

Naval Construction Maintenance Unit 540

Historical Information



*“Construimus, Batuimus”
“We Build, We Fight”*



CBMU #540

- 9 Sept 43 - TWA 061735 Wa Seabees to NCTG Davisville - Form two CBMUS out of 55th CB (550 and 540 one co. and 1 hdqtr co. each).
- 25 Sept 43 - BuDocks to BuPers Sept 10, 1943 orders to OinC.
- 29 Sept 43 - VCNO dis 291307 to AsD Davisville en route Bermuda.
- 2 Oct 43 - To AsD Davisville.
- 18 Dec 43 - CGO combining of CBMU 540 and 551 into single unit CBMU 540. Effective date 1 Jan 44.
- 8 Jan 44 - BuPers dis to OinC 49th CB. Trans. 40 men to CBMU 540 from 49th C.B.
- 15 Feb 44 - CNO ltr CD 2270 (240 men) ready at Peary to augment 540.

CBMU 540

NCTG - Davisville
 ABD - Davisville
 Ready Date - 15 Oct'43
 Left ABD - 14 Oct'43
 Location - Bermuda

LOG

- 10-19-43 - CBMU 540 left ABD Davisville 14 Oct'43. (RHD)
- 1-11-44 - CBMUs 540 and 551 are now combined as of 18 Dec'43 - called CBMU 540. (RHD)
- 5-31-44 - 1 May'44 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.
- 6-22-44 - 1 Jun'44 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.
- 7-19-44 - 1 Jul'44 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.
- 8-21-44 - 1 Aug'44 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.
- 9-15-44 - 1 Sep'44 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.
- 10-17-44 - 1 Oct'44 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.
- 11-21-44 - 1 Nov'44 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.
- 1-27-45 - 1 Jan'45 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.
- 2-22-45 - 1 Feb'45 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.
- 5-15-45 - 1 May'45 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda. Approx. 200 men were transferred to Camp Parks & Camp Endicott during Apr'45.
- 5-17-45 - 1 Jun'45 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.
- 7-23-45 - 1 Jul'45 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda. 35 men were received as replacements during Jun'45.
- 8-29-45 - 1 Aug'45 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda.

Location - Bermuda

CBMU 540

- 8-18-45 - 1 Sept'45 report of CBMU 540. Operating at Bermuda. 139 reinforcements rec'd on 13 Aug'45. 42 men returned for discharge to the U.S.
- 10-25-45 - 1 Oct'45 report of CBMU 540 - operating at Bermuda. 31 replacements rec'd on 31 Sept'45. 116 men transferred to U.S. for discharge under the point system.
- 11-20-45 - 1 Nov'45 report of CBMU 540 - location not stated. 137 men transferred for discharge.
- 1-29-46 - 1 Jan'46 report of CBMU 540 - location not stated. 21 men returned to U.S. for discharge.
- 7-17-46 - 1 May report of CBMU 540 - Operating at Bermuda. Received one replacement during month. 19 men from the unit were sent to the states for discharge.

| Date | Organization | Location | Reference | Notes |
|---------|--------------|----------|-----------|--------------------|
| 6/13/44 | - | Bermuda | - | Left U.S. Oct 1944 |

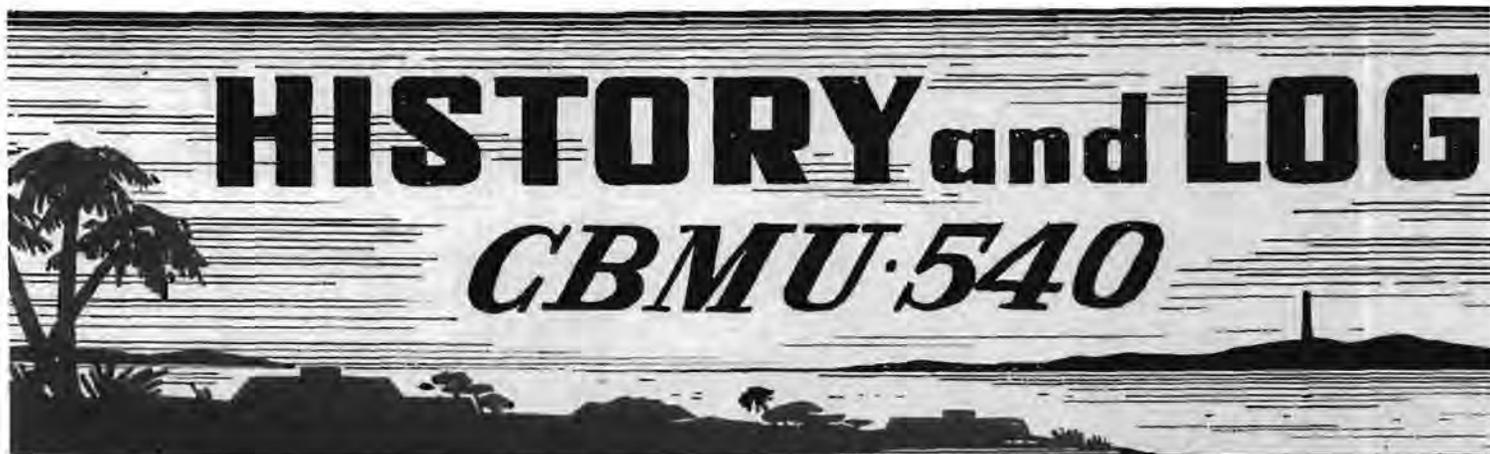
On Board (Postwar CBD 1518)

| <u>Date</u> | <u>Officers</u> | <u>Men</u> | <u>Authority</u> |
|-------------|-----------------|------------|------------------|
| 1 Nov. 46 | 0 | 23 | BNP 625 |
| 1 Dec. 46 | 0 | 29 | BNP 625 |
| 1 Jan. 47 | 1 | 28 | BNP 625 & R |
| 1 Feb. 47 | 0 | 27 | BNP 625 & R |
| 1 Mar. 47 | 0 | 27 | BNP 625 & R |

ON BOARD (Postwar CBD 1518)

| <u>DATE</u> | <u>OFFICERS</u> | <u>MEN</u> | <u>AUTHORITY</u> |
|-------------|-----------------|------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Jul'44 | 8 | 770 | MoR |
| 1 Aug'44 | 8 | 770 | MoR |
| 1 Sep'44 | 8 | 769 | MoR |
| 1 Oct'44 | 8 | 768 | MoR |
| 1 Nov'44 | 8 | 764 | MoR |
| 1 Dec'44 | | 760 | BNP625 |
| 1 Jan'45 | | 744 | MoR |
| 1 Feb'45 | 8 | 740 | MoR |
| 1 Apr'45 | 9 | 724 | BNP625 & R |
| 1 May'45 | 10 | 527 | BNP625 & R |
| 1 Jun'45 | 9 | 483 | BNP625 & R |
| 1 Jul'45 | 6 | 498 | BNP625 & R |
| 1 Aug'45 | 8 | 439 | BNP625 & R |
| 1 Sept'45 | | 476 | BNP625 |
| 1 Oct'45 | | 373 | BNP625 |
| 1 Nov'45 | 6 | 237 | BNP625 & R |
| 1 Dec'45 | 4 | 179 | BNP625 & R |
| 1 Jan'46 | 4 | 180 | R |
| 1 Feb 46 | 5 | 205 | BNP 625 & R |
| 1 Mar 46 | 4 | 156 | BNP 625 & R |
| 1 Sep 46 | 1 | 31 | BNP 625, R. & TWX 031422 |
| 1 Oct 46 | 0 | 29 | BNP 625, dtd. 3 Sep 46 |

(over)



To render a historical background of Construction Battalion Maintenance Unit Number 540 and, more important, to help you fellows to relive many of the pleasant and unpleasant moments of your tour of duty with the unit, this log is inscribed upon these pages.

Many men of the original CBMU 540 were seasoned world travelers from the old 65th Naval Construction Battalion. These men of the 65th who made the famous "Fourteen Day Cruise" returned to Davisville from duty in West and North Africa in July of 1943 and were granted a thirty day leave. Upon return from leave, we were thrown into the 65th Replacement Battalion. It was this same replacement battalion from which the nucleus of the original 540 unit was formed on 25 September 1943. We were then billeted in the famous "I" section of Camp Endicott, and within the week moved over to Camp Thomas.

Our officers came on board two days later through a queer mixup in orders. Lieut. Ralph B. Bernson was assigned Officer in Charge, with Lieut. (jg) Robert W. Smith, Ensign Willie C. Shelton, Carp. Girard J. Myers, and Carp. William J. Harte filling out the complement of officers.

At Camp Thomas, many of the men were granted nine day embarkation leaves while others remained behind and underwent a rugged advanced military training schedule. Complete infantry gear and rifles were given to each man for the trip to whatever "Island X" was in store for us. As usual in a new unit, scuttlebutt was running rampant regarding the many places that our destination might be. Of course, there were many who knew a fellow who saw the orders, so they knew all the time we were coming to Bermuda, and it would be a problem now to find one man who had not mentioned many countries ranging from Egypt to Bermuda. The fact of the matter is, train schedules were even made up for the unit to go to California, so no one really knew where we would end up as we boarded our ship on 14 October 1943.

Chances to prove our seaworthiness came all too soon, as the rolling ocean had a lot of the boys' "innards" turned upside down and many a man could be seen doing rail duty, chumming the fish. Other than the unpleasantness of being seasick, the trip was uneventful until we sighted the Bermuda Islands. A tropical hurricane was sweeping the island as we neared St. George, and we were forced to wait twenty-four hours to ride out the wind and rain that

accompanied the strong blow. If the trip down didn't make a person sick, each swell of the waves and toss of the ship caused a mounting rise in seasickness casualties.

Finally after this seige with old man weather, we caught our first view of Bermuda as we steamed up the channel off St. Georges. In the distance, we could see the famous old barge that had been used by the contractors on the base. The color, the cloud effects, the blue sea, and the green cedar trees from the distance told us that this was the "Paradise Isle." Even the worst cases of seasickness came to life as we saw the cool, calm waters which paralleled the narrow channel leading into Great Sound and up to the base Tender Pier. The sight of airplanes taking off the water at the clipper base in one of the many inlets on the way to Hamilton will always remain strong in our memories.

It was nearly midday when the first Seabee set foot on shore, and there was a lot of commotion over our arrival, for men of the 31st Naval Construction Battalion (Second Division) were leaving that same day. Immediately, we prepared to make the long walk in the torrid sun to our new quarters, so vaguely described by one self-appointed sailor as being "just over the causeway near the flag pole." While we were acquainting ourselves with our new quarters, the men of the 31st Battalion generously unloaded our seabags, and later in the day we reciprocated by loading their gear into the returning ship. Our first impression of the barracks was enough to make some of us almost willing to return aboard ship. However, we knew that to make this statement was nothing more than sheer madness. In the barracks while trying to get squared away, we were constantly bothered by the old-timers of the 49th NCB, who tried to tell us for the thousandth time: "You'll be sorry!" Most of us had heard and given the same cry a year previously to the boots at Camp Bradford.

Two double deck temporary frame barracks, buildings No. 109 and No. 110, were assigned as unit quarters. Comfortable double deck bunks were assigned to the men, with the chiefs occupying rooms at the end of each wing of the barracks. Headquarters office for the unit was established in the small building across the street from Fire Department No. 2. This office proved to be very convenient for the men, and they soon were seeking their way up the hill to get personnel matters straightened out.

Our first meal in the large, barn-like mess hall was typically Navy as we stood in the long lines trying to get fed. Later as time went on, we became accustomed to all this perpetual waiting and had only a few remarks to pass out about delays in getting served.

On hand for over a month to help us get acquainted was the old 49th Battalion. We worked hand in hand with them, learning the tricks of the various jobs under progress. Friendly kidding soon arose over one job in particular, one which the 31st and 49th Battalions claimed to have done, and which we know also took some of our skilled men and brawn to complete the project; namely, the N.A.S. Supply Warehouse Building. The commanding officer of the 49th NCB was the senior officer in charge of all Seabees on the base, and under his direction we were assuming our places in the various work projects then in progress. Gradually the men were assigned to jobs fitted to their old civilian trades, as experience cards had been filled out and checked over thoroughly to see that each man was assigned to his particular type of work.

Within a short time we heard scuttlebutt that another maintenance unit was on its way to give us assistance and to relieve the 49th Battalion of its duties on this base. For once scuttlebutt proved to be a fact, as Construction Battalion Maintenance Unit Number 551 arrived shortly thereafter.

C.B.M.U. No. 551

Short-lived! This was our impression of CBMU 551. The yeomen were faced with the probability of insufficient time to complete the papers making the title official. The name, CBMU 551, may have been ours for less than two months, but it was instilled to a degree deep enough to make us feel our identity was something belonging to us, alone. A short shoot-the-breeze session with the 551st men will leave little or no doubt as to what contingent introduced them to the Bermuda Isles.

The recorded narrative of our early days will not possess the vivid color and feeling of adventure to our readers as does the history of the original nucleus of CBMU 540. However, the statement is not an exaggeration that, to us, our early beginnings harbor a color just as vivid and a spirit of venturing into the unknown quite comparable to that of our seasoned shipmates. For just a few months prior, the bulk of us were experiencing a young revolution—the reconversion period from the now dreamed of civilian status to a Seabee. The Navy altered us physically and spiritually with Navy thoughts, Navy lingo, Navy dress and, yes, even to a degree, the Navy gait. It took only the first few minutes and a bit of small talk in the indoctrination center at Camp Peary, Virginia, under the direction of Lt. (jg) Geo. Scruggs to realize we made a good cross-section of the nation. There were representatives from the South, New England, Middle West, North East, South West, and South East. This cross-section wasn't limited to geographical terms, but we were also marked by a great variety of vocations, including "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker." The day of days was spent in the indoctrination center, and the time spent here left a question as to whether we would emerge as human beings or something out of this world. It was here we began to know the Navy and the Navy us, as it soon proved to have a marvelous

sense of inquisitiveness. The most questioning small town gossip could not have gathered such a complete set of personal facts about a person in such a short time. We divulged every psychological secret a man could possess. Physically, our examination was complete with probings, thumpings, and piercings. Not being satisfied with our human interest stories, they did an excellent job of depriving us of our crowning glory. A man might be as "shiny as a billiard ball," but that made little or no impression. They would shear him just the same.

A special effort was made in fitting clothing. A well-trained staff was on hand to help with the fitting. The day was sweltering, but every piece of clothing must be fitted, or at least put on. Fitters decided each garment was a perfect fit if you could keep the pants up with one hand or the other by continually grasping the top, and providing there was enough room left in the jumper to enable some semblance of the process of breathing.

By this time the saturation point had been reached, or so we thought. Staggering under the weight of a mattress cover filled with newly acquired clothing and a mattress, we were hauled to our boot camp area, D-12. Here we were soon to understand Navy life begins after the indoctrination center. The word symbolizing boot camp is "routine." The daily schedule of routine began at 0515, and every minute of the day was planned until 1700, and much to the sorrow of a select few making the awkward squads, it finally drew to a close at the most pleasant hour of the day—namely, sack-duty time.

Forward March! To the rear, march! To the right flank, march! To the left flank, march! These were commands ringing in our ears a hundred times a day. A smart manual of arms was drilled into us until it possessed every brain cell. Our pieces were the famed "Victory" rifle. We soon learned that they had a mean weight even if they weren't too effective, except as a paddle club. Four weeks of this gruelling routine were spent under the Virginia sun rays.

News giving us a great lift and a new lease on life arrived the 26th of September 1943. It was announced the men in our boot area would form the bulk of the 135th Naval Construction Battalion. The following day, seabags were packed and we moved to Area A-8. This marked the commencement of the much talked of and anticipated advanced training. Four weeks were spent learning some of the fundamental secrets of extended order, finding out what a carbine was all about, and a daily turn on the obstacle course. The latter kept many of us busy keeping a clean set of G.I. coveralls on hand after the daily dip in the mud bath after our failure to complete our Tarzan feat on the swinging rope.

Our identity made a sudden conversion at this point. No longer were we to be a construction battalion, but a super construction battalion. 1 October 1943 presented the news that from henceforth our battalion would be the 15th Super Construction Battalion. With this new announcement followed the usual wake of scuttlebutt of the whats and the whys of this new name.

In the Navy, a man lives for change and leave, and the latter to a great degree. Our advanced training was brought to a climax on the 24th of October when we re-

ceived the much coveted leave papers saying once more we could experience the sensation of being a civilian and another touch of home. A large percentage of us remember this leave, as its memories have had to serve from that time to this.

The battalion congregated again on the 4th of November and preparations were made for the trip to our Advance Base Depot, Camp Thomas, Davisville, Rhode Island. The unusual and novel were again to happen to us. The name, 15th Super Battalion, was left to the annals of posterity and did not move out as an organized unit. In its stead, the battalion broke into four maintenance units. Our maintenance unit formed on 16 November 1943 with Lieut. James L. Darnell as skipper. To aid the skipper upon our short course was Lieut. (jg) Carl C. Cullum, Ensign Everette F. Roberts, Carp. John Lowe, and Carp. David V. Kemp. This day was eventful, as we were not only moved but we boarded the train for Camp Thomas. The next day we arrived at Camp Thomas, and as is characteristic of all newcomers we spent most of the day becoming acquainted and making ourselves at home. For a few of us, this was the day of anticipation as men from the West coast were to shove off for their fifteen day embarkation leave on the following day. Those who remained behind did all manner of tasks until they returned. We drilled, did extended order, went to school, worked on odd tasks, and put in some excellent liberty in Providence.

The day of embarkation was close at hand, and we all received a complete pack, gas mask, and an article requiring much of our future effort, elbow grease, and time to clean—the O-3 Rifle. The day of departure finally descended upon us, and in our dress blue, full packs strapped on our backs, rifles slung over our shoulders, we left Camp Thomas. Boarding the transport ship at the port of embarkation, our minds were in a slight haze, not knowing what and where our destination was to be. We left on the evening of 9 December 1943. For the most of us it was our first trip on a seagoing vessel. For two days we were tossed by a severe storm, which caused many of us to miss routine chow.

We drew into Hamilton on the evening of the 11th, and we were wondering what this strange place had in store for us. Everyone gathered up his belongings, and we were marched out of the ship. We were greeted by some of the sailors from the base who were rather glad to see us. The streets were crowded with passersby who stopped to see what and who had landed. The wind whistled through the warehouse as we waited transportation to the base, and it was there that we heard the first clapping steps of a horse drawing a carriage. We marvelled at the sound and wondered if Bermuda was completely unaware of the automobile industry. A short trip by water brought us to the Naval Operating Base, the scene of the unit's first tour of duty. The bunks at the barracks took on a glimmer of heaven after the two days on the rolling sea. We soon were in the Bermuda swing and assigned to our jobs on the base. Remembering what was said, that CBMU 551 would not live to a ripe old age the thought became father to the fact and so on New Year's Day, 1944, we were absorbed into CBMU 540, casting our chips along with theirs. Lieut. Darnell assumed command of the combined units, with Lieut. Bernson of the original CBMU 540 acting as

executive officer. With the arrival of this extra unit, the need for the 49th Battalion was ended, and they left the shores of Bermuda to return to the States for their well earned leaves.

CASUAL DRAFT 2270

Once again scuttlebutt reared its ugly head—another unit was coming down to help meet the ever increasing demands for maintenance and operations work. History has subsequently proved the truth of this bit of scuttlebutt by the arrival in Bermuda of Casual Draft 2270.

Casual Draft 2270 had its origin in Camp Peary, Virginia. The men comprising this unit were assembled from various special drafts then stationed in that camp. After stepping into every mud hole and sleeping under every leak in the barracks roofs, we were herded into the vicinity of the B-6 Drill Hall area, where we were issued our G.I. gear, subsequently the unit was again moved and quartered in the B-5 area. Our stay in B-5 was very brief, during which time the men did odd jobs under the charge of Alwyn K. Addison, CSF(CB), who had been placed in charge of the draft.

On 15 February 1944, dressed in blues, and saddled with our packs, gear, and carbines, we boarded the train at 1830, whither bound, we knew not—further training in California, embarkation at some California port for the Pacific, or perhaps headed for the European theater of war. As the train sped along, we quietly settled down and it wasn't long before the darkness and the dreariness of the night descended upon us. We were then given our evening chow consisting of sandwiches and fruit. Left to ourselves, some of the boys slept, others talked, while others remained silent, perhaps wondering what the near future held in store for them. Letters from home were distributed to those who were lucky enough to receive them. After a long, uncomfortable night, we pulled into the port of embarkation the following morning at 0800. After leaving the train, we were marched about two blocks and presented with a much needed cup of hot coffee and doughnuts by the ever kindly ladies of the U.S.O. Some of our questions regarding our ultimate destination were answered by the sight of a transport ship which was to take us to our advanced base. At this time, we were joined by Carp. George E. Imhoff, who assumed command of the draft.

After a stint of stevedoring when we unloaded our sea-bags and other gear from the train and into the hold of the ship, we made ready to sail. We were scarcely settled before duty called in the form of mess duty and fire watch. Many men became too sick to stand their watches, and last minute substitutions were frequent throughout the voyage. For two days and two nights we lived in this floating world, the memory of which will never leave us. On the morning of 18 February someone shouted, "Land, ho!" Rumors ran wild. It was Trinidad; Cuba; but no, after much speculation we learned that it was only Bermuda.

Still in our dress blues and peacoats, we donned our packs, slung our carbines over our shoulders and embarked at the Tender Pier, where we were met by the cheering countenances of the men of CBMU 540. After a short march across the causeway, we arrived at Barracks No. 118 which was to be our new home, thereafter known as "Company

D." Within a few days, we received our assigned duties and were quietly integrated into the 540 activities. The famous Company D will not soon be forgotten. We soon assumed our share of the responsibility in the maintenance and operations work performed by the unit.

On 14 March 1943 Lieut. James L. Darnell was detached. Lieut. Comdr. Ralph C. Jenson, Public Works Officer of the base, assumed collateral duties as Officer in Charge of CBMU 540 and continued in that capacity until relieved by Lieut. Oscar W. Britt on 8 July 1944.

Paramount in the minds of all men was the burning question: "When are we going to get home on leave?" We soon learned that we would be eligible for leaves after a six-month tour of duty on this station. To ensure fairness in the method of allowing the men to go home on leave, it was decided to draw names out of a drum, the results to be the sequence in which leaves would be granted. The first drawing for the original 540 group on 5 April 1945 proved to be a gala occasion. An air of hilarity and great expectation prevailed, and the men waited with baited breath as a beautiful local belle drew the first name, the lucky man being Henry Washington Poore, Slt. The same procedure was followed in the Fall for the men of the original 551 unit. However, as a result of a change in policy cancelling leaves in the American Theater of War, a good portion of the 551 men and the entire 2270 group did not realize leaves.

Now that all three units were here, we learned that a battalion is an interesting piece of machinery, for here every conceivable trade can be found. Whether it be watch or clock repairing, fixing a roof, there are men who can be called upon to get the finest equipment or machinery into shape. If tools weren't available, they could be improvised as we went along. Work involved in maintaining a base as large as ours called for complete operation and maintenance. Our activities in the field covered a large range, consisting of jack hammer work; road maintenance; concrete block plant; rock crusher; heavy equipment operation and repair; machine shops and drill sheds; carpenter, paint, plumbing, iron and sheet metal shops; garage repair and body works; drafting and surveying office; electrical maintenance; and all the other utilities, such as fueling the ships and station, water distribution (a careful check on the daily water consumption), oil burner maintenance for the blowers used on the various utilities job, line and telephone crews, and the most vital piece of equipment on the base, the power house.

"All work and no play," we believe, makes a dull Seabee. Every evening after a hard day's work, Joe Seabee could be seen in the uniform of the day awaiting the famous "Cannonball Express" to wind its way from Somerset to Hamilton, or way points. We had a fair amount of liberty—every third evening and every other Saturday afternoon or Sunday. Four or five U.S.O.'s dotted the island, making it possible to visit any one of them for a reasonable steak dinner or a dance. In addition, there were many recreational points of interest. Soon after our arrival, truck parties were made to visit the world famous Leamington and Crystal Caves, Devil's Hole, the historical old town of St. Georges, and the Government Aquarium. We all well re-

member the bathing parties at Elbow Beach with lunches prepared by our Commissary Department.

Local talent was not hard to find, and we soon had a hillbilly band organized. It became very popular and was in great demand by the local organizations and clubs on the island. In the evening after a day's work, the most popular place on the base was the old beer hall where dungarees were the dress of the day. The dress was soon changed to make us appear more dignified, but the beer remained unrationed. In the same building we found the gym, where our Seabees always went down to defeat fighting. At the other end of the Recreation Building was located the Ships' Service Store and photo laboratory, with the pool hall and cobbler shop down the line. Can you remember the day the pool hall was converted into a dispensary. It was a two-fold day for the most of us, as we received our pay first and then filed in line to get three shots. Many of the men fell over just at the sight of the long, "square" needle. At the closing of the beer hall in the evening, all roads led to the nightly features at the outdoor theater. Many a night the fellows would sit through a driving rain just to see the picture, while others maybe not quite so hardy would hit it back to the barracks. Most of the new pictures and U.S.O. camp shows played here nightly, and it didn't cost the fellows a dime.

While in a sense we were a construction outfit, we were not allowed to forget the fact that we were still a military organization, and once a month we had our barracks and locker, as well as personnel inspection, by the Commandant of the base. Primping and getting ready for the personnel inspection went on soon after the Saturday noon meal, as we had to be assembled on Randolph Road at the given time for the Commandant to make his appearance. The Commandant was sure to pay us some complimentary remarks about our appearance as we stood ready for his personal inspection.

For an organization as young as ours, there has been a frequent change in skippers. Lieut. Britt continued as Officer in Charge until relieved by Lieut. Comdr. John J. White, Jr. on 14 March 1945. Soon after the arrival of our new skipper, all the former officers, with the exception of Ch. Carp. Imhoff, were detached, being relieved by our present group of officers with Lieut. R. F. Hughes as Executive Officer, assisted by Lieut. (jg) John F. Changstrom, Lieut. (jg) Charles V. Turner, Chief Carp. Orrin K. Dixon, Chief Carp. Harold R. Miller, and Carp. Edward F. Flanagan. Under this new leadership CBMU 540 really "rolled" and morale flourished for skipper White was bound to fight.

We feel our unit is extremely unusual, as not many maintenance units can boast of such unrelated groups coming together and uniting into such a hard working, well organized group of men. We have learned to set aside our old allegiances and now have a feeling of warmth when the number of our unit is mentioned. As we draw this log to a conclusion, many of the old familiar faces are disappearing as men are returning to the States for discharge under the demobilization program. All of us sooner or later will again be civilians and we will look back many times and muse with interest over our tour of duty in the Bermuda Isles. As Sir Walter Scott said in the *Lady of the Lakes* "Time rolls its ceaseless course."

CBMU 540

Organized at Davisville, CBMU 540 arrived in Bermuda in Oct. 1943. MU's 540 and 551 were combined in December 1943 into MU 540. The unit was still stationed at Bermuda July 1, 1945.

DECLASSIFIED

ITINERARY OF CONSTRUCTION BATTALION MAINTENANCE UNIT 4640

Formed at NCTC, Camp Mendicutt, Davisville, R. I.
14 Oct 1943 Departed AEB, Davisville, R. I. for Bermuda.
18 Dec 1943 CBMU's 540 and 551 now combined into CBMU 540.
1 Jul 1945 Located at Bermuda.

NOTE: This itinerary based on records available in the CB Operations and Personnel Section, Bureau of Naval Personnel.

20 August 1945.

To Facilitate
Administrative Handling
Classification change
from:

CONFIDENTIAL

To:

Irvin S. Rasmussen
Comdr. CEC-V(S), USNR

Signature

CEBIMU



540

HEADQUARTERS



U.S.N.R.

