76th Naval Construction Battalion

Historical Information

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

NAVAL HISTORY & HERITAGE COMMAND

DECLASSIFIED

6/3/44 - Oahu - Left U.S. april 1943
9/18 - Guam C.B. report 1 September
11/10 - DUVA (Guam) 2s com Guam sec act disp 011201 Nov.
8/30 - Comseupac Conf 29193 5 Aug request approval to inactivate

76th C.B.

NCTC - Norfolk
ABD - Gfpt. FFT Hueneme
Ready Date -
Left ABD - 6 Apr'43
Location - ~~Pearl Harbor~~ Guam

LOG

3-22-43 - Being transferred from Gfpt. to Hueneme 26 Mar'43.
4- 2-43 - Arrived ABD Hueneme from Gulfport.
4- 6-43 - Left ABD Hueneme for Pearl Harbor.
6- 2-43 - 1 May'43 report of 76th CB - Arrived Pearl Harbor 16 Apr'43. 544 men at Lua Lualei, T.H. and 521 men at Palmyra Is., T.H.
6- 4-43 - 3rd Reg. report (3CR a3-1-11 over 217-43 of 4 May'43) - On 16 Apr'43 the entire batt of 27 off. and 1073 men arrived at P.H. 8 off. and 520 men were immediately ordered to Palmyra to relieve the 5th Batt and shipped the same day. The balance of off. and men sent to Lualualei for duty.
6-25-43 - 1 Jun'43 report of 76th CB - 540 men at Oahu, balance at Palmyra.
8-13-43 - 1 Jul'43 report of 76th CB - at Lualualei, T.H. with half of batt at Palmyra,T.H.
8-26-43 - 1 Aug'43 report of 76th CB - operating at Lualualei and Wahiawa, T.H. with detachment at Palmyra Is. - 10 off. and 514 men.
9-28-43 - 1 Sep'43 report of 76th CB - operating at Lualualie, West Loch, Waianne with 18 officers and 522 men; balance at Palmyra.
10- 5-43 - 1 Sep'43 report of 76th CB - the Palmyra detachment has 9 off. and 460 men.
4-17

76th C.B.

12- 9-43 - 1 Nov'43 report of 76th CB - 7 off. and 448 men with the Palmyra detachment.

1- 7-44 - 1 Dec'43 report of 76th CB, Palmyra detachment - 343 men and 7 off. at Palmyra expect to finish about 15 Dec'43 and return to Oahu.

1-28-44 - Palmyra detachment completed their work about 15 Dec'43 and are now rejoining the battalion on Oahu. Lualualei detachment estimted date of completion of current workabout 1 Mar'44. (Capt. Porter's ltr to Adm. Moreell dtd 4 Jan'44)

2- 5-44 - 1 Jan'44 report of 76th CB shows following distribution of batt:

Lualualei	20 off.	302 men	Barbers Pt.	6 off.	275 men
Wahiawa	4	171	Palmyra	2	100
Waianae		28	NRS Lualualei		51
West Loch & Iroq. Pt.		31	DPWO & 2nd Brig		3

On 25 Dec'43, 3 off. and 239 men were returned from Palmyra and at present housed with the 72nd CB. Officers and men remaining at Palmyra to be returned to Oahu as soon as CBMU 527 has been indoctrinated.

3- 6-44 - 76th CB located at Lualualei, Wahiawa and West Loch. (2nd Brig. report dtd 21 Jan

3- 9-44 - 1 Feb'44 report of 76th CB - operating at Iroquois Pt., Waianae, and P.H., Lualualei, Wahiawa, (Oahu). Batt left Palmyra on 15 and 25 Jan'44; CBMU 527 replaced thid detachment at Palmyra.

4-20-44 - 1 Mar'44 report of 76th CB - operating at Lualualei, Wahiawa, West Loch, Waianae, Iroquois Pt., and P.H.

5-10-44 - 1 Apr'44 report of 76th CB - operating at Lualualei, Wahiawa, and Waianae, P.H.

5-18-44 - 76th CB is assigned to the 26th Reg. (AES 5/15/44)

6-16-44 - 1 May'44 report of 76th CB - operating at ABRD Iroquois Pt.

Location - Iroquois Pt. Guam 76th C.B.

7- 5-44 - 1 Jun'44 report of 76th CB - operating at Iroquois Pt.

7- 6-44 - Officers and men detached from 8th Reg. ahd 2nd Brig. and ordered to report to 5th Brig. for duty. (OinC 2nd Brig ltr 2NCB4-06-HCB/kb over P16-3 over 996 dtd 14 Jun'44)

10-17-44 - 1 Sep'44 report of 26th Reg. - 76th CB was detached from the 2nd Brig. 19 Jun'44 and reported to the 26th Reg. and 5th Brig. 7 Aug'44.

10-18-44 - June and July report of 76th CB - This batt embarked from Pearl Harbor 18 Jun'44 and debarked at Guam on 14 Aug'44.

10-25-44 - 1 Sep'44 report of the 5th Brig. - 76th CB landed on 14, 17 and 27 Aug'44.

11- 2-44 - 1 Oct'44 report of 76th CB - operating on Guam. Report endorsed by 26th Reg.

11-11-44 - The 76th CB is located at Guam.(Is.Com. Secret airmailgram to CNO 011201 NGR 14731 dtd 6 Nov'44).

11-30-44 - The 76th CB is operating at Guam under the 26th Reg.(1 Nov'44 report of 76th CB).

12-29-44 - 1 Dec'44 report of the 76th CB - no info on location. Report endorsed by the 26th Regiment.

1-30-45 -- The 76th CB is located South of Piti.(5th Brg. War Diary 1 Dec'44 thru 31 Dec'44) Piti is at Guam.

1-30-45 - 1 Jan'45 report of the 76th CB - No info on location. Report endorsed by 26th Regiment.

2-26-45 - 1 Feb'45 report of the 76th CB - location not given. Report endorsed by 26th Reg.

3-29-45 - 1 Mar'45 report of the 76th CB - location not given.

4-10-45 -- The 76th CB is located S of Piti(Guam).(5th Brg. War Diary 1 Feb to 28th Feb'45).

4-16-45 - The 76th CB is located S of Piti, Guam and is attached to the 26th Reg. (5th Brg War Diary of 1 Apr'45)

4-17-45 - 1 Apr'45 report of 76th CB - located at Guam. Routed via 26th Reg & 5th Brig.

Location - Guam

76th C.B.

5-16-45 - 1 May'45 report of the 76th CB - located at Guam. Report routed via the 26th Reg. and 5th Brg.

5-22-45 - 1 May'45 report of the 26th Reg - the 76th CB is attached to the 26th Reg. 203 men from 76th CB left on rotation leave & 102 replacements were received on board duri Apr'45.

6-19-45 - 1 Jun 45 report of 76th CB - located at Guam. Report routed via 26th Reg & 5th Brig

7-20-45 - 1 Jul'45 report of the 76th CB - located at Guam. 249 men retd on rotation leave since April. 86 men have been ordered to batt as replacements but only 8 have reported. Report via 26th Reg and 5th Brg.

7-20-45 - 1 Jul'45 report of the 26th Reg states that the 76th CB received 27 men as replacements and 10 men were returned to U.S. for rotation leave during Jun'45.

8-21-45 - 1 Aug'45 report of the 76th CB - located at Guam. Report via 26th Reg & 5th Brig.

8-31-45 - Comservpac requests approval to inactivate 27th Reg, 41st CB, 59th CB & 76th CB. (Comservpac conf disp 291935 to Cincpac).

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).

9-20-45 - 1 Sept'45 report of 26th Reg. 63 men rec'd as replacements during Aug. 29 men rotated during Aug. 25 men rec'd over-age discharges.

9-25-45 - 1 Sept'45 report of 76th CB. No info as to location. Report via 26th Reg. & 5th Brig.

Location -Guam

76th CB

9-29-45 - Comservpac directs Commarianas to inactivate immediately the following units:- 27th Reg-41, 48, 59 & 76 CBs all at Guam. Transfer all pers. with 18 months or more 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).

10-17-45 - 1 Oct'45 report of 76th CB - location not stated. Report via 40th CB(?) & 5th Brig.

12-6-45 - 1 Nov'45 report of 76th CB - location not stated. Report via 40th Reg. & 5th Brig.

1-31-46 - 76th CB to BuDocks ser 973-45 ltrstates that the 76th CB was inactivated on 1 Nov'45. (Dirwespacdocks conf rpt dtd 10 Jan'46).

INACTIVATED

ON BOARD

DATE	OFFICERS	MEN	AUTHORITY
1 Jun'44	32	1054	MoR
30 Jun'44		1075	Rec.p
1 Sep'44	34	1071	MoR
1 Oct'44	34	1066	MoR
1 Nov'44	34	1052	MoR
1 Dec'44	34	1072	MoR
1 Jan'45	34	1059	MoR
1 Feb'45	26	1050	MoR
1 Mar'45	26	1047	MoR
1 Apr'45	25	1047	MoR
1 May'45	27	939	BNP625 & R
1 Jun'45	31	1043	BNP625 & R
1 Jul'45	28	1048	BNP625 & R
1 Aug'45	27	953	BNP625 & R
1 Sept'45	20	960	BNP625 & R
1 Oct'45	26	1137	BNP625 & R
1 Nov'45	20		R

76th Construction Battalion (INACTIVATED)

HISTORY OF THE 76TH BATTALION

THE EARLY DAYS

For the past two years we have done things, seen things and places that we will never forget! more than a thousand of us have been together through good times and bad; no two of us have seen all of the same things, and the combined experiences of all of us would fill a gallery and library. As the years ease the painful, disagreeable things that we went through, the more pleasant things—and those of which we are proud—will become more important and clear. As time passes we will be the "veterans of the last war"—we will be the ones to tell the tall tales of the war, some true, some exaggerated—of military life—of the mighty Pacific ocean and its peoples and customs, its pleasures and dangers—we will be the ones to astound the youngsters with stories of our adventures and we will become increasingly proud of our part in what has happened. As the years roll by, the things you did, your friends, the men with whom you worked, your officers, your chiefs, your tools and equipment, your various camps and modes of living will flash through your mind again and again. Memories! Remember the day you started thinking of joining the military service to do your part in this war, the night you tossed trying to make up your mind, the decision to join the Seabees and the arrangements that were necessary? Then the day you walked into the Recruiting Station with its bustle and confusion. Before you knew it, you had taken the oath and were part of the United States Navy. The physical exams, the fear that you would not pass, the many papers you signed, the promises of the recruiting officer, and the time waiting to be called after you had signed on the dotted line. Then the day arrived when you were informed to report to the recruiting office for a trip to Camp Allen, Norfolk, Virginia. What a thrill! We were to become Seabees, but little did we know what fate had in store for us. None of us cared as our enthusiasm was created by the excitement and glamour of the military service and war. Then the sad farewells to our loved ones.

Remember the day we rolled into Camp Allen, it was Christmas eve '42, and got off the train? There in front of us was a high woven wire fence with Marine guards at the gate; behind it were numerous green-brown two-story buildings and hundreds of men in coveralls, who greeted us with the everlasting cry of, "You'll be sorry," and, "What state you from, Mac?" as we entered—and became a part of Uncle Sam's Seabees. We assembled in the movie hall and in a rousing speech the OinC informed us that we were the 76th United States Naval Construction Battalion and were to take our boot training at the Naval Construction Training Center, Camp Bradford. Remember that first night at Bradford, how we were cached out over a darkened camp at two A.M. to make ourselves comfortable in the cold drizzling mist, with no fire, no dry clothes, no blankets, no knowledge of where to get one, carrying a bundle that seemed to weigh a ton? If you remember, getting that bundle was quite an event in itself, and what we needed was in it if we had just thought. Remember the first night in barracks or tents, with a bunch of strangers, and how you sized them up—made friendships that carried clear through and beyond your hitch in the Navy? Just think back—they were a swell bunch of guys—everyone of them as homesick and ill at ease as you were.

Need we be reminded of the mud and wintry blasts of sunny Virginia, rain, and snow that went into training with us? The long marches, the close order drill, the exercises, hitting the deck in the mud or snow, extended order drill, beach landings, night maneuvers, pre-dawn musters; and all the other forms of training we took. Also our first rifles—with the manual of arms—and the machine guns, and the various types of other guns and explosives being used in this war, the schools that many of us attended to specialize in some special work we would do later; or of those never-ending chow lines, the physical exams, and "shots" with their accompanying sore arms and sickness, the issues of oil and mops, the chemical heads, the clothes and bunk inspections, the hundred and one times that we lined up to sign some sort of paper, the many times we were marched into the hall to hear lectures that might be useful later.

And remember when we broke out of boot training and got our first liberties to Norfolk, Virginia Beach and the surrounding countryside? No two of us did the same thing, but we found that life, in our new Navy Blues, was not all unpleasant. There was still good food to be had, the shows had not closed, the girls still smiled at us at the USO dances, even the weather seemed better after the camp was left behind. The barbed wire was taken from around our camp area and we no longer had to march to and from chow; even while we were in training the camp was being drained and cleared and that half mile to chow seemed shorter; and those tall pine trees were not nearly so thickly grown as first appeared.

Advance training went by and for the first time our full battalion was assembled in dress uniform and with the officers who had been assigned to us we marched in review before the Commander of the camp. The fact that the weather was at its worst did not dampen our pride—we were proud—proud of our outfit, of ourselves, of the hardships we had undergone to be there.

Scuttlebutt? In one form or another it was with us always; at that time we half believed a lot of it—we were going to North Africa, Iceland, New Caledonia, the Burma Road, the most heavily armed outfit to leave Virginia—everyway and everywhere that the imagination of man could carry us. Everything that happened, regardless of how commonplace, was magnified into an event of great importance and significance. Complaining? Do you remember one single thing our outfit ever did that didn't raise a scream of bloody murder from nine-tenths of us? Our clothes didn't fit, the chow was terrible, animals shouldn't have to live in our quarters, the medics really enjoyed seeing us suffer, the only ones who ever got rates were "swinging on the meat," the officers and chiefs were all nitwits, the whole strategy of the war was no good, if we went somewhere we shouldn't have, if we didn't go somewhere we should have—etc.; it was the universal pastime of all of us.

GULFPORT

And then one morning we read that we were to be shipped out. Remember the many issues of clothes and gear, and supplies that we received; and how we finally assembled with full pack and were informed that we were on our way to Gulfport? We packed into busses in dress blues, field pack, duffle and sea bags, hand bags, and steel helmets and shipped out of Norfolk on March 10, 1943, with a Navy band playing "Anchors Aweigh." On the Norfolk and Western rail lines we rolled down through Virginia, the Carolinas, George, Alabama, Mississippi and arrived one glad morning in the soft warm climate of the Gulf coast, and by noon had debarked at Gulfport and had been whisked off to the Advance Base Receiving Barracks, Camp Holliday. The clean new camp, the prospect of our immediate nine-day leave, the friendliness of the people, the green, soft countryside after our months of training in the rigorous, wet climate

From cruise book of 76th Naval Construction Battalion

at Norfolk was a welcome relief, wasn't it? And then most of us did get our leaves; back to the air of freedom, to our families and loved ones, to display our new uniforms, to tell what we had done and what we were about to do. Remember the long lines at the OOD office to log out and how we piled into trucks or anything that would carry us to the station, and practically took over the town while waiting for the train to arrive? And how our bunch, which would have crowded a train itself, piled in on the already overcrowded coaches until there was hardly standing room and everybody was singing or yelling or talking at the top of his voice until you could hardly hear yourself think? And the amount of liquor that came aboard and the way we parade up and down the train, harmless but hilariously happy and noisy. New Orleans was a welcome host to us for a short while and the delightful eating places, the cafes and bars, the shows and cabarets and the French accents and customs of the famous city provided several hours of entertainment that we won't forget. Others traveled toward Atlanta, Louisville, Washington, and New York. This writer was headed for the wide open spaces of Texas.

CALIFORNIA

We returned to Gulfport from our leaves—and plunged into several days of getting ready to shove off again—busy days inspecting and issuing more equipment and gear. It was here that we received those carbines that we were to carry so far and give back so many times—more drill, rifle practice, obstacle courses, shots and lectures; a final pay line, then one afternoon we marched from Camp Holliday into town to our trains and moved into the west. Across the nub of Mississippi, and clear across Louisiana that night into the farm and ranch lands of Texas next day. Remember the many men from Texas who would point out in the direction of home a hundred miles or so away? And the ribbing they got from other sections? All night and the next day we moved across the giant state until late evening found us entering New Mexico—the next day in Arizona with its majestic mountains, deserts and cultivated sections, and another morning found us entering California, the land of promise, and it was the turn of the California men to submit to the ribbing. Remember the giant Yucca trees and the emerald green irrigated sections in the desert; the Sierra mountains that beckoned in the west all day, and how the engines had to "puff and groan" to get the train up over the passes; and how, in the late afternoon we got on the western side of the slopes and the California we read about and saw in the movies lay spread out like a garden below us? We finally reached and passed Los Angeles, ending up at Port Hueneme at two in the morning to debark, find our huts, get our baggage in and get bedded down. It had been a long four-day trip and we had only been out of our coach once.

WE SHOVE OFF FOR THE PACIFIC

Remember the activity and enormous piles of supplies at Hueneme? And how disappointed the men from the west coast were when they were told there wasn't time for them to get their embarkation leaves? A few of us did manage to get a liberty or two in Oxnard or Ventura, or down to Los Angeles or Hollywood. We had hardly settled in our huts before we got orders to pack up and get ready to move again. More issues of clothing and gear, this time of full ordnance and a complete complement of infantry equipment—and this time we knew we were on our way to some point overseas. On April 5 we again boarded the train with full equipment and rolled up the California coast into the night, all blinds drawn and everyone silent, wondering if we would ever be back. We arrived at San Francisco at sunrise and after standing on the docks a long time we got our bags and boarded the USS Kenmore. Crowded? We had thought that we were crowded on the train and in camps but we were yet to learn the ultimate meaning of the word. Remember the San Francisco skyline and the busy ocean-going traffic that came and went, and the giant bridges that spanned the bay—our thoughts as we sailed out under them, and the first sight of the deep blue and the mountains of the coast gradually fading under the horizon? We were on our way on that 8th day of April, 1943. What did we care that we were packed by the hundreds into tight compartments far down in the hold of the ship in a space we used to keep our auto in; or that our bunks were five and six feet high with a space between like a closet shelf in which to sleep. We were going out to see what was going on, and to hell with the conveniences. Remember the pep you felt and how quickly you became adapted to ship life? Remember the alert drills, the never-ending chow lines that circled like snakes all over the ship; the ship's crew with their wild tales; the first silvery flying fish; the endless waves that stretched away to everywhere; the speculation on where we were bound and what we would find there; the games of all kinds going on all over the ship; the blackout, and how really black it was; the streaks of phosphorescent light in the water; our sleek little escort vessel bouncing around all over the ocean ahead of us; the women passengers on board; whom we later found out were civilian workers; the first touch of sunburn; the dirigible that followed us out; the constant zigzag course of the ship; the way we all had to assemble on deck at sunrise and sunset for general quarters?

We were at sea eight days and then one morning off to the west we sighted lights and land. Under the heavy rain clouds that hid their peaks were the moutains of Oahu, in the Hawaiian Islands. The ship came to life, all of us got ready to disembark, giving our gear a last minute inspection and separating it from the litter of other men's gear that had occupied the same space during the voyage. The ship rounded Koko Head and pulled up past the world-famous Diamond Head, Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, Hickam Field and into Pearl Harbor, past the remains of the ships and the wreckage that had started our war, and finally into our dock. One thousand and fifty of us swarmed off that ship into the tropic sunshine of Hawaii, in our dress blues, with field packs, rifles, handbags, at least two sea bags, plus miscellaneous other belongings and equipment—no wonder the people who saw us smiled. We were loaded to overflowing and those clothes were hot, weren't they? We piled our things in the ball park we were herded to and were surprised to find that we could get any soft drink or any magazine and today's news way out here in Hawaii. After considerable milling around we assembled and found that half of us were due to reembark immediately on board ship and go on to Palmyra Island, nine hundred and fifty miles further south. We were to be split up and regrouped many times in the future, but this was the big separation.

THE PALMYRA DETACHMENT

Companies A and D, and part of Headquarters Company were transferred to two small inter-island cargo vessels and shoved off for Palmyra Island, a tiny atoll almost lost in the vastness of the great Pacific. These two small vessels, the Comet, a former Colonial Line boat making the New York to Providence run, and the Midway, a one-time fishing boat which plied between Seattle and Alaska, did not appear to us to be seaworthy, as we clambered up the gangways. The sun was lazily dropping behind the Oahu hills as we of the Palmyra detachment again took to the sea lanes for a new and unknown adventure. The tiny ships were packed with Seabees and many were camped on the weather decks because of insufficient space below. The sea violently tossed us about and we often found ourselves standing in chow line waiting to eat and hoping to hold it. After a few days, planes were sighted which proved to be friendly, and gave us the hope that land was not too far away. Then, late one after-

noon, we made a landfall and all hands scampered to the rails. We were soon to be on land again and what a wonderful feeling that was. Our ships passed through a narrow channel into the quiet lagoon and tied up alongside a crude dock. Our friends, the Marines, were on hand to greet us and give us a royal welcome. As we prepared to disembark, the strains of "Here Comes the Seabees" were thumping in our ears. Yes, the Marine band was at work. Also on hand to greet us, and certainly happy to see us, were the men of the outfit that we were going to relieve. These boys had been on this rock for several months and were more than ready to leave. The reflected sun on the snow-white coral almost blinded us as we made our way to the camp area for a good meal and a spot to sleep.

The months dragged by with the typical Seabee tasks being performed to strengthen another American base from which to fight a ruthless enemy. Men labored and sweated on many projects vital to our war effort in the Pacific. At night they were put to sleep by the tapping of giant land crabs as they tiptoed across the tent decks. Scuttlebutt was always thick and we were leaving many times before the real day arrived almost nine months later. No natives had ever lived on this tropical paradise and so we were fortunate in not having to contend with mosquitoes, snakes, flies, and other forms of insect and animal life that abound where humans have existed for long. We were told that the largest coconut trees in the world grew on Palmyra, also bearing the largest coconuts. Our later travels proved this statement to be true.

Finally the Marines left, and the Army came in, the Seabees stayed and the same old tiresome work continued seven days a week with only the nightly movies and an occasional softball game furnishing the diversion from a grueling routine. The blast of the sirens sounding general quarters, and it sounded frequently, tended to keep us on the alert for any emergency. A strict blackout was enforced and no one could smoke or make any kind of light after sundown.

Fifty men were called away to assist in the construction program on the island of Oahu, sailing on the Comet, a sister ship of the reeling Arrow. A few weeks later, one hundred more of our mates set sail for Oahu on the freighter Kaula, a former English vessel. Then the great day arrived, the day for which we had been living. All but a few would leave to rejoin the remainder of the battalion on the Hawaiian Islands. A one-time inter island passenger ship, the Haleakala, was to carry us away and we could see it far out at sea. The shallow channel at the entrance of the lagoon prevented a ship of this size from coming to the docks constructed by the men of this detachment. We crawled on a barge and a launch and headed out to sea in preparation for fulfillment of a long-cherished dream, to board a ship and sail away. We pulled alongside, the nets were dropped down, and we started climbing, four at a time up the side with pack and rifle. And for the first time in our Navy career, staterooms were available for all but a few, who slept on the weather deck and in the forward hold. Our journey back to civilization became a reality.

It was Christmas Day, 1943, when we sighted the Island of Oahu and pulled into Honolulu harbor. This was civilization again, which had been denied us for almost nine months, and we were going to make the most of it. The trucks were waiting to take us to Barbers Point for a wonderful Christmas Day dinner as guests of the 72nd Seabees. After dinner we journeyed to Nanakuli to meet our old mates and to enjoy plenty of cold beer and coca-cola.

THE OAHU DETACHMENT

Those of us left on Oahu after our first landing, loaded into trucks and took off for camp—out on paved roads around the harbor, past the taro patches, the cane and pineapple fields, the sugar and pineapple mills, the sections of black lava rock, cactus and algaroba and into the mountains with a mongoose dodging our truck or scampering across the road ahead of us now and then. We finally arrived at our camp at Lualualei where was located a large ammunition depot operated by the Navy and guarded by a detachment of Marines. It was our first close association with the Marines and we found there the comradeship, the kinship, that always exists between Marines and Seabees wherever they may be. Remember the long barracks that were still incomplete when we arrived and how rough the campsite was? We changed that before we left there—and how! We stowed our gear on the double deck bunks and prepared to make ourselves at home. We had arrived, ready to go to work, and work we did. Almost before sea bags were unpacked, our supplies arrived to be checked and stored away and the first brush party went out to clear sites for our first warehouse job.

Before we were more than settled at NAD, Company C and part of Headquarters Company were assigned a series of jobs at Wahiawa and moved up there, and before the balance of us were re-arranged from that move. we were first crowded by the influx of a colored ordnance battalion, and then moved to Camp Andrews. There were many conveniences at NAD that we missed after we left—the friendly Marine post, the Marine PX, the fine theater we had built, the large chow hall, the spacious barracks with built-in heads and showers with hot water.

On Oahu we got up at dawn and were at work by seven-thirty. Remember those hungry chow lines in the early morning, at noon and in the evening, and how, whether the food was good or bad, there was always a lot of "bitching" about it? Everybody ate it, though, and most of us put on weight. After chow we loaded onto trucks and busses and went off to work; to a dozen different projects going at once —and for those hours on the job, the battalion had vanished and we were small groups of men doing a job; we often griped at this or that, at the lack of tools or the wrong kind—or at the materials that were sent us to work with, or the way the Skipper had the job planned, or the necessity of doing it at all—or the way the job boss was running it; yet we kept on working till we finished it—and when it was done we found that the tools and the materials did suffice and that the job was planned and done right, and we were proud of it and of the work we had put into it.

When the day's work was done we loaded back onto our busses and made for camp in all haste. Before trucks had stopped we were swarming over the sides and making for the beer line on a dead run—boy, that ice-cold bottle was swell after a day's work. Better still was the late afternoon's association together, swapping yarns, relating experiences of the day and other days, comparing ourselves with other outfits, listening to spicy jokes and whopping lies and telling a few ourselves—relaxing a little before chow. Best of all was the mail from home that was almost as precious as life itself to us. No articles on military life would be complete without a paragraph on mail. Remember the longing and yearning for mail whether you were in the States, Hawaii, Palmyra, or the Marianas; the bitter disappointment you felt when that letter didn't arrive on the day you expected it; or the great thrill on the day it did arrive with maybe another one or two making up for those days missed. News from home, from your wife, parents, children, sweetheart, friends; how it was enjoyed—and read and re-read time and time again.

Remember how we all packed into the movies each night? If the picture didn't appeal to us we put in enough sarcastic remarks and "helped" the acting on the screen until we enjoyed it anyway. Occasionally there was a band, or a troupe of entertainers to put on an extra program. After the show, most of us retired to the tune of "taps" and then lay in our bunks listening to the scuttlebutt of the day or reminisce of days gone by. Now and then we went on night

maneuvers to the delight of hordes of mosquitoes that inhabit most places in the tropics.

The choice profanity which, in some way, became a part of our vocabulary. Pet expressions from the sidewalks of New York to the plains of Texas, from the timbers of the Northwest to the everglades of Florida were introduced and revised and these added to the specialties of the Navy lingo made a jargon that would make a tough "hombre" in civilian life blush.

Liberties? It was a swell place to go on liberty, wasn't it? It rarely rained in Honolulu or the west side of the island. We dressed in our whites and took the bus in, being careful to put paper on the seats. (On the way back we didn't care how dirty it was.) We got off behind the YMCA and proceeded to rake in things from there. Some of us spent the day at Waikiki Beach or Kapiolani Park—or at the Breakers or the aquarium or the zoo. Others spent the day making a tour of the drinking establishment where they limited us to three weak cocktails of poor whiskey, rum or gin (unless they knew you) ; others preferred to spend the day at such famous hostelries as the Camp or the Anchor. There were always ball games, boxing and wrestling and other sporting events to see. But more often as not we spent the day walking the streets with the crowds of other service men, contributing to the hundreds of nickel game machines, the juke boxes and the thousands of carnival devices that made up Fort street—getting our picture snapped with some luscious hula girl, watching the tattoo artist at work, buying photographs and trinkets by the bushel, drinking cokes and eating hamburgers and watching the busy life of this strange city swirl by. If it was Sunday many of us went to one of the many fine churches before beginning our tour; each ride on the trolley was a separate event, taking us in a minute from a busy American downtown to the oceanside or up into the mountains—into sections that looked like a part of China transplanted—or to a beautiful landscaped section, graced by palaces set in a paradise of flowers, trees and shrub—or to the old Hawaiian Royal Palace Grounds, with its disfigurement of barbed wire, slit trenches and bomb shelters—or to one of the art galleries or museums—or to the residential section with its odd assortment of oriental faces and customs mixed in with American construction, on a terrain with as many vertical as horizontal levels—or along the industrial and shipping section that reminded us that America was still on its toes and moving. Everywhere we looked, or went, the streets were covered by the white and khaki uniforms of sailors, soldiers, marines, seabees, coast guardsmen; now and then the knee length uniform of a British, Norwegian, Dutch or Australian serviceman caught our eye. The air overhead always contained planes and each time we looked out to sea there were ships coming and going; the streets were always jammed with military trucks and busses; of the civilians we saw, the majority had the almond eyes of the Oriental or Polynesian and we found that they were shrewd business people who knew the latest wrinkles in modern merchandising. Of the Americans, almost all of them were civilian workers at the Navy Yard or at one of the other war plants on the island.

Sometimes we didn't go to Honolulu, but to other places on the island or nearby islands. Most of us took the scenic drive over the Pali or the Kolekole pass, now and then we took a tour around the island and went successively from rocky desert to mountain, to ocean and from wilderness to cane and pineapple fields then to coconut and banana plantations. We passed Army, Navy, or Marine camps almost side by-side. Or maybe we made a hike up into one of the water reserves on the island and went in a few miles from the busy traffic and military life to the fastness of nature, and from the everpresent sunshine on the coast to the numerous showers, in the mountains. A few of us were fortunate enough to be allowed to go on one of the patrol planes to Hawaii or one of the other islands in the chain with the magnificent scenery of the vast ocean below, dotted by the islands and by the ships coming and going, each with a silvery wake fading out behind. Often we spent our liberty at the beach, fishing, hunting shells, swimming, or just lying around in the sand. On others we visited in Wahiawa, Waipahu, Kaneohe, or the huge army base at Schofield or one of the other big bases on the islands. On others we spent the day tinkering with our current hobby—and some of the bracelets, watch-bands, necklaces, knives, lamps, bookends, foot-lockers, etc., would rank prizes in any art gallery.

There were compensations at Camp Andrews. It was built as a recreation center for Naval personnel. The everchanging crowd of swabs from a rest of their ships kept us informed of the things that were happening "out there" that we never read in the papers. Nanakuli beach was just across the road and many took a swim before supper each evening. The camp was on the main road and it was easy to thumb a ride to Honolulu or elsewhere if we missed the bus; the village just back of the camp and the stores close by always welcomed us; by being next to the main road we could watch the preparations for offensives in the making; and on that main road we could watch tomorrow's heroes of war being taught to do their stuff on the beaches and in the jungle. The quiet seclusion of four of us to a hut was a welcome change from the crowded barracks. And what we couldn't talk the camp out of we built ourselves. The swabs who lived in the camp after we left were fortunate because of our stay at Camp Andrews.

TOGETHER AGAIN—ON OAHU

Remember Christmas Day, 1943? We played host to the children of the neighborhood and had an all-day entertainment at Kalanianaole park. In the afternoon we found that for the first time since we landed on Oahu, our whole battalion was back together again—those of us from Palmyra had returned. The program was swell that day, wasn't it? A troupe of native girls put on an excellent version of the Hawaiian Hula, there were some good singers, we had a big Christmas tree with "snow" and a Santa Claus and the crowd was well supplied with free drinks and presents.

Our work went on into 1944 and part of the new arrivals were assigned to Wahiawa, part to NAD, and an increasing number to new jobs at Barber's Point and Iroquois Point. On April 8, 1944, we got orders to secure all work and move to Iroquois Point for military training—out of the various groups we had established, into quonset huts, into the dust and rush of a port getting ready for another push. At the time we thought the early morning muster and physical training program was hell and all the drilling and extended order maneuvers were going to kill us, but it didn't, did it? Most of us felt better than we ever did in our lives. We knew we were going someplace other than home, and the scuttlebutt ranged over every island in the Pacific, but the word "Marianas" began to be heard more and more.

We thought we had seen busy action before, but the activity here bordered on frenzy. Battalions from everywhere coming in for outfitting and military training—mountains of materiel and equipment being assembled and tagged, inspection after inspection—big machinery working day and night moving materials off and on ships, in and out of the warehouses and yards—men by the thousands at drill, at work, in the chow lines, the showers, the ship's service stores, the movies, the heads—everywhere that you had anything to do—and everyone in a rush.

THE MARIANAS OPERATION

On June 16, 1944, we boarded the U.S.A.T. Hawaiian Shipper and pulled out of Pearl Harbor. It was a different spirit now than at San Francisco. We knew we were bound

for a hot spot and that we were in for some rugged living for the next several months. Most of us were already homesick and the novelty of going somewhere had long since worn off. We were much more crowded than ever before and the announcements over the loudspeaker made it clear that we were going into a war zone. Again we stood at the rail and watched the mountains sink under the horizon into the night, and this time civilization was really being left behind. Blackout regulations were strictly enforced; we learned anew the peculiarities of the salt water baths and the cold rush of water in the heads as we sat there in deep thought. The decks were blistering hot in the day and the steel sheeting of the ship's sides did not entirely cool all night. Shade during the day was at a high premium and the heads were crowded at night with smokers. We were not expecting a pleasant trip and we certainly did not get it. But there were a few compensations. Many of us did more reading than we had ever done before; there were games of every description going on all over the ship; free cigarettes and candy were issued frequently, church services drew huge attendance; various programs of entertainment were devised; the ever-shifting pattern of the convoy and count of the ships in it was always interesting; the night skies became more brilliant, especially to those of us who elected to sleep on deck.

We sailed west and south. On the 22nd day of June we crossed the International Date Line and on the 24th (which was the next day) we had our first glimpse of the Marshall Islands. The first ones we saw were still Jap-occupied, then we passed within throwing distance of Majuro with its dense growth of coconut and pandanus trees. We swung back northwest and passed Kwajelein the next morning. On the early morning of the 26th we pulled into the lagoon of Eniwetok, and saw for the first time just what a U. S. Navy task force means—remember the mighty armada of ships? And we also saw for the first time what happens to an island when that task force hits it—not a tree left standing and the very ground literally shot to pieces; and we saw what happens to an island when the Seabees go to work and the Air Force moves in. Well, the sight got old, didn't it? We lay in that harbor for exactly thirty days—a very few of us got on shore for a few minutes, the rest of us stayed on the ship, but all of us ate, lived, sweated and cursed that ship. With practically no wind the decks became unmercifully hot in the day. Our chow was far from the best, but we made the best of a bad situation. A movie screen was rigged up fore and aft; rafts and guards were posted and we got in a lot of swimming; salt water showers were rigged up on deck and ran all day long.

On the 25th of July we pulled out of Eniwetok and again sailed toward the setting sun. Except for real general quarters it was a continuation of the former tour, and on the 2nd day of August in the dark hours before the dawn we could see the flares and gunfire on Guam. As day broke we went through the channel between the flat tableland of northern Guam on the left and the peaks of Jap-occupied Rota on the right and down along the west coast of the island past Orote peninsula. For four days we lay in to shore by day and went out to sea at night. Remember the battlewagons and cruisers laying off shore pounding the enemy batteries with 14- and 16-inch shells and the big plumes of smoke that marked where they were landing and the dive bombers sweeping in out of the sky, laying their eggs where they would do our forces the most good, then coming in close to the ground for strafing, all just like you had seen it in the movies—except that this was the real thing. Those bombs were filled with high explosives and were making dead Japs out of live ones. On the fifth day our ship pulled in close to Dadi beach and the first of us went ashore. We were so glad to get off that ship that we would have willingly walked straight into the jaws of hell.

We piled off into the water at Dadi beach in a torrent of rain, amid huge piles of wreckage and supplies; mud and sand, dunnage, parts of uniforms or gear, barbed wire, boxes, live ammunition, wrecked landing gear—these lay everywhere except where the bulldozers had hastily pushed them aside into grotesque heaps to make room for incoming loads of rations, gasoline, ammunition, rolling equipment—which were also piled around in big heaps. Those poor amtracks really had the last vestige of life worked out of them carrying all that cargo in from the barges, didn't they? First they had been used as armored landing craft, and the quick conquest of the island was a tribute to their power and efficiency. Now, their job done (they were stripped of their turrets and guns and were being used like draft horses to bring in supplies from the barges and ships beyond the fringing reefs. As soon as they scrambled up on the beach, cranes and men were there waiting to unload their cargo into trucks or into piles, and back they would go for another load day and night until the ships were unloaded.

Remember what you did when you first stepped ashore? You probably looked to see where the Japs were and where the fighting was—and found only the remains of both, for the battle zone had moved on northward. The road to our camp site was in that direction and along it was a scene of complete destruction. At the top of the first hill we came by two Jap tanks shot all to pieces, with the body of one of its occupants visible in the turret; pillboxes, gun mountings, rolling equipment, supplies and equipment looked as if a cyclone had lived there. Along the roadbeds they had been pushed aside by the bulldozers, and wrecked material, dirt and rocks, grass, bushes, and trees were piled into conglomerate windrows on each side of us. We went past low bluffs and saw the first of the thousands of caves we were to see later, their opening scorched by flame-throwers, with the almost overpowering odor of recently dead flesh exuding. The many homes and buildings had been almost completely wrecked or burned; what was left of them was scarred with bullets and shrapnel marks. Huge craters dotted the ground everywhere, and were already beginning to fill up with rain and debris. Most of the trees had their tops shot off and all of them had great hunks gouged out of the trunks and limbs. Everyone was armed to the teeth and there was an unmistakable air of grimness and tension everywhere.

We turned off the road, drove up to a pile of provisions —this was our camp—right in the middle of an irrigated rice field, and even on the first trip our truck sank to the hub in the soft ground. Truck drivers, cooks, storekeepers, surveyors, engineers, and a security guard set up pup tents and tried to get out of the rain. Has there ever been such a night? The guards had been given orders to shoot everything that moved—and they did; if it was necessary to go to the head (a small square of ground marked off for that purpose) you had to yell out to the guard that you were coming and to let you through—and in our nervous condition most of us were coming or going most of the night. The rain fell in torrents and the little pup tents were about as much nuisance as help; the mosquitos and insects came to visit us—in droves; and in the hills around us the blast of machine guns, shell and grenades punctuated every few minutes of the night. Every one of us welcomed the coming of day, although it meant work as we had never worked before.

Our supplies began coming in the next day. Up to their hubs in mud, the trucks rolled into camp, and in the drenching rain we unloaded them. There were no ranks or rates now —everyone of us pitched in and started to sort and stack the stuff so we could get at it; with scarcely time out for eating or sleeping we worked till our gear was all off the ships and on the ground ready for use. Remember the quagmire of mud that accumulated around the stockpile? It was monsoon season and the books say that about 90 inches of rain fall from

July to December, but doesn't it seem not like that much fell each week during those months—and when it wasn't raining the air was so hot and moist that you almost melted down. Were you one of the victims of dengue fever or dysentery? At the sick bay they were having a busy time with that, and with the cuts and bruises and infections that wouldn't seem to want to heal. To add to our other hardships and annoyances, the mosquitos and insects really made a big thing out of our arrival.

In spite of the difficulties we got our camp in shape and our work going in record time. The surveyors laid out the campsite, and truck, bulldozers, graders, shovels, and cranes worked day and night cutting off the mud and replacing it with coral rock. The carpenters replaced our pup tents with 16 by 16 pyramidal tents with plywood floors and the plumbers whipped in the best water system on the island. Our K rations and tub coffee in the open soon gave way to good meals in an improvised messhall—man, that first breakfast of hot cakes and coffee was delicious. Our camp changed from raw land to a permanent layout in six weeks; and during that time our work was progressing in high gear. Our survey parties made plans for many of the big permanent installations that were to follow, on the waterfront, out in the jungle, or in what were isolated areas. The sanitation crews installed heads, buried the dead, cleaned up the camp, and got the insects under control in a short time after our arrival. The dynamite crews first blasted shut all the Jap caves in the vicinity, then proceeded to blast out rock for the giant causeway, for the roads, and other installations that would require rock. The transportation crews worked in three eight-hour shifts, first to bring in our gear, then our supplies and working equipment; then set out in a dead heat to haul rock and sand and lumber and steel for our jobs, picking up and moving the tremendous stocks of materials, scraping our clearings from raw jungle. A site was no sooner cleared than the concrete crews, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, and metal workers were on the ground to put in the installations that rose so quickly and thickly all over the island. Almost before our own ship was unloaded the pontoon crews were out in the harbor assembling the giant pontoon causeways that were to serve for ship unloading until permanent structures were built to replace them. The repair crews, the smiths, had their shops running as quickly as they could set up their equipment—and if it wasn't available at the moment, it was not uncommon to beg, borrow, steal, or improvise some substitute. As quickly as equipment was available we started our biggest job, the building of the Apra Harbor Breakwater—two million cubic yards of coral rock to be blasted off Cabras Island and dumped on the projecting reef to form a barrier against the surging ocean.

As this went on, we lived as best we could. At first we ate K rations as we sat on the edge of a shell hole; there were no movies and poor lights, so there was little activity at night; our mail reached us in spasmodic gushes. We drank water from lister bags; we made excursions into the surrounding jungle and explored in caves until we were taught by hard experience how dangerous it was; we slept with our guns and knives within arm's reach, and wondered many times if we were going to have to use them, as the guards opened up on suspected Japs in and around camp. Remember that young battle that went on back up the river valley that afternoon when we cornered a whole bunch of them? We learned the hard way, too, about making souvenirs of the Jap ammunition and shells we found around—and about moving around at night along the guard posts. Time after time we were aroused by the air raid sirens; and we experienced several earthquakes. We collected souvenirs by the tent full, then bartered or gave or threw them, as well as a lot of our own unneeded gear, away.

We became acquainted with the native people even before we left the ship—remember the boys who came aboard while we were standing off in the harbor and what a commotion of curiosity they aroused? These kindly people who had lost and suffered so much invariably had a cheery greeting for us. Remember the almost continuous procession of them as they plodded along from Agat back to the northern part of the island, driving those ridiculous looking carabao and cart affairs, or trudging along with their possessions in bundles on their backs; and the way every man, woman, and child would solemnly salute you until they learned that the Americans didn't require that from them—and later how they would wave and smile at you on the tours to Asan, Agana, Inarajan, Talofofo, Merizo, and Umatac? And the quaint costumes the women wore as they came to our church services—and the flock of children who came through our camp on their way to and from the school at Piti—and the hundreds of them who came to our open house party on Christmas Day? And will you ever forget the little towns? Those not struck by war were picturesque little groups of white buildings clustered along the road next to the sea, with the coconut and banana plantations waving over and around them and the sharp outlines of the mountains in the backgrounds. At Agana, can you recall a single undamaged building? The power plant and the business section was a mass of rubble with scarcely a wall standing—and the buildings in the heart of the town had a large portion of roofs, floors, or walls shot away, with great gaping holes in the remainder. At Agana, bulldozers, shovels and cranes were scraping and carrying away much of the wreckage of the old town to make way for a new and better town to arise. The smaller towns of Sumay, Piti, Agat, and Asan were even more completely wiped out. Do you remember the hundreds of people living in the cemetery at Asan, the frightful destruction that was evident on the beach before it and those perpendicular cliffs just behind, studed with caves with the snouts of the Jap artillery protruding?

From week to week our living conditions improved. After ninety days we started getting Sunday afternoon off and our food improved as we got some fresh meat and vegetables. Our movie was set up as a large hall with coconut seats and with the sky as a roof. Mail call became a daily occurrence; our power plants and electric wiring for the entire camp was installed and we could get rid of those kerosene lamps and the other innovations we had made to get light. Our ship's store started functioning and we had cold coca cola and beer, and later, a growing list of all sorts of personal articles; barber, tailor, and cobbler shops were set up with good equipment and experienced operators; and our laundry was built and a group of native women employed to assist in its operation. Additional showers were built; the library was opened and a wide variety of reading matter made available. Church services were first held in the chow hall, then a quonset hut chapel was erected on one of the camp's most attractive sites and both Catholic and Protestant services were held there regularly. Facilities were also made available for Jewish and Mormon services in other parts of the island, as well as for the attendance at Masonic and other fraternal organizations. Softball was organized both within the battalion and for participation in the island league—and have you ever seen any better softball played anyhere? A hobby shop was set up and stocked with tools, power machinery and a veritable treasure store of souvenirs were made there—in every kind of wood, metal, and shell. Pool and tennis tables were provided; boats and fishing equipment could be had by deep-sea fishing parties and many hundred pounds of tuna, barracuda, wahoo, turtle, and other denizens of the deep were brought into camp and the cooks persuaded to prepare them. Shell hunting in the shallow water and along the newly dredged fills was engaged in by hundreds of us—remem-

ber how popular the "gold ringer" shell became? As the island became safer, parties ventured farther and farther into the hinterland, and to the many points of interest on the island. All roads were now better and restrictions on travel in certain areas lifted. Wasn't it a grand view on the east side of the island when you looked almost straight down into that bay where the superstructure of that sunken Jap freighter showed just out of the water? You looked over it and saw the miles and miles of green tops of coconut trees clustered along the beaches and in the low places. And that long coast line view of the northern part of the island as seen from above Agana; the tiny little islets ringing the southern tip clear around to Merizo; the almost vertical view of Umatac and the little bay there as you came up from the south.

We have seen—and taken part in—amazing changes here from one week to the next for the past seven months. The narrow cascajo roads have been replaced by wide, modern asphalt highways; complete harbor facilities have been built; supply depots and warehouses have sprung up everywhere; numerous large airfields have been carved out of the jungle; modern hospitals have been erected; many complete, permanent camps have been set up at numerous points and many more are under way. The whole island was so quickly organized and utilized that it has already been put to use as a staging base for great offensives. Soldiers in the Philippines and the Marines on Iwo Jima made use of installations that we had provided. When the last aggressive Jap has gasped his last breath on the island of Honshu, a big part of the action that drove him back there, by land, by air, by sea, will have originated from the base that we, other Seabees and related services, have made of this island.

The lazy, end-of-the-world position of Guam is gone forever. If ever a mass of land was completely made over to suit military needs and ideas, this island must be it. When the war is long over and our great-grandchildren on our knee ask about Guam, we will mention it in the same breath as with Gibraltar, Pearl Harbor, Malta, Singapore, Hongkong, and the other mighty bastions of the world. We are a part of the gang that built it; and while we were building and defending it, we were part of the world's mightiest Navy.

CONCLUSION

Just think back, we did an enormous amount of work, on Oahu, on Palmyra, on Guam. We built warehouses, hospitals, ammunition depots, storage tanks, signal and radio towers, frame and concrete buildings by the hundreds, railroads, sewer lines, docks, power plants, electric and telephone systems, radio stations, water lines, jetties and causeways, we leveled off mountains, filled in canyons and marshes, and hacked out the jungles; we paved roads, built bridges, took broken and damaged equipment and made it work for us; we helped repair and maintain the railroad system on Oahu and assisted in the repair and maintenance of submarines and their basis; we built our own "navy" of damaged and captured Jap vessels, and rebuilt a complete ice plant; we installed guard fences and alarm systems; we built complete laundries and operated them; we built our own movie house wherever we went, or remade the ones we found upon arrival.

But as this is being written we are not thinking back, we are looking forward from day to day to a much-needed return to the States and home. It is not possible to say where the story of our adventure will end—we may be back out here, or the coast of China, Formosa, the Ryukyus or Japan, or we may go the other way and wind up in Europe, or southeast Asia, who knows? Or it may be, as most of us hope, that it will not be necessary for us to return back out of the States, and that we can be mustered out of service and return home to civilian life that we missed so badly. In the future, by accident or design, we will meet many times, perchance we will hold rallies at those veterans' conventions that are bound to occur. At those meetings we will relive the pleasures and hardships of the past, the events growing in magnitude at each telling. We've earned the right, haven't we, matey? Until that time, GOOD LUCK, GOD BLESS YOU!

THE END

BUREAU OF NAVAL PERSONNEL
NAVY DEPARTMENT

3 58

SEVENTY-SIXTH U. S. NAVAL CONST. BATTALION
c/o FLEET POST OFFICE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

1945 JUN 7 AM 10 25

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30 May 1945.

Serial 0485-45

CONFIDENTIAL
DECLASSIFIED

From: Officer-in-Charge, 76th Naval Const. Battalion.
To: The Chief of Naval Personnel.

Subject: Itinerary of the 76th Naval Construction Battalion.

Reference: (a) BuPers ltr. Pers-21220-CEC/mvs, dated 28 April 1945.

Enclosure: (A) Certified copy of subject itinerary based on Battalion records.

1. The Enclosure forwarded with reference (a) has been corrected from the information available in battalion records, and a certified copy of the correct itinerary is forwarded herewith as Enclosure (A).

5 Encls

F. L. ENDEBROCK

To Facilitate Administrative Handling Classification changed from CONFIDENTIAL to RESTRICTED
By: Irvin S. [illegible]
Comdr. [illegible]

ENCLOSURE (A).

DECLASSIFIED

ITINERARY OF THE 76TH NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

22 Jan 1943	Formed at NCTC, Norfolk, Va.
10 Mar 1943	Departed NCTC, Norfolk, Va.
12 Mar 1943	Arrived ABD, Gulfport, Miss.
29 Mar 1943	Departed ABD, Gulfport, Miss.
1 Apr 1943	Arrived ABD, Port Hueneme, Calif.
5 Apr 1943	Departed ABD, Port Hueneme, Calif.
6 Apr 1943	Arrived Navy pier, San Francisco, Calif., and embarked aboard transport.
8 Apr 1943	Departed San Francisco, for overseas.
16 Apr 1943	Arrived Pearl Harbor. Half of battalion assigned duty at Lualualei and the other half departed 16 Apr 1943 for Palmyra Island.
25 Dec 1943	Three (3) officers and 239 men returned to Oahu from Palmyra.
15 and 25 Jan 1943 -	Balance of unit at Palmyra returned to Oahu.
18 Jun 1944	Departed Pearl Harbor. (During stay at Pearl also operated at Lualualei, West Loch, Wahiawa, Waianae, Iroquois Point and Barbers Point on the Island of Oahu).
4 Aug 1944	Arrived Guam.
5 Aug 1944	Officer in Charge, Executive Officer, and camp construction detachment debarked at Guam.
6 Aug 1944	Additional units, including Motor Pool drivers and Pontoon Assembly crews, debarked.
14 Aug 1944	Balance of battalion debarked on Guam.
30 May 1945	Still located at Guam.

Certified to be a correct itinerary:

Combs. J. L. Endebrock

To Facilitate Administrative Handling
Classification changed to
From: CONFIDENTIAL
RESTRICTED
To: Irvin S. Bannerson
Signature

SEVENTY SIXTH CONSTRUCTION BATTALION
UNITED STATES NAVY