipe-Fitting and Electrical details. The never-ending concrete work went on with details assigned also to gunite work—dirty dusty work that everyone disliked. Later when the second section returned several huge frame warehouses were constructed and the 95th built a large luxurious Naval Officers Club, complete to finished painting and decorating that called for the utmost in skilled craftsmanship.

About the middle of July we moved again, this time nearer to Honolulu to Moanalua Ridge, adjoining a hospital area that furnished far away glimpses of Navy nurses, but the view was all we ever got. The theater at this area was a natural bowl and we enjoyed several good USO shows here including one by Commander Eddy Peabody, the "Banjo King". At the nearby Nimitz Bowl some really excellent USO entertainment was presented including Jack Benny and Bob Hope shows. It was customary and necessary to carry a poncho or a rain jacket to the movies or other shows for invariably it would rain, not once but many times during an evening so it was either a compliment to the show or a credit to our endurance that we sat through it all.



Null, Zimmerman, Gassaro, Tracy, Weltman at the 16th CB picnic at Nimitz Beach, June 1944.



"How about that re-rate, Commander Lewis?"



The beach beyond the Blow-Hole near Koko Head.



The Blow-Hole in action.

Downtown Honolulu at the intersection of Hotel and Fort Streets in December, 1944.



Hawaii

The 12th of August was a day of celebration for we were united with the second section of the battalion who returned this day from a six month tour of duty on Roi and Namur in the Marshall Islands. A special dinner featuring steak and plenty of green vegetables was served and it was a pleasure to see the travelers enjoy it. It was fun looking up old friends with each trying to out talk the other in a recital of real or fictitious adventures. It was good to be together again—to form again the strong 95th. Fifteen of the men of the second section did not return as they were transferred to another battalion in the Marshalls. The scuttlebutt on Namur was that the skipper had traded these fifteen men for a concrete mixer but this was never verified. The newly arrived members were given eight days of no duty as their “rest and recuperation” and promptly squandered them on liberty trips to Honolulu, Waikiki Beach and even to Hilo on the “Big” island of Hawaii. At the end of the eight days they were assigned to the various work details and absorbed into the numerous work projects of the 95th.

Although a steady work schedule of eight to ten hour days, six days a week was maintained for the six to ten month period we were assigned to Oahu it was not nearly so hard as life on Apamama or Roi and Namur. It was a relief to be out of the blistering consuming equatorial heat of the Gilberts and Marshalls and away from the desolation and devastation of the then forward areas. It was a relief to relax and be rid of the constant tension of air raid alerts and to be close to civilization. It was a period now where we could become better acquainted with each other and enjoy to-



An outdoor theater at Moanalua Ridge constructed by the 95th.



Harold Johnson and Harold Kittle crossing Hotel Street at the corner of Fort Street, Honolulu, December, 1944.

“Farewell to thee, O Paradise of the Pacific.”





Wert running to first.

gether the typically American pleasures that bind us close together.

A number of athletic teams were formed to compete with other battalions in baseball, volley ball, soft ball, basketball, and golf. We had well organized teams in all these sports and they furnished much pleasure and satisfaction to the players and battalion personnel in general. We will always remember and give warm approval of the one young officer who played as a regular

member of the baseball team—he was a “good Joe”. Although the 95th did not have a football team, two enlisted men of the 95th represented the battalion well on the general Seabee team.

The Band was reorganized and played for colors each morning and marched and played for the Battalion Dress Review that was held at Moanalu Ridge and again on Red Hill.

The 95th moved for the last time on Oahu, in October, again to the red dust area, this time to Red Hill; here again we shared a Galley, Ships Service and movie area with another battalion. While at Red Hill we celebrated our first anniversary overseas, 27 October 1944 with a special evening chow, two free bottles of beer (or coke) a Hawaiian USO show and movie. It was while we were billeted on Red Hill that the Cruise Record was conceived and the battalion newspaper, “News and Views” attained its highest peak of success. Most of the men took advantage of every opportunity for liberty and spent frequent days in Honolulu . . . to enjoy a different meal at a good restaurant or hotel with chosen companions in an atmosphere more nearly approaching the stateside influence . . . to shop for oriental wares for the home folks . . . to drink beer or liquor and be free for the moment of regimented and restricted living . . . or just to walk up and down the streets and look at people.

The battalion sponsored island tours and Sunday

BASEBALL TEAM—Egan, C. T. Lee, Blair, Drumheller, Mensch, Wiater, Kunkle, Martino, Chief Darr (Umpire), Wert, Lt. Backus, F. Lane, Rundle, Seale, Gephardt, Hergert, A. F. Johnson, (Manager).





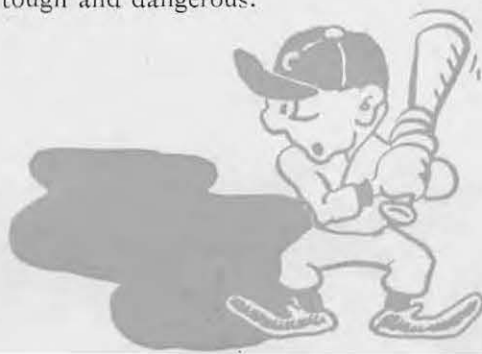
SOFTBALL TEAM—Cosentino, Beacom, L. LaVoie, Gionet, Duke, Czarniak, C. Johns, McElhone, Murphy (Coach), Carlson, Keller, Creamer, (manager) L. Thomas, Ostrander, Brownell, Dubai.

picnics . . . a truck ride to one of the many beauty spots on the island, ending usually at a beach for a swim, with a lunch of sandwiches and beer or coke. The island of Oahu has many delightful places of interest and beauty; a favorite was the trip and breath-taking view over the Pali . . . the sharp ridged cliffs of the Keahiakahoe mountains near the Nuuanu Pali, where one could see for miles over the fields of sugar cane and on out to sea. The acres of pineapples . . . the magnificent homes and gardens beyond Waikiki . . . the drive along the coast to Diamond Head and Koko Head and the Blow-hole . . . where the waves come dashing into crevices and as the water recedes it is shot high in the air through a small hole in the lava rock.

The new year of 1945 found us restlessly waiting for the next move. We knew we were to have a third mission and that it would be into the thick of a hot strike. Scuttlebutt and surmises predicted our next assignment as either the China Coast, the Kuriles or the Volcano Islands. As preparations went forward and the medical department issued a generous amount of "shots" in the arm we viewed the future with some trepidation for it seemed assured that this next job was to be hard and tough and dangerous.



One of the football games.





GOLF TEAM—Leland, Thomas, Abell, Luedee, Harlan, Paprocki, Hoellworth.

BASKETBALL TEAM—P. E. Patterson, Hartley, Levandoski, Viserta, Fornear, Holman, Holly (manager), D. K. Davis, Bothwell, Hinkley, Murie, J. E. Thompson, C. R. Johns, Lehto (coach).





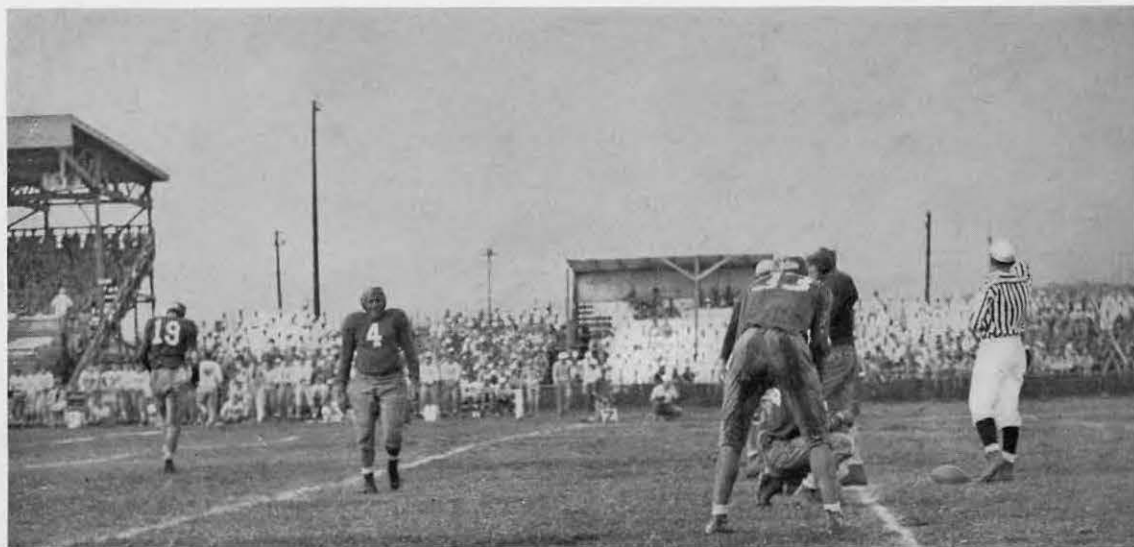
F. Lane and Cosentino, football stars with the Seabee eleven.



VOLLEY BALL—Prutz, Holly, Lt. Backus, Ptak, Lehto, Johnson, Brocius, J. Green, Carlson.

Sports

Football under tropical skies.





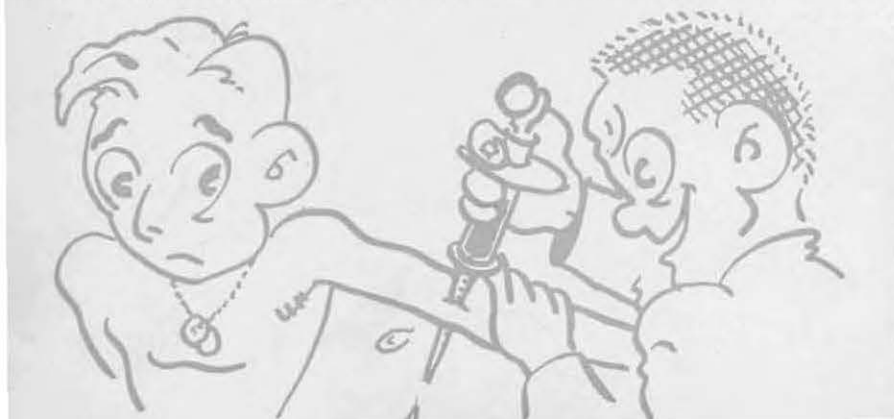
*Dr. Rothwell, Medical Officer, Chief Parker;
 Peterman, Foy, orderlies; Poupon, Bykowski, Broussard, Pharmacist Mates; Dunham, orderly;
 O'Malley, McDonald, Pharmacist Mates.*

Medical



Bykowski, F. J. Thompson, McDonald, Dr. Rothwell—"Oooooohhh my GI Back!!!"

Chief Parker, Foy.



*"Boots" pet of
 Dr. Mansfield
 and Battalion
 Mascot.*



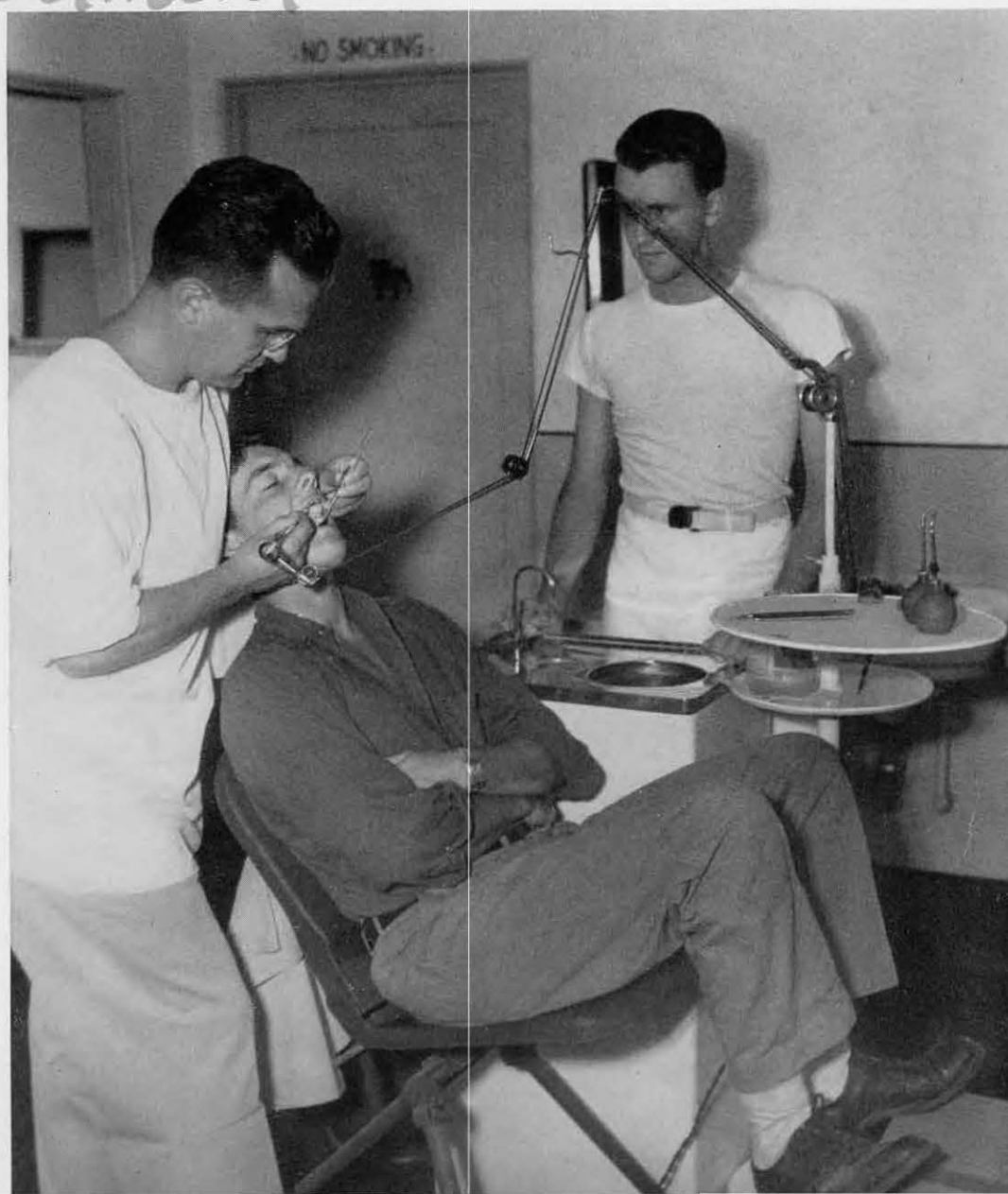
McKnerney, Dr. McCandless and Dr. Folkers, Dental Officers, Ahern.



Woodmansee, Dr. Sullivan, Medical Officer, McGee, Huhn,

Department

*Dr. Miner, Dental Officer, J. Holman, patient;
Van Der Have, dental corpsman.*





COOKS—Krisuinas, Boyd, McCrary, Leirer, Chachulski, Foley, Lineberger, Farrar, Malm, Roderick, Brockett.



COOKS—Job, Campbell, Marmilofski, Potter, Chrisco; Bailey, Barrow (storekeeper) Baker, Collins, Pazinick (deceased), Shockley.



BAKERS—Wilson, Aalberg, Chief Lipe, Meyers, Sinsel.

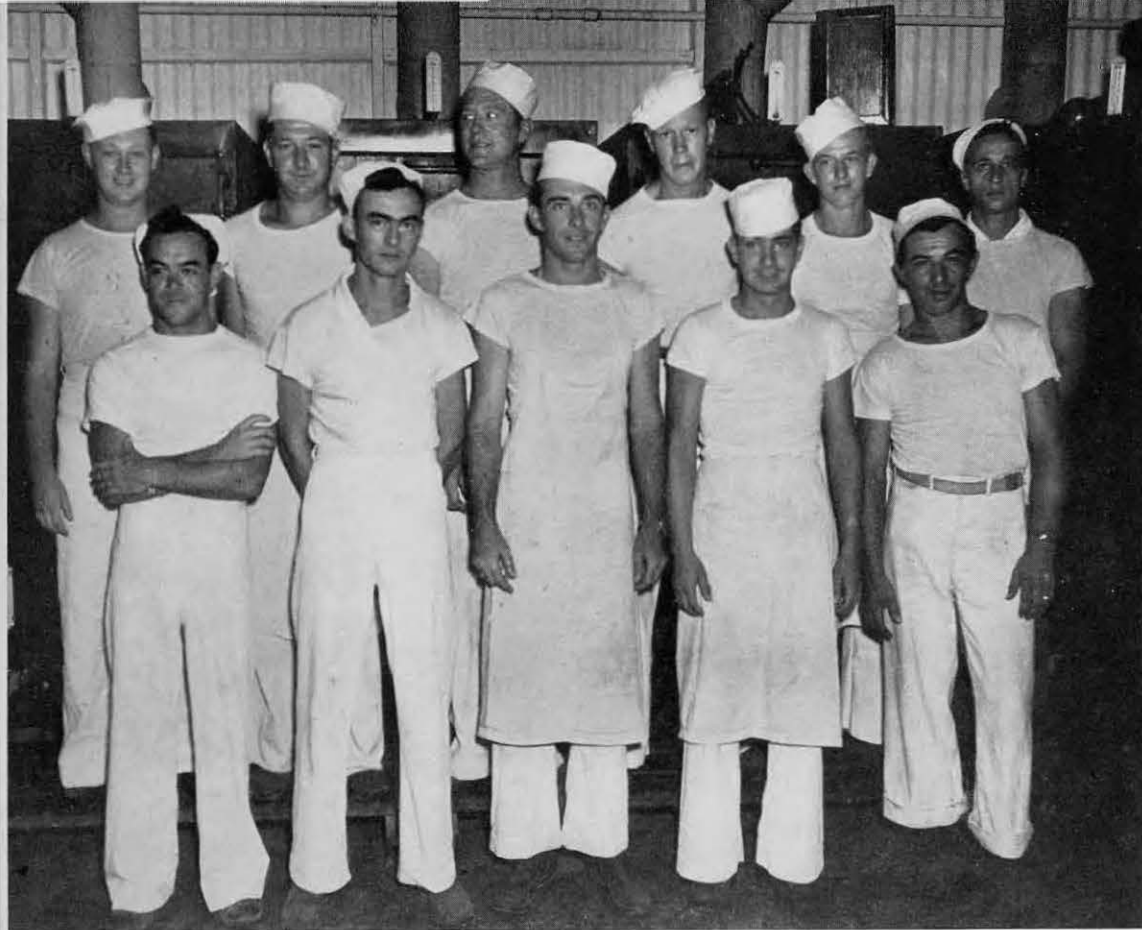


COOKS—Leirer, Overturf, McMeekin, Foley, Boyd.



COOKS—Krisuinas, Roderick, Foley, Chief Horba.





BAKERS—Left to right: Carr, Wallace, Meyer, Sinsel, Persavich, Greene, Hartz, Wilson, Aalberg, Smith, Cichon.



Coming through the serving line—apparently chow isn't so good today.

A close-up of one of the tables in the Chow Hall.

Commissary





THE BAND—Tony Saraceno, (leader); from left to right, in formation,—Hinman, Hoellworth, Jaye, Hurdle, Bilodeau, Saunders, Baldrige, Hehn, Malley, Johnson, Lane, Legge, Krajewski, Shinn, Kittle, Luedee, Updyke, Bergeron.



Morning Colors—the Band, with Lt. (jg) Sheahan, OOD, CPO's Woehrle, Cortese, and Bundy.

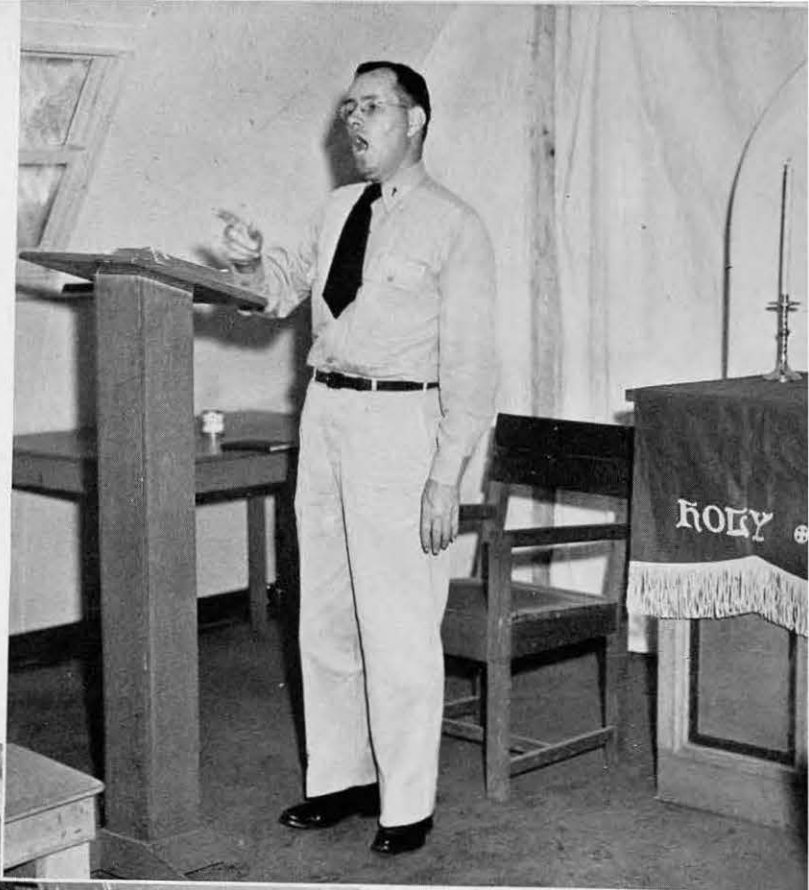


95th Color Guard—F. Lane, Paprocki, Krajcir, Frey.

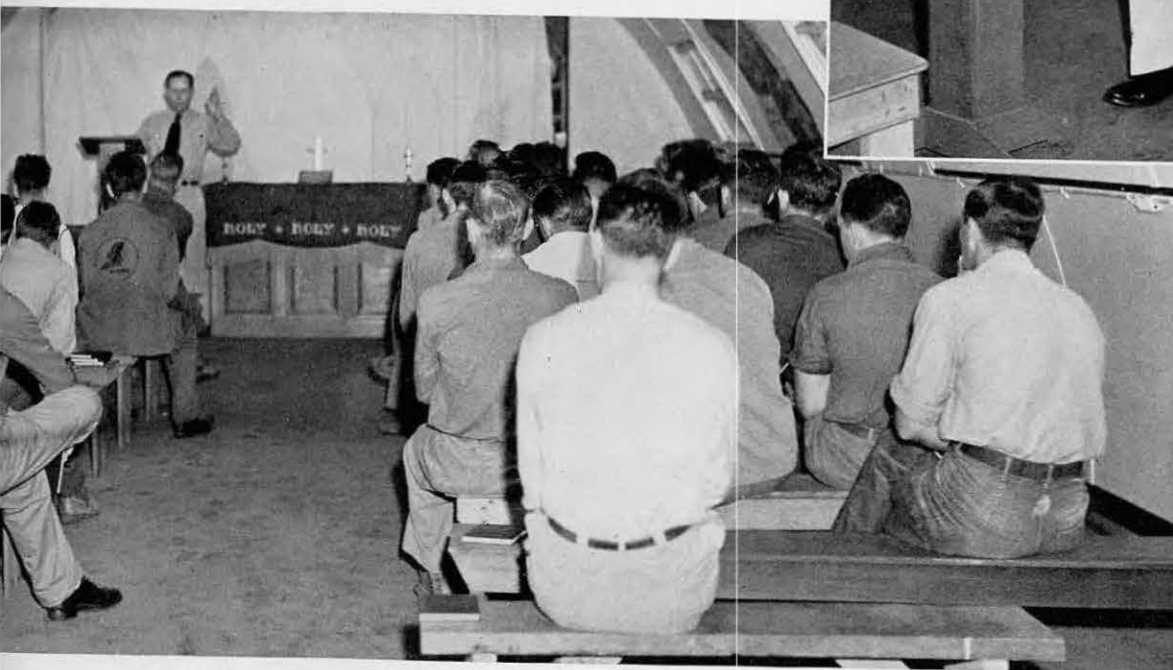




Protestant Divine Services in cooperation with the 129th CB at Moanalua Ridge.



Chaplain Cooper.



Protestant Church Services in the Red Hill Chapel.



*LIBRARY—Camper,
Potter (Librarian)
Chaplain Cooper in
background,
Chief Cheesman,
Carr.*





A BARRACKS BULL SESSION—Dick Loud, Hendrickson, H. Kohnson, Holman, Hutchison, Bethay, Holly, Czarniak, J. Thompson, Santucci, Keller, Post.

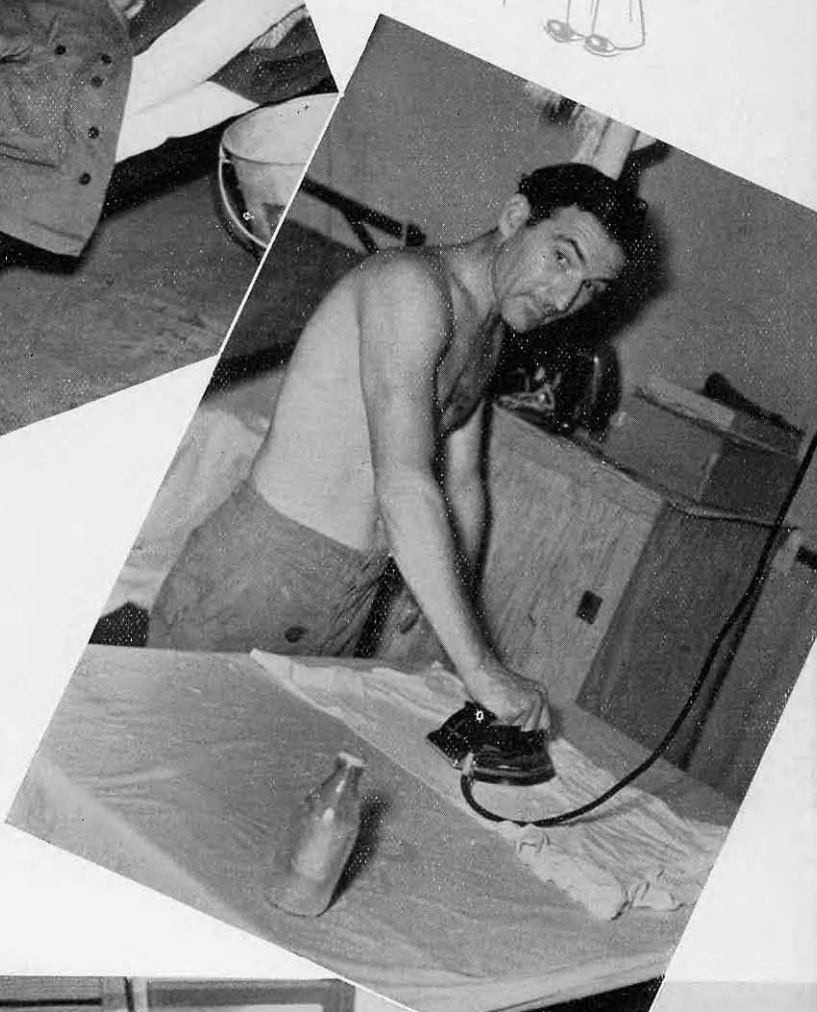


A POKER GAME—Abers, Henkle, Sinsel, Cichon.





John Winslow, the barber, gets in a little sack duty.



Brockett getting ready to go on liberty.



Snipas, D. Phillips, Ahern, H. Dawson, listen to Honolulu Radio Station KGMB.





The 95th "Hill-Billy" Band entertains.



Relaxing to read their mail.



Giddens writes a letter home.

McElhone reading in solid comfort.

The upper part of the 95th area at Red Hill.





Tribble shaving midst the comfort and convenience of a Red Hill Head.



Romero fixin' to go on liberty.

Interior of one of the Quonset hut barracks on Red Hill.





The boys in Hut E26 had a Christmas tree—Christmas 1944.



"THERE IS NO GAMBLING IN THE NAVY"—CPO's Rice, Fitzpatrick, Faust, Bryant, Mix, Laney, and Guilmette relax with the galloping dominos.

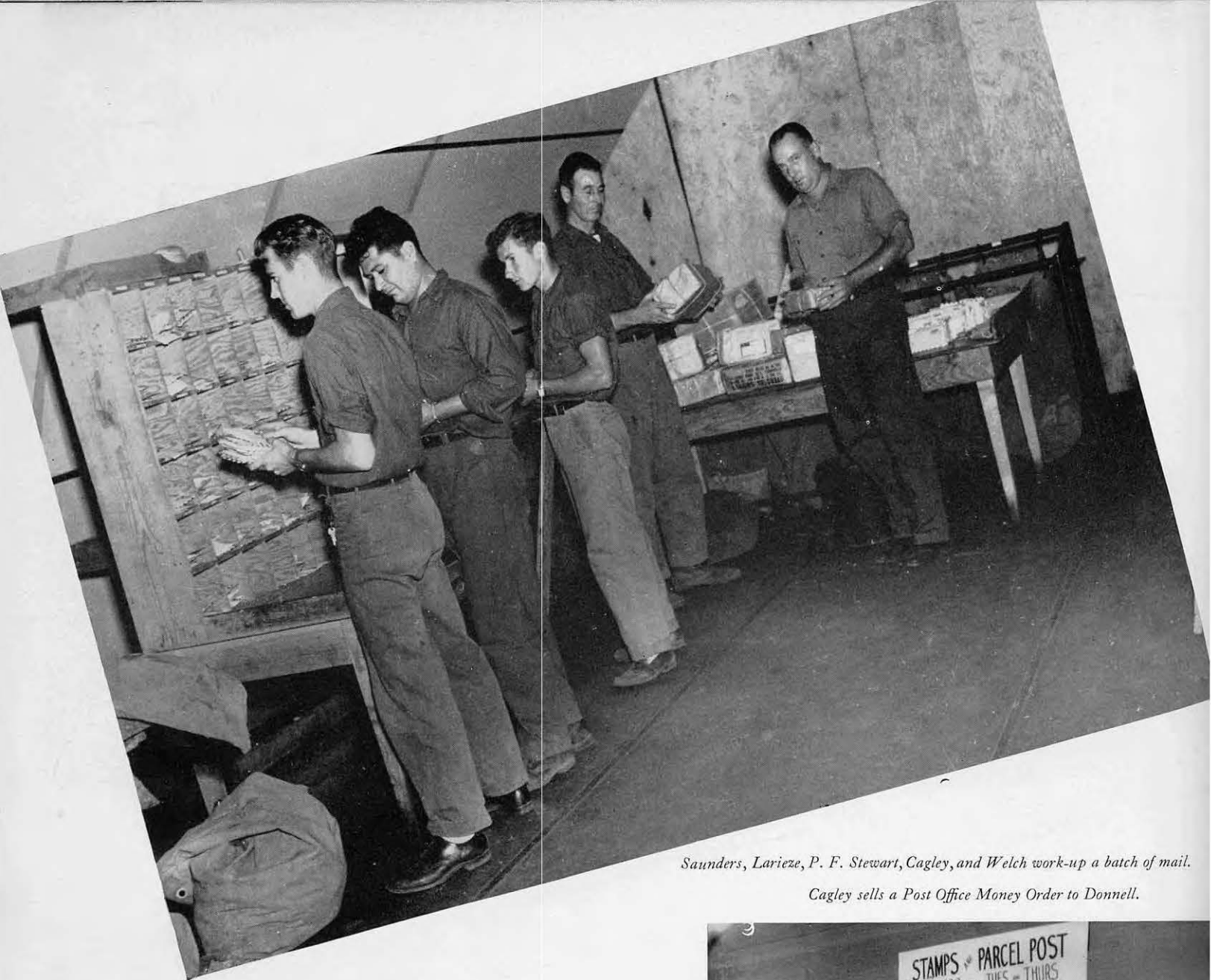




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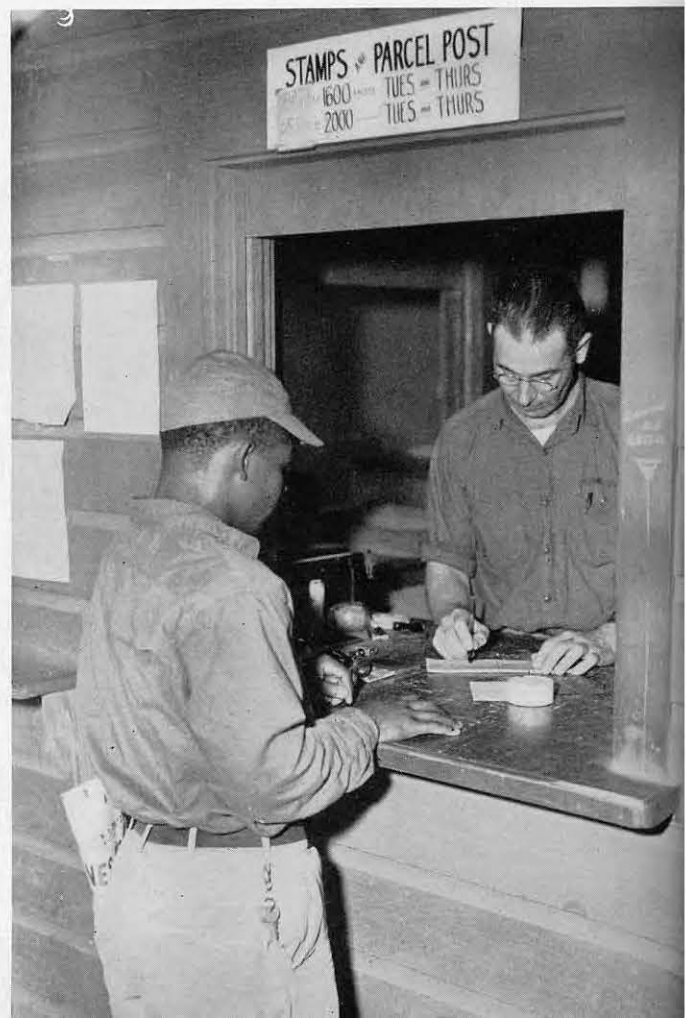




*Saunders, Larieze, P. F. Stewart, Cagley, and Welch work-up a batch of mail.
Cagley sells a Post Office Money Order to Donnell.*



Welch hands mail for the M.A.A.'s to Hammerer.





Package mail distributed by B Company MAA Giroux; Dietz, Stringfellow, Todd and C. Palmer look on.

"No Mail" Jones.



PAY CALL—Lt (jg) Morey, (Paymaster) with assistant's Westcott and Gorbig pay Kegans, Kime, P. Young and almost 1000 others.

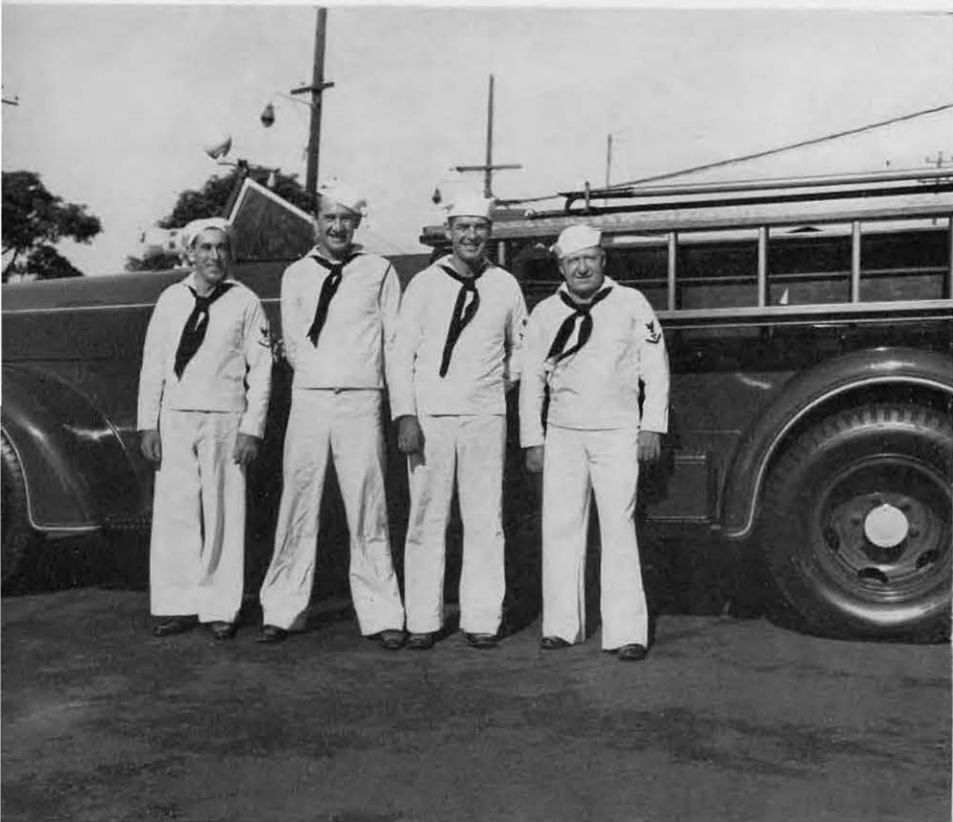




95th BARBER SHOP—Red Hill Branch—Barbers Saraceno, Richards, Winslow and Lebro; customers Lt (jg) Lewis, Cumberledge, Ebbert and Daniels.



Chow Line at noon Christmas Day 1944, at Red Hill.



95th Battalion Members of the Red Hill Fire Department—McNulty, Kinnarney, Levitt, Fetter.



Artist Matarazzi.

95th and 8th CB Ships' Service Store—inset—Chief Spera, Richards, Gialanella, Gilman, Spencer, Clay.

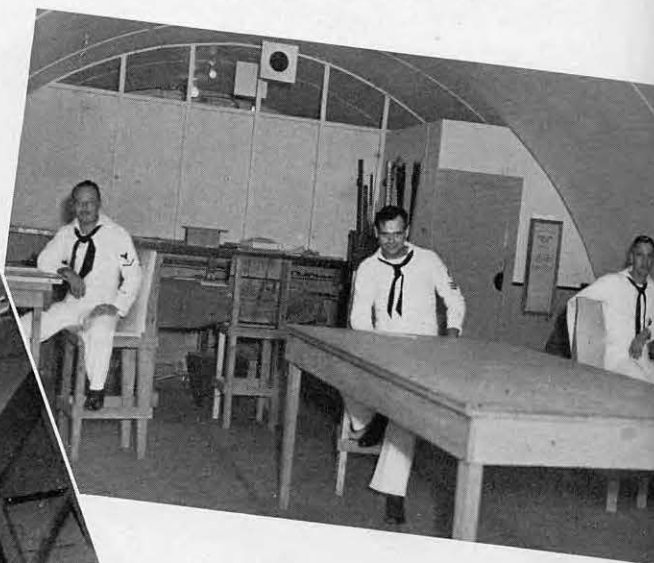
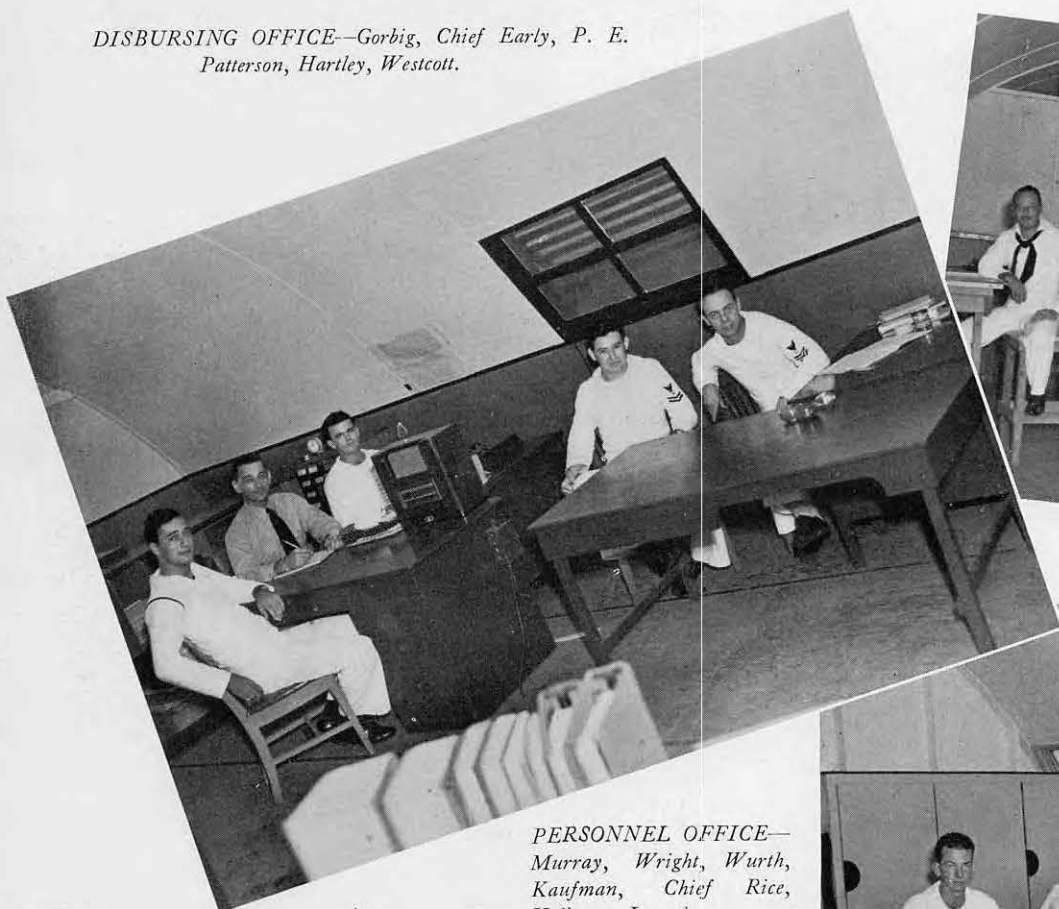




Chief Yeoman Zeno Phillips the Commanders' yeoman; "The little man who knew all the answers".

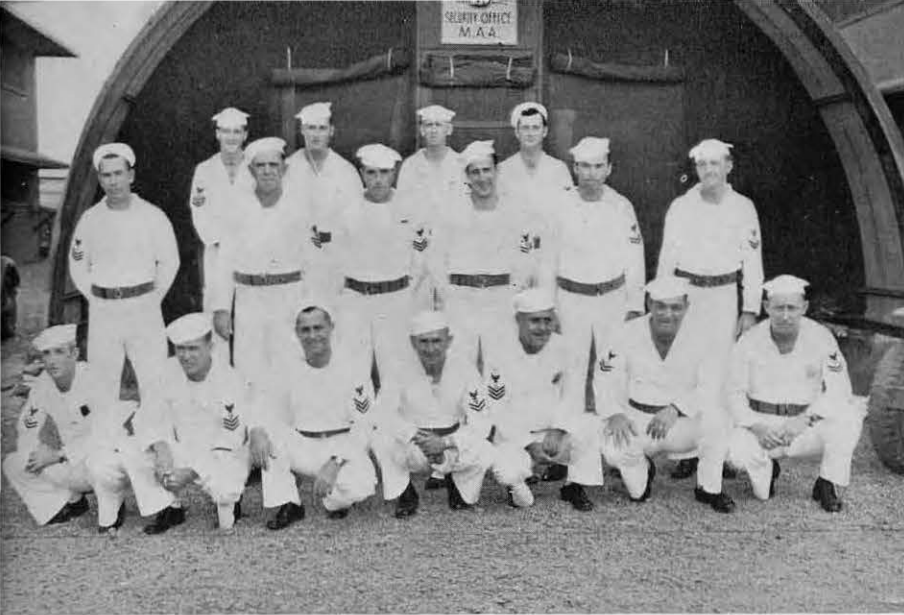
DISBURSING OFFICE—Gorbig, Chief Early, P. E. Patterson, Hartley, Westcott.

DRAFTSMEN—Read, Loud, Merone.

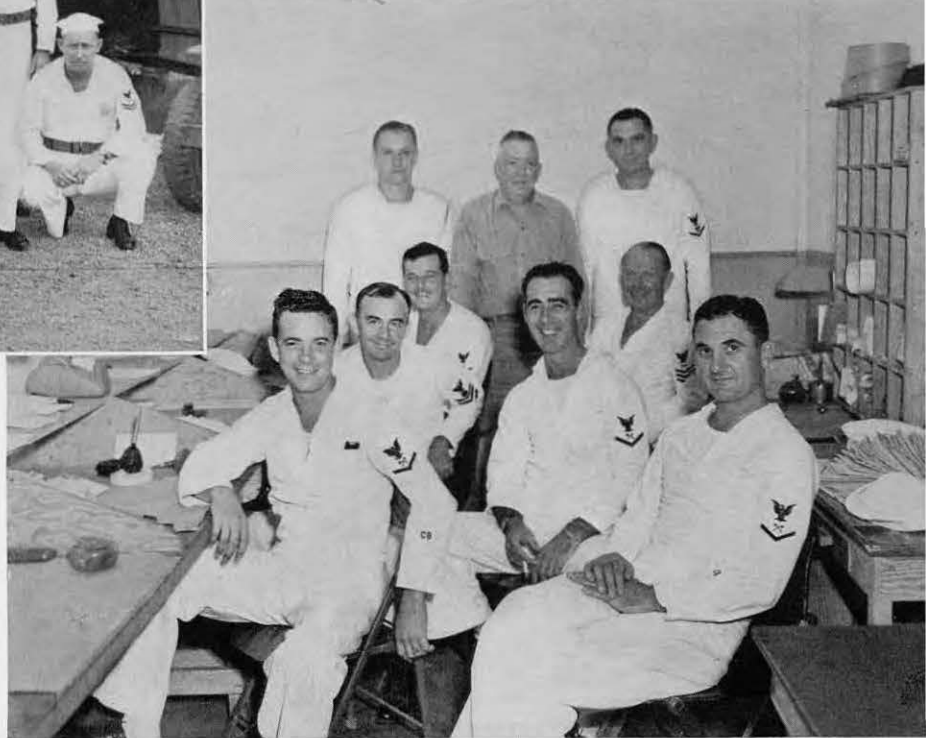


PERSONNEL OFFICE—Murray, Wright, Wurth, Kaufman, Chief Rice, Holloway, Lavenia.





MASTER - AT - ARMS—Goodchild, Wiggins, White, Brotzman, Haubois, Marks, Jackson, Dilloway, Sutt, A. A. Thompson, Brodeur, F. W. Giroux, E. H. Lee, Daley, Tyler, Hammerer, Bradford.



ARMORY: Morrison, Chief Smith, Thacker.

CENSORS—J. Piatt, Bayardi, Heisey, Horgan, E. Wright, Wise, Lehto, Chief Wellman, Hawthorne.



DETAIL OFFICE—Carkeet, Lt. (jg) Sheahan, Holzman.



SUPPLY OFFICE—Lally, Poteet, Feather, Farley, R. Barrow, Kovatch, Langford, Schultz, Yokey.



CARPENTER SHOP—Flatt, F. Johnson, Erickson, Fitzgerald.



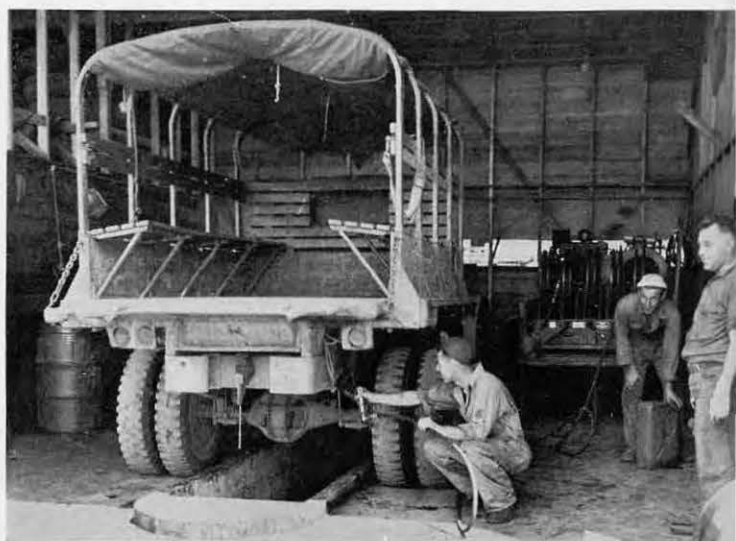
PAINTERS—Matarazzi, Hyde, Hite, Harlan, Sage, Chief Farris, Co



PLUMBERS—Normandin, Tompkins, Sherer, J. I. Clark, E. J. Quinn, Benz, Chief Laney.



MOTOR REPAIR SHOP



LUBRICATION DEPARTMENT —
Hawe, Autrey, Landry.



ELECTRICIANS—Payne, Schrader, C. Smith, Bosley, J. Collins, A. Wood, Longo, Santucci, Mador, Franks, Bergeron, Healey, Bayless, G. Shaw, McGlory, F. Smith, B. Martin, Crown, Rutledge, Sher, Busch, Burkett, Burnham, C. Nelson, J. Thompson, Spangler, Guyer, Kieley, Gaugh, Di-Stefano, Lechleiter, Chief Diehl, Chief Woehrlé, Lt. Hudson, Chief Haynes, Gerald, West, Normandin.





METAL SHOP
W. H. Clark.



PAINTERS—Gantt, Davidson, Rheaume, Head, Hehn, Nygard, Stumpf, Bernard, R. Bergeron, Richardson, Gann, W. E. Daniels, Lagace, Hebert, Walbert, Brodeur, Chief Guilmette.



MACHINISTS—Chief Kiernan, N. Thompson, Chandler, Brieger.

BLACKSMITH SHOP—R. E. Baker at left.



WELDERS—Chief Sanderson, Fuller, Brugman, Talbot.



TRANSPORTATION — WELDERS — MACHINISTS—Cole, Brugman, Weitzel, Visintainer, Herbert, Buckingham, Downin, Morris, Barnes, Scicchitano, Keuper, Robinson, Zackel, Landry, Baumeister, Miskulin, Stanko, Prutz, Condo, Conroy, Gnecco, N. Hall, Mahlendorf, Fernandez, Hanna, T. G. Horton, Hawe, Chief Kiernan, Lt. Ryan, Nuborazek, Mote, Powell, Hunkins, Gangloff, Diaz, Rudman, Beretsky, Morgan, VanLeer, Conley, Gilsoul, Beavert, Cronin, Bonvini, Hughes, Denton, Kegans, Crosier, Corbett, Eppler, Talbot, Fuller, Sorrels, V. H. Daniel, Martinisko, N. Thompson, Chandler, Autrey, R. E. Baker, Brieger, Hailey, Ropitsky, Gordon, Chief Stevens.



An unidentified Seabee gets a pie smack in the face while Pecoraro counts beans in the background.



Harry Cohn—"Mento Marvel" USO Show at the Red Dust Bowl October 24, 1944; Hurdle on his back doing stunts.

Hurdle, Dudley, Mr. Harry Cohn and the "Mento Marvel's" Assistant.



Entertainment

Two acts from a good USO show at the Red Hill theater.

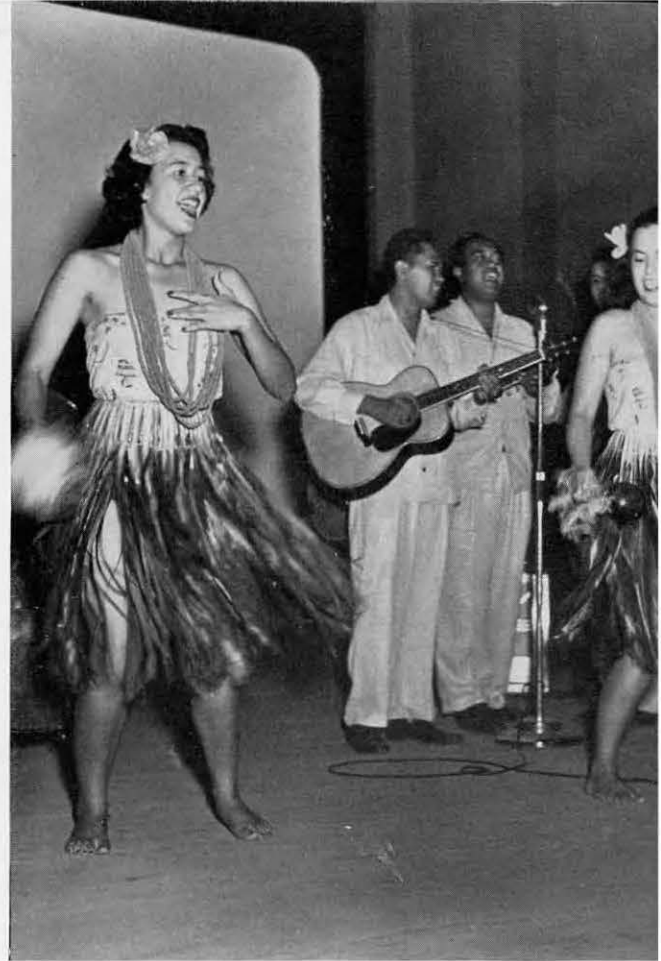




"Hilo Hattie" and her USO show at the Red Hill theater to celebrate the 95th First Anniversary overseas, October 27, 1944.

performers of USO shows at the Red Hill theater whose hard brought excellent entertainment to the Seabees.





Entertainment

The USO shows were good entertainment and well received.



Cruise Record



Louis E. Wise, Editor-in-Chief the
CRUISE RECORD.



C. L. Kitts, Photographer.



Jack Taylor, Photographer.

George D. Camper, Editor.



T. M. Westcott, Business Manager.



News and Views



Glynn Piper, Artist, NEWS & VIEWS
and CRUISE RECORD.



E. Herbert Hall, Editor, 95th NEWS &
VIEWS.



Everett Johns, Sports writer, NEWS &
VIEWS.

At Sea Again

The 95th was on the move again and on February 20, 1945 set forth on their third mission, and every one hoped, the last one. Even after the comparative ease of from six to ten months of Hawaiian duty we were tired and weary and sick of the Pacific and its sun baked rocks. It is doubtful if anyone looked forward to this new strike with any degree of enthusiasm, but we still had the dogged determination to accomplish our mission as best we could and help in our own way to bring the war to an end.

The morning of departure brought the familiar pattern of confusion with the last minute packing of gear and the noise and clatter of shoving off again. By now we considered ourselves seasoned veterans and old campaigners and thought we could travel with a minimum of gear, but we seemed to have as many seabags as ever and hadn't learned any new ways of carrying them. After the usual standing by (and in the rain again!) we were loaded on trucks and transported to a pier in Honolulu, there to board the S. S. SANTA ISABELLE, a combination cargo and troop carrier, manned by the Merchant Marine in Army Transport Service. Once again we staggered up a gangplank laden like pack horses wondering if we were going to make it this time, to end up on a crowded deck and then herd-

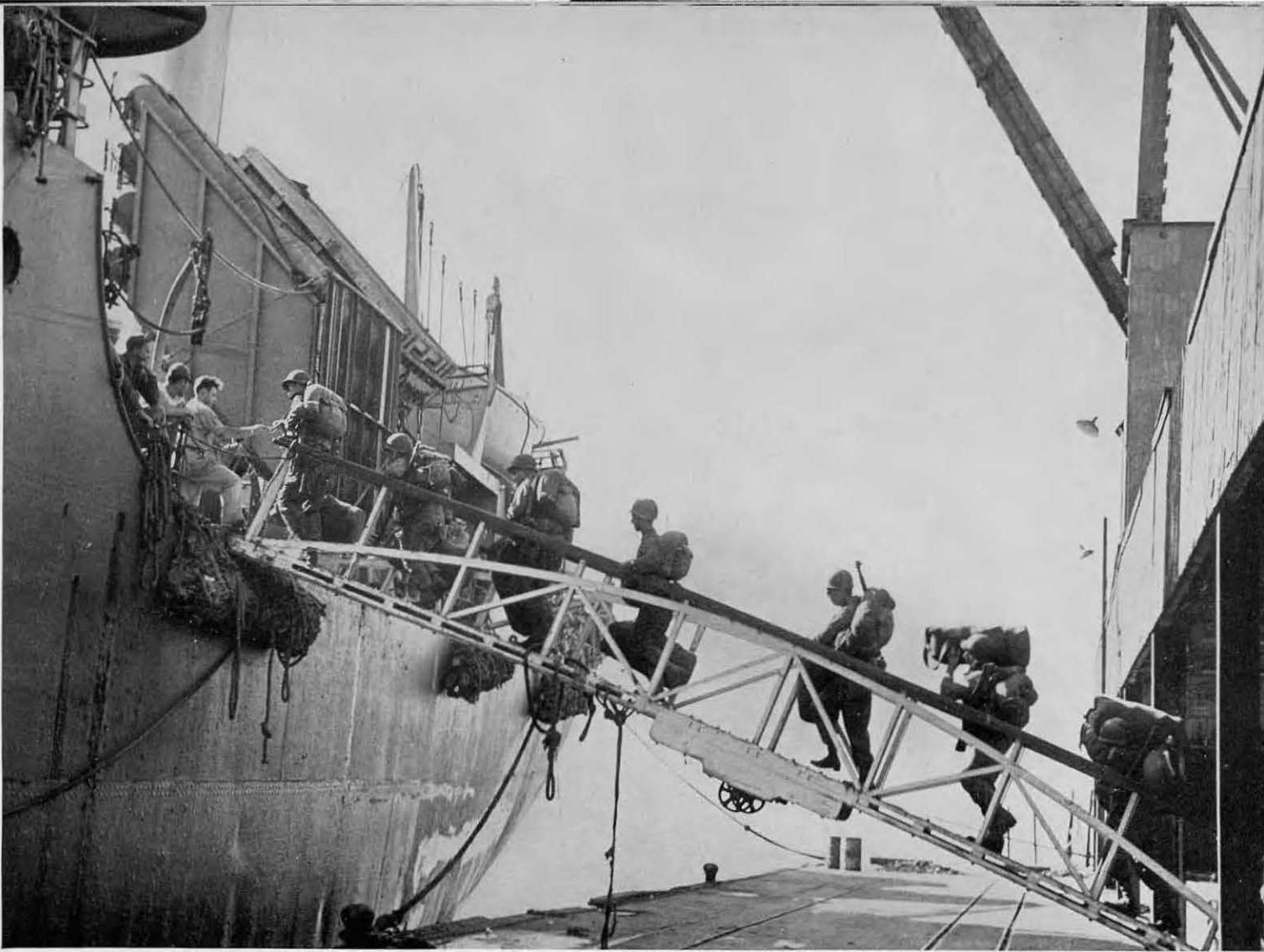


Some of Headquarters Company waiting for transportation to the ship. Boots went along, too.

ed below to find our quarters for the voyage. We watched the seemingly endless task of loading troops and supplies until finally the gangplank was pulled in and we were ready to sail. It was late afternoon when we finally cast off and we watched the shores of Oahu and the pile of rock that is Diamond Head slowly fade into distance with feelings of mixed emotions; we would have preferred to have been headed home but even so most of us were glad to leave "beautiful Hawaii"; it had been pleasant there with weather as nearly perfect as could be found anywhere but it just didn't click.

The truck convoy is loaded and ready to go.





The 95th is checked aboard the SANTA ISABELLE.

*"Go below, get in your bunks and stay in your bunks!"
Lindeman, Holzman, Hartley, Saunders, Jones, Schultz, Westcott, Dong,
Carr, and Aalberg.*

On the pier ready to go aboard.





Daily Protestant Divine Services were held; Spencer, song leader, Chaplain Cooper and Koepfel, organist.

We were soon busily exploring the ship and getting acquainted with our living quarters. The usual list of DON'TS was announced and posted, without making much impression on the Seabees. The Seabees, on land or sea, are probably the despair of the other more stringently regulated GI

branches of the armed forces, particularly the regulation-loving Army. We were under Army command on this trip and their attempts to keep us regulated must have been exasperating—to them. The 95th furnished a detail for guard watches, and kept their bunk holds clean but other than that were free to enjoy the pleasures of the cruise, with interruptions only for fire and abandon ship drills and general quarters. The trick, though, was to find a place clear enough and large enough to park the body and then avoid being walked on. This ship offered little overhead protection from the sun and the heat was terrific.

The monotony of transport travel was relieved somewhat by daily Protestant Divine Services and Catholic Rosary, and an occasional entertainment sponsored by the Red Cross but furnished by our own group. We sailed the beautiful blue Pacific for twenty-three long days, so much alike that one lost track of time and even the endless scuttlebutt and discussion as to our destination failed to arouse serious interest after



Left: Richards, one of the battalion barbers, trims a guy.



Right: Frankie Vocelka, accomplished accordionist—always ready to entertain us.



One of the many card games to while away dull hours.



A bit of shade offered this group a place to sit, but the steel deck was hard and they are bored to death.





*Blackie Hartloff and Red Parker mix it up;—
Blackie won.*

At Sea Again

awhile. We anchored off Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands for several days, and went ashore one day for a leg-stretch and three cans of beer, per man.

The morning of March 13 land was sighted and that day was filled with the excitement that pervades a ship as she nears the end of her voyage; men lined the rails solidly to eagerly watch the indistinct mass of land take shape, and as a high peak was identified as Mt. Suribachi, we knew



The audience found the boxing bouts absorbing; in the front row center are John Bonnell, Ass't Director, Navy Red Cross; Merchant Marine Captain Benjamin Kappel, skipper of the ISABELLE; Lt. Comdr. A. T. Lewis and Lt. Col. Rodman.



that our scuttlebutt and surmises were correct and the now famous island of Iwo Jima lay before us. We anchored several miles off shore to await landing orders. That night we had a grand stand seat to view modern battle, for severe fighting was still in progress; flame-throwing tanks and bursts of shells were fascinating to watch and the greenish light from flares gave an eerie cast to the shapeless mass that was to be our home for awhile.

Line up of boxers for the all-95th show; kneeling, Lick, Velasquez, G. H. Harris, W. F. Palmer, Luedee, Bouchard; standing, Cortese, Lynch, Partlow, Hartloff, Hartloff, L. J. Parker, J. T. Gurley, C. F. Smith, P. H. McGee.



**** Photo courtesy of Pool — AP photo by Joe Rosenthal.

The stars and stripes rise valiantly atop Mt. Suribachi overlooking blood soaked Iwo. The six heroic men of the United States Marine Corps are, from left to right—Pfc. Franklin P. Sousley (dead); Pfc. Ira H. Hayes; Sgt. Michael Strank (dead); Phm2C John H. Bradley, (wounded); Pfc. Rene A. Gagnon; Sgt. Henry O. Hansen (dead).

To the Shores of Iwo Jima

Iwo Jima, place of violence, was born in violence less than 10,000 years ago when it was blown up off the ocean floor. Japan took it over in 1891. Two nearby islands, north and south of it, blew up a little higher, but Iwo alone developed a flattish plateau, which lies to the north of Suribachi volcano. Still another island popped up nearby in 1904, sank out of sight in 1906. One of the world's youngest islands, Iwo was still growing, in rumbling and belches, when the Marines arrived in the early dawn of February 19.

Iwo Jima conveyed a sullen sense of evil to all Americans who saw it for the first time. The cold wet winds laden with fine volcanic dust, the blazing tropical sun, the shifting volcanic sand that slid back into foxholes and clogged firing mechanisms, the rotten-egg smell of sulphur, the heaving steaming ground, the 20 foot surf, all combined to make the Marines feel that at last they had established a beach head on hell.

After a 26 day campaign, the most bitter in all Marine Corps history, in which a total of 22,000 casualties were suffered, Iwo was declared secured on March 16, and the ugly, sulphurous, mean little island was ours. Frightful as was the price of Iwo Jima, it took the war a long way toward Japan. The Marines of the 3rd, 4th and 5th Divisions who bled here gave their country a strong sword against the enemy and saved the lives of many times their number of other Americans. On Iwo great bombers are re-fueling and taking off for the farthest reaches of the Japanese Empire; fleets of fighters rise to protect the bombers and support American fleet actions and amphibious landings in the East China Sea and to patrol and reconnoiter there. The capture of Iwo brought two immediate benefits; it wiped out



Unloading personnel from the ISABELLE; the sea was rough and the net like a tight-rope.

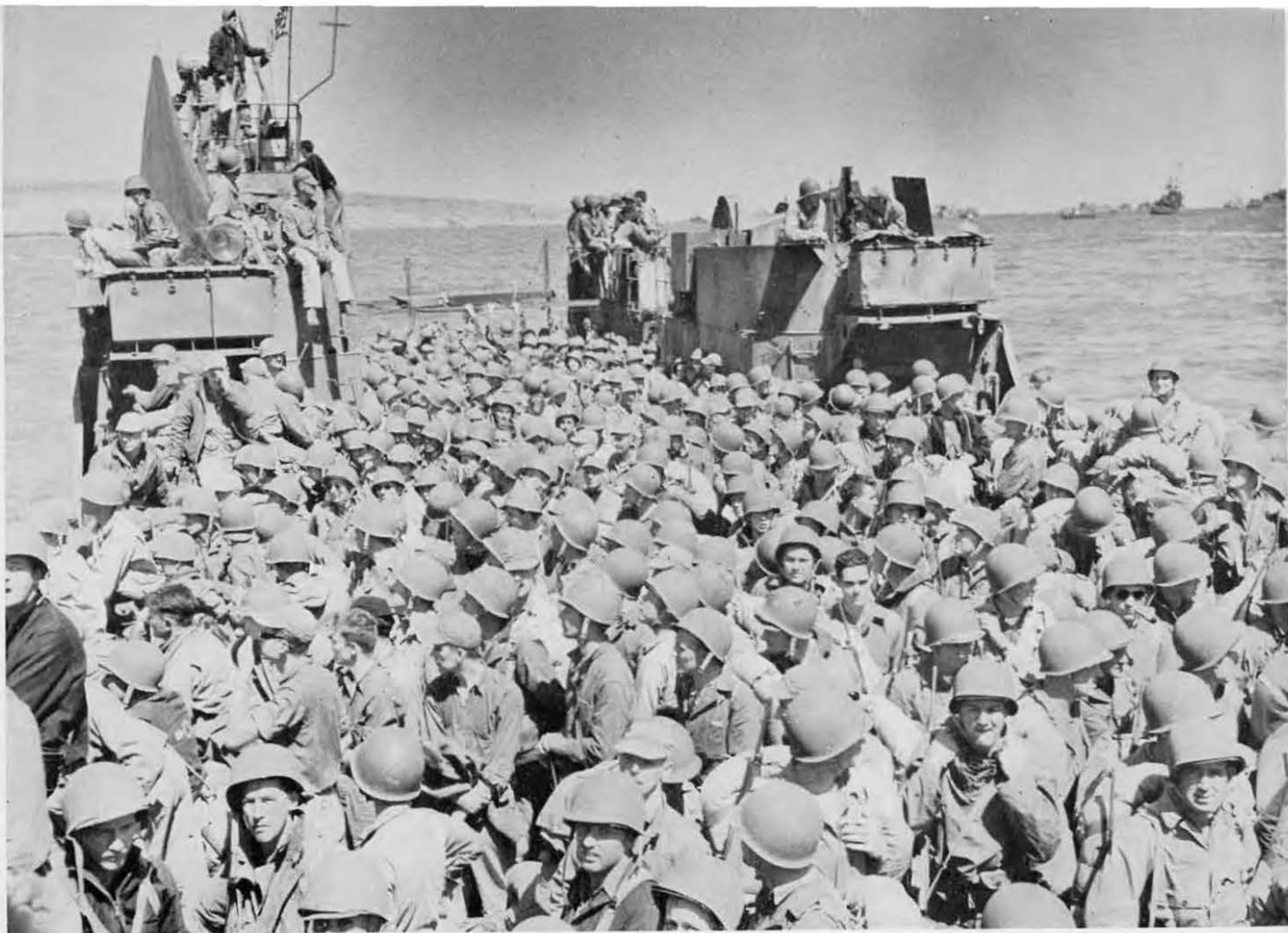


The 95th piles ashore on the black sands of Iwo Jima.

a critical Jap radio and radar outpost which had been warning Japan of the approaching U. S. bombers, and it created a haven for B-29s and their crews returning after raids on Japan's huge cities, with serious fuel shortages or battle damage. At the time of this writing more than 1000 B-29s on their way home from Japan have put in at Iwo's airfields; but for Iwo they would have

ditched in the ocean, which stretches another 725 miles to the airfields of Saipan. Those 1000 mean approximately 11,000 men and \$600,000,000 in weapons saved; the Marines bought and paid for those men and weapons. It is of interest that Iwo is the nearest base, at this time, to the heart of the Jap homeland; it is 200 miles closer to Tokyo than Okinawa.

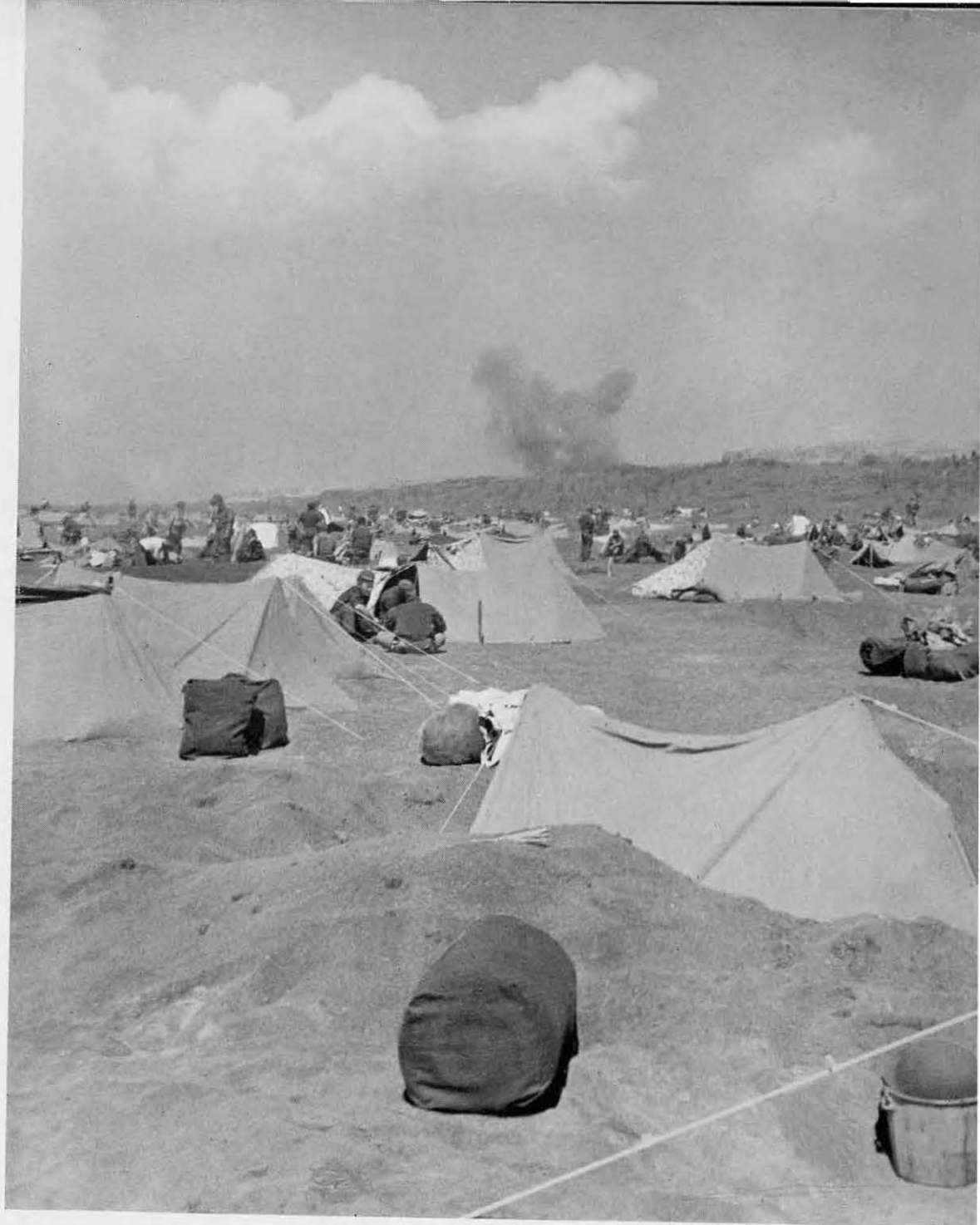




Huddled and jammed in a landing craft for the trip ashore; can you find yourself?



The first of the 95th Equipment comes ashore.



Pup tents over foxholes were our first homes in the White Beach bivouac area.



Battle direction signs near our bivouac area.



Iwo Jima

As we waited for orders to go ashore the thought was recurrent in our minds of what awaited us on this ugly battle scarred island; we tried to picture the ghastly horror of D Day and silently thanked God that we were in the third wave. One look at Green and Blue Beaches increased our respect and admiration for the Marines who landed there, and we marveled at their ability to get a foothold on those beaches let alone storm to the heights of Suribachi and the ridges to the north.

From our position several miles out at sea it seemed at times as if the island was deserted, an inanimate heap of smoking rubble finally helpless under the tremendous fire power of the U. S. Navy. As we looked closer we could see swirling clouds of dust that marked the course of trucks, amphibious tracks, jeeps and tanks making their own roads through the foot-deep dust with supplies and reinforcements to the front. Other and larger clouds of dust arose over what had been Motoyama Airfields No. 1 and No. 2, were gratifying to see for it meant increasing numbers of transport planes were arriving; the U. S. was putting to use what they had come to Iwo to get. Suddenly the silence would be shattered by the crashing roar of an artillery barrage and the sharper, perfectly timed smash of destroyer shells as they landed monotonously at the north end of the island. What we couldn't see was the tremendous force of Marines who were putting the finishing touches to one of the greatest battles in world history, and the hundreds of terrified Japs cowering in their cave hideouts, who would have to be ferreted out, one by one and sent to an inglorious death.

On the 14th of March we prepared to go ashore; the sea was rough and it was an exciting experience to go down a scramble net which at times was stretched out at a 45 degree angle to the ship. As we neared the shore we were able to see more

clearly the huge piles of wrecked equipment that littered the beaches and the tons upon tons of new equipment that was piled on shore and coming ashore to be used in building this newest of Uncle Sam's advance bases.

As we stepped ashore to the black sands of Iwo, we were greeted by our skipper, Commander W. L. Johnson, who had preceded us by several weeks, to arrange for our work assignments and living areas. There was a happy reunion also with the small band of 95th men who had volunteered as truck drivers and heavy equipment operators to go in with the Marines on D Day to assist in the vital work of moving supplies and preparing sites for advanced positions. We listened eagerly to their stories of exciting experiences and were glad that none had been among the thousands of casualties. The beach was a madhouse of confusion with gear piled everywhere and trucks grinding in and out with heavy loads. Clouds of dust obscured the sun but did nothing to lessen the damp heat that was to torture us as long as we remained on Iwo, and the obnoxious sulphur fumes, mingled with the stench from rotting dead bodies made a man's stomach twitch with nausea and his spirit weak. We rested on the beach until all had come ashore and then boarded trucks for the other side of the island, to White Beach where we were to bivouac until our permanent area could be cleared of the enemy and a thickly-sown sea of destructive land mines, and then prepared for our occupation. Although it was dark by then, no time was lost in digging temporary foxholes for the night and all hands, with the exception of a guard detail were glad to lay down in the sand. A strong guard was set to encircle the area and a long 12 hour nerve-racking vigil was kept by those guards; the front seemed to be just atop the ridge that bordered our area and as the night wore on it was made hideous with the roar and crash of shells hurtling through the air over our heads, and as light as day with the brilliance of star shells and vari-colored flares. We were face to face with battle and its attendant terror.

The next day we set up a more orderly bivouac camp, digging deeper foxholes and stretching pup tents overhead for protection against the rain and cold. For the first time in over two years we were experiencing cold weather for the nights here were bitterly cold and rainy and we were grateful for



All that remained of a key Japanese concrete pill box; one of the hundreds that dotted the ridges of Iwo.



A general view of the first bivouac area March 16, 1945.

The first mail call on Iwo, April, 19, 1945;—Zimmerman, Roos, Romero, Harris, Kelly and Buskirk of Headquarters Company.





Entrance to one of the caves and tunnels that furnished hideouts for the last of the Japs.



A Jap rocket-launcher at the entrance to one of their caves.



*Paul Pratl using a mine detector on White Beach.
(Mine detector equipment deleted by Naval Censor.)*

the extra blankets and fur lined jackets issued back at Red Hill.

We ate K and C emergency rations, and that tiresome diet lasted for weeks. The real hardship those first rugged weeks was the lack of sufficient fresh water to keep clean. The bivouac area was in deep black sands; the unforgettable sand and dust that filled your eyes and nose and throat and crept into your mouth as you ate or slept; that seeped into every article of your gear. Much has been written of this and its dirt and filth but nothing can describe the sulphurous odors and the stench of unburied dead; our area had its quota of unburied dead Japs and the more real danger of buried land mines and booby traps. The fact that the battalion suffered no serious casualties in this bivouac area is due largely to the conscientious hard work of the Demolition crew. Although most organized fighting had ceased,

Part of the 95th transportation Area on White Beach.





The Demolition Crew—Banks, Stepanian, Wiggins, Chief Black, Prattl, J. Martin, Mote, guard. These bombs, some of them wired as land mines were located and dug up in our bivouac area. (Mine detection equipment deleted by Naval Censor.)

sporadic small battles were a daily occurrence, and we lived each day in the noise and excitement of nearby battle; for many days sniper fire was a menace. It was to be many a day before the island was entirely clear of Japs. The island was a network of intricate caves and tunnels, some of which were 1800 yards long, had 14 entrances, 2 to 5 levels.

In the early morning hours of March 26 a large band of Japs suddenly made an appearance and over-ran one of the airfields, infiltrating through U. S. lines and into Marine and Army Flight Officers bivouac camps. This was the last of the banzai-type attacks and the next day 250 dead Japs were counted on the scene of their suicidal attack. The Japs were armed with hand grenades, swords, pistols and some Marine M-1 rifles. We were awakened by the fury of the fighting and quite a number of the 95th entered the battle, and, it is said, accounted for some of the enemy dead.

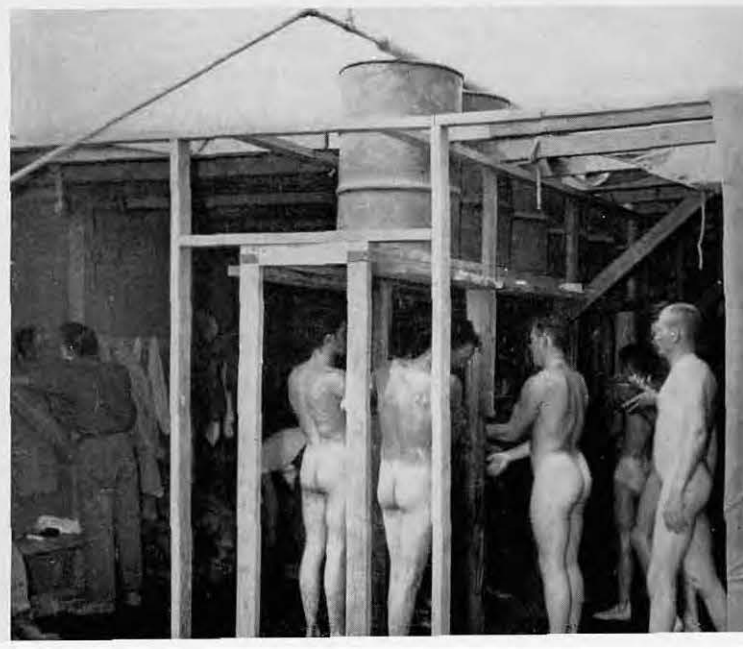
Many of our tents were riddled with bullet holes and flying shrapnel and it was altogether too close for comfort.

As soon as we came ashore large details of stevedores started the endless task of unloading supplies and equipment from the ships, and other work details went into operation. One of our first and most continuous jobs was the Engineering Salvage detail, a group assigned to comb the island for all salvageable materials; anything and everything that could be used to augment new supplies for building this base. It was while he was on duty with this detail that Lt. (jg) Hower suffered wounds when a jeep he was driving struck a land mine, hospitalizing him to a rear base. An important job was the grading and filling at Brown Beach and stabilization at Yellow, Brown and other beaches, to speed up the unloading of ships and movement of materials to the various compounds; a network of access roads to these

The scrub deck for washing clothes at White Beach.



The first showers on Iwo, using boiling hot sulphur water, one degree better than salt water, but still better, March 21, 1945.





The organized bivouac area on White Beach March 29, 1945.

beaches were built and maintained. These beach jobs required the use of many of our men, trucks and heavy equipment.

At the same time work was started on the permanent site for the 95th camp. We were assigned to an area at the northwestern end of the island in probably the roughest terrain of the island. It had presumably been an area of ridges, plateaus and deep ravines, rather densely covered with underbrush, but the prolonged bombing and naval gunfire had tossed the soft rock about so that it looked like a stone quarry after an earthquake. With all the disruption, the area had a

weird beauty for nature was asserting herself and the broken and torn trees and shrubbery were coming to life with a showing of feathery green. Commander Johnson ordered that the new camp be constructed with as little disturbance to the terrain as possible and no living tree or plant was to be harmed. The surveyors and 'dozer operators who were the first of the details to commence work there did so under extremely dangerous conditions, for the area was still infested with Jap snipers and one had to work with his carbine ready and keep a sharp lookout. Heavy equipment operators and truck drivers worked with armed guard escorts; a crew of expert demolition men under the direction of Chief Black preceded all work and combed the area thoroughly for land mines and booby traps; their work was extremely



A Jap dummy tank, constructed of sticks and grasses, that fooled no one.

Chief Black gingerly inspects a booby trap while Pratt looks on.



Iwo Jima



Surveying for the 95th permanent area April 1, 1945. Chief Wadlington stands guard while Garrett shoots a line through.



"Blackie" Alia going through the chow line in the mess tent on White Beach; chow these days was rugged and monotonous.

Aftermath of the Jap banzai-type attack on March 26; two of the 250 enemy dead found after the battle.

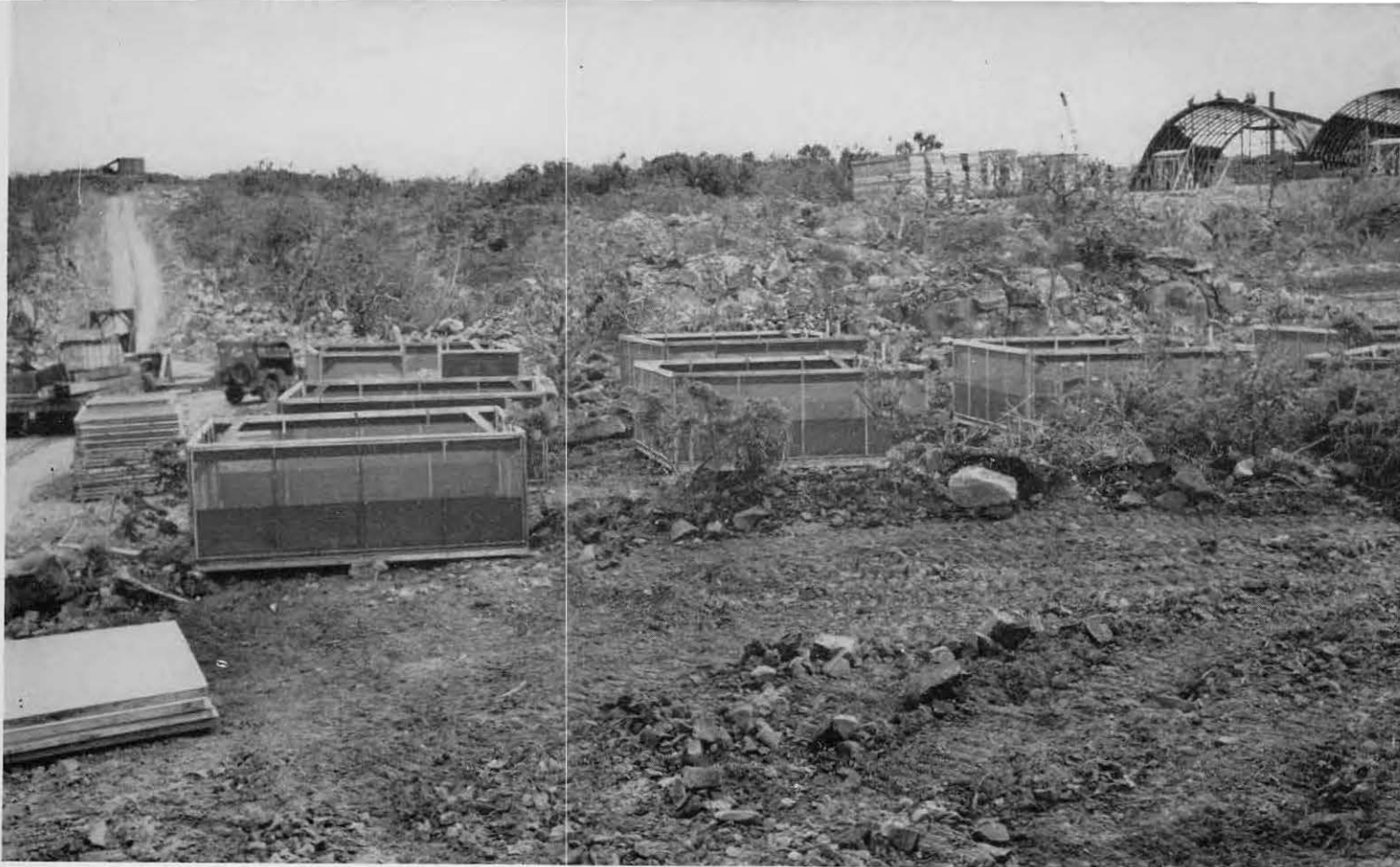




Leveling and clearing area for the chow hall in the permanent camp area, March 27, 1945.

A panorama of the 95th permanent camp area on Iwo Jima. CPO tents at extreme left. Officers Country next with the main camp area.





95th Chow Hall and tents for enlisted men under construction, April 13, 1945.

Lead out in the background of center sections. Chow Hall in center. Lumber yard and Carpenter shop at extreme right.

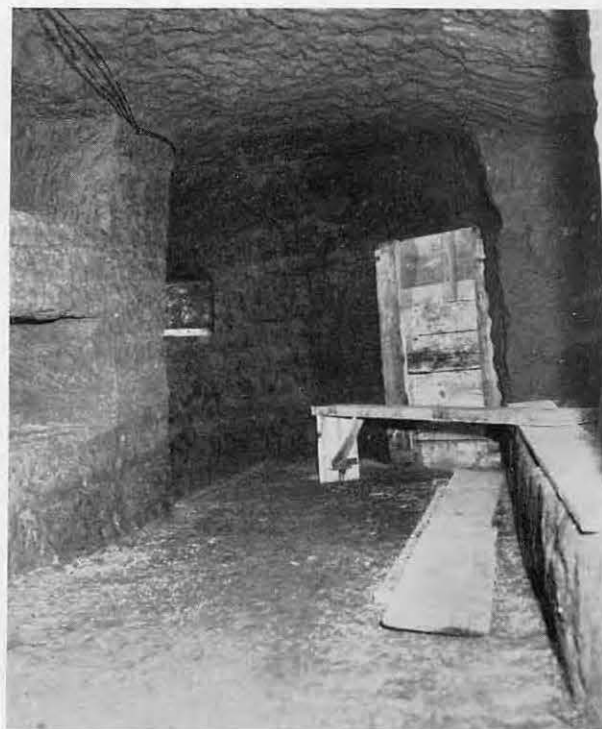




Panorama of Administration Area—OOD office at left; Construction Office; Detail Office and Personnel Office in Quonset hut; Engineering Office; Operations Office, with Photo-Lab directly to the rear; Office of the Officer in Charge and Executive Officer. Transportation Area in background, with grease rack and motor service at left; Welding, Forge, Machine and Electric Shops in the right rear.

important and dangerous for this area and all others where 95th men were at work were heavily mined and it is to their credit that our casualties were so low. Only a few of our bulldozers were damaged by striking buried enemy land mines, fortunately with only minor injuries to the operators. We were saddened by the death of F. R. Jaramillo, SF3C, who was killed 25 April 1945 when the 'dozer he was operating struck a land mine.

The tents for battalion personnel were located wherever the terrain permitted and the result was a well dispersed camp protected from heavy damage from possible air attacks. The rough surroundings made an attractive camp and many of the tents were made homey by transplanting native flowers and shrubs and other individual work of the men. We moved to this permanent area April 20th. After all camp facilities were completed we boasted the finest camp on the island and the finest camp the 95th ever had. We lived in comfortable 16 x 16 pyramid tents, with wood decks, screened sidewalls, screen doors and electric lights, five men to a tent. Ample shower facilities were provided with fresh water, and a laundry was operated for the convenience of the personnel. We enjoyed eating in a large, airy chow hall painted white inside with a galley fitted with every convenience; our meals were good, considering that we were far into a forward area. We enjoyed fresh meat and vegetables at frequent intervals and the cooking and baking were tops! Our outdoor theater area was the envy of the island with a fine projection screen and enough benches to seat the entire battalion



Interior of one of the larger caves (approximately five feet wide by five feet six inches high) numerous side rooms, tunnels, storage and sleeping shelves. Later used as an air raid shelter by U. S. Army unit.

Iwo Jima

in comfort. Divine services were held in this theater area on Sunday evenings with our own Chaplain James W. Paul officiating at Protestant services; these services were well attended and a tribute to the personal popularity of Chaplain Paul. Catholic Mass was read by Chaplain Francis C. Glynn, U. S. Army Reserve, of an Anti-Aircraft Battery, who generously gave of his time to serve our Catholic boys.

We had a fine Ship's Store with a Wet Canteen attached and an outdoor beer garden. Our Library was the largest and most complete of any on the island with a selection to please the most exacting readers. A large Recreation tent complete with ping-pong tables, pin ball machines, radio, record player, and writing tables was available for men off duty and for leisure hours; this department furnished exercising bars, punching bags and practice boxing ring for the men. Special features were free haircuts, free radio repair and free watch repair. It was all a far cry from home but our skipper, Commander Johnson, had the gratitude of the men for trying to make life on this desolate rock more liveable.

Each day brought new work assignments until we were busy on a seven day week with two ten-hour per day work schedules. A multitude of minor jobs were started and completed;—Clearing and Grading Areas, Access Roads, Road Maintenance, all types of Revetments for the storage of munitions, bombs and chemical warfare supplies.



The crater of Suribachi volcano.

Panorama of Iwo Jima taken from the top of Mt. Suribachi.

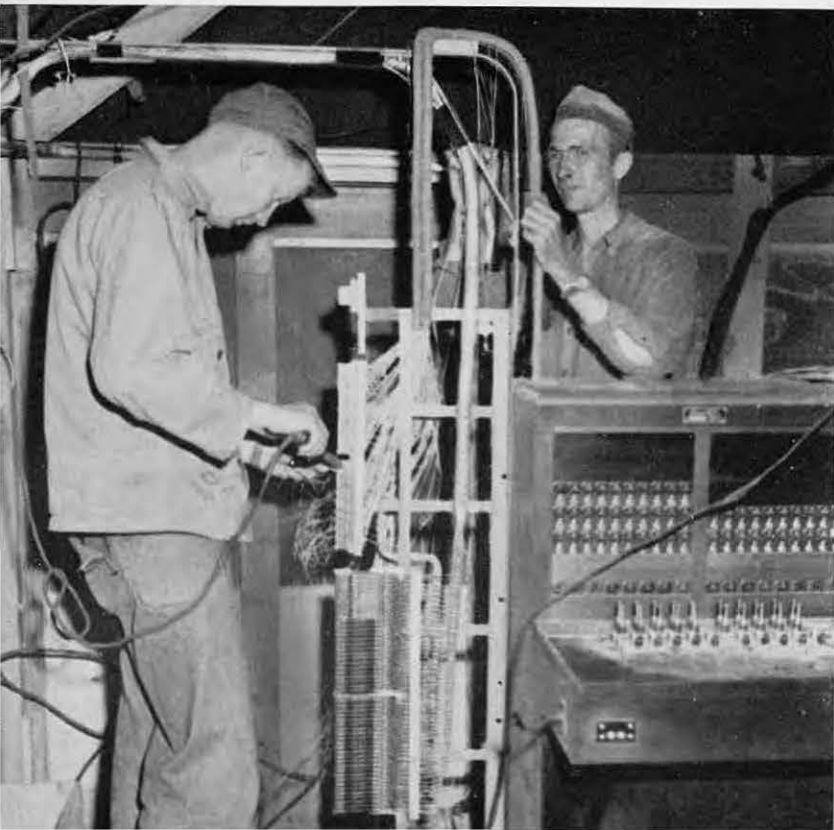




R. J. Miller, Chief Black with a group of Army Demolition men examining enemy mines, booby traps, etc.

Work on our major projects went forward steadily under the general supervision of the Operations Officer and the Field Construction Officer. A complete plant for the 232nd General Hospital was constructed and included Administration and Receiving buildings, Surgical and Medical Wards, Air-conditioned Surgery, X-Ray Department, Laboratory, Pharmacy, Dental Clinic, buildings to house the miscellaneous clinics, Maintenance Shops, Laundry, Power and Light Units, Telephone System, Troop Mess, Patients Mess and Officers Mess, Nurses Quarters and Recreation facilities—a complete 1000 bed hospital. A similar project was the construction of a

Geraldi and Palmer finish the intricate wiring for the battalion switchboard.



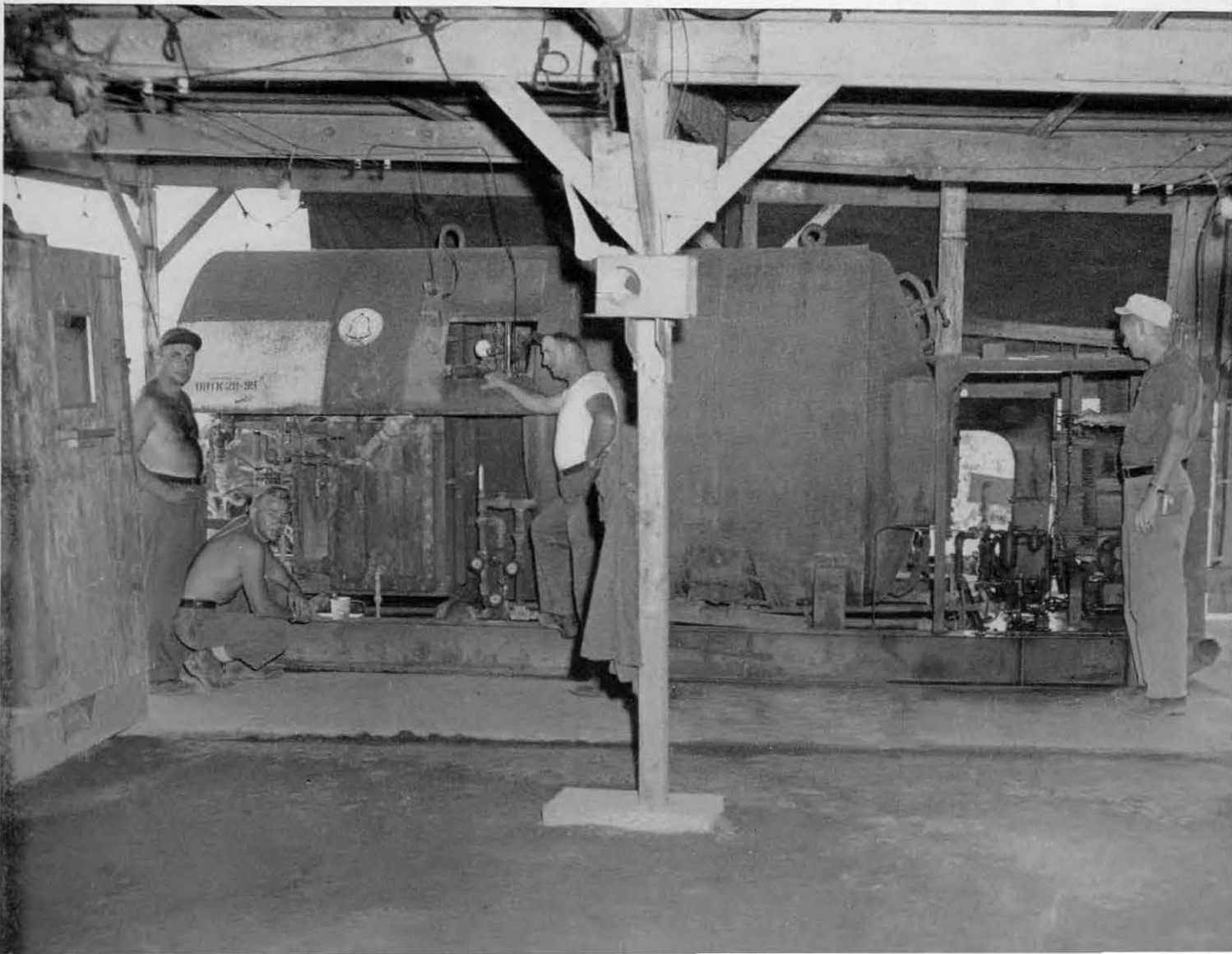
complete hospital unit for the 38th Field Hospital with general facilities for a 500 bed hospital. A third hospital unit was constructed for the 41st Station Hospital with general facilities for a 250 bed hospital. One of the more extensive projects consisted of a large camp and operational facilities for the 21st Bomber Command;—a 3000 man Mess Hall, living quarters, shops and warehouses. Another major job was the group of Ammunition Storage Igloos, built entirely by 95th men. All of these projects necessitated preliminary grading and preparation of sites involving moving thousands of yards of rock, volcanic ash and sand, and the continuous use of all of our heavy equipment and operators; hundreds of steel Quonset huts were erected, as well as many pre-fabricated wood buildings, keeping the men assigned to these details busy for many months. Thousands of yards of concrete were poured and many men labored on this back-breaking work. In all of the work done on Iwo Jima no one detail nor no one individual can receive any special mention. All hands turned to on assigned work and completed their work with quickness and dispatch; the 95th was a good battalion because the men in the 95th made it so; each mission and each job bore evidence of good teamwork and the cooperation of the men and is a credit to the leaders of the battalion. The men who served faithfully on mess duty deserve just as much credit as those who as skilled craftsmen produced fine work; we were all a part of the ensemble that made the 95th outstanding.

An emergency switchboard for use during air raids was established in a cave near the Communications headquarters; Geraldi at this switchboard.





*The beach pumps that pumped sea-water to the 95th Water Purification Stills; sand bagging before bomb proof roof was added.
One of the 95th Water Stills—Destefano, J. W. Taylor, Kolb, W. W. Young.*





Iwo Jima

"The Heart of the 95th Area"—Post Office and Censor Office at left, with Gear Locker to the rear; Reefer House with the Chow Hall in the rear. The theater area and the Ships

The serving line of the enlisted mens mess.

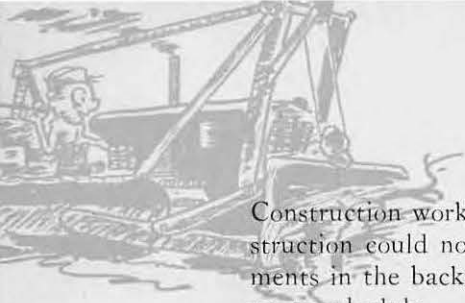




food cold storage and the source of ice-water for drinking and canteens; Food Stores hut and Garbage Store with outdoor beer garden at the right, and the Projection Booth.

The main dining area of the enlisted mens chow hall.





Construction work is our major mission but construction could not proceed without the departments in the background that keep construction up to schedule.

The Engineers and Surveyors work first and continually with all projects; without their work there could be no construction. Keeping track of the many pieces of heavy equipment and the fleets of trucks was the responsibility of the Transportation Department; the Machine Shops, the Welding shop and forge shop were kept busy keeping all mobile equipment operating. Special details worked as cargo handlers or stevedores, and expeditors saw to it that the proper materials reached each job. The Carpenter shop produced over 4000 pieces of sturdy, good looking furniture for the various hospitals and other island units, in addition to building tent floors and frames, pre-fabricated buildings of all kinds and miscellaneous gadgets that taxed the imagination of these craftsmen. The Paint Shop painted or stained most of the furniture built, as well as painted complete buildings inside and out and made up thousands of signs. The Plumbing Shop and its men were kept continually busy with the tremendous amount of work required on our various projects and the Sheet Metal Shop produced all types of plain and fancy metal work for many of the island units. The various offices, Operations,



Scoops—Lt. (jg) T. B. Lewis, Carp. Hooper, Lt. (jg) Backus.



Round Point Committee—Lt. (jg) Mansfield, Lt. Rothwell, Lt. (jg) J. A. Jones.



Officers of the SHOVEL CLUB—Lt. Menuet "Steam Shovel" (President); Ch. Carp. Anthony, "Clam-shell" (Sec-y, Treas.); Lt. Hudson, "Dragline" (Vice-President).



Square Point Committee—Ch. Carp. Boothby, Lt. Johnson, Lt. McKay (not pictured).

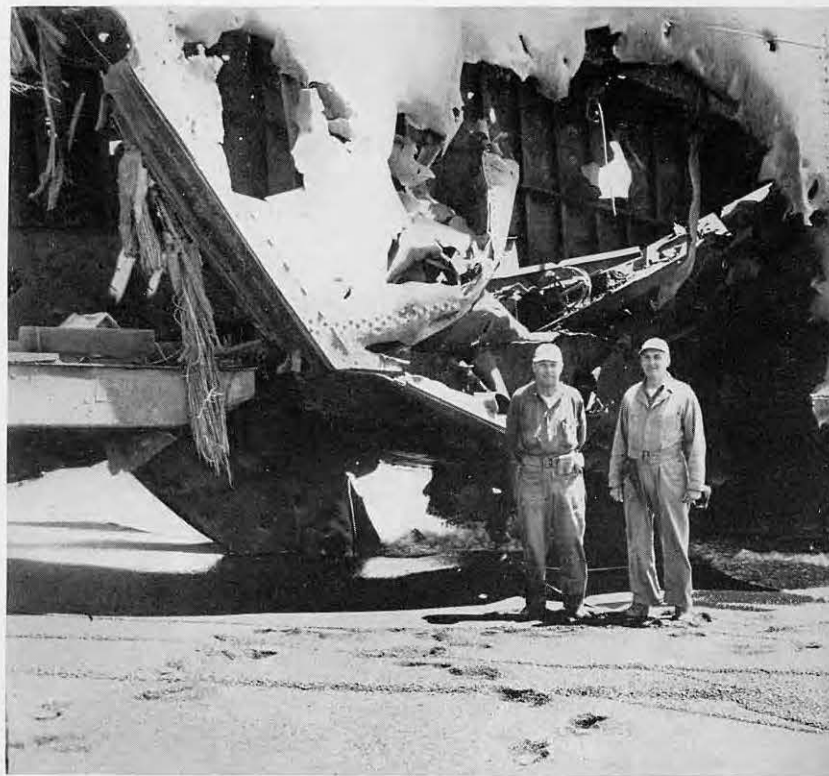


THE SHOVEL CLUB—first row, left to right—Carp. Gatton, Electrician Smith, Lt. (jg) J. A. Jones, Ens. Schneider, Lt. Gilbert, Lt. Rothwell, Lt. Hudson, Ch. Carp. Boothby, Ch. Carp. Anthony, Lt. Paul, Lt. Folkers, Carp. Agnew, Carp. Dewlaney, Lt. (jg) M. H. Jones, Ch. Carp. Neylon.
 Second row—Lt. (jg) Sullivan, Ens. Miller, Carp. Hooper, Lt. (jg) Mansfield, Lt. A. W. Johnson, Lt. McCandless, Lt. (jg) T. B. Lewis, Ens. Moyer, Lt. (jg) Backus, Ens. Hood, Lt. Comdr. A. T. Lewis, Lt. Menuet.

Iwo Jima



Commander Johnson at ease in his tent.



Ch. Carp. Boothby and Lt. Hudson beside the shell torn hulk of a Jap ship, comparable to our LST.



The 95th Ships's Store. Storekeepers Schultz, Farley, Chief Smith and Lally.

The soft volcanic ash and sand of Iwo eroded easily; this is the result of four days continuous rain, a washed out ditch about ten feet deep.





A damaged B29 that didn't quite make the haven of one of Iwo's airfields; crashed and burned near the 95th area; the full crew parachuted safely to land, with most of them landing in our area.

Wreck of a D-8 'Dozer. It was while operating this dozer April 25 that Francisco (Poncho) Jaramillo was killed as the blade struck a buried enemy land mine.





A natural stone arch that withstood the bombardment of Iwo.

One of many similar formations of rock in the 95th area; note the bullet and shell scars on these rocks



A mound of rock that housed the entrance to a cave; note again the bullet pocked rock





Another of the 95th's dozers that struck a land mine and was severely damaged. The operator, F. H. Krause escaped serious injury.

Some of the rough terrain at the north end of Iwo that made the ugliness beautiful.



The rugged north cliffs; many Japs jumped over these cliffs to escape capture, to die on the rocks below.





With Suribachi and the blue Pacific to watch over them forever, here lie the valiant dead of the 3rd and 4th Divisions of the U. S. Marines, and the Seabees who died with them. "this shall not be in vain! Out of this, and from the suffering and sorrow of those who mourn this, will come the birth of a new freedom for the sons of men everywhere."



Memorial Day

1945



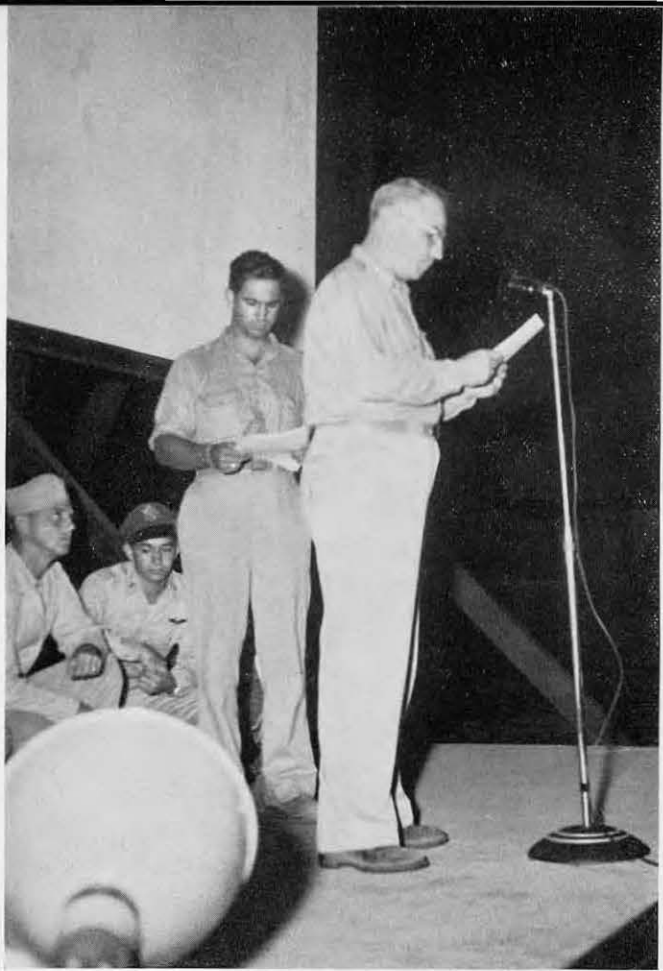
The sweet sad notes of Taps brought a benediction that lay like a mantle of peace over the graves of our comrades.

Catholic Memorial Mass for the repose of their souls.

The firing squad ready for the memorial salute.

Personnel, Disbursing, Supply, Work Details, all worked hard to keep the field work progressive. The Post Office and Censor Board operated faithfully; mail call was still the greatest morale builder we had. The work in the galley and bake-shop and on the serving lines and in the scullery must have been very monotonous, but all will agree that these men did important work. The Medical Department served the battalion well. We had ample fresh water after the permanent camp was established, furnished by our water tenders, using distilled and evaporated sea water; this water seemed to be the most palatable of any we had had yet from similar sources. A huge cistern, to hold approximately 70,000 gallons of rain water was constructed near the battalion Chow Hall; it consisted of an excavation approximately 30 feet square by 10 feet deep, dug out of the rock-like clay and lined with concrete. This cistern trapped the rain water from the Chow Hall roofs and the water was used by the laundry and enlisted men's showers.


on Iwo Jima



Major-General Chaney, Island Commander of Iwo Jima, broadcasts from the 95th stage, Memorial Day evening.

Part of the huge audience that viewed the world premier of the thrilling technicolor movie, "To the Shores of Iwo Jima" at the 95th Jaramillo Theatre, Memorial Day evening.





May 21st brought the first air raid; on several previous occasions the Japs had made attempts to raid the island but fighter planes based on Iwo met them out at sea and either turned them back or destroyed them. On the night when they did get in, one was shot down just off shore and gave us the pleasure of seeing an enemy aircraft fall burning into the sea; a second Jap two-engined bomber came in low, and close to our living area, dropping many small fragmentation bombs. The sky was criss-crossed with anti-aircraft tracer shells and the noise of the larger guns was deafening; the Jap pilot flew straight into hell and took his crew with him; the airplane dashed to earth in a mass of flames to the great satisfaction of the Army AA crews and the thousands of watchers who peered cautiously from fox-holes to see the finish. The second air raid came June 1st inflicting severe casualties on a neighboring Construction Battalion, and a third raid was staged June 24, with negligible results. There were many alerts and the wail of the warning sirens was always instantly obeyed and even the soundest sleepers were quick to awake and get into caves or foxholes.

It was amusing to hear the daily radio broadcasts from "Radio Tokyo"; the news was distorted and fantastic claims were always made of mythical Japanese victories. Smooth, sweet-talking females would broadcast in perfect English and really furnish a good musical program that they foolishly believed would upset our morale; in



The Commander has just added his autograph to the collection on Dick Furgens

"PeaSoup" off-spring of "Boots" the 95th Mascot, suffered a broken leg jumping out of a moving jeep; it was set by an Army (Lt. Col.) veterinary.



The Dick Furgens Show—a fast moving, brilliant All-Marine entertainment.





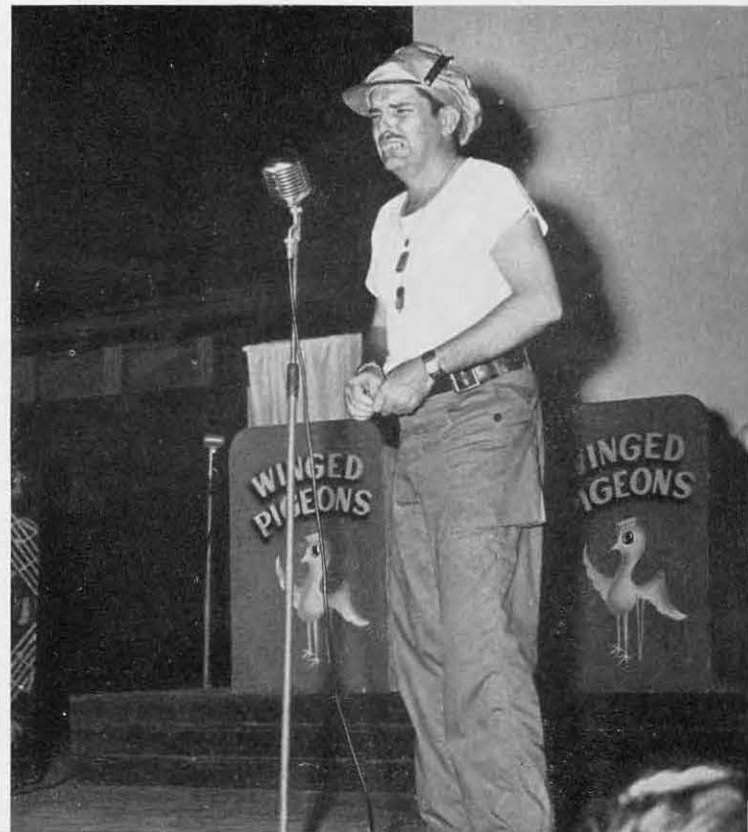
Stars of the "FOX-HOLE MELODIES" stage show—Madame Enya Gonzalez, lyric-soprano; Esther Miller, piano; Mira Rudena, violin; Frank Richards, baritone (not pictured).

THE CHARLIE RUGGLES—MARY BRIAN SHOW—Virginia Carroll, Lillias Gilbert, Charlie Ruggles, Mary Brian, Emma Lou Welch



Linda Stevens of the FREE AND EASY SHOW.

Peter Lynn Hayes, MC of the WINGED PIGEONS SHOW.



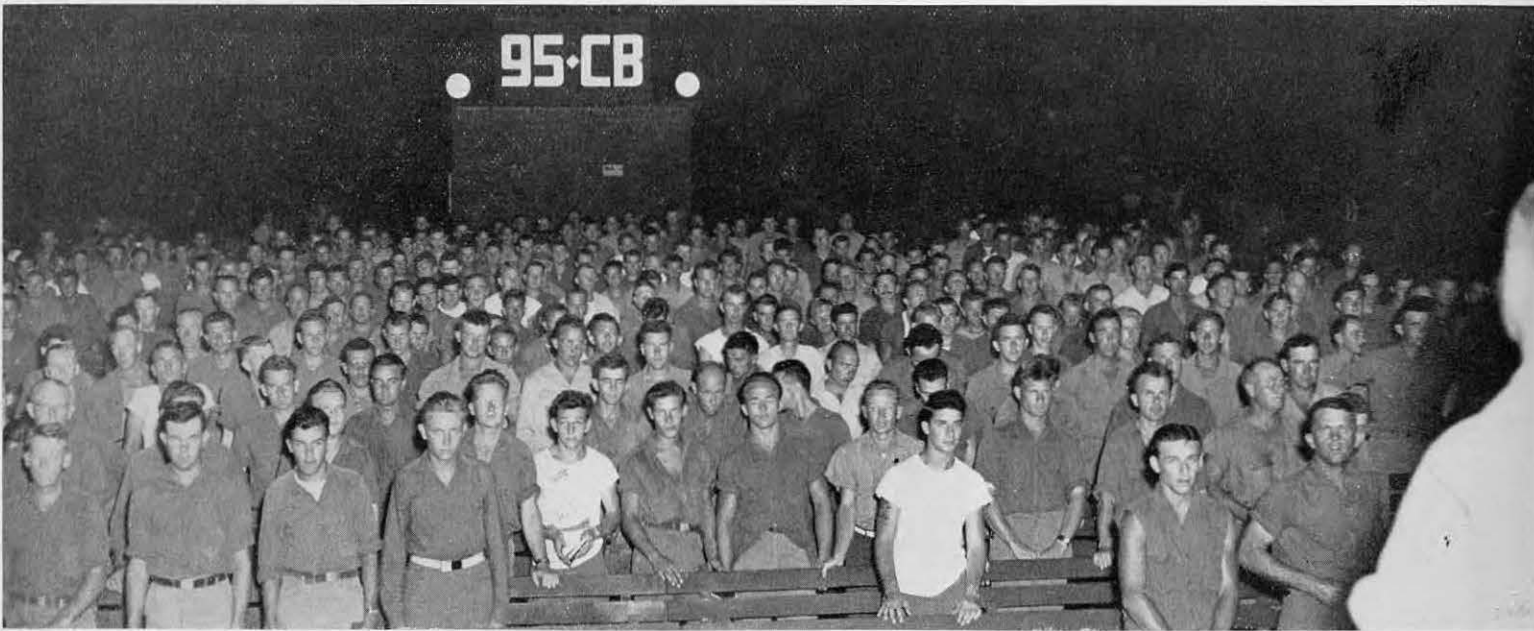


Iwo Jima

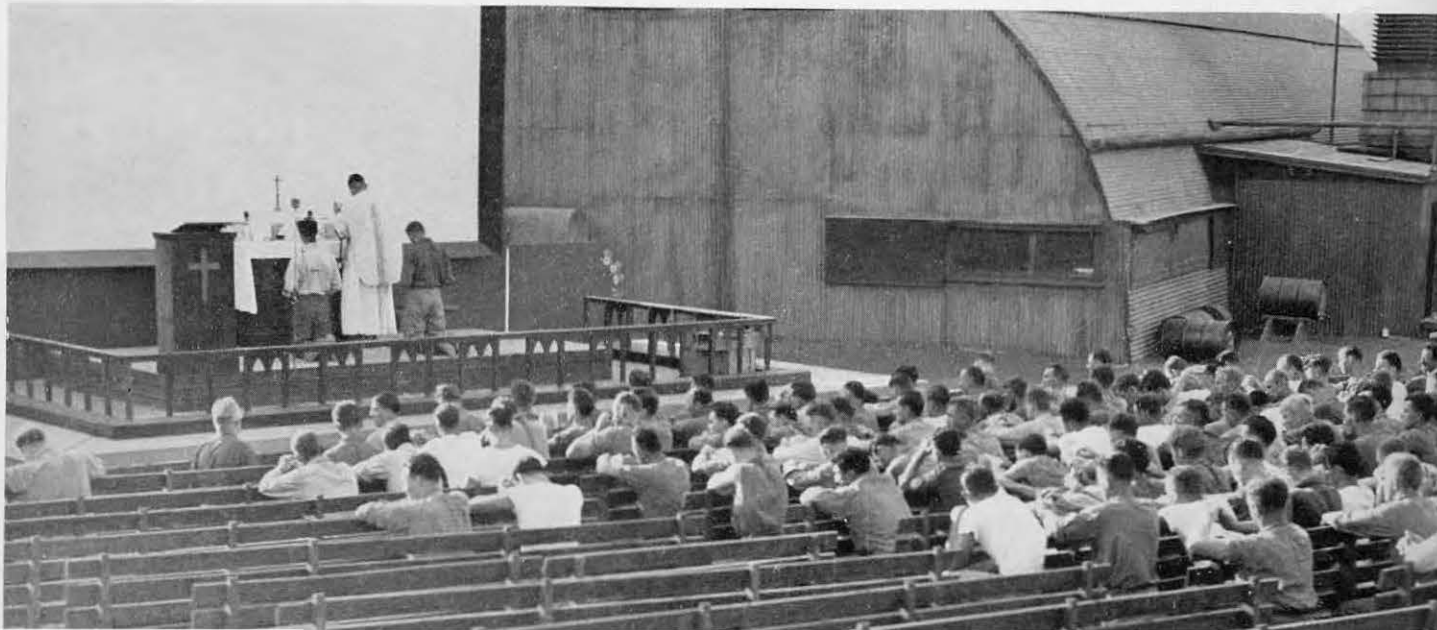


Chaplain Paul delivers an interesting sermon.

Congregation at one of the Protestant services.

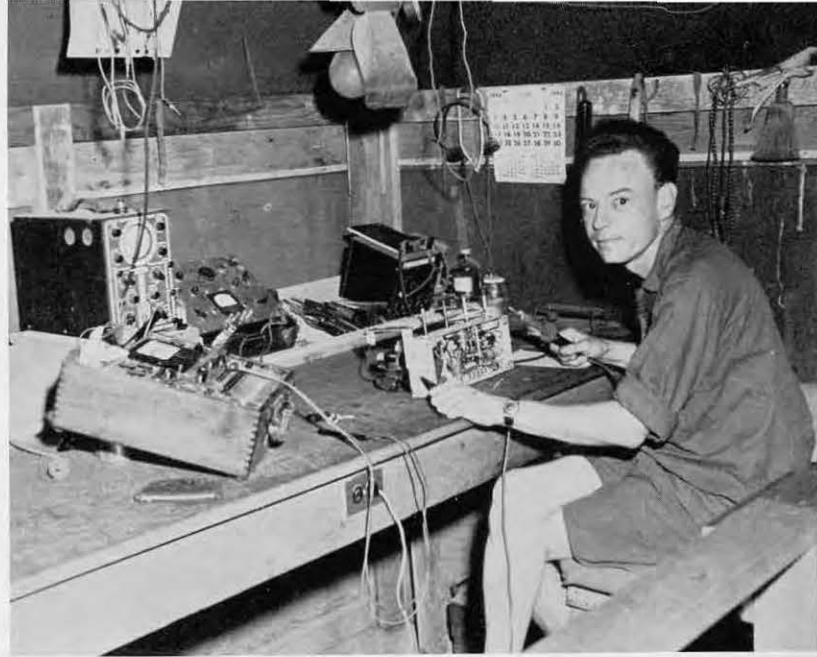


Chaplain Francis Glynn conducts Catholic Mass.





"Ike" Franks, expert watch repairman.



Harry Burkett, the "Mr. Fixit" of Public Address systems, Movie Sound Equipment and radios.

reality we got as much amusement out of their serious broadcasts as one would from a radio-comedy.

As time went on the main topic of conversation was "when will we go home?"; we were in our 21st month of overseas duty when it looked as if the long looked for day had arrived for on July 1, the first draft of men eligible for rehabilitation leave and reassignment left for the States, accompanied by the first draft of the "over 42 year old" men to return for discharge. It was hard to part company with these friends and mates of so many months but we who remained were glad to see them so happy at finally going home.

We enjoyed many more excellent USO stage shows, among them the "Fox-Hole Melodies", "Winged Pigeons", the Charlie Ruggles—Mary Brian Show and the "Free and Easy" show, as well as quite a few local talent entertainments furnished by neighboring service units. These shows were highlights in otherwise drab days and drew huge crowds and tremendous applause.

The time was fast approaching when the old 95th would break up; some of the personnel to return to the states for rehabilitation leave and reassignment, others to be directly transferred to different units, and the thoughts of separations to come filled one with mixed emotions; it would be hard to say good-bye to men closely associated for two and a half years, but the worthwhile friendships would endure and grow stronger with the years. Reviewing our days together we can be thankful that in all our missions we were fortunate



"Monk" Wiggins, repaired and kept battalion and island typewriters operating.

McGlory and Tracy' moving picture projector operators.





Panorama of the 232nd General

Panorama of the 38th Field Hospital.





Hospital under construction.

Panorama of the 41st Station Hospital.



Iwo Jima



Panorama of Brown Beach, stabilized and graded by the 95th.

Camp and Operational Facilities of the 21st Bomber Command, all built by the 95th.





THE ENGINEER SALVAGE DETAIL—kneeling, Lundy, Gialanella, Horn, Branella, standing, Chief Spera, Ericsson, E. A. Young, Handrock, Trogdon, McDonald, Yantch, Heinonen, Underwood, DiCiocco, F. A. Hamilton, Long, Ramsey, Heath, Barbic, Sims, Gogal.

to escape death or serious injury; we lived close to danger many times, but emerged safe and sound; we were fortunate to have had the same skipper, exec and officers for our cruise and retained most of our original enlisted personnel which made us a strong unit.

The night of August 10 brought the electrifying news that Japan would accept the terms of unconditional surrender proposed by the Allied Nations at the Potsdam, Germany, conference, provided they would be permitted to retain their Emperor, Hirohito, as head of the Japanese Empire. The news was received by the personnel of the 95th with varying degrees of emotion; some were skeptical, others deliriously happy and immediately these latter started making plans for the day they would be mustered out. World War II formally ended at 0908 Sunday morning 2 September 1945 on the deck of the U. S. S. MISSOURI in Tokyo Bay when Japan signed the unconditional surrender. Meanwhile, on Iwo the old 95th was swiftly changing form. Many men had already sailed for the States, for discharge or further statesides duty. Each day

brought transfers of officers and enlisted personnel but as September neared its end all of the original personnel of the 95th had forever shaken the dust and black sand of Iwo from their feet and turned their faces and hearts eastward to the "good old U. S. A."

Before long all of this, all of these days of varied memories will be filed away as part of a closed chapter of our lives. It is the purpose of this

Hendrickson and Kuder at work in the Carpenter Shop.

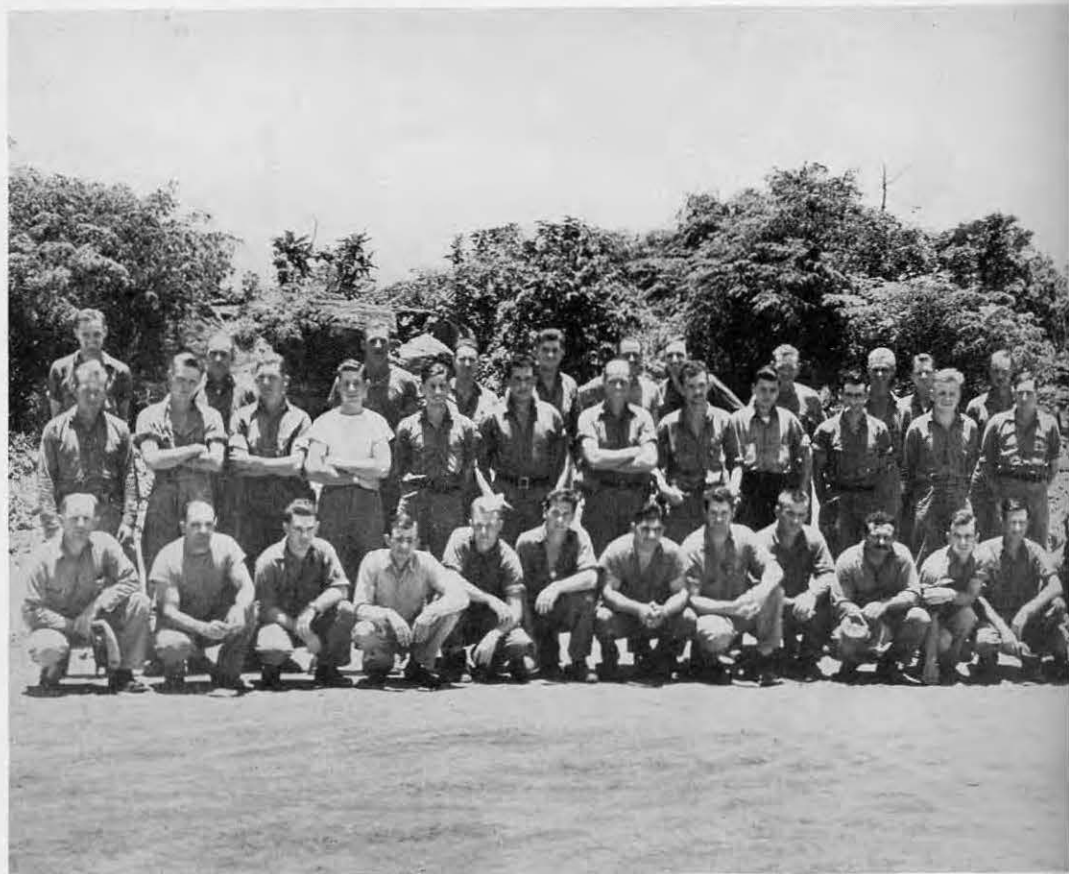




OPERATIONS OFFICE—Wurth, yeoman; Chief Fleming, statistician; Lt. Hudson, Operations Officer; Ens. Schneider, Ass't Operations Officer.

Lt. McKay (right) Field Construction Officer, with Roos, in 95th Testing Laboratory.

book to recall happy memories, to remind us of amusing incidents along the route of our cruise and to keep alive the friendships' made. If it has given you pleasure its purpose has been accomplished. Farewell and God Bless you all.



STEVEDORE DETAIL—first row, Chief Clark, Linscott, E. J. Miller, Ramage, R. G. Pierce, Johns, Plants Maybury, Pond, Cosentino, LeClair, Holman, Picanco. Second row—Anderson, Murdock, Alley, Cassidy, Morell, Fazio, F. T. Pearce, Szymendera, Steele, Remiro, Earl, Kelly, C. T. Childress, Third Row—Comerford, Chief Stevens, Gutknecht, George, Knapp, Vines, Bennett, McElhone, Ch. Carp. Neylon, Ens. Moyer, Oukes.





Construction Officers—front row—Lt. A. W. Johnson, Lt. P. J. McKay, Carp. Hooper, Carp. Agnew.
 Second Row—Lt. (jg) Mansfield, Ch. Carp. Anthony, Lt. H. C. Menuet, Lt. A. J. Gilbert, Lt. (jg) J. A. Jones.

Iwo Jima



CONCRETE DETAIL (July 12, 1945)—first row—Whetton, Hergert, Medley, Ciulik, A. T. Johnson, Turner, Romero, Cantley.
 Second row—Chief Woehrl, Sloan, Coleman, Thime, Woodham, McInerney, F. C. Johnson, Snipas, Bell.
 Third Row—L. G. Evans, Sheehan, Kuczek, Balles, Walker.



LAUNDRY—Gantt, Velasquez, Homa, Turrill, Gaylord, Vocelka, Svedin, Thos. Welch, Carroll, Emil Johnson.





Cold, refreshing beer after a hard days work. Beer was sold three evenings a week, two cans per man.

*Around
the
Camp*



The A-5 and A-6 area—Bell, Yantch, Richards, Batot, Gaynor, W. O. Johnson, Cecil Morse, Tom Quinn, Coutts and Hahn.

C. B. Williams tent—a credit to the area.



One of the well-landscaped tent-homes—Casey Jones, Malcom, and Joe Green.

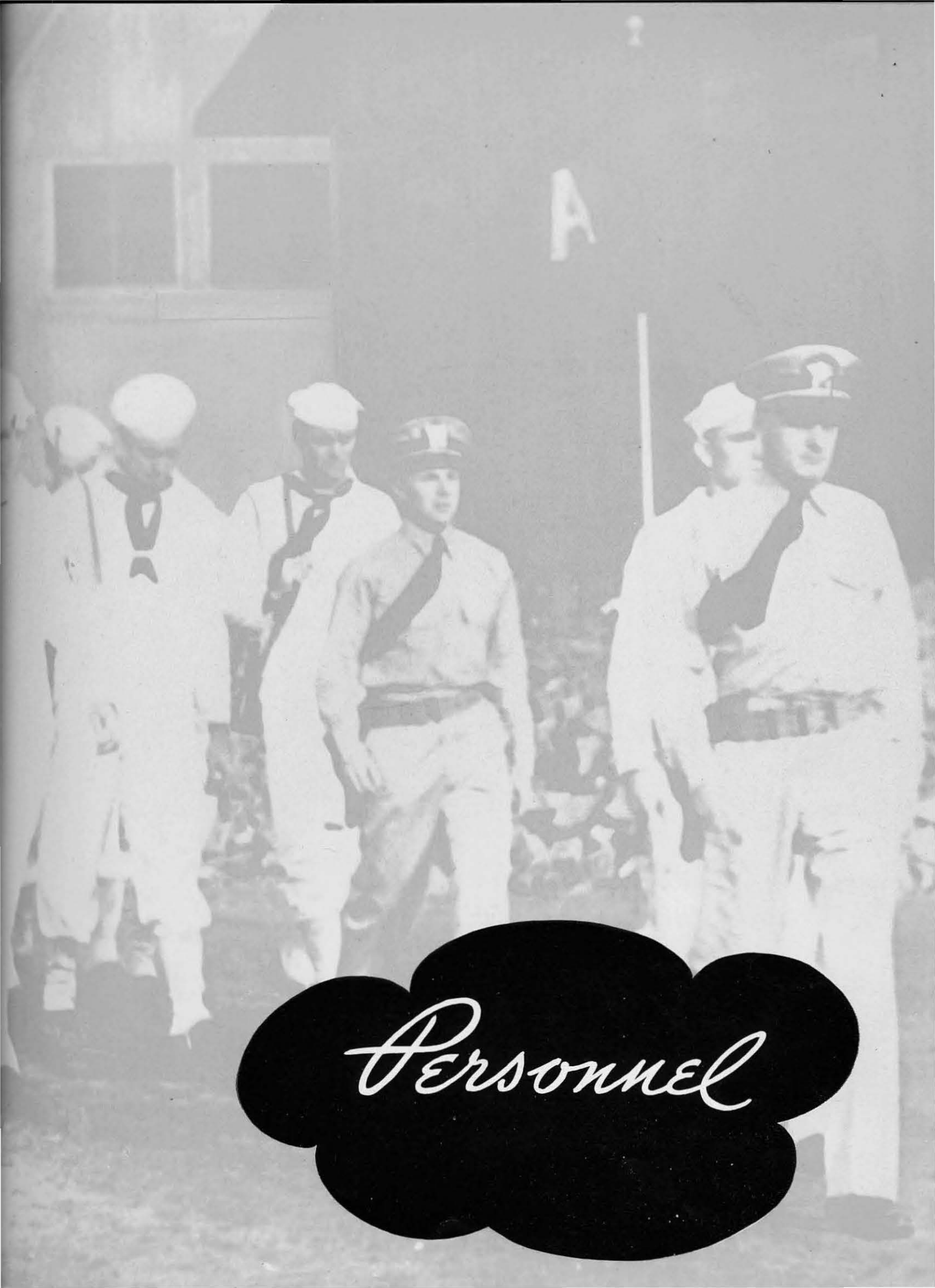
Interior of tent No. 16—Edward J. Kelly, Jr., Louie Wise, Tom Harris and Fred Holbrook (they found a home!)





A thrilling sight—the Stars and Stripes flying proudly in the 95th camp. The stone wall was built by McCall, Papadinecz and Letourneau. Carving on the plaque by Rocky Dana.





Personnel



OFFICER
IN CHARGE



COMMANDER W. L. JOHNSON, CEC USNR

COMMANDER:

You're a worker and you made the Ninety-fifth a working battalion, but you always kept our welfare in mind. You very tolerantly overlooked a lot of things we did that you didn't have to overlook. You had a big job and one that was far from easy; the accomplishments of the battalion are a testimony to the way you handled it.

We realize and acknowledge your splendid leadership. There's not a man amongst us who isn't proud to call you "Skipper". Many, many years of smooth sailing is our wish for you.

All Hands



EXECUTIVE
OFFICER



LT. COMMANDER A. T. LEWIS, CEC USNR

We have finished our cruise, and as we are about to go our several ways, let us not say goodbye but "so long".

The outstanding service of our battalion in the war effort is a matter of record. The personal effort and teamwork of every man in the outfit was what made us. We took the good with the bad, kept our heads up.

Now that we are returning to port, let us cherish memories of the friends we have made and the companionship so necessary to our way of life.

Lt. Comdr. A. T. Lewis, CEC-USNR
Executive Officer.





LT. S. B. COOPER



LT. C. H. MINER



LT. SILAS B. COOPER, ChC, USNR
Chaplain

LT. C. H. MINER, DC, USNR
Dental Officer



LT. F. E. HUDSON



LT. P. J. McKAY

LT. FLOYD E. HUDSON, CEC, USNR
Commander, Company "A"
Operations Officer
In charge of Electrical Department.

LT. PAUL J. McKAY, CEC, USNR
Commander, Company "D"
Field Operations Officer

LT. ROBERT S. ROTHWELL, MC, USNR
Medical Officer
Sanitation Officer
Summary Court Martials Officer

LT. HENRY C. MENUET, CEC, USNR
Commander Company "B"
Construction Officer
Deck Court Martials Officer



LT. R. S. ROTHWELL



LT. H. C. MENUET

LT. ALBIN W. JOHNSON, CEC, USNR
Personnel Officer
Public Relations Officer
Educational Officer
Summary Court Martial Recorder.



LT. A. W. JOHNSON



LT. ANDREW J. GILBERT, JR., CEC, USNR
 Commander, Company "C"
 Water Supply Officer
 In charge of Road Building
 Summary Court Martials Officer.

LT. E. V. RYAN, CEC, USNR
 Company "C" Commander
 Transportation Officer
 Ordnance Officer



LT. A. J. GILBERT



LT. E. V. RYAN



LT. H. A. McCANDLESS, JR.



LT. C. W. FOLKERS

LT. H. A. McCANDLESS, JR., DC, USNR
 Dental Officer

LT. CHARLES M. FOLKERS, DC, USNR
 Assistant Dental Officer



LT. C. A. RUNGE



LT. D. F. SULLIVAN

LT. CARL G. RUNGE, SC, USNR
 Disbursing Officer
 LT. DANIEL F. SULLIVAN, MC, USNR
 Jr. Medical Officer



LT. J. W. PAUL

LT. (JG) JAMES WEBSTER PAUL, ChC, USNR
 Chaplain





LT. (jg) T. B. LEWIS



LT. (jg) D. S. BACKUS



LT. (JG) THOMAS B. LEWIS, CEC, USNR
Company "C"
Censor Officer
Transportation and Dispatching Officer
Camouflage Officer
Summary Court Martials Officer

LT. (JG) DONALD S. BACKUS, CEC, USNR
Commander, Headquarters Company
Work Detail Officer
Camp Officer
Recreation and Welfare Officer



LT. (jg) M. H. JONES



LT. (jg) G. M. MOREY

LT. (JG) MILTON H. JONES, JR., CEC, USNR
Company "B"
Island Engineers Compound

LT. (JG) GEORGE M. MOREY, SC, USNR
Supply Officer
Ass't to Supply Officer N.B. No. 3150

LT. (JG) RICHARD H. MANSFIELD, CEC, USNR
Company "B"
Security Officer
Steel Construction

LT. (JG) NATHAN R. HOWER, CEC, USNR
Company "A"
Ships Service Officer
Salvage Officer



LT. (jg) R. H. MANSFIELD



LT. (jg) N. R. HOWER



LT. (JG) JAMES A. JONES, CEC, USNR
Company "D"
Assistant Security Officer
Ordnance Officer
Construction Officer



LT. (jg) I. A. JONES



LT. (jg) EDMUND C. SHEAHAN, CEC, USNR
Company "A"
Work Detail Officer
Officer-of-the-Day

ENSIGN ROBERT R. SCHNEIDER, CEC, USNR
Company "A"
Officer-of-the-Day
Records and Statistics Officer
Reports Officer
Voting Officer



LT. (jg) E. C. SHEAHAN



ENS. R. R. SCHNEIDER



ENS. G. A. HOOD



ENS. C. H. CLARK

ENSIGN GEORGE A. HOOD, CEC, USNR
Company "D"
Transportation Officer

ENSIGN CARL H. CLARK, SC, USNR
Disbursing Officer



ENS. M. M. MOYER



ENS. D. B. MILLER

ENSIGN MARSHALL M. MOYER, CEC, USNR
Company "A"
Materials Expediter

ENSIGN DAVID B. MILLER, CEC, USNR
Company "D"
Construction (Roads)



CH. CARP. W. E. BOOTHBY

CHIEF CARPENTER WALTER E. BOOTHBY,
 CEC, USNR
Headquarters Company
Surveying and Engineering Officer.





CH. CARP. H. D. ANTHONY



CH. CARP. A. N. NEYLON



CHIEF CARPENTER HOWARD D. ANTHONY,
CEC, USNR
*Headquarters Company
Treasurer, Officers' Mess
Assistant Camp Officer*

CHIEF CARPENTER ARTHUR N. NEYLON,
CEC, USNR
*Company "C"
Materials Expediter
In charge of Cargo Handling*



CH. CARP. MAX BOSSHART



CH. CARP. K. G. KAREKIN

CHIEF CARPENTER MAX BOSSHART, CEC,
USNR
*Company "D"
In charge of Building Construction*

CHIEF CARPENTER KISSAG G. KAREKIN,
CEC, USNR
Company "D"

CARPENTER ROBERT C. AGNEW, CEC, USNR
*Company "B"
In charge of Carpenter Shop
Building Construction*

CARPENTER ESTON C. HOOPER, CEC, USNR
*Company "A"
Building Construction*



CARP. R. C. AGNEW



CARP. E. C. HOOPER



CARPENTER WILLIAM S. DEWLANEY, CEC,
USNR
*Company "C"
Equipment Maintenance*



CARP. W. S. DEWLANEY



(AT RED HILL, OAHU, T. H.)

1944—First row, l. to r.: Lt. R. S. Rothwell, Comdr. W. L. Johnson, Lt. Comdr. A. T. Lewis, Lt. S. B. Cooper. Second row: Carp. E. C. Hooper, Ch. Carp. K. E. Karekin, Lt. C. H. Miner, Lt. (jg) D. F. Sullivan, Lt. (jg) N. R. Hower, Lt. P. J. McKay, Lt. (jg) M. H. Jones, Ch. Carp. W. E. Boothby, Carp. R. G. Agnew, Ch. Carp. Max Bosshart. Third row: Lt. F. E. Hudson, Carp. W. S. Dewlaney, Lt. (jg) J. A. Jones, Lt. (jg) G. M. Morey, Lt. A. J. Gilbert, Jr., Lt. (jg) R. H. Mansfield, Lt. H. C. Menuet, Lt. (jg) C. W. Folkers, Ens. R. R. Schneider, Lt. (jg) C. R. Runge, Lt. (jg) D. S. Backus, Ch. Carp. A. N. Neylon, Lt. A. W. Johnson, Ch. Carp. H. D. Anthony, Lt. (jg) T. B. Lewis.



(ORIGINAL OFFICERS OF THE 95th—AT HUENEME)

1943—First row, l. to r.: Lt. F. E. Hudson, Ens. C. R. Runge, Lt. (jg) R. S. Rothwell, Lt. C. H. Miner, Lt. Comdr. T. R. Mansfield, Commander W. L. Johnson, Lt. Comdr. A. T. Lewis, Lt. S. B. Cooper, Lt. (jg) T. W. Fulton, Ens. J. W. Morris. Second row: Carp. A. W. Heidke, Carp. S. J. Berger, Ens. T. B. Lewis, Lt. P. J. McKay, Ens. D. S. Backus, Carp. W. E. Boothby, Ens. M. H. Jones, Carp. M. Bosshart, Ens. E. C. Sheahan. Third row: Lt. K. A. Kettle, Lt. (jg) A. T. Everham, Carp. A. N. Neylon, Lt. E. F. Crosby, Lt. F. M. Davis, Lt. (jg) R. T. Barr, Carp. H. D. Anthony, Lt. H. C. Menuet, Lt. (jg) E. V. Ryan, Ens. R. H. Mansfield.

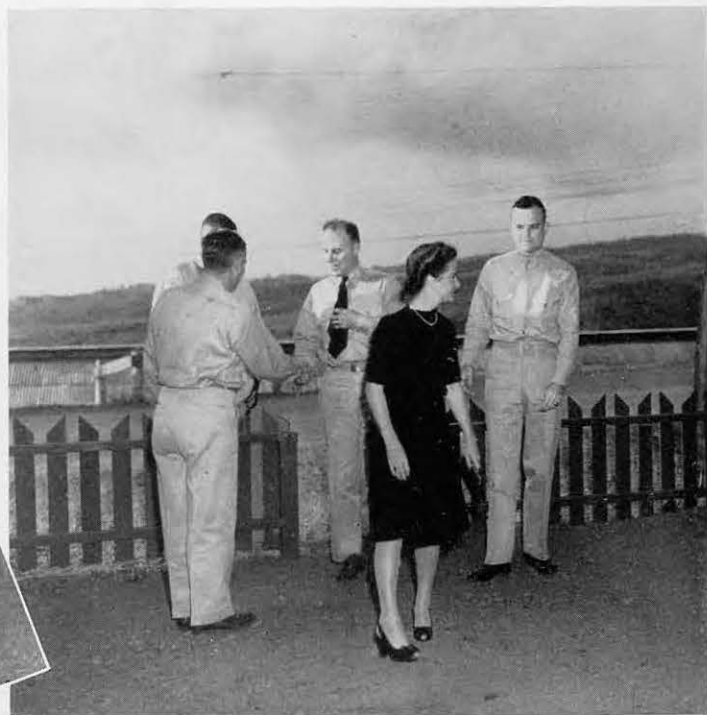




Officers of the 95th, and their guests at the Anniversary Dinner October 27, 1944, at the Red Hill Ward Room.



*Lt. Beck, Brigade Personnel Officer
and Lt. Comdr. Lewis.*



Comdr. Johnson and Lt. Comdr. Lewis welcome dinner guests.



Ch. Carp. Bosshart, Carp. Hooper, Lt. (jg) F. A. Jones and Ch. Carp. Boothby.

Carp. Agnew, Lt. (jg) M. H. Jones, Ch. Carp. Neylon, and Ch. Carp. Anthony.

*95th Overseas Anniversary Dinner—October 27
Red Hill Ward Room.*



*Officers and guests at the Anniversary USO Show,
Red Dust Bowl Theater, October 27, 1944.*





Lt. (jg) Mansfield, Lt. (jg) Hower, Ch. Carp. Boothby, Lt. (jg) M. H. Jones, Steward Childress, Moanalua Ridge Ward Room.

Carp. Agnew, Lt. Johnson, Ch. Carp. Boothby, and Lt. Miner.

Carp. Agnew, Lt. Johnson, Bartenders Ch. Carp. Anthony, Ch. Carp. Boothby Lt. Miner, Lt. Ryan.



Visiting doctor and Navy nurses chat with Dr. Rothwell Lt (jg) Sheahan, Lt. (jg) Mansfield, Lt. (jg) Hower, Ch. Carp. Boothby.

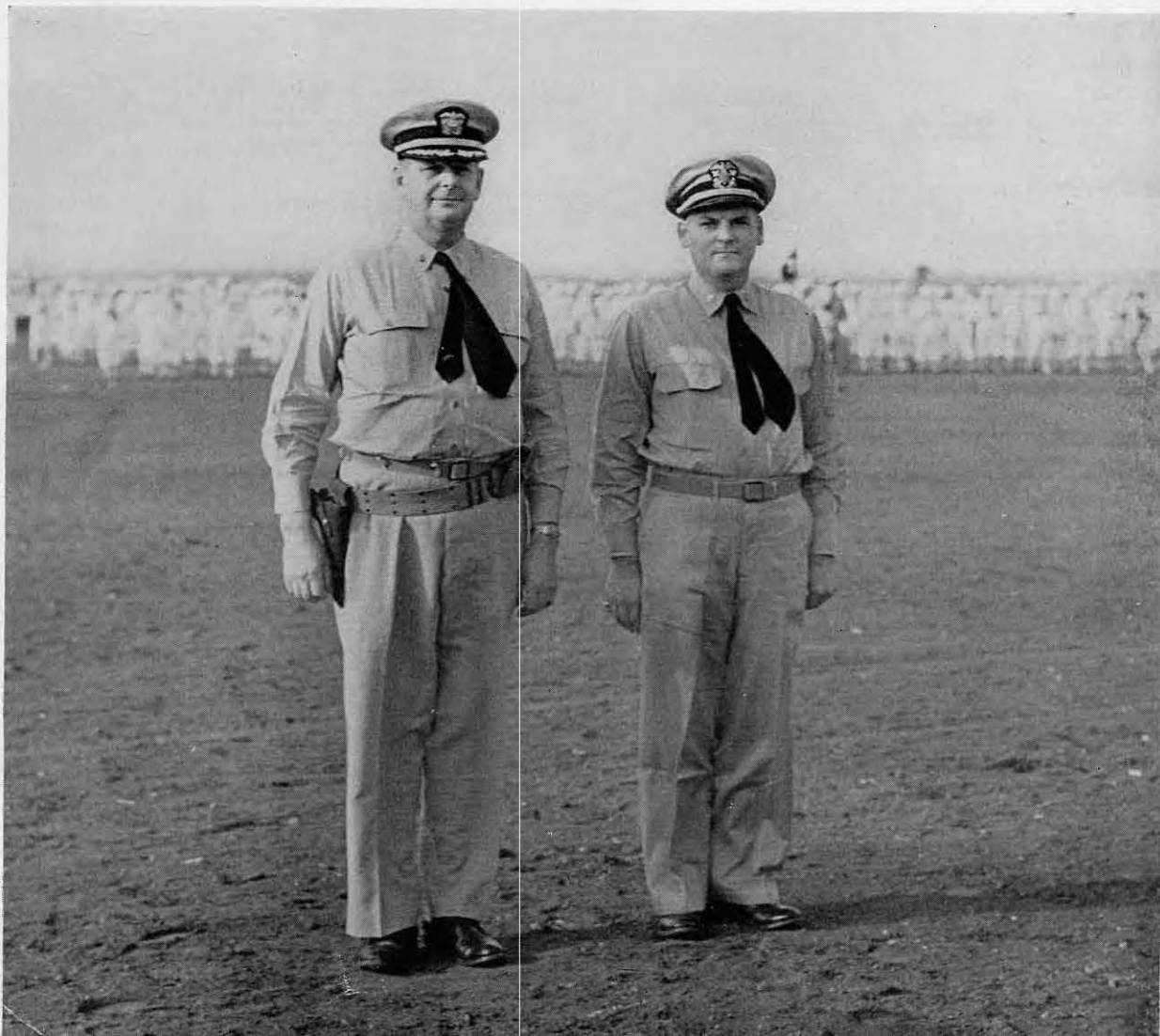


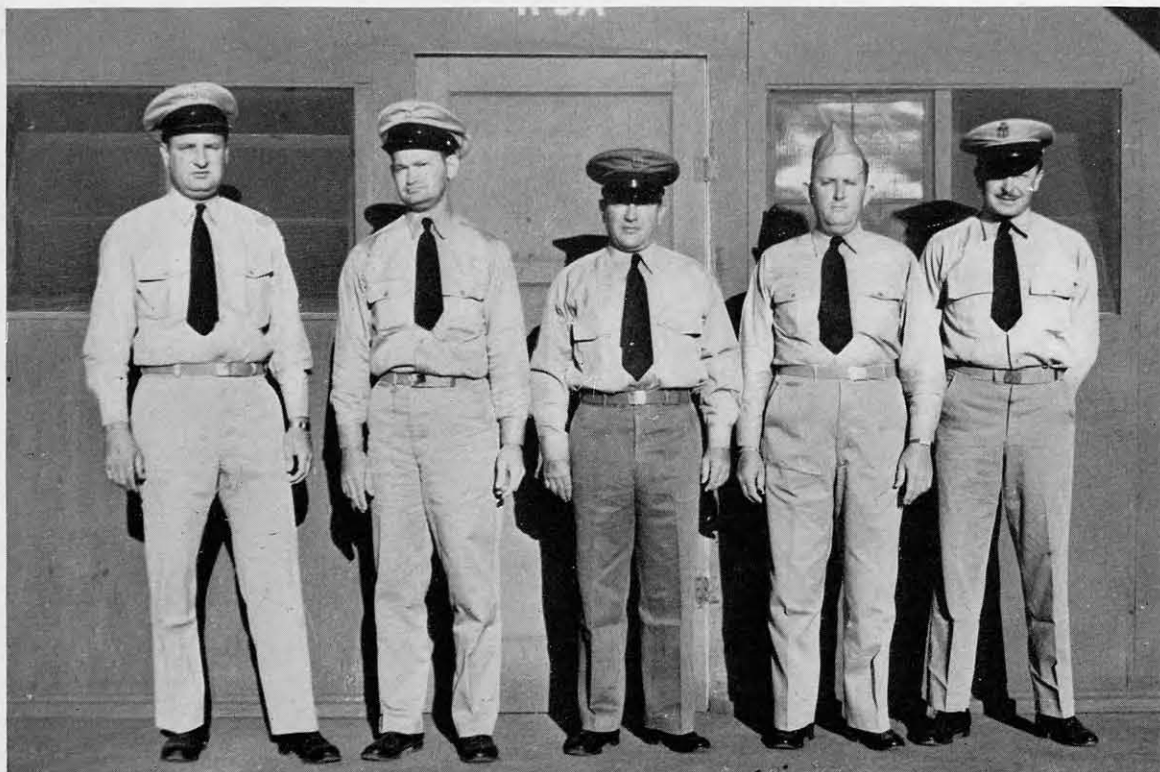


OFFICERS STEWARDS—Dixon, Childress, Taylor, Donnell, Edmon, Clark, Dunlap.



Commander Johnson and Lt. Commander Lewis review the battalion "BATTALION ATTENTION!"



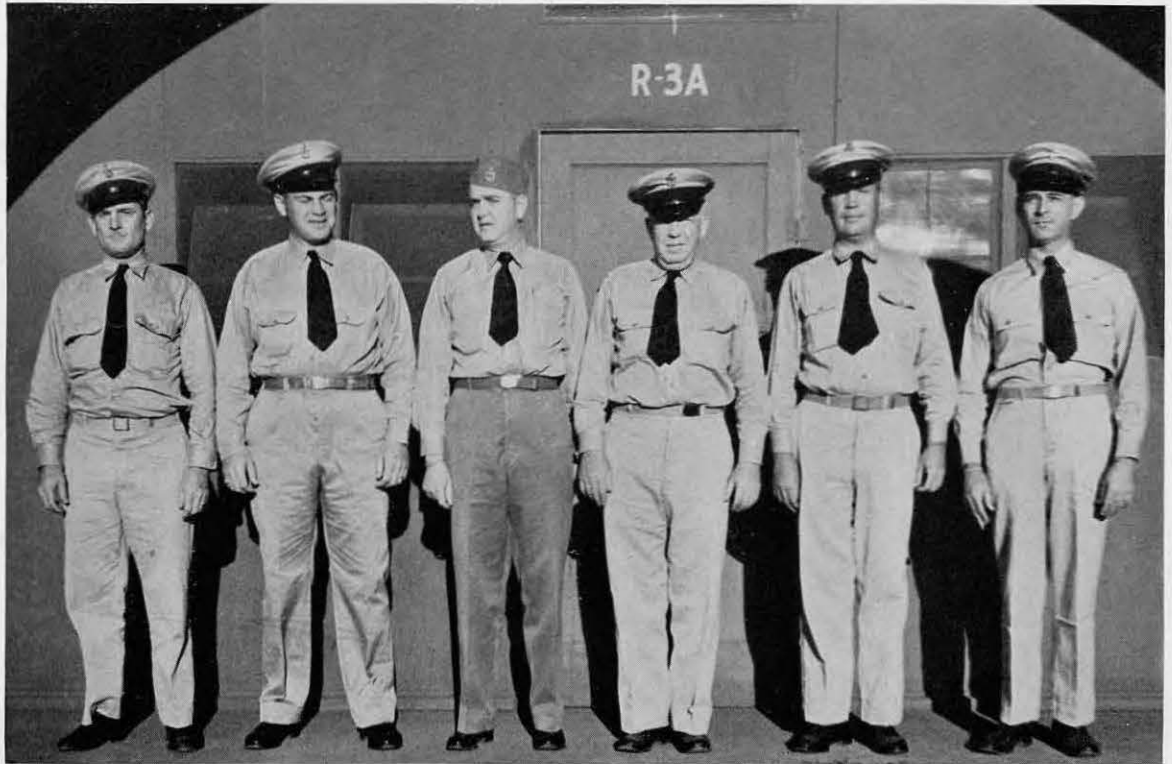


CCStd Horba, CCStd McDowell, CY Phillips, CY Rice, CCM Lipe.

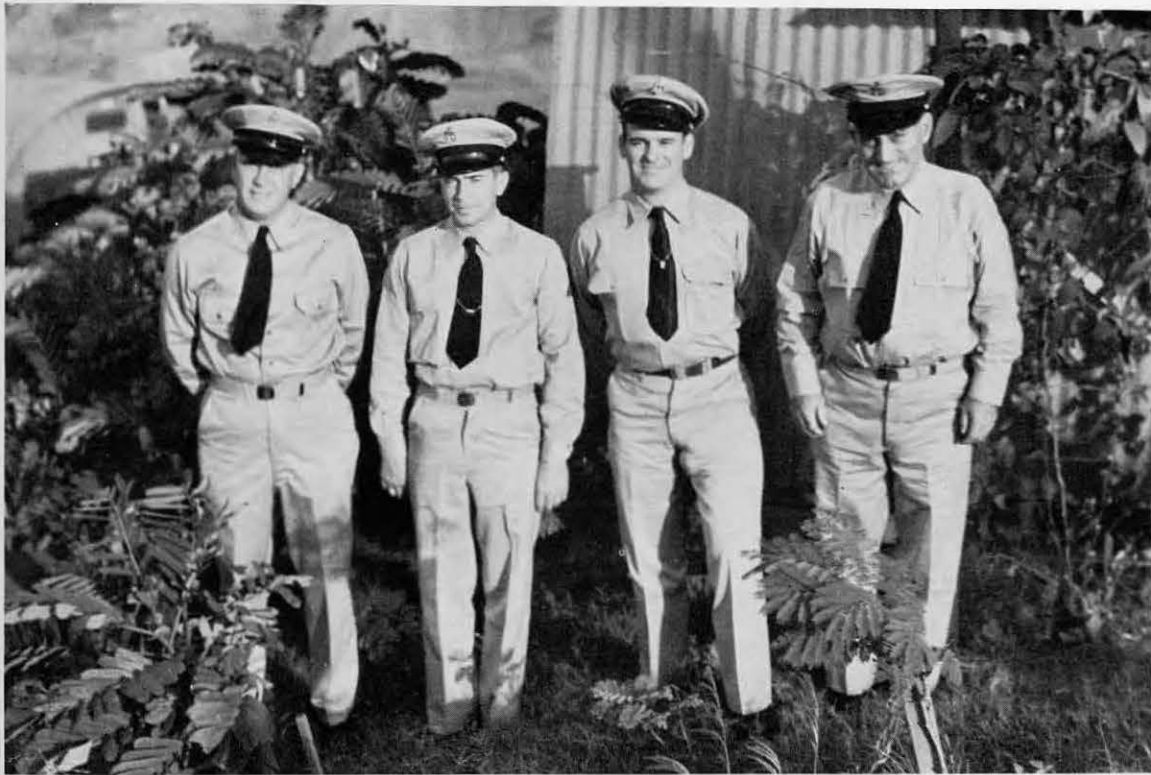


CEM Woehrl, CEM Walker, CEM Diehl, CEM Coleman, CEM Haynes, CEM Tabor.

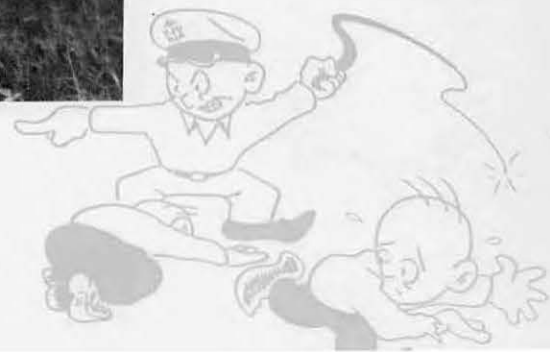


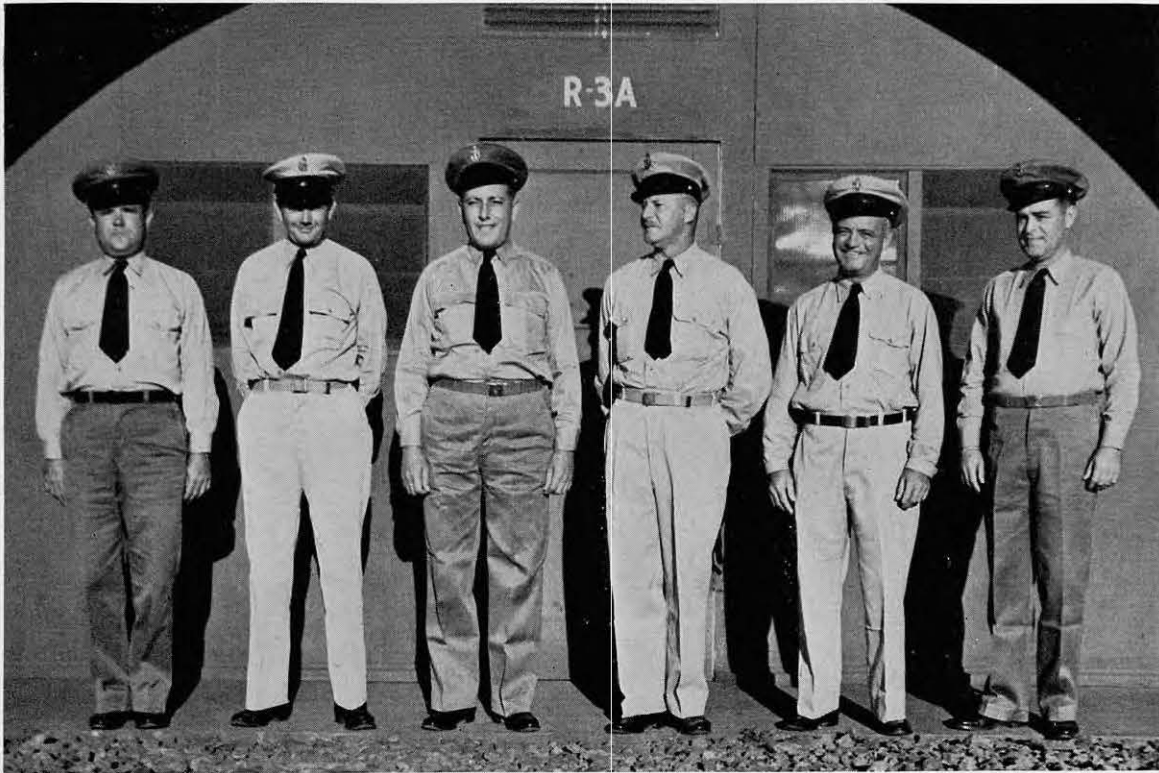


CBM Jennings, CBM Smith, CSK Smith, CBM Wellman, CBM Mix, CSK Early.



CMM Kiernan, CMM Brouillette, CMM Hayes, CMM Black.





CCM Beeler, CCM Shaver, CCM Spera, CCM Faust, CCM Fitzpatrick, CCM Farris.



CCM Clynych, CCM Fleming, CCM Mullin, CCM Bryant, CCM Bundy, CPhm Parker.





CCM Shelton, CCM Guilmette, CCM Gedde, CCM Cox, CCM Allison, CCM Burnett.



CCM Cheesman, CCM Harbertson, CCM Wegner, CCM Wadlington, CCM Stevens, CCM Duffy.



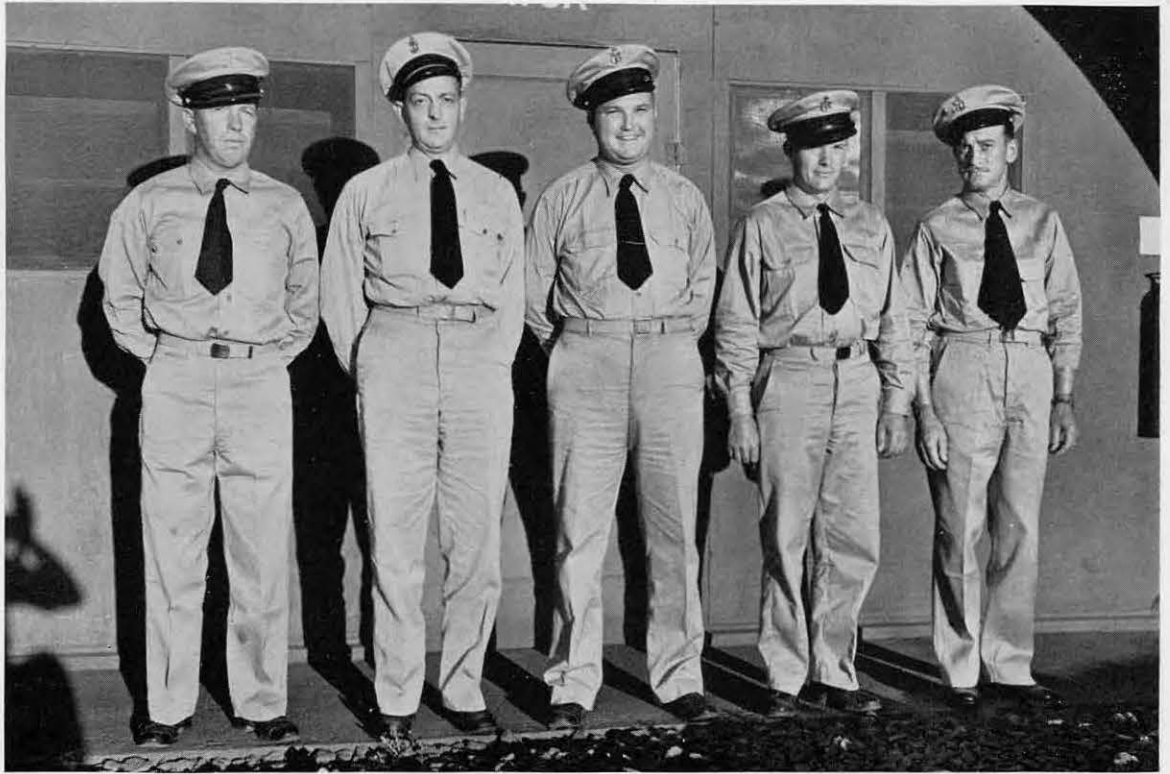


CSF Beck, CSF Barker, CSF Sanderson, CSF Laney, CSF Burns, CSF Hamilton.



CSF Piatt, CCStd Leirer, CCM Marzoli, CMM Hatley, CCM Wannebo, CMM Bayless.

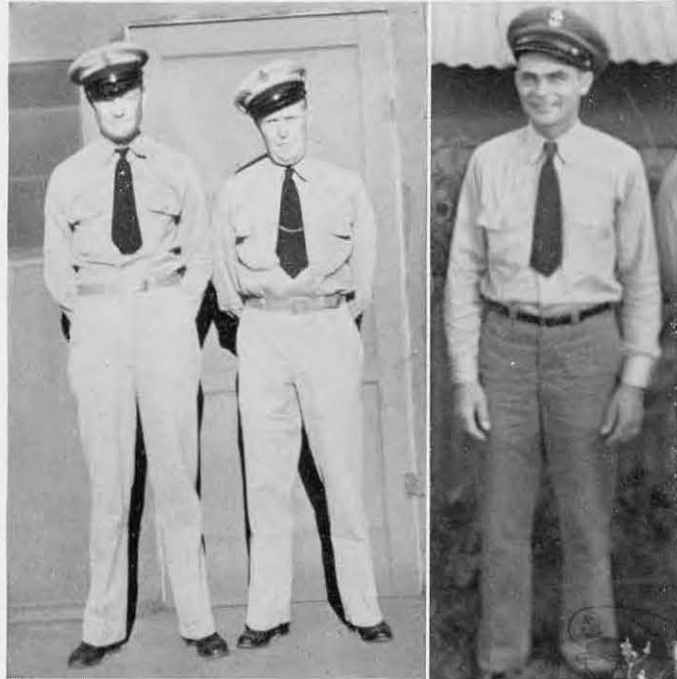




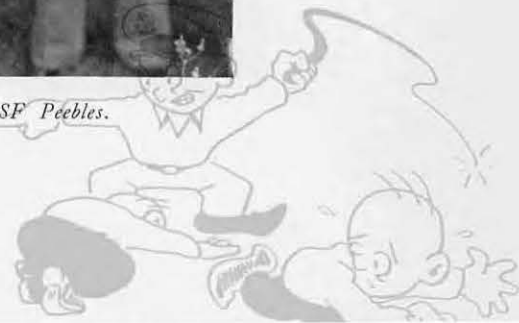
CMM Crosier, CY Ruetters, CWT Sherer, CMM Welch, CMM Visintainer.



CY Wright, CSF Main, CSK Lawrie.



CCM Jones, CSF Shepard, CSF Peebles.





*CSF Schemmerhorn, CSF Darr, CCM Straley,
CSF Pkwozarski, CCM Moore, CCM Gunn,
CCM Shenton, CWT Clark.*

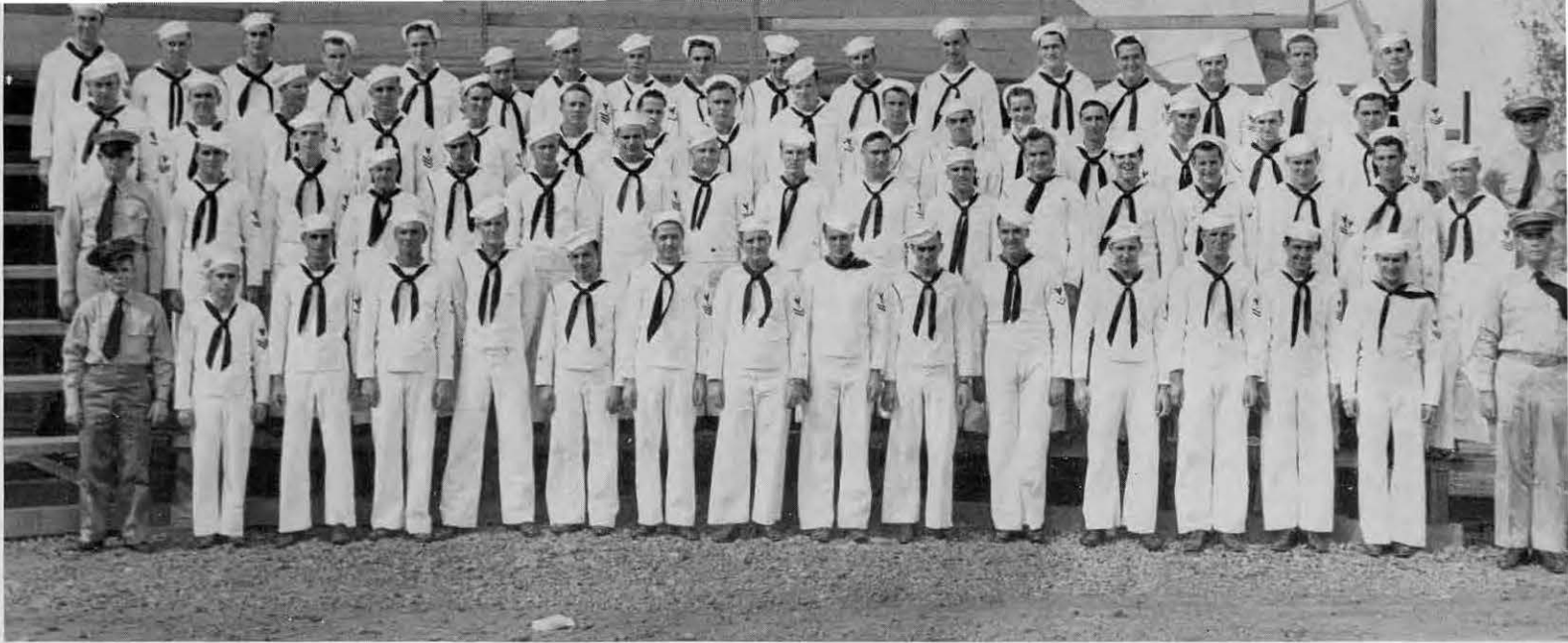


*Five foot eight inch 74 pound Ono fish caught
by Chief Shaver, November 1944, off Oahu,
Hawaii. CPOs Darr, Shepard, Hayes, Smith,
Jones, Shaver.*



*The CPOs night to howl—CPOs Rice, Cortese,
Shepard, Allison, Cheesman, Beck, Guilmette,
Early, Jones, Mix, Shaver, Clynych, Bryant,
Fleming, Faust, Laney, Fitzpatrick, Phillips.*

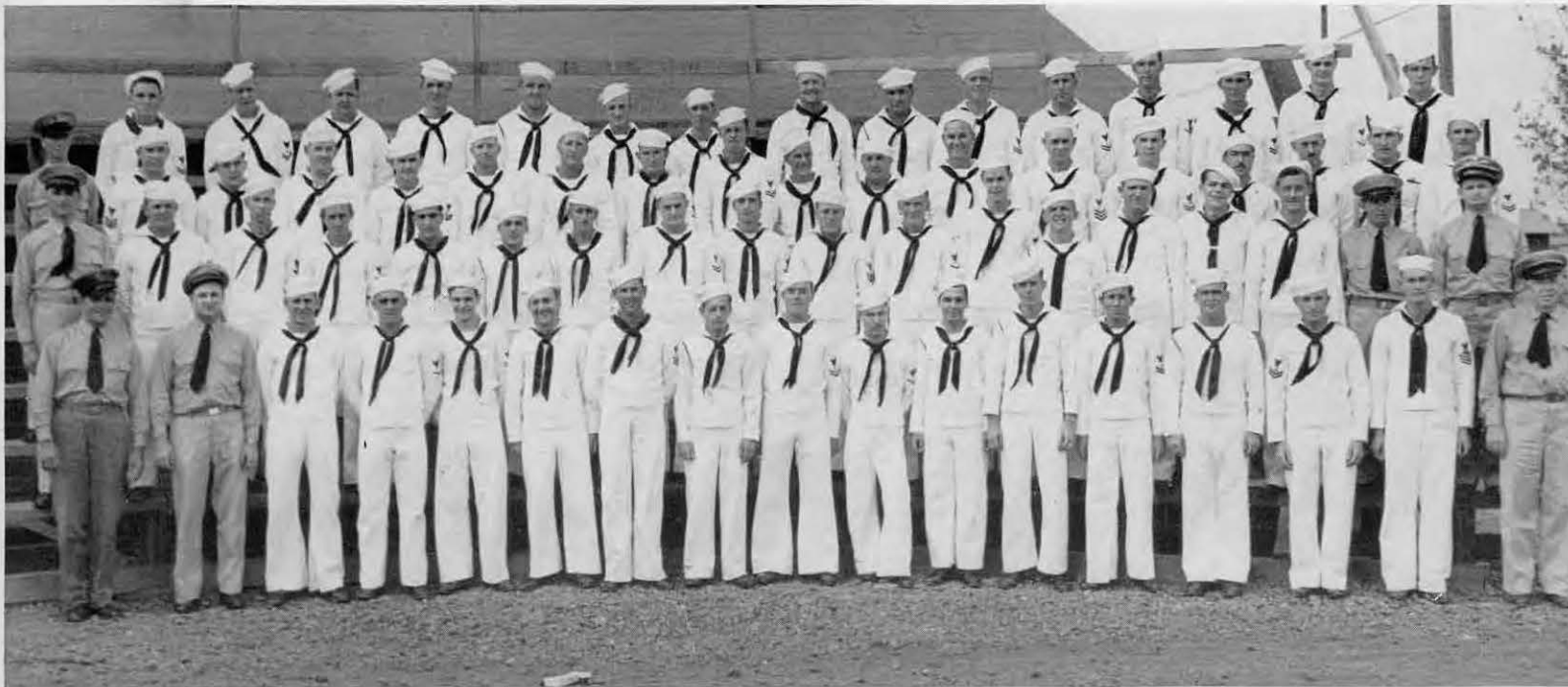




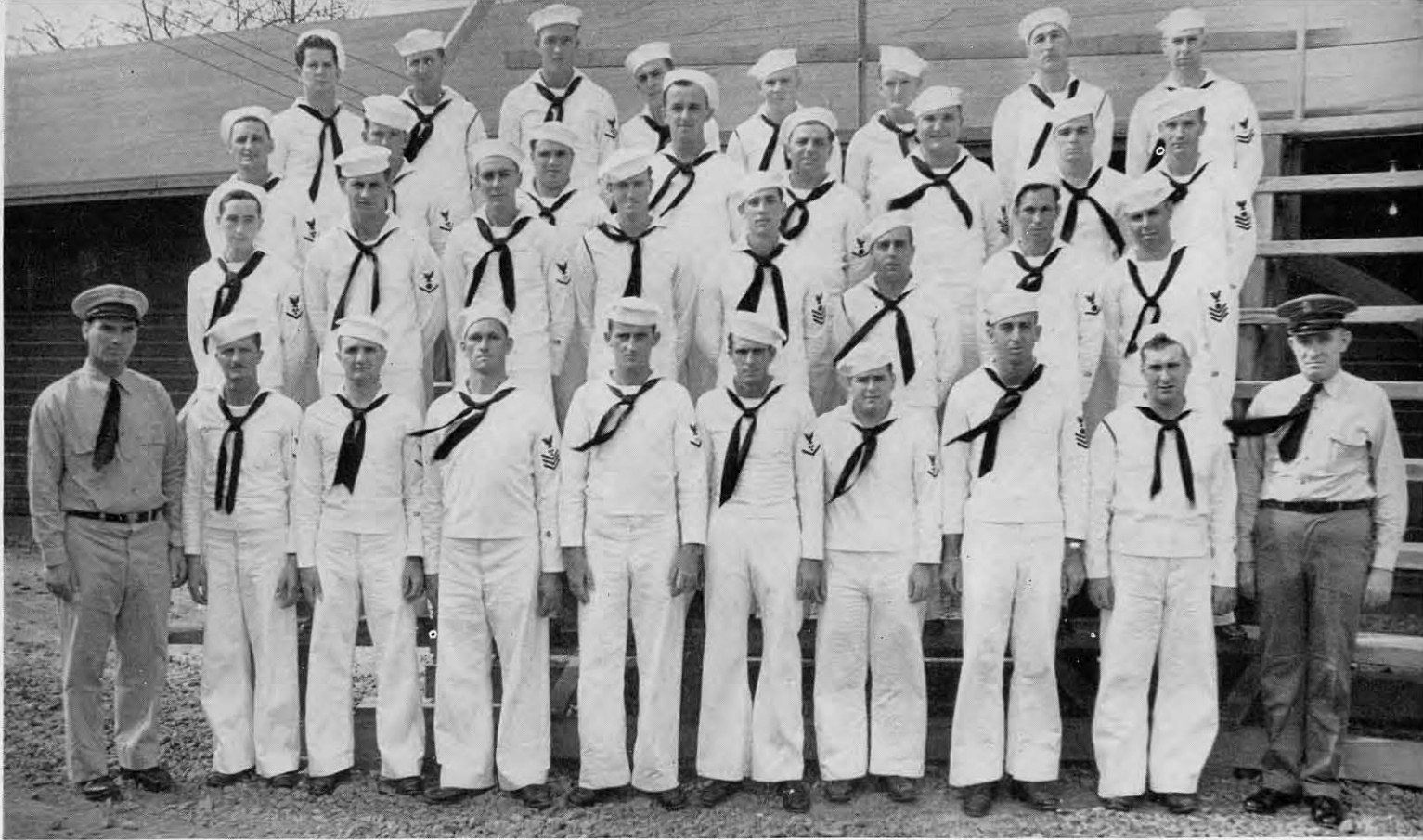
1 First Row, l. to r.: V. H. Parker, W. J. Pelletier, K. R. Dean, F. U. Jolley, E. J. Malley, M. Persavich, F. W. Leierer, R. H. Gafford, D. E. Hoff, A. H. Wallace, G. F. Krisuinas, T. J. McMeekin, F. A. Zimmerman, A. A. Meyer, H. C. Sinsel, N. M. Mix.
 Second row: E. M. Rice, P. Giroux, J. I. Murray, A. M. Read, A. D. McCrary, H. J. Aldrich, R. W. Loud, A. C. Collins, K. G. Overturf, O. L. Peters, L. Woodard, E. H. Winters, D. J. Roderick, C. A. Snyder, L. C. Hartley, L. R. Thomas, T. M. Westcott.
 Third Row: J. F. Welsh, E. H. Hall, B. W. Garrett, H. E. Johnson, L. G. Evans, L. A. Freis, P. G. McKenna, W. C. Clark, E. A. Bothwell, R. C. Funderberg, A. J. Carr, W. E. Boyd, T. Saraceno, J. J. Gall, H. C. Waldron, C. Chachulski, Z. J. Phillips.
 Fourth row: L. G. Cagley, L. F. Buchy, L. J. Gorbis, G. Malm, J. W. Farley, H. G. Pfeiffer, W. A. Lawrie, C. M. Brennehan, S. Cataldi, E. V. Richards, W. A. Buskirk, C. H. Freyberg, T. L. Crockett, P. Bykowski, S. R. Poupon, D. C. Smith, B. E. Schultz.



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY



2 First row, l. to r.: J. D. Bowers, J. E. Horba, R. A. Baker, T. B. Gebhardt, L. J. Weber, B. H. Bronfeld, G. E. Dunn, G. D. Gardner, F. J. Lally, W. H. Campbell, H. W. Job, E. W. Saunders, D. L. Jones, M. W. Whetton, C. T. Goodchild, C. L. Kitts, J. L. Wellman.
 Second row: I. H. Early, K. B. Stubbs, J. C. Knesel, A. W. Rein, J. A. Lavenia, L. A. Romero, F. K. Pierce, E. J. Whitaker, E. M. Cichon, L. O. Potter, Earl J. Kelly, H. B. Hinkley, E. J. Lebros, D. B. Chrisco, E. G. Aberth, G. T. Garrett, R. Koller, J. McDowell.
 Third row: G. L. Wadlington, J. E. Dilloway, A. R. O'Malley, G. P. McDonald, P. E. Patterson, W. A. Hunkins, E. M. Furlis, C. B. Broussard, F. B. Farrar, A. H. Yokey, J. J. Marmilofski, G. W. Wright, B. C. Goode, W. F. Carkeet, A. G. Borrero, L. A. White, K. B. Brockett, N. G. Merone.
 Fourth row: A. J. Giddens, C. Aalberg, S. W. Bailey, W. A. Brasher, J. P. Winslow, T. D. Baldrige, H. A. Wettman, H. S. Wilson, M. Larieze, R. Barrow, E. Foley, R. O. Null, J. W. Tenney, A. J. Grebliunas, R. H. Morrison.



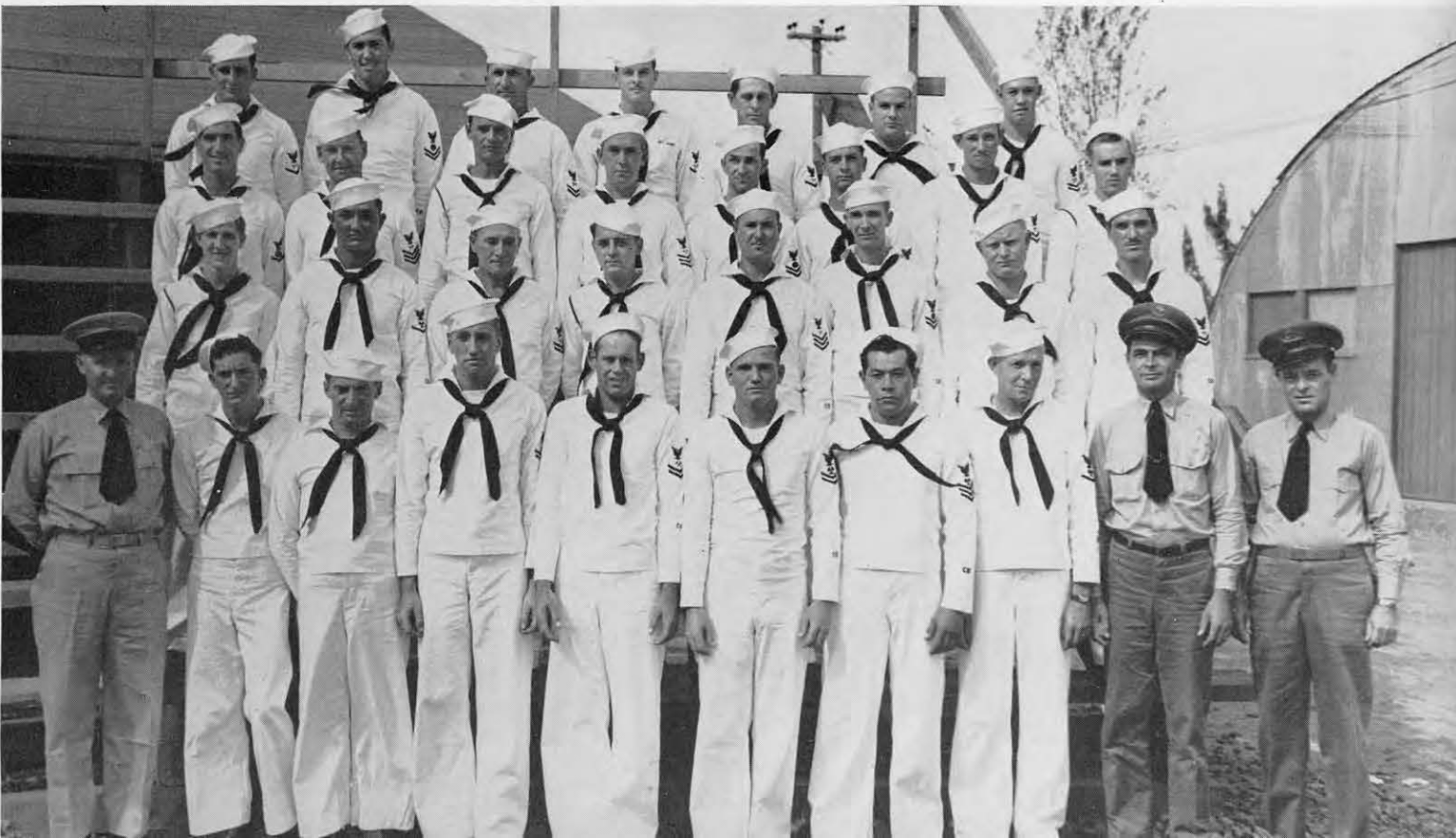
PLATOON 1

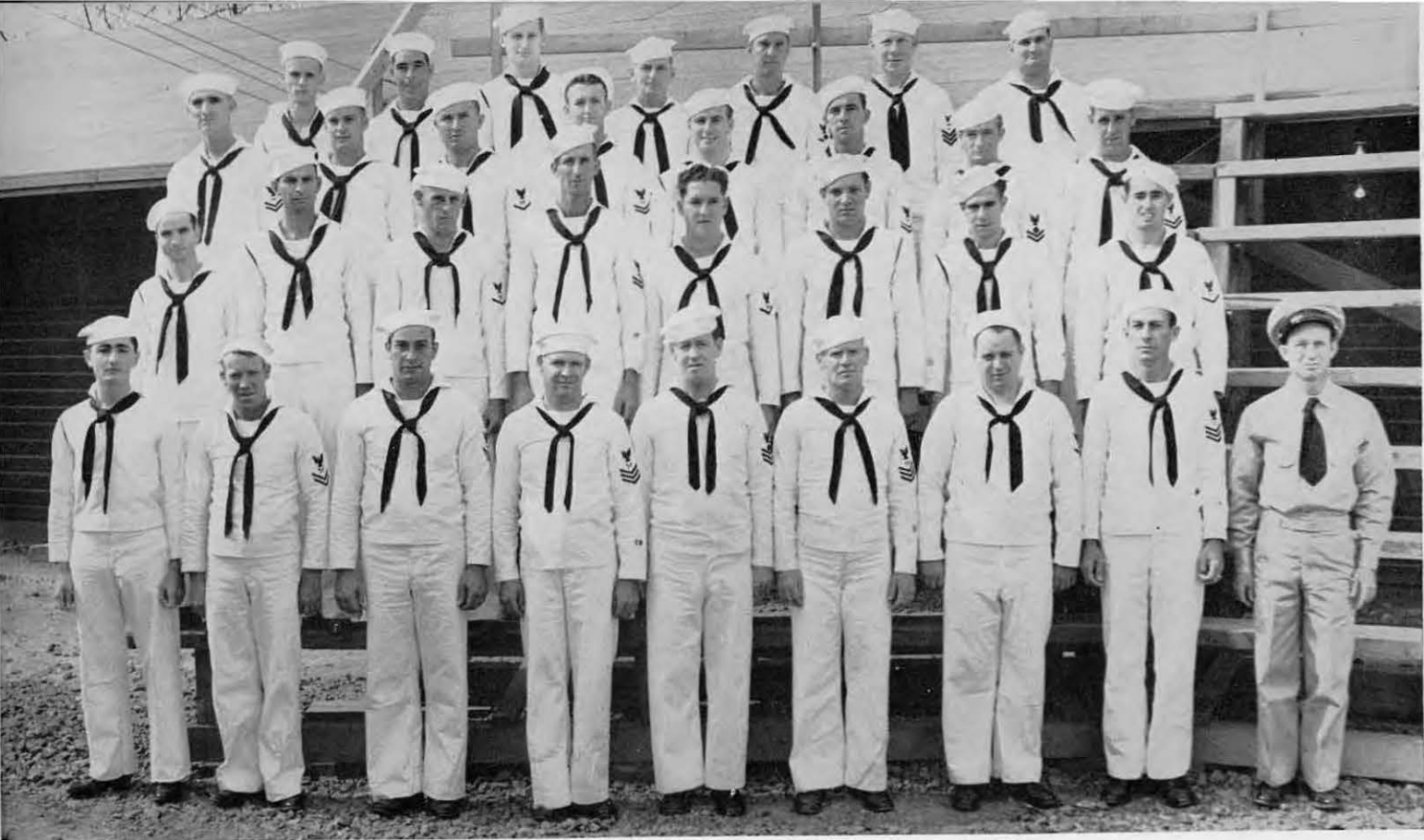
First Row l. to r.: R. Burns, A. Albers, R. Bayardi, G. Beretsky, R. C. Bowen, L. Diffey, M. H. Gangloff, R. L. Lechleiter, R. D. Gay, N. E. Diehl.
Second row: H. W. Gitler, Z. J. Gura, G. V. Holland, R. C. Johnson, W. J. Kiely, E. A. Gauthier, B. F. Martin, H. W. Michaels.
Third row: J. P. Piersiak, B. L. Poteet, J. L. Rotondo, F. Rudman, P. L. Shallo, R. W. Sherer, E. C. Shinn, A. J. Spangler.
Fourth row: H. C. Thomas, D. G. Vollmer, G. H. Walker, A. L. Wampler, J. S. Wein, C. B. Williams, A. G. Yanoshick, F. C. Updyke.

A COMPANY

PLATOON 2

First row, l. to r.: J. W. Haynes, H. N. Alford, R. N. Bergeron, J. Bulger, H. M. Burton, W. W. Cole, R. G. Diaz, C. C. Eubanks, A. W. Peebles, P. K. Farris.
Second row: F. E. Ford, J. S. Gamble, W. C. Gavin, H. H. Gaylord, J. M. George, E. C. Gerald, R. W. Gilland, J. O. Fleck.
Third row: J. T. Healey, E. J. Irwin, A. G. Johnson, T. E. McGinn, K. E. McGlory, S. J. Shaver, D. L. Sloan, O. R. Gray.
Fourth row: E. J. Walbert, F. W. Werges, R. L. Wert, E. C. Wright, H. C. Wright, G. W. Barrow, F. VanVorce.



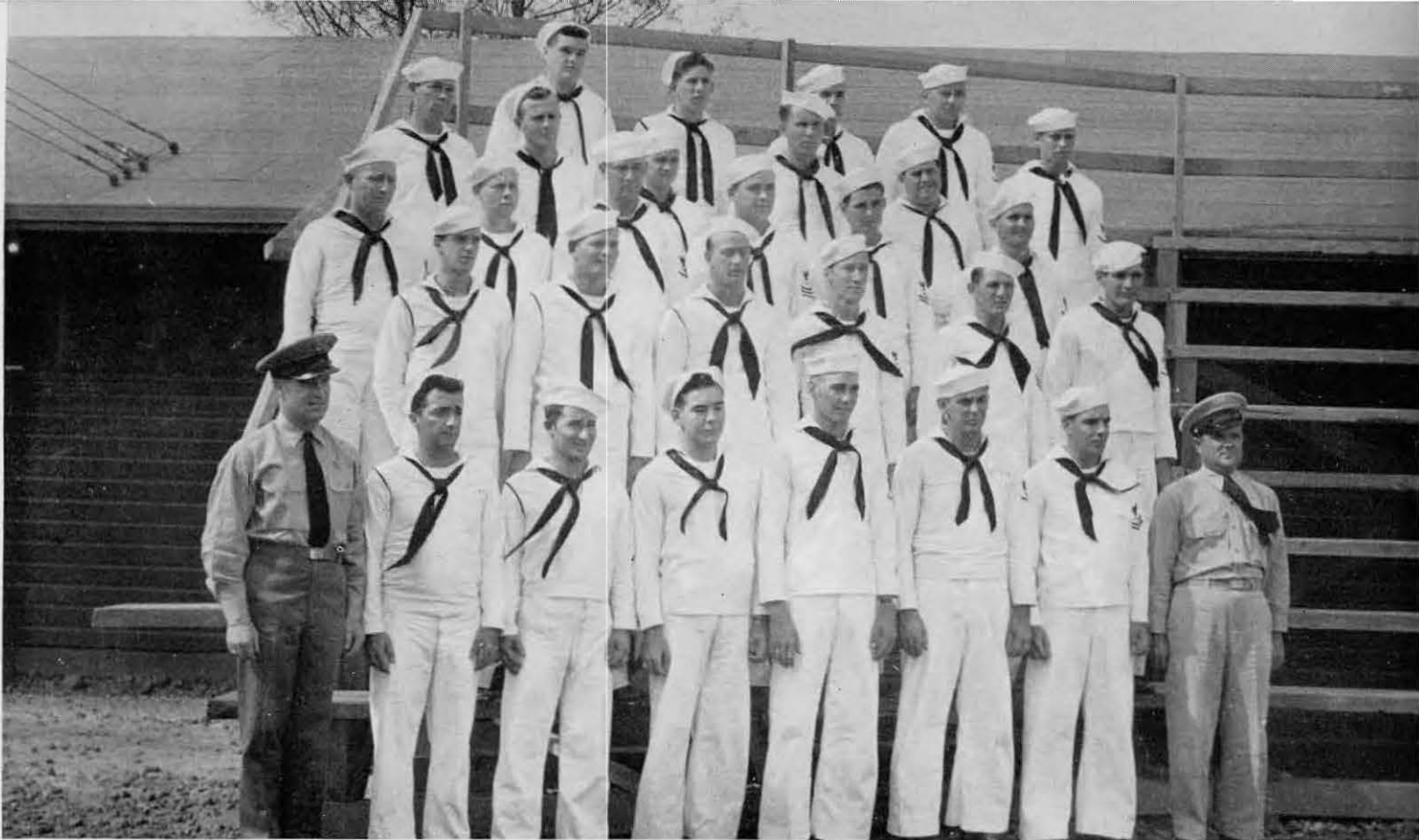


First row, l. to r.: R. J. Ahern, G. H. Ashley, J. H. Christian, F. M. Colquitt, C. S. Cooney, W. E. Daniels, H. W. Dawson, D. M. Fitzgerald, E. J. Harbertson. PLATOON 3
 Second row: T. N. Gullo, E. F. Hadden, F. J. Hagerty, R. H. Hamm, T. G. Harris, E. H. Hergert, J. L. Hobbs, F. A. Holbrook,
 Third row: J. W. Hyde, C. R. Johnson, F. Johnson, E. J. Kelly, E. J. Langel, J. H. Leonardo, E. J. Mador, R. P. McGuire.
 Fourth row: W. L. Potter, E. J. Schrader, J. D. Snipas, F. J. Thompson, L. L. Willner, L. E. Wise, W. H. Wood.

A COMPANY

First row, l. to r.: J. B. Shelton, S. J. Blazek, C. T. Brieger, G. D. Camper, E. R. Cruson, R. T. Dudley, E. O. Ericsson, J. E. Ferdinand. PLATOON 4
 Second row: C. W. Hurdle, U. J. Mackarain, T. F. Miller, A. R. Pecoraro, R. G. Pierce, T. Senkevich, G. H. Sheehan.
 Third row: H. F. Sutt, F. Szymendera, J. L. Taylor, M. M. Thomas, C. H. Thompson, T. E. Toepfer, E. J. Wiater.
 Fourth row: J. T. Wojcik, P. W. Young, A. J. Wilkinson, R. C. Snyder, R. G. Fetter.



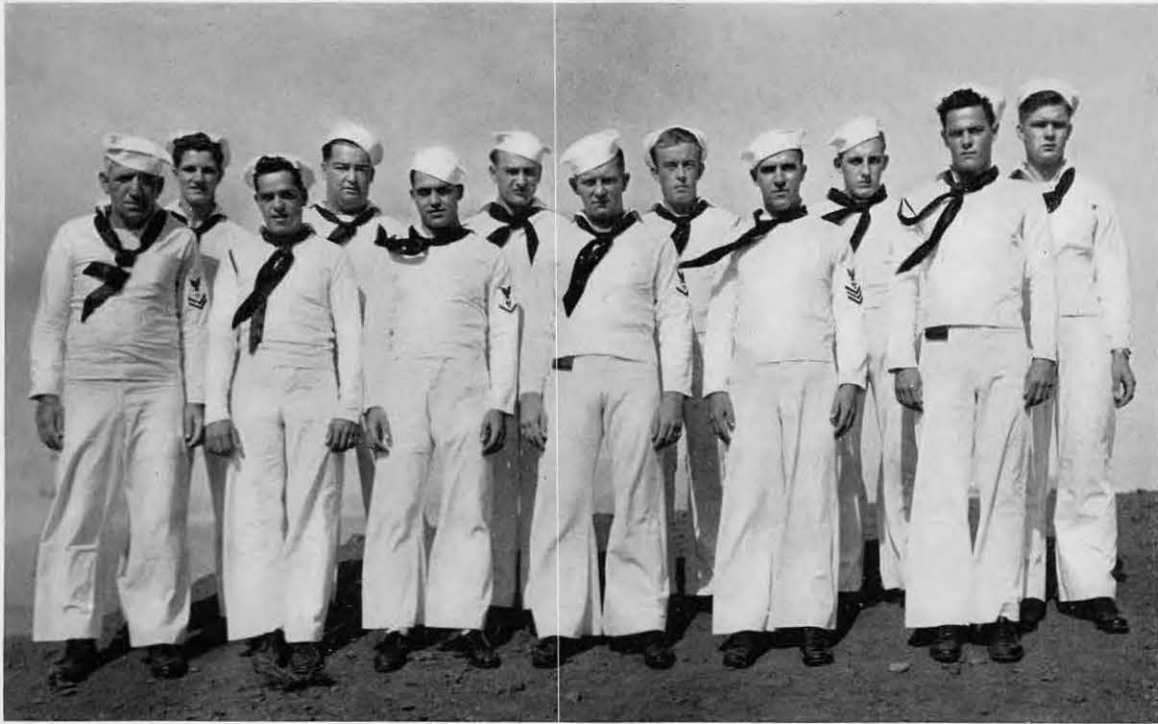


PLATOON 5 *First row, l. to r.: R. J. Woehrl, G. J. Barnes, A. Batot, J. H. Bell, F. J. Clark, F. B. Clark, R. W. Coutts, V. A. Beeler.
Second row: D. E. Densmore, J. P. Fichter, N. H. Geerling, W. K. Gilman, J. S. Green, T. G. Hutchings.
Third row: M. T. Jackson, E. A. Johnson, R. Y. Johnson, W. O. Johnson, N. C. Jones, F. J. Mikusi.
Fourth row: F. T. Pearce, W. S. Pond, L. H. Rankin, M. H. Riser, P. Shearer, R. W. Thomas.
Fifth row: J. C. Thompson, C. C. Treible, J. J. Yantch, C. J. Zimmer.*

A COMPANY

PLATOON 6 *First row, l. to r.: R. C. Faust, J. J. Benz, R. R. Boothby, Z. Broome, B. F. Clay, R. J. Coons, A. B. Denton, C. J. Foy, J. E. Gann, E. L. Jennings.
Second row: J. J. Gerber, E. E. Guild, C. I. Hahn, T. E. Harmon, H. W. Hutton, J. W. Jordan, J. L. Malcolm, A. J. Martino.
Third row: R. J. Miller, C. H. Morse, C. E. Mote, W. F. Palmer, W. C. Peters, J. Piatt, W. D. Pickerel, A. P. Policastro.
Fourth row: T. J. Quinn, J. H. Reibold, J. Ropitsky, R. Schemmerhorn, R. T. Shorts, J. P. Ward, F. Webster, E. L. Winterbauer, J. Zackel.*





*First row, l. to r.: A. E. Marshall, R. O. Brocius, C. R. Potvin, T. M. Welch, D. J. Homa, G. R. Sutherland.
Second row: J. B. Ptak, M. D. Keller, H. O. Peters, E. F. Hastings, W. F. Richards, E. A. White.*

ADDITIONAL

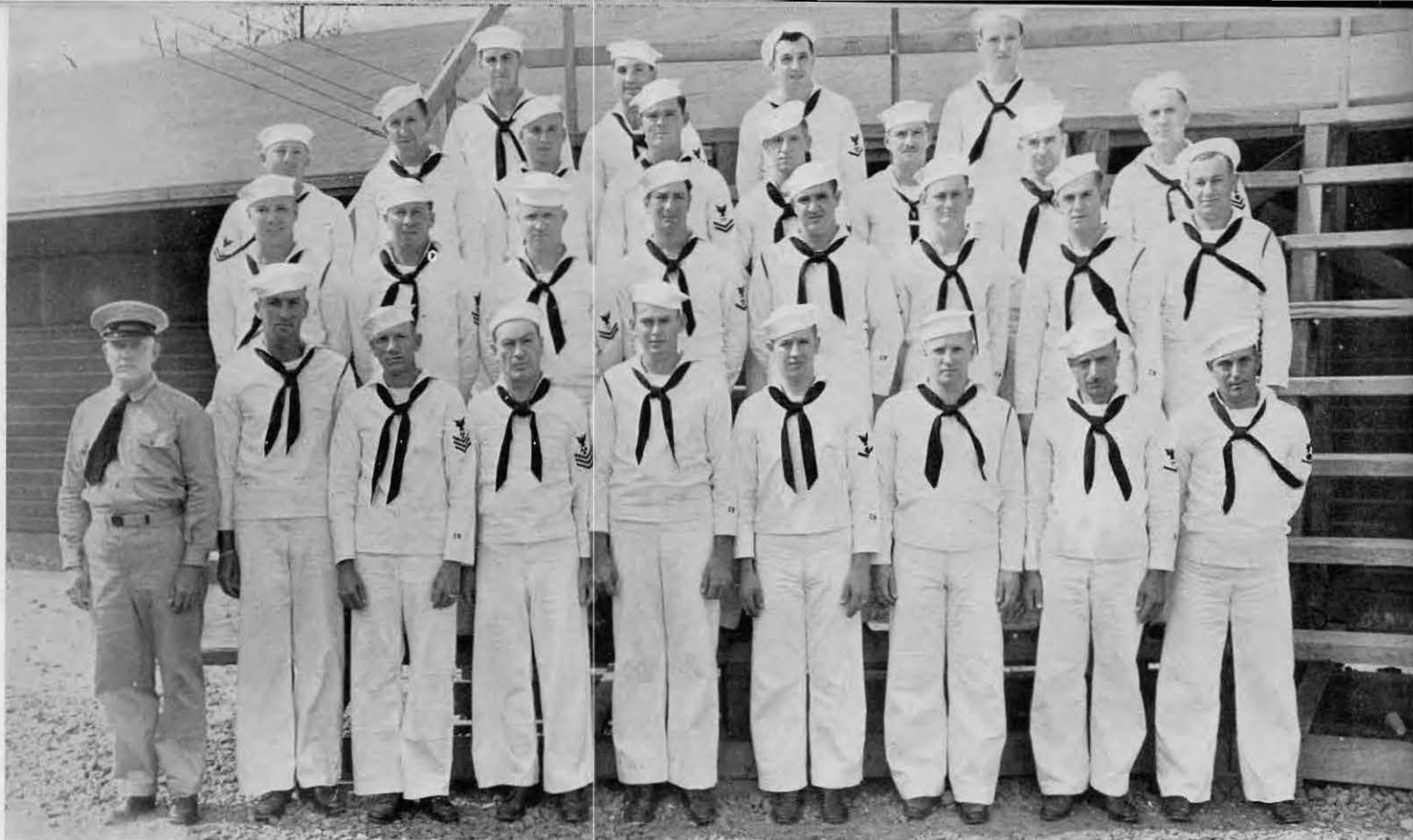


A COMPANY

*First row, l. to r.: Lombardo, J. H., Lutts, C. H., Early, P. J., Williams, F. M., Marks, H. B.
Second row: Mattioli, A. E., Coyle, W. E., Wynn, A. A., Vines, G. W., Jr., Cardell, F. A., Daniel, E. A.*

ADDITIONAL





PLATOON 1 *First row, l. to r.: L. R. Kieren, H. G. Paprocki, C. H. Kime, N. C. Griffin, M. E. Parker, L. P. Baumiester, W. E. Lehto, F. Massimino, J. V. Barbic.*
Second row: J. C. Kwedor, E. J. Crosier, C. J. Baker, R. K. Toward, J. R. Pennington, J. A. Patterson, G. A. Pielo, O. H. Cathey.
Third row: W. Zielke, J. J. Murphy, A. P. Trice, E. B. Conville, W. H. Corbett, A. O. Turner, R. W. L. Heisey, K. L. West.
Fourth row: W. J. Conroy, G. A. Geiling, E. J. Gnecco, J. L. Lohman.

B COMPANY

PLATOON 2 *First row, l. to r.: L. W. Jones, J. W. Sykora, L. E. White, W. E. Harding, R. A. Legge, C. T. Lee, J. O. Gray, W. J. Hehn.*
Second row: R. E. Todd, W. McRae, L. Goldberg, N. A. Ruhl, F. H. Benard, C. C. Ghere, A. W. Woodcock.
Third row: W. W. Keuper, W. Polanski, S. B. Seale, J. P. Kolb, J. F. W. Guyer, L. D. Spencer, K. Longtin.
Fourth row: F. J. Krajcir, C. A. Palmer, R. W. Ristow, A. W. Glawe, J. W. Yerkes, I. Stringfellow, F. C. Johnson.





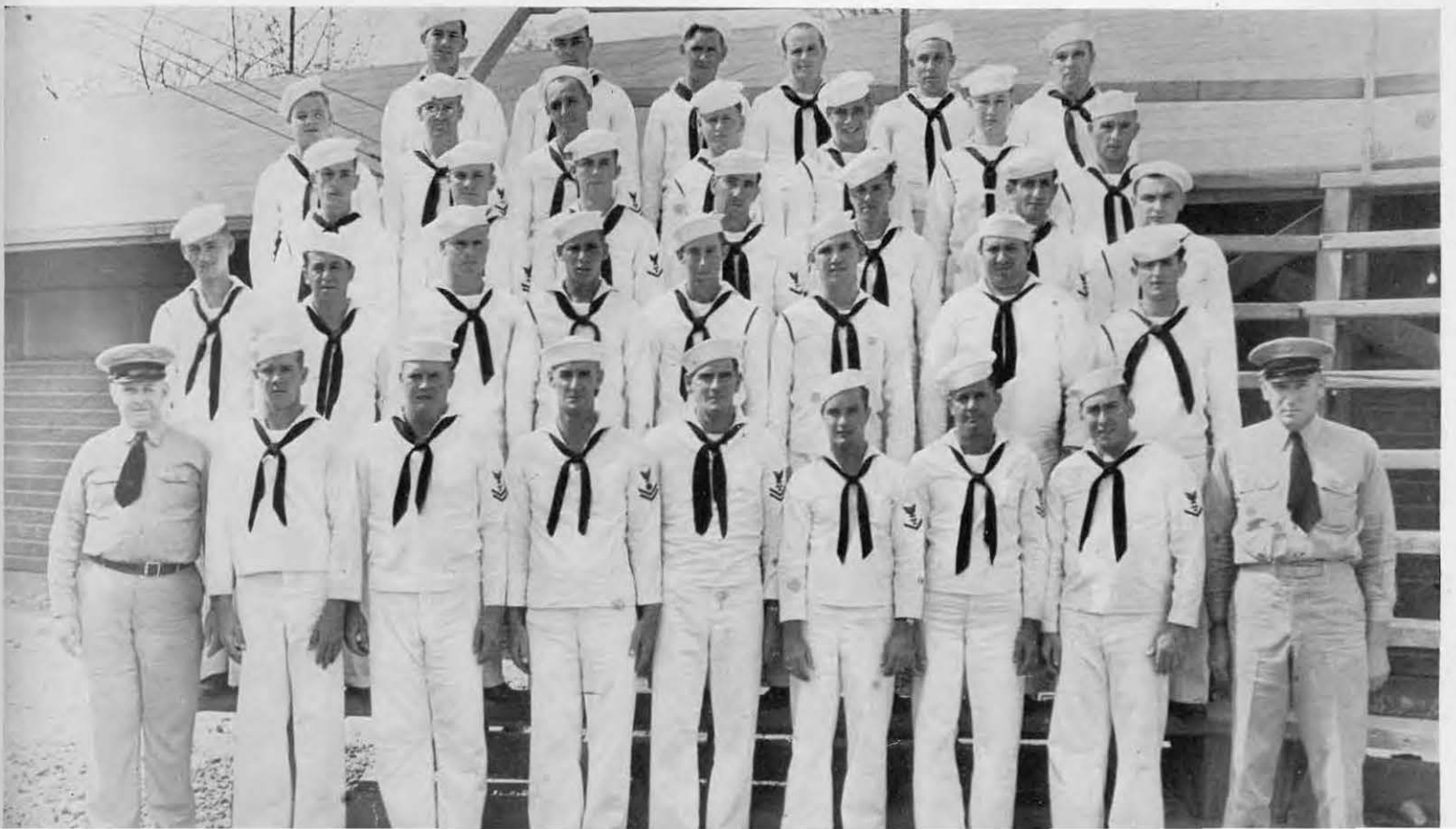
First row, l. to r.: S. R. Coleman, A. S. Kuczek, W. H. Goldsmith, F. F. Taylor, K. R. Shaw, G. R. Coghill, R. F. Lawrence, H. F. Barker, A. Duffy.
 Second row: J. P. Raulston, E. A. Turk, C. M. Ramsey, R. W. Quain, E. J. Miller, J. G. Cumberlandge, P. P. Gorman.
 Third row: R. H. Ebbert, R. E. Slayton, R. P. Stein, G. T. Fuller, G. W. Scarborough, S. M. Morse, J. J. Stellmach.
 Fourth row: R. H. Koeppel, N. S. Drumheller, H. M. Johnson, A. J. Bosnick, R. E. Blair.

PLATOON 3

B COMPANY

First row, l. to r.: E. V. Clynch, L. C. Rundle, W. W. Patterson, H. B. Royal, C. P. Corrigan, R. O. Pollock, V. H. Daniel, J. H. Cronin, L. E. Wegner.
 Second row: J. P. Shaw, J. DiCiocco, L. E. Rutledge, C. R. Skinner, W. J. Hutchens, G. T. Shaw, P. G. Dunham, T. A. Viserta.
 Third row: L. H. Bressler, T. A. Garlick, W. F. Langford, R. L. Jones, J. J. Verdon, P. J. DeCarlo, A. W. Popadinecz.
 Fourth row: A. A. Sanborn, K. A. Walters, C. L. Miller, J. E. Farrell, R. J. Skinner, N. F. Walker, J. Zelnick.
 Fifth row: E. B. Flaherty, C. J. Downin, R. N. Boulton, M. W. McLean, T. C. Fite, L. C. Linscott.

PLATOON 4





PLATOON 5

*First row, l. to r.: J. S. Shaver, E. L. Hatley, T. A. Comerford, J. P. Clark, J. T. Carlson, V. E. Brownlee, E. E. Evans, E. A. Warnick.
 Second row: W. K. Hawthorne, N. W. Hall, A. J. Morin, F. R. Prutz, H. W. Vogel, H. L. Hinman, R. A. Ward.
 Third row: D. N. Feather, R. E. Gullett, J. C. Leitner, G. O. Autry, W. W. Arnold, P. M. Timlin, J. C. Gantt.
 Fourth row: E. F. Fenton, R. G. Miller, J. Rearden, C. Remiro, T. G. Horton, L. J. Lagace, G. M. Tirpak.
 Fifth row: K. H. Gurley, N. J. Bonnerup, J. V. Miskulin, C. P. Wainoha, D. E. Buescher, J. Gutbrod.*

B COMPANY

PLATOON 6

*First row, l. to r.: S. E. Tabor, A. J. Smith, M. Cobanovich, E. J. Heller, R. L. Lattin, D. J. Oukes, W. R. Stoltz, A. A. Piatt, A. F. Cortese.
 Second row: F. J. Skrabely, R. E. Kimbrel, F. W. Giroux, G. J. Raykos, D. E. Smeal, J. C. Talbot, H. B. Fuller, M. P. Gaughan.
 Third row: C. J. Goritz, F. M. Coder, R. D. Larrow, G. M. Hovey, P. F. Stewart, E. W. Costello, J. S. Hennessy, P. F. Horton.
 Fourth row: T. E. Sweet, O. H. Taft, A. C. Stepanian, J. Houser, W. W. Foy, W. C. Bouchert, J. J. Purcell Jr.*





*First row, l. to r.: J. H. Dietz, M. R. Powers, E. J. Bayless, F. L. Sheppard.
Second row: M. M. Perry, H. Netzer, D. R. Burnstead.*

ADDITIONAL



B COMPANY

*First row, l. to r.: Castillo, A., McNulty, J. M., McDonald, W. H., Carr, D. F., Gogal, P. P., Scally, R. T.
Second row: Ehid, T., Stetar, E. J., Flippin, S. R., Correa, C., Letorneau, H. J., Adkins, G. T., Nelson, C. W.*

ADDITIONAL





PLATOON 1

*First row, l. to r.: W. R. Fitzpatrick, W. Balles, P. G. Frank, R. E. Brotzman, M. R. Branella, C. W. Beacom, R. L. Burnham, C. F. Busch, M. T. Dana, J. G. Hayes.
 Second row: H. W. Burkett, E. O. Burnsell, D. R. Brownell, W. H. Frey, A. J. Fazio, R. E. Baker, H. Harkins, L. H. Kroening, P. Kenham.
 Third row: E. L. Lafteche, E. S. Lane, D. H. Long, R. H. McCloskey, D. W. Nelson, C. F. Smith.
 Fourth row: J. W. Peterman, J. R. Post, H. C. Nielson, L. H. Rich, H. H. Weitzel, C. M. McElhone, M. Wiggins.*

C COMPANY

PLATOON 2

*First row, l. to r.: F. K. Laney, F. M. Peters, E. C. Czarniak, W. Watson, D. E. Duncan, J. Goss, W. J. Horgan, H. R. Johnson, L. R. Singer, W. F. Walker.
 Second row: E. H. Pester, R. R. Johnson, A. J. Keller, L. E. Santucci, H. C. Sage, D. M. Longo, J. J. Thompson, W. F. Launer.
 Third row: J. T. Reeves, A. G. Hite, R. A. Egan, E. K. Littlefield, W. H. Hendrickson, A. W. Handrock, E. R. Holman, R. W. Loud.
 Fourth row: E. J. Quinn, D. F. Cassidy, J. W. Bordoni, G. C. Dawson, J. D. Downing, A. Hofmann, S. E. Holly.*





First row, l. to r.: M. W. Darr, W. G. Aitken, V. A. Bosley, J. W. Bridges, R. H. Brown, N. A. Campbell, E. T. Dougherty, G. E. Mullin.
Second row: L. C. Douvier, T. E. Dowlen, L. Ellis, A. O. Ebyod, C. W. Hutton, G. L. Kunkle, W. M. Landry, A. W. Lippman.
Third row: J. H. Geiger, T. B. Fahey, D. Knapp, E. J. Krajewski, L. G. Palmer, C. L. Pepper, J. A. Plants.
Fourth row: C. E. James, W. C. Jenkins, E. J. Jensen, H. L. Johnson, R. L. Smith, C. C. Tracy.
Fifth row: P. P. Pratl, E. F. Purse, S. Sicora, W. C. Shenton.

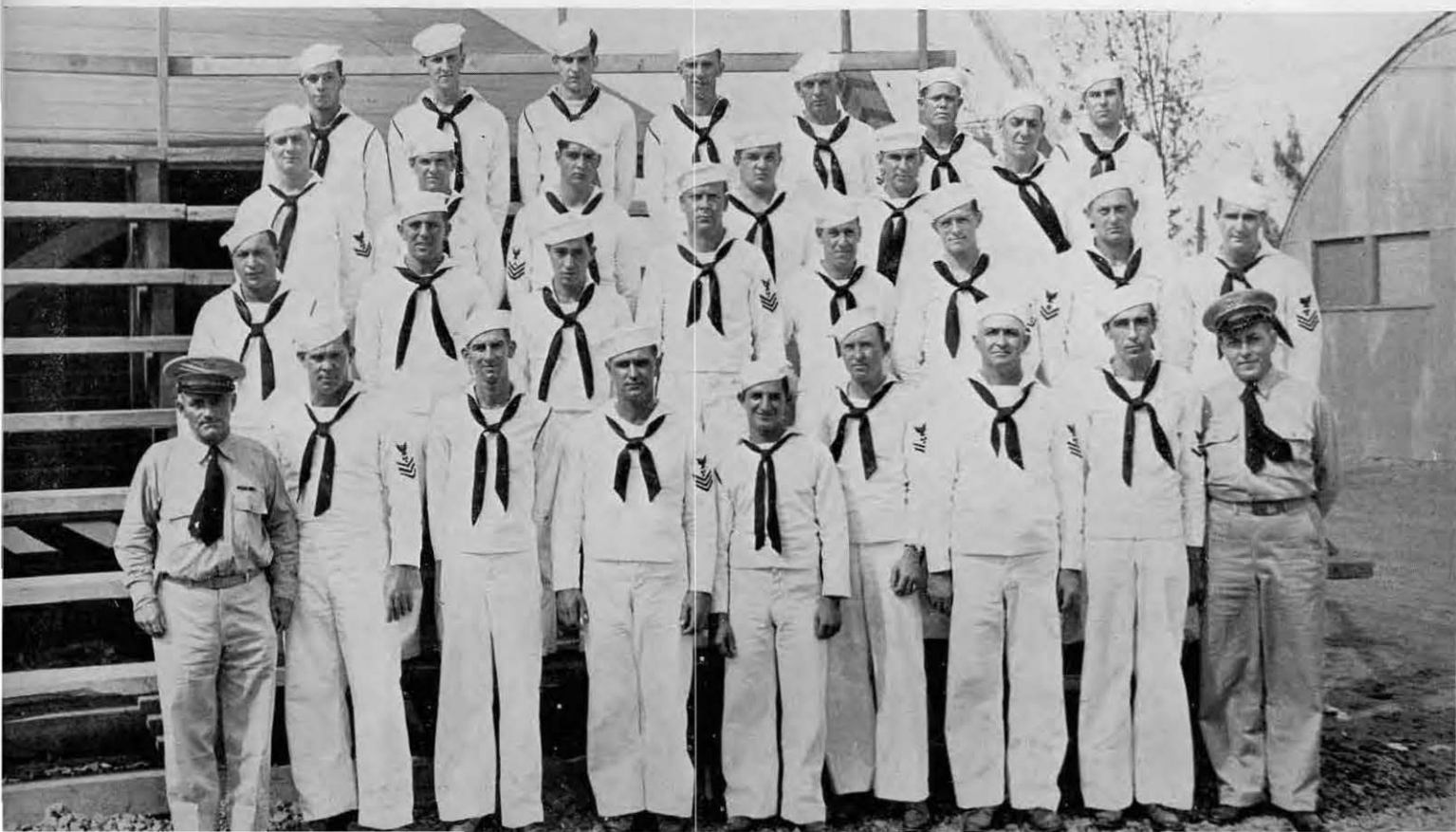
PLATOON 3

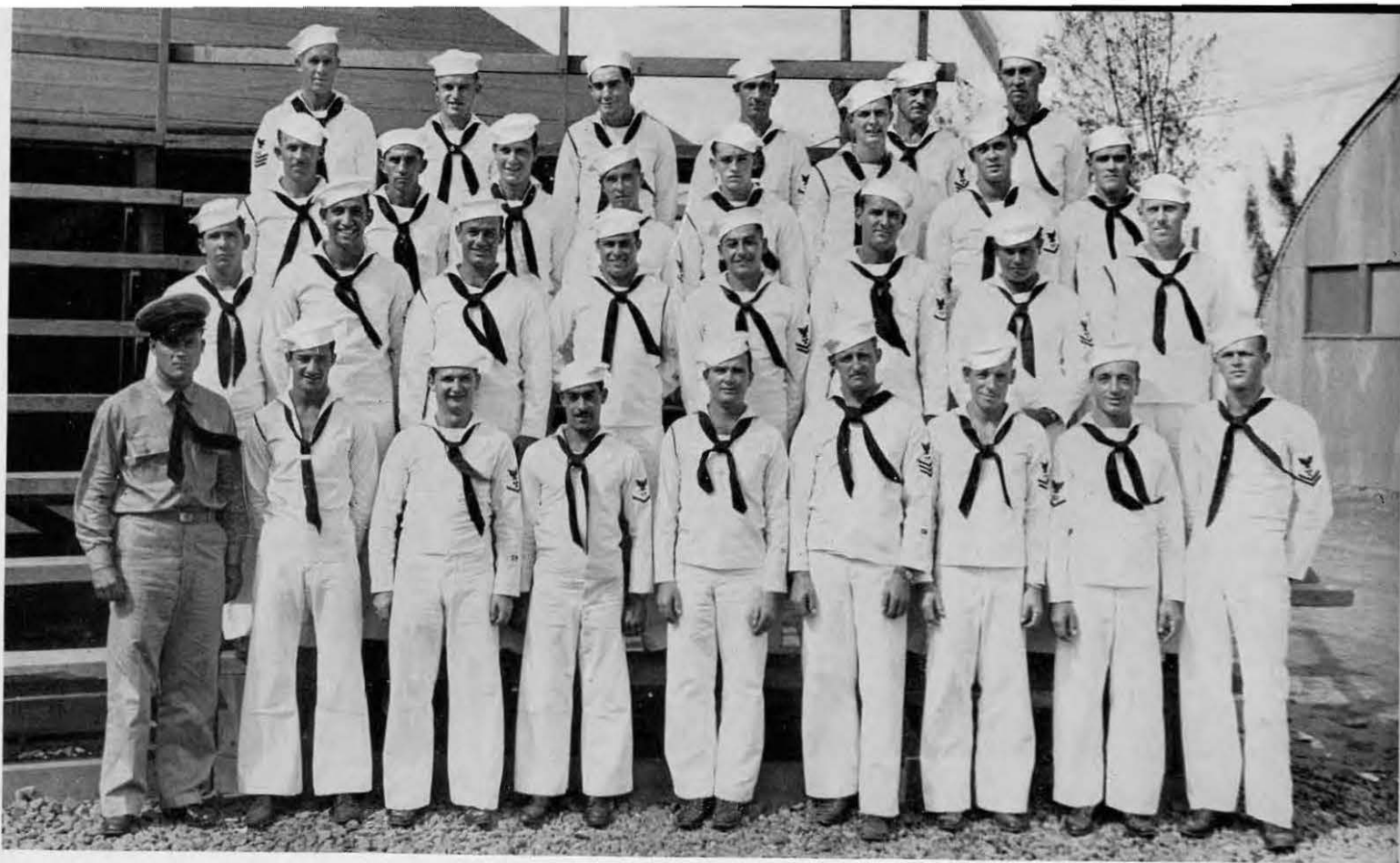


C COMPANY

First row, l. to r.: R. J. Black, D. M. Allen, R. J. Barclay, G. L. Benzing, C. P. Castronova, J. R. Clemons, L. C. Creson, D. L. Davis, M. R. Spera.
Second row: J. N. Gassaro, S. T. Gaydosh, A. Gialanella, V. L. Glenn, W. G. Hawe, R. J. Hogan, A. F. Hughes, T. N. Ide.
Third row: D. J. Kaufman, C. G. Keil, J. M. Martin, C. K. Mayer, J. A. Mensch, E. G. Moen.
Fourth row: J. F. Trembley, B. S. Van Der Have, W. H. Waters, M. Winkowski, P. E. Woods, H. J. Simmons, E. A. St. Cyr.

PLATOON 4





PLATOON 5

*First row, l. to r.: L. M. Sanderson, J. K. Abell, W. Baxewanis, J. A. Bouchard, T. J. Byrne, C. E. G. Carlson, J. Coleman, A. J. Cominotti, R. H. Coulombe.
 Second row: J. Davis, A. F. DiStefano, M. M. Dubai, J. Elliott, H. Fiorani, T. G. Gill, F. K. Gordon, F. E. Guilford.
 Third row: A. Heinonen, G. W. Kegans, F. W. Kolmel, A. Kovatch, G. R. Lick, F. Murie, J. P. Skipper, J. T. Sluder.
 Fourth row: H. Stickley, J. A. Tatro, N. W. Thompson, L. T. Tinker, T. T. Visintainer, G. N. Wentling.*

C COMPANY

PLATOON 6

*First row, l. to r.: J. A. Beck, T. E. Beavert, L. G. Bilodeau, H. Blattenberger, C. K. Bomar, A. A. Bonvini, E. J. Brosten, L. A. Brugman, H. L. Buck.
 Second row: J. L. Cassidy, W. Clark, P. J. Cochran, L. H. Cole, B. W. Conley, N. A. DiLassio, R. F. Eyers, P. Gallagher.
 Third row: C. J. Graham, P. Gravina, D. A. Hebert, C. R. Johns, A. F. Johnson, I. Johnson, A. G. Jones, D. F. Jordan.
 Fourth row: G. P. Kieffer, H. Kinder, F. J. Lane, H. Stallard, F. A. Steidler, F. A. Stumpf.*





First row, l. to r.: J. H. Payne, C. G. Parker, J. J. Walton, C. E. Simpson, J. L. Hutchison, G. P. Brouillette.

Second row: W. J. Bruck, F. M. Brusio, O. W. Goodwin, H. F. Hejny, H. J. Stewart.

ADDITIONAL



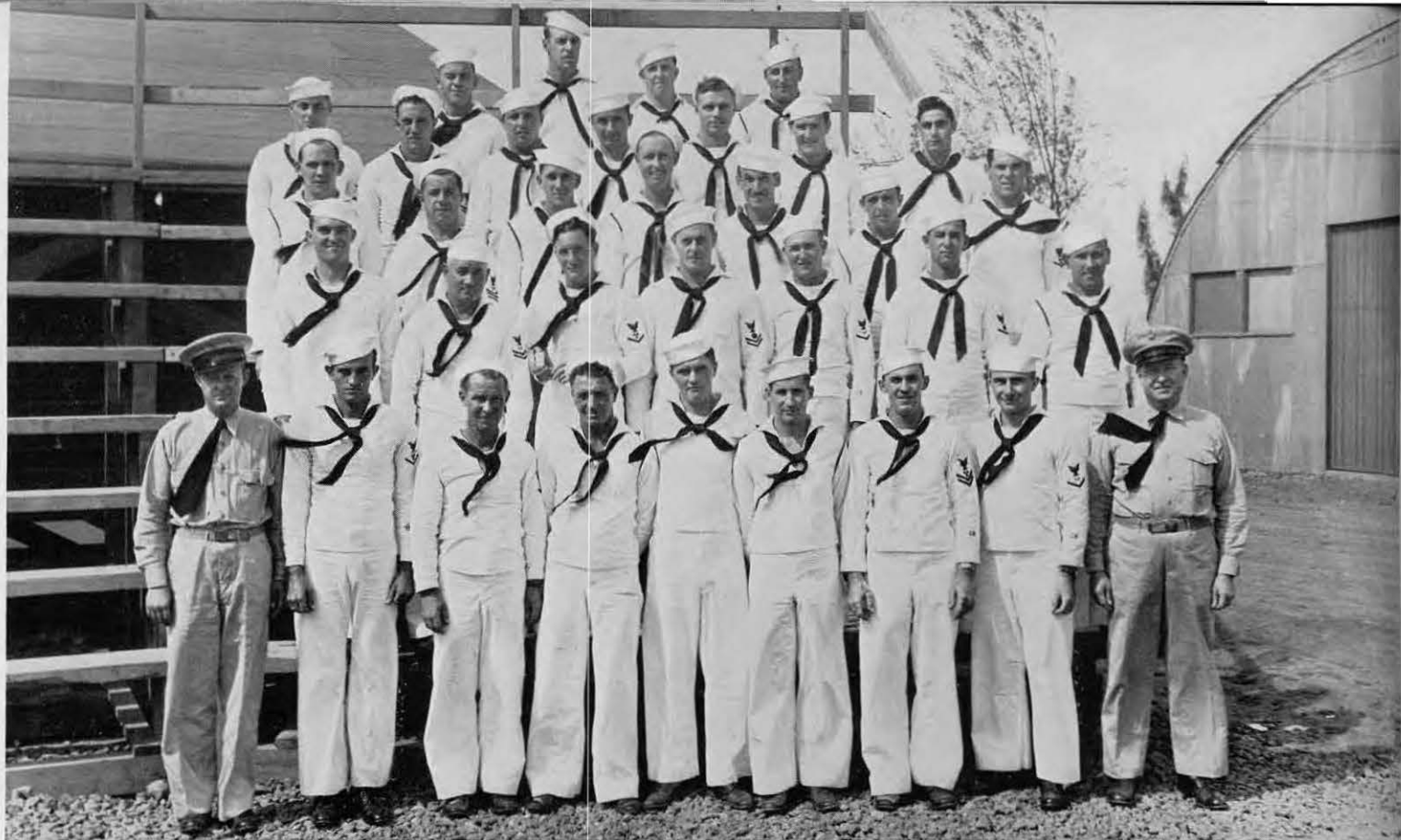
C COMPANY

First row, l. to r.: Kirk, Billy; Taylor, J. A., Montz, A., Haney, J., Jones, F. D., Velasquez, P. F., Handrock, A. W., Collis, K. C. Gunther, E. E.

ADDITIONAL

Second row: Frey, W. H., Mollonia, A. V., Smith, C. F., Morell, S. J., Conner, S. L., Moss, C. T., Parsons, M. C., Sims, H. C., Nay, E. F., Nuborazek, L. J.





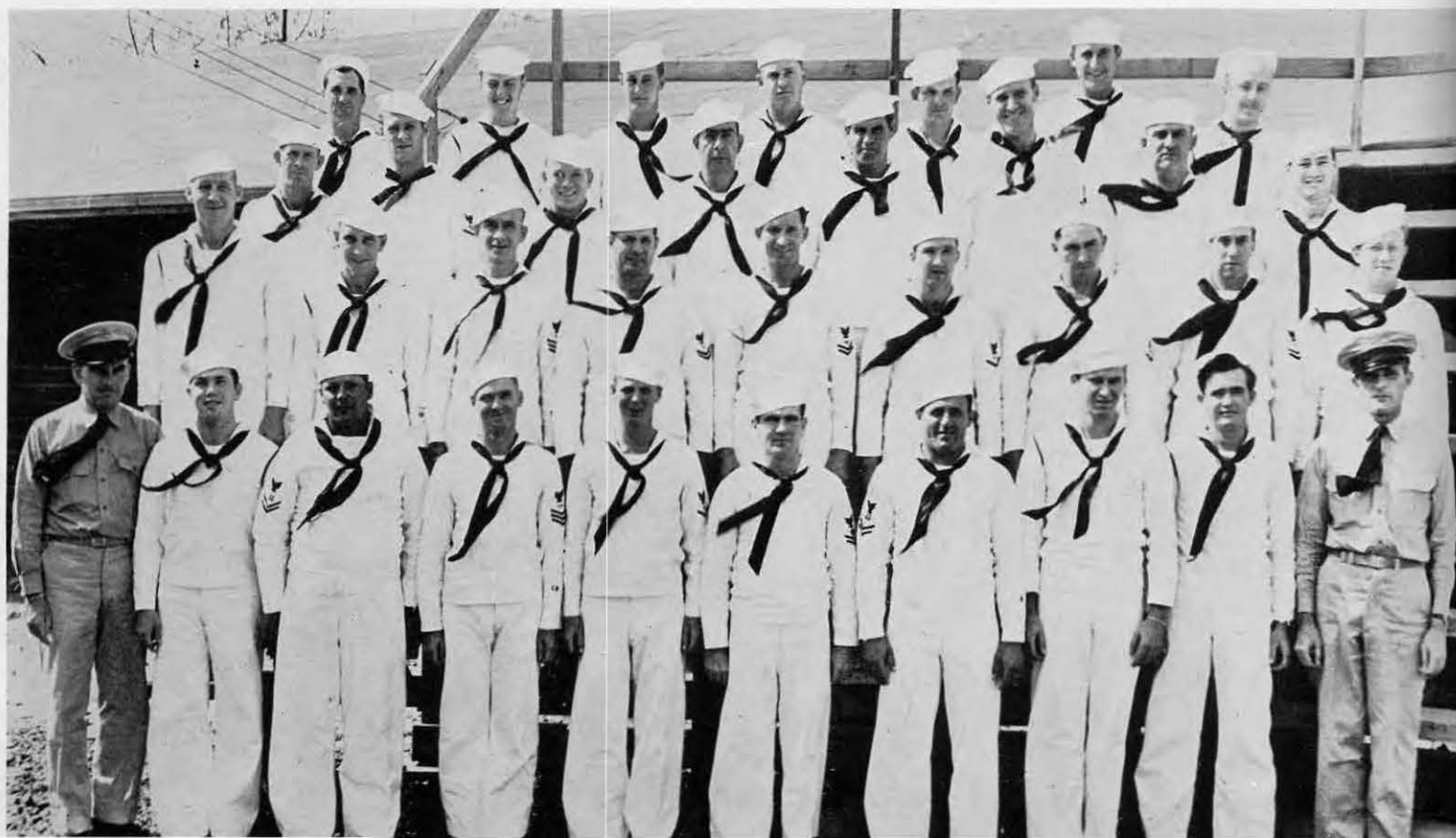
PLATOON 1

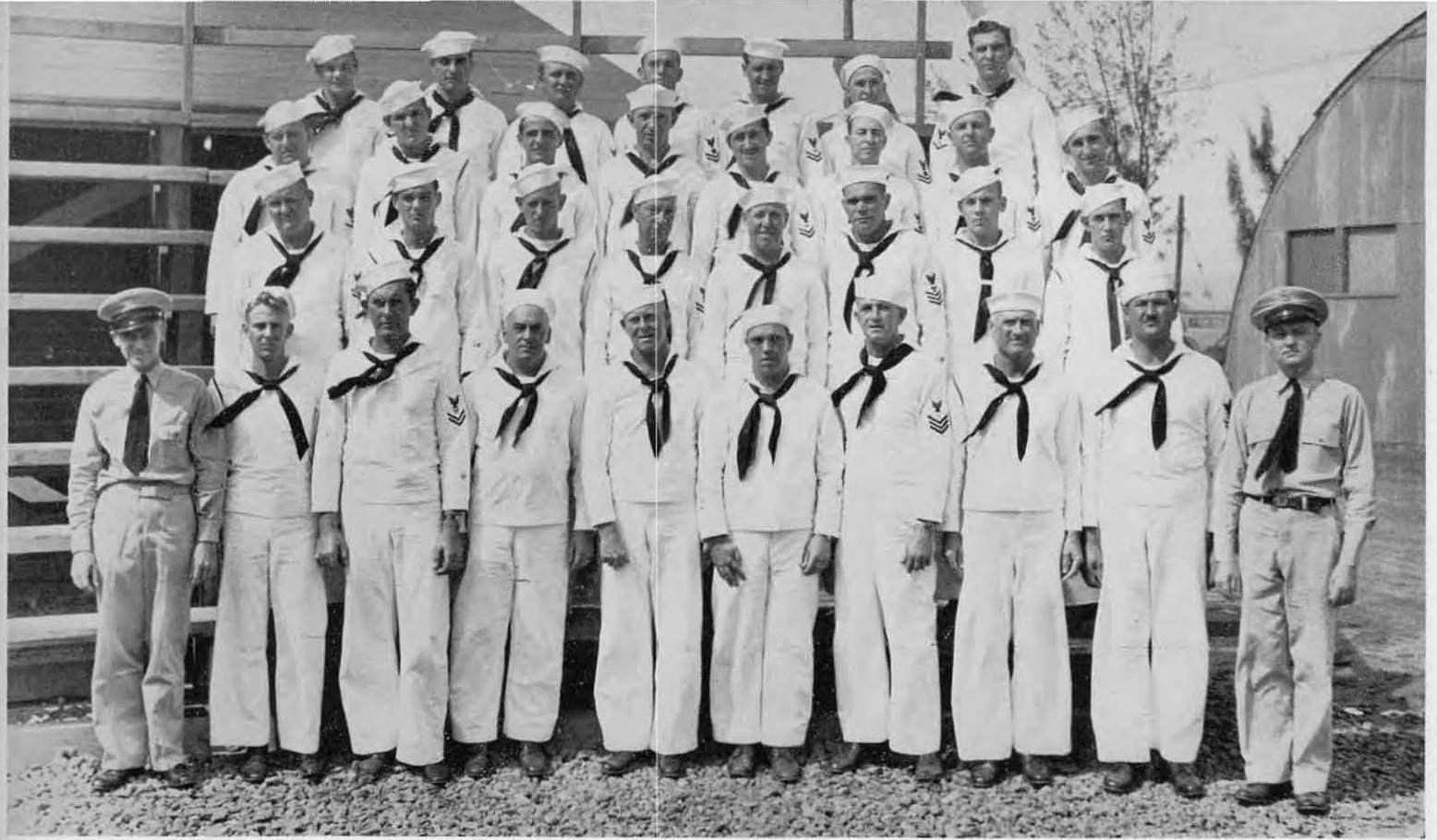
*First row, l. to r.: T. W. Cox, A. N. Alia, E. H. Bernhardt, C. F. Bleibtrey, K. J. Brannigan, G. R. Brower, J. C. Campbell, S. L. Cardile, W. D. Allison.
 Second row: D. H. Craw, M. B. Doughton, G. A. Duimovich, P. E. Fisher, O. H. Flatt, H. A. Gaugh, V. E. Gnojski.
 Third row: E. C. Henley, M. Herman, R. P. Johnson, P. H. Kittle, C. L. Lavoie, J. McCarthy.
 Fourth row: C. B. Normandin, H. K. Ostrander, I. L. Sher, J. Stanko, W. E. Stoll, D. C. Sykes, N. Vecchiarelli.
 Fifth row: K. G. White, R. A. Wittiger, A. Wood, A. T. Ciulik.*

D COMPANY

PLATOON 2

*First row, l. to r.: R. E. Stevens, J. H. Baumgart, T. A. Brieger, O. F. Brooks, W. H. Clark, J. T. Collins, C. F. Cosentino, P. M. Drop, J. H. Greene, M. A. Guilmette.
 Second row: J. E. Guiknecht, E. P. Henry, E. Hill, S. Iacono, J. E. Jaye, E. J. Johns, H. R. Johnson, J. Kennedy, M. G. Lane.
 Third row: M. S. Ludlam, J. A. Luedee, R. E. Lundy, E. P. Mahlendorf, W. G. Maybury, A. A. Ziegler, F. C. Pond, C. E. Rheume.
 Fourth row: G. C. Richardson, G. J. Roberge, R. J. Robinson, P. Stacy, C. R. Welch, E. S. Mercincavage, A. J. Heath.*





First row, l. to r.: T. R. Cheesman, C. H. Bool, L. N. Bosse, J. C. Brown, L. Cantrell, E. N. Clark, J. I. Clark, F. H. Conner, P. Dziamba, E. W. Fleming.
Second row: E. F. Epler, D. A. Fowlow, M. F. Gable, H. W. Gahn, R. V. Glasson, W. C. Hartness, H. J. Hendrickson, T. E. Johnson.
Third row: R. G. Jollimore, C. H. Kimbrell, E. H. Labucki, A. J. Lebeau, B. A. Matarazzi, W. J. McNamara, M. G. Morgan, P. L. Najduch.
Fourth Row: C. Nygard, A. Pastillo, S. Piwowarski, F. M. Smith, L. R. Trottier, R. Warbutton, G. J. Tukacs.

PLATOON 3

D COMPANY

First row, l. to r.: C. R. Burnett, W. W. Buckingham, B. E. Chandler, K. C. Denham, J. J. Dolan, C. R. Duke, F. Fernandez, S. C. Fisk, J. Fornear, A. O. Stephens.
Second row: N. W. Foster, J. R. Goodman, P. P. Hanna, T. E. Head, L. S. Hentges, C. M. Hutcheson, J. D. Johnson, C. K. Jones, M. E. Rock.
Third row: A. Kourafas, E. F. Martinisko, R. B. Montgomery, J. R. Nadybal, L. C. Oliver, G. C. Piper, W. G. Powell.
Fourth Row: D. J. Scicchitano, J. W. Underwood, P. W. Yanchunis, E. A. Young, O. M. Young.

PLATOON 4





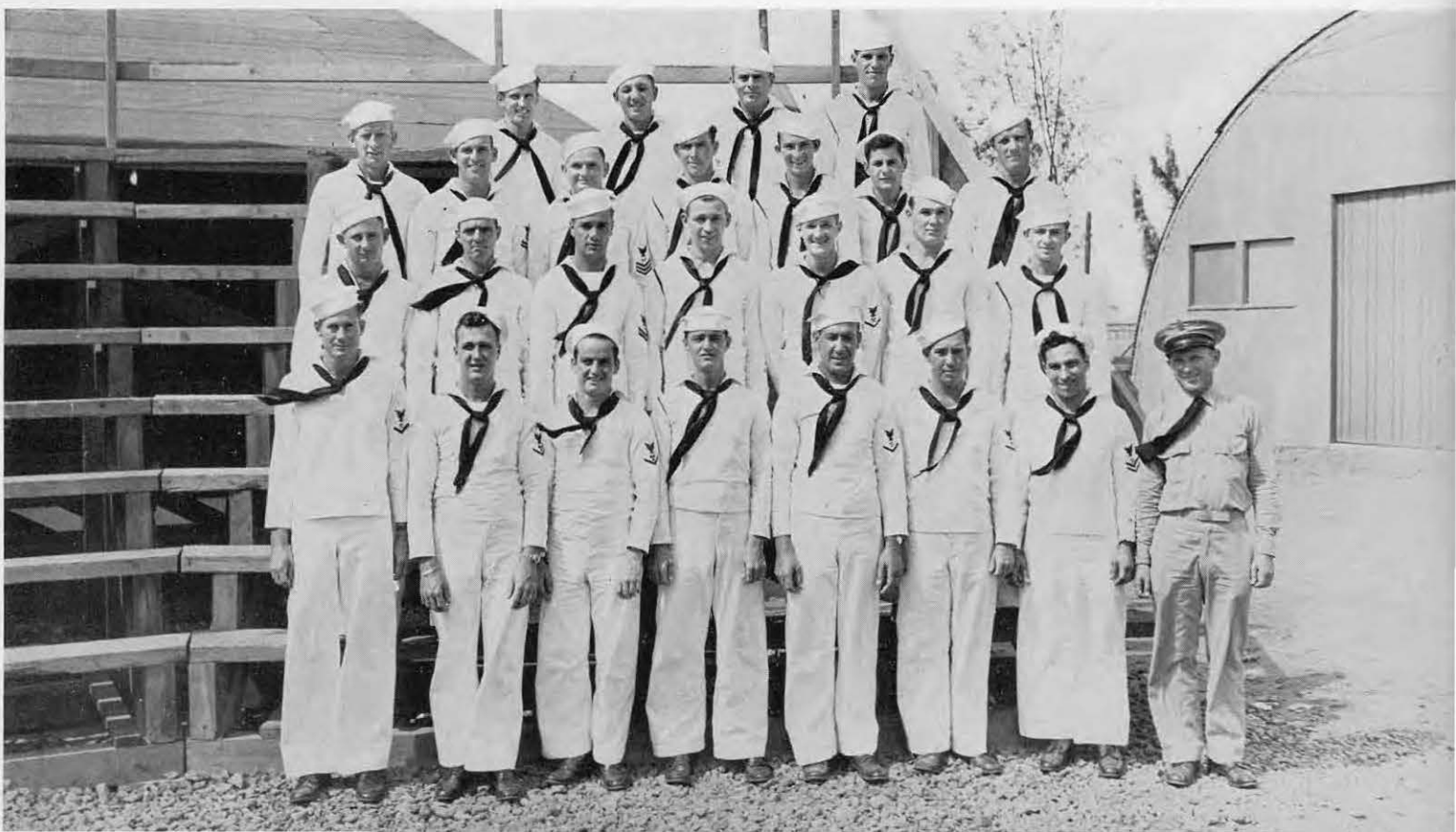
PLATOON 5

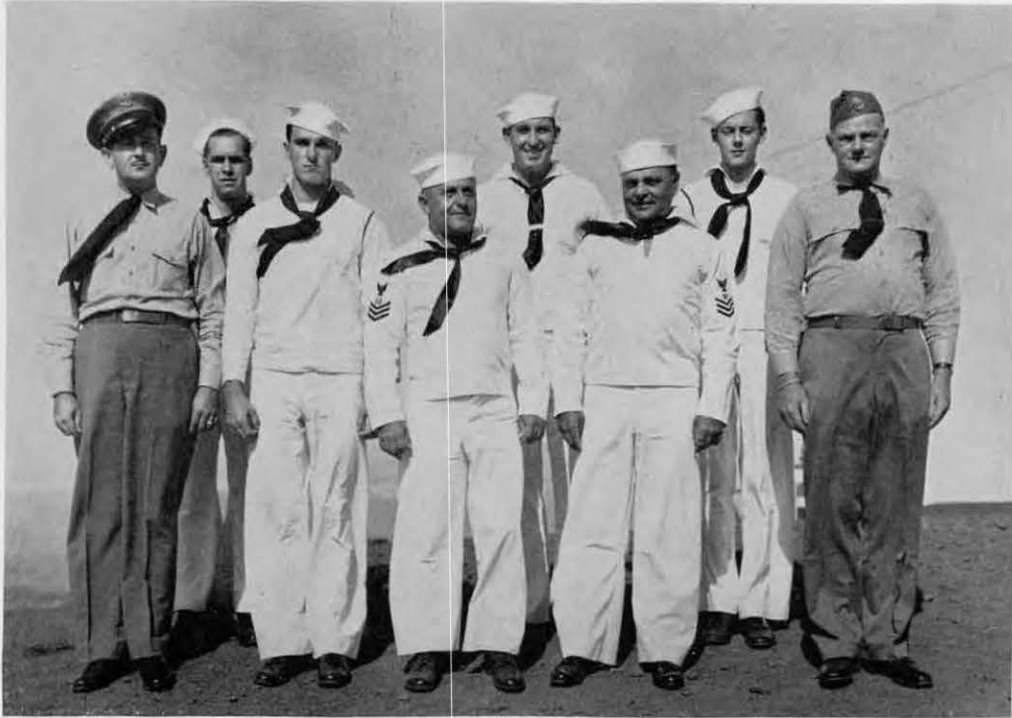
*First row, l. to r.: R. D. McMath, S. Anderson, J. J. Banks, W. H. Barnes, A. T. Blandin, W. R. Brodeur, C. J. Childress, D. D. Clark, O. C. Gedde.
 Second row: J. F. Connor, V. S. Correro, J. E. Erickson, H. V. Everett, J. W. Fisher, J. Hastings.
 Third row: I. L. Herbert, J. D. Holman, J. M. Holzman, F. Jaramillo, J. D. Jarman, F. H. Krause, J. Krohta.
 Fourth row: R. J. LeClair, E. H. Lee, J. A. McCall, B. D. Miller, L. C. Pagano, B. W. Van Leer.
 Fifth row: J. L. Wade, R. L. Morris, F. M. Wall, M. A. Albertson.*

D COMPANY

PLATOON 6

*First row, l. to r.: H.G. Atterbury, E. W. Beck, D. D. Beynon, J. H. Brady, A. T. Bury, A. K. Carter, D. Condo, G. R. Hamilton.
 Second row: M. H. Corker, M. W. Crown, E. F. Gohl, R. J. Herroon, W. P. Hook, V. A. Katzor, W. J. Rochow.
 Third row: W. O. Lindskog, J. J. Lynch, L. A. Schmidt, J. J. Smith, W. J. Smith, W. L. Spalding, M. W. Sorrels.
 Fourth row: J. J. Taraska, G. P. Tompkins, A. P. Trapman, C. M. Weigard.*





D COMPANY & HEADQUARTERS

ADDITIONAL

First row, l. to r.: D. R. Bundy, R. L. Weller, C. H. Haubois, R. S. Lindeman, H. F. Bryant.

Second row: C. J. Burch, W. H. Bennett, E. B. Turvill.



D COMPANY

First row, l. to r.: Clark, H. H., Voelka, F., Lecandoski, L., Doughton, M. B., Svedin, S. T., McGinnis, F. J., Zastenchik, J. A., Varney, L. H., Rosenberg, A., Ponder, Z. L., Sanchez, A. M. ADDITIONAL

Second row: Bolton, H. B., Young, W. W., Warner, J. D., Fjeran, J., McCarris, J. F., Denny, H., Campbell, J. A., Kuder, F. R., Johnson, F., Wenker, R. G., Ostrander, W. B., Winegar, A. R.





ADDITIONAL

*First row—Sechler, Leonard, Lopushansky, Jones, Dong, Holloway, Hrindak, Wurth, Chief Moore.
Second row—Chief Straley, D. P. Harris, Kern, Sambucini, Scott, Roos, Stutz, Ford, Gafford, Gedge.*

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY



VETERANS WORLD WAR I

*First row, Daughton, DiCiocco, Darr, Black, Wise.
Second row—Clark, Mote, Faust, Wannebo, Shaver, Wellman.
Standing, at right—Mix, Lindeman.*



"Where you from, Mac?"

AALBERG, Clifford E.
5025 S. E. Market St.
Portland, (15) Ore.

ABELL, Joe M.
723 E. 25th Street
Indianapolis, Ind.

ABERTH, Edward G.
131 Brookside Ave.
Akron, Ohio.

ADKINS, Golden T.
1271-1 North King St.
Honolulu, T. H.

AHERN, Robert J.
25 Nevada Ave.
Springfield, Mass.

AITKEN, William G.
Belleville, N. Y.

ALBERS, Alvin
Belmond, Ia.

ALBERTSON, Martin A.
40-102nd St.
Troy, N. Y.

ALDRICH, Howard J.
269 High St.
Webster, Mass.

ALFORD, Hubert N.
Loogootie, Ind.

ALIA, Anthony N.
1222 So. Bonsalle St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

ALLEN, Dan Martin
824 S. 4th St.
Chickasha, Okla.

ALLEY, JAMES N.
825 Popular St.
Pine Bluff, Ark.

ALLISON, William D.
1505 Morse St.
Houston, (6) Tex.

ANDERSEN, Sigurd
94 Lucille Ave.
Dumont, N. J.

ARNOLD, Woodrow W.
P.O. Box 1122
Port Sumner, N. M.

ASHLEY, G. H.
5835-a Theodosia Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

ATTERBURY, Henry G.
P.O. Box 268
Farmersville, Tex.

AUTREY, George O., Jr.
Easterly, Tex.

BAILEY, Shirley W.
Grahm,
Carter County, Ky.

BAKER, Claude J.
103 Spencer St.
Helena, Mont.

BAKER, Richard A.
19 Fort Magruder Hts.
Williamsburg, Va.

BAKER, Russel E.
72 Adams St.
Agawam, Mass.

BALDRIDGE, Thomas D.
602 Union Ave.
McKeesport, Pa.

BALLES, William
6906 Hudson Blvd.
Guttenberg, N. Y.

BANKS, John J.
315 McKean Ave.
Donora, Pa.

BANNER, Philip M.
5224 Tilden Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

BANNISTER, James J.
1704 Vance Ave.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

BANKS, Daniel D.
Route No. 1
Pinola, Miss.

BARBIC, John V.
1836 S. Sawyer Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

BARCLAY, Robert J.
P.O. Box 116
Brewerton, N. Y.

BARDWELL, Howard F.
Route No. 2
Ithaca, N. Y.

BARKER, Herman F.
Booneville, Miss

BARNES, George
Gen. Del.
Bedias, Tex.

BARNES, William H.
913 Orient St.
Medina, N. Y.

BARRETT, Raymond P.
1914 Newport St.
Costa Mesa, Calif.

BARROW, George W.
400 Plum St.
Montgomery (7), Ala.

BARROW, Roger
P.O. Box No. 455
Costa Mesa, Calif.

BATOT, Andrew, Jr.
1068 Germantown Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.

BAUMEISTER, Louis P.
Beck Ave.
S. Boundbrook, N. J.

BAUMGART, John H., Jr.
129 S. Clinton St.
Baltimore, Md.

BAXEWANIS, William
242 Reed St.
Reading, Pa.

BAYARDI, Robert
P.O. Box No. 21
Connorville, O.

BAYLESS, Elmer J.
1627 W. Laurel St.
San Antonio, Tex.

BEACOM, Clare W.
Route No. 2
Tarentum, Pa.

BEAVERT, Thomas E.
2511 Ave. G.
Ensley, (8) Ala.

BEAMER, Herman
Gen. Del.
Marion, Ill.

BECK, Elton W.
115 N. Washington St.
Pottstown, Pa.

BECK, Joseph A.
453 N. 6th St.
Mankato, Minn.

BEELER, Vernon A.
Union City, Tenn.

BELL, James H.
209 Marne Road
Brooklawn, N. J.

BENARD, Frank H.
180 Western Ave.
Albany, (3) N. Y.

BENNETT, William H.
6801 Buffalo Ave.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

BENZ, John J.
4419 Fleming St.
Philadelphia (28) Pa.

BENZING, George L.
LaBranche, Mich.

BERETSKY, George
12 E. First St.
Larksville, Pa.

BERGERON, Oscar J.
58 Dickison St.
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

BERGERON, Romeo N.
183 E. Main St.
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

BERNHARDT, Elmer F.
403 So. Main St.
Jamestown, N. Y.

BERNSTEIN, Benjamin S.
936 West End Ave.
New York N. Y.

BETHAY, Robert V.
3010 Marshall St.
Little Rock, Ark.

BEYNON, Donald D.
601 Coleman Ave.
Johnstown, Pa.

BILODEAU, Leonard G.
572 Bridge St.
Holyoke, Mass.

BLACK, Robert J.
631 Gear St.
Reno, Nev.

BLAIR, Robert E.
R.F.D.
Califon, N. J.

BLANDIN, Alton T.
415 Canal St.
El Paso, Tex.

BLATTENBERGER, Harold
77 Lake Ave., Woodlawn Sta.
Buffalo, (19) N. Y.

BLAZEK, Steven J.
613 E. Abott St.
Lansford, Pa.

BLEIBTREY, Charles F.
943 3rd St.
North Troy, N. Y.

BLOWITSKI, Walter
4552 Milnor St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

BOGGS, Herbert A.
272 California St.
Bellflower, Calif.

BOLTON, Howard B.
746 15th Ave.
Honolulu, T. H.

BOMAR, Charles K.
1431 Oakwood St.
Memphis, Tenn.

BONNERUP, Neils J.
105 Adams Ave.
Albert Lea, Minn.

BONVINI, Alfred A.
1608 Iseminger St.
Philadelphia, (48) Pa.

BOOL, Charles H.
New London, N. H.

BOONE, Charles F.
3031 W. Thomas Place
Oklahoma City, Okla.

BOOTHBY, Roby R.
1510 Lincoln Ave.
New Hyde Park, N. Y.

BORCHERT, William C.
Mapleton, Minn.

BORDONI, Joseph W.
19134 Hershey Ave.
Detroit, (3) Mich.

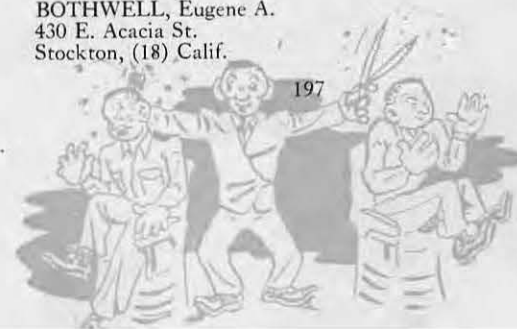
BORRERO, Anselmo G.
516 W. 167th St.
New York, N. Y.

BOSLEY, Virgil A.
2557 Hunter Ave.
Youngstown, O.

BOSNICK, Anthony J.
731 Main St.
Port Allegany, Pa.

BOSSE, Louis B.
27 S. Euclid Ave.
St. Louis, (8) Mo.

BOTHWELL, Eugene A.
430 E. Acacia St.
Stockton, (18) Calif.



BOUCHARD, Joseph A.
610 Merrick St.
Clayton, N. Y.

BOULTON, Robert N.
115 Carmack Ave.
Carthage, Tenn.

BOWEN, Robert C.
714 E. Grant Ave.
Altoona, Pa.

BOWERS, James D.
2955 6th St.
Huntington, W. Va.

BOWERS, William H.
Swan Island,
Portland, Ore.

BOYD, William E.
326 N. Blair St.
Virden, Ill.

BRADFORD, William J.
9 Grove St.
Norwich, Conn.

BRADY, John H.
2109 W. Mulberry St.
Baltimore, (23) Md.

BRANELLA, Michael R.
1606 S. Chadwick St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

BRANNIGAN, Kenneth J.
43 3rd St.
Troy, N. Y.

BRASHER, William A.
Decaturville, Tenn.

BRENNEMAN, Charles M.
R.F.D. No. 2.
New Cumberland, W. Va.

BRESSLER, Lynn H.
Hegins, Pa.

BRIDGES, Julius W.
109 2nd Ave.
Albany, Ga.

BRIEGER, Chas. T. A.
Bastrop, Tex.

BRIEGER, T. A. Chas.
Bastrop, Tex.

BROCIOUS, Raymond O.
1543 Tilghman St.
Allentown, Pa.

BROCKETT, Keith B.
112½ N. 5th St.
Jeannette, Pa.

BRODEUR, Harvey R.
859 Main St.
Holyoke, Mass.

BRONFELD, Benjamin H.
1367 St. Marks Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKS, Oswin F.
26 Rivercliff Drive
Devon, Conn.

BROOME, Zack
16 Windson Circle
Springfield, Pa.

BROSTEN, Edwin I.
Hermiston, Ore.

BROTZMAN, Robert E.
1463 Lawrence Rd.
Upper Darby, Pa.

BROUILLETTE, George P.
233 Main St.
Littleton, N. H.

BROUSSARD, Clarence B.
P.O. Box No. 8
Port Allen, La.

BROWER, Glenn H.
R.F.D. No. 1.
McClure, Pa.

BROWN, David B.
Brookfield Road
Brimfield, Mass.

BROWN, James C.
100 S. Crescent Dr.
Albany, N. Y.

BROWN, Robert H.
R.F.D. No. 3
Jasper, Ala.

BROWNELL, Daniel R.
113 Wayland St.
Roxbury, Mass.

BROWNEE, Van Elton
R.F.D. No. 2, Box 28
Jacksonville, Ore.

BRUCK, William J.
2125 Medarg Ave.
Philadelphia, (38) Pa.

BRUGMAN, Louis A.
Big Pine Resort
Elcho, Wisc.

BRUNSELL, Elwood O.
1505 Grandview Ave.
McKeesport, Pa.

BRUSO, Franklin M.
16 Appleton St.
Brockton, Mass.

BRYANT, Howard F.
1124 West St.
Utica, N. Y.

BUCHANAN, Colin E.
1707 36th St.
Oakland, Calif.

BUCHY, Louis F.
8 Lamont Ave.
Glenolden, Pa.

BUCK, Henry L.
435 E. Linwood Ave.
Maple Shade, N. J.

BUCKINGHAM, Walter W.
208 Seneca St.
Ithaca, N. Y.

BUESCHER, Donald E.
Red Bud, Ill.

BULGER, James
1336 Shermer Ave.
Northbrook, Ill.

BUNDY, Donald R.
1219 S. Elgin St.
Tulsa, Okla.

BURCH, Claude J.
2171 Quincy St.
Topeka, Kan.

BURKETT, Harry W.
R.D. No. 3
Johnstown, Pa.

BURNETT, Curtis R.
3315 Hanover St.
Dallas, Tex.

BURNHAM, Robert L.
P.O. Box 66
Exeter, N. H.

BURNS, Robert
Route No. 1
Palatine, Ill.

BURNSTEAD, Donald R.
1337 Emden St.
Wilmington, Calif.

BURTON, Homer M.
Pleasant Hill, La.

BURY, Andrew T.
104 N. Washington St.
Baltimore, (31) Md.

BUSCH, Carl F.
1621 Argonne Drive
Baltimore (18) Md.

BUSHER, John J.
33 Bromfield Road
W. Somerville (44) Mass.

BUSKIRK, Wallace A.
Railroad Ave.
Brockway, Pa.

BYKOWSKI, Peter
146 Sumac Ave.
Waukegan, Ill.

BYRNE, Terrence J.
4936 Kincaid St.
Pittsburgh, (24) Pa.

CAGLEY, Levi G.
Waverly, Ia.

CAHILL, Thos. H.
3 So. St. John St.
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

CAMPBELL, John A.
957 Teller Ave.
Bronx 56, N. Y. C.

CAMPBELL, John C.
642 Exeter Ave.
Indianapolis, Ind.

CAMPBELL, Norman A.
910 S. 4th St.
Maywood, Ill.

CAMPBELL, Walter H.
202 E. 5th St.
Warren Pa.

CAMPER, George D.
Woodstown Road
Salem, N. J.

CANTLEY, Silas W.
Broundland, W. Va.

CANTRELL, Lecil
P.O. Box No. 271
Roscoe, Calif.

CAPONE, Frank J.
Bechman St.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

CARDELL, Floyd A.
6004 N. Paulina St.
Chicago 26, Ill.

CARDILE, Santo L.
507 Chestnut St.
Pleasantville, N. J.

CARKEET, William F.
1629 Waverly St.
Memphis, Tenn

CARLSON, Carl E. G.
42 Summit St.
Arlington, Mass.

CARLSON, John T.
3019 Riverview Ave.
McKeesport, Pa.

CARR, Aloysius J.
4747 Marple St.
Philadelphia, (36) Pa.

CARR, Daniel F.
3005 Centre St.
Merchantville, N. J.

CARROLL, Robert T.
207 Union St.
Monongahela, Pa.

CARLILE, George W.
2110 N. Purdue St.
Phoenix, Ariz.

CARTER, Albert J.
1112 "C" St.
Lincoln, Neb.

CARTER, Arthur K.
424 Carl St.
Pittsburgh, (10) Pa.

CASSIDY, David F.
87 Elm St.
Pittsfield, Mass.

CASSIDY, James L.
22 Dearborn St.
Milford, N. H.

CASTILLO, Alfonso
724 Waikamilo Road
Honolulu 35, T. H.

CASTRONOVA, Charles P.
508 E. Main St.
Norristown, Pa.

CATALDI, Sebastian J.
57-56 58th Place
Maspeth, N. Y.

CATHEY, Ocie H.
Danville, Tenn.

CAVANAGH, John F.
1147 21 St.
Newport News, Va.

CHACHULSKI, Charles
725 S. Grundy St.
Baltimore, Md.

CHANDLER, Burl E.
Winslow, Ark.

CHEESMAN, Thomas R.
P.O. Box 547
Live Oak, Fla.



CHERRY, James E.
505 W. Main St.
Halls, Tenn.

CHILDRESS, C. T.
Box 234
Calera, Ala.

CHILDRESS, Harry N.
West Point, Tenn.

CHRISCO, Daniel B.
1764 15th St.
Augusta, Ga.

CHRISTIAN, J. Horace
R.D. No. 3
Manchester, Tenn.

CICHON, Ernest M.
29 Ingraham St.
Bristol, Conn.

CIULIK, Aloysius T.
66 Jay St.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

CLARK, Daniel D.
Black River, N. Y.

CLARK, Edward N.
16 E. Bald Eagle St.
Lock Haven, Pa.

CLARK, Forrest B.
Corriganville, Md.

CLARK, Francis J.
Route No. 1
Emmett, Kan.

CLARK, Herman H.
P.O. Box 182
Victoria, Va.

CLARK, James P.
209 Richmond St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

CLARK, John I.
2015 W. 3rd St.
Chester, Pa.

CLARK, Louis E.
P.O. Box 286
Oak Grove, La.

CLARK, Wallace G.
Gen. Del.
Brockway, Pa.

CLARK, Walter
2057 S. 68th St.
Philadelphia (42) Pa.

CLARK, William H.
1554 Carswell St.
Baltimore, (18) Md.

CLAY, Bertie F.
207 Hopper St.
Kennett, Mo.

CLEMONS, James R.
Route No. 1
Blarden, Ark.

CLYNCH, Emmett V.
111 N. 15th Ave.
Yakima, Wash.

COBANOVICH, Michael
805 N. 1st Ave.
Phoenix, Ariz.

COCHRAN, Paul J.
7140 Idlewild St.
Pittsburgh, (8) Pa.

CODER, Francis M.
914 Alexandria St.
Latrobe, Pa.

COGHILL, George R.
Cropsyville
Troy, N. Y.

COLE, Leonard H.
234 W. Anapamu St.
Santa Barbara, Calif.

COLE, Woodrow W.
1730 Michigan Ave.
Dallas, Tex.

COLEMAN, Joe
12541 Caswell Ave.
Venice, Calif.

COLEMAN, Samuel R.
2229 Marion St.
Columbia, S. C.

COLLINS, Arthur C.
205 W. Hazard Ave.
Peoria, (4) Ill.

COLLINS, John T.
11 Pleasant St.
Medford, (55) Mass.

COLLIS, Fred F.
322 High St.
Newburyport, Mass.

COLQUITT, Frank M.
615 Maynard Ave.
Knoxville, Tenn.

COMERFORD, Thomas A.
3343 N. Park Ave.
Philadelphia, (40) Pa.

COMINOTTI, A. J.
247 Halleck St.
Mingo Junction, O.

CONDO, Dominick
3104 B. Mountain Drive
Philadelphia, (45) Pa.

CONLEY, Basil W., Jr.
P.O. Box 448
Rodessa, La.

CONNER, Fred H.
Box 126
Levelland, Tex.

CONNER, Samuel L.
808 Forest St.
Lynchburg, Va.

CONNOR, James F.
20 Royce Road
Allston, Mass.

CONROY, William J.
4732 Milnor St.
Philadelphia, (37) Pa.

CONVERSE, Darrell R.
2210 Grand Ave.
Granite City, Ill.

CONVILLE, Edward B.
74 Tyler St.
Sylacau, Ga.

CONWAY, William J.
63 Marlton Pike
Camden, N. J.

COONEY, Cyril S.
4736 Meridian St.
Philadelphia, (36) Pa.

COONS, Robert J.
222 W. 60th St.
Chicago, Ill.

CORBETT, William J.
8 Garfield Ave.
Revere, (51) Mass.

CORKER, Mahlon H.
Burnet, Tex.

CORREA, Clement
1577 Laumaile St.
Honolulu, T. H.

CORRERO, Van Sam
Route No. 1
Waldron, Ark.

CORRIGAN, Charles P.
3836 N. Batoon
Portland, (3) Ore.

CORTESE, Anthony F.
Jefferson & Jackson Sts.
Media, Pa.

COSENTINO, Casper F.
1642 N. Richmond St.
Chicago, (47) Ill.

COSTELLO, Edward W.
1208 Genesee St.
Buffalo, (11) N.Y.

COTTRELL, Roy C.
113 Maple St.
Biloxi, Miss.

COULOMBE, Raymond H.
32 Bodwell Ave.
Lowell, Mass.

COUTS, Richard W.
7228 Lemington Ave.
Pittsburgh, (6) Pa.

COX, Thomas W.
205 Monroe St.
Richmond, Va.

COYLE, William E.
1011 Middle St.
Honolulu, T. H.

CRAW, David H.
Route No. 2
Gansevoort, N. Y.

CREAMER, Norman W.
3108 E. Biddle St.
Baltimore, Md.

CRESON, Luther C.
1601 11th St.
Eldora, Ia.

CROCKETT, Thomas L.
151 East St.
Whitinsville, Mass.

CRONIN, Jeremiah H.
6901 62nd St.
Ridgewood, Queens, Brooklyn
(27) New York

CROOK, Lawrence A.
Kent City, Mich.

CROSIER, Howard J.
24 North Ave.
North Abington, Mass.

CROTHER, Glendyn S.
1012 N. Ontario St.
Burbank, Calif.

CROWN, Milan W.
308 Colony Ave.
Kinsley, Kan.

CRUSON, Earl R.
726 Eye St.
Sacramento, Calif.

CUMBERLEDGE, James G.
712 10th Ave.
New Brighton, Pa.

CYBULSKI, Frank
R. D. 1
Wapwallopen, Penna.

CZARNIAK, Edward C.
230 Westbury Ave.
Carle Place, L.I., N.Y.

DALEY, John F.
102 Hunnewell Ave.
Newton, Mass.

DANA, Melbourne T.
P.O. Box 26
Nipomo, Calif.

DANIEL, Van H.
Brooksville, Fla.

DANIELS, Emerson A.
12 Beach Ave.
Woodmont, Conn.

DANIELS, William E.
1206 Nashville Ave.
Sheffield, Ala.

DARR, McKinley W.
P.O. Box 392
Ligonier, Pa.

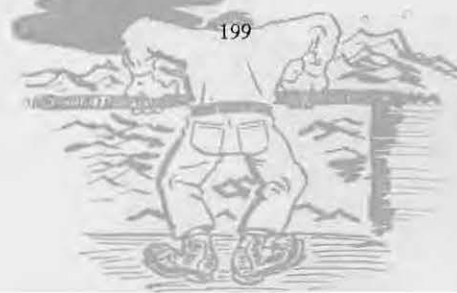
DAVIDSON, James H.
8214 Bartow St.
Dallas, (18) Tex.

DAVIS, Allen C.
7 Brigham St.
Fitchburg, Mass.

DAVIS, Denver L.
Cockrum, Miss.

DAVIS, John
2910 Seavers St.
Dallas, (16) Tex.

DAWSON, George C.
Mine No. 3
Mollenauer, Pa.



DAWSON, Herbert W.
120 Linwood Ave.
Albion, N. Y.

DAWSON, William A.
116 South Bush St.
Anaheim, Calif.

DEAMON, Samuel
12 Anson St.
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

DEAN, Kenneth R.
1813 Wylie St.
Philadelphia, (30) Pa.

DE ARMAN, Wilson L.
3607 Dickson St.
Dallas, Tex.

DE CARLO, Peter J.
229 Third St.
Albany, (5) N. Y.

DE CARO, Frank A.
2517 Grays Ferry Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEMOS, George
2310 South "I" St.
Elwood, Ind.

DENHAM, Kenneth C.
50 Perry Ave.
Whitman, Mass.

DENNY, Herbert
105 N. Hobart St.
Pampa, Tex.

DENSMORE, Dana E.
52 Hyslop Road
Brookline, Mass.

DENTON, Albert B., Jr.
Brownsboro, Tex.

DESTEFANO, John W.
1404 S. W. Broadway Dr.
Portland 1, Ore.

DEVINE, James J.
437 Hamilton St.
Albany, N. Y.

DIAZ, Raul G.
3214 Frutas St.
El Paso, Tex.

DI CIOCCO, John
6059 Reinhart St.
Philadelphia, (42) Pa.

DICKSON, Fred A.
P. O. Box 268
Winnsboro, S. C.

DIEHL, Noah E.
1565 Jackson St.
Charleston, W. Va.

DIETZ, John H.
5057 Homestead Ave.
Merchantville, N. J.

DIFFEY, Luther E.
Box 114
Mangham, La.

DI LISSIO, Nicholas
307 Lincoln Ave.
Bristol, Pa.

DILLAWAY, John E.
34 Laurel St.
Somerville, Mass.

DI STEFANO, Albert F.
97 Audubon Ave.
W. Springfield, Mass.

DIXON, Daniel R.
Route No. 1, Box 107
Belmont, N. C.

DIXON, Gerald
R.F.D. No. 1
Voorheesville, N. Y.

DOLAN, John J.
Constableville
Lewis Co., New York

DONG, Robert D. C.
1131 17th Ave.
Honolulu, T. H.

DONNELL, Aron B.
R.F.D. No. 2, Box 18
Point, Tex.

DORNAN, John E.
7326 Evans Ave.
Chicago 19, Ill.

DOUGHERTY, Edward T.
3642 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

DOUGHTON, Millard B.
1820 N. 19th St.
Salem, Ore.

DOUVIER, Louis C.
Berkshire, N. Y.

DOVE, Charles W.
1048 9th St.
Port Arthur, Tex.

DOWLEN, Tom E.
Route 1
Rhome, Tex.

DOWNIN, Clarence J.
127 E. Main St.
Waynesboro, Pa.

DOWNING, Jack D.
P.O. Box 63
Canyon, Tex.

DROP, Paul M.
P.O. Box 146
North Bessemer, Pa.

DROZAL, Joseph F.
233 W. Oak St.
Shenandoah, Pa.

DRUMHELLER,
Nathaniel S., Jr.
1208 Stoneburner St.
Staunton, Va.

DUBAI, Matthew M.
143 Gravel Road
Medina, N. Y.

DUDLEY, Reginald T.
P.O. Box No. 66
Hughes Springs, Tex.

DUFFY, Arthur
213 W. B St.
Grants Pass, Ore.

DUIMOVICH, George A.
2905 W. 101 Place
Chicago, (43) Ill.

DUKE, Charles R.
Odessa, Mo.

DUNCAN, David E.
826 Marietta St.
Atlanta, Ga.

DUNHAM, Brinton P.
468 Liberty St.
Ware, Mass.

DUNHAM, Perry G.
29 Dunham Ave.
Ware, Mass.

DUNLAP, Charles W.
11931 Peeler Ave.
Cleveland, O.

DZIAMBA, Peter
2611 4th Ave.
Watervliet, N. Y.

EARLY, Ivan H.
224 Myrtle St.
Harrisonburg, Va.

EARN, Hoyt B.
R.F.D. No. 1
Dry Branch, Ga.

EBBERT, Robert
P.O. Box No. 48
Reno, Pa.

ECKOLS, Samuel E.
R.F.D. No. 3
Marion, Ill.

EDMON, John L.
612 N. Scott St.
Joliet, Ill.

EGAN, Robert A.
4531 W. Papin St.
St. Louis, Mo.

EHID, Tofik
8 Powers St.
New Brunswick, N. J.

ELLIOTT, Jim
Franklin, Tex.

ELLIS, Lawrence
902 N. Vermilion St.
Danville, Ill.

ELROD, Alfred O.
210 S. Logan St.
Lansing, (15) Mich.

EMSTRUM, C. R.
5430 N. Burrage St.
Portland 11, Ore.

ENGLAND, Clarence W.
R.F.D.
Carroll, O.

EPPLER, Earl F.
Star Route
Wapato, Wash.

ERICKSON, John E.
355 State St.
North Bend, Ore.

ERICSSON, Evald O.
Route No. 2, Box 124 B.
Kingsburg, Calif.

EUBANKS, Clifford C.
2707 Live Oak St.
Dallas, Tex.

EVANS, Eugene E.
R.F.D. No. 1
Newburgh, N. Y.

EVANS, Leslie G.
51 Jay St.
Albany, N. Y.

EVERETT, Hugh V.
Rocks, Md.

EYERS, Roger F.
Edgewater Place
Boonton, R. D. 1, N. J.

FAHEY, Thomas B.
1354 Cockrell Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

FARLEY, Jack W.
900 York Ave. S.W.
Atlanta, Ga.

FARLEY, Matthew J.
4325 Sansom St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

FARRAR, Frank B.
Ravensdale, Wash.

FARRELL, Joseph E.
3019 Oakford St.
Philadelphia, (46) Pa.

FARRIS, Paul K.
2701 Inga Ave.
Nashville, (6) Tenn.

FAUST, Robert C. Sr.
546 Russell Ave.
Johnstown, Pa.

FAZIO, Anthony J.
7555 Hamilton Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

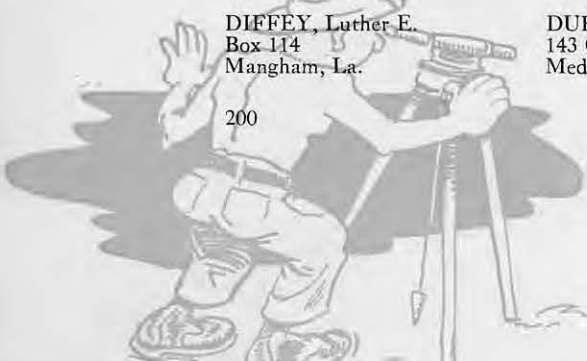
FEATHER, Donald N.
717 State St.
St. Joseph, Mich.

FENTON, Edward F.
5414 S. Wells St.
Chicago, (9) Ill.

FERDINAND, Joseph E.
125 Post Ave.
New York, (34) N. Y.

FERNANDEZ, Federico
960 Kelly St.
Bronx, N. Y.

FETTER, Ralph G.
R.F.D. No. 3, Box 31
Johnstown, Pa.



FICHTER, Joseph P.
R.F.D. No. 2
Sharpsburg, Pa.

FIORANI, Harry
33 New St.
Bridgeton, N. J.

FISHER, J. W.
% Parkline Stationery Co.
Alhambra, Calif.

FISHER, Paul E.
Penn. St., Box 191
Bressler, Pa.

FISK, Sylvester C.
P.O. Box 267
Lamont, Ia.

FITE, Thad C.
R.F.D. No. 3
Batesville, Miss

FITZGERALD, Donald M.
15 Washington Ave.
Coxsackie, N. Y.

FITZPATRICK, William R.
524 S. Chestnut St.
Lansing, Mich.

FJERAN, John
1236 Burr St.
St. Paul 1, Minn.

FLAHERTY, Edward B.
111-36 112th St.
Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.

FLATT, Olin F.
P.O. Box 203
Wall, S. D.

FLIPPIN, S. R.
Stuart R 3, Va.

FLECK, Jesse D.
325 4th St.
Altoona, Pa.

FLEMING, Edward W.
Stop 30 Albany,
Schenectady Rd.
Albany, N. Y.

FOLEY, Eugene
2157 Stearnes Road
Cleveland, (6) O.

FONG, Leonard K.
1432 Victoria St.
Honolulu 25, T. H.

FORD, Floyd E.
1260 Standard Ave.
Indianapolis, (31) Ind.

FORD, Harold L.
Taylorsville, Miss.

FORD, Leland A.
1102 S. 8th St.
Lawrenceville, Ill.

FORNEAR, John L., Jr.
5253 Ann St.
Hammond, Ind.

FOSTER, Norman W.
141 Fremont St.
Peekskill, N. Y.

FOSTER, Walter D.
131 Cherry St.
Lebanon, Pa.

FOWLER, M. O.
Route No. 1
Buchanan, Va.

FOWLOW, Donald A.
3315 8th Ave.
Beaver Falls, Pa.

FOX, Francis X.
788 5th Ave.
Troy, N. Y.

FOY, Charles J.
4305 Lake Ave.
Rochester, (12) N. Y.

FOY, Wilfred W.
39 Douglas St.
Troy, N. Y.

FRANK, Paul G.
861 N. 8th St.
Allentown, Pa.

FRANZ, Frederick
126 Francis St.
New Britain, Conn.

FREIS, Lowell A.
28 Fremont St.
Kiel, Wisc.

FREY, Walter H.
107 Brookdale Ave.
Nutley, N. J.

FREYBERG, Carl H.
R.F.D. No. 2
Elkton, S. D.

FULLER, George T.
300 College St.
Palmyra, Pa.

FULLER, Henry B.
2426 30th St. W.
Birmingham, (8) Ala.

FUNDERBURG, Raymond C.
1123 Francis Ave.
Muskegon, Mich.

FURULI, Elmer M.
4038 Blaisdell Ave.
Minneapolis, Minn.

GABLE, Melvin F.
2508 42nd St.
Sacramento, Calif.

GAFFORD, Richard H.
Tyler, Tex.

GAGNER, Bert
40 Irving St.
Worcester, (2) Mass.

GAHN, Herbert W.
77 Carman Ave.
Woodmere, L.I., N.Y.

GALL, James J.
225 Jefferson Ave.
Scalp Level, Pa.

GALLAGHER, Patrick
515 Vankirk St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

GAMBLE, Joseph J.
Lake Dallas, Tex.

GANGLOFF, Melvin H.
587 E. North St.
Buffalo, (11) N. Y.

GANN, John E.
3102 Wheeler Ave.
Austin, Tex.

GANTT, John C.
R.F.D. No. 1
Sheffield, Ala.

GARDNER, Grant D.
R.F.D. No. 1
Onalaska, Wisc.

GARDNER, Lynn C.
2612 Waits
Fort Worth, Tex.

GARLICK, Thomas A.
2934 E. Venango St.
Philadelphia, (34) Pa.

GARNER, Boyd
52 Glenwood Ave.
Westbrook, Me.

GARRETT, Benson W.
Elmwood St.
Jefferson City, Tenn.

GARRETT, George T.
2210 Crittenden Drive
Louisville, Ky.

GASSARO, Joseph N.
37 June St.
South River, N. J.

GAUGH, Harry A.
701 Lincoln Ave.
Menominee, Mich.

GAUGHAN, Michael P.
125 23rd St.
Sharpsburg, (15) Pa.

GAUTHIER, Edward A.
P.O. Box No. 141
Athens, Wisc.

GAVIN, William C.
512 S. Valley Ave.
Olyphant, Pa.

GAY, Russell D.
3133 Hamsphere Ave.
Minneapolis, Minn.

GAYDOS, Steven J.
311 S. Aurora St.
Ithaca, N. Y.

GAYLORD, Harold H.
Huntley, Ill.

GAYNOR, Thomas J.
5854 W. Lake St.
Chicago, Ill.

GEDDE, Ove C.
148 Eastmont St.
El Monte, Calif.

GEDGE, Norman E.
2551 Liliha St.
Honolulu, T. H.

GEERLING Neil H.
308 E. 118th St.
Chicago, Ill.

GEIDA, Emil
533 Northampton St.
Kingston, Pa.

GEIGER, James H.
110 North St.
Millersburg, Pa.

GEILING, Gerald A.
224 W. Keller St.
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

GENOVESE, Joe J.
40-01 Vernon Bldg.
Long Island City, N. Y.

GEORGE, John M.
118 Lakeview St.
Pineville, La.

GEPHARDT, Thomas B.
2324 Wyeth Ave.
Baltimore, (19) Md.

GERALDI, Edmund C.
West Lebanon, N. Y.

GERBER, John J.
43 Mountain St.
Aurora, Ill.

GHERE, Charles C.
1241 N. Penn St.
Indianapolis, Ind.

GIALANELLA, Anthony
32 Exchange St.
Binghampton, N. Y.

GIDDENS, Andrew J.
Centerpoint, Ind.

GILL, Thomas G.
P.O. Box 425
Fort Worth, Tex.

GILLAND, Ray W.
Mexico, Ky.

GILMAN, Walter K.
P.O. Box 84 Boston Rd.
North Wilbraham, Mass.

GILSOUL, Clifford A.
Holler, Minn.

GIROUX, Fernand W.
261 Hillside Ave.
Holyoke, Mass.

GIROUX, Philién N.
37 Bellevue St.
Waterville, Me.

GITLER, Henry W.
66 Grace St.
Irvington (11), N. J.

GLASSON, Robert V.
608 Second Ave.
New York, N. Y.

GLAWE, Alfred W.
212 Lill Ave.
Crystal Lake, Ill.



- GLENN, Virgil L.
116 N. Kimball St.
Canton, S. D.
- GNECCO, Edwin J.
40 Armstrong Ave.
Jersey City, N. J.
- GNOJSKI, Victor E.
35 Swarthmore Ave.
Gloucester Heights, N. Y.
- GOGAL, Peter P.
3214 Lake Ave.
Rochester, N. Y.
- GOGARTY, William J.
361 Maple St.
Brooklyn, (25) N. Y.
- GOHL, Earl F.
3135 Brookwood St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
- GOLDBERG, Louis
128 Breeze Ave.
Venice, Calif.
- GOLDSMITH, William H.
RD 2
Valley Station, Ky.
- GOLINI, Thomas
32 Parlin St.
Everett, Mass.
- GOODCHILD, Charles T.
2081 E. Albright St.
Philadelphia, Pa.
- GOODE, Benjamin C.
R.F.D. No. 2, Box 376 a
Okla. City, Okla.
- GOODMAN, James R.
47 Neutral Ave.
Staten Island, (6) N. Y.
- GOODWIN, Owen W.
Fern & Oakland Aves.
Johnstown, Pa.
- GORBIG, John J.
713 White Horse Pike
Egg Harbor, N. J.
- GORDON, Coleman A.
7810 Lake Ave.
Cleveland, O.
- GORDON, Frank K.
4618 Kermit St.
Houston, Tex.
- GORITZ, Clarence J.
339 Climax St.
Pittsburgh (10), Pa.
- GORMAN, Philip P. Sr.
P.O. Box No. 123
Leland, Miss.
- GOSS, James F.
10 Rowe St.
Roslindale, Mass.
- GRAHAM, Charles J.
1144 Sanger St.
Philadelphia (24), Pa.
- GRAVINA, Peter
408 W. 35th St.
New York, N. Y.
- GRAY, Andrew R.
3009 Easton Ave.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
- GRAY, J. O.
4317 Pickett St.
Greenville, Tex.
- GRAY, Oren R.
Baylis, Ill.
- GRAY, Samuel B.
233 Halket St.
Pittsburgh (13), Pa.
- GREBLIUNAS, Albert J.
2519 W. 71st St.
Chicago, Ill.
- GRECO, Raymond E.
1509 18th St.
Lorain, O.
- GREEN, Joseph S.
Bryant, Ark.
- GREENE, John H.
R.F.D. No. 2
Clayton, Ala.
- GREENFELD, D.
8025 7th Ave.
Brooklyn (9), N. Y.
- GREENSLADE, Thos. E.
24 Spring St.
Oberlin, O.
- GRIFFIN, Nestor C.
Newcomb, Essex County
New York, N. Y.
- GROTE, William L.
207 Main St.
Youngstown, Pa.
- GUILD, Edwin E.
5 Washington St.
Middleport, N. Y.
- GUILFORD, Francis E.
3835 Main St.
Kansas City, Mo.
- GUILMETTE, Mervin A.
20 Longfellow Terrace
Springfield, Mass.
- GULLETT, Ray E.
325 S. Ohio Ave.
Columbus, O.
- GULLO, Tony
412 E. Walnut St.
Ogelesby, Ill.
- GUNN, Gayle E.
Sheridan, Ark.
- GUNTHER, Edward E.
Apison, Tenn.
- GURA, Zygmunt J.
62 Orient St.
Meriden, Conn.
- GURLEY, John T.
Perryville, Tenn.
- GURLEY, Kenneth H.
R.F.D.
Rose, Okla.
- GUTBROD, Jack
3501 S. 33rd St.
Milwaukee, (14) Wisc.
- GUTKNECHT, John E.
1316 Leishman Ave.
New Kensington, Pa.
- GUYER, James F.
4405 Osage Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.
- HADDEN, Earl F.
Box 97
Montgomery City, Mo.
- HAGERTY, Francis J.
41 Laurel St.
Somerville, (43) Mass.
- HAHN, Charles I.
Mount Airy, Md.
- HAINFIELD, George T.
140 Benedict Road
Pittsfield, Mass.
- HALE, James L.
100 Ople St.
Jackson, Tenn.
- HALL, E. Herbert
1433 Madison St.
Alexander City, Ala.
- HALL, Norman W.
R.F.D. No. 1
Monongahela, Pa.
- HAMILTON, Fred A.
294 Holt Ave.
Greensboro, N. C.
- HAMILTON, George R.
6608 Maurice Ave.
Woodside, N. Y.
- HAMILTON, George R.
Yale, Ill.
- HAMILTON, Jos. D.
402 Savin Hill
Dorchester, Mass.
- HAMM, Raymond H.
R.F.D. No. 1
Columbia, Tenn.
- HAMMERER, Leo J.
2103 W. 5th St.
Wilmington, Del.
- HANDROCK, Arthur W.
900 Oriole Trail
Crystal Lake, Ill.
- HANEY, Joe S.
Grandview, W. Va.
- HANNA, Paul P.
Stonewall, Miss.
- HANWELL, Harold F.
301 2nd Ave.
Altoona, Pa.
- HARBERTSON, Elgin J.
520 8th St.
Ogden, Utah.
- HARDING, William E.
727 50th St.
Brooklyn, (20), N. Y.
- HARKINS, Howard
10 Chadwick Ave.
Bellmaur, N. J.
- HARLAN, James E.
Mancelona, Mich.
- HARMON, Theodore E.
East Pembroke, N. Y.
- HARRIS, Denton P.
210 Mt. Vernon Ave.
Rochester (7), N. Y.
- HARRIS, George H.
R.F.D. No. 1
Tarboro, N. C.
- HARRIS, Thomas G.
1655 W. 69th St.
Los Angeles (44), Calif.
- HARTLEY, Loren C.
R.D. No. 1.
Atlanta, Ind.
- HARTLOFF, S. J.
7624 East "F" St.
Tacoma, Wash.
- HARTNESS, William C.
Murphy, N. C.
- HARTZ, Wilbur A.
Marengo, Ia.
- HARWARD, Leonard L.
905 Tuttle St.
Ottumwa, Ia.
- HASTINGS, Edward F.
506 Euclid Ave.
Syracuse, N. Y.
- HASTINGS, James
87 Marion St.
Springfield, Mass.
- HATFIELD, Clyde W.
10235 Driver Ave.
Overland, (14), Mo.
- HATLEY, Elmer L.
Lake Village, Ark.
- HAUBOIS, Charles H.
19 Marlton Pike
Camden, N. J.
- HAWE, William G.
100 Washington Ave.
Revere (51), Mass.
- HAWTHORNE, William K.
R.F.D. No. 4
Brookville, Pa.



HAYES, John G.
888 Main St.
Worcester, Mass.

HAYNES, James W.
P.O. Box 35
Noble, Okla.

HEAD, Aaron V.
1338 S. St. Andrews St.
Dotham, Ala.

HEAD, Thomas E.
3327 69th St.
Jackson Hgts, L.I., N. Y.

HEALEY, John T.
P.O. Box 15
Nabnasset, Mass.

HEATH, Allan J.
8 Autumn St.
Everett, Mass.

HEBERT, Dennis A.
1514 Delaware Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

HEFTY, Harry K.
P.O. Box 95
Rosendale, N. Y.

HEHN, William J.
327 E. Center St.
Mahanoy City, Pa.

HEINONEN, Adrian
P.O. Box 91
Pelkie, Mich.

HEISEY, R. W. L.
18 N. 6th St.
Lebanon, Pa.

HEJNY, Arthur F.
Olmitz, Kan.

HELDT, George J., Jr.
517 Beach 133rd St.
Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

HELLER, Eugene J.
4739 West End Ave.
Merchantville, N. J.

HENDRICKSON, Harold J.
521 Winnebago St.
LaCrosse, Wisc.

HENRICKSON, William Jr.
P.O. Box 596
Deer River, Minn.

HENLEY, Elden C.
751 S. Locust St.
Ottawa, Kan.

HENNESSEY, James
135 Beach St.
Holyoke, Mass.

HENRY, Elmer P.
R.F.D.
Wilmington, Ill.

HENTGES, Loren B.
Route H.
Anoka, Minn.

HERBERT, Ivan L.
R.F.D. No. 3
Eldon, Mo.

HERGERT, Ernest H.
374 Madison St.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

HERMAN, Mathis
R.F.D. No. 1
Oberlin, O.

HERROON, Raymond J.
1751 Ottawa Drive
Toledo, O.

HETU, Alfred T.
4 McKinstry Ave.
Chicopee, Mass.

HILL, Edgar
423 S. 3rd St.
Fulton, N. Y.

HINKLEY, Hubert B.
4646 N. Racine St.
Chicago (40), Ill.

HINMAN, Harold L.
Alden St.
Cherry Valley, N. Y.

HITE, Arthur G.
37 Maple St.
Lyons, N. Y.

HOBBS, John L.
R.F.D. 4
Newton, Ia.

HOELLWORTH, Orvin B.
Tripp, S. D.

HOFF, Donald E.
523 New York St.
Hastings, Neb.

HOFMANN, Albert
Greenfield, Ia.

HOGAN, Richard J.
125 Winn St.
Woburn, Mass.

HOLBROOK, Francis A.
Manchester, Carroll County,
Md.

HOLBROOK, Frederick R.
230 Derby St.
Hingham, Mass.

HOLLAND, George V.
49 S. Main St.
Milford, Mass.

HOLLAND, Ralph E.
Liberty, Tex.

HOLLOWAY, Frank M.
Oxford, Ind.

HOLLY, Samuel E.
R.F.D. No. 1
Fulton, Ky.

HOLMAN, Emil R.
Polo, Mo.

HOLMAN, Jack D.
7221 Catlin St.
Portland (3), Ore.

HOLZMAN, Joseph M.
5866 Canyon Cove
Hollywood, Calif.

HOMA, Daniel J.
4005 Kenmore Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

HOOK, William P.
630 E. Warrington Ave.
Pittsburgh (10), Pa.

HORBA, James E.
807 E. 7th St.
Wilmington, Del.

HOREY, George M.
34 Norton Place
Fredonia, N. Y.

HORGAN, William J.
45 Norris St.
Cambridge (40), Mass.

HORN, Vincent D.
7299 Guilford Road
Upper Darby, Pa.

HORTON, Paul F.
5029 N. W. 3rd Ave.
Miami (37), Fla.

HORTON, Thomas G.
17 Bigelow St.
Brighton, Mass.

HOUSER, Jerry
P.O. Box 13
Rolling Prairie, Ind.

HRINDAK, John
1717 Ellesworth St.
Gary, Ind.

HUFF, John J.
1850 N. 27th St.
Decatur, Ill.

HUGHES, Arthur F., Jr.
11 Wood St.
Plymouth, Mass.

HUHN, Fred R.
425 Center Ave.
Jamesville, Mass.

HUNKINS, Wibber A.
66 Elm St.
Melrose, Mass.

HUNNICUTT, James A.
1121 W. Hopkins St.
San Marcus, Tex.

HURDLE, Charles W.
2337 Bissonnet St.
Houston, Tex.

HUTCHENS, William J.
203 Concord St.
Knoxville (16), Tenn.

HUTCHESON, Charles M.
Conley, Ga.

HUTCHINGS, Thomas C.
3927 Sonora Ave.
Dallas (16), Tex.

HUTCHISON, John L.
Haydenville, O.

HUTTON, Clarence W.
607 E. Main St.
Lock Haven, Pa.

HUTTON, Howard W.
Greenville, Pa.

HYDE, John W.
R.F.D. No. 2
Yantis, Tex.

IACONO, Salvatore
109½ Gargen St.
Lawrence, Mass.

IDE, Thomas N.
323 Shadeland Ave.
Drexel Hill, Pa.

IMPERATORE, Albert J.
995 N. 5th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

IRWIN, Edward J.
3419 29th St.
Long Island City (1), N. Y.

JACOBS, Donovan S.
2446 Roosevelt Ave.
Berkley, Calif.

JACKSON, J. J.
30th & Horton Ave.
Bemidji, Minn.

JACKSON, Merle T.
Gen. Del.
Sinton, Tex.

JAMES, Clell E.
Route 1
Chariton, Ia.

JARMAN, Ernest H.
P.O. Box 292 A.
Haverhill, Mass.

JAYE, John E.
2112, N. California Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

JEFFERS, Claude M., Jr.
2235 10th Avenue
Huntington, W. Va.

JENKINS, William C.
P.O. Box 342
Bangor, Wisc.

JENNINGS, Edward L.
4401 Locust St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

JENSEN, Emanuel J.
32-25th St., S.W.
Mason City, Ia.

JOB, Hallet W.
R.F.D. No. 1
Riverdale, Ga.

JOHNS, Charles R.
15610 Lappin Ave.
Detroit (5), Mich.



JOHNS, Everett J.
154 West 68th St.
New York, N. Y.

JOHNSON, Alfred G.
Bldg. 420, Apt. 298, Kenna Dr.
So. Charleston, W. Va.

JOHNSON, Arthur F.
Strafford, Mo.

JOHNSON, Clifford R.
15150 10 Mile Road
East Detroit, Mich.

JOHNSON, Emil A.
P.O. Box 57
Hanks, N. D.

JOHNSON, Flavil
Dukedom, Tenn.

JOHNSON, Floyd C.
P.O. Box 101
Holland, O.

JOHNSON, Fritz
35-16 34th St.
Long Island City (1), N. Y.

JOHNSON, Harold M.
2415 S. 7th St.
Minneapolis, Minn.

JOHNSON, Harold R.
Menville, Ia.

JOHNSON, Harrison E.
2213 S. Valentine St.
Little Rock, Ark.

JOHNSON, Henry R.
411 W. Meagil St.
Sullivan, Ill.

JOHNSON, Howard L.
250 Cherry St.
Chillicothe, O.

JOHNSON, Ivo.
R.F.D. No. 3
Marehead, Ky.

JOHNSON, Marion T.
1707 8th Ave. No.
Nashville (8), Tenn.

JOHNSON, Ralph Y.
P.O. Box 735
Garland, Tex.

JOHNSON, Robert C.
4815 Grand Blvd.
Menominee, Mich.

JOHNSON, Robert P.
Cor. Eugene & Maple R. I.
Muskegon Mich.

JOHNSON, Russell R.
261 W. Rittenhouse St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHNSON, Toby E.
Golden, Mo.

JOHNSON, William O.
R.F.D. No. 1, Box 225
Conroe, Tex.

JOHNSTON, James D.
R. R. No. 1, Chilo, O.

JOLLEY, Forrest U.
Route No. 1
Ashley, Mich.

JOLIMORE, Ross G.
P.O. Box 90
Pinehurst, Mass.

JONES, Arnold J.
R.D. 1
Cassapolis, Mich.

JONES, Auttie C.
Redfield, Ia.

JONES, Cecil K.
Box 125
South Gate, Calif.

JONES, Doyle L.
Eudora, Ark.

JONES, Fred
3906 24th St. N.E.
Washington (18), D. C.

JONES, Harmon M.
R.F.D. No. 1
Sangatuck, Mich.

JONES, Leslie W.
Kennedy, Tex.

JONES, Noel C.
Route 1
Hope, Ark.

JONES, Robert L.
East Main St.
Frankfort, N. Y.

JORDAN, Domenick F.
P.O. Box 93
Hazzard, Pa.

JORDAN, Joseph W.
322 Milby St.
Houston (3), Tex.

KACERVOSKY, Wancel J.
Hasty, Colo.

KAISER, Chas. Wm., Jr.
Blvd. Park
Pasadena, Md.

KATZOR, Vincent A.
31 Main St.
Harleigh, Pa.

KAUFMAN, David J.
508 E. Broad St.
Hazelton, Pa.

KEGANS, Gene W.
2204 Ave. D.
Brownwood, Tex.

KEIL, Chester G.
52 Fairview Ave.
Hudson, N. Y.

KELLER, Albert J.
1851 Clove Rd. Concord
Staten Island (4), N. Y.

KELLER, Marvin D.
305 Wilson St.
Clarksville, Ark.

KELLY, Earl J.
14065 7 Mile Road E.
Detroit (5), Mich.

KELLY, Edward J., Jr.
21 Dowse St.
Everett, Mass.

KENHAM, Peter
50 Princeton St.
New Bedford, Mass.

KENNEDY, Joseph
319 14th St.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

KERN, Charles J.
204 Highway Village
East Peoria, Ill.

KEUPER, Walter W.
620 Norway Ave.
Trenton, N. J.

KIEFFER, Gerald P.
620 University Ave.
Dubuque, Ia.

KIELEY, William J.
2117 Vyse Ave.
New York, N. Y.

KIEREN, Lawrence R.
331 S. Lincoln St.
Burbank, Calif.

KIMBRELL, Chas H.
3091 Tutwiler Ave.
Memphis, Tenn.

KIMBREL, Roy E.
604 Wekiwa Road
San Springs, Okla.

KIME, Charles H.
1447 Walbridge Ave.
Toledo, (9), O.

KINDER, Harvey
1637 Burling St.
Chicago (14), Ill.

KING, Andrew E.
419 N. Elmer Ave.
Sayre, Penna.

KING, Russell D.
510 N. Front St.
Marquette, Mich.

KINNARNEY, Joseph E.
10 Metropolitan Ave.
Ashland, Mass.

KIRK, Billy
Midway, Tenn.
R.F.D. No. 1

KITTLE, Harold
Milton, Ia.

KITTS, Clifford L.
58 Sterling St.
Gouverneur, N. Y.

KNAPP, Donald
245 Woodbine Ave.
Syracuse (6), N. Y.

KNESEL, Jerry C.
811 N. Woodruff Ave.
Bellflower, Calif.

KOEPEL, Robert H.
4005 Oxford St.
Des Moines (13), Ia.

KOLB, John P.
441 Roosevelt Ave.
Elberon, N. Y.

KOLLER, Raymond J.
80 Iglehart Ave.
St. Paul (2), Minn.

KOLMEL, Frank W.
94-19 Linden Blvd.
Ozone Park, N. Y.

KOURAFAS, Antone
275 Russell's Mills Rd.
S. Dartmouth, Mass.

KOVATCH, Alex
2131 Dukeland St.
Baltimore, Md.

KRAJCIR, Frank J.
340 W. Wright St.
Milwaukee, Wisc.

KRAJEWSKI, Eugene S.
541 McCarthy St.
Lemont, Ill.

KRAMER, William A.
244 Island Ave.
Racine, Wisc.

KRAUSE, Fred H.
5222 18th Ave. S.W.
Seattle (6), Wash.

KRELIC, Joseph W.
643 Harker St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

KRISIUNAS, George F.
48 Hudson Ave.
Brooklyn (1), N. Y.

KROENING, Louis H.
P.O. Box No. 71
Raubsville, Pa.

KROHTA, John
553 Nepperhan Ave.
Yonkers (3) N. Y.

KUCZEK, Alex S.
1418 N. Greenview Ave.
Chicago (22), Ill.

KUDER, Frank R.
623 S. Court St.
Medina, Ohio

KUNKLE, Gerald L.
97 N. Main St.
Dover, Pa.

KWEDOR, Julius C.
78 Brock St.
Stoughton, Mass.

LABUCKI, Eugene H.
515 W. Mitchell St.
Milwaukee (4), Wis.



LACEY, Charles L.
306 Lincoln St.
Wilkes Barre, Pa.

LAFLECHE, Emil L.
98 Hartley St.
Webster, Mass.

LAGACE, Leon J.
49 Chestnut St.
Portland, Me.

LALLY, Frank J.
1470 Leland Ave.
Bronx, N. Y.

LA LONDE, Lawrence P.
1507 Jenkins St.
Menominee, Mich.

LAMBERTH, Willie M.
9 Eubanks St.
Tallahassee, Ala.

LANDRY, William N.
4 Colwell Ave.
Lowell, Mass.

LANE, Ernest S.
302 McKinley Ave.
Jermyn, Pa.

LANE, Frank J.
456 Grand St.
New York, N. Y.

LANE, Morris G.
176 Soger Road
Michigan Center, Mich.

LANEY, Frank K.
240 Merchants Road
Rochester, N. Y.

LANGEL, Eugene J.
7240 Black Oak Road
Gary, Ind.

LANGFORD, William F.
Box 236
Lead, S. D.

LARIEZE, Martin
1009 N. Monterey St.
Alhambra, Calif.

LARROW, Richard D.
61 High St.
Three Rivers, Mass.

LATTIN, Raymond L.
Brooktondale, N. Y.

LAUNER, Wilson F.
491 N. Winter St.
Salem, Ore.

LAVENIA, Joseph A.
125 Sullivan St.
New York (12), N. Y.

LAVOIE, Charles L.
77 S. Main St.
So. Morwalk, Conn.

LAVOIE, Leo L.
74 Lock St.
Nashua, N. H.

LAWRENCE, Robert F.
R.F.D. No. 1
Painted Post, N. Y.

LAWRIE, William A.
83 Prospect St.
Norwalk, O.

LE BEAU, Almon J.
94 Lake St.
Saranac Lake, N. Y.

LEBRO, Edward J.
160 Cedar St.
Fulton, N. Y.

LE CLAIR, Raymond J.
15 Tobin Ave.
N. Chelmsford, Mass.

LECHLEITER, Robert L.
1383 S. Floyd St.
Louisville (8), Ky.

LEE, Clarence T.
139 Mott St.
Fall River, Mass.

LEE, Eldred H.
Watson, Ark.

LEGGE, Ralph A.
119 Alaska St.
Staten Island (10), N. Y.

LEHTO, Weikko E.
63 Hazel St.
Fitchburg, Mass.

LEIERER, Fay W.
716 W. 38th St.
Kansas City, Mo.

LEITNER, John C.
847 Union St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LEMBO, John L.
Box 304
Port Richmond, L.I., N. Y.

LEN, Robert A. T.
2248 Dole St.
Honolulu, T. H.

LEONARD, Harold J.
1078 Coplin St.
Detroit (15), Mich.

LEONARDO, James H.
1118 Alamedes St.
San Antonio, Tex.

LETOURNEAU, Henry J.
27 Beach St.
Greenfield, Mass.

LEVANDOSKI, Lawrence R.
36 Treacy Ave.
Newark, N. J.

LEVITT, Stanley C.
3341 B. St.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

LICK, George R.
Route No. 1, Box 527
S. Jacksonville, Fla.

LINDEMAN, Reuben S.
1870 4th Ave.
San Diego, Calif.

LINDSEY, Joe C.
R.D. 1
Rinard, Ill.

LINDSKOG, Walter O.
621 North 23rd Ave.
West Duluth, Minn.

LINSCOTT, Lewis C.
P.O. Box 76
Chualar, Monterey, Calif.

LIPE, H. Vann
1638 W. Polk St.
Phoenix, Ariz.

LIPPMAN, Alfred W.
166 Granby Road
S. Hadley Falls, Mass.

LITTLEFIELD, Elmer K.
5 South Mill St.
Portsmouth, N. H.

LOHMAN, Joseph L.
63 Dilworth St.
Pittsburgh (11), Pa.

LOMBARDO, Albert R.
206 W. Wabash Ave.
New Castle, Pa.

LONG, David H.
Atlantic Ave.
McKeesport, Pa.

LONGO, Dominic M.
200 Minot St.
Dorchester (22), Mass.

LONGTIN, Kelvin W.
526 Franklin St.
Watertown, N. Y.

LOPUSHANSKY, George
Box 235
New Salem, Pa.

LOUD, Richard N.
83 Sefton St.
Apponaug, R. I.

LOUD, Roy W.
91 Hillcroft Ave.
Worcester, Ave.

LUDLAM, Maurice S.
543 Joseph St.
New Orleans, La.

LUEDEE, Joseph A.
60 Bright St.
New Haven, Conn.

LUNDY, Robert E.
1216 East 3rd St.
Williamsport, Pa.

LUTTS, Clyde H.
Lawrenceburg
Route No. 6, Tenn.

LYNCH, John Jos.
1135 Payne St.
Louisville, Ky.

LYNCH, John W.
28 Lincoln Ave.
Newark, N. J.

LYNCH, Walter J.
5322 W. Congress St.
Chicago (44), Ill.

MACK, Johnny S.
% Stanley G. Drumm
6517 Seelina St.
Bell, Calif.

MACKARAIN, Uno J.
2322 Concord St.
Flint, Mich.

MADOR, Ernest J.
P.O. Box 117
N. Grosvenordale, Conn.

MAHLENDORF, Eric P.
2555 Whitney Ave.
Hamden, Conn.

MAIN, Roland E.
Montezuma, Ia.

MALAN, Jack L.
1247 Magnolia St.
San Bernardino, Calif.

MALCOM, James L.
Box 235
Gurdon, Ark.

MALLEY, Edward J.
Keansburg, N. J.

MALM, Gustave, Jr.
1509 Dickens Ave.
Joliet, Ill.

MARKS, Henry B.
2309 Annapolis Road
Baltimore (30), Md.

MARMILOFSKI, Joseph J.
7 Carlton St.
Salem, Mass.

MARSHALL, Alton F.
188 Marlboro St.
Boston, Mass.

MARTIN, Bernon F.
505 W. Main St.
Halls, Tenn.

MARTIN, Joseph M.
321 W. Carr Ave.
Cripple Creek, Colo.

MARTINISKO, Emil F.
57 Graham St.
Leechburg, Pa.

MARTINO, Albert J.
37 Hughes St.
Luzerne, Pa.

MASELL, Stanley M.
Witherbee, N. Y.
Box 194

MASSIMINO, Frank
6323 Marchand St.
Pittsburgh (6), Pa.

MATARAZZI, Bashi A.
259 S. Partridge St.
Lebanon, Pa.

MATHIS, Mathew
2717 S. W. 4th St.
Oklahoma City, Okla.



- MATTIOLA, Anthony E.
1522 Linden St.
Scranton, Pa.
- MAUPIN, Elmer L.
R.F.D. No. 2 Box 608
Walnut Creek, Calif.
- MAYBURY, William G.
30 N. Lark St.
Albany (4), N.Y.
- McAFEE, William D.
1309 N. Long Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
- McCALL, John A.
16901 Ardmore
Detroit (37), Mich.
- McCARNEY, C. G.
205 Cleveland Ave.
Kingsfor, Mich.
- McCARTER, Donnie
Route No. 6, Box 361 L
Dallas (4), Tex.
- McCARTHY, Justin Jr.
2 Washington St.
Danvers, Mass.
- McCULLOUGH, F. K.
315 Overbrook, St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
- MAYER, Cecil K.
Green Valley, Wisc.
- McCLOSKEY, Richard H.
R.R. 1
Mill Hall, Pa.
- McCRARY, Alfred D.
1844 Oliver St.
Memphis (6), Tenn.
- McDONALD, George P.
2715 Bomar Ave.
Dallas, Texas
- McDONALD, William H.
Fredericktown, Ohio
- McDOWELL, Johnny T.
430 S. Davis St.
Nashville, Ga.
- McELHONE, Charles M.
87 E. 8th St.
Oswego, N. Y.
- McGEE, David A.
P.O. Box No. 96
Spelter, W. Va.
- McGEE, Paul H.
Route 2, Box 46
Niobrara, Neb.
- McGINN, Thomas E.
12 Green St., Court
Hingham, Mass.
- McGINNIS, Frank J.
286 Paul St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- McGLORY, Kenneth E.
2 Cottage Place
Westboro, Mass.
- McGUIRE, Robert P.
830 Orchard St.
Scranton, Pa.
- McINERNEY, Charles H.
27 Leonard St.
Dansville, N. Y.
- McINTOSH, Chester L.
209 State St.
Dayton, Ohio
- McKENNA, Patrick J.
235 Fairmount Ave.
Newark (3) N. J.
- McLANE, Donald F.
921 W. Grove St.
Mishawaka, Ind.
- McLEAN, Maurice W.
South St.
Belchertown, Mass.
- McKNERNEY, Donald D.
14402 Kittridge St.
Van Nuys, Calif.
- McMATH, Russell D.
770 Junipero Ave.
Pacific Grove, Calif.
- McMEEKIN, Thomas J.
63 Overbrook, St.
Wilkinsburg, Pa.
- McNAMARA, William J.
404 W. Patriot St.
Somerset, Pa.
- McNIFF, Joseph F.
265 12th St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
- McNULTY, John M.
Hotel Clifton 928 W. 8 Pl.
Los Angeles (14), Calif.
- McRAE, Walter
226 Leyden St.
East Boston, Mass.
- MEDLEY, Louis M.
205 N. 15th St.
Vincennes, Ind.
- MENCK, Maurice H.
P.O. Box 589
Bay Harbor, Fla.
- MENSCH, James A.
Main St.
Aristes, Pa.
- MERCINCAVAGE, Edward
331 Damon St.
West Pittson, Pa.
- MERONE, Neno G.
4144 Gunther Ave.
New York (66), N. Y.
- MEYER, Arnold A.
555 Hollywood Ave.
Salem, Ore.
- MEYER, Harold
477 Nye Ave.
Irvington, N. J.
- MIAZZA, Eugene H.
734 Slattery Blvd.
Shreveport, La.
- MICHAELS, Harry W.
348 Boyd St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
- MIERS, Grady E.
4919 Frio Drive
Dallas, Tex.
- MIKUSI, Frank J., Jr.
R.F.D. No. 1, Box 325 K
Perth Amboy, N. J.
- MILLER, Bernard D.
South Portsmouth, Ky.
- MILLER, Clarence L.
112 Ave. D. W.
Bismarck, N. D.
- MILLER, Edward J.
1601 Moltke Ave.
Scranton, Pa.
- MILLER, Reuel J.
2476 Pensacola Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
- MILLER, Ronald G.
R.F.D. No. 1
Douglassville, Pa.
- MILLER, Thomas F.
5 Vassar St.
Dorchester (22), Mass.
- MISINSKI, Edward F.
1520 N. Cleveland Ave.
Chicago (10), Ill.
- MISKULIN, Joe V.
8331 13th Ave. N.W.
Seattle (7), Wash.
- MIX, Nelson M.
140 Glenwood Ave.
Jersey City, N. J.
- MOEN, Ernest G.
Bigfork, Mont.
- MOLOIA, Anthony V.
29 Jackson Ave.
Staten Island No. 5, N. Y.
- MONTAGUE, Lawrence
37 Green St.
Stoneham, Mass.
- MONTGOMERY, Roy B.
212 Trumbull St.
San Francisco, Calif.
- MONTZ, Andrew
Lions, La.
- MOORE, Glenn S.
Shullsburg, Wisc.
- MORELL, Salvatore J.
302 Everette St.
Morgan City, La.
- MORGAN, Marvin G.
Boulder crest Dr. Rt. 3
Atlanta, Ga.
- MORIN, Armand J.
57 Jackson Parkway
Holyoke, Mass.
- MORRIS, Ray L.
Meridian Height
Winchester, Ind.
- MORRISON, Robert H.
416 45th St.
Brooklyn (20), N. Y.
- MORRISON, William M.
603 20th Ave.
Longview, Wash.
- MORSE, C. H.
Gen. Del.
Springhill, La.
- MORSE, Scott M.
Paducah, Ky.
- MOSS, Cecil T.
%Merman McDonald
Cooper, Tex.
- MOTE, Clyde E.
R.F.D. No. 2
McComb, Miss.
- MULLIN, Glen E.
Simsboro, La.
- MUNROE, W. D.
3232 Marshall Way
Sacramento (16), Calif.
- MURDOCK, William L.
1112 O'Farrell St.
Boise, Idaho
- MURIE, Frank D.
302 Pacific Ave.
Atlantic City, N. J.
- MURPHY, John J.
1208 6th Ave.
Watervliet, N. Y.
- MURRAY, John I.
23 Harrington St.
Revere (51), Mass.
- NADYBAL, John R.
1508 Caroline St.
Natrona Heights, Pa.
- NAJDUCH, Paul L.
144 S. Cedar St.
Hazleton, Pa.
- NAY, Edwin F.
1003 N. Acacia
Compton, Calif.
- NELSON, Conrad W.
3775 May St.
Venice, Calif.
- NELSON, Donald W.
16010 Lexington Ave.
Harvey, Ill.
- NELSON, Theodore D.
800 Ponce de Leon Ave.
Atlanta, Ga.
- NETZER, Henry
5136 Stafford Road
Baltimore (29), Md.



NEWTON, Paul D.
2914 Lockridge
Kansas City, Mo.

NIELSEN, Herbert C.
6119 Seminole Ave.
Chicago (30), Ill.

NIXDORF, William H.
116 Nevin St.
Lancaster, Pa.

NORMANDIN, Claude B.
40 A Eliz. St.
Plattsburg, N. Y.

NORRIS, Manuel T.
Route 3, Box 286
Tucson, Ariz.

NUBORAZEK, Lademier J.
516 Albany St.
Little Falls, N. Y.

NULL, Robert O.
20 Ormand Ave.
Oaklyn, N. J.

NUNNERY, James W.
P.O. Box 573
Welch, W. Va.

NYGARD, Chris
173 Mulberry St.
Buffalo (4), N. Y.

OLDFIELD, George J.
4765 Jackson Road
Ann Arbor, Mich.

OLIVER, LeRoy C.
Coalport, Pa.

O'MALLEY, Andrew R.
509 Park Ave.
Worcester, Mass.

O'NEILL, Frank J.
6842 Roberts Ave.
University City 14,
St. Louis County, Mo.

O'ROURKE, George J.
8628 249th St.
Bellrose, Queens, N. Y.

OSTRANDER, Harry K.
42 Port St.
Pulaski, N. Y.

OSTRANDER, William B.
1346 S. Penn. St.
Denver, Colo.

OUKES, Dirk J.
515 Benton St.
Rochester (7), N. Y.

OVERTURF, Kenneth G.
1006 McClellan St.
Tama, Ia.

PAGANO, Louis C.
606 Bainbridge Ave.
Mays Landing, N. J.

PALMER, Clarence A.
5707 Normal Blvd.
Chicago (21), Ill.

PALMER, Louis G.
P.O. Box 962-H Rt. No. 1
Oxnard, Calif.

PALMER, William F.
P.O. Box 411
Tarpon Springs, Fla.

PAPROCKI, Henry G.
1114 Hudson Ave.
Rochester (5), N. Y.

PARHAM, Joel G.
527 Baltic St.
Baltimore (25), Md.

PARKER, Clyde C.
1520 W. Railroad St.
Biloxi, Miss.

PARKER, Louis J., Jr.
10650 Bluffs
North Hollywood, Calif.

PARKER, Marshall E.
R.F.D. No. 1
Dodson, La.

PARKER, Victor H.
1705 Lanier Place N.W.
Washington (9), D. C.

PARSONS, Monroe C.
Route No. 6
Winston Salem, N. C.

PARTLOW, Harold G.
% Mrs. Grace Miller
2200 1/2 First Ave.
Seattle, Wash.

PASCHALL, Harold C.
323 Aden St.
Paris, Tenn.

PASTILLO, Alphonso
206 Freeman Ave.
Solvay, N. Y.

PATTERSON, Johnny A.
P.O. Box 84
Brady, Tex.

PATTERSON, Paul E.
53 Linden Place
Red Bank, N. J.

PATTERSON, Woodrow W.
Dadeville, Ala.

PAYNE, Earl E.
404 Fulton St.
Fremont, O.

PAYNE, Jos. H.
534 N. 24th St.
Louisville (12), Ky.

PEARCE, Frank T.
514 Ave. C.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PEARL, Edwin S.
2095 Northland Ave.
Cleveland (7), O.

PECHT, Paul H.
Brulington, N. J.

PECORARO, Anthony R.
31 Robinson, St.
Silver Creek, N. Y.

PEEBLES, Arthur W.
518 W. 103rd St.
Chicago (28), Ill.

PELLETIER, Wilfred J.
1077 Rodman St.
Fall River, Mass.

PENNINGTON, Johnny R.
Brady, Tex.

PEPPER, Curtis L.
R.F.D. No. 1.
Painted Post, N. Y.

PERRY, Marvin M.
P.O. Box 572
Menard, Tex.

PERSAVICH, Michael
319 22nd St.
Brooklyn (15), N. Y.

PESTER, Edwin H.
160 Ashland Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.

PETERMAN, John W.
1925 St. Ives St.
Pittsburgh (12), Pa.

PETERS, Frank M.
3412 West 14th St.
Little Rock, Ark.

PETERS, Herbert O.
5140 Galitz Ave.
Skokie, Ill.

PETERS, Oliver L.
1059 Winthrop St.
Jacksonville, Fla.

PETERS, William C.
Cotter, Ia.

PFIEFFER, Henry G.
5501 21st Ave. So.
Seattle, Wash.

PHILLIPS, Daniel
1305 Capouse Ave.
Scranton, Pa.

PHILLIPS, Malcolm H.
Rt. No. 1, Box 436
Ventura, Calif.

PHILLIPS, Robert H.
356 Indiana St.
Wichita (7), Kan.

PHILLIPS, Zeno J.
West Columbia, Tex.

PIATT, Aubrey
1019 Offnere St.
Portsmouth, O.

PIATT, Jack
R.D. No. 2
Conneaut Lake, Pa.

PICKEREL, Will D.
3360 10th St.
Riverside, Calif.

PICKETT, Jephtha B.
R.F.D. No. 1 Box 3190
Memphis, Tenn.

PIELO, George A.
487 Second St.
Troy, N. Y.

PIERCE, Fredrick K.
53 Foothill Ave.
Canandaigua, N. Y.

PIERCE, Robert G.
20220 Oakland St.
Detroit (3), Mich.

PIERSIAK, Joseph P.
128 S. Augusta Ave.
Baltimore (29), Md.

PIPER, Glynn C.
2923 Ashland St.
Detroit (15), Mich.

PISERCHIA, Joseph F.
166 McAdoo Ave.
Jersey City (5), N. J.

PIWOWARSKI, Stanley
21 Olcott St.
Lackawanna, N. Y.

PIZZORNO, Bruno T.
41 Greenwich Ave.
New York, N. Y.

PLANTS, Jos. A.
142 Worth Ave.
Solvay, N. Y.

POLANSKY, William
27 W. Phillip St.
Coaldale, Pa.

POLICASTRO, Anthony P.
1928 Bank St.
Baltimore (31), Md.

POLLOCK, Robert O.
236 South St.
N. Mauch Chunk, Pa.

POND, Fred C.
Deputy, Ind.

POND, William S.
1203 Enfield St.
Thompsonville, Conn.

PONDER, Zaward L.
329 Belfort St.
Jacksonville, Fla.

POPADINECZ, Andrew W.
681 E. 136 St.
New York (54), N. Y.

POST, John R.
39 Spring St.
Beacon, N. Y.

POTEET, Bert L.
Shady Grove Auto Courts
McAlester, Okla.

POTTER, James T.
201 Onondaga Ave.
Syracuse, N. Y.

POTTER, Lawrence O.
Aerial Apt. 73-Tujunga Ave.
Burbank, Calif.



- POTTER, Wallace L.
6412 N. Kerby Ave.
Portland (11), Ore.
- POTVIN, Charles R.
402 Montana Ave.
Gladstone, Mich.
- POUPON, Sam R.
337 Westminister Place
Lodi, N. J.
- POWELL, Walter G.
430 N. 1st
Iola, Kan.
- POWERS, Malcolm R.
1073 S. Wellington St.
Memphis, Tenn.
- PRATL, Paul P.
2037 Yosemite Dr.
Los Angeles (41), Calif.
- PRITCHARD, Charles A.
P.O. Box 218
Loma Linda, Calif.
- PRUTZ, Fred R.
148 East 83rd St.
New York (28), N. Y.
- PTAK, Joe B.
136 Nelson St.
Syracuse, N. Y.
- PURCELL, John J., Jr.
24 Pleasant St.
Cambridge (39), Mass.
- PURSE, Eldin F.
R.F.D. No. 2
Meadville, Pa.
- PRICE, William E.
6122 Maramonte
Los Angeles, Calif.
- QUAIN, Rudolph W.
2321 Ross Ave
Fort Worth (6), Tex.
- QUINN, Edward J.
59 Amity St.
Cohoes, N. Y.
- QUINN, Thomas J.
1507 Madison Ave.
Dunmore, Pa.
- RAKSZAWSKI, Michael J.
5761 N. 6th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.
- RAMAGE, Donald
2348 Tilghman St.
Allentown, Pa.
- RAMSAY, Charles M.
1408 E. Tucker St.
Fort Worth (3), Tex.
- RANKIN, Louis H.
47 Heward Ave.
Buffalo (7), N. Y.
- RAULSTON, James P.
Anna, Tex.
- RAYKOS, George J.
617½ Hillside Ave.
Bethlehem, Pa.
- READ, Alexander M.
1106 Confer Ave.
Johnstown, Pa.
- REANDEAU, Thomas L.
17 "C" St.
Port Angeles, Wash.
- REARDEN, Jack
R.F.D. No. 2
Camp Hill, Ala.
- REDDING, Herman W.
849 Vance Ave.
Memphis, Tenn.
- REEVES, John T.
1379 Marion Ave. N.E.
Atlanta, Ga.
- REIBOLD, James H.
45 E. Princess St.
York, Pa.
- REIN, Arthur W.
5350 S. E. Flavel Drive
Portland, (6), Ore.
- REMIRO, Charles
2338 Jones St.
San Francisco (11), Calif.
- RHEAUME, Charles E.
23 Chestnut St.
Holyoke, Mass.
- RICE, Edgar M.
P.O. Box 255
Natchitoches, La.
- RICH, Leonard H.
Main St.
Rushford, N. Y.
- RICHARDS, Eugene V.
6 Rose St.
Brookville, Pa.
- RICHARDS, William F.
11 Ellington St.
North Agawan, Mass.
- RICHARDSON, Grant C.
62 West St.
Albany, N. Y.
- RISER, Millard H.
Box 4
Goldonna, La.
- RISK, John C.
450 S. 4th St.
Coalings, Calif.
- RISTOW, Robert W.
Box 383
Farmington, Minn
- RIZZO, Premo P.
406 Bird Ave.
Buffalo, N. Y.
- ROBERGE, Gerald J.
20½ Ticonic St.
Waterville, Me.
- ROBERTS, W. H.
1015 15th St.
Douglas, Ariz.
- ROBINSON, Herman P.
R.F.D. No. 1, Box 21
Cornelius, Ore.
- ROBINSON, Russell J.
6 Roy Street
Concord, N. H.
- ROCHOW, Walter J.
3115 Cedar St.
Philadelphia, Pa.
- ROCK, Marvin E.
240 W. Wilson
Salem, Ore.
- RODERICK, Donald J.
193 Broadway
So. Boston, Mass.
- ROMANS, Eugene M.
1316 E. Lafayette Ave.
Baltimore, Md.
- ROMEO, Frank P.
1914 Brentwood Ave.
Baltimore, Md.
- ROMEO, Samuel J.
1914 Brentwood Ave.
Baltimore, Md.
- ROMERO, Louis A.
2104½ 22nd St.
Tampa, Fla.
- ROOF, Kenneth A.
146 E. 7th St.
Erie, Pa.
- ROOS, Robert L.
2132 N. Washington Ave.
Scranton (9), Pa.
- ROPITSKY, Joseph
71 Fourth St.
Waterford, N. Y.
- ROSENBERG, Albert
564 Williams Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
- ROTONDO, John L.
2 Little Smith St.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
- ROWE, Jay F.
19 Lewis Road
Swampscott, Mass.
- ROYAL, Homer B.
R.F.D. No. 4
Lafayette, Ala.
- RUDMAN, Frank
748 Castro St.
San Francisco (14), Calif.
- RUETTIGERS, William H.
721 W. 3rd St.
Washougal, Wash.
- RUHL, Norman A.
Wilhelm Ave & R5
Lebanon, Pa.
- RUNDLE, Leonard C.
319 N. Alaska St.
Butte, Mont.
- RUTLEGE, Lawrence E.
Route No. 1
Amelia, Va.
- SAGE, Harwood C.
154 W. Gibson St.
Canandaigua, N. Y.
- SALISBURY, Milton D.
10553 Roxbury
Detroit (24), Mich.
- SAMBUCINI, August B.
897 Union St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
- SANBORN, Ashley A.
Wilmot Flat, N. H.
- SANCHEZ, A. M.
Route No. 4, Box 658
Tampa (7), Fla.
- SANDERSON, LeRoy M.
4307 W. 63rd St.
Chicago (29), Ill.
- SANTUCCI, Lawrence E.
581 N. Main St.
Palmer, Mass.
- SARACENO, Tony
425 Eastern Ave.
Springfield, Mass.
- SARGENT, Kent J.
Marysvale, Utah
- SAUNDERS, Earl W.
227 Lake St.
Chadron, Nebr.
- SCALLY, Richard T.
1524 No. Hamelin Ave.
Chicago (51), Ill.
- SCARBOROUGH, George W.
60 Rostock St.
Pittsburgh (12), Pa.
- SCHEMMERHORN, Richard
1110 Maple St.
Fairbury, Nebr.
- SCHMIDT, Louis A.
250 Main St.
Ceres, N. Y.
- SCHRADER, Edward J.
Gates Ave.
Victory Mills, N. Y.
- SCHULTZ, Bernard E.
314 W. Center St.
Johnsonburg, Pa.
- SCHULTZ, Herbert W., Jr.
626 N. Irving Ave.
Scranton (10), Pa.
- SCHWARTZ, Lawrence J.
230 Martsolf Ave.
West View, Pa.
- SCOTT, John L.
805 C Alden Park Manor.
Philadelphia (44), Pa.
- SCICCHITANO, Dominick J.
Waterman Ave.
Albany (5), N. Y.



SEALE, Stanford B.
3551 Kearney St.
Memphis (11), Tenn.

SECHLER, Jackson G.
46 N. 2nd St.
Lewisburg, Pa.

SENKEVICH, Theodore
43-05 44th St.
Long Island City, N. Y.

SEARCY, Joe R.
Checotah, Okla.

SHALLO, Pasquoli L.
Elm St.
Chadwicks, N. Y.

SHANKEL, Donald L.
302 S. Lorraine
Wichita, Kan.

SHAVER, Jasper S.
2110 Mitchell St.
Humboldt, Tenn.

SHAVER, Stanley J.
1005 King St.
Alexandria, Va.

SHAW, George T.
338 W. 18th St.
New York (11), N. Y.

SHAW, James P.
223 Massachusetts Ave.
Clairton, Pa.

SHAW, Kenneth R.
5242 Colclessor Ave.
Altoona, Pa.

SHAWYER, Francis N.
1563 Dolores St.
San Francisco, Calif.

SHEARER, Philip
184 Lancaster St.
Albany (6), N. Y.

SHEEHAN, George H.
Furnace Road
Pittsford, Vt.

SHELTON, Johnie B.
Gen. Del.
Barksdale, Tex.

SHENTON, Wilbur C.
413 E. 5th St.
W. Newton, Ia.

SHEPPARD, Fred L.
P.O. Box 935
Placerville, Calif.

SHER, Irving L.
235 Cohasset St.
Worcester, Mass.

SHERER, Roy W.
616 Saluda St.
Rock Hill, S. C.

SHERMAN, Courtney C.
Jefferson, Ore.

SHIELDS, Edward E.
9181 S. Chicago Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

SHINN, Edward C.
2927 Maple Ave.
Altoona, Pa.

SHORTS, Rexford T.
Route 1
Grand Valley, Pa.

SHUBERT, Barthold G.
Parshall, N. D.

SICORA, Steve
Rt. 4, Box 650
New Brunswick, N. J.

SIMMONS, Homer J.
R.F.D. No. 2, Box 189
Lake City, Fla.

SIMPSON, Charles E.
301 Benton Blvd.
Kansas City (1), Mo.

SIMS, Homer C.
1320 N. W. 3rd St.
Oklahoma City (4), Okla.

SINGER, Lawrence R.
2405 East St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SINSEL, Harold C.
Randolph Ave.
Elkins, W. Va.

SKINNER, Charles R.
Mays Landing, N. J.

SKINNER, Robert J.
Mays Landing, N. J.

SKIPPER, Joseph F.
Gen. Del.
McCall, S. C.

SKRABELY, Fred J.
467 Hancock St.
Springfield, Mass.

SLAYTON, Robert E.
Route 5, Box 5530
Sacramento, Calif.

SLOAN, Denis L.
220 Woodland St.
Houston (9), Tex.

SLUDER, John T.
Route 1
Leicester, N. C.

SMALLWOOD, Thomas O.
309 W. Pine St.
Lodi, Calif.

SMEAL, Dean E.
912 Linden St.
Clearfield, Pa.

SMITH, Alton J.
Route 1.
Estacada, Ore.

SMITH, Carl F.
Ohio St.
Bangor, Me.

SMITH, Carl Francis
General Delivery
Enid, Okla.

SMITH, Donald C.
562 Park Place
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SMITH, Edwin K.
530 Main St.
Chadron, Nebr.

SMITH, Felton M.
Box 427
Marked Tree, Ark.

SMITH, John J.
20 Continental Road
Cornwall, N. Y.

SMITH, Ralph L.
901 W. Front St.
Berwick, Pa.

SMITH, William J.
60 Canal St.
Paterson, N. J.

SMITH, William M.
274 E. 235 St.
New York (66), N. Y.

SNIPAS, Joseph D.
911 E. Price St.
Philadelphia (38), Pa.

SNYDER, Charles A.
2965 Peach St.
Erie, Pa.

SNYDER, Charles L.
R.F.D. No. 5
Carlisle, Pa.

SNYDER, Richard C.
19 N. Conococheague St.
Williamsport, Md.

SOLDATI, Bernard F.
823 Washington St.
Hoboken, N. J.

SORRELS, Marvin W.
6710 Ave. "C"
Houston, Tex.

SPALDING, William L.
1913 S. 4th St.
Louisville (8), Ky.

SPANGLER, Albert J.
752 Fern St.
Yeadon, Pa.

SPENCER, Leon D.
132 Mead St.
Seattle (8), Wash.

SPERA, Melvin R.
Orange, Va.

STACY, Pruitt
P.O. Box 61
Hughes Springs, Tex.

STALLARD, Henry G.
Route No. 1, Box 38
Pound, Va.

STANKO, Joseph
75 Anthracite St.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

STASSI, George T.
1321 Westmont Drive
Alhambra, Calif.

ST. CYR, Eugene A.
13 Mack Road
Fitchburg, Mass.

STEELE, Earle A.
2039 Howard St.
Chicago (45), Ill.

STEIDLER, Frank A.
1122 Oak St.
Coatesville, Pa.

STEIN, Raymond P.
919 Grant Ave.
Duquesne, Pa.

STEINBERG, Willard
2116 "P" St. N. W.
Washington, D. C.

STELMACH, John J.
1423 10th Ave.
Schenectady, N. Y.

STEPANIAN, Alex C.
57-20 63rd St.
Maspeth, L.I., N.Y.

STEPHENS, Alonzo O.
Route No. 1, Box 89
Tucson, Ariz.

STETAR, Edward J.
P.O. Box 136
Burggettstown, Pa.

STEVENS, Richard E.
315 Oregon St.
Wenatchee, Wash.

STEWART, Harold J.
250 9th St.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

STEWART, Philip F.
174 Beacon Ave.
Jersey City (6), N. J.

STICKLEY, Harold
434 E. 107th St.
Los Angeles (3), Calif.

STOLL, Wilfred E.
2738 Wilkens Ave.
Baltimore (23), Md.

STOLTZ, William R.
3518 Touro St.
New Orleans (19), La.

STOREY, Earl H.
East Main St.
Westboro, Mass.

STRALEY, T. E.
420 W. 1st Ave.
Cheyenne, Wyo.

STRINGFELLOW, Israel
41 E. South St.
Carlisle, Pa.

STUBBS, Kenneth B.
16 Harris Ave.
W. Asheville, N. C.



- STUMPF, Francis A.
125 Bowers Ave.
Watertown, N. Y.
- STUTZ, Robert N.
2 Mary St.
Port Jervis, N. Y.
- SUDAK, Gene Vincent
524 S. Grove St.
Freeport, L.I., N. Y.
- SUTHERLAND, George R.
590 Getty Ave.
Clifton, N. J.
- SUTT, Horace F.
513 Holmes Ave.
Ontario, Calif.
- SVEDIN, Sager T.
406 46th St.
Brooklyn (20), N. Y.
- SWEENEY, John H.
19 Grace St.
S. Glenn Falls, N. Y.
- SWEET, Thomas E.
75 Main St.
S. Glenn Falls, N. Y.
- SWETNAM, William R.
Tolleson, Ariz.
- SYKES, Douglas C.
Coulwood, Va.
- SYKORA, Joseph W.
149-17 16th Road
Whitestone, L.I., N.Y.
- SZAFRANSKI, Alfred J.
2008 Memphis St.
Philadelphia, Pa.
- SZYMENDERA, Frank J.
41 Geo Urban Blvd.
Buffalo, N. Y.
- TABOR, Samuel E.
734 W. Paige St.
Dallas, Tex.
- TAFT, Otto H.
218 No. 21st St.
Fort Smith, Ark.
- TALBOT, Jack C.
Vineland, N. J.
- TARASKA, John J.
435 W. 10th Ave.
Conshohocken, Pa.
- TARKOUSKI, Edward
218 Wyoming St.
Syracuse, N. Y.
- TATRO, Joseph A.
3415 37th St.
Long Island City, N. Y.
- TAYLOR, Joseph W.
528 Grove St.
Jersey City (2), N. J.
- TAYLOR, Francis F.
Route No. 3
Ellaville, Ga.
- TAYLOR, John L.
712 Highland Ave.
Clarks Green, Pa.
- TAYLOR, Lloyd D.
Gen. Del.
Gene Autry, Okla.
- TEMPLETON, Charles E.
502 Whitfield St.
Starkville, Miss.
- TENNEY, John W.
701 Rector Apt. "A"
Little Rock, Ark.
- THACKER, David C.
Austinville, Va.
- THIME, Lawrence M.
7454 N. Alma Ave.
Portland (3), Ore.
- THOMAS, H. Clay
229 E. Missouri St.
Walters, Okla.
- THOMAS, Leland R.
2721 Parnell St.
Dallas (15), Tex.
- THOMAS, Maynard M.
Stuyvesant, N. Y.
- THOMAS, Robert W.
328 Whitner St.
Rock Hill, S. C.
- THOMPSON, Arthur A.
98 Main St.
Delhi, N. Y.
- THOMPSON, Charles H.
461 Seneca Rd.
Rochester (9), N. Y.
- THOMPSON, Francis J.
925 Washington Blvd.
Williamsport, Pa.
- THOMPSON, John C.
216 B. St.
Girardville, Pa.
- THOMPSON, John E.
740 Almond St.
Yuba City, Calif.
- THOMPSON, Noah W.
Route No. 2
Mena, Ark.
- TIMLIN, Paul M.
37-40 100th St.
Corona, L.I., N. Y.
- TINKER, Loren T.
400 Bonita Ave.
Baldwin Park, Calif.
- TIRPAK, George M.
22 Whittier Place
Newark (5), N. J.
- TODD, Robert E.
216 Harvest St.
Salinas, Calif.
- TOEPFER, Tom E.
232 Schwab St.
Thornton, Ill.
- TOMASHOSKY, John
314 E. 9th St.
New York (3), N. Y.
- TOMPKINS, George P.
121 Clinton St.
Tonawanda, N. Y.
- TOWARD, Robert K.
621 Florence Ave.
Pittsburgh (2), Pa.
- TRACY, Charles C.
P.O. Box No. 11
Seminole, Okla.
- TRAPMAN, Adrian P.
554 Jefferson Apt. No. 3
Corvallis, Ore.
- TREANOR, Patrick J.
83 Payson Ave.
New York, N. Y.
- TREIBLE, Charles C.
P.O. Box 96
Hope, N. J.
- TREMBLEY, John F.
641 Fourth Ave.
Troy, N. Y.
- TRIBBLE, William L.
2010 Chestnut Ave.
Newport News, Va.
- TRICE, Aaron D.
217 Harvey Ave.
Linwood, Pa.
- TRENDLE, Edwin W.
27 Morlep Place
Buffalo, N. Y.
- TROGDON, Elmer J.
316 N. 5th St.
Clinton, Mo.
- TROTTIER, Lawrence R.
18 Gerard Ave.
Laconia, N. H.
- TRUGLIO, Vincent J.
518 9th St.
Union City, N. J.
- TUCKER, Albert J.
2633 11 St. No.
St. Petersburg, Fla.
- TUKACS, Gideon, Jr.
7104 W. Lafayette Blvd.
Detroit (9), Mich.
- TURK, Emory A.
1857 Pennsylvania Ave.
Beaumont, Tex.
- TURNER, Alexander O.
4513 Smedley St.
Philadelphia (40), Pa.
- TURNER, William H.
1845 N. Park Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.
- TURRILL, Edward B.
14260 Lauder Ave.
Detroit, Mich.
- TYLER, John P.
1115 Fulton St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- ULACCO, Joseph G.
10 S. Broadway St.
Tarrytown, N. Y.
- UNDERWOOD, James W.
2928 E. Baltimore St.
Baltimore (24), Md.
- UPDEGRAFF, William J.
3716 Burwood Ave.
Merchantville, N. J.
- UPDYKE, Francis C.
48 River St.
Salamanca, N. Y.
- VAN DER HAVE, Burton S.
100 Maitland Ave.
Hawthorne, N. J.
- VAN LEER, Bernard W.
4900 Ridge Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.
- VAN VORCE, Frederick
R.D. 2
Binghampton, N. Y.
- VAN ZANDT, Eugen D.
2215 First Ave.
Altoona, Pa.
- VARNEY, Lloyd H.
57 High St.
Waterville, Me.
- VAVRO, Paul
R.F.D. No. 1
Beaver Falls, Pa.
- VECCHIARELLI, Nicholas
325 Norwood Ave.
Syracuse (6), N. Y.
- VELAZQUEZ, Paul F.
69 Bonds St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
- VERDON, Joseph J.
179 Mercer St.
Jersey City (2), N. J.
- VERGINE, John J.
252 E. Main St.
Amsterdam, N. Y.
- VIEL, Wallace G.
51 E. Liberty St.
Waterbury, Conn.
- VINES, George W.
7 Maple Ave.
Fort Edwards, N. Y.
- VISERTA, Thomas A.
15 King St.
Port Jervis, N. Y.
- VISINTAINER, Thomas T.
50 Summit Ave.
St. Paul, Minn.
- VOCELKA, Frank
1730 S. 13th St.
Omaha (9), Neb.



- VOGEL, Herman W.
916 Osage St.
Leavenworth, Kan.
- VOLKMANN, Fred G.
% L. J. Donohue
576 Hill Terrace
Winnetka, Ill.
- VOLLMER, Deane G.
349 Porter Ave.
Buffalo, N. Y.
- WADE, James L.
324 W. 2nd St.
Wewoka, Okla.
- WADLINGTON, George L.
1212 Tutwiler Ave.
Memphis, Tenn.
- WAGNER, Melvin L.
228 18th St.
Fort Madison, Ia.
- WAGNER, Warren C.
211 S. Main St.
Marysville, Pa.
- WALBERT, Edward J.
928 Allen St.
Allentown, Pa.
- WALDRON, Hubert C.
1037 Stewart Ave., S.E.
Roanoke, Va.
- WALKER, George H.
Route No. 1
Castleberry, Ala.
- WALKER, Norman F.
R.D. No. 3
Terrace Ave.
Paterson, N. J.
- WALKER, Willis F.
Box 196
Seaside, Ore.
- WALL, Frank M.
Route No. 2, Box 658
Texarkana, Tex.
- WALLACE, Albert H., Jr.
218 Sewell Ave.
Trenton (10), N. J.
- WALLACE, William D.
617 E. Wensley St.
Philadelphia, Pa.
- WALNOHA, Carl P.
R.D. No. 1
Bridgeville, Pa.
- WALTERS, Kenneth A.
79 Bullman St.
Phillipsburg, Pa.
- WALTON, James J.
3833 Marshall Rd.
Drexel Hill, Pa.
- WAMPLER, Alvin L.
411 Maclay St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
- WANNEBO, E. D.
Buffalo, Minn.
- WARBUTTON, Robert
R.F.D. No. 3, Box 263
Aliquippa, Pa.
- WARD, James P.
2328 E. 24th St.
Granite City, Ill.
- WARD, Robert A.
445 S. 2nd Ave.
Richmond, Calif.
- WARING, William P.
100 Madison Ave.
Oceanside, Long Island, N. Y.
- WARNER, John D.
2661 E. 78th St.
Chicago, Ill.
- WARNICK, Edward A.
3011 Ave V.
Fairview Station,
Birmingham, Ala.
- WATERS, William H.
627 Thomas Ave.
Riverton, N. J.
- WATSON, William I.
Viola Route 1
Hickory, Ky.
- WEBB, James O.
State Road
Gladwyne, Pa.
- WEBER, Louis J.
204 Ave "C"
New York, N. Y.
- WEBER, John P.
4112½ Randolph St.
Bell, Calif.
- WEBER, William J.
R.D. No. 1 Case Road
Elyria, O.
- WEBSTER, Frederick F.
17 Kingfisher, Pl.
Audubon, N. J.
- WEGNER, Lewis E.
3425 W. 108th St.
Inglewood, Calif.
- WEIN, Joseph S.
1104 State St.
Hamburg, Pa.
- WEITZEL, Harry H.
1448 Luzerne St.
Reading, Pa.
- WELCH, Claude R.
Route No. 1, Box 142
Peoria, Ariz.
- WELCH, Thomas E.
Gay Mills, Wisc.
- WELCH, Walter, Jr.
Charlestown, N. H.
R.F.D.
- WELLER, Robert L.
P.O. Box No. 11
Black Creek, N. Y.
- WELLMAN, Joseph L.
% J. Babin
703 E. 80th St.
Chicago, Ill.
- WELLS, Ray A.
30 Wilson St.
Gouverneur, N. Y.
- WELSH, Joseph F.
708 Richmond Ave.
Baltimore, Md.
- WENKER, R. G.
2720 E. 92nd St.
Seattle (5), Wash.
- WENNER, William R.
430 Walnut St.
Allentown, Pa.
- WENTLING, George N.
543 Colbert Ave.
Oil City, Pa.
- WERGES, Frederick W.
Troy, Mo.
- WERT, Ralph L.
136 Harswick Ave.
State College, Pa.
- WESCOTT, Thomas M.
2005 N. E. 41st Ave.
Portland (13), Ore.
- WEST, Kenneth L.
208 Warren Ave.
Apollo, Pa.
- WETTMAN, Henry A.
3638 Cowden Ave.
Memphis, Tenn.
- WHALEN, Arthur L.
99 Bodine St.
West Brighton, N. Y.
- WHETTON, Melvin W.
249 35th St.
Ogden, Utah.
- WHITAKER, Edgar J.
Box 387
Franklin, N. C.
- WHITE, Edgar E.
Shorts Creek, Va.
- WHITE, Carl G.
Canton, N. Y.
- WHITE, Lawrence A.
4218 Pine St.
Philadelphia (4), Pa.
- WHITE, Leo E.
6933 Japonica St.
Houston (12), Tex.
- WHITNEY, Buford B.
Route No. 1, Box 276
Acampo, Calif.
- WIATER, Eugene J.
2917 Boyd Ave.
McKeesport, Pa.
- WIEGARD, Charles M.
507 N. Pulaski St.
Baltimore, Md.
- WIGGINS, Morris K.
104 Gilbert St.
Syracuse (8), N. Y.
- WILKINSON, Allan J.
2 Erie St.
Troy, N. Y.
- WILLIAMS, Carl B.
1424 Ordway Pl.
Nashville, Tenn.
- WILLIAMS, Francis M.
6 Grouse St.
W. Roxbury, Mass.
- WILLIAMS, Lloyd A.
Box 278
Frederic, Wis.
- WILLIAMSON, Robert
800 Bayridge Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- WILLNER, Lawrence L.
2211 York Ave.
Memphis, Tenn.
- WILSON, Herbert S.
1135 Flynn
Atlanta, Ga.
- WILSON, Parker M.
Vivian, La.
- WILTSIE, Donaldson L.
22 Chestnut St.
Phoenix, N. Y.
- WINEGAR, Alfred R.
R.F.D. No. 4
Carlisle, Pa.
- WINKOWSKI, Matthew
6 Thomas St.
Buffalo, N. Y.
- WINSLOW, John P.
119 Walnut St.
Summit Hill, Pa.
- WINTERBAUER, Edward L.
4610 Junius St.
Dallas, Tex.
- WINTERS, Edwin H.
Glen Allen, Mo.
- WISE, Louis E.
7101 Schoyer Ave.
Pittsburgh (18), Pa.
- WITTIGER, Richard A.
Millers Grove
Penns Grove, N. J.
- WOEHLCKE, Edward S.
1216 Washington St.
Cape May, N. J.
- WOEHRLE, Richard J.
Grasston, Minn.
- WOJCIK, Joseph T.
765 Parker St.
Perth Amboy, N. J.
- WOOD, Alexander
108 Ontario St.
Cohoes, N. Y.



WOOD, Wilmer H.
1209 Asbury St.
Houston (7), Tex.

WOODARD, Lile
546 N. 3rd St.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

WOODCOCK, Allen W.
188 Caroline St.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

WOODHAM, Louis
Opp, Ala.

WOODS, Paul E.
503 Only St.
Carterville, Ill.

WOODMANSEE, W. L.
404 Duboce Ave.
San Francisco, Calif.

WRIGHT, Edward C.
303 W. 105th St.
New York, N. Y.

WRIGHT, Gerald W.
1416 Downing St.
Denver, Colo.

WRIGHT, Huie C.
RT. 1
Somerville, Ala.

WURTH, Martin P.
314 E. Roosevelt St.
Phoenix, Ariz.

YANCHUNIS, Peter W.
R.F.D.
Stillwater, N. Y.

YANOSHICK, August G.
Lofty, Pa.

YANTCH, John J.
29 Gayuga St.
Auburn, N. Y.

YERKES, John W., Jr.
7242 S. Maplewood Ave.
Chicago (29), Ill.

YINGLING, Norman C.
2052 Druid Park Dr.
Baltimore, Md.

YOKEY, Alfred H.
Kinney Block, Apt. 11
Onedia, N. Y.

YOST, William, Jr.
R.F.D. No. 1
Parkersburg, W. Va.

YOUNG, Edwin A.
5 Furber St.
Rochester, N. H.

YOUNG, William W.
800 Mississippi Ave.
Greenwood, Miss.

YOUNG, Oscar M.
1068 Docatah St.
Los Angeles (23), Calif.

YOUNG, Perry W.
223½ W. Columbia St.
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

ZACKEL, Joseph
P.O. Box 98
Claridge, Pa.

ZAHLER, Robert C.
2438 College Ave.
Campus Hall, Berkeley (4),
Calif.

ZASTENCHICK, John A.
22 Chestnut St.
N. Tarrytown, N. Y.

ZEIGRA, Charles
1353 Maple Ave.
Terre Haute, Ind.

ZELNIK, John
221 Ave "A"
New York (3), N. Y.

ZIEGLER, Albert A.
351 Birmingham Ave.
Pittsburgh (10), Pa.

ZIELKE, William
3324 N. Howard St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

ZIMMER, Chester J.
927 E. 11th St.
Erie, Pa.

ZIMMERMAN, Frederick A.
3201 Ross Ave.
Dallas, Tex.

ZUEST, Walter C.
2901 W. Girard Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.



OFFICERS

AGNEW, Robert G.
1803 Ringgold Road
Chattanooga, Tenn.

ANTHONY, Howard D.
2330 E. Main St.
Columbus (9), O.

BACKUS, Donald S.
290 Owacco Road
Auburn, N. Y.

BARR, Robert T.
42 Woodland Ave.
Bronxville, N. Y.

BERGER, Samuel J.
216 N. Parkside Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

BOOTHBY, Walter E.
Portland, Me.

BOSSHART, Max.
Truman, Minn.

BURKE, John F.
1004 Mill Ave.
Tempe, Ariz.

CLARK, Carl H.
132 N. Main St.
Mt. Airy, N. C.

COOPER, Silas B.
1440 Linden Ave.
Memphis, Tenn.

CROSBY, Elmer F.
139 Poinsetta Place
Hollywood, Calif.

DEWLANEY, William S.
Miracle Trailer Court
Tucson, Ariz.

FOLKERS, Charles W.
Tiffin, Iowa.

GATTON, W. A.
209 Lenwood Dr.
Lexington (39), Ky.

GILBERT, A. J.
107 Vista
Warren, Ariz.

HEIDKE, Albert W.
43 Sanborne Ave.
West Roxbury, Mass.

HOGAN, John P.
230 Alabama Ave.
Providence, R. I.

HOOD, George A.
1116 Sherman St.
Denver (3), Colo.

HOOPER, Eston C.
10 Elm St.
Granville, N. Y.

HOWER, Nathan R.
304 S. Charles St.
Homewood (9), Ala.

HUDSON, Floyd E.
83 Cottage St.
Bangor, Me.

JOHNSON, Albin W.
1031 California Ave.
Bakersfield, Calif.

JOHNSON, William L.
1047 E. Lester St.
Tucson, Ariz.

JONES, James A.
120 N. Ann St.
Mobile, Ala.

JONES, Milton H.
513 Weldon St.
Fresno (4), Calif.

KAREKIN, Kissag G.
1327 G. St. N.W.
Washington, D. C.

LEWIS, Arthur T.
P.O. Box 469
Monroeville, Ala.

LEWIS, Thomas B.
P.O. Box 268
Stephens, Ark.

MANSFIELD, Richard H.
718 So. Linden Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

McCANDLESS, H. A.
R.D. No. 5
Butler, Pa.

McKAY, Paul J.
5750 31st Ave. N.E.
Seattle (5), Wash.

MENUET, Henry C.
Gramercy, La.

MILLER, David B.
Drawer C
Lowell, Ariz.

MINER, Carlton H.
258 Christiana St.
N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

MOREY, George M.
9 Rowe Square
Gloucester, Mass.

MOYER, Marshall M.
18 Lyndon St.
Concord, N. H.

NEYLON, Arthur N.
444 W. 5th St.
Plainfield, N. J.

PAUL, James W.
310 E. Franklin
Wampun, Wisc.

ROTHWELL, Robert S.
1433 Howard Ave.
Salt Lake City (5), Utah.

RUNGE, Carl R.
Runge Law Office
Mason, Tex.

RYAN, Edward V.
93 Oakland Ave.
Tuckahoe (7), N. Y.

SCHNEIDER, Robert R.
707 N. 13th St.
Albuquerque, N. M.

SHEAHAN, Edmund C.
47 Prospect St.
Somersworth, N. H.





United States Pacific Fleet
Flagship of the Commander-in-Chief



The Commander in Chief, United States Pacific Fleet,
takes pleasure in commending

COMMANDER WILLIAM L. JOHNSON,
UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"For outstanding service in the line of his profession as Officer-in-Charge of a United States Naval Construction Battalion in connection with the construction of facilities at the United States Naval Air Base, Roi, Marshall Islands. By his leadership, initiative and devotion to duty, he contributed materially to the successful establishment and operation of that base in the performance of its mission. His skillful and expeditious construction of facilities for conducting operations against the enemy were in keeping with the highest traditions of the naval service."

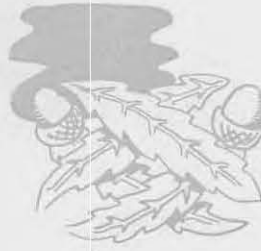
C. W. NIMITZ,
Admiral, U.S. Navy.

Commendation Ribbon Authorized

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 95TH BATTALION:

This is your commendation. I am very happy to wear the ribbon for you, and I am very proud of the 95th Battalion. Remember, it is your commendation.

W. L. JOHNSON,
Officer in Charge, 95th C.B.



FLAGSHIP OF THE COMMANDER
AMPHIBIOUS FORCES
UNITED STATES PACIFIC FLEET

In the name of the President of the United States and by direction of the Secretary of the Navy and the Commander in Chief, United States Pacific Fleet, the Commander Amphibious Forces, United States Pacific Fleet, takes pleasure in presenting the BRONZE STAR MEDAL to

**SALVATORE JOSEPH MORELL, GUNNER'S MATE SECOND CLASS,
UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE**

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"For distinguishing himself by meritorious achievement on June 14, 1944 as a member of an assault unit during the capture of an enemy held island. In the face of enemy rifle, machine gun and mortar fire he bravely prepared the way for the operations of combat troops and by his courageous devotion to duty contributed greatly to the success of this hazardous mission. His courage and conduct throughout were in keeping with the best traditions of the naval service."

R. K. Turner

R. K. TURNER,
Vice Admiral, U. S. Navy.

Temporary Citation

HAVE YOU EVER

*Have you ever sat through a picture show
While the rain seeped into your trousers, Joe?
Have you ever labored in mildewed clothes,
Or stepped on a lizard with naked toes?
Have you ever stood 'till you thought you'd choke
In line for ice cream or a glass of coke
Only to hear the familiar shout,
"We're sorry, mates, but we've just run out."
To be just a little more specific,
Have you ever been in the South Pacific?*

*Have you ever wakened in chilling fright
To the awesome sounds of the tropic night?
Has your skin ever turned a yellow-green
From the daily dose of atabrine?
Has sweat ever dripped on your writing pad
While you penned a letter to Mom or Dad?
Have you ever been tempted to moan and sob
At the fate of a lonely, land-based gob?
Have you ever wished that you could strip down bare
And roll in the snow a way back there?
If you don't think THAT would be terrific
You've never been to the South Pacific.*

*Have you ever thrilled to the symphony
Of the gentle surf of an azure sea?
Have you ever sifted the coral sand
For the ocean jewels of this storied land?
Have you ever walked under hanging moss
Or gazed in awe at the Southern Cross?
Have you ever watched the moonlight trace
Soft patterns of gold and silver lace?
Then you've never tasted the joys prolific
Of the fabled isles of the South Pacific.*

*Have you ever stood on a jungle ridge
and yearned for the sight of the Brooklyn Bridge?
Have you ever sloshed through the tropic rains
And dreamed of the sweep of the Texas plains?
Would you trade any one of these fancied thrills
For a Sunday hike in the Berkshire Hills,
Or a berry patch in the Carolines,
Or a hunter's shack in the Northern pines?
Then, to be just a little specific,
YOU belong out here in the South Pacific.*

—Author unknown.

Casualties

OF THE 95TH CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

APAMAMA: R. N. Legge, EM3c Awarded Purple Heart for shrapnel wounds.

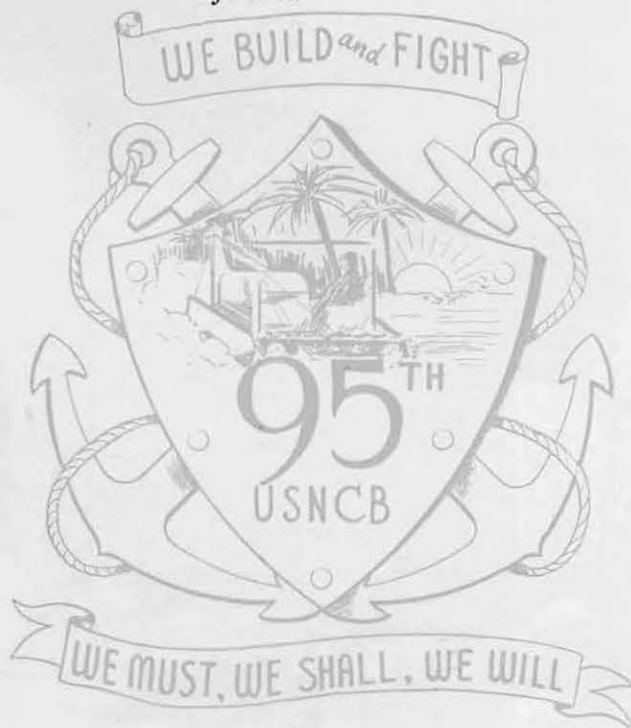
IWO JIMA: F. R. Jaramillo, SF3c Killed, April 25, 1945, when Bull-dozer he was operating struck an enemy mine.

Wounded—Awarded Purple Heart:

A. O. Elrod, SF2c
H. J. Hendrickson, S1c
E. P. Henry, S1c
J. Kennedy, SF2c
F. H. Krause, MM3c
J. A. Luedee, MM3c
R. B. Montgomery, MM1c
C. E. Mote, CM2c
G. J. Roberge, S1c

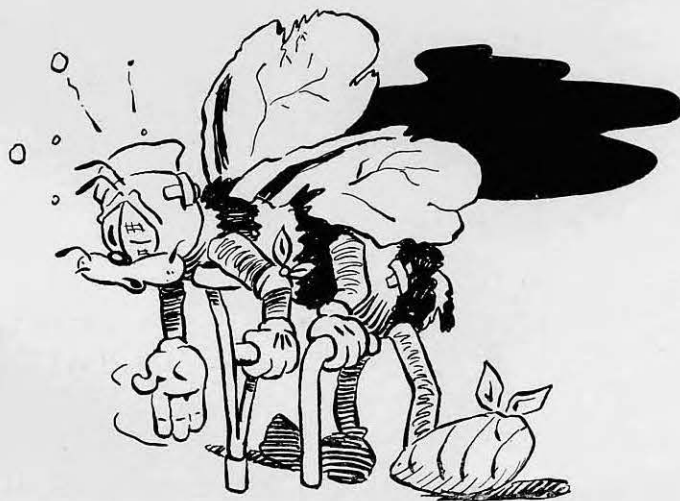
Wounded:

Lt. (jg) N. R. Hower
E. J. Johns
C. E. Rheaume
J. E. Kinnarney
L. C. Rundle
Z. J. Gura





Taps



HOMeward BOUND
after 23 months and 13 days overseas

Roi-Namur

MARSHALL ISLANDS

MARCH 5, 1944.... AUGUST 2, 1944



Iwo Jima

VOLCANO ISLANDS

MARCH 14, 1945....SEPTEMBER 28, 1945

