48th Naval Construction Battalion

Historical Information

"Construimus, Batuimus"
"We Build, We Fight"

NAVAL HISTORY & HERITAGE COMMAND

48th C.B.

NCTC - Norfolk, Magruder
ABD - Hueneme
Ready Date- 10 Feb'43
Left ABD - 19 Feb'43
Location - ~~Pearl Harbor~~ Guam

LOG

1- 4-43 - To be transferred from Peary to ABD Gulfport, FFT Hueneme.
2- 4-43 - Ordered transferred from Gulfport to Hueneme.
2- 6-43 - Ordered transferred Hueneme for outfitting FFT Alsec.
2- 9-43 - Reassigned to Pearl Harbor.
2-11-43 - Arrived Hueneme from Gulfport.
2-19-43 - Departed from Hueneme for Com 12 FFT Pearl.
3 -2-43 - Arrived Pearl Harbor. 2 Mar'43
7-14-43 - 1 Jun'43 report of 48th CB - operating in Hawaii at Puunene, Kahului, and Area.
8-26-43 - 1 Aug'43 report of 48th CB - operating at Pueneme and Kahului.
1- 6-44 - 1 Dec'43 report of 48th CB -nlocated at Puuneme and Kahului.
2- 3-44 - 1 Jan'44 report of 48th CB - Distribution of personnel as of 31 Dec'43: 312 men at Puunene NAS, 322 at Kahului NAS, 375 at Marine Camp "C", and 10 at 3rd Reg.
3- 6-44 - 48th CB operating at Maui, Puunene and Kahului according to 2nd Brigade batt report dtd 21 Jan'44.
3- 7-44 - 1 Feb'44 report of 48th CB - 402 men at NAS Puunene, 144 men at NAS Kahului, 452 men at Marine Camp "C", and 10 men with 3rd Regiment.
4-20-44 - 1 Mar'44 report of 48th CB - operating at Puunene, T.H. and Maui.

48th C.B.

5-10-44 - 1 Apr'44 report of 48th CB - operating at Puunene.
5-17-44 - 48th CB is in the 27th Reg. (AES 5/15/44)
6-16-44 - 1 May'44 report of 48th CB - Distribution of personnel - 1009 men at NAS Puunene and 31 at Kahului - on Maui Is.
6-29-44 - 48th CB detached from 7th Reg. when they embark for a point in Central Pacific Area. (7th Reg. ltr 7CR/01-PLA/pln over P16-3/00/A4 over Ser 0301 Conf. to 48th CB dtd 15 Jun'44 - 1st End. on 2nd Brig. ltr.)
7- 6-44 - Officers and men detached from 7th Reg. and 2nd Brig. and ordered to report to 5th Brig. for duty. (OinC 2nd Brig Conf ltr 2HCRr-06-HCB/kb over P-16-3 dtd 14 Jun'44)
7- 7-44 - 1 Jun'44 report of 48th CB - 127th Relieved the 48th 13 May'44.
8- 9-44 - 1 Jul'44 report of 7th Reg. - The 48th CB was detached from 7th Reg. during Jun'4 for forward area movement.
10-17-44 - 1 Jul'44 report of 48th CB - in transit to the location of next assignment. 973 men on board transport; 46 men on detached temp. duty. 48th CB reported to the 5th Brig. for duty on 16 Aug'44. Report endorsed by 27th Reg.
10-24-44 - 1 Sep'44 report of 48th CB - Entire batt in transit during the month. Report endorsed by 27th Reg.
10-25-44 - 1 Sep'44 report of 5th Brig. - 48th CB landed on 14, 15, and 16 Aug'44. (Guam)
10-30-44 - 1 Oct'44 report of 4th CB - No info on location except that batt is operating on Orote Peninsula and on New Sumay Piti Road. Report endorsed by 27th Reg.
11-11-44 -- The 48th CB is located at Guam.(Is.Com. Secret airmailgram to CNO 011201 NCR 1473 dtd 6 Nov'44).
12- 5-44 - 1 Nov'44 report of 48th CB - no info on location. Report endorsed by 27th Reg.
1-3-45 - 1 Dec'44 report of 48th CB - located at Guam. Report endorsed by 27th Regiment.

Location - Guam 48th C.B.

1-30-45 - The 48th CB is located sourth of Tumon on Guam.(5th Brg. War Diary 1 Dec thru 31 Dec'44).

2- 2-45 - 1 Jan'45 report of the 48th CB - No info on location. Report endorsed by 27th Reg

2-28-45 - 1 Feb'45 report of the 48th CB - location not given. Report endorsed by 27th Reg.

4- 3-45 - 1 Mar'45 report of the 48th CB - no info on location.

4-10-45 - The 48th CB is located S of Tumon(Guam).(5th Brg. War Diary 1 Feb to 28 Feb'45).

4-16-45 - The 48th CB is located S of Tumon on Guam and is attached to the 27th Reg. (5th Brg War Diary of 1 Apr'45)

4-17-45 - 1 Apr'45 report of the 48th CB - located on Guam. 12 men trfd into Batt from the 33rd CB. 10 men on temp duty with the 5th Brg Motor Pool.

5- 8-45 - The 48th CB is located at Guam. (Dirpacdocks S.F. Sec Rep of 15 Apr'45)

5-10-45- 240 men of the 48th CB arrived Parks from overseas 2 May'45. (Parks TWX 042133 May'45 to Bupers)

5-16-45 - 1 May'45 report of 48th CB - location not given. 240 men were transferred to mainland in accordance with rotation plan & 133 men were received from the 5th Brig.as replacements. Report routed via 27th Reg & 5th Brig.

6-15-45 - ~~1 Jun'45 report of the 48th CB - located at GUAM. Batt arrived Guam 24 Oct'44. Report via 40th Reg and 5th Brg.~~

6-18-45 - 1 Jun'45 report of the 48th CB - located at Guam. Report via 27th Reg and 5th Brg

7-18-45 - 1 Jul'45 report of the 48th CB - located at Guam. Report via 27th Reg and 5th Brg 82 replacements recd; 86 men transferred.

8-14-45 - 1 Aug'45 report of the ~~48thxRxx~~ 27th Reg - The 48th CB recd 242 men from the 49t CB which was inactivated.

8-21-45 - 1 Aug'45 report of the 48th CB - located at Guam. During Jul'45 6 offcrs were detd to 134th CB on TD, 8 offcrs reported abd on TD, 24 men were transferred to the 94th CB, 162 men were transferred to the U.S. for leave & reassignment & 16 men were (Cont'd on next card)

Location - Guam 48th C.B.

8-21-45 - (Cont'd)- were returned to the U.S. for discharge. Received 242 men from the 49th CB & 135 men from the Brig & other units as replacements during Jul'45. Report via the 27th Reg & 5th Brig.

9-11-45 - Inactivation of following CB units approved Comservpac disps 291935, 290051 & 290007 all Aug:-41,48,59 & 76 CBs, 27th Reg - Guam. (Cincpoa conf spdltr ser 032559 dtd 4 Sept'45 to Comservpac).

9-12-45 - 1 Sept'45 report of the 48th CB. No info as to location. Report via 27th Reg & 5th Brig. 14 men transferred to other units. 69 men recd as replacements. 36 me transferred to U.S. for discharge. 316 men were transferred to U.S. for leave & reassignment.

9-29-45 - Comservpac directs Commariansas to inactivate immediately the following units:- 27th Reg- 41, 48, 59 & 76 CBs all at Guam. Transfer all pers with 18 months or mo overseas duty to a continental rec. sta. for leave. Transfer balance of pers from Guam units to 5th Brig FFA. Inform Comservpac when inactivation is completed (Comservpac conf spdltr ser 05173 dtd 11 Sept'45 to Commarianas).

10-8-45 - The following units are to report to 40th Reg.-25th, 48th, 56th, 72nd & 94th CBs on 20 Sept'45. (OinC, 5th Brig. ltr ser 10606 dtd 19 Sept'45 to above units via 26th Reg.).

10-17-45 - 48th CB is inactivated as of 3 Oct'45. (OinC, 5th Brig conf ltr ser 011298 dtd 3 Oct'45 to OinC, 48th CB).

10-24-45 - 1 Oct'45 report of 48th CB - location not stated. Report via 40th Reg. & 5th Brg. 84 men transferred to other units. 20 men transferred to U.S. for leave & reassignment. 12 men transferred to U.S. for discharges(over-age). 101 men returned to U.S. for discharge under the point system. 260 men engaged in Rota Operation.

INACTIVATED

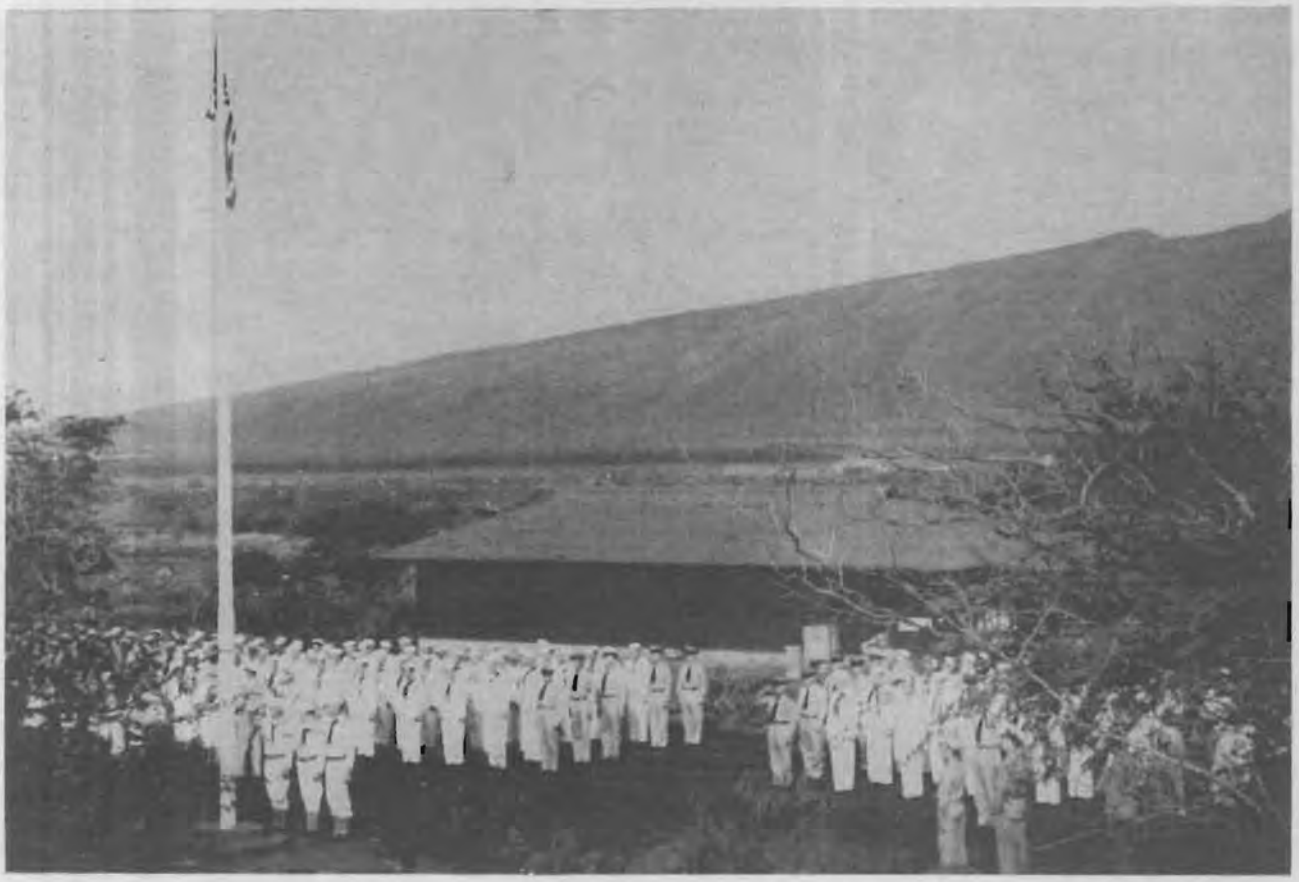
DATE	ON BOARD OFFICERS	ON BOARD MEN	AUTHORITY
1 Jun'44	32	1028	MoR
30 Jun'44		1019	Recap
1 Sep'44	32	1050	R & MoR
1 Jul'44		1019	MoR
1 Oct'44	32	1048	MoR
1 Nov'44	34	1048	MoR
1 Dec'44	35	1071	MoR
1 Jan'45	34	1050	MoR
1 Feb'45	28	1035	MoR
1 Mar'45	26	1029	MoR
1 Apr'45	26	1019	MoR
1 May'45	29	907	MoR
1 Jun'45	24	909	BNP625 & R
1 Jul'45	27	875	BNP625 & R
1 Aug'45		1070	BNP625
1 Sept'45	20	745	BNP625 & R
1 Oct'45	17	596	BNP625 & R

48th Construction Battalion (INACTIVATED)

48th C. B.

DECLASSIFIED

Date	Organization	Location	Reference	Notes
5/31/44	–	Maui, Guadalcanal, Kahului	–	Left U.S. Feb. '44
9/15	–	Guam	C.B. report 1 September	
11/10	–	DUVA (Guam)	20 Com Guam sec act disp. 011201 Nov.	
8/30/45	–	–	Comsecpac Conf. 291935 Aug.	Request approval to inactivate



The order on the bulletin board screamed it's message . . . "secure all jobs and pack your bags . . . stand by for further orders!"

Many months had passed since the day we landed on this island! We had arrived as boots fresh from the States, and its peaceful, emerald-like appearance had seemed exotic and exciting to us then. It didn't take long for us to buckle down to the many important jobs that we had been ordered here to do. In our free time we soon learned our way about the Island . . . became acquainted with the happy-go-lucky natives!

But now we were leaving! We didn't know where we were going and most of us agreed that our next stop would not be nearly so pleasant—few were reluctant! Perhaps if we had known what was in store for us, we would not have been so eager!

In the first place, we were not scheduled to leave the 'rock'! Oh, no! . . . ! We jammed our gear into our bags and filled the GI cans with the surplus! We loaded ourselves into busses and trucks and proceeded — not to an awaiting ship, but to a camp high on the hill!! 'Camp Snafu'!

We had built this place! We knew every inch of its roads, every board in its buildings, every sheet of iron in its Quonsets! We had spent weeks constructing this camp but none of us ever dreamed that we would be using it to train ourselves for combat!

This camp was not quite what we had been used to! We had left nice roomy barracks for drafty

tents—spring bunks for cots—pavement for mud and dust—hot water for ice—and a trip to the head was an excursion!

We had taken many tough job assignments in an easy stride but now our assignment was mostly just walking! We walked up and down hills—through mud and dust. Our feet howled in dismay and blisters were the order of the day! When we became hardened to this, they proceeded to break down our arches by issuing full packs! Full packs are dehydrating moving vans of canvas. Its straps are especially designed so as to cut your arms off neatly at the shoulders! Naturally, all this weight on our backs tended to throw us off balance but there was an answer for that too! We counter-balanced ourselves by hanging canteens, pieces, gas-masks, ammunition and hunting knives in front which left us with the equilibrium of a quart bottle balanced on its neck.

If you will remember, another interesting little experience we endured was our overnite hike!! (Overnight hikes are great fun if one goes in for torture!) We started one day at about 1300 and that evening we bivouaced on the side of a mountain many miles from Camp. We were dog-tired and our feet were covered with blisters. We put our shelter-halves together to form pee-wee tents, wolfed down a tasty can of "C" rations and hit our sacks . . . sacks that were nothing else than ol' mother earth with a few rocks strewn in to make your sleep more pleasant!

It seemed that old Sol had no sooner disappeared than they routed us out to take a little excursion through a bamboo forest! It was dark and we ached all over and no one cared to see the bamboo forest; but we had come out here on a conditioning hike and they were giving us the works! The sun was just peeking over the mountain when we arrived back at the bivouac! We all had ravenous appetites which were promptly appeased by another tasty can of "C" rations (Yes! Yes!) . . . Then we started back!

None of us will forget that part of the hike! The sun was in a sadistic mood and beat down mercilessly! Our already swollen feet strained against our shoes and if we took them off, we couldn't get them back on again! Smug corpsmen in zippy jeeps dashed back and forth to gather up the lame and exhausted. We walked in fifty minute periods and rested ten. (It was rumored that the rest period was used to bury the dead!) When we finally filed past the sentry at the camp's gate, he gawked at us as if we were a band of weary pilgrims finishing a thousand mile journey (and who says it wasn't???)!

Our days were now numbered! We all knew we were

about to shove off for a new assignment . . . Where this would be, we did not know but speculation was rife! A few optimistic characters even thought we might go home!

Tropical gear was issued . . . Sun helmets, mosquito netting, insect repellant, water purifier! Ammunition was issued and target practice occupied our time — rifle, B.A.R., machine gun, mortar, twenty millimeter! Aircraft identification . . . endless training films. We stripped our bags to actual necessities and sent home our dress blues . . . And then the departure day arrived!

We milled about the dock impatiently. A curious crowd of natives stood by to see us off. Many of us had friends among them—friends we would never see again. As always, we waited and waited and then finally we trudged up the plank of that huge, grey Dutch ship that nestled the pier. There was no fanfare—no band playing 'Aloha'—just the sound of the officer's voice who read off our names as we went aboard! . . . Almost before we knew it, we were headed out to sea!

That evening, as the setting sun splashed the sky with color, we gathered about the rails to get our last view of the Island that had been our home for almost a year and a half! It was but a blob of green in the water and to see it that way made it hard to believe we had done so much there! We felt no regret but all of us nurtured vivid memories . . . Luaus and Hulas, green cane fields and waving palms, late breakfasts at Mary's restaurant and thick steaks on the mountain, hilarious liberty parties and shore patrol skirmishes! And then there had been the long hard days of work and the lonely, monotonous nites!

We were on our way . . . excitement reigned!!

She looked big as she lay there at the dock! Men swarmed in, over and around her—doing all the last minute things that signaled she was going on a long voyage! She was our ship—the one who would carry us deep down into an action-filled ocean. She was an Army transport but because of security reasons, we cannot give her name. For the sake of our story, however, we will call her the 'Rhubarb'!!

We filed aboard the 'Rhubarb' with full pack and duffel. Across her cold steel decks and down a hatch we went! Deep down in her insides! The hold was large and filled with tier after tier of bunks! This was to be our home for weeks to come! (If we had actually known how long, we probably would have not been so eager)!

It wasn't long before ol' 'Rhubarb' eased away from the dock and headed out the stream. She was only one of a convoy and the escort ships zigged and zagged about us like snappy little terriers! As the Island grew dim behind us, a plane roared by flaunting a target sleeve and the gun crews unlimbered their guns for one last practice shoot — the next could easily be the 'McCoy!' . . . And so we hit the sack that nite with the staccato bark of the guns still ringing in our ears!

The Captain of the 'Rhubarb' was a sea-going character whom we shall not soon forget! His broad Irish face beamed like a lamp and his forehead extended from his eyebrows to the nape of his neck.

A pair of shoes, a pair of shorts and at times a handkerchief on his bald pate constituted full uniform for Captain Murray.

His agility reminded one of a live rubber ball and his contour was not unlike one either! As he bounced to and fro across the bridge, bellowing at his crew, he reminded one of some great actor playing on a huge stage!

" . . . Chips!", he would rage, "Dammit, Chips, watch me back here . . . how much chain ya' got now, Chips?" — And then, "Ditto, ditto . . . and ditto!" (Whatever that meant). " . . . Oh, Sergeant Guthrie, this is th' Captain speakin! — Turn the 'phono' on, Sergeant, turn the 'phono' on an' give the boys a little jive."

Yes! Captain Murray was indeed a character! One minute he would be tossing chewing gum down to the boys and the next he would be threatening to skin 'em alive if they didn't stay off the life rafts! . . . "Get down off that boom! .. . That's a nice boy!"

The simplest daily functions assumed major proportions on board the "Rhubarb!" Chow call was twice a day but we spent hours in line to get it. There was supposed to be a chow line system—complete with chits, but this was just a waste of pasteboard. Everyone tried to be first and line-chiseling flourished!

We would fight and claw our way down into the steamy, almost unbearable hot mess hall and then try to eat as fast as possible so as to escape topside to the fresh air! Most of the time the mess hall was so packed that you wondered if you would get through the scullery before you melted to a pool on the deck!

The food — well, at first it wasn't so bad but then we started running out of things! We drank coffee without sugar — then there was no coffee! The bread got moldy — then there was no bread! If you will remember, we did not run out of rice!

Potatoes came in one variety — boiled in their jackets. You would have given five dollars for a plate of crisp brown French fries. The cooking of eggs showed equal ingenuity. You were given your choice — fifteen minute eggs, case hardened, or — none at all. The method of preparing bacon was new to all of us. None of this dry crispy brown stuff; it was boiled to resemble strips of blubber.

Taking a bath aboard the ol' 'Rhubarb' was really something! The showers came equipped with the best salt water available. Salt water showers give all the appearances of a real shower but when you emerge from your bath, you find that instead of losing dirt you have only gained a layer of salt! Your skin feels like a piece of number two sandpaper and your only solution was to try and wipe the whole deal off with your towel!

Then there were the simple little chores of washing your teeth and shaving. Sometimes you managed to pilfer a little fresh water from the stingy scuttlebutts for these duties but usually you resigned yourself to using brine! Toothpaste has a very peculiar, if not interesting, chemical reaction in salt water! It curdles and turns to a substance like putty — and is about as effective. Shaving cream, or soap, also reacts strangely with brine . . . it forms a lumpy residue not unlike oatmeal mush! — This leaves your beard in such a state that you remove it only by taking skin and all!

Going to bed was not just another ordinary function

either, aboard the ol' 'Rhubarb!' You had two choices — lying down in the hold amidst the foul air and sweating out the nite or going topside and flapping down on the steel deck to sleep in the fresh air — and the rain! Most of us preferred the latter. Many gave up sleeping altogether and adjourned to the 'casino' which was in reality the galley turned into a club.

We had no special duties on the voyage excepting to answer a few musters and serve in the galley once a week! Those who failed to answer muster were punished by being made to help clean the heads. Every other morning, immediately after muster, we had calisthenics! Being as the deck was so crowded, this was indeed a sight to see! When you bent over — contact! Arms spread, legs apart! Contact! Result? Hilarious!!

The Ship's Chaplain was an Army Major! He organized shows, boxing matches, contests and Bible classes! While we stood at anchor, we were allowed movies on the open decks! The films were just one jump ahead of silent films but we stood in the rain for hours to watch 'em! No one has ever been able to figure out why it always waited for show time to rain! When at sea, we saw the movies in the holds and when they were over, it was each man's duty to wipe up his pool of sweat!

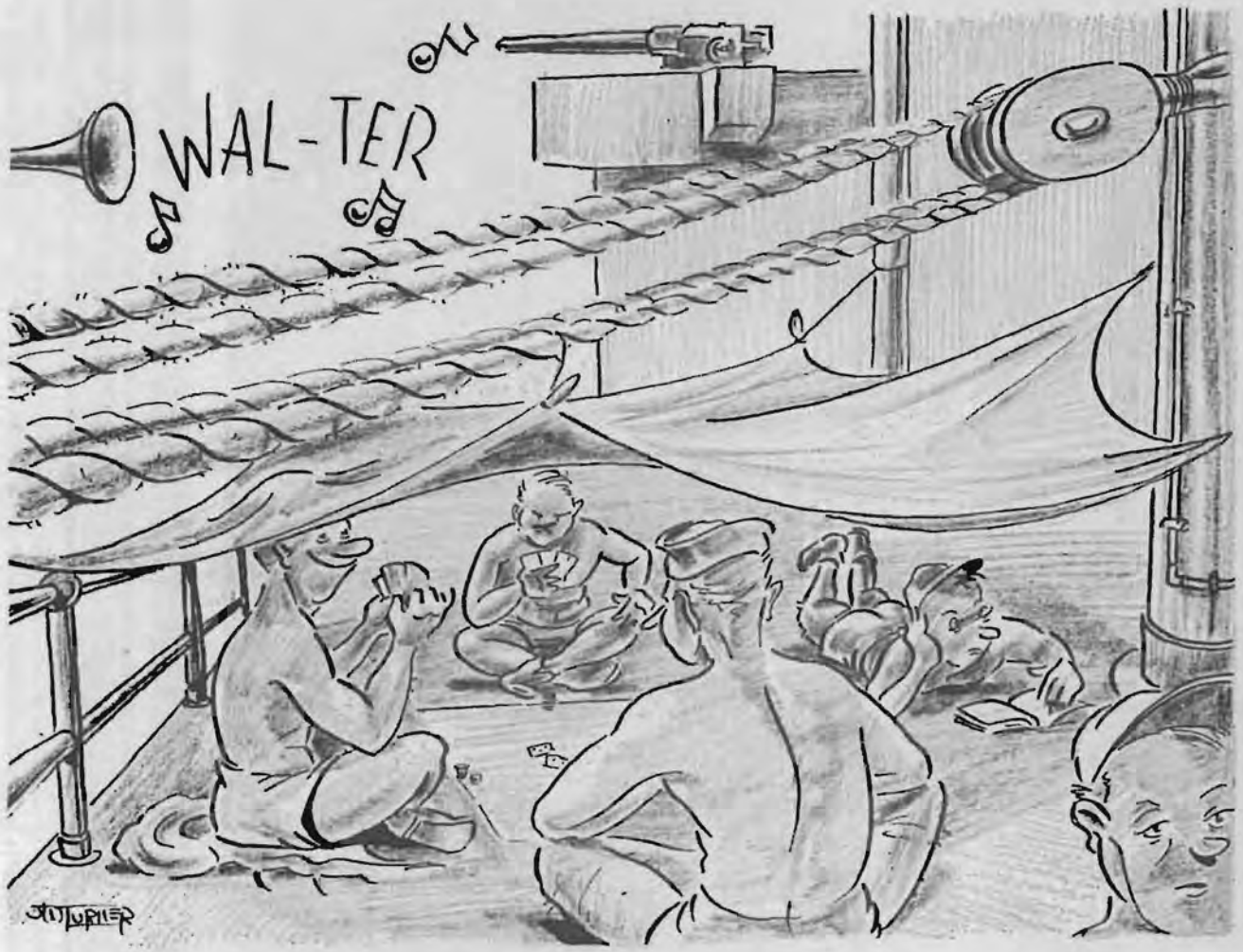
Some mates worked while aboard and for this received the special award of eating with the crew. The rest just spent their time playing cards, reading, getting sun-tanned or just 'shooting the breeze'! Everyone had his special spot on deck where he promptly settled for the day. Occasionally, some 'squatter' would move in on some other mate's spot and friction would result! On the whole, though, it is amazing how so many men, jammed so close together, managed to keep from slaying one another!

During our stopover in the Marshalls, we were allowed ashore several times for a swim and a chance to stretch our legs! These few trips ashore were pleasant breaks in the monotony! These islands had been the stage for history making battles only a few months before! Only the jagged, shell-blown palm trees bore evidence of those battles. Many of us gathered sea shells to keep as souvenirs . . . Carried them back to the ship and stunk up the whole place with 'em!

And so the days went by, and at times the monotony was almost more than we could bear! Any slight change was an event and the whole ship sighed with relief when the hook was raised and we started on the last leg of our voyage!

We knew that our destination was one of the Marianas Islands! We also knew it wasn't going to be any picnic. Tension increased and the convoy increased its evasive, zig-zag course!

Several days later we all saw a living drama that we will probably never forget! The Island that was soon to be our home could be seen in the morning haze and it was in the throes of battle! Fighting ships of the Navy stood miles off shore and poured in tons of explosives! You could see these charges arcing through the air — balls of fire racing to do their work.



Smoke rose in columns from the blasted island and we mentally pictured the terrific struggle that was going on! Men were killing and being killed! Night and day the battle raged and we stood by — ready to go ashore! This waiting was the hardest of all! It gave us too much time to think and some of our thoughts were not pleasant!

Then suddenly our voyage was over! We prepared to go ashore! Some of us were filled with anxiety, some curious, some just plain scared! None of us were reluctant! Almost two months ago we had boarded the ol' 'Rhubarb' and we were sick of her! Sick of the sound of 'Walter' — sick of the sight of nothing but water — sick of scrambling down the gangways to claim a single orange — sick of the hot, tasteless water that trickled from her scuttlebutts!

We were going to face mud, rain, dust, heat, snipers and God knows what, but we were all ready — and eager!!

We climbed from a Higgins boat onto what was once a dock. Now it was nothing more than jagged pile of coral reaching a short distance into the bay! What was left of destroyed Jap planes and boats could be seen everywhere in the water! Piles of rubble marked where buildings once stood and all that remained of a huge fuel-storage tank was a big, twisted pile of steel. The tall palm trees had been bomb-blasted into naked, charred stumps and huge shell craters pocked the landscape. Through this mess of destruction a bulldozer had cleared a path and trucks plowed back and forth to keep the supplies and men moving . . . And so we were introduced to our new island!

As the trucks carried us to our temporary bivouac area and we silently viewed the endless scenes of destruction, all of us were conscious of the odor that hung in the air — the odor of death! We had all expected conditions to be rough but few of us really expected such scenes as these!

Our bivouac was not far from where we came ashore. It seems that the best bivouacs are built in mud! . . . Ours was one of the best!! Every passing cloud deluged us with rain and the soft topsoil immediately churned to mud! After each cloud, the sun doubled its efforts and the rain turned to steam and the mud to dust! The air was alive with mosquitos and insects but most of all . . . the flies! Huge flies that were everywhere — in everything—and your body recoiled when they landed on you because you knew from whence they came!!

One might think that a bivouac would be an orderly place but it isn't. When a thousand men take all their gear into a confined, swampy area, and erect pup-tents, the result is something like a cross between a 'hobo' camp and a city dump! Trenches were dug everywhere to divert the torrential rain but did absolutely no good! Palm fronds, old broken boards, sheet iron and canvas — anything that offered added shelter — was used to supplement the shelter halves and still the rain and dampness seeped in to leave your mattress, bedding and belongings in a wet sodden mass! We soon found that

mildew was claiming everything we owned!

No one need remind us that living in that bivouac was hell! It was part of the hardships that had to be endured! We cooked our own meals — ten-in-one rations — over sputtering, smoky fires. We bathed in our helmets, but trying to wash clothes was out of the question.

Most of us were attacked by the cursed dengue fever and very few of us escaped dysentery! We only went through the motions of sleeping because being half afloat and visited by mosquitoes, rats and land crabs, there was always the 'Carbine Chorus'!! This started every evening at dark and continued throughout the nite! The jittery guards poured out the lead! On one memorable occasion, the 'enemy' was found the next morning in the shape of a cat! It was quite riddled by several shots from a B.A.R.! . . . Nothing moved in safety!

Despite the fact that we were miserable and living under the worst conditions, it was surprising to note the good spirit of most of us! We did a lot of wailing but we did a lot of laughing too! Most of us were assigned to duty — driving trucks clearing with bulldozers, unloading supplies at the beach, all the things that had to be done and done quick!

A few of us managed to rummage around for souvenirs — No Seabee's life is happy 'till he has a souvenir or two!

Thus we began our stay in the Marianas and although it was a rugged start, we were destined to move, before long, to our permanent camp. The site for this camp turned out to be one of the best on the Island and when we moved there, we boasted luxuries that many units did not have until months later! Our living quarters were five-man tents, grouped in orderly company areas! We had showers and heads! Our galley was the talk of the island. We soon had a laundry, ship's store, library, recreation hall and movie theater!

We now functioned as a unit and before long we were tackling the many construction jobs that we had been sent here to do!

48th Naval Construction Battalion

Chronology

Nov 1942	Unit formed and men in training at NCTC, Norfolk, VA.
13 Dec 1942	Unit transferred to NCTC, Camp Peary, Williamsburg, VA.
15 Dec 1942	Officially commissioned (Officer in Charge, Lt. Commander Joshua T. Davis, reported and assumed command as per Bupers orders, serial No. 101939).
04 Jan 1943	Departed NCTC, Camp Peary, Williamsburg, VA.
06 Jan 1943	Arrived ABD, Gulfport, Miss.
06 Feb 1943	Departed ABD, Gulfport, Miss.
10 – 11 Feb 1943	Arrived ABD, Port Hueneme, California.
19 Feb 1943	Departed ABD, Port Hueneme, California for overseas.
02 Mar 1943	Arrived Pearl Harbor.
04-06 Mar 1943	Battalion arrived in two groups at NAS, Puunene, Maui, T.H.
Mar 1943 – 12 May 1944	Stationed at NAS, Puunene and operating on Island of Maui, T.H.
12 May 1944	Relieved by 127th NCBattalion.
12 May-15June 1944	Battalion undergoing military training at 4th Marines Division Camp, Makowao, Maui, T.H.
15 Jun 1944	Departed Maui, T.H.
16 Jun 1944	Arrived ABD, Iriquois Point, Cahu, T.H.
24 Jun 1944	Departed Iriquois Point, Oahu, T.H.
04 Aug 1944	Arrived Guam.
09 Aug 1944	24 men assigned to %NCBrigade Motor Pool.
10 Aug 1944	102 men assigned to 5NCBrigade Motor Pool.
13 Aug 1944	250 men assigned to unload USAT Seabarb of battalion gear and that of five other units. From this date on the entire battalion was gainfully employed unloading ship, clearing camp sites and beginning actual construction activities.
16 Aug 1944	First formal work order of 12 – 1,000 bbl. Avgas tanks were assigned this battalion.
Aug 1944- Jun 1945	48th NCB operating at Guam.

FORTY - EIGHTH
BATTALION

2
NOB GUAM
105