On the occasion of the first anniversary of its formation, the 117th Battalion is to be congratulated upon its excellent record as a disciplined military unit and as an efficient construction organization. No doubt, the members of the Battalion are well acquainted with the reputation they have gained in these respects, but their folks at home, who in all cases, should receive a copy of this Anniversary Review, have not had the opportunity to learn of the Battalion’s performance first hand. It should, therefore, be a matter of pride and satisfaction to the friends, relatives, sweethearts and wives of the Battalion to know that their men have established a fine reputation. And this knowledge should be a partial compensation to the people at home for the absence of those in service. This assertion is not made in a spirit of boastfulness or from personal knowledge alone, but from tributes paid to the organization by officers who are in a position to know and who have nothing to gain by flattering its Officer-in-Charge. The existence of such a reputation denotes the high quality of the personnel and the desire of all ranks to cooperate in the furtherance of the Navy Department’s objectives and the aims of the Seabees to aid the winning of the war in whatever capacity required. The past record of the Battalion shows that it can be depended upon in the future to perform any task, either military or construction, assigned to it.

While the present progress of the war may be grounds for optimism as to the final result, there is no reason to believe that we are going to win it by any other way than the hard one. We face an enemy growing more desperate each day, whose only chance of coming out with a whole skin is that we will grow tired of the lighting before we pay him back for the sneak punch he landed on the honorable and unsuspecting American people. We of the 117th know what chance there is of the enemy’s hopes being realized and while we are now happy to celebrate our first anniversary as an active-duty Naval organization, it is our hope and our expectation that we will have no opportunity to celebrate a second.

Michael J. Burke
RICHARD P. DICK
2552 DEER PARK DR.
SAN DIEGO, CALIF
92110
276-2222

Edward F. Pacer
C-S
25157 Northrup
Laguna Hills CA 92653
Aug 87

Commander Michael J. Burke, CEC, V(S), USNR
Officer-in-Charge
117th United States Naval Construction Battalion

Sarah M. Lundberg
3005 Villa Vista Drive
Des Moines, Iowa 50316
10-7-85
Meet the Skipper . . . .

"Ther"s a
gleam in his
eye that befits
his Gaelic heritage,
the twinkle of a man
who enjoys life.
There's a squareness
to his jaw that
speaks determination
and decision. He
has the air of a man
accustomed to ac-
complishment, to
whom authority and
responsibility are
not novelties. He is
Michael J. Burke,
Commander, Civil
Engineer Corps,
United States Naval
Reserve, Officer-in-
charge of the 117th United States Naval Construction
Battalion."

The above paragraph is a quotation from a profile on
the Commander printed in the first issue of The Review.
We've covered a lot of ground, and water, since then. Time
and circumstance have confirmed the accuracy of original
impressions. There isn't a word of that description which
we would retract, and there are quite a few words which
could be added.

The Commander wears well. There have been times
when the men of this Battalion have not known where it
was going, but they always have had the comfort and
satisfaction of knowing that a firm, fair and square hand
was at the tiller.

The father of four children in private life, Command-
der Burke is very much like a father to more than a thou-
sand men of all ages in the Battalion. He has had the
welfare and interest of his men at heart to a degree that
would be rare in private industry, where, as an employer,
he also would have enjoyed the privilege of hiring and
firing. If any man has thought he could be more useful
to the war effort or advance himself in the Navy by trans-
fer to another activity, the Skipper has done all in his
power to aid the individual. Within the limits of possi-
bility, he has made a sincere effort to give every man
the job he feels best suited for. His kindness, sincerity
and understanding at Request Masts held twice weekly
has materially assisted a large number of his men to solve
some of the personal problems which have baffled in-
dividual attempt at solution.

Like the papa who has to spank, the Commander is
responsible to the Navy for the discipline as well as the
well-being of the men placed under his command, but
we have yet to hear a man who has been disciplined deny
that he didn't merit it. In almost every instance the man
has realized that in other circumstances his penalty might
have been considerably more severe. Proof of the pudding
is that the most enthusiastic admirers of the Commander
are men whom he has been forced to take to task.

The Commander was born in Springfield, Ohio, and
reared in the vicinity of Indianapolis. He was one of a
family of six children. Two of the youngsters were in
poor health. The Commander's father, a contractor who
had emigrated to this country from Ireland, thought that
the air of the Emerald Isle would be beneficial for the two
ailing Burkes, and, rather than break up the family, he
moved it intact. The original idea was to stay abroad
for a few years, but once involved in the Irish educational
system, it was decided to permit the children to complete
their education in the old country. Thus it happens that
the Skipper was graduated from the University of Dublin
with a Bachelor of Engineering Degree in 1913. He re-
turned to the United States the following year.

Starting as a timekeeper for a Cincinnati contractor,
Commander Burke became assistant superintendent on a
paving job, a sewer line and a power plant. He worked
for the New York Central Railroad for four years, special-
izing in bridge construction and acting as Chief of Party
on surveys. On similar activity he was associated with
the Milwaukee Road and the Union Pacific for three years
each, and for three years he supervised plant construction
for the U. S. Gypsum Company. For eighteen years he
was a construction engineer for the City of Chicago, where
he designed and constructed such projects as the Outer
Drive Bridge, the Western Avenue Improvements and the
City subway. For eight months, from May to December
of 1942, he was a civilian engineer for the Navy Depart-
ment. His assignment was at Pearl Harbor, where, in-
cidentally, he assisted in the reconstruction of the U.S.S.
Oklahoma.

While in college the Commander played on the Varsity
rugby team, boxed and played handball. Railroading
didn't leave him much time for hobbies, but if you had
dropped around the Burke home in suburban Chicago of
a Sunday afternoon, you might have found the Skipper
reboling the cylinders of his car. Of an evening, you
might have discovered him working out a mathematical
problem for relaxation.

During his sojourn in Ireland, the Commander learned
Spanish and French, augmenting his text-book studies in
the latter language by holiday trips to the Normandy
section of France. He still retains a working knowledge
of French, and can get along in Spanish, accomplishments
which may come in handy before the war is over.

In World War I, Commander Burke enlisted as a
private in the Marine Aviation Corps. When the whistle
blew for the Armistice, he was a Second Lieutenant.

His main ambition at the moment? Even as every
S2c, the Commander wants to get this war over so he can
return to his wife and four children, return to his job,
"I'm not in this because I like it, . . . not that I dislike it," he
said. "I'm here because there's a job to be done, I
want to help do it, and do it as quickly as possible."
This Is The Exec

COMPARABLE to the job of vice-president and general manager of a big business organization is the post of Executive Officer of a Construction Battalion. Over his desk flow a million and one major and minor details of planning, training, project and personnel problems. He is the next-to-the-top link in the chain of command, the man responsible to the Commander for the coordination of the Battalion.

The Exec of the 117th is Lieut. Commander Charles G. Anderson, a native of Shoshone, Idaho, an unassuming gentleman with a dry sense of humor that has revealed itself in more than one passing remark to officers and men of all ranks and rates. He has a real enthusiasm for his job and a genuine interest in the officers and men with whom his job brings him in contact. His responsibility for the larger problems of policy and execution has not prevented him from becoming minutely acquainted with the cogs which make the wheels go round. No matter where the men of the 117th are working or what they are doing, they would not be surprised to see the Exec drop in, hail them by name, ask how the job was coming along, and display a friendly, helpful interest in their tasks and problems.

Mr. Anderson began his professional career while attending the University of Idaho. He obtained summertime employment as a chainman and rodman with the Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior. Upon his graduation, in 1924, he became a permanent employee of the Bureau and spent five years in Oregon and Idaho on investigation surveys and construction of irrigation works for the Boise project.

He was Office and Field engineer on numerous dam projects, some of which are: the Deadwood Dam, the Cle Elum Dam, Washington, the Seminoe Dam and Power Plant in Wyoming, and the Shasta and Keswick Dams and Power Plant on the Central Valley Project in California.

For a hobby he is an ardent amateur motion picture photographer and also an archery enthusiast who has taken a number of prizes in contests in northern California.

According to the Officers' Country correspondent for this publication, he is an omnivorous reader with a taste for fiction, biography and technical tomes. Like a true construction man, he makes himself at home wherever he hangs his hat. A typical B O Q portrait, we are reliably informed, would be of the Exec, radio at his side, propped up in bed for an evening's perusal of a recent best-seller.

Mrs. Anderson and an eight year old son, Harry Walter, reside in Boise, Idaho, where the Exec hopes to join them after the war.

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WE'RE THE 117th

We're the Seabees of the Navy, the 117th Battalion to be exact.

We come from just about everywhere. We come from the big towns, from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis, San Francisco, Denver and Dallas. We come from the smaller towns, from Mauch Chunk, Pa.; Sleepy Eye, Minn.; Powder River ("Let 'Er Buck"), Wyoming; Grass Valley, Calif.; Muleshoe, Texas; Moab, Utah; Ojus, Florida; Bell Buckle, Tenn., and Sacket's Harbor, N. Y.

Some of our forefathers may have come over on the Mayflower. Many of our parents, and some of us, came over a bit later, from Canada, Greece, Norway, England, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, China, Mexico, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Italy, Austria, Poland, France, Portugal and Texas... but we're all Americans.

In our speech you can detect every sectional variation of the American language, from Charles Secoy's broad Mississippian to Allan King's sharply clipped New Englandese. We don't care so much how a man talks. We're more interested in what he has to say.

We're Baptists, Catholics, Presbyterians, Mormons, Lutherans, Orthodox and Reformed Jews, Methodists, High, Middle and Low Episcopalians and a lot of other things, but we have come to understand that in the hour of our need we all pray to the same God above.

We're Yanks and we're Rebels. We can argue all night as to who won the Civil War—or, if you prefer, the War

(Continued on Page 20)

Three
The First Year's
The Hardest

By BARNEY O'DONNELL and N. R. WATSON

URING the second week of August, 1943, in the Battalion Formation Office at Camp Peary, the United States Naval Training Center at Williamsburg, Va., a yeoman fed more than a thousand perforated cards to an I.B.M. machine, which in turn, automatically typed a score of mimeographed stencils entitled "MUSTER SHEET, 117TH USNCRB."

On Saturday, August 14, a group of officers of the Navy's rapidly expanding Civil Engineering Corps gathered in Area A-7 to meet Commander Michael J. Burke, Officer-in-Charge of the 117th. Copies of the muster were distributed, and as the officers glanced over the long lists, they probably wondered what these men looked like, these men who shortly were to join them for advanced training and overseas duty in the service of our country.

The men gathered the following day. They came from Area D-7, where some sixty per cent of the Battalion, who entered the Navy in July, had undergone boot training. A high percentage was drawn from Replacement Area, where, for a variety of reasons they had been languishing until their names appeared on the magical assignment bulletin board with the cryptic symbol, 117 CB.

Before moving into their barracks, the men who were to become the 117th did a thing that was to be typical of many a future action. They held a field day, scrubbing every inch of deck and bulkhead until it gleamed, disinfecting every nook and cranny of barracks and head, until they were spotless. Not until the job had been completed did they unpack their mattress and gear, eat chow and settle down for a well-earned night's rest in the excitement of new surroundings, new companions and a new organization.

Within a few days preliminary interviews had been completed and the Battalion was in the throes of advanced military training. We drilled under the direction of Marines and our ears still echo with the "hup twoop trip . . . reep for your lep, your lep, your lep, reep lep"—not a foreign language, but as closely as can be reproduced in print, the Marine dialect for counting cadence. Nor shall we forget the admonitions: "Don't stomp those pieces on the deck!" . . . "Eyes front!" . . . "Don't look at me, I'm not in love with you!" Or, during the lectures, when the boys became drowsy from heat, "Hold that piece over your head and double time around that tree! Now, is there anyone else who would like to take a little run?"

Another indelible memory of A-7 are those hikes. We had hikes, plain and fancy. On the plain hikes we marched or double-timed along the alleged road. On the fancy hikes we deployed through woods and fields, sometimes erect, sometimes simulating a cat stalking a bird. On one of the more elaborately staged forays, we encircled the countryside to get to a bivouac area, marching fifteen miles to arrive at a point less than five miles from our starting point. It was on this hike that double-time seemed a pleasure compared with the 240 steps per minute cadence. Many a Seabee dropped by the roadside on that scorching day. A score landed in Station Hospital before the day was over. We had the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the Marines had taken over in relays, and at least one of them had passed out too. It was a tired, bushed outfit that returned to camp after that grueling hike. Some of the mates weren't exhausted sufficiently to prevent their taking the liberty bus to Richmond, 56 miles away, that very evening, returning to camp the next morning at 0700, just in time for the second of the two-day hiking orgy.

It was at Peary, after many weeks in the Navy, that we old salts saw our first ship, a dummy scaffolding which we used for mock "abandon ship"
drill, and a dummy landing barge, from which we made some terrific beach invasions across an arid drill field. We were nearly convinced that our training was for the Arizona Navy, but one morning we were given a taste of the real thing—real landing barges and a real landing on the York River.

Taps had sounded one night in Peary when Commander Burke received a telephone call. Within a record time he mobilized several hundred men, carpenters, divers, welders, electricians and other specialists and a platoon of riflemen, and we were on our way to the dock area. It was all in practice, but it gave us an idea of the type of emergency we might meet and the need for organization, for knowing what men could do the best job in any given situation.

Remember the rifle range? There was the dry firing up near the beer hall where we learned our stance. Then we went down to the range itself, where the cry was "Ready on the Left, Ready on the Right, Ready on the Firing Line... Fire at Will". This was followed by the clatter of some fifty pieces, and the echo of firing from adjoining ranges. Remember "Maggie's Drawers," the flag which indicated a complete miss? It didn't fly very often, for most of the men qualified as marksmen, sharpshooter or expert. And who could forget pulling butts? That crack of bullets as they passed overhead, through or around the targets?

Remember the obstacle course? At any rate, we proved the theory of evolution. After climbing those rope ladders, pulling ourselves up a perpendicular log embankment, swinging across ditches and crawling across that cat-walk, there was no doubt that we were descended from something, but we weren't sure whether it was an ape or an antelope, although we have never seen an antelope swing on a rope bridge.

Next on the agenda was a concentrated period of platoon drill, company drill and, finally, close order Battalion drill. We were preparing for the great day, our commissioning and the presentation of our colors. That momentous day came on Saturday, August 28. It marked a climax in our training period. It was the day on which we received our diplomas.

A single-sheet forerunner of the 117th Review was The Stingaree, which survived only one issue. The only description of our commission-
WE SAILED

The Ocean Blue

(Excerpts from an unpublished manuscript, "NOTHING HAPPENED, THANK GOD")

By HENRY SENBER, Y2c

TODAY we are at sea. As Commander Burke stated in the last Gulfport issue of THE REVIEW, we are on our way to do our part. We have been a long time getting here. The months we stood by in Mississippi seemed interminable. Now, as we stand on the deck of the U.S.S. (Censored) looking down upon blue water and white foam seething past the side of our vessel, the long, weary weeks of waiting are forgotten. We are on our way. We know that beneath the placid sea are men whose grim purpose it is to prevent us from getting there.

Less than a week ago we came aboard this vessel at our embarkation point. The sight of a ship ever has acted as a stimulant to the adventurous spirit of man, and the mates were susceptible. As soon as our packs were stowed in our tiered bunks, every man of us was up on deck watching, wide-eyed, the intricate process of stowing cargo. The compact versatility of the gear aboard the ship fascinated all of us. The ship, to us, was like an intriguing new toy, and we pried into every accessible nook and cranny on individual voyages of discovery.

In the harbor we saw many vessels of various types, but what seemed to make the greatest impression on many men were the bustling, powerful, little tugboats. I suddenly realized that this was the first time many of us had seen salt water, let alone sail on it.

We had been aboard the ship for nearly a week before we embarked. One morning we began to feel a slight vibration. Then came a slight roll, about equal to that of a small sailboat on Long Island Sound. Someone called out, "We’re under way." Someone else muttered, "It’s about time." I thought of the scores of sailings I had covered as a reporter occasionally assigned to ship’s news. They were hectic, frenzied affairs, with last minute telegrams rushed aboard while milling throngs waved to friends on decks. There had been a theatrical quality to these departure, carefully nourished, I suspect, by expert publicity departments bent on injecting an air of glamor. To the best of my knowledge there only was one press agent around as we set out to sea. He was deep down in the hold with a couple of hundred other G.I.’s: a forlorn man without a craft, or, at any rate, with a professional experience for getting things in the papers that definitely was not in demand by his present employers.

* * *

Next to the question of "Where are we going?" the most important query in our minds as we set out was "Will we get seasick?" We soon found out. The roll of the ship increased, and our insides kept pace. Only those who have known the terrors of seasickness aboard a troopship fully can appreciate it. You lie on a hard slab of canvas that might be a hucking bronco. Your tummy does somersaults. You can take that, but when it comes to back flips!!! The slightest indication of movement, such as a field pack weaving, pendulum-like, before your eyes is apt to produce a violent reaction. You keep your helmet handy, make a half dozen trips up two steep ladders to the "head", and seriously debate whether life is worth the agony. Chief Broughton, an old salt from Marblehead, Massachusetts, tells me there was less seasickness in the "old" Navy because men slept in swinging hammocks rather than bunks. However, I have my doubts.

In our Battalion there were five distinct groups. At one end of the scale there were those who never missed a meal, or claimed that they hadn’t. Then there were those who were stricken a few minutes after we were under way. Then there were
those who held out a few hours. Then came those, who waited until evening.
And then there was that unfortunate group to which your correspondent
belonged, the ones who didn’t up-chuck, but oh, how they tried . . .
Even the sickest of us couldn’t suppress a grin when word went round
the ship that several of the boys had been in such a hurry that they forgot
to remove their false teeth, which went merrily down the drain, slipperily eluding the unsteady grasps
of those who tried to rescue them en-route. And there was a satisfaction
in knowing that the ailment was a democratic one, no respecter of ranks
or rates. Several of our officers looked green around the gills, and one ship’s
officer cheered us considerably when he nonchalantly let go over the side.
We felt that perhaps we weren’t such bad sailors after all . . . not that
anyone gave a damn that night.

The next day was only our second
at sea, but it seemed a lot longer. As
the ship sailed along with no more
of a roll than you would expect from
the Staten Island Ferry, we counted
noses and found that the most vio-
antly ill of the preceding day were
up and about, gaily exchanging tales
of their adventures. We heard some
memorable “last words”. There was
Mike Tuzzo’s bland “I wasn’t sea-
(Continued on page 28)
WHAT WE CAME TO DO

By LARRY T. BROOKS

SEABEES, by the very nature of their organization, constitute construction companies with the ability and equipment necessary in time of war to build and if necessary assist in the defense of the projects they build. Some of the units have even been used as forward echelons to aid in the assault on new bases but for the most part their duties have been the reconstruction and construction of forward supply depots which are being used to continue the flow of materials and equipment to the place of immediate need in the quickest and most efficient manner. The 117th Battalion’s history at the moment falls under the latter category.

With this in mind, a brief history of our Battalion’s accomplishments and an outline of our set-up on our present Island X should be of particular interest to the folks back home and a subject for future reminiscence by the fireside long after the sparks of conflict have died away.

Until our arrival on this Island X most of the work performed was along the line of training and the attempt at classification in relation to the men’s fitness and dexterity in certain branches. This we found to be of vital importance in knowing the right man for the right job at the right time. This information has also been invaluable in the successful and spontaneous manner in which we were able to take hold of the many and varied types of construction problems assigned to us.

The diversity and ability of our personnel can best be summarized with the knowledge of the scope of our work which is including such details of construction as the drafting of the plans, surveys and layouts, sewers and water lines, road building, power lines, pile driving, welding, heavy equipment maintenance and operation; in other words the complete project from beginning to end.

Interesting to note is the fact that we have among our Battalion personnel experts in the lines of Carpentry, Stone and Brick Masonry, Surveyors, Draftsmen, Artists, Cooks and Bakers, Musicians, Plumbers, Electricians, Cement Finishers, Plasterers, Steel and Sheet Metal Workers, Sand Blasters, Fingerprint Experts, Shipfitters, Watchmakers, Riggers, Sailmakers, Automotive and Heavy Equipment Mechanics and Operators, Powder men.

(Continued on page 32)
A DAY ON ISLAND X
CONT'D

Eleven
Looking For Seashells

First Year (Continued)

ing day which survives is the lead article of THE STINGAREE, which says:

"... but the brightest memory of all is that of the day the 117th was commissioned, the day we received our colors. Anyone who was present will never forget the thrill of pride that surged through participants and spectators alike as the Battalion, in immaculate whites, paraded against a background of green trees under a white-clouded blue sky. After each company commander reported his company 'present or accounted for', there was the dramatic climax when the Adjutant, Ensign Lieberman, reported to Lt. Commander Burke, 'Sir, the 117th Battalion is all present or accounted for!'."

Nor shall we forget Captain Ware's inspection, man by man, or the presentation of colors by Mrs. Albert E. Strassser, wife of our Company A commander.

Many wives had come to Williamsburg for the occasion, and after the parade there was a rush to the Personnel Office where "special liberty" passes were made out in wholesale. It was a gala day and a memorable evening in town.

The next two weeks found us assigned to special training schools. Marine Wiring, Huts and Tents, Heavy Equipment, Diving, B.A.R., etc. Excitement rose as we awaited our ten day pre-embarkation leave. On Monday evening, September 13, a convoy of trucks carrying 90% of the Battalion's personnel left for Richmond, Va., first lap of the trip home. It was the journey we had been waiting for, a ten-day respite from G.I. routine we had been talking about since our first days in boot. It was a happy cargo the trucks bore that night. The memories of that ten day leave live within each man.

Some hundred men remained behind. These were those from the West Coast who planned to take their ten day leave from Port Hueneme when we arrived there. They moved into Area B-2, part of Replacement, where they led a reasonably quiet ten days. After the hustle and bustle of the full Battalion, it was a peaceful interlude for the West Coast men. Toward the end of the period they began sorting gear for the men who were away, placing the duffle and sea bags in the allotted banks in B-2.

Not all the mates took their complete ten days. At the end of the seventh they began to trickle back into camp and toward the 24th of September the trickle became an all-night roar. There were far fewer AOL's than had been expected.

On the morning of September 28 a representation from the Camp Peary band wheezed away at the camp railway station. A convoy of trucks rolled up. The band switched into "California, Here We Come." We'd practiced assembling by car number for two days, so we got aboard with no confusion. A man from station force checked each car to make sure we were all there, and the train finally started.
Liberty Scenes

Above: Lei Vendor
Upper Right: Outrigger Canoe
Lower Right: Coconut Palms
Below: The Hands Tell the Story
Sixteen

INNOCENTS
ABROAD

By "POP" CONKLIN

Are you an optimist or a pessimist regarding the probable duration of the war? Take your pick of the following, or submit your own:

Win the War in Forty-Four.
Home Alive in Forty-Five.
We'll Stow Our Picky in Forty-Six.
Home and Heaven in Forty-Seven.
The Golden Gate in Forty-Eight.
The miners got to California in '49 and so will the 117th.

Add post-war plans: Knock that 4F in the head.

Hollywood Starlet:—"And did you see action in the Pacific?"
Jack Hirsch—"Yeah, I was in two bond shoots."

Seabee Medley

Sweet (CENSORED) moonlight fair
(This red dirt gets in my hair)
Back on the sands of (CENSORED)
(Call the guard at half past three)
Pineapple, sugarcane, mongoose, banana
(Working party for (CENSORED))
Beautiful flowers and all kinds of fruit
(Square that hat and salute, you boot)
See that lofty coconut tree
(Ten mile hike for Platoon three)
Hula girl may lose arong
(Liquid sunshine all day long)
Shall we see a hula show
Or go and watch DiMaggio
No mainland Scotch or rye with coke-Hell
(Whisky, rum and gin, all local!)
What a lovely sandy beach
(Souvenir five dollars each)
In this Paradise each gal's a vamp
(Taxi costs six bucks to camp)
Yaka, hiki, hiki dula
(Having fun costs plenty mooolah)
Down here where the trade winds play
YOU PAY AND PAY AND PAY AND PAY.

Bye Bay Bunting; Pa Seabee's gone a hunting,
He's got a five, four, trey and ace
Now he's hunting for a deuce
If he draws and hits pay dirt
He'll bring you home a nice grass skirt.

Don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose eyes were so brown?
She drank the Kanake juice you gave her, Ben Bolt,
Now Sweet Alice lies under the ground.

Carry me back to old Virginny
(That's the only way you'll ever get me there)

First Year (Continued)

We didn't know where we were going. The scuttlebutt had it that we were originally scheduled for Hueneme, but for some reason our destination had been changed. It hardly seemed likely that we were going across the country in day coaches, so we figured the possibilities of Maine, Mississippi, or the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Soon we realized we were headed South and the boys who had bet on Maine paid off.

It was a hot, scenty ride to Gulfport. What little water had been aboard soon ran out. Our train seemed to be taking the most indirect route possible. We stopped at every white-washed fence, travelled for miles on single-track road, side-tracking, it seemed, for every passing handcar. It got hotter and dirtier. We rearranged seats in every way but sleep was out of the question for most of us. Finally, some few hours short of two days, we pulled into Gulfport, each of the two sections arriving during the night. We had boarded the train in dress blues, switched to coveralls, but at Mobile we donned the heavy dress blues again, probably to make a good impression on the citizenry of Gulfport who were all asleep anyway.

When the sun rose over the Gulf of Mexico, it shone down upon a hungry, dirty bunch. We dashed for the showers to attempt to remove the accumulated dirt and cinders. Some men took three showers in succession without complete success.

Somewhat cleaner, we began to inspect our surroundings. The trim, streamlined two story barracks were encouraging after the rudimentary accommodations of Peary, but all we got was the view. We moved into the Quonset huts around those skyscrapers. These huts, designed for eighteen men, and occupied by twenty-two, were richly furnished with the Victory model Simmons ever-springless camp cots. They sagged in such a manner as to leave little support for our bulging boundaries, and the fifteen minute morning "P.T." was a prerequisite to normal upright posture. Our gear, for the most part, was left in duffle bags, for we were to remain but a few days before embarking for Island X, an actuality to be realized some five months in the future.

We continued our military training with advanced courses in camouflage, military tactics, first aid, disease control, and other essentials. Inter-company baseball and basketball teams were formed. Organized drill and a variety of competitive drill were sponsored to keep us in shape. We also had dances in our chow hall, attended by the local belles and visiting wives.

The liberty hounds had their first real taste of variety, visiting the nearby hamlets and cities for local entertainment. Bay St. Louis, Biloxi, Pascagoula, Bogalusa, Jackson, Hattiesburg and Pass Christian, for the less timorous souls and for weekend pass holders, and others, Mobile and New Orleans where sight-seeing and other forms of entertainment were available. When accommodations were scarce or non-existent, many slept in hospitals or hotel lobbies. The local esoteric bistros like the Embassy Club, Leos, the Silver Moon and Pub's soon came to know the 117th
Among the messages of congratulation received by the Battalion on its Anniversary was a birthday card from Anne Ryan, Sweetheart of the 117th. Miss Ryan inscribed the card with the following note:

"Hello Boys:

Certainly wish I could be present for your birthday parties. But you'll have a grand time.

Eat a piece of cake for me.

Best wishes to all.

Your Battalion Sweetheart,

ANNE RYAN."

Tony Di Pardo, was brought out to the Seabee Theatre for a special 117th Battalion Happy Hour. Mr. Di Pardo and his band played a return engagement at which the entire organization, Miss Anne Ryan, formally made Battalion Sweetheart. It was also through the auspices of Dr. Wolff and Dr. Hunter that the Battalion took over the Community House in Gulfport for a dance which remains as the high spot in Battalion social functions.

December 1 brought a casual draft which swept away some of our mates. There are now on a ship. I'm doing sterling duty and we miss them. Almost on their heels, the Battalion suffered another loss of personnel in the form of a Pionez, John Smith, who was a great send-off.

Christmas season on the base was heralded by serious emergencies in all parts of the country. Mortality rates threatened to rise to the proportions of the war. It was the opening of baseball season when the box offices are enticed with displays. The Red Cross was flooded with telegrams and requests from grandmothers—may they be grandmothers in thirty years—on death's door. The last look at John and Eddie. Reasons were varied and not lacking in imagination. It seemed that half the Battalion went home on "emergency" leaves. We who remained in Gulfport swallowed our disappointment and a most palatable Christmas dinner and had a pleasant though wistful day. Father Toomey inspired the building of a creche and a Santa Claus going down the chimney of the Chow Hall. A large gaily lighted tree and many indoor decorations beautified the Mess Hall and added to our nostalgia.

New Year's Eve was the signal for the release of many artful telegrams regarding extended leave. None of the reasons given were priceless and have been published in service newspapers.

With the departure of the holiday season, Saint Nick and Father Time shoved off to make room aboard for Old King Scroojie. We once again took up military training and rumors were rampant. We were about to sail for Burma, China, Italy, Africa, England, the South Pacific. The Aleutians, even perhaps, Tokyo, to welcome the Marines. Someone was rash enough to predict Camp Peary. His bets were promptly covered and he was removed silently and quickly into the psychopathic ward for observation.

Finally on February 29th we entertained with full packs and rode into our port of embarkation on Washington's Birthday. This time it was the Millionaire Battalion, we had Pullman cars and not a care in the world. We stepped off our bunks at one o'clock and on the gangplank of a ship built in Pascagoula. And, here we are:

We came, we saw, we conquered.

Not the way we thought it would be. By using brains and muscles.

Where they'd do the most darned good.

We shan't be classed as heroes.

When the war's done and by.

But the Millionaire Battalion

Has a spirit which won't die.
LIEUT. ALBERT E. STRAUSSER, Company Commander: Sails from Mt. Carmel, Pa.; studied engineering at Gettysburg and Bucknell Colleges: a football and track star were his athletic specialties; was later a semi-pro football man; prior to organizing the company commanded by P.M. 123, was Resident Engineer for the State of Penn. As a lad was with the Penn. State Police, so no wonder his Company is so well behaved; nice man and second heaviest Officer; back to contracting after the war. 

Lieut. James M. Avery, Company Commander: A Hoosier emanating from a stone Quarry in Benzie later earned his University tuition and expenses playing pea pool; old masonry and stone contracting in Cuba, Florida and Michigan; played some golf, tennis, baseball and bridge in early life, without much success; gets a kick out of the G.B. Life, hopes to finish in Adams after the slopes heads are finished off. 

LIEUT. EDWIN S. DAVIS, Company Commander: born at Crystal Lake, Minn.; studied at Hamline and University of Minn.; after serving as a buck private in an Army Engineering outfit during World War I, worked for Northwestern R.R.; for twenty odd years prior to entering the Navy served with the Minn. Highway Dep't. as Senior Engineer; has two sons, one in the Army, one in the Navy; his old deck is waiting for him after the war; our champion cigar smoker—when he has them. 

Lieut. George Wrigley, Jr., Battalion 1st Lieut., first appearance was Greenville, South Carolina; attended U. of Michigan; University of the State of New York, Institute of Technology; at school was a standout football player and mean masher wielder; was resident Engineer for a large firm specializing in paper mill construction; goes back to this firm after hostilities cease; a southern gentleman who looks vicious, but isn't. 

LIEUT. ROBERT G. HUNTER, Senior medical officer claiming Jersey City as his birth place; after graduating from University of Cincinnati Medical School, practiced at Mt. Sterling, Kentucky; is a swimmer, football man, golfer and tobacco leaf expert; entered the Navy via Minn., Florida; after the duration intends specializing in Stork work, Mt. Sterling; a diplomat of the first water. 

LIEUT. Aurelien L. Moreau, Chaplain: Has the pure Massachusetts brogue, being born in Fall River; attended St. Charles College—Sherbrooke, Quebec; S.B. and B.S. in Baltimore; was assistant Pastor at St. Hynacht's Church, New Bedford before coming to the Navy; a hard worker, broad-minded and good-looking. 

LIEUT. NATHAN L. MARCUS, Genial Medical Officer from the Blue Grass State; after completion of his medical schooling in the University of Louisville located in Tampa, Florida, where he left a fine practice to enter the Navy; in his work he was a crack tennis player and an all around good fellow. 

LIEUT. ROY M. WOLF, Youthful Dental Officer, born in Evansville, Illinois, graduating from St. Louis University dental school; he entered the Navy via Great Lakes; claims he was quite a basketball and baseball man; is Recreation Officer and Manager of the Bulldog team; a proven tactician with the weaker sex and our most eligible bachelor; will probably be a reviving dentist after the war. 

LIEUT. FRANCIS W. KRINEY, Company Commander; met his father for the first time in Plainfield, New Jersey; after graduation from Rutgers University he was associated with his dad in the Construction business; The Equitable Life Assurance Society needed him and he was with them from 1935 until entering the Service; he functioned as an Engineer in the Real Estate department in various parts of the country very successfully; a worker in the Boy Scouts; will probably enter the legal profession after it's over; is a gifted orator with an unlimited vocabulary—handsome too. 

LIEUT. PHILIP KILPATRICK, Company Commander, his soft voice heard in Adrian, Minnesota; worked his way through the U. of Minnesota graduating as an Engineer; he worked as Civil Engineer for the State and Federal Government in Minneapolis—also St. Paul and St. Marie Railroad; was Superintendent of Construction at Newfoundland Air Base before entering the service; is all-around athlete both interior and exterior sports; good looking, a Dale Carnegie memory. 

LIEUT. (J.G.) W. EDMUND BAXTER, Supply Officer; product of Richmond, Kentucky, attended University of Louisville, located in Washington, D. C., as Procurement and Property Director of National Youth Administration; in school was football and basketball man; joined C.P.'s via the Harvard Naval Supply School; plans to raise a family after the war; a true Kentuckian born, good-looking, neat and a real judge of Bourbon. 

LIEUT. (J.G.) C. L. POND, Jr., Disbursing Officer; hails from Stuttgart, Arkansas; attended University of Arkansas; former road engineer for a Department store he entered the service as a 5K1; had Fleet duty overseas prior to his attachment to the 117th Battalion; reports he has no children yet and his post war plans are a civilian secret; a swell guy but doesn't like dogs; Flash! It was a Boy 6'4 pounds. 

LIEUT. (J.G.) ERNEST M. THOMPSON, Personnel Officer from the Art State; Michigan; attended Indiana Tech, Tri-State College; was crack basketball man; before entering the service in Midshipman School, Notre Dame, an apprentice seaman, was a Construction Field Engineer; after the festivities, plans going into road construction; hasn't any children, but is optimistic; runs personnel per Navy Regulations; a nice guy. 

C. W. O. ALBERT T. HIBOUR, showed up in Holyoke, Massachusetts a long time ago; attended Wentworth Institute of Technology in Boston; participated in baseball, hockey and soccer; owner of the Hibour Electrical Company, Springfield, Mass., for twenty-three years prior to joining the Navy; is Communications Officer, an expert fisherman and demon tennis player; a good guy, somewhat overweight—as a postmaster should be. 

LIEUT. (J.G.) WILLIAM J. COLLINS, Company Exec and Camouflage officer; the first thing he did upon entering the Navy was attend Mississippi State College, graduating as a civil engineer; worked in that profession around Doho; before entering midshipman school at Notre Dame; after completion was assigned to C.P.'s as an Engineer; he's the Father of a cute Son he has never seen; enjoys tennis and boating. 

C. W. O. LAWRENCE N. CRUM, Jr., from the Keystone state, Mt. Union to be exact; was a basketball and football man while in school; one of our very heavy officers, now going for tennis in a big way; knows all angles of building construction and was Construction superintendent at the time he saw the Navy Procurement men; expects to continue in the building game after this is over. 

LIEUT. (J.G.) ROBERT M. EDISON, Company Exec. Grand Rapids, Michigan, was the birth place, University of Michigan, the School; worked for his Father—a prominent road contractor before entering the Navy; a basketball, tennis player and golfer; at present is six foot three tall and still growing; has all the qualifications needed for the ideal husband; expects to rest up for a year after the war and then take over his Father's business. 

ENSIGN WILLIAM F. WILSON, Born in Barberson, Ohio; was a whiz bang for education as he attended Denison University, Ohio University and University of Tenn.; his duties as a Topographic Engineer for the Tenn. Valley Authority necessitated his ranging across country from New York
B.O.Q. (Continued)

C. W. O. Don W. White, born in Logan, West Virginia and after finishing High School was Field Supt. for the Hoosier Engineering Company, then second track man at Thiokol State College and University of Pittsburgh; after college he entered the construction field and was Superintendent of Construction for Booth and Flink Construction Company, Rochester before entering the Navy; likes the beach and tennis; has a hearty laugh, works hard; Mrs. Hohl is doing her bit as a member of the Ration Board.

Lt. (jg.) Morris S. Lieberman, Company Exec and Military Officer, born in Pittsburgh, Pa.; played softball, football and basketball at Carnegie Institute of Technology which he graduated in 1945 as a Lt. in the army; took charge of the service company while stationed at Fort Bragg; has a love of tennis playing now; the answers on outside-line and transformer work; intended to return to electrical contracting and pole work after the war; a prize player of note and an all around good fellow; a swell looker when his hair is long.

C. W. O. Herman P. Hohl, Born Rochester, Penn., was a football player and ten second track man at Thiokol College and University of Pittsburgh; after college he entered the construction field and was Superintendent of Construction for Booth and Flink Construction Company, Rochester before entering the Navy; likes the beach and tennis; has a hearty laugh, works hard; Mrs. Hohl is doing her bit as a member of the Ration Board.

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C. W. O. A. F. Tennis, Jr., Wilmington, Del. was the place, although he's a Pennsylvania born; after going through Spring Garden Institute went for building and his own construction company; was going big when he entered the service; says he wasn't athletically inclined as a youth, but does a lot of tennis playing now; gentle, fat and bald, and is going to start where he left off when—

C. W. O. Larry T. Brooks, Born in Columbus, Ga.; Sib-sireared in Birmingham, Alabama and studied with LaSalle Extension University, Chicago; was an auditor for some years; in order to enter the service it was necessary for him to discontinue his own contracting business in Tulsa, Okla., which he had operated successfully for nineteen years; an authority on concrete; is head of the 117th Band and Review; a good fellow you can't manage.

C. W. O. John M. Houston, Armor Officer from the Keystone State; Pitts-

WE'RE THE 117th (Continued)

burgh was the birth place; attended Indiana (Pa.) State Teachers College where he was an outstanding tennis player; was a successful building contractor for many years before entering the Navy; has a son in the 4th Marines; knows his guns and mortars; our earliest riser.

LIEUTENANT (J.G.) FREEMAN W. LOHN, Company Executive and Mess Officer; born in Orange, N.J. and attended Swarthmore College where he was an expert tennis player and swimmer; before entering the service was operator of a Coke plant; has specialized in diving since going in the Navy and after hostilities cease intends to form a Marine Diving Corporation; a good bridge and pool player and an expert skat artist.

C. W. O. O'Neil Quinnlin, Born in Portland, Oregon; went on to Chicago, Illinois when a mere lad; attended Loyola University where he was an outstanding center on the football team; having a hankering for pipes and wrenches, he learned their use and was operating a plumbing and heating business when he entered the service; a hard worker and knows his stuff.

W. O. John M. Thompson, an Everett Mass. product; attended Northeastern University where he was a soccer player of note; served four years in the Marine Corps Reserve (Aviation) and entered the Navy in February, 1942; prior to that date was Jr. Civil Engineer with Mass. Dept. of Public Works; a swell guy; popular with everyone.

Between the States—but we can work like the devil all day to make sure that the United States wins the war and our Allies wins this one.

We're Democrats and Republicans, yes, and Farmer-Laborites and anything else you can mention. We can argue for hours about politics and we can disagree strongly with each other's views, but we acknowledge each other's right to have that view.

We've owned our own businesses, we've worked for other people. We've been shining lights in Chambers of Commerce and we've been organizers of labor unions. We've been riggers, truck-drivers, mechanics, farmers, clerks, electricians, bankers, bricklayers, newspaper men, bulldozer operators, printers, policemen, high school students, plant foremen, helpers, diners, insurance salesmen, surveyors, laborers, cooks, metalsmiths, stenographers, riveters and high school music teachers.

We've had to go to work before finishing grammar school, or college, or being granted degrees from small colleges and large universities. Regardless of what we did, or who or what we were in civilian life, right now we're doing the best we can on the jobs that need to be done here so that we can go home and continue our civilian careers.

We're the best grippers in the service. We can gripe—we use a tranker word—about anything and everything, but we can go out and turn in a day's work with the best of them. And if you want to hear some real griping: just tune in on us when we run out of work.

We salute our officers as a token of acknowledgment of the fact that we are bound together in a common task. Our BOQ is "officers' country" but more than one enlisted man, sons and relatives of our officers, have stopped over there on his way to the front. One of them, a son-in-law of one of our officers, won't come back. He was killed on Iwojima.

We salute our officers as a mark of respect to their responsibilities, but we know that in the good old American way we wouldn't be surprised to be working for them minus the salute after the war—and they wouldn't be surprised to be working for us.

We don't go in much for flag-waving, but we're an intensely patriotic crew. We express our love of our country by working for it.

We are the inheritors of a great, if but recent, tradition established by earlier Battalions of fighting artisans who have developed a new kind of warfare in a new kind of war.

We haven't been in an actual engagement, but we've been in places where we've taken our risks. We've developed a new kind of warfare.

Some of our younger lads are itching for action. Some of us have seen it in World War I, and we're not looking for any more. But the "Man" tells us to go in, we're going in. And while we haven't had the training of a Marine, we've done plenty of hunting. Many of us know how to handle a rifle before the present generation of Marines was born, and the majority of us have qualified as marksmen, sharpshooters or experts.

We've come a long way together, in more than a geographical sense. We've trained together, lived together, worked together, and if necessary, we'll fight together. We've learned that you can't tell a man by a tag. We've learned that no matter what part of the country a man comes from, his main identity is the service he serves in, as his rank mates.' He wants to get this war over with and return home; and to the lonesome wife and children, home to his job.

And we're all going home together in the hope that some of the things we've learned while being away from home will make us appreciate America, and our fellow-Americans, ever so much more.

Henry Senber
A MERICA’S love of sports has paid dividends in World War II. Americans may not have had the universal military training of the young men of the nations which had been preparing for this war during the past decade, but on the diamond and gridiron, they have developed individual initiative, personal coordination, physical stamina and, most important, a knowledge of teamwork that was readily adaptable to the rugged and grim demands of war when the necessity arose.

Like all other Americans, Seabees love sports, and wherever their Island X may be, they carry with them their favorite games. Next to a ten day leave or a twelve hour liberty, nothing attracts a Seabee as much as a good athletic contest.

During the earlier phases of the Battalion’s history at Peary and Gulfport, there was little time or equipment for a completely organized program. The demands of military training, naturally enough, came first. Even then, however, we took time out for occasional inter-company softball games and many men found considerable relaxation in the old favorite, horseshoes.

The first recreation officer of the Battalion was Warrant Officer L. T. Brooks, who, in addition to his construction duties, also had charge of the Band and the REVIEW. As we prepared to embark for Island X, Commander Burke decided to divide the responsibility with other officers who had more spare time. With Mr. Brooks retaining supervision of the Band and the paper, sports and other recreational activities were assigned to a three man committee composed of Chaplain Toomey, Lt. Hunter and Lt. Wolf.

Virtually every man in the Battalion contributed a dollar toward an equipment fund, and this money, plus an appropriation from the Welfare Fund, was utilized to purchase a stock of athletic supplies that would be a credit to a college athletic department, with equipment and facilities for both organized teams such as baseball and football and individual participation such as tennis, ping pong, horse shoes, archery and other sports.

As soon as our construction schedule was under way on Island X, a baseball and basketball team were organized under the direction of Lt. Wolf, who assumed sole responsibility for the Recreation Department, and Chief Specialist Hamm, former high school athletic coach. A Recreation Hut, under the supervision of Arthur Broadhurst and John Plociennik, was set up to enable men to check out Battalion equipment.

Baseball

After bumbling around the first few games the Bulldog team finally rounded out and started showing its class by climbing up into a four-way tie for first place in the first half. In the round-robin play-off the Bulldogs won their first game and then dropped a close one to the Shellback team to take second place honors. The second half, however, has been a different story. The Bulldogs have been performing brilliantly to take first place in the American League with nine wins and no losses to date. The way the team shapes up now is as follows: Manager: ‘Doc’ Wolff, with no previous experience in handling a ball team. Doc, however, has pulled one out of the hat in giving the battalion a smooth ball club.

Pitching: ‘Red’ Rezack, a boy with a blazing fast ball and a curve that snaps like a whip. Mainstay of the pitching staff and among the league leaders in strikeouts. ‘Tex’ Ahrens, good control and plenty of stuff make him percentage leader of the chucking department with five wins and no losses. He can also be relied on to play a good game in the outfield and his bat speaks with a loud voice. ‘Cab-

Twenty-one
bape-ears” Grace, like Ahrens, has lots of control and plenty of stuff. Grace handles the coaching with Doc Wolff and many a pitcher has wavered under his riding. Rudy Valenti, a southpaw who is being rounded out for use in the near future. Rudy has been showing plenty of hooks in practice games lately and appears to be ready.

Catching: Joe Di Gangi, a man who knows his batters and can handle a pitcher. Joe is a powerful batter who can swing from either side of the plate and can be counted on to deliver in the pinches.

Infield: “Fuzzy” Arnold, a smooth man around the initial sack and a long ball hitter with more extra base hits than any other man on the team. Joe Perenchio, a steady influence at second base, a good fielder and a consistent batter. Joe can also catch if the occasion arises and has plenty of savvy behind the plate. “Red” Spillane, sparkplug of the infield, at shortstop, with a powerful throwing arm. Red has been picking up from a batting slump and is showing power at the plate now. Perenchio and Spillane have formed a smooth double play combination that rates well with any in the league. Clair Stember, a flashy man around the hot corner who has turned in many a sweet play. Clair has a swell batting eye and has more walks and has been on base more times than any other man on the team. This makes him the ideal lead-off man. He has also turned in many timely singles.

Outfield: Sitnick, a good left fielder who covers plenty of ground with a fine throwing arm. Runs hot and cold at the plate, but can really powder a ball when he’s on. Johnson: centerfielder who snags line drives in his hip pocket. His speed also aids him in beating out many a bunt. Tomp, left-handed batter, and Hipp, right-handed batter, share the job in right field depending on the opposing pitcher. Both do a fine job of hitting and fielding.

Utilitymen: Travis and Padia who can hop in and take over various positions in the infield and turn in respectable jobs.

Many thanks to H. H. Schutte for the vital statistics reprinted below:

### Batting Averages

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### Pitching Records

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(Continued on page 55)

### MASCOTS

A never failing source of companionship and amusement are the Battalion’s mascots, pictured on the opposite page. Upper left, H. Beard and Saipan, of which he and T. B. Buckingham are the proud co-owners. The handsome Cocker Spaniel, top right, is Patsy, mascot of Co. A, and our only rated pet, having been made a CSP(D) by Commander Burke. Patsy rides in the truck driven by her master, Harold Willis.

Our Quonset City is a self-sufficient community, with all the facilities of a small town. On page 24, left column, are the Chapel, Ship's Service Store, Library and Reading Room in the Chaplain's Hut, and the Pay Line. In the right column is the interior of a Quonset hut at Gulfport (how did that get in here?), a view of the Armory, with rifle cleaning racks, Post Office and Officers' Mess. On this page, left column, our Medical Officers, Lts. Hunter and Marcus are examining a patient in Sick Bay. The Ward Section of Sick Bay is shown below. Top right: Dental Officer, Lt. Wolff, treats a patient while Corpman Swanson looks on. The other three pictures depict our worthy cooks and bakers preparing chow, and how we go for it.
We go for shows in a big way, too. High spot of the entertainment season on Island X was the visit of Bob Hope and his troupe. Bob is pictured in the center layout. At left center, Frances Langford; at right center, Patty Thomas; while below is the entire troupe including Jerry Colonna, et al. Upper left corner, the Island X Community Theatre’s production of “The Doughgirls” while the other three corners are occupied by various entertainers of USO shows.
Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

—Longfellow

During the days of early childhood for the 117th Battalion at Camp Peary, under the tutelage of Trumpeter R. L. Jones and the enthusiastic and “Never say die” watchful eye of Warrant Officer Larry T. Brooks, the nucleus of what was later to become the 117th Battalion Band was conceived and put into effect.

The road has been long and much water has gone over the dam in the first year of its existence, obstacles by the score have continually entered the picture but we have been blessed with the fact that our Skipper is a man with a musical ear, warm heart and watchful eye for the well-being of each individual under his command and has given his full support at all times.

The first instruments used were personal donations by Band Personnel and by their many friends. It was not until we had blossomed as a full fledged Battalion did we receive help from the Navy in the form of One Thousand Dollars in Band Instruments.

The days continued dark after our arrival at Gulfport (so far as a finished musical organization was concerned) until we received a ray of sunshine in the person of R. D. Hannon, who left his profession as High School Band Instructor to take his chances with the Seabees and who took over as Maestro DeLuxe.

From that day until this, after hours and between work, without extra pay, these men, thirty-four strong have moulded together a musical organization, while not of the Sousa quality yet will be worth their weight in Gold if we are ever called upon to entertain ourselves on Island X ‘X’ where entertainment would probably consist primarily of watching the Sun rise and set and the waves beat the sandy beaches.

Their work could possibly be termed selfish from the point of self satisfaction they have found from their efforts, but the pleasure they have given many of their mates and the many accomplishments that have been theirs through the playing during Christmas Season, Colors, Concerts, Parades, Reviews and the extreme happiness they expounded on the two occasions they played for the Veterans Administration on the Gulf of Mexico Coast for some four hundred first and second world war mental case casualties will be a memory never to be forgotten.

I believe the Christmas program played for this group would have brought a lump into the throats of any man had they seen those old fellows, deprived of the Love and Companionship of home life actually stand at their seats and cheer to the tunes of Dixie, Yankee Doodle, Darling Nellie Gray, and many of the other old time favorites.

So I think I can speak for the Battalion as a whole when I say “Hats off to the boys of the Band, your efforts ARE appreciated.”

L. T. B.

Twenty-seven
sick—it was just the heat in the laundry that got me." And T. L. Treeza came in for a considerable share of the ribbing. On our first day out he had purchased a paper dish of ice cream at Ship's Service. Some one warned him about upsetting his stomach. "Go on," he retorted, "ice cream will keep you from being sea—coco—oooh," and he dashed to the rail.

Sunday saw our first excitement aboard. Late in the afternoon a shrill siren began shrieking. We scanned the horizon for the sight of a periscope, the skies for hostile airplanes. The shrieking continued and we were sure something big was up. Finally, the Voice of the Vessel, coming over the public address system, announced that all was well. The siren had gotten itself stuck. We breathed easier. * * *

Today is Monday. We've been at sea for a bit more than 48 hours but we've settled down to a calm acceptance of the seafaring life, barring more rough seas, anyway! In the morning the anti-aircraft guns had a workout. We worried when the first balloon was missed, even though the shots were near enough to hit anything larger. The second balloon was shot to tatters and we cheered. This afternoon some heavier armament was given a chance. The deep boom was a contrast to the starlight of the morning's gunnery, and while none of the shells landed on the tiny can, they came close enough to make us feel we can do battle with any cigar-shaped marauder that comes within range. * * *

Our destination has been secret. There was a chance of our shooting across the Atlantic, but most of us seemed to think we were heading for the Canal. Today, the Voice of the Vessel, which heretofore had shouted us below decks in business-like tone, became quite confidential. In the tones of a Burton Holmes travelogue, we were told that we were going through the Canal, that we would pass such and such an island, that we would be near the spot where Columbus first sighted land. The Voice also gave us a history of the Canal project. Some of us wondered how akin the builders of the Canal were to the present-day Seabees. * * *

After chow last night we sighted San Salvador. It was our first glimpse of land since leaving port, and even if no more than a dim, murky outline was visible, it was a welcome sight, reassuring us that somewhere in this vast expanse of water there was land. The Voice had reminded us that this was the first view of land afforded to a Spanish convoy back in 1492, and we thought of the conquests and conflicts that began in this hemisphere with the arrival of what is known as civilization. The sunset was nothing short of glorious. Low gray clouds hung over the island, and behind them sank the sun, oozing liquid fire over and under them. A Haitian has written of the "bleeding" sunsets of that region, and I think I know what he means. Against this brilliant background was the sleek black silhouette of our destroyer.

While some of us were entranced by the combination of scenic beauty and historical interest, not all of us were lost in the same strain. One of our younger and more irresponsible cooks, John J. Sagula, SC3e, sighed: "Gee, I betcha they got dames on that island!" * * *

The Powers-That-Be on the ship were kind to the G. L.'s last night, permitting us to stay on deck long after the ship was darkened. We certainly appreciated the boon. It was a lovely evening. Low, dark tufts of clouds which might have been made of cotton and suspended by string, floated under a purplish sky. The clouds were so low, that we felt a man in the crow's nest surely could touch them.

This morning's sunrise also was something to see. Again there were clouds. This time the shade of a purple canopy through which the sun's rays poured. If there was one thought running through most of our minds, it was that some day we would make this voyage again, with our wives at our side. At least a dozen men around me expressed this hope. One's wife, a deck chair, and a tall cool drink, and life would be perfect! A far cry from the rugged reality of a troopship, but it's not against regulations to dream a bit. * * *

After this trip we'll have a sympathy for the sardine. We're packed in pretty tight down below. It's hot, and the smell of mankind is almost overpowering. We're bunched in bunks five tiers high. Above me is Ray Metzlaf, who weighs some 200 pounds. When he comes to talk, the canvas sags so that it is perilous for me to raise my head. . . . The heat and humidity were stifling last night. Part of the salt had run in our hair, being in the most dangerous waters of the entire trip and for the first time I began to think about submarines. I touched my life belt, made mental note of the position of my trousers and shoes. I don't think I'd ever have fallen asleep but I happened to think of Mabel Stuart Curry's poem, "The Crossing," which Clarence A. Day had submitted to us for publication in the last American edition of The Review. It had a calming effect, and when I awoke, the ship still was aloft.

The first lap of our voyage is over. We are docking at the Atlantic entrance to the Canal. The Voice is calling instructions to the crew. This morning the Battalion added another unforgettable picture to our album of memories. After washing some clothes and taking a shower I came on deck to find that the convoy no longer was scattered in its ocean formation, but was crusing along, just like in the newsreels. Our ship being the flagship, we were in the lead. To port we saw a symphony of gray, a gray sea, a gray mist which broke off sharply to disclose a deep
gray shore line and above it a pearly gray, luminous sky, broken by irregular opaque gray clouds. As we came closer to land we could see patches of the grey blend brown, then spots of bright green. There was one picture I would have liked to have painted; a long line down the deck the side line with palm trees jutting behind it. As we came to the pier we noticed several vessels flying the flags of our Army, Navy, and a British aircraft carrier with its crew in white shirts. Also on view was a picturesque white two masted schooner that looked as if it had come out of a painting by Winslow Homer.

Today was an historic one for the Panama Canal. In all the years it has been in operation, never did a ship pass through its waters with a more excited, interested and enthusiastic group of passengers than those aboard our vessel.

"Ever since I've been old enough to read", one man said, "I've been reading about the Panama Canal. Everyone dreamed I'd ever see it. Gosh! Look how fast that water is rising on those reservoirs.

A dozen Atlases appeared on deck as the mates traced the course of the Big Ditch and discussed its history. Chief Weilborn gazed on the canal with a deep reverence, "I sure would have liked to have been on this project from the start, with the first survey crew, and kept on it until it was finished", he said quietly.

Even chow, usually the most important thing on the ship, could not compete with the Canal. The harassed M. A. A.s, who usually stand as a barrier between the mates and the chow hall, herding them into line, etc., had a new problem on their hands tonight; to get the gang down to eat. One of the M. A. A.s was imploring: "Any of you fellows want to eat now?" After the long, long chow, lines which stretched around the ship, this was even a greater miracle than the Canal, and at the first chance I walked down an unobstructed passage right into the Chow Hall.

I returned to the deck before we had passed through the last set of locks and soon witnessed the only competition offered the Canal that day. As we were entering the lake between the locks, we saw a group of Army men, and with them creatures garbed in strange attire—skirts! We couldn't believe our eyes. Yes, they were women. Real, live, female women! Men rushed to the port side for a glimpse of this almost forgotten rarity in our wholly masculine world. Officers on the bridge swung their binoculars as one man. We all waved madly and the girls waved back with commendable enthusiasm. Women! Even the beauty of the mountain lake failed to erase the excitement.

Taking advantage of the abundant supply of fresh water, the decks were washed with vigor. The crew had plenty of assistance from the Shiners, who turned out in bathing trunks or just waded in completely dressed to have a turn at handling the hose and splashing the deck. Quite inadvertently, of course, one hose crew occasionally would splash a stream of water on the other, and quite by accident (of course!), the other crew would return the favor.

It was grand, good-natured horse-play while it lasted.

Oh yes, we saw another woman. A trim speedboat passed and she was in the stern, a magazine advertising vision in a crisp white skirt that whirled in the breeze as she stood and waved to us.

Later in the evening Dean Prowse took me up to the signal bridge, the highest point on the ship except for the crow's nest. I could see the guide lights of the narrow end of the lake as they approached the Pacific locks, and, in the distance, what appeared to be the lights of a city.

A city! Lights, the sound of a woman's laughter, people walking on a paved street; a restaurant where you could sit down to eat; a drug store with a fountain that serves chocolate sodas; or a hotel lobby with music off in the distance and a Scotch and water in a small bar off to one side of the lobby. A city! I wonder when we'll be seeing one again.

From the picture in the Grade Six History book, I always had conceived of the Canal as a long series of locks flanked by gleaming white concrete. It was a surprise to find only a few locks at one end, a big, beautiful mountain lake, then a few locks at the other.

Although we left the Canal several days ago, I learned this morning that we still are not as far West as San Francisco. This came to us as we listened to a San Francisco radio station which had the time as five after six when our watches were consider-

ably later. Lt. Baxter tells me that by the time we are due South of San Francisco half of our voyage in the Panama will be completed, but the Panama Canal is East of Florida, not directly South of it as I always had imagined. Why didn't I pay any attention during geography lessons?

We learned this morning that we were going to (Censored), for a while, anyway. Lt. Kilpatrick, our company commander, called on the men in the hold and asked for better cooperation in keeping our quarters clean. There was a smile in his eye as he said that if the entire company was put on report it might mean the loss of our first liberty (in Censored). Such is the way we receive official confirmation of our own scuttlebutt.

The officers have a ward room which serves as their dining room, conference room and club room. Our club room is the Chow Hall after supper. The open deck is a great gathering place for the men, who play cards, write a letter, or join in the evening's musicale after the ship is darkened, the Chow Hall is lit.

One of the main attractions is Robert Payne, one of the Negro Marines aboard, who used to play the piano in several clubs in and around Cincinnati. He is a little fellow with the kind of an innocent smile that makes you want to grin all over when you see it on the faces of little colored children. He's a whiz at the keyboard, and from his night club experience has acquired a repertory that is second to none: How he can breathe with the mob that always is around him is a mystery, but perhaps the night club training also is the answer to that. Payne plays popular stuff from the time the Chow Hall opens for reveley until taps is sounded. Then, as his fellow Marines and most of our men go to their holds, he starts working on his own arrangements and compositions. He has composed a song entitled "Dreams Are Such Wonderful Things", and for my money it's as good as anything on the hit parade. He also has been assigned arrangement of "Stardust" for our band, which has been giving concerts aboard.

Editor's Note:

Robert Payne, Marine mentioned in this article, is a member of the Marine Company mentioned in the following dispatch recently printed in YANK:

SAPAP—The first Negro marines to see combat are members of an ammunition company. They are to be on the beach here on D-Day under the heaviest artillery and mortar concentration ever to meet American invasion forces.

Originally scheduled to move ammunition from the beach to dumps a short distance inland, many of them decided to rush on to within a few yards of the Japs and one, Pfc. John M. Jenkins of Norlina, N. C., destroyed a Jap machine gun nest. One man was killed in action and several wounded by shell fragments.

Leo Mann, professional boxer of Houston, Tex., who once defeated Lew Jenkins, is a sergeant in the
The officers have devised a new form of physical training known as abandon ship drill. You go to your compartment, wait for the signal, then dash up two steep flights of stairs (or ladders, to be nautical about it) and get out until the game is called off... We can clear the hold in a few minutes. It is a necessary precaution and not too boring.

In another section we always wear our life belts, rubber tubes which may be blown up by mouth or inflated by Sparklet-type siphon cartridges. They are cool to the heat and are a necessary nuisance. Every now and then I find myself without the belt and I hurriedly retrace my steps to find the deck again. The court martial offense to be without one but no one has noticed my occasional derelictions.

The clouds were so low this morning that the sea seems lifted to the top of the universe. One mate said that the sea had a "swollen" appearance; another said it reminded him of a sunrise in Wyoming viewed from a mountain top on a clear day. As the sun set over the horizon we watched it cast a path of gold over a silvery sea which appeared as smooth as glass. In other words we have been fortunate thus far. Except for the day we left port, our journey has been on truly pacific waters. The comparison with the Staten Island Ferry still goes.

Yesterday we had gun practice and one crew hit the target, a small can floating well away from the ship, on the first round. Actually, to hit the water anywhere near the tiny can would win the "Good Shooting" commendation from the Voice, the theory that an enemy craft would be hit by a shell which came that close. To sink the can target is said to be a rare feat and we were proud of the ship's gunners.

We sent our clothes to the ship's laundry the other day and it was turned today in a confused jumble. We had quite a time sorting over all the stuff, calling out the owner's name, and redrying it in the morning. Our underwear had acquired a dun color that was christened "battleship gray."

This morning at about seven o'clock, things began to happen up in the bow, where the dogs are quartered in their boxes on deck. Queenie, a German shepherd belonging to F. B. Roberts, became a mother, and how! By the grace of God, a golden birth to a litter of thirteen squirming puppies, and from all over the ship officers and men were calling my attention to see the new additions to our muster roll. One of the boys in Co. B was scratching the tired Queenie's ear as a gesture of comfort while a dozen (one had been born dead) blind puppies all attempted to suckle, a mathematical impossibility. To further complicate matters, early in the afternoon two more puppies arrived, making a grand total of fifteen born, fourteen alive, which we believed established some new kind of maritime record.

Although Queenie is a shepherd there is some reason to believe that the father was not. The puppies provide a wide variety of color.

F. B. Roberts,Assistant owner of Queenie, looked as wan as any father who ever paced a hospital corridor. The mates suggested that with such a large family he could now apply for an increase in his allowance. Harold Willis, owner of Pat. Co. B's cocker spaniel mascot had an explanation for the situation. He blamed it on the fact that Queenie was quartered under one of the machine gun emplacements and just had acquired the habit of going around them.

Big event of the day was the refueling of the destroyer which is escorting our convoy. We were cruising along slowly when the destroyer shot up from behind a corner, firing a 14-inch shell across, and the crew on the destroyer systematically used it to pull over the heavier rope and finally a heavy hawser. Several other lines were hauled over by the same system and finally the oil line, suspended from a boom, was sent over.

These operations completed, we had a chance to inspect the destroyer at close range. It was a long, slender affair, looking like an overgrown submarine to which parts of a battleship had been superimposed. Guns bristled from every inch of its deck. The crew of the destroyer seemed very much at home and were drinking coffee on deck.

To keep both vessels under control, a good headway was maintained during the operation, a very tricky one we were accustomed to.

Seeing the destroyer reminded me of the first paragraph of Marcus Goodrich's account of life aboard one, "Deilish." Read on with delight.

Thanks to the Council on Books in Wartime, a non-profit organization of American publishers, librarians and booksellers, we have a rich library of handy, pocket-sized volumes. The titles, for the most part, represent a cavalcade of best sellers of the past decade or two, and have been selected with authority, intelligence and consideration for the variability of taste. Many of us have renewed the reading habit on board ship. Our main trouble has been to find a place to read. The deck is crowded and we aren't permitted to go to our staterooms until the day as the Captain of the ship thinks we should get some sunshine. (We grumble about this, but would have none if we weren't allowed as much freedom of the deck as we've been enjoying.) Just as you get settled and after you do find a spot, someone decides it's time to wash down the deck again, and you have to move. The only saved item of the vessel is the small triangle of deck where Queenie is ensconced with her puppies. The crew purposely ignores this maternity while the fourteen tiny pups are doing well, and this afternoon the Mess Hall M.A.A. was arranging a small feeding trip, complete with early chow passes.

Before the ship left port, the Battalion's metalsmiths were salvaging old lockers on the dock and rebuilding them into shelving for the signal bridge. The men designed and constructed a bronze head rest for the dental office, made gear lockers for landing boats, installed a ship-to-ship telephone between the ships, made inter-ship communications system, repaired Jacob's ladders, made and installed leather cushion for a C.O.'s seat, repaired evaporators to increase their capacity 25%, rearranged ventilating systems, welded bulkheads, cleaned and repaired guns, stood watch in the engine room, at the guns, on the Signal Bridge and in the radio room.

The Battalion's cooks helped in the galley to prepare meals for ship's crew and other military units aboard as well as the 117th's enlisted personnel. Our men drank coffee and coffee runs for the Main Galley, tore down an electric oven in the bakery and reinstalled brick hearth for more efficient operation, installed emergency chutes for life rafts, made numerous copper vessels such as funnels and installed stoves for the sick bay. We redesigned brackets and made general repairs to hulk lifeboats stripped down the forecastle and rebuilt an officer's stateroom and head, rewound motors, made electrical repairs and improvements throughout the ship, painted over 600 signs throughout the ship and seven decorative murals topside. Our Band was busy, too, playing six concerts during the voyage.

Thirty
Before we left the ship we found we had to leave work due to a monopoly on our enterprise. We chuckled when we recalled the officer who asked us to rebuild his state room so as to even up the deck. He didn't like the job, Simpson did this up welded furniture, installing new beams, etc. Just as the boys were about to finish, a higher officer came by and wanted to know what was going on. "Harrumph," he harrumphed when told, "stuff and nonsense. It's been made level and if he can't walk on it the way it was built he ought to be assigned to shore duty!"

We disarmed, with a new perspective, a new pride in ourselves and our outfit.

* * *

Here we are on Island X.

Yesterday, at sea, our eyes strained for the sight of land. Suddenly one man pointed ahead and said: "There's a lighthouse. See the flashes!"

It wasn't a mirage, but it wasn't a lighthouse, either. Soon we saw smoke blossoms against the sky and we realized it was a ship firing anti-aircraft shells. Unperturbed, a plane hovered by.

Bits of driftwood floated by and someone said he had heard a ship had been sunk in that vicinity a few days earlier.

It was not until we came up from the mess compartment after noon that we saw the dim outline of mountains off starboard. Soon we began to see flashes for this promised land which ran in rocky ridges from the sea to the clouds where its shape was lost in mist.

Soon, over the blue water we could make out a strip of beach and a fringe of foliage. As we came into a narrow channel a man was spearing fish. We looked back toward the ocean and the water took on a variety of hues. August the ship it seemed a dark, neutral color. A little further away it was yellowish, then a deeper green, and against the horizon a deep blue.

As we entered the harbor the mountains seemed to open up for us and the piers and the docks began to be seen. The range of green fields and strips of red earth arranged in casual pattern on the slopes leading to the hills.

It was an unaccustomed picture for us. We were not used to seeing the skeletons of cranes rising above palm trees, captain's gig with white uniformed seamen standing smartly in the stern, and camouflaged LCIs. All this helped to give the scene the quality of a Catesby advertisement.

We passed through hallowed waters. We saw a recently-raised vessel with its ensign flying proudly astern, signifying that it still was in the fight. And in a scrap pile ashore, we saw parts of ships that fought no more against a wave.

Soon we were tied up at a pier. Someone brought a few copies of the local newspaper aboard, and there was a mad scramble for them. Officers on the upper decks trained their binoculars on the headlines and read them aloud. Somehow, when newspapers even a board were recovered back on terra firma, that our journey was over, for the time being, at least.

Within an hour we were clamoring at third trucks and on our way up a billy road. There was a lot of traffic. We went through ravines of reddish earth, covered with green foliage, and we saw plenty of cactus. "Looks like Oklahoma to me," one man said. "Looks like Kentucky to me," said our M.A. Harold McDowell. And Davey Huber said the green hills reminded him of Kentucky.

As we climbed the hills we had a splendid view of the panorama of sea and shore. We eventually came to a small village of Quonset huts built against a red-soiled hilltop, and at what seemed the peak, the trucks stopped conveniently close to a beer line.

Just as it happened at Peary and Gulfport, and, as I suppose it would happen if a group of Seabees were suddenly to land in Heaven, we were soon besieged with questions. "Any one from Texas ... anyone from West Virginia ... New Hampshire ... Ohio ... Connecticut?"

"A guy named Joe Parker in your outfit?"

We were equally curious. We wanted to know about the beer line, the liberty situation, the living conditions. The sight of doubledecker bunks, many with springs, was almost too much for us after five months on camp cots at Gulfport and nearly a month on pipe berthas at sea. We were amused to find pineapples growing in orderly rows in the red dirt behind the huts. We had not satisfied our curiosity when a loud speaker announced that a neighboring battalion's chow hall was ready to serve us.

Down the hilly, narrow path between the huts the Battalion stomped. After the march the Battalion stamped, giving a good imitation of the Gold Rush or the opening of the Cherokee Strip. The food was good, but the sight of tables and benches was better, for we had stood for meals on the voyage. After chow we found a ship's service store where we bought ice cream, milk shakes, cans of pineapple juice and coca-colas. We were intrigued by attractively printed books and souvenirs such as grass skirts. Some of the mates said they were made in Brooklyn.

As night fell on the camp, the lights of the city below twinkled invitingly, but we were glad to turn into our bunks. We missed the gentle rocking motion of the ship. The reaction of being on shore was too much for some of us. Joe Del Orofano, a cook who had been uneasy during the entire voyage, was so relieved to be on land that he kept chatting long after lights out. He was genuinely amusing and we laughed, a bit too loudly perhaps, for the QOD soon came over and told us to pipe down.

We were lined up for muster this morning when Roberts and another mate came along. They were carrying Queenie's box. There was a look on Roberts' face that made me feel something was wrong.

"How's Queenie?" someone asked.

He didn't answer for a minute. Then, in a toneless voice, he mur- mured, "Queenie's dead!"

A mournful sigh, as heartfelt as it was brief, went up from every one of us.

* * *

This afternoon we received our mail, our first word from home in what seemed like years. The folks had been writing every day and almost everyone had a score of letters. We read them avidly and eagerly shared choice paragraphs with the fellow in the next bunk. Not all of the letters were so wonderful. I learned of the death of a friend back in Redding Ridge and Paul Huskings, one of our cooks, learned of the death of his mother. I tried to tell him I was sorry, but I don't know whether he heard me.

This morning Chief Witmyer took our company for a hike into the hills beyond the camp. We walked along a narrow path on a ridge, looked down into deep green valleys covered with a carpet-like shrubbery, thick, but dwarfed. We noted a small blue flower, but we didn't know its name.

On our way back we passed Commander Burke and Lt. Commander Anderson standing together, looking over the camp and the vista below. In Gulfport we usually saw them only in the grayish offices. Now, in the sunlight, they seemed to take on added stature. They were on the job. The sight of them standing there together so calmly gave me a feeling of confidence. I imagined that they were looking over the scene of our Battalion's future activity and were pleased with the prospects.
MASS. LEADS
BATTALION PERSONNEL

The long-standing controversy as to which state has contributed the most men to the 117th Battalion is now settled. Definitely and finally, as of late July (just before the last batch of replacements arrived), the Statistical Department of the 117th Battalion's Company Clerks' Assn., that exclusive and snug little group in Unit 520, announced that Massachusetts leads all the states in Battalion representation with a total of 107 men, not including two officers.

Pennsylvania came second on enlisted personnel with ninety-six men and first in the gold-bracted bracket with six officers, bringing the Keystone State's total to 102.

New York State, including upstate, Brooklyn and the Bronx, came in third with ninety men, but no officers.

The survey showed that every state in the union with the exception of Delaware was represented in the Battalion. How Delaware happened to be left out remains unexplained, but it is felt that this oversight will be corrected before the Battalion is very much older.

The result of the survey shows the following ten states in the lead:

<table>
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<th>State</th>
<th>Men</th>
<th>Officers</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mass.</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penn.</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Y.</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ill.</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Calif.</td>
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<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ohio</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mich.</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. J.</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iowa</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
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</table>

* Hoosier!

The largest block from any state in any one company revealed by the survey were the thirty-two Goldfish State enlisted personnel in Co. C. To Co. D the same state contributed twenty-six native sons.

Pennsylvania's largest individual group was in Co. A, where there were thirty-three Keystone Staters, including Company Commander Strauss and Chief Warrant Officer Dennis.

Other states and their combined totals (enlisted men and officers) included: Kentucky 25; Indiana 24; Minnesota 24; Alabama 25; Oklahoma 18; Oregon 18; Connecticut 16; Massachusetts 16; Tennessee 15; Maryland 12; Washington 13; Arkansas 11; Louisiana 12; Georgia 11; Florida 11; Mississippi 10; Virginia 10; Colorado 9; Maine 9; Nebraska 8; West Virginia 8; Kansas 8; Arizona 7; North Carolina 6; Montana 5; New Hampshire 5; South Carolina 5; Utah 5; Wyoming 5; Idaho 4; New Mexico 3; Rhode Island 3; North Dakota 2; District of Columbia 1; Nevada 1; South Dakota 1; Vermont 1 and Bermuda 1.

Aloh'a but not Good Bye


Many New Chiefs

Just as our Anniversary Issue was going to press a number of ratings were announced, effective August 1. Included in the list were a number of men who were elevated to the rank of Chief Petty Officer, but as the announcement came too late for the "Who's Who" in this issue, we take this opportunity of congratulating the following on their promotion:

Frank R. Miller, Jr. William E. Dull
Clyde V. Swafford Paul M. Falk
Lawrence Veneman Phillip H. Bartels
Joseph W. MacNeal Thomas E. Dierks
James M. Thomas Edward J. Ghel
Henry B. Williams Lynn L. Deud
William A. Gerdes Paul S. Toste
Lowell W. Jackson William H. Hux
Clarence A. Day, Jr. Leslie D. Rogers
Frederick Walker Clayton W. Wall
Andrew Tseyerman W. E. Spencer
Vernon N. Zimmerman

Thirty-two
WHAT WE CAME TO DO

(Continued from page 8)

Welders and in addition to these and many others of the skilled trades, the young men just out of school skilled in no particular craft but with stout hearts and strong hands willing to do any job assigned to them. These men under the supervision of well qualified Officers working in groups have constructed or have under construction work which would be comparable in the States to a contract of approximately Three Million Dollars valuation. In comparison the amount of materials used would completely build a village of some one hundred-sixty average size five room modern frame residences including the Paving, Plumbing and Electrical work. A breakdown on our work would reveal such structures as eighteen enormous warehouses, thirteen Frame Bar racks, Second story addition to an important Administration Building, many one story, and five of the latest two story prefabricated Quonset Huts, Post Office, Officers Recreational Facilities and Tennis Club, Dyke and Spillway. To perform this work we have assigned to us such equipment as Dump, Cargo, Water and Picker Trucks, Weapon Carriers, Recoms, Jeeps, Sedans, Trailers, Motor Graders, Tandem and Sheepsfoot Rollers, Sampans, Busses, Generators, Tractors, Cranes, Shovels, Ditches, Ambulance, Concrete Mixers, Compressors, Welding Machines, Bulldozers, etc.

Speed and efficiency is our war cry. With the Pacific Campaign now reaching a fever pitch many of the projects being built are being brought into use long before the final doors are hung. In many instances the two story Barracks are being occupied downstairs while the upstairs is still under construction and the warehouses are half filled before they are painted. Great quantities of food staff and materials of war are being warehoused so that our Boys in the thick of the fight may have the most when they need it and incidentally they are getting it; which to Hirohito should serve as sufficient warning: his days are numbered.

Linked with this immense construction program is the ever present problem of morale which is being taken care of by the incidental construction of recreational facilities within our own camp area.

Rest assured, folks back home, that your boys are fully on the job and doing a great piece of work as is evidenced by many letters of commendation and praise for their achievements from high ranking Naval and Marine Officials and in addition by their dirty, sweaty, smiling faces as they return each evening from their day's work. I think I can speak for each of them when I say they go about their daily grind with the one thought of hurriedly to finish this mountainous mess and the return to you back there.

CAMP PEARY, WINTER STYLE

By HAROLD E. KIDDER, Szc

I suppose that to the majority of the Battalion who went through boot in the Summer, Camp Peary recalls the picture of a steaming swampland on the South Bank of the York River in what is sometimes referred to as beautiful and historic Virginia.

To some of the rest of us, namely the Seamen from the Special Drafts, 3090 to 2061, mention of Peary evokes a somewhat different memory. We were among the last men to go through Peary before it was converted into a regular Navy Training Station. When we arrived, in October and November of 1943, men were coming in at a terrific rate. We were packed to the gills with men sleeping in the drill halls and even outside of them. The lucky ones of us had barracks where we had fire watch all night to keep the stoves going. The mates next to the stoves always got roasted while the ones at the ends of the barracks froze. Then, too, it was not unusual for someone to let the fire go out.

Due to the shortage of coal we had to use wood. There was never a duty day but what some of us got caught on a wood detail. I, for one, have many fond memories of pulling logs out of Virginia swamps.

Like all Seabees before us and, I suppose, like the few after us, we had to visit that place called the obstacle course, and some of the fellows took a ducking at the water hurdle. They can testify to the temperature of the water, which, incidentally, had a skin of ice over it every morning. The cold water did away with washing the board sidewalks in the morning; because any water that was thrown on the walks froze, with often embarrassing results.

There are some things I don’t think anyone who was in Special Draft 3000 ever will forget. There were those days at the rifle range when the dress of the day went something like this: Long underwear, blue jersey, dungaree shirt and pants covered by utility greens, then pea coats. The bravest took off their pea coats when on the firing line, but the brave were not too numerous.

Another thing to remember was the Battle of Seabee Hill. This was an embellishment at the Pistol Range in A and the company established itself at the top of the embankment and three other companies would attack and try to dislodge the defenders. It was a game of King of the Mountain on a large scale.

Then there was the time we loaded all of our bags into a truck at 0600 to move and then unloaded them at 1800 and returned to the same bunk in which we had been sleeping.

The rest of this story is known to you all. How in December and January we came to Gulfport and joined the 117th Battalion, which was badly in need of new blood to bring back its waning strength. (EDITOR’S NOTE: Hear the man rave!) Honest, fellows, we couldn’t help it because none of you were strong enough to be Messmen and feed yourselves.

Thirty-three
COMPANY

PICTURES

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY
Meet the Mates of Headquarters Co.

First, let's introduce our Chief Petty Officer, or CPO's. First man on the list, alphabetically, is Charles Brown, the chief snapper (see page above) of the CPO hut; then there's Glover Broughton, Marblehead's gift to the Battalion; and the most popular of all, Harry W. Camp, a kindly gentleman who assists in paying us off twice a month.

Marcus Eacker, who looks like a movie actor, but we just can't remember which; Otey B. Fortune, with whom we've had many a chuckle; Chester Fox, ex-aviator and mechanical expert who keeps our equipment rolling; Edward L. Gallant, "Stress and Strain" who calls him, a good egg and a lot of fun; Philip J. Hamm, our athletic specialist, best known by his battle cry, "You're the man!"

M. Roland Thomas, coach, with a mustache from way back who is proud of his Seabees son; Henry Keyes, our champ junior O.D.; Jack La Porte, the bonair Gallic influence from Brooklyn; William Elam Lee, the Philadelphia man who made chief; Frank K. Mendenhall, chief of the CPO's.

Tony Fox, a.{, and one of our best all-around athletes; Irving C. Murray, a proud papa; Zackeria A. Newby, who expresses pleasure with a broad smile and displeasure with a loud stomp; John H. Norton, senior member of the Norton-Murray debating society; Ruben M. Parra, "Poncho," our hot tamale; Mario Patacelli, "Vitaphone," whose hands are handy with the basketball; we mean; Donald C. Paydon, a far-sewing lad deep in post-war plans; Forrest W. Pratt, a darned good young man who has a sense of humor and a knack of enjoying himself; J. F. Pruter, the quiet type who bars the way; Ohio; Douglas C. Pyron, "Bird Legs," a good kid from Sleepy Eye, Minn., who tries to emulate Jimmy Lynch.

Clarence I. Reynolds, who wakes the shack with his crooning; James N. Reynolds, Jr., Jimmy, one of our alert guards; P. T. Roberts, Island X, agrees with him, but he couldn't get along anywhere, William H. Rumpf-The best man in the 17th-and he was embarrassed; Leonard J. Sanford, one of our hard-working fellows with his own private upholstery shop; Rufus D. Sewell, a Texas rancher who has been deep in the heart of California; Clifford D. Smith, the Tarentum lad who likes his sleep; W. B. Snyder, quiet, well-bred lad from Staunton, Va., who helped build Pears but we'll forgive him; John E. Swenson, the "Mate" from Mauch Chunk and his description of how to get there; Franklin P. Taylor, the big leather man from Michigan; Albert F. Trollo, who helps keep things exciting; Rudolph C. Talenti, our own version of "The Voice"; Jerome M. Tournouer, who helps Chief Lee keep things running; Carl G. Wagner, good old "Gun," bless him, ... a lot of fun all the way; Harry O. Wright, who also has helped to make things merry; Marlin E. Young, the lad who married the beautiful Bay St. Louis girl.

PLATOON 2

George Adair, who can be found after the war in his tourist camp at Del Rio, Texas; David F. Barry, "I wanna go back to the nail factory"; Arthur Bender, the most conspicuous man in the outfit and a one-man bracelet factory; P. L. Black, who doesn't like double-time and we don't blame him, he has a quick wit; Melvin Life, reformed journalist and turf prognosticator who turned his talents to signal-lighting; Franklin E. Danielson, who plays a harmonica in a way an angel tickles a harp; John F. Dickey, "Here's to a worthy cause," but one's hard to find the cause; Paul M. Falk, our staff artist in whose work we all take great pleasure; Wilbur M. Haas, lean Wisconsin Engin-
A Company Notes

By L. C. Johnson & N. R. Watson

In the process of gathering material for our annual, let us not neglect the necessary oaths of our organization. Let us touch on them slightly, but not too briefly; in the order of their standing in the alphabet, thus detaching no one from any important or otherwise, to the Battalion. For the sake of posterity we give you the Company Chiefs.

O. A. "Army" Armstrong, a woodworker,举行 for personal security for his traveling in what he fondly calls an arm mobile. There, gentlemen, is the proof of a sense of humor. T. P. "Freddy" Frederick, whose knowledge and skill are not limited to the twirling of a key on a chain. Lack of callousess on his hand attest to his skill in this art. A fiddler of no mean ability, he upholds the traditions of his home state. W. F. "Blackout" Gaitens, the "Blackout" originated from a certain discolored the note, who has paid ten cents in contact with wood suspended from hinges. Our silver-tongued orator should have recourse to pipe work, he has delved into the mysteries of mats and hopes and humor and asked them to pipe medium. R. E. "Whitey" White, hunter of renown, whose cheerful cooperation and genteel manner, is effectively contributing to our high morale. R. F. "Chubby" Wright, our senior chief, whose wit and wisdom are challenged only by his Perch. One of the big men of the Battalion, he has that jocular smile which overcomes the scruples of the volunteers like "You and you and you!"

Who's Who or Why in Platoon 1

E. S. Baker, that cellar waiting at home; C. C. Heckman, Owner of "Rusty"; T. O'Hara, Our expert diver; E. E. Peterson, Our 400-pounder; E. H. Bevis, Deep in the arms of Morpheus; Nick Simeone, "Jersey Bounce" personified; C. G. Secy, "Mississippi" siren; Jim Llied; Machine gun chatter; L. Dean, Baltimore Bell; G. Lowerts, Spud special; R. A., the saxophone; J. L. Platt, Hands house; R. C. Stember, Seven letter man; W. J. O'Brien, New York Yankee; R. Deeter, "Call me early"; W. F. Gross, Hale and hearty; J. J. Lackey, Early to bed and early (?) to rise; R. E. Preininger, Another Will Pein; D. Reid, Correspondence courses and corn; L. R. Shipps, Cut cards or lumber; C. C. Nielsbck, Inveterate Mrs. Sullivan, Horse wrangler (nights when asleep); J. Venditti, Jep Inglo specialist; A. F. Kruse, Genial critic of Preosterous nouns; E. F. "Whitey" Samuelson, who wants to see some action; S. B. W. Schrampfer, a likensble Texan, Darrell Schrader, poet laureate of the Battalion; R. E. "Roper" Rodgers, one of our better plumbers; N. E. "Ned" Harker, Inveterate; J. M. "Joe" Leslie, poker player of high standing, is one of our "strictly-on-the-ball" protein exponents of construction.

Linguad in appearance he is effusive in action. E. F. "Stud" Marable, our Georgia peach, Master Electrician who is practiced at stringing a line electrically or socially, has no ca dence-counting in any military organization. Loves to swim in the altogether. R. P. "Roge" Rodgers is one of our better plumbers. Not one to pipe work, he has delved into the mysteries of mats and hopes and humor and asked them to pipe medium. R. E. "Whitey" White, hunter of renown, whose cheerful cooperation and genteel manner, is effectively contributing to our high morale. R. F. "Chubby" Wright, our senior chief, whose wit and wisdom are challenged only by his Perch. One of the big men of the Battalion, he has that jocular smile which overcomes the scruples of the volunteers like "You and you and you!"

PLATOON 3

C. F. Meyer, who invites all the CB & B’s to California after the war; A. D. O’clock, given wooden shoes after tags; D. E. Turpen, the Katzenjammer kid; C. J. Dugway, waiting for three stars on his cap; G. J. Stern, "Creepy the Mallman"; W. D. Fields, "Mr. Hughes," the Sea-lawyer; R. D. Martin, paternal influence in the cook’s cupboard; George Music, whose return to the Batt. we welcomed; F. R. Miller, the row-boat that sank. E. S. Stern, the man with a lot of war paint; R. Newman, the soft beverage king; D. H. Osborne, a quiet character; D. S. Dec, Pard, very occasional "Hot from the Galloway" correspondent; P. J. Huskins, the best left in the business and he needs it to run the cook’s cupboard; F. L. Potts, whose heart is in Gulfport; D. Castings, "Got a cigarette?" Now give me a light! Nick Modarelli, Sagula’s shadow.

B. Companihi, "Red," the smiling pixie; R. E. Laverty, the pinch-up boy; B. Z. Chandler, deserting Alabama for Ohio; J. S. Sagula, wanting a one-way ticket to Youngstown; M. Kachmer, "Day means Discharge Day"; R. H. Nystrom, Sagula’s only competition for beer championship; P. Keller, so good that he was made Officers’ Mess chef; R. E. Cozzens, "Brother, could you spare a dime?" P. Capuzzo, the artistic baker who decorates the cakes; J. Del Orfano, the DeMaupassant of the cooks; M. J. Gouche, "I wanna go home and I mean home" (so he made a tray big enough to sail home in); C. Rutgers, "Got room for both of our drinks, ambitious and industry personified; Ngook Lim Lee, armchair strategist deluxe and expert on Pacific Geography; A. J. Nickles, brother of the mystery liberty man; P. Sturgeon, the proud papa who wants to see more of his son; J. Swartzlender, the wig-wag conversationalist; J. T. Short, "Shorty Short from Buffalo, N. Y."; O. H. Anderson, one of the most popular men in the shacks; F. Nicholson, "Destination Florida!"

PLATOON 4

Charles Waldo Berry, who smiles with his eyes as well as lips; William C. Bulger, the Commander’s yeoman and a considerate soul; Tracy M. Collier, Chaplain’s yeoman who doesn’t waste energy; Richard G. Comfort, lanky Philadelphian—Island X agrees with him, too: John P. Curran, veteran cadet from World War I and our general; E. L. Dull, "The Autograph Hound," a kindly person who scampers all over the island and demands on his requisitions; William E. Enslen, unofficial circulation manager of THE REVIEW and Dallas banker; Jack J. Federica, that loveable smile; Gene A. Gillespie, or "Doc." Our Hdq. correspondent; Julius E. Heck, demon radio man and genius of our communications dept.; Leonard C. Jones, the quietest of the storekeepers and a friendly fellow; Allan S. King, the yeoman with the down¬down access who makes gift to the Battalion and we’ve been glad to have him with us; Everett E. McKinnon, "Gawgwh" who pulls out his brother, B. W. McKinnon, the mystery liberty man; P. Sturgeon, the proud papa who wants to see more of his son; J. Swartzlender, the wig-wag conversationalist; J. T. Short, "Shorty Short from Buffalo, N. Y."; O. H. Anderson, one of the most popular men in the shacks; F. Nicholson, "Destination Florida!"
the lights; Gerald O. Clark. He came in humming, with a cane in his hand. Oh Doc! Can I go back to the prominence of William H. ścars, Jr. If Baseball information you desire, our statistics kids is for your benefit. He finds his post in the dark of night. A Texas Ranger a razing to find: John A. Fenker, "A hard day at the office." He's found we all. Bill, he didn't work today; William A. Gerdes, Meet the sheriff in his hack; whenever you turn your back. "I'll see P. A. Goans. A smiling man of Moss Hall fame, whenever you see him, he's always the same; Elijah L. Grunberg, If it's discrimination you want, put on the brakes, our money's on Grunman and we'll hold the stakes; Orven E. Hall, To hear him talk, his work is rough, but do you think the sack's so tough; Anibal H. Henriquez, A brand new citizen of the U.S.A., his apartment houses are paying his way; James J. Hosford, The "Little Beaver" from Boston way. He never lacks for something.

Helon H. Hubalek. He writes to "Bing" three times a day, we often wonder what he has to say; Thomas W. T. Hurn" from the deep southland, with a friendly smile and a helping hand; William Ingram, To all inventors, please beware, there is a man that will get in your hair; Clarence Justiss, With an M.A.A. badge upon his chest, he never gives the boys a rest; Jack L. Kingery, King Kong Kingery, his dreams are wild, during the day he's very mild; Raymond J. Lambertson, A Smoothie must be a pappy grand, he'll wash em up if you bring 'em in; Ronald J. Lefevre, We call him "Frenchy", he drives for supply, and he's a man on whom to rely; Ralph W. Miller, He carries a pass-key to our sick-bay, if he's not there, he's on his way; Thomas J. Payton, Tom and Murrayling are birds of a feather, when they're not apart, they're always together; William "Bill" This is "Flat" Bill from Alabama, he uses "flat" instead of goaht; Oita H. Powers, Yes, he's from Texas and if that's a crime, he's willing to fulfill his time; Lloyd W. Snowdale, This mate is an other K.P. bound, where the dishes are; he's found his treasure; Leonard L. Stephen, Steve is the man with the awful yen, wonder if he'll make the Chiefes den?; Hurlie Symmonds, Here's a swell mate to have around. I doubt if a better one could be found; Eugene F. Szymbor, Zombies come and Zombies go, here is one you ought to know; Claud L. Taylor, He's long and slim and full of fun, he never quits till his days wound down; P. Terlecki. He chatters by night and he chatters by day, you never can tell what he's apt to say.

Carl F. Thomsen. The mail came in, apricots were there, five eighty-five was the total fare; Randolph R. Tomzer, a menace to the Meuring clan, there's nothing that George can't do with that man; Eugene T. VanHouten, The Moki flash, our squarehead mate, conventional haircuts are sometimes his fate; Walter Urbanski, From the Williwaw Gift Little Sockeye, when the work comes round, he's never there; William G. Vint, We call him Mabel and yet we know, that Mabel's at home, where he wants to go; Alexander Williams, Willie and Stupid are inseparable pals, William turns out like a gift; James H. Williams, If you can match his stride all day, you'll be entitled to his name; L. Williams, "Ace" Williams is the Decatur kid, always telling of the work he did; It's all in fun, don't take offense, a lawsuit should prove a great expense.

By Their Words Ye Shall Know Them

Company B-3

Elmer L. Barkley, Come on fellows. Church starts in five minutes; Lorrie L. Burkhead, I think Adel will soon be the chap of Iowa; Lynn L. Douc, My wife and baby are the most beautiful in B Company; Edward D. Duning, That will be five bucks mate, don't you think it's worth it?; Kenneth R. Gorkin, I think I'll write a book; Richard W. Griffith, Why did they change my name from Rubbish to Horizons?; Guidry, Oh boy; Only six more days till liberty; Oscar H. Harris, There'll be no more show campers until I get back; Arthur R. Hess, I wonder if I would feel better if I did a day's work?; Archie A. Jacobs, There must be something wrong with Stanley; Robert J. Johnson, I would rather be on the truck with George than anywhere; Dale Kennedy, Don't only have to think for myself, but for Mort too; LeRoy R. Kirk, The only man in the Battalion to find a local blonde; Henry G. Kodak, will receive my discharge serving on the line; Arthur G. Martin, I won't go to a show till I can go and see World Meat; Mahon, I love'em, I love'em, I love'em all, I'm going to marry 'em; Octavio Mendola, No, I think I'll go on liberty alone, again; Richard Merrill, Just give me time, I'll catch on to all those jokes; George A. Meuring, I don't see why you fellows go on liberty. But, I guess I'll go too; Edmond F. Money, Still hellers at night trying to ride that night mare.

Alex R. Maxwell, What will that be make next; John F. Piotrowski, You'll think I ain't a logger? Root-toe-foot-tooot; Ira J. Peterson, A long trip back to Texas— I think that's where I'm from; Leighton L. Reimer, He just couldn't be that wild about Mass; Francis D. Roberts, Congratulations on first Sea Bee and sixteenth wedding anniversary; Donald T. Schmitt, Oh! For the war's end and matrimony; James A. Snider, We like his hair cuts, do you?; Theoph: F. Szklar, My, my, all that noise from one man?; LeRoy T. Tomlinson, What a liberty town! I was there five hours and "Bang" I spent a dime; Harry J. VonHandorf, Boy, She is sure a great gal; Edward L. Wilson, No, I don't serve 'em, I work in the scullery; A. S. Youngson, Col Durr it, I sure wish I was home; Harold D. Zeidman, In boys, right after lights out; Robert G. Blatzheim, Honest fellows, I didn't do it; Leon L. Yasko, Are you sure, young man, that's that true?; Raymond C. Marlow, I'm from Alabama, can't you tell.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

By Eugene F. Szymbor

Onerato J. Belluzio, Bernabei, what would you do without me?; Frank Bernabei, Scarbough, I'll meet you on the cawnow, with my boss and team; Ralph W. Bodine, That's what I say, I don't give a gol darn; Arthur R. Broadhurst, Men, we'll commence the without —; "Bill" Borland, James G. Brown, Boys, I'm going back to the States—when the war's over; Bill Southard, Janie, Casablanca does something to me; Ignatius J. Delesi, I've seen everything now; George H. Dougherty, Kid, look what I found in the sewer; D'Orsay, I'm back; Robert L. Johnson, Let's go down and get some pineapple juice; William F. Knock, You guys better not cut my sideburns; Martin G. Kuch, Have you seen the picture of my family?; Frank J. Kuta, Hoy, what's the story?; Elmer H. Lange, I don't like to work under a first class man; Merl L. Langley, Mac, don't kid your Uncle Merl; St. Leger, What two men want to go down to the pineapple patch?

Peter C. Ott, Me feet hurt. I can't carry on this hunt any more; Mr. Ott, I'll have another coke; John P. Plochienik, Any of you guys seem Broady?; LeRoy J. Rodgers, Man, That's what I tell them you wouldn't believe me; Bernard L. Princke, Dugan, watch out, I'm gaining weight; Bert Rydberg, Yah, eye tank eye get a discharge; John S. Samples, I've been in the Seabees a year and I'm a captain. That makes me feel good, Dugan, Brother, I'm a good fellow, aren't I?; Robert H. Trowbridge, The strong silent man; Robert D. Welsh, Boy, don't give me no trouble; Everett D. Whitehead, Oh! You don't like it, eh?; Vernon N. Zimmermann, I think I'll get my head shaved again.

FAVORITE SAYINGS

Company B-5

Holdridge J. Altazin, Bunt Rouge with the proud name of Arthur W. Bishop. They do things different, up where I come from; James S. Boomer, The Tennesseeans are winning this ballgame, Charlie, I can stand that. I'm not a child anymore; Marvin L. Dortor, "Sho Nut" I'm from Georgia, and darn proud of it; Charles S. Flanagan, Gee, I wish I could pick some prunes in California; Samuel Gasin, Anyone want an argument?.; Anton F. Gierat, Quiet boys, I had a hard day today; Marvin M. Harmon, No foolin' boys, we'll be on our way home by Christmas; Gerald W. Carrall, You don't see the south; Russell E. Headley, You'll have to show me, I'm from Missouri; Frank W. Hoofnagle, Sure wish I was back with my helmet; Robert J. Karge, California was always good to me; Bent A. Larsen, Let's have a friendly game, for a change; Charles F. Lewis, So I took the fifty million dollars.

John H. Mc Hale, Don't for call me. I'll answer the morning roll call; William J. McLean, Only four letters today, what the heck is the matter?; Norman W. Merrill, Guess the Navy's in my blood; Bob Williams, I'm on the ball, they just don't appreciate my talent; Harry P. Minnick, I'd clean up if it was my turn; Michael E.
C Company's Fondest Memories and Favorite Sayings

**Chiefs**

J. M. Ponder, Don't shoot till you see the gold; W. J. Hepe, Carry me back to Illinois; F. A. Clemons, Noted for his temper of steel; E. N. Selbert, A white twister with a yen for carving; E. N. Trembley, Of all the islands, I'll take Cat Island; M. L. Piotrowski, Ride and the world rides with you, walk and you walk alone; B. Gage, A love for higher arts—Tattooing; J. E. Edwards, Simon Legree of Company "C"; F. L. Halb, "I changed my rate to a Boon's mate. So I can ......."

**Hut 32**

W. E. Hutchins, Out of High School and right in the Navy; E. J. Martin, "Come up my way sometime, and get some free beer"; L. J. Martin, "A Marine Asleep ...?"; W. C. Goldberg, "I sure could do a lot of hustling back home"; R. H. Westbrook, Most fellows don't care for Mississippi, but that's where I'll be right after this "mess"; F. E. Kasbaum, "I'll never forget the time at Norfolk"; A. J. Deeds, Entered Camp Peary a year ago tonight; R. Heath, Best time in the Service—Boot Camp; E. A. Keys, Peary's favorite game (he boat ride b nosed), but there's no place like California; R. E. Lane, Take me back to "Lebo" at Gulfport; H. G. Straight, Hope I am at my home address soon; H. O. Gentert, "Not talking"; C. A. Day, "I'd like to blaze new trails in good old Wisconsin".

U. S. McCutcheon, "Hey fellows of the 117th! In Austin, Texas, the phone number is 9414, Glimpse a "box" any old time. (Note!!! No long distant "collect" calls accepted); A. D. Kitta, Pennsylvania—land of black diamonds (Coal); A. Goin, "I like the 117th"—a grand gang of mates!!!

A. H. Lewadowskie, Mum ...?; W. A. Oliver, "Carry me back to old Virginia"; M. E. Kuliske, "Take me back to lower the tall corn grows";

E. L. Johnson, The best week—Home on "leave" in sunny Pasadena, Calif.; W. P. Walker, Too long, too long. I've been in the "Seabees"; T. D. Hyde, "I'll know better the next time"; E. J. Hunter, The last three weeks in Gulfport—my best in the "Seabees";

S. Kiska, I'm still waiting for some of the men to get over their childishness.

**R E Kall, The man just inside the door:** W. H. Hux, Going aboard Ship at Norfolk, Va.; R. D. Parker, "What's at the theatre tonight?"; J. D. Bourgeois, Standing Radio Watch with the Navy aboard Ship; R. S. Currie, "No Comment"; J. H. Peiley, Approaching and entering Port; C. R. Lilly, The parade in which our Battalion was Commissioned; J. H. Thomas, Going home on my ten day leave to see my girl; W. E. Sandoe, Going through gate 24 at Gulfport to see my girl; H. O. Gentert, For the good old days of Gulfport—and no lumber yard; K. C. Young, "What's for chow?"; J. G. LeGare, The first three days out on ship was spent in my sack; S. D. LeBlond, The first time the 117th got aboard Ship they got scared. All but myself because I'm a seaman in civilian life; O. J. Gronquist, "As Chief Selbert say, I get quite a buzz out of the Seabees.";

F. J. Germ, Our trip at sea, especially going through the Panama Canal; A. G. MacLeod, Going to see Dr. Hunter for an operation, on "vital organs"; L. W. Hall, "Texas forever and a day, one day"; A. J. Foley, "I miss my beans, give me good old Boston, Mass."; L. F. Sweet, Coming through Induction center—clothes issued and how they fit; A. J. Hutter, "Carry me back to young America";

"Put me in the works"; L. A. Carothers, The days are long here—but better days are on the way; J. Koss, There's no place like home; H. Portney, War is a wonderful thing—but we have a lot of fun; E. E. Eisemann, The thing I miss most in the Navy is civilian life; Ericson, I find state side girls much better than these Wahines; G. A. Lyman, What makes the grass grow green Granddad?; J. A. Lindsay, The good old days in Boot Camp and that first Liberty; L. R. Robbins, I shall never forget the show here.

W. R. Williams, Five card stud with an ace in the hole; W. E. Fisher, Seeing Bob Hope looking over 46 rows; C. M. Farley, Right now it is better in Kentucky than on Island X; W. F. Heustess, Refighting the "Civil War" with the D. ... Yankees after tapa; C. J. Voeltz, "Pellon where's the mail"; R. P. White, Topside guard duty while the sea is angry. Strong Stomach—life like came in handy; J. D. Pryor, It hasn't happened yet; M. Ostrowsky, I'll never forget the ball sessions after lights-out; L. D. Roper, I'll remember the days working shifts to wear us out; L. R. LeGare, I have a strong stomach and all the other things about the "Seabees"; A. J. Nichols, Home by 1950 guaranteed. See me—Satisfaction assured.

By Wayne A. Hill

**Hut 34**

F. Walker, Turn those lights out; K. K. Smith, I dig a ditch—but not in Wichita; T. L. Freezea, Hot Dog—don't care if I never die; E. M. Gun- hinn, I want my mama; H. P. Woodward, It can't last forever, I hope; C. J. Schutz, Like this I leave the "stump jumper"; C. W. Wall, Repe-
senting God's Country—The Blue Ridge Mountains; C. R. Vaught. A short circuit from Gainesville; E. W. P. Home was never like this; J. H. Blaylock. A seven before a point is my guide; E. E. Hughes. Don't forget the house mates; E. W. Farish. I ain't talking; C. R. Murphy. Tell 'em where you are; E. E. Hughes. All my mates know my secrets; C. E. Herick. Where's his Skipper?; K. M. Ekborg. Where's my clothes; P. Pugise. "Wrestling on the line, will take to our in all corners"; R. Williams. It's hard to choose. St. Louis or Gulfoport; J. E. Harrison. I'm not going home—never!

M. W. Carter. "Florida was never like this"; M. H. Mathews. Boy if I ever get out of this R. A. Walker. All this meat and no potatoes; L. Arneson. Just for the duration and six months; T. L. Reems. Oh, for the Florida Swamps; J. Kuzara. Don't need ten words to tell how I miss my wife; J. Palmer. Where there's a back to be made, I'll be there; E. H. 100 things I'm not at my mall today?; R. E. Poirer. Keep the Dark Clouds Shining. Mates; E. Fogal. "Porkey"—the man has stopped eating; E. K. Posch. It's "What" you know; it's "Who"; G. W. Tripp. There are games when I don't make a year; J. H. John. All this and Heaven too; H. H. Sewell. I may be an old man, but I'll stay with any of them; J. T. Toucheslow. When Micky needs a tamper, I'll be there; P. E. McQuilian. You're only as young as you feel; J. J. Singleton. Best of luck. I think you'll see me again; J. J. Singleton. Best of luck. I think you'll see me again; E. B. Mather. Good, Better, Best. Never let it rest; "Till your book is better than your yarn," your book is the BEST; C. J. Grace. Boy, I had a shut-out. I did it; W. R. Myers. We may not be the ones that make the money, but no one gets stung in our Bee Hive.

J. J. Di Gangi. I'd sure love to lean against that tree in Brooklyn; R. E. Pond, Cheese-I'll be out of the war wild be over in three more years! ! W. A. Hill. My happiest day, when I sail through the night; W. G. Broyles. The best is none to good for the 111th; W. V. Castagna. Good Luck mates—now and always; F. J. Barletto. I'm always thinking of my Darling "May"; J. B. McKay. I would like to build a levee on the Mississippi River again; W. H. Eastman. Remember the battle at Gulfport and the S. P.'s; L. R. Mulrean. Maybe those fellows who yelled, "You'll be sorry" had something there; L. A. Giuricich. Go (ensored) makes you realize Hutt thirty-five isn't so bad after all; J. A. Nugent. I never knew Malden was so wonderful; J. A. Nyquist. Give me the keys to San Francisco, the city that knows how.

J. E. Duncan. If the sheriff isn't waiting for me when I get home, a sweet little girl is; C. L. Madsen. That fox hole stuff was just a gag; S. S. Grim. Hope I'll see my mother and girl very soon; R. J. Ethington. A thought of following and an orchid to my pal from Mississippi; "Cotton Picker Savarese"; C. D. Sat­terlee. Best of luck to all, and much thanks to too old times in Osage, Wyoming; J. J. Savarese. "The Cotton Picker" I hope we're all back by Xmas plotting; J. G. Lover. I'm going to the Home Sweet Home with my sweet Danny in East Douglas, Mass.; R. L. Morrison. I've enjoyed the past year and I'm sure my memories will help me to enjoy the future; J. M. Lally. You'll never meet a better gang, and good fellows to have around.

G. M. Lundberg. Always remember me as "Lindy the (Censored) Kid" when you get old and gray; V. N. McCrormack. I'll never forget the feud of Bergen and Sheriff Walker; H. P. Lester. Waiting for the day, I can enjoy some good old "Tennessee barn"; D. E. Young, Slumberland and the bed time stories after taps; W. J. Hollis. What we need are more emergency leaves; R. T. Lambert, the grass is not always greener in the back yard. Take me back to good old Mass.; J. P. Lee. In my book the Yankees and many friends are O. K. I wouldn't trade them for anything, but the state of Texas; E. A. Robillard. The envy of the commo­n Navy and Army are the "Seabe­bes". I'm proud of being a part of them; W. L. Gavin. Best Battalion out of Peary. God Bless it and bring it back in its entirety; P. O. Harmon. Just "P. O." to my friends, and the best of luck to a good M. A. A. R. E. Davis, I'm sure he'll suggest the divers found on the "Old Fort Mass," off the coast of Miss.; E. V. Thomas. When you're in Indiana drop in. The Welcome mat will always be out; D. F. Fischer. I want some of the old Pittsburgh smoke.

Hut 42

J. C. Ellis. Says "Seabees" are fine, but would rather be with his Ginny at home; D. F. Lane. "Seabees" are fine, but take more food, beer, boots and saddle; R. C. Patino. "Seabees" are a working outfit—wrong outfit for me; D. E. Ellis. I'm not good at all; R. J. Waldron. My hand stood still when I boarded the transport; F. A. Estock. The night spent with the S. P.'s in Gulfport was the best time I had in the service; J. M. Wilson. Remembering the "strain and strife of the 111th Garage; J. C. Pearce. Remembering those lovely days on K. P. ! ! ! ; B. A. Talkington. What he thinks of the "Seabees"— (Censored); V. C. Lee. I'm going back to Texas; E. Pacek. Oh well, I always did want to see the (Censored) Islands; A. J. Pansch. Wants to be a Trapping Salesman; D. T. A. D'Corsi. Jokes are about; L. J. Duncan (Censored) isn't what the Movies say it is; J. E. Osburn. Always looking for a piece of paper—Discharge paper.

Hut 43

J. Sousa. I want to go home; F. R. Grady. Wish I was home; O. J. Kretch. Leave me here and get back home; R. E. Grady. I always wanted to see (Censored)—well, now I've seen it!—Nothing much, eh? A. O. Larson. What is there to say after I say I came in, C. C. Lee. I've nothing to say; E. V. Riley. At last my name is in the Battalion paper; J. D. Hammond. To hell with the Japs—let's get it over; E. W. Wargowsky. There's no place like home—let's go.

Messmen

J. F. Peter. Cheer up Mac. The begin­ning of the end is near; F. H. Yes. Don't be like whistling in the dark; But I never disagree; J. L. Gregory. "Seabees" best outfit serving Uncle Sam—always first in the books; R. Halmark. Just marking time waiting for the day to blast the Japs; A. L. Harris. When this "mess" is over, you'll find me in good old San Diego; W. J. Kittey. I'm still waiting for the day for a swim in one of those lakes; J. M. Welsh. The town is good and so is the swimming, but Oh how I long for those Pittsburgh women; H. C. Long. Wish this was was over—give me good old Brooklyn; O. B. Olson. A working "bum" from Brooklyn—and proud of it; A. H. Fantini. This life is mine; L. C. Rondone. Have a home like home; C. J. Fatula. Some like Texas and some Carolina, but I'll take Pennsylvania any time; A. Grech. I like the outfit, mates. Let's fight together and get home; L. J. Myers. I wasn't a wolf when I left, but wait until I come back—Girls, beware! ; C. Padia. I'll always remember that Kleenex deal (So will we, pal); J. Padula. I may have been small when I came aboard, but I've learned a lot since; B. G. Satterwhite. Deliver me to those Hills of Tennessee; R. R. Jones. I like the grubs, I don't like dealing. Heading home I'll sure be thriving;
D Digglings

THE CHIEFS
Elvin Bradshaw, we hope you're feeling fine and back with us soon; Angelo DeRola, the Timber from Oregon; Garry Dunn, the "South-bendan" from Minnesota; Tom Howington, a true Southern gentleman from South Carolina; W. C. "Hut" Hutson, the good old "Hiawatha Co. and strawberry guy; Chester Lappert, Hey, Jake, we'll meet you at the Embassy; Ivo Miller, "I'm from Alabama, don't get me mixed up"; Robert E. Murray, the "Smiling Irishman from San Jose"; John Rohat, though we call him "Bullwhip" he has a heart of gold; Jack A. Scott, now starring "The Equator-Crossing Man," or "The Barber's Nightmare"; Earle Kincaide, the Two-Gun Cowboy from Now-Whata place, Oklahoma.

BY THEIR WORDS AND DEEDS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

ALCATRAZ HAVEN OR E-31
Melvin Lee, "Well, by Gosh, I'll try it once more or go to sick bay"; Tilly Gerber, "Who's got a pinch of salt?"; Bob Lockhart, "Transportation leaves now, in two minutes, soon;" Joe Dutten, "Now when I was in Nicaragua," and "Herbe Fry, I'll stomp him to the ground."

John Valero, "I gotta write a letter"; Henry Wilson, Showers' Shadow; Art Showers, Wilson's Vice Versa; Bob Cee, "Very definitely — I'm no oh yes, all means"; Lloyd Mether — "Let's go to Richardson's, Ernile"; Piggy Smith, "Who the heck was on my bunk;" Mal Malenfant.

I'm standing, I'm working nights, might as well sleep;" Stinkey Davis, Bring me your money, Joe 

San Francisco, "Hey, ya know, hey;" Jim Farnum, "Want to get decked?"; Clarence Good, Red Hot Dunkman; Paul Tomilson, The Head, clarinet player, Tommy Dorsey's shadow.

Deacon Foster, Dusts his clothes with suds, he says, "Jake Hieronymus, I know a place better, and cheaper"; Tubby Lush, "Let's eat, let's eat, let's eat again"; Tex Daniels, "What no pay again"; "Barney" O'Donnell, "No harm meant, I just wanted to fill the column.""(

MISERY HALL OR HUT-37
Al Geedes, Always calm in the middle of the storm; Angus Garrett, Florida's gift to the Seabees, and a great one on for Brooks, The "Afterlights-out Orator," and authority on machines; Bob Fikar, The camera hound from Chi; H. L. Yates, "Don't lose the blueprints for that dream house"; R. C. Gilchrist, The fugitive from the Baz-Saw; Jim Murphy, "The king of Co."; Joe Piazza, "Hey, ya know, hey;" Jim Farnum, "Want to get decked?"; Clarence Good, Red Hot Dunkman; Paul Tomilson, The Head, clarinet player, Tommy Dorsey's shadow.

Deacon Foster, Dusts his clothes with suds, he says, "Jake Hieronymus, I know a place better, and cheaper"; Tubby Lush, "Let's eat, let's eat, let's eat again"; Tex Daniels, "What no pay again"; "Barney" O'Donnell, "No harm meant, I just wanted to fill the column."

DUFFY'S TAVERN
Hersch Emerson, The little man from Alabama; George Busby, The "No One in Texas," welcome our chief, and Bob Reid, The shine-up kid. Ask Chief Lee; Georgie Strapp, "The only thing missing was my mouth;" Andy Lakatos, "I know a place better, and cheaper"; Bob Stone, "I gotta see Spencer first, Where oh where is he?"; Bill Broderick, Philby's (West) gift to the Seabees, and O dell Hicks, A rarity indeed. A quiet man from Texas; Joe Trendt, "Why don't you like plumbing?"

Pappas, The Akron Oh-hi-ho Tired Man; Bob Merschman, The clerk who "clicks" with the boys; Dick Caro, Jolsey just ain't got no Swamps, has it "Nick"; Lou Grieco, "Now in Astoria they would do it like this;" Ken Beaulieu, The, Coney Island, The Gulfport, or the Barramore of (CENSORED) Beach; Phil Lunt, The Speed Demon!? Why hurry anyway?

Bob Patterson, I'll check our town was in the battle A (Brooklyn, Mich.); Al Hirsh, Old high-pockets from Cal. Paramount please take note; Don Andrew, What you gonna teach in St. Louis; Olaf Hammerstrom, One Swede who really got ahead; F. J. Amodeo, A one man ball team?; M. D. Nook Grandpa, but we make his job; Al Noble, Vas you ever in Zin- cinnati. Buck's shadow; Ed Buck, Some time I'll try liberty with Nobs; Max Solaro, The "Two-Gun Sheriffs" from Kuleforsney (Mass Valley); Tex Ahrens, The only Seabee with a sergeant's star?; Ed Pitcher, John Hartley, Look out boys, from experience, he might swim back home; Harry, Nobs? Wink? Nup. Me and "Big Sandy" gonna raise chicken; Clyde Ashcroft, Now you see, Internal Combustion is ... uh ... ah Ahom; George Page, The lightning "Oakile" from Nevada; Dick Burrell, Swing that boom, lower that boom. Bob, Room; Kit Carson, The Middle Gabber, or who set-em up for who?

C. A. Smith, Please look the radio under my arm, I'm too sick; Arnold Brugge, We'll be looking for those dizzy spolls anymore now; Ancil Williams, Let's go fishing, I'll dig the worms—nuttles; Paul Weisch, The ACE HIGH kid, that keeps a STRAIGHT face; Rod Stadlin, The Cow-hide Gobbler, who needs a lot of rest; Schimpelien, The successor to "Jimmy Durante" or who NOSE what? Ed McGrath, In his heart, there's quite a bit of ERIN; Al O'Brien, Any old rugs, any old bones, any old iron today?; Vic Harris, Just a "YANKEE" from Kentucky; Tom Martin, The "LIMEY" from Ire- land—"GOD SAVE THE KING;" Nine-Block Nier, Gimme a smoke, mine's in the locker, When's pay day?; Everett Bouldry, Meet us at the U.S.O.; Henry Graf, Let me take your photograph; Always smiling; Dick Martin, When it makes it Henry, we won't hafta buy it; Len Gren- spon, The fugitive from the Chow Hall.

Hut E-36-Better Known as

DEW DROP INN or E.36
Truman Casson, Chiefs come and go, but I'm first class forever; Willie Webb, I ain't a going to argue, but I'll still take Mississippi; Bob Lemoine, The Houston Flash, with a New Orleans, magnificently, a Common man's Rembrandt, with lots of local color; Pat Patterson, The "Clipper impersonator;" John Long or Colmans; "Russ" Chaney, The "Liberty Hounds' Terror," or the "Gum-shoe" from Georgia; Claude Irwin, I can do it Chiefy, I'm an old
military man; Ernie Vajgert, Hey Mal, ya gonna get any beer today? Where's Lloyd?; Johnny Wasilk, Wait till I get back to Minneapolis—Wow!; Willie Winger, Chicago's Loop King, the "Baron of GROUVILLE"; Jack Currier, The "Prince of Thrill's," or the photographer's dream; Ralph Thompson, The switchboard male with the voice that won't fail; George Stuart, The short circuit's friend, and volt happy too; Jim Gilzean, A "TWO" or "THREE" spells "WOE" to me; Chas. Buck, "Reach the Sick-Bay in time, saves piling the FINE; Joe Urbano, The Hog calling, Hod carrier, from UPYA; Ben Boyd, A smoothie at the old "Shell Game," let's string one; Joe Mannes, A Manhattan Edition (addition) of Brownie Wilson; Miles Gladhill, Crank-case Charlie, can you grind my valves?; Leroy Wilson, St. Louis has the "BROWNIES" we have Oregon's Wilson; Cliff Benner, The "Charlie McCarthy" of the carpenter shop, Malone's only DEMOCRAT; Al Bourque, The "DEACON'S" always seekin'—another rerate slip; Harold Drews, The hobby-lobby man from San Pedro; Max Kozak, Make me one "Gus" I'll supply the findings; Stud Porter, Here's hoping you strike oil in Old Oklahoma.

Clay Albright, The "Speed King" from Idle-hoe. The old "Tractor-Doc­tor" himself; Andy Tesseyman, Yeh-yeh, yeh-yeh, I might get it next month; Don Green, Wisconsin's quiet man, until the brew arrives; Cyril Butz, We hope you're feeling fine; Win Spencer, I will if Stoney goes. Where is Stoney?; Dewey Burrous, Smiling all the time. Ipana, Colgate—take notice; Pete Giacomoni, I'll press 'em for you. Chiefy; John Gib­hooby, Manhattan's Latin Lover; Carl Clift, Our unforgettable Singing Troubadour; Claude Herren, All Volts and no amps will never light those Edison lamps; Jack Hansen, The Blood Adonis of Company D; Mike Michiels, The wedding was swell. We're not over it, either!; Russ Parker, Did you ever see an X-Ray walk­ing?; Barney Hanratty, The kid is now a man, via the Seabees; Walt Price, When I get near beer, I get near-sighted; Bonnie Baker, A hazard (?) from Hazzard, Kentucky; Erik Rasmussen, A Seabee Chippendale; George Shrader, Wake me up when it's over, my feet hurt; Tony Star­czewski, Just a quiet guy from Utica, N. Y.; Floyd Lippert, The horizontal champ of Company D; Nello Lenard, A true son of the SOUTH, and Mis­sissippi's loyal rooster; Hugh Phillips, In that Greyhound uniform, you'll hav'a shave that beard; Paul Rad­ziewicz, Shamokin should never for­get you, cause you don't forget Shamokin; Lyman Johnson, All I ever see is twelve.

Russ Corea, The WONDER MAN— he wonders, we wonder too; Henry Foerster, Stay away from Filimico, it's too fast for you; Howard Casy, Do the lights still go out on Springfield time?; Harold Knapp, There's no place like NEW-BRASKEY!; Ed Satt, We will always remember Ed; Jack Wakefield, Glad to have you back; Don Grant, O.K., Silver-top, we'll be seeing you; Frank Walbridge, Good luck to you, fellow.

THE EARLY RISERS ASSN.

S. J. Gianni, The student of German and calculus; G. W. Graham, The man from Oklahoma and proud of it; A. Ignier, It's time for the show; M. J. Soja, The Mobile Unit Kid; H. E. Kidder, You said you didn't care what I wrote; R. P. Dick, Champion of his native state. California; L. H. Flurie, The pipe collector: F. Gebert, It's a great life; W. T. Good­feit, Look out, now, I've got Toffe's hat; D. F. Tegman, Take me back to Tulsa, I want to get married; E. A. Shatto, King of the Sack; A. B. Leach, The Relso Kid; J. J. Konopka, Har­ford's gift to the women; V. J. Wormwood, Just call me lucky; W. C. Holt, The Battalion wouldn't be the same without "Hooker"; A. C. Regal, Quote "I want my mamma" unquote.
Post War Directory

COMMANDER
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518 McClellan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Ltc. Wrigley, George, Jr.
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Mt. Sterling, Ky.
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Lt. (jg) Pond, Chester L., Jr.
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ice Elk Hotel, Charleston, W. Va.
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Witmyer, Clyde H.
Princeton, New Jersey

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Heazlett, Alexander T.
309 Saltlake St., Phila., Pa.
Hennesen, Robert L.
220 Audubon Dr., Snyder, N. Y.
Jones, Tracy D.
2007 Fourth St., Jackson, Mich.
Manning, Norval M.
310 Pike St., Cynthiana, Ky.
McDouwell, Harold R.
501 S. Main St., St. cloud, Oklah.
McLaughlin, Thomas R.
222 E. 7 St., Hastings, Minn.
Michaud, Sarto D.
Main St., Madison, Maine
Murray, Irving G.
64 Pearl St., Middleboro, Mass.
Newby, Zacharias A.
511 Walnut St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Norton, John H., Jt.
13 Crescent Ave., Hewlett, L. I., New York
Osborne, David H.
501 N. 4th St., East, Okla.
Porro, Ruben M.
1026 Grand St., Phoenix, Ariz.
Putacoli, Mario
115 W. Commercial St., E. Rochester, New York
Poydon, Donald C.
19/2 Diamond Dr., St. Louis, Mo.
Pritt, Forest W.
1082 Anderson St., St. Louis, Mo.
Prutner, J. F.
New Knoxville, Ohio
Pyam, Douglas C.
318 West Water St., Sleepy Eye, Minn.
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2605 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill.
Reynolds, James M. Jr.
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Roberts, P. T.
Box 32, Clear Creek, Ind.
Rumpf, Willard H.
1467 Kilbourne Ave., Det., Mich.
Sanford, Leonard J.
604 Warren St., Flint, Mich.
Sewell, Rufus D.
c/o Nicholas Hotel, Hereford, Texas
Silliman, Clifford E.
118 E. 7th Ave., Tarentum, Pa.
Snyder, W. B.
Route No. 3, Staunton, Va.
Sweeney, John F.
63 Broadway, Mauitch, Pa.
Taylor, Franklin P.
144 Fourth St., N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Talbot, Albert F.
1437 Barker St., Youngstown, Ohio
Valenti, Rudolph V.
164 Shepard St., Lynn, Mass.
Veneman, Lawrence
16 N. 4th St., Patterson, N. J.
Wagner, Carl G.
1098 Grant Dr., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Wright, Harry O.
74 Barbour St., Newark, N. J.
Young, Marlin E.
York, Calif.

PLATON 2
Adair, George M.
Rio Grande Courts, Del Rio, Texas
Barry, David F.
11 Elm St., Wareham, Mass.
Bender, Arthur
1284 Birch St., Denver, Colo.
Black, Preston Lee
R.F.D. No. 3, Fayetteville, Mo.
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1001 W. Drew St., Houston, Texas
Conklin, Leslie H.
554 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.
Danielson, Einar R.
581 86th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dickey, John F.
531 West 6th, Freeport, Texas
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6318 City Ave., Phila., Pa.
Hoas, Wilbur M.
214 Liberty St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
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7425 S. Shore Dr., Chicago, Ill.
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Huntington, Scotty D.
Champaign, I. Y.
Jones, Ralph L.
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Lopez, Gilbert J.
611 W. Madison Ave., Springfield, Ill.
Mattie, Peter F.
5148 Ashland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
McCormick, John E.
2918 N. Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Reddy, Hugh F.
244 Green St., Rochester, Mass.
Reese, Warren Eugene
2541 Pierce Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Rezaek, Gerald J.
658 Minerva Place, Akron, Ohio
Reid, Charles A., Jr.
3339 Rangerdale, Dallas, Texas
Richards, Roberts E.
Route No. 1, Harrington, Ala.
Rickman, Charles E.
110 North 3rd St., Yule, Okla.
Sarbach, Robert A.
Ferdinand, Idaho
Schadlich, Harry F.
7819 Magnolia Ave., Mass, N. Y. C., New York
Schutz, Herman H., Jt.
59 Montgomery Ave., Teaneck, N. J.
Shane, Harold B.
Lynne, N. Y.
Sienkiewicz, John W.
802 S. Port St., Baltimore, Md.
Socha, Charles L.
434 S. Pearl, Shannork, Pa.
Stipp, Wilford E.
960 28th, Merced, Calif.
Sullivan, Edward R.
289 Washington St., Somerville, Mass.
Swanson, Edmund J.
5757-27th Ave., S., Mpls., Minn.
Thacker, James E.
144 N. High St., Harrisonburg, Va.
Thomas Howard V.
3410 42nd S.W., Seattle, Wash.
Thompson, Edward R.
144 East "H" St., Colton, Calif.
Tilgner, Robert J.
106 Kingston Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Travelstead, Floyd B.
Crest Springs, Ill.
Travis, Robert J.
612 Potts Ave., Dayton, Ohio
Tudone, Anthony
59 Yorkshire St., Providence, R. 1
Umberger, Clair G.
Route No. 1, Stayton, Pa.
Vanhoose, Charley
Freeburn, Ky.
Villareal, Bennie
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Waite, Gerald F.
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Wilhelm, Harald C.
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Williams, Walter R.
206 Pike St., Athens, Ohio
Zuccarlo, Salvatore A.
2434 Pencoscle Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PLATON 3
Anderson, Oral H.
1834 N. Grant, Springfield, Mo.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>City</th>
<th>State</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Melone, Rudolph J.</td>
<td>724 S.W. Montgomery St.</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Oregon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moreira, Abel, Jr.</td>
<td>322 W. 44th St., N.Y. City, N.Y.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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SPORTS—Continued

Basketball

Over on the basketball floor we find another Bulldog team showing their stuff. Under the coaching of Chief Specialist Hamm, the basketball team is coming to be a major threat in the Seabee-Rummer Basketball League. The boys got off to a shaky start due to the short time they had to get organized, but are now showing their ability by winning four of their last five games for a record of six wins and four losses as this goes to press. The quartet showed beautiful ball handling, and were not lacking the scoring punch. Now that they have their eye on the hoop they are going to town.

Coaching: Chief "You're the Money" Hamm has nine years' experience as a head coach and a Physical Education teacher in several High Schools in Alabama and also has instructed in the Navy's Physical Fitness classes at Norfolk, Va., and Newport, R. I.

Guards: Joe Belluzo, acting captain and spark of the defense and a good ball passer who sticks to set-up shots. Claire Stemler, a smooth man both on defensive and offensive play and is a good feeder for set-ups.

Center: "Old Man" Broadhurst who keeps up well with the younger and fast opponents. Bready is a very good ball handler and has a few tricks shots that fool the best of them. Spelling Broadhurst at center is Red Rezack who does mighty well and can be used in other positions in case of injury or for relief.

Forwards: Pat Patacchi who, fresh out of school, is feeling his oats and has been hitting the hoop for his share of the scoring honors. His speed and stamina have given many an opposing player a bad time. With Pat is Lt. (jg) Edison. "Speed" is a lanky sharpshooter who has been in the last few games that his height and unique shots will give the Bulldogs more scoring boosts in future games.

Giving the first string a good run for their positions and doing a grand job in relieving men are Ensign Lyon and Wormwood. These two are all around players and can handle the ball and shoot as well as the rest. Newcomers to the squad and able substitutes are Tretyak, Valent, Hennen, Montgomery, Chandler, Swartzlander and Stillman. With a little more practice, and these subs to call on, the Bulldogs will soon have a quintet that will be hard to beat.

IMMORTAL LINES

"You'll be sorry!"

"Anything from Brooklyn?"

"You have exactly three minutes to put your clothes in the box."

"We do not stencil your soap."

"End of the line, Mac."

"On the ball!"

"Knock it into the hoop!"

"Hit the deck!"

"Fall out for P. T."

"Take a deep breath... Hold it!"

"Heave out and lash up!"

Thanks to L. C. Johnson for the assistance with this basketball article.

Total Scoring:

Name | fg | ft | p | tpt | ftm
--- | --- | --- | --- | --- | ---
Edison | 25 | 10 | 12 | 69 | 9
Patacchi | 24 | 10 | 7 | 58 | 7
Broadhurst | 19 | 11 | 2 | 49 | 3
Belluzo | 18 | 16 | 4 | 42 | 1
Stemler | 17 | 5 | 5 | 39 | 7
Wormwood | 5 | 1 | 6 | 11 | 1
Lyons | 6 | 2 | 3 | 11 | 1
Montgomery | 6 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2
Chandler | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0
Silvone | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0
Tretyak | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 2
Valenti | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2
Swartzlander | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1
Hennen | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0

Boxing

Bouncing around in the ring world we find that our men have also done themselves proud in another field of sports. Out of four men that entered the All Seabee Boxing Tournament, two of our boys went all the way to the finals before being eliminated in a couple of fast and furious bouts. Both men lost by very close decision.

Trainers: "Pop" Grimsedt, who has handled a stable of fine boxing material and has done a fine job of making Rodriguez the fine boxer he is. Frank Bernabei, has done quite a bit of semi-pro boxing and has a knack for rounding out sluggers.

Manager: P. J. Huskins, more of a wrestler by trade but a man who claims he has the best left in the business.

Lightweight: "Wildcat" Dougherty who has seen a lot of action in the amateur brackets. Can box or slug it out depending on the opponent and was one of the two that went down to the finals in the Seabee tournament. Dougherty has appeared in other all-service affairs and has made a good showing in all of them.

Flyweight: "Chico" Rodriguez, who has come up under the watchful eye of "Pop" Grimsedt. Also two men are all around players and can handle the ball and shoot as well as the rest. Newcomers to the squad and able substitutes are Tretyak, Valent, Hennen, Montgomery, Chandler, Swartzlander and Stillman. With a little more practice, and these subs to call on, the Bulldogs will soon have a quintet that will be hard to beat.

Fifty-three
Service Memories

(This and the following page are yours. You may write a story about yourself, annotate any story we’ve written, collect autographs, draw pictures, attach photographs or anything you desire. Maybe we should warn you that if you write on these pages it will cost more to mail the book, but, after all, this is the Millionaire Battalion.)
Service Memories

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March 24, 1983

Fifty-five
Anniversary Edition

THE 117th REVIEW

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OUR COVER: THE BATTALION COLOR GUARD
(Cover Layout Suggested by Lt. Hunter)
L. to R., L. D. Rogers, CEM; F. Grossman, MMS1c; J. J. Hutchins, M1c; J. A. Snider, GM1c

Table of Contents
Commander's Message.............................................Inside Front Cover

Portrait of Commander Burke................................................. 1
Meet the Skipper..................................................................... 2
This is the Exe.Y..................................................................... 3
We're the 117th......................................................................... 4
  by BARNEY O'DONNELL and N. R. WATSON
We Sailed the Ocean Blue....................................................... 6
  by HENRY SENBER
What We Came to Do........................................................... 8
  by LARRY T. BROOKS
A Day on Island X................................................................. 10
Work Groups.......................................................................... 12
Liberty Scenes on Island X..................................................... 14-15
Innocents Abroad................................................................. 16
  by "Por" CONKLIN
B.O.Q. Personalities............................................................. 18
Sports................................................................................. 21
Mascots.............................................................................. 23
Base Facilities....................................................................... 24
Entertainment...................................................................... 26
117th Band.......................................................................... 27
Late News Notes................................................................... 32
Camp Peary, Winter Style..................................................... 33
  by HAROLD E. KIDDER
Company Pictures................................................................. 34
Company Notes..................................................................... 37
Post-War Directory............................................................... 45
Service Memories................................................................. 54
Camp Scene.......................................................................... 56

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STAFF NOTES
C. W. O. LARRY T. BROOKS was appointed to govern the policy and to serve in the capacity of "faculty advisor" for THE REVIEW but soon was pounding a typewriter with the rest of the staff. He also served as business and production manager of this Anniversary Issue . . . PAUL M. FALK is an architectural designer. Prior to entering the service he was with the Inspection Board of the United Kingdom of Canada, in charge of the Artillery Ammunition Drawing Office . . . GEORGE L. RIGGS is a skilled movie cameraman as well as still photographer and has taken a number of colored movies on Island X . . . JOSEPH DE CESARE travelled the Eastern seaboard as a journeyman printer until he married and settled down five years ago. He's been a typographer for sixteen years . . . RICHARD J. TOBIN began as a "printer's devil" sixteen years ago and until recently was with THE LAWYERS PRESS. His wife is a first lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps . . . N. R. WATSON is an unmistakable Bostonian, a literary purist, an incorrigible punster and a shipbuilder who prepared for his craft at Darmouth, of all places . . . C. A. H. JONES is another veteran printer, now on leave from the composing room of THE N. Y. POST . . . WAYNE A. HILL, alias "Hill the Hilarious", sold tobacco and wines and built ships for Henry Kaiser before joining the Seabees . . . BARNEY O'DONNELL is a former football player and star salesman who has contributed many innovations, including the home front memoranda and "Verse or Worse" in his column in the weekly REVIEW . . . HENRY A. SLOANE worked for Pierce-Arrow, Consolidated Aircraft and Curtiss-Wright before becoming the Roswell of Co. B . . . RUDY MELONE, our sports editor, has worked for a foundry, optical company and a shipyard . . . WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS formerly was employed by Goodrich and other Akron firms in its printing departments . . . L. C. JOHNSON's career embraces an Iowa farm and several Illinois plants. He has been covering Co. A and the basketball team and taking an active part in both . . . HENRY SENBER is a temporarily retired theatrical press agent (in chronological order, for Orson Welles, Talulah Bankhead, Ethel Barrymore and Katharine Cornell) who says the Seabees are putting on the best show he's ever seen.