Time Out
The "Time Out" staff extends its hand in sincerely thanking Commander Mackey. Without his inspiration, his cooperation, and his encouragement the publication of this book could never have been realized.
A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE 119TH SEABEES
Between the years 1941 and 1945 Americans everywhere took "time out" from their families and the American way of life, to fight the second World War. It is to the courage and the steadfastness of those who waited . . . the wives, families, sweethearts . . . that this book is dedicated.
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PART I

The odyssey of the 119th Naval Construction Battalion carried it from the most northeastern point in the United States—barren, snowswept Quoddy Village, Maine—to the "Pearl of the Orient," exotic, bizarre Manila, in the Philippine Islands—America's most southwestern possession.
Camp Peary

GENESIS. — “You’ll be sorry!” With those ominous words ringing in their ears, 1082 embryo Seabees, destined to become the 119th Naval Construction Battalion, passed from civilian life into the receiving center at Camp Peary on a prophetic torrid day in July of 1943.

“You’re in the Navy, Mac. Wipe that grin off your face and line up as your name is called.” Men who had been welders, electricians, machinists, carpenters, plumbers, ship-fitters, and skilled workers in every trade and profession found themselves on a threshold of a new life.

At 5:30 in the early darkness of the next day, the raucous blare of the bugle — their first reveille — awakened them. Sleepy and confused, they were mustered and lined up. They scarcely realized then that for the rest of their service lives they would “sweat out” endless lines for every occasion.

First day impressions stick with the men: “Another physical?” Any who had hopes of a last minute reprieve were soon disillusioned. They were examined and tested on a speedy assembly line basis. One word pounding in every man’s ear ... “Next.” ... “Strip.” ... “Put your civilian clothes in this box and express it home.” ... “Next.” ... “Try this on for fit — perfect.” ... “Take a deep breath — hold it — step down.” ... “Next.” ... “How d’ya wanna part it?” “On the right side, ple—.” Clip, zip, clip ... “Next.” ... Allotments explained. Questions, questions, questions ... “Next.” ... Double file march on the long trek to noon chow in new dungarees and G. I. shoes that pinched and
grew heavier . . . Beginning to feel just a tiny bit salty . . .


Back to stand in long lines; lines for coveralls, lines for mattresses, lines for seabags. Lines, lines, lines.

Late in the afternoon, the men, confused and exhausted, were alphabetically assigned to platoons. Struggling with their gear from temporary barracks to waiting trucks, most of the men had to make two trips to lug all the newly issued belongings. A ten minute ride from the hill brought them to their home for a month in “C” area.

MILITARY TRAINING. — Beneath a blazing Virginia sun that beat down remorselessly, military training was begun under the direction of tough, tenacious marine instructors; eight hours on the drill field every day with only a ten minute break, morning and afternoon. During these breaks, the recruits quenched thirsts with vile, chemically treated, acrid-tasting water and had time to grab a few quick puffs from a butt while the “smoking lamp” was lit. They learned to live, to eat, to breathe, to sleep in cadence. They marched to chow. They marched to the movies. They marched on blistered feet. They cursed and sweated and some passed out in the burning heat.

The intense drilling began to pay dividends. The recent civilians walked with a spring in their steps, their shoulders erect. Their appetites increased. Healthy tans erased pasty, pale complexions. Bay windows or “Budweiser tumors” melted away under the broiling sun.

They advanced from close order to extended order drills and with wooden guns mastered the manual of arms. With those
same toy guns, they slashed at each other for hours in bayonet drills. They learned the proper way to toss hand grenades and how to “hit the deck”. They attended lectures and saw training films in hot, stuffy drill halls. It was a problem to relax for a lecture and stay awake at the same time.

When recall sounded, labors were far from ended. The men had clothes to wash. Scrub, scrub, endless scrubbing to keep whites, white. Painfully they mastered the art of rolling and stowing their clothes away. If they stole a moment to rest, they relaxed with a shoe brush in their hands, polishing shoes for next morning’s inspection.

Ship’s Store: long lines, cold Coca-

Commander Fuller welcomes Lieut. Meade to Quoddy Village, Maine. Lieut. Cook, and W O Shryock look on.
Colas, 7-Ups, quart cartons of ice cream ... Reveille, hit the deck, muster and agonizing P. T. before daylight. "Keep those knees high, one-two, one-two."

... Line up at Sick Bay for shots. "Watch for that square needle." "I didn't move fast enough. He jabbed me twice." ... Inspections: Barracks inspections. "Did we make 4.0 today?" Bag inspections. "Where in hell does this peacoat go?" Sunday afternoon review inspections on the drill field. "Send a corpsman. Another guy went heat-happy and hit the deck." Barracks Bull Sessions after taps. Sleepy mates yelling, "Pipe down." Answered by, "Blow it out you're homesick — seabag." ...
ACTIVITIES. — Not all drilled continuously. Some went to school for half a day, everyday. The various schools were refresher courses for most of the men, teaching the Navy way to do the jobs they did in civilian life. Some of the courses offered were training in camouflage, welding, water purification, refrigeration, fire fighting, boiler-making, mechanical and steam engines, and small arms nomenclature.

Entertainment was scarce. There just wasn't enough hours in each day. A few spur-of-the-moment softball games were arranged. Movies nearly every night in G-3 Drill Hall on the hill. The men marched up in cadence and deposited their nickels. They sometimes went to sleep during the show — they were that tired. Only one swimming pool in the area and any man was lucky if he got a swim during the short training period.

The day for which the novices had been waiting finally rolled around, and they "broke boot." The 119th was formed and assembled in H. area. On the 23rd of August, 1943, in the dust and noonday heat, the men mustered and boarded a train for Camp Endicott, Davisville, Rhode Island.

They had completely lost their civilian identity.

Ensign Causey's Commandos, the rugged watchdogs of Seabee security.
Camp Endicott

After a sleepless, K-rationed, all-night ride in day coaches, the newly formed 119th Naval Construction Battalion arrived at Camp Endicott as day was breaking, Tuesday, August 24. The battalion was mustered and marched to a drill hall in "G" area where barracks were assigned to companies.

The men quickly sensed that Endicott was a dream compared to Peary. Air-conditioned barracks. Cold water fountains on each of the two floors. Good, sweet-tasting water. Individual lockers near the bunks. Well planned areas with two battalions to each section. Recreation facilities and ship's store for each area. Streets and even a drill field paved. No more mud — for awhile!

ADVANCED TRAINING. — Within three days time the battalion was squared away and the men "turned to" for intensive advance training. The military took on a more serious note: drills with real guns now, old Springfields from World War I. Bayonet drills with unsheathed bayonets. Classes organized to train men in the deadly use of light and heavy machine guns, mortars and 20 mm anti-aircraft guns. "Dry firing" — a week on the firing range at "Sun Valley." The fine old art of folding packs and extended order maneuvers. Chemical warfare and classes in various types of grenades. Here also, they ran the world's toughest obstacle course and maimed and mauled each other in judo classes. Tough? Yes, but they were learning to take it.
SCHOOLS. — Again, as at Camp Peary, the men received technical training. Picked personnel of the 119th attended classes in Diesel engines, refrigeration, road construction, diving, equipment repair, electricity and generators, heavy equipment and repair, carpentry, camouflage, rigging, piping and heating, rock crushing, wharves and dock construction, tank and pontoon building and others. Walter Mickritz, SF1c, won the certificate of merit for being the most outstanding student in the schools for technical training at Camp Endicott.

RECREATION. — It wasn't all hard work and no play this time. Muscles had hardened and the men had plenty of energy to expend after eight duty hours. Liberty privileges were extended to each Company every fourth night. With all the glitter of a wartime boom town, Providence was only a short bus ride away and was a sailor's idea of a perfect

Welcome Committee at Hollandia. “Any youse guys from Brooklyn?”

Some of the men brought their wives to live in nearby towns. They could visit their wives on regular nights and on other nights their "better halves" could visit at the Camp's elaborate guest house. The wives could also come into camp to attend movies.

The elaborate facilities in each area included: a modern movie theatre, library, gymnasium, bowling alley, billiard tables, and ship's store, where beer, soft drinks, and sandwiches could be purchased. Smooth tennis courts and well planned baseball and softball fields were an incentive for outdoor sports.

His grandfather smoked heads; he smokes American cigarettes.
Overlooking Humboldt Bay from Queen Wilhelmina road enroute to Lake Sentani.

Ships in the bay preparing for the Leyte invasion.
that darn neckerchief. "Old Salts" finally came to the rescue. . . . White hats were worn squared and cocked down over one eye to make a fellow look "salty" and to cover his "boot" haircut. . . . Favorite spots in Providence: Crescent Park, Pirate's Den, Girls' U. S. O. Club. . . . Bull sessions at Ship's Store beer hall over a big ten cent glass of suds and a "Seabee delight" (a sandwich consisting of half loaf of bread, baloney, cheese, lettuce, tomatoes and anything else that didn't move and was clean). . . . Bill Cody's one-man show on the mat at judo class the morning after his first liberty. . . . Waking to a jazzed-up reveille. . . .

LEAVES, COLOR REVIEW, ASSIGNMENT. — In an amazingly short time the battalion began to function with an individuality all its own. The enlisted men took pride in their platoons, their chiefs, and their companies. They began to get acquainted and recognize their officers by sight. The officers began to realize the potential abilities of the men.

September 19th was a red-letter day for the battalion. It was the date of the beginning of ten-day embarkation leaves. Except for a hundred-odd west coast boys who gambled on getting their leaves later from a Pacific Coast Camp, the 119th went home to receive the praises of proud families, wives, and sweethearts. Ten days leave was all too short, but except for a couple of stragglers everyone beat the deadline back to Endicott.

The dress review and presentation of battalion colors rounded out the 119th's agenda at Endicott. The review was postponed two days by a typical New England, September storm. Finally on the third day, the ritual was performed on a misty morning when Mrs. Edwin J. Mackey, wife of the Officer-in-Charge, presented the battalion its colors at an impressive ceremony.
Aerial view of the emerald-hued islands of Lake Sentani. Thick jungle growth and grass covered slopes was the typical topography of Hollandia.

Camp Lee-Stephenson

A bare notice on the bulletin boards informed the men that the 119th Battalion was assigned to temporary duty at Passamaquoddy, Maine. At dusk on Saturday, October 2nd, the outfit marched to the martial airs of an Endicott band to the railroad tracks and boarded a train for a long trip to its next home, Quoddy Village, Maine.

The battalion made the jump overnight from Davisville, Rhode Island, to Quoddy Village, Maine. Again the transportation was day coaches; few got a good night’s rest. The usual card and crap games were off to an early start. A colorful thirty minute layover at Lowell, Mass., broke the monotony of the fourteen hour ride. The train was switched to a siding near a brewery. The Seabees with usual ingenuity drafted all local civilians (men, women, and children) to run beer from the brewery to the windows of the coaches. On one section, nearby college girls discovered the seabee train and even the most undesirable coeds rocketed to sudden popularity. Names were exchanged and some of the more optimistic mates later weathered a trip from Quoddy to Lowell on week-end passes to date these chance-made acquaintances.

The battalion received a rousing welcome by the 112th Battalion band upon its arrival at Quoddy Village around noon of the next day. The air was cold but a warm sun was shining, and the neat white apartment-like buildings, built among the pines along the bay, sparkled in the sunshine.
Coastal village. These missionary educated natives are more civilized than their cannibalistic cousins in the interior.
The living quarters of the battalion were the neat frame houses and apartments previously occupied by students and leaders of the former N. Y. A. Camp. The 112th, which had preceded the 119th to Quoddy by a month, had the abandoned camp in fine shape. The main portion of the enlisted personnel was soon settled in two of the most imposing buildings: the Leaderney and the Kittery. Each three-room apartment was occupied by an average of fourteen men. Steam-heated apartments were equipped with hot and cold running water and real bath tubs. Crowded, but luxurious.

Except for “Causey’s Raiders,” very little military training was undertaken during the battalion’s three month tour of duty at Quoddy. Men were assigned to work details and began to get a foretaste of construction jobs to come. Spring Farm, vast dump and warehouse area, was cleared up and build-

FRESH COCONUT MILK was a relief from the dehydrated Navy diet. This native boy charged one cigarette a trip; then inflation set in.
PHOTOGRAPH BY SNOW

“SAGO” refinery. The jungle is dotted with these clearings of sago factories.
The work is tiresome; the finished product almost tasteless, closely resembling gelatin.

“Sago”, the bread and potatoes of New Guinea is made from the pith of the palm tree.
ings repaired. One particularly tough job, hindered by the bitter, northeastern cold and sleet, was raising the main camp buildings while new foundations were laid. The huge mess hall was repaired and concrete floors poured.

The nearby towns of Eastport and Calais, Maine and St. Stephens, Canada were taxed to furnish entertainment and accommodations for Seabees on liberty. As a whole the men appreciated the friendliness and hospitality of the New Englanders. Lasting friendships were formed between townspeople and members of the 119th.

HIGHLIGHTS. — Armistice Day parade and review in Eastport: Men shivered without peacoats in cold sleet and rain, and ungloved hands froze to metal of rifles. Commander Howard and Lt. Comdr. La Porte reviewed the parade from the balcony of the Eastport Hotel. . . U. S. O. Dances
"By the left flank . . ." Dress Review, to celebrate the Battalion's Anniversary.

... Shortage of fuel and cold rooms made for good snuggling. . . . First guest house so crowded a man never knew if he would end up with his own or someone else's wife. . . . Burns' restaurant, famous for inch-thick steaks, cocanut cream pies. . . . Mill Town and square dances. . . . Causey's famous parade command, "B - A - T - T - A - L - I - ON". . . . Froede's escapade with a little nurse from Weal Asylum. . . . "Butch" Claymiller cluttering up some of the most exclusive gutters in Calais. . . . "Dog Face" Jones commissioned, "Chief" at nearby Indian Village. . . . Indian Village, "hot spot" where off limits orders made sneak visits necessary. . . . Gem Cafe, a favorite meeting place of Seabees on liberty in Calais. . . . Popular
records of juke boxes: "Pistol Packin’ Mama", "White Christmas", and "Rosalita"... The small, compact "head" in the Gem Cafe, always in demand. The night the door was locked from the inside and the local authorities plus a line of impatient patrons had to break it down — Mel Fuller was discovered on the deck, horizontal and peacefully asleep!... "Oakie" Pipkins, George Sommers, and Jack McCaw always wore pea-coats no matter how mild the weather; came in handy for smuggling bottles across the Canadian border... Steve Klasnick, Bill Cody, and Paul Seng, slightly inebriated, almost broke up the political banquet at the St. Crois Hotel when they crashed the party.

Saturday morning inspections caused the biggest headaches at Quoddy. Friday night all hands "turned to" and scrubbed and polished everything in sight. Saturday mornings the Camp looked like a "Chinese fire drill." Orders were: "If it moves, salute. If its still,
pick it up, and if you can’t move it, then paint it.”

Christmas was a gala affair with most of the personnel of the battalion remaining aboard. Those men with wives and relatives in nearby towns were given holiday passes.

Shortly afterwards the battalion was secured and on the night of December 28, with the mercury hitting a new low, the men entrained in four sections for its cross-country journey to A.B.D. at Port Hueneme.

This time the 119th was destined to travel in comfort in Pullmans and troop sleepers.

Six Day Interlude

Battalion split four ways at Bangor, Maine; two sections rode the northern route, other two travelled southern rails. . . . Diners hooked on at meal times. Food good. Portions too small for rugged Seabees. . . . Men relaxed into usual card and crap games . . . Bull sessions plentiful. Same eternal subjects —food and women (preference depending on nearness of chow time.) . . . Musical instruments were dragged out . . . Jam ses-
One year overseas. Seaman 2/c Eddie Mackey puts the machete to the monstrous anniversary cake at the Enlisted Men's Recreation Hall. Beer and sandwiches launched the 119th on its second year.

... were spontaneous, sometimes spreading length of train. ... Floating library of magazines and paper-bound detective novels appeared.

Half hour stop-overs each day to stretch cramped muscles. ... Footballs and baseballs magically appeared to be tossed around. ... Snowball battles in snow country. ... One Seabee “jumped” train at Massachusetts
stop. ... Boys of Company "D" raced for saloon at a stop in Kent, Ohio. Left drinks untasted on bar when Gardner and Sheaks chased them back to train.

Citizens along the way, kindhearted. Waved the Seabees luck. ... Fellows in Section Two remember little girl in blue sweater at station in Terre Haute, Indiana. She gave out with that which the boys wanted. ... Service organizations in some cities spread cheer among the troop trains dispensing doughnuts, cookies, coffee, and magazines. An old man at a Wyoming station contributed a large bundle of magazines. Turned out to be farm journals; latest issue dated 1935. ... Units going southern route traded with Indians for souvenirs. ... Crossing the prairies men amazingly watched train-racing jack-rabbits as big as small deer.

Fun hiding beer from "Alabama" Meade in water cooler. ... "Little Willie," colored waiter in diner — funny character: ... "Ain't got time to chew de fat jus' got time to come un go," "Sides de Navy's broke, ain't nuttin' in de Kitty for little Willie." ... It was true. ... The men were broke. Too soon after Christmas.
Keenan woke up his car every morning with his guitar playing "The Harlot of Jerusalem." ... Paul Kinaley of "B" Company gave a small boy a ten dollar bill in Indianapolis, Indiana, with orders to run and buy all the beer he could carry. The train pulled out ahead of schedule and Paul's still wondering what the kid did with all that beer.... Joe Lucas had all the mates in his car believing that Texas was God's country. It took the train 48 hours to pass through the "Lone Star" state, and all the men saw was desert, cactus, prairie rabbits, and a gigantic sign on a billboard reading, "Buy war bonds and help Texas win the war."
Leisure time while enroute.

Topside quarters for 119th personnel aboard an LST.

**Camp Rousseau, Cal.**

Six busy weeks were spent at Rousseau polishing up military tactics and maneuvers; attending final schools; processing the personnel for overseas duty. Feverishly, the men were having their final flings at fun on liberties in Hollywood, Los Angeles, and the nearer towns of Oxnard and Ventura.

The big quonset camp was a bee-hive of industry from the docks to the main gates. Men of the 119th enthusiastically sensed the stepped-up tempo. This was it. They were on their way for sure, this time.

Impressions at Hueneme were a heterogeneous lot. The drill, bivouacs, and long
hikes were rough. Springfield '03 rifles were issued to men previously trained with carbines. Results first day on the rifle range: bloody, swollen lips, and cheeks, but enthusiasm over the accuracy of '03's.

Recreation facilities at the camp were excellent. The spacious movie theatres were well built. Latest films were shown for the service men and their wives. A well rounded sports program was carried out. Long lines formed at the wet canteens at 1830 every night.

Glamorous Hollywood was the magnet that drew most Liberty parties. Transportation was tough. Lots of hitch-hikers. Hollywood U. S. O. a good hangout for sailors. Lots of fellows bunked at Hollywood Guild (actors). 119th painters worked and lived at Hollywood canteen. . . . Musts: — Harry
James orchestra at the Palladium... Earl Carroll's, across the street if a Seabee felt rich enough to pay the check... Burlesque shows at Fifth and Main in Los Angeles... Silver Dollar Cafe, good chow and meeting place... U. S. O. dances at Civic Community Hall, Ventura.

Eventually the supply ships were loaded, men said final farewells to wives and relatives, who had followed them to the coast, and the battalion secured. On a cold rain-soaked pre-dawn February morning the 119th, staggering under tons of personal gear, entrained for San Pedro where late in the afternoon they boarded the transport, USS West Point.

Without fanfare, the huge vessel slipped her hawser and moved quietly out of the harbor on the next afternoon's tide. The date was February 22, 1944. Somber mates lined the ship's rails to get their last glimpse of the homeland for many months.

The walled city was originally built as a fortress against early More invaders.

St. Augustine's, oldest church in the Philippines, stands amidst the leveled destruction of the walled city.
The center of all barrio activity... the community well.

**USS West Point**

The men easily adjusted themselves to the troopship routine. There was the usual bitching and griping. Sleeping quarters were cramped; the air stifling as the ship neared the equator. Tempers grew shorter. Long, long chow lines had to be sweated out for the two meals a day. The turkish bath heat of the mess hall down in the bowels of the ship made eating a form of torture.

The transport carried 8,000 troops. Aboard were three other Seabee battalions, various detachments of specialists, Army Medical groups, and 400 Army nurses who were quartered topside in officers' country.

Deck space on fantail a premium — standing room only. Passageways jammed. Ship's crew having to bellow their way through — "Ship's Company! Make way for Ship's Company!"... Bets laid as to the units' ultimate destination — New Caledonia? — Australia? — New Guinea?

On clear days, ship's band gave concerts on the open deck. Impromptu shows were given with talent discovered in the ranks of enlisted men. Lew "Dr. Kildaire" Ayres, medical detachment's claim to fame, was aboard as librarian. Ship's Store privileges extended by compartments — ice cream twice a week — cokes purchased in gallon jugs — long lines and hours of waiting to make the simplest purchase.

The ship never faltered from a zig-zag course across the equator. A day was lost crossing the Date Line. At Noumea Harbor, some of the troops debarked. After an overnight refueling job by tankers the transport eased out of the harbor and set her course for the Coral Sea.

Eighteen days out and 10,000 miles from San Pedro, the headlands of New Guinea showed on the horizon. The great ship pushed into Milne Bay, and dropped anchor.
Milne Bay

By nightfall, the last 119th Seabee was ashore at Milne Bay. It was their first view of foreign soil! They marched two miles in the bright moonlight from the waterfront to a camp-site recently cut from the jungle.

Tents were near the 104th Battalion area. Arrangements were made to share the 104th's galley and mess halls,
with 119th cooks and mess cooks co-operating in feeding the two battalions.

It rained every day at almost the same hour. Around 1200, dark thunderhead clouds closed down hiding peaks of the mountain range; at 1400, the heavy clouds burst flooding camp areas. Fogs of vapor arose from the steamy green jungles, and men tired easily in heat and humidity. Men cussed when the sun shined; cussed when it rained. The camp area was on swampy ground and until the tents were floored and raised, the men fought a losing battle with the sticky, gumbo, mud. Malaria, jungle rot, mosquitoes, dysentery were ever-present.

Stevedoring was the main job of the battalion during its short stay at Milne Bay. The

These ungainly fish traps are highly efficient. A giant dip net is lowered and raised by a boom. The catch is a five ounce silvery fish similar to our smelt. PHOTOGRAPH BY SNOW

Filipino fishing craft. Double out riggers and sail make this one of the larger, more efficient types.
movement of the vast mountains of supplies on the docks had reached a crisis. Stevedores were A-1 priority. Without previous experience, the 119th trained for heavy construction work, established new port records for unloading cargo. Burned from the sun, dog-tired, Seabees worked unrelentlessly — three shifts, day and night, seven days a week.

HIGHLIGHTS — Confusion of first night. Long hike with full pack to camp. Hunting gear, setting-up cots and hanging mosquito nets in the dark... Delicious pancakes for chow the next morning... Lt. Comdr. Meade’s famous “Bawty man details”... Monotonous repetition of rain, mud, heat, and dust... Lt. Causey’s “Elite Squad” and “S.S. men” headed by Al Jones, Bob Cheim and Ed Wedenoja... Long hikes through the muddy jungles to native village for “cat-eyes.”... First introduction to native word “Pom-Pom.”... Battalion paper formed with “Pee-Pee” Deane as editor... The morning a sixteen foot python was killed in camp... Wild boar hunts... Nerve-racking day-long pounding of hammers as mates beat out rings and bracelets from Australian coins.

The stevedore emergency ended; the case-hardened Seabees impatiently awaited the first big assignment. Finally orders came through; equipment and supplies were loaded on two Liberty ships, the Morgan Robertson and Jose C. Barbosa. Temporary bunks, head, showers, and galleys were built. The 119th battalion went aboard fifty nine days after landing at Gama Dodo. Early that same evening a convoy moved quietly out of Milne Bay — the Robertson and Barbosa were part of it.

Construction of the only bamboo organ in the world was begun by the Recoletos Friars in 1818.
Life Aboard the Liberties

The men did not realize they were to live aboard the ships for weeks, but they knew their destination was Hollandia. Upon reaching Oro Bay, near Buna, the two ships dropped anchor and awaited further orders.

Orders were delayed. Meanwhile, LCM loads of men were sent ashore daily for recreation. The surf was refreshing. They visited Red Cross Canteens, made purchases in Army P.X.'s, and hunted souvenirs on bloody battlefields at Buna.

Aboard ship, card games were the favorite pastime. A black-jack game ran day and night until most of the cash of the battalion rested in the pockets of a few lucky mates. Books and magazines were read until the covers fell apart from so much handling. Amateur shows were a highlight in the evenings. Music by Hanson, Boise, and Leatherwood. A ring was set up on the forward deck, and spirited matches attracted yelling, wagering mates.

Incidents that stick: Paul Seng asleep on a hatch cover, turning over in his dreams, landed on a bench 30 feet below. No injuries... Joe Funa, less fortunate. His spill down a hatch cost a trip to Sick Bay for repairs... Chuck Wilson, who went game fishing and brought back several tuna... The sensation created by a merchant seaman, when he promenaded on deck dressed in the sartorial splendor of civilian clothes... Natives paddling out to the ships in dugouts out-traded the Americans... Greatest anticipation and most enthusiastic reception...
A barrio band leads a parade for another church festival during May, the month of festivals.

Three Filipino girls (chosen for their beauty and social prominence) scatter rose petals in the path of the figure of Christ.

Villagers push back as altar boys head Easter Sunday procession to the church.
Mail Call! ... Colorful sunsets, contrasting with green jungleclad mountains and the deep blue of the Pacific; salt water showers; drinking water that tasted like liquid rubber mixed with kerosene.

Daily radio reports. The volcanic eruption of shouting at the announcement of the invasion of Europe and the Marine landing on Saipan. After one false start which sent the ships to Finschaven to refuel and back to Ora Bay, word came to weigh anchor and proceed to Hollandia.

Three of the Seabees, Pistol Jones, Mike Johnson, and Al Jordan overshot their shore liberty and missed the convoy. The undaunted trio air hitch-hiked to Hollandia, arriving nine days before the battalion.

The band struck up "Glow Worm" during the procession back to the church.

The Virgin Mary has just been unveiled before Christ's figure in an elaborate ceremony.
119th's first big job was a "bell-ringer" — the cream of the crop. Every man was in a fever to release the tremendous accumulated energy. Day by day, the Navy's supermen worked in ten hour shifts and longer. Individual exploits of initiative were legion; the teamwork between departments as integrated as parts of a precision machine.

The battalion divided. Complete living quarters were established at "The Hill" or "Topside," "Tanah Merah Bay Camp," "Camp Arnold," and "Pontoon Island."

It is impossible to capture the spirit of the men; their pride in their work; their individualism; their rugged, raucous sense of humor. It is fitting to describe some of the inci-

**Hollandia**

*Shelling peanuts for market. Old lady squats in typical Filipino fashion.*

*Typical Filipino market. Women spend the mornings here haggling over prices.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MOWERY
Caratel healing, awaiting passengers for the provinces.

dents that make complete this saga of the 119th.

TANAH MERAH BAY. — At Tanah Merah Bay the food was excellent. T-bone
steaks covering half the tray, roast duck and hot biscuits, topped off with lemon meringue
pie or delicious hot apple pie and ice cream. Pop Ferguson together with Tex Thorpe and
the Star Watch turned out these stateside delicacies daily. Tankers anchored in Tanah
Merah Bay to refuel provided a steady supply of fresh fruit, vegetables, and meats. . . . The
men ate like kings!

The camp personnel was made up largely from Company A. Lt. Boucher (Company
Filipinos arriving for Sunday cock-fights in Las Pinas.

Sunday drivers.

What! Another carabao and cart.

A more primitive way of transporting produce.
Plowing rice. The Filipinos chant a folk tune in rhythm with their work.
Commander) was the O-in-C; Ensign Geyer, Doc Combs, and Chief Warrant Officers Higgins and Kelly completed the officers roster.

The camp’s location, at first, was considered by the rest of the Battalion as more or less undesirable . . . and in comparison with the ideal site of the Lake camp it did seem so. As it actually worked out, however, the A Company boys pitched in with determination and set up a luxuriously comfortable camp. It was compact, clean, and well-planned; the men took a boastful pride in it . . . and rightly so.

Sick Bay was run “country doctor style” . . . (around the clock) . . . by Doc “Mobe” Combs, P. B. Curran, and George Combs. The most popular sick call was after movies and just before taps. Everyone lined up then to have his jungle rot painted and shoot the breeze.

HIGHLIGHTS: — The good food . . . . Movies shared with the Army across the road . . . . The volleyball court in the center of camp. The crack Company “A” volleyball team that took on and defeated all challengers . . . . Army-distilled jungle juice . . . . Hancock, bulldozer operator, who “smelled” a path through virgin jungle with his bulldozer and located a G.I. still. After deleting the supply on hand, he headed the dozer in the general direction of camp and zig-zagged back. (The still later had to be abandoned by the Army: location too obvious.) . . . Fuzzy-wuzzys living across the creek. Trading for cat-eyes . . . . Maguire, sack artist of all time . . . . “Lucky,” the bugler who blew reveille from his sack.

TOPSIDE: — The main camp was located in the mountains at an elevation of some 1500 feet. The site: easy rolling hills with a view overlooking Sentani Lake and the airstrips in the valley below. There were no trees, but there was a continuous mountain breeze. The nights were so cool that the men had to sleep under blankets. After a rain in the valley, the heavy clouds rose to envelope the camp (completely blotting out the outlines of the nearest tents) and floated higher to break into a hundred cloud fragments against the tow-
ering Cyclops mountain. The view was beautiful, the air fresh, and the men's morale... very high.

HIGHLIGHTS: — Sitting on a 35-degree angle slope to see the first movies. During a heavy rain it was next to impossible to keep balanced.

... Later, the elaborate theatre built for the Seventh Fleet, and the treacherous route over half-completed quonsets to get to it. ... The nightly announcement at the movies: "All hands will wait for the Admiral's party to leave." The resultant scramble to be the first to get out. ... WAC Betty McComb, Chanteuse extraordinary, who entertained on the Seabee stage with snappy songs... and afterwards, somewhat snappier jokes. ... The Battalion band adding to the camp bedlam in the afternoon with their regular practice sessions in the chow hall.... The white picket fences, cozy porches, easy chairs, flower boxes, and pin-ups which the Seabees used to decorate the fronts of their tents.... The batches of home brew stewing in the cooks' tents.... The abundance of "liquor," shortly after Ship's Store opened up with its limited supply of rubbing alcohol and shaving lotion.

... Bartering and trading with the natives.... Hundreds of bracelets made from Aussie coins. Wood carvings and inlaid boxes made from teak, mahogany, black palm. P-38 ashtrays ingeniously converted from shell casings. ... Bob Mertes, the Barney Oldfield of the truck drivers. Only

San Sebastian, Steel gothic church, was prefabricated and shipped from Belgium.


PHOTOGRAPH BY MOWERY
time anything passed him was when he took off down a hill dragging a carryall, and the carryall beat him to the bottom. ... Harry Hedge who made so much dough repairing watches, it was rumored that they were putting his picture on one dollar bills. ... Rappe, who mistook a hitch-hiker with a red band around his cap for a Salvation Army worker. The unknown rider finally admitted that he had no connection with the S.A. He was General Blamey of the Aussie Army. ... The new era that dawned for Sick Bay when wood-carving, homespun Doc Miller left and Doc Laughlin's regime began. The excess of medical alcohol being "used" was immediately noticed and dealt with. ... The suckers market for "Jap" flags when the Ensigns and newly arrived boots from the States began to move into the Seventh Fleet Area. Flags (made from parachute silk and red paint, plus "Japanese-American" writing!) were manufactured and sold for $40 apiece. ... The bitter Sunday afternoon battles between

**Mitchel Apartments** in residential section of Manila. The interior was burned by the retreating Japanese, leaving only a shell.

**In contrast to** modern apartment buildings, Manila's poor live in nipa huts.

**Tomb of a wealthy Chinese.** His grief stricken widow lived in the adjoining mausoleum until her death.
The war over, the first point men pack to leave for the States.

the Seabees and the “Common Navy” on the softball diamond. . . . The Christmas spirit in camp: Xmas trees (manufactured by the Seabees) with colored lights and with ornaments made from Xmas gift wrappings. The impressive midnight mass at the theatre. The Xmas carols. The packages from home that began arriving early in November. The all-night parties in the tents with holiday spirits procured and saved for Yuletide celebrating.

THE WACS ARRIVE. — The immigration of the WACs transformed the greater part of the casual, mud-splattered Seabees into a tidy, shoe-polishing lot of Romesos. Fast to "move in," they built and decorated the WACs recreation hall, and in turn, the WACs feted the Seabees with an introductory party and dance. Good chow, weekly dances, and 35mm movies helped put the men “in fat” with the female G.I.’s. On the other hand the sizable beer ration of the WACs was an item that encouraged fraternization. All in all, life took on a more Stateside aspect when the WACS arrived: Picnics on Sundays, with beer and sandwiches . . . beach parties . . . swimming parties at the Seventh Fleet pool.

PONTOON ISLAND. — Under the direction of Lt. Earl Sheaks, Chiefs Clardy and Hines, the smallest unit of the Battalion was hard at work in the boiling sun on the sandy beach of a tiny island in Humboldt Bay. The
The job was building pontoon barges of all shapes and sizes.

Setting: romantic, with crystal clear, turquoise water, and white coral sand. Perfect setting for a swim at end of day's work. . . .

Pontoon wranglers on a 24 hour call — many times summoned from the sack at night to hit the bay and lead straying pontoons back in Marine Corral from which high tide allowed them to escape.

Food: average. Baking done by Jim Levratto, SF1c. His pies, delicious; his cakes, stinky. . . . Louie "The Whip" Ursitti rode herd on the men as Chief Hines' assistant. . . .

"Father" Maloney was appointed M. A. A. and built a reputation as a cynical, but likable nuisance. . . . Andy Nederostek fulfilled Seabee expectations by doing butchering in spare time. "Can Do"!

Transportation to and from the island handled efficiently by Bill White, Red Monte, and Ray Spingler. . . . Steve Klasnik, Andy Nederostek, Lou Ursitti, and Johnny Haneck turned out remarkable piece of repair work on LST and received commendation for their initiative and mechanical skill from the LST Commanding Officer. . . .

"Pop" Hansen's pastries won praises from his mates.

"Invasion" of Company "A" men crowded facilities, especially the detachment's Chick-Sale three-holer head. Existing facilities had to be expanded. . . . John Runyan, John Hanna, and Gene Ahrens set a record in assembling a torn down generator to furnish the camp lights. . . . Wilhoit and Barnak, proprietors of "Willie's Laundry" received plenty of gripes because of "tattle-tale" gray.

SHORT STAY AT 122nd CAMP. — With the coming of the New Year, the entire Battalion reassembled near the beach in a camp deserted by the 122nd Seabees when they shipped out. Mates bitched about badly laid out camp on worst site possible. Long distance to chow hall. Had to climb young mountain to get to movies. Tents perched on side of hill.

Camp Scenes: Thunderous noise of bulldozers dragging skidloads of logs down the main drag at 20 minute intervals. . . . Unique names on some of the tents: "Hotel Astoria" — "Devil's Den" — "Gamblers' Paradise."

February 22, the Battalion celebrated a year overseas. Rumors and scuttlebut about new assignment at fever pitch. . . . Everyone knew it would be the Philippines, but where? — Mindoro, Leyte, Samar, Mindanao were discussed, but liberty hungry Seabees hoped for an assignment in the Manila area.

Finally the old man gave one of his famous stage speeches. Work in New Guinea had ended. "Well done to All Hands." . . . New assignment; best job in the Philippines. Location; a military secret. The Commander's tongue probably didn't slip, but to joyous Seabees it sounded suspiciously like "Manila — tary secret."

On the ninth day of March, 1945, one year from the day they arrived in New Guinea, the now-veteran 119th boarded five L.S.T.'s and joined a convoy for the long cruise ahead — "Manila Bound."

**Manila**

The battalion's passage to the Philippines was almost uneventful. The seas were rough; the heavily loaded L.S.T.'s rolled and pitched and many of the Seabees were seasick for the first time.

Suspense ran high as the convoy steamed through the island seas of the Philippines. Ship's gun crews stood watches, morning through dusk; once in the Sula Sea torpedo wakes scattered the convoy while D.E.'s rushed about searching for enemy subs. Seabees with boredom listened to the ship's crew's excitement. The men were tensely
waiting. However, much to the disappointment of the action-seeking Seabees, the convoy dropped anchor unattacked in Manila Bay, March 17th.

SHIPBOARD INCIDENTS. — As a whole it was a pleasant cruise, highlighted by usual shipboard incidents. . . . Card and dice games offered main diversions and much money changed hands. Gloom spread among Seabees on one L.S.T. when Ship's cooks got “hot” one night and busted the crap game, leaving the construction men with empty pockets. Seabee honor was at stake; a collection was taken; next day the Seabees' luckiest dice thrower took the cooks to the cleaners and everybody was happy again. . . . Weatherhead caused a flurry of excitement when he curiously pulled the plug of a smoke bomb and nearly strangled all on board. . . . Paul Fly found a jug and teamed with Dick Nichols and “Pappy” Boese to provide entertaining music. . . . Miles Davis got an unexpected bath when canvas above his bunk gave way and released twenty gallons of water. . . . Accidentally overheard was the prayer of seasick “Salty” Young, “And please, dear Lord, sink this ship.”. . . . Company “C”s” chow-hound, E. F. Vetter, tried for a transfer to ship's company because of the excellent food. . . . Andy Kirkpatrick, the Scotch spendthrift, tried to refill his lighter when the ship tied up to a tanker to refuel. . . . Andrew Eklund read two books at a time. . . . “Wheels” Wheeler rolled a crap, a seven, and another crap, all in one roll, as ship tossed and rolled through heavy seas.

Earl Sipe did a rushing business with his outdoor restaurant. . . . Bill Cody kept the men of Company “D” on the ball. . . . Van Arsdalen was a permanent sack fixture. . . . “Skip” De Loach had mates wild with scuttlebutt. . . . Bill Totter’s cleanup detail did good job (of hiding from Bill.)

SO THIS IS MANILA. — The L.S.T.’s beached March 21st, and Seabees immediately set about the task of unloading equipment and established a camp. The city was a mass of smoking ruins; Jap snipers and Jap sympathizers still lurked in the wreckage. Booby traps and land mines made it dangerous to go exploring off the main thoroughfares. Fighting continued just north of the city and heavy artillery barrages and frequent air raid alerts troubled the Seabees the first few nights.

Orders were posted that no liberties would be given until the ships were unloaded and the camp established. But off-duty parties formed, gave guards and officers the slip, and got their first stolen taste of civilization in more than a year. It was wonderful.

The campsite was selected in a mango grove between the villages of Parañaque and Las Piñas on the main highway running along the bay between Manila and Cavite. The area was small, but an excellent location.

The 119th was the first complete Seabee unit to land in the Manila area and the inhabitants greeted them as conquering heroes with the universal salutation, “Hello Joe, Veec-to-ree!” The bees were “adopted” by the friendly natives who invited them into their homes to chat and to try the native food.

THE PEOPLE. — The seabees found the Filipinos had a passion for brightly colored clothes. Even the men wore flowered shirts and vari-colored slacks. The girls brought from hiding American style dresses, made mostly from cotton prints. Sandals, from necessity, were made of wood because of the scarcity of leather.

The girls were comely, had fine figures, and walked with a swaying, natural grace. After a year of looking at fuzzy-wuzzies in New Guinea, the Seabees were intrigued by the clean, neat Filipino girls. They soon
learned to distinguish between the two classes of local girls: nice girls (no touch) and others.

The natives’ wants and needs were simple. Most of all they craved American movies, ice cream, chocolates, cigarettes, clothes, and radios. A musical people, the average Filipino family produced at least one talented musician. They drank very little but were inveterate gamblers.

CAMP LIFE AND INCIDENTS. — Ex-Mariner, Chief Schemmel, echoed General MacArthur’s famous words, “I have returned.” His little brown brothers had “Pappy” talking to himself trying to perform his duties at chow time keeping civilian youngsters out of camp. Mates were amused at first few meals to see “Pappy” chasing a fleet-footed “decoy” out one end of camp while the rest of the gang of youngsters stole in from the other end. . . . Garlands of flowers were commonly placed around seabee necks at restaurants or cafes as a friendly token of esteem. . . . Embroidered names and initials, some in fancy colors, on shirts, became the rage. . . . Mates flocked to the cock fights and the excitement of the pits had seabee rolls flashing in the gambling ring. An amusing incident happened when Dave Jacoberger brushed a fly from his ear and a Filipino bookie interpreted the movement as signifying a bet. He was made to cough up five pesos from a very thin roll. For the rest of the fight Dave kept his hands in his pockets. . . . It was amazing to see Filipino children gambling for pennies at church festivals. . . . Nick Nichols, E. L. Goodwin and Ray Hosimer started a small garden outside their tent which only proved you can take a boy out of the country but you can’t take the country out of the boy. . . . Gene Baisi proved a one-man fire department as he climbed atop the supply warehouse and beat out flames of a small fire before fire-fighters Murphy and Cipollone could arrive with their hose cart. . . . “Pretty Boy” Johnson leaned over the fence to kiss his laundry girl, only to be clouted three times before he could withdraw to safety. . . . Bob Gilpin’s and Doug Hopkin’s fighting cock was killed in one minute flat at the arena. When the bird’s spirit left its body, so passed 100 pesos of the owners’ money.

V-J Day, celebrated spontaneously, although three days prematurely, marked the end of the tour of duty for most of the Seabees. Their job was done. From then on it was waiting. Waiting for 44 points. Waiting for a chance to wait for Stateside transportation at the Receiving Station. Waiting to get home!

There is no doubt but what the 119th Seabees had done an important job well. They’d worked hard . . . lived hard . . . played hard. Born of adversity and necessity, mothered by total war, they were a different breed of men.
PART II

"Men at Work"

The Seabees were the Navy's answer to the problem of an island-to-island war in which the front lines were 5,000 miles from the vital supplies. Their secret weapons were men, equipment, and hard work; their purpose was to build formidable advance bases to support the farflung arms of the fleet. Today, their record of accomplishments is a legend of World War II.
Winch operator making a lift out of hold of ship.

Stevedores drawing food from a supply ship.

Shipping Bottleneck Broken by Seabee Stevedoring

By spring of 1944 the Southwest Pacific stage had begun to be set for the drive northward on Japan. In New Guinea, where ships crowded in with the vast materiel so necessary for the job, longshoremen were at a premium, and they didn't work union hours.

Half of the 119th, fresh from Rhode Island, dug into its first camp at Gamadodo on the eastern shore of Milne Bay, while the other half dug deep into the waiting Victory ships for the task of unloading. In eight weeks the 119th had beached the equivalent tonnage of 15 ships and had unravelled a large part of the Milne Bay snarl.
Most of the ships lay in the stream with six or seven barges tied to their sides while 119th stevedore gangs unloaded from five holds simultaneously. With an officer, winch operator, hatch boss and eight or ten riggers as crew, each gang toiled deep in the sweating holds to fill the cargo nets with foodstuffs, ammunition, building material, and all the other essentials of war. On deck still more riggers unloaded the nets into barges to start the equipment in towards the huge advance base dumps.

After those first few weeks of stevedoring the men of the 119th felt like veterans, but it was only the beginning.
The Plum of Construction Assignments

In May the Battalion received orders to move north to Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea to build the Advance Naval Headquarters. It was an important assignment, and the Battalion had its first opportunity to prove its construction ability. Advanced Headquarters represented the nerve center of South West Pacific operations; there on huge revolving maps and on monster relief maps that carpeted the quonset decks, the spectacular Philippine invasion was planned.

On June 15, the two Liberties carrying the 119th arrived at Hollandia. One ship carried seventy-five per cent of the battalion personnel, while the other carried the remaining personnel and all the supplies and equipment. Due to inadequate loading facilities in Hum-
boldt Bay, they unloaded their cargo at Tanah Merah Bay, some twenty five miles further north. The two bays were connected by a winding, tortuous road, cut from the foothills of the Owen Stanley mountains.

The site for the Advanced Seventh Fleet Headquarters was 1500 feet above sea level in easy rolling hills, with Cyclops Mountain rising to a height of 5000 feet in the immediate background and a panoramic view of the airstrips and Lake Sentani stretched below.

Advance Base Planning section furnished the Battalion with the number and general type of buildings needed, but the Battalion Engineering Office worked out the details. Because of the pressing deadline, actual construction was begun before the topographical map of the area was completed.
The Battalion moves into the mountains. — Battalion supplies and equipment had to be unloaded and transported over treacherous mountain roads from the bay to the mountain camp. All additional tons of materials necessary for the project were shipped by freighters from Advance Depots to Hollandia Bay. There the 15th Special Stevedore Battalion unloaded the ships and trucked the cargo to Regimental dumps, where the four construction battalions in the area could draw material as the need arose.

The first month was a strain on men and machines alike. However, borrowed trucks and an additional Michigan crane (loaned by the Regiment) relieved the strain on 119th heavy equipment. In addition, crates and the greater percentage of heavy pieces were moved by the three Northwests, the 25-ton rigs, and the Michigan, so that actual handling was reduced to a minimum. The Battalion's material department, including truck drivers, crane operators, riggers, and checkers, utilized an average of one hundred men, working twenty four hours a day, in three eight hour shifts. No small amount of credit is due them for transporting over 30 miles of hazardous road, a complete city.

The 119th Camp Area. — The ideal location of the proposed Seventh Fleet Headquarters proved to be a great morale factor, and the Seabees dug in with interest and enthusiasm as the work progressed. The Battalion camp itself was not elaborate, but comfortable. The men and officers lived in pyramidal tents with plywood decks; the galley was a T-shaped building with galvanized iron roofing; the combined library and recreation hall was a frame building, and the administrative offices and Ship's Store and Post Office were housed in two quonsets.

Thousands of yards of earth were removed to provide large areas for the Battalion's
Breaking ground for the Lake Sentani camp.

Grading on the Seventh Fleet Headquarters project.
supply dump, lumber yard, warehouses, and maintenance shops. And because of the uneven terrain, the campsite had to be roughly cut out into three broad plateaus at different levels with switchback driveways.

Yet even while the battalion camp was being built, work on the main project was begun. Road builders, electricians, linesmen, welders, plumbers, shipfitters, and carpenters, each knowing his own job, worked together with fine precision teamwork. Day by day, before their eyes, a city unrolled to cover the bald hills.

THE GROUND WORK. — Before any construction could begin on the project, however, the earth moving equipment had to prepare the site. The 119th, like any Seabee outfit, travelled fully equipped with all the modern earth-moving equipment. In addition, the 119th was unusually fortunate in having men rated tops in this field in civil life, and it was these old-timers who taught young and inexperienced Seabees the tricks of the trade as work progressed. Thousands of tons of red clay, ideal for fills but nearly impossible to work when wet, stretched out on the sites of the projected buildings, dumps, athletic fields, and roads.
Tractors and carryalls did the bulk of the work, but sometimes bulldozers simply dozed the dirt to one side. On some slopes the angle was so steep that carryalls made fills in layers to offset the possibility of excessive settlement. Not a roller was used, for the compaction of the earth made by tons of heavy equipment squeezing it together as the work progressed, proved sufficient for the heaviest loads.

From two ridges, 15 feet of red dirt had to be laboriously chopped before sufficient space for building was achieved. 119th engineers adopted a standard of 40-foot width with a maximum grade of ten per cent for roads within the base, while much steeper grades were necessary on the access road up the mountain. None of the earth was wasted; every yard found its useful place in fills or grades.

Surfacing for the streets and roads came from a quarry in the Lake valley below. The rock quarried was soft and pliable, and worked easily under bulldozers; however, jack-hammers and blasting were necessary to supply the demanded yardage. The quarry operated on a 24-hour schedule until the miles of highways, roads, and streets received hard surfaces equal to road systems in the States.

LIGHT, WATER, AND LUMBER. — Back in the jungle the water gang constructed a sandbag dam twelve feet high and 15 feet wide to harness a mountain stream. The resultant reservoir held 300,000 gallons of water — sufficient for the Navy's use. Later, however, the Seabees agreed to provide water for General MacArthur's Advance Headquarters (located on a hill opposite the Naval installation) and the water supply proved inadequate. Working with the Army, the 119th water gang located a new source and piped water to a 430,000 gallon steel tank. Two six cylinder centrifugal pumps on the river bank and two booster pumps (located
Crushing aggregate to be used in construction.

Forms ready to receive concrete.
Pouring a concrete Septic Tank.

Chief Gier and crew finishing concrete.
at a halfway point in the long pipe line) forced the water up to MacArthur Hill and to the Navy Headquarters project.

A complete sawmill was set up and operated by the 119th to relieve the critical lumber shortage. Lumberjacking Seabees, armed with cross-cut saws and axes fed a constant supply of teak, mahogany, casa rosewood, and sandalwood logs to the mill. The timber was logged by dozers through the jungle and over rocky terrain. Afterwards, as a precaution against damage
to the saws, mine detectors were used to discover any imbedded shrapnel or rocks in the logs. Despite all difficulties, however, the mill turned out more than 175,000 board feet of lumber a month.

In constructing the elaborate communications system necessary for the Naval Headquarters operations, Seabee linemen strung miles of lead cable and field wire and installed a gigantic antennae receiving system. Two hundred seventy five poles (cut by battalion saw mill) were set by the linemen.
THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS AND MISCELLANY. — The original plans for the Headquarters called for 97 quonset hut structures, to serve as offices, living quarters, mess halls, warehouses, and work shops. But, as the work progressed, the plans were expanded until finally more than 265 quonset huts and frame buildings comprised the completed base.

For the most part the buildings were standard 20' by 48' tropical quonset huts with quarters and offices on standard plywood
flooring and mess halls, galleys, heads, and showers on concrete decks.

However, the most interesting structure of all was the Admiral's quarters. This was an H-shaped building formed by four 20' by 60' quonset huts, connected by a 20' by 60' screen lounge that served as a passage way from the four wings of the building. There were three tile baths to care for the Admiral and his staff, and a mess hall that seated 25. The Battalion unearthed unsuspected talent in interior decoration, and as a result, the building was attractively decorated and finished throughout. The walls were painted gray, wainscoat high, with the remainder of the walls and ceiling painted white. Light fixtures were made from plexi-glass, plywood, and heavy white rope. Louvres were tilted into the outside bulkheads to give better ventilation, and Seabee-designed venetian blinds were used at the windows. The quarters were constructed on a prominent hill with a beautiful view of the entire countryside. Nearby were the Captains' somewhat less elegant quarters.

The Red Cross building, a 60' by 80' frame structure was built on so precipitous a hillside that part of the width of the building had to be treated as a porch. Facilities consisted of a small galley, heads for men and women, a snack bar, writing rooms, and library.

The large bamboo chapel was constructed by native labor, but the original architectural plans were drawn up by the 119th Chief Draughtsman, and the work was supervised by a Chief Carpenter's Mate, through his Number One Boy.
THE BUSINESS SECTION FIRST; THEN THE PLAYGROUNDS. — Once the business section of the "town" — (the communication and administrative quonsets), and the officers' and enlisted men's quarters, with all facilities including hospitals and a monster mess hall, were completed, the Seabees turned to creating recreational facilities for the camp. An excellent baseball diamond was carved from the side of a hill. An Officers' Club and a combination beer hall and recreation room were built. Tennis courts were laid out, and by damming a clear mountain stream, the 119th created a swimming pool popular with Navy and Army alike. The huge, Seabee-designed theatre was the pride of the entire Seventh Fleet and Service Force.

The entire project was completed ahead of schedule. Over two hundred and sixty quonsets had been built, four generator stations set up, a fire system (protecting all parts of the area) installed, complete recreation facilities had been built, and a first-rate water distribution system had been established. The men had worked hard, and had done a good job.

THE TANK FARM. — While the work on the Headquarters project was progressing, one company of the battalion was on detached duty at the "beach" (Tanah Merah Bay) building a tank farm. The assignment was the construction of ten 10,000 barrel steel tanks for Navy bunker fuel and one 10,000 barrel tank for diesel oil, in addition to a distribution system running approximately two miles from dock connections.
Erecting a steel storage tank.

Oil and fuel lines on a jetty.

A final check on the bolts.
On June 21, the Company A detachment, 25 miles from the main camp site in the mountains, began unloading at Tanah Merah. Temporary camp was set up, while the stevedore crews unloaded cargoes of tank parts and construction materials. Although organized enemy resistance had ceased, snipers were uncomfortably numerous; mud and mosquitoes were ever present.

After the permanent 250-man camp was completed, the men began the job of cutting roads through the jungle to the eleven tank sites. The hilly terrain, dense jungle growth, and heavy tropical rainfall presented major difficulties. Nevertheless, the farm was put into operation exactly four months after work was begun. And from its tanks high octane gas fueled planes on the Sentani airstrips, and hundreds of ships were fueled for the move northward.

PONTOON ISLAND. — On a small jungle-covered coral island located a mile off shore, fifty skilled men, under the command of Lieutenant Sheaks, assembled pontoon barges. The boys built themselves a comfortable, completely equipped camp and named their tropical paradise—Pontoon Island. Main diversions of the hard working crew: fishing, swimming, and movies ashore.

A fifty-foot stretch of white sandy beach was the busy “ship yard” where the pontoons were handled. A marine corral contained the floating stock pile of the magic boxes. Urged on by the silent interest of native spectators from a nearby village, the Seabees assembled and completed 75 pontoon structures during the seven months of operation. (Types of structures: pontoon supply barges,
pontoon barge propulsion units, pontoon bridges, pontoon piers, pontoon wharfs, pontoon landing ramps, and barges equipped with quonset hut living quarters.)

THE BATTALION MOVES TO THE BEACH — Upon completion of the Advance Headquarters project and the tank farm job, the battalion moved down to Hollandia and occupied the former 122nd camp. There, awaiting transportation to the Philippines, they received orders to build a receiving station for recruits from the states. The project consisted of eleven two-story barracks complete with all facilities. The site was laid out on a shelf dug from the side of a red clay mountain overlooking the bay. The pressing deadline on the construction was met, but even before the last nail was driven, fresh, eager-eyed boots began unpacking newly issued seabags beside the double-deck bunks of the barracks.

In addition to the receiving station project, a 500 bed extension to the Hollandia hospital was constructed.
Next Assignment: Manila

Within two months' time at Hollandia, the assigned projects were completed and the battalion was alerted for transfer to the Philippines. Five L.S.T.'s transported the unit to Manila. As the ships neared the port, a smoking pall hung over the city, and the remaining buildings appeared as little more than shells. Camp was established in the village of Las Pinas.

A detachment was formed for an emergency project at Cavite, a huge former U.S. Naval Base that had been almost completely destroyed by the ravages of war. The work unit was implemented with dozers, one shovel, dump trucks and one carryall. The nature of the project: grading, filling bomb craters, removing debris, and leveling bombed buildings. In addition, 119th Seabee crews repaired water towers and docks at Sangley Point, a seaplane base and an unloading station for supply ships.

It was the Philippines dry season and the equipment operators had to wear goggles and
Radio receiving camp south of Manila.

Radio sending site at Quezon City, north of Manila.
Wrecked docks and fuel tanks at Cavite.

Clearing away the rubble for a construction site.
Wrecked docks and fuel tanks at Cavite.

Clearing away the rubble for a construction site.
Woodrow Schelvan on construction work.

respirators to protect themselves from the stifling, powder-like dust. However, within a short time the ruins of Cavite, a city erected early during the Spanish regime were cleared away, and site was ready for the construction of receiving station and a 600 bed hospital. The Augean task was completed thirty days ahead of schedule, and the men returned to the main camp for further assignment.

THEY BUILT-AND-FOUGHT — A second detachment of 119th Seabees was detailed to construct a radio transmitter station in Quezon City in the northern outskirts of Manila. Working under a deadline, the men built sixteen multi-purpose quonsets, set up an elaborate wiring and electrical system (including the installation and housing of fifteen generators on concrete bases) and put a power plant into operation. A vast amount of grading, draining, and repairing was com-
A welder makes another plumbing fixture. Plumbers installing soil pipe.

Double deck barracks for housing enlisted men at Philippine Sea Frontier.
Ship's Salvage living quarters and warehouses with the Manila Hotel wreckage in the background.

Facilities for Commander Naval Operating Base, Manila-Subic, under construction.
A multiple Quonset Hut warehouse under construction.

The Fleet Post Office on the Pasig River in downtown Manila.
completed. Two miles of barbed wire fencing was set up around the installation for security.

On this project, the 119th detachment had its first brisk skirmish with the Japanese. A disorganized band of Japanese soldiers, having filtered through the nearby front lines, penetrated to within a half mile of camp. A hastily organized patrol of Navy personnel and Seabees encountered them in the fields just outside the camp area. When the smoke cleared all the Japs had either fled or been killed. (There were no Navy casualties.) Significantly enough it was a battalion bulldozer that dug the graves and buried the dead Japs after the skirmish.

During the fighting however, the grader and dozer operators continued to work on the project.

TOO MANY JOBS; TOO FEW MEN. — At this time there was a tremendous manpower shortage for the number of jobs the battalion had been assigned. Simultaneously the 119th crews were working on the Radio Receiving Station; the Admiral’s Quarters; the Seventh Fleet Material Yard; the extensive CNOB and Service Force installations, the Cavite project; and the Radio Transmitter Station in Quezon City. In addition, the Seabees were called upon for many miscellaneous jobs: to build camels ( bumpers made of piles and used between large ships laying along side each other); to drill a five hundred foot well for CNOB and Service Force; construction of all quarters and administrative buildings for a Ship Salvage unit; interior decoration for the grandiose, lavish Red Cross Club in downtown Manila.

The dense building program of the CNOB (Commander of Naval Operating Base) project consisted of the living quarters and administrative offices, complete with all facilities, for the personnel of CNOB. The Service Force job across the street from CNOB vied with it for importance and manpower priorities, but neither job was finished because of the sudden end of the war. The project was located on very unstable ground, and concrete (from demolished civic buildings) had to be hauled in as a stabilizer.

No small job was the construction and operation of the Seventh Fleet Material Yard, where all incoming material was unloaded and distributed to all construction projects in the Manila area, as the need arose. 119th crane operators on Pasig river handled all of the cargo that came to the material yard, plus cargo to other activities.

THE WAR WAS OVER. — After the official announcement of V-J Day, work on most of the projects was either stopped or drastically reduced in scope. However, shortly afterwards, the 119th battalion received a new assignment: to build an American Prisoner of War Camp for repatriated personnel from Japan. Speed was essential since prisoners were being released from Japan and China before the actual work on the camp began. In fact the first repatriates arrived five days after the job was started. (They included largely Navy and civilian personnel captured on Guam.) Finished project: messing facilities for 4300 personnel, Red Cross canteen and lounge, Post Office, Chapel, living quarters (16’ by 32’ floored tents,) theatre, seating 2000, and miscellaneous buildings.

By the first of November, only six officers, seven chiefs, and 350 men were left out of the original battalion. Filipino labor had taken over most of the remaining work and only battalion supervision was required; the remaining men were needed to operate the Material Yard and to maintain the camp.

Nevertheless, the battalion received another assignment — the last: to build a luxurious, five-person guest-house for the U. S. High Commissioner of the Philippines, Paul V. McNutt. The job was completed on the 27th, and so ended the construction history of the 119th Seabees.
The camp built by the 119th USNCB for repatriated Prisoners of War at the 29th Replacement Depot.

Red Cross lounge at the POW camp. Ship's Service Store was a treat to released Prisoners of War.
P15

COMMANDER SERVICE FORCE
SEVENTH FLEET
Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

Serial: CF: 708

From: Commander Construction Forces,
SEVENTH Fleet
Officer-in-Charge, 119th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion

Subject: Commendation

1. The 119th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion has a reputation for completing all projects to the entire satisfaction of the Naval activity for which the facilities are constructed.

2. A cooperative spirit which prevails in this battalion and the ability to improvise from the means at hand to accomplish the end, together with the excellent morale of the officers and men have justified the Command's proud regard of the 119th "Seabees".

3. Participation of the 119th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion in defending naval installations against an organized attack, resulted in the destruction of the enemy force. The performance of the 119th Battalion is a credit to "Seabee" tradition.

4. The Commander Construction Forces, SEVENTH Fleet takes occasion to commend the 119th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion for its excellent service in New Guinea and the Philippines and extends the signal "Well Done" to all hands.

W. MACK ANGAS
To the hard-muscled, fun-loving 119th Seabees the sound of "recall" meant the end of the tropic working day and time out for recreation. Throughout the camp the thud of footballs and the crack of baseball bats echoed in the late afternoon air. The men brought the playgrounds of America with them when they shipped overseas; across the Southwest Pacific, from Neolithic New Guinea to the fringe of the Orient, they left a trail of ball diamonds, volleyball courts, and lavish theatres.
Kemp, Brown and Speed Leonard unable to recover as 236's Guard flies high.

Full Team

Jim Archibald
Edward Wedenoja
Eugene Shatkin
Stanley Brown
Jack Payne

Mel Kemp
Gordon Mummmaw
Ross Leonard
John Rawski
Varsity Hoopsters

Of all the athletic teams in the battalion the basketball team was by far the most outstanding and widely publicized. Out of 45 contests they amassed a total of 41 victories. They were flown to Samar to play the 129th who were Central Pacific Champions.

Much of the basketeers' success was due to sports-minded Jack Payne, their hustling manager. Scrappy Pat Brown was the team's pace-setting captain; lean, wiry Archibald was the team's high score man. Gigantic, blond Ed Wedenoja was an artist with one hand shots. Smooth, ever capable Shatkin at guard position thrilled crowds nightly with his unbelievable long shots. Mel Kemp baffled his opponents with his cool-headed shooting and dribbling. In rugged Johnny Rawski, Ross Leonard, Eugene Deutsch, and Gordon Mummaw, the Seabees had four replacements who would have been playing regularly on other teams.

John Rawski jumps to block shot at 236th Port Companies forward while Brown comes up from back court and Shatkin waits in hole.
Varsity Baseball

During the battalion's tour of duty overseas, the baseball team participated in 59 games against some of the best teams in the South and Central Pacific. They were the victors in 36 of these contests. The team was under the tutelage of former minor-leaguer, baseball-minded "Tiny" Keska and "Brooklyn" Ruggiero, the lippy, fast-talking coach. Dumpy, alert, Coppola was the outstanding hitter of the club. He was flanked in the outfield by strong-armed Louie Ursitti and "Fleet-footed" Al Jordan. Back-bone of the infield was steady-hitting Gordon Mum-maw; smiling Jimmie Chowning; and dependable "Frisco" De Velbiss, team captain. "Red" Deem, the long ball hitter and lazy Earl McDaniel, the clouting first baseman, gave the team an outstanding infield. Behind the plate was excitable, hustling Tom Houchen. "Red" Bresnahan carried the pitching burden and always turned in a "yeamona" job.

Ball, ball, who's got the ball? Bresnahan missed this one but got the next.
Sunday afternoon at the ball park vs. the 44th Tank.

The Baseball Team
Back row: Edward Keska, Ralph Decker, Carl Deem, Recreation Officer
Ensignment Jack Eakin, Woodrow Emling, James Chowning, Earl McDaniels,
Henry Boorsma.

Front row: Jerry Coppola, Frank Bresnahan, Alfred Buman, Luciano
Ursitti, Albert Jordan, Thomas Houchen, Anthony Cataldi, Roger
Merritt, Irving De Velbiss, Lewis Pearson.

McDaniels snags one at first base.
Army vs. Navy in war battered Rizal Stadium 2nd football game in the Philippines.

Gridiron Stars

Due to the crowded work schedule the 119th could not afford the time for a football team. However, six members of the battalion played with the Manila Bay Packers, a potent aggregation boasting of one All American, three former professionals, and many college stars from all sections of the country. They played their games in Rizal Stadium.
A galley slave takes the count.

Beanburner fries a Pillpusher at first.

Intra-Battalion Sports

Softball champions of Hollandia
Right center: Gary O'Neill, Roger Merritt, James Cipollone.
The rough work-hardened construction men of the 119th brought the sandlots of America with them when they shipped overseas. They curtailed the loneliness of tropic life by organizing ball teams to compete after working hours.

Softball was the favorite sport. And on long Sunday afternoons the camp area resounded with cheering as the teams fought for the soft-ball title. At Hollandia, the 119th intrabattalion softball champions defeated all comers and lifted the area championship title from the Seventh Fleet champions.

Occasionally, the aging officers and chiefs ventured into the blazing tropic sun to vie for a case of beer and a few laughs, but their appearances, while enjoyed by everyone, were rather infrequent. (In Manila, however, the transfusion of new and younger officers into the battalion to replace the high point men, heralded a new day for the officers' ball team.)

The spectacular success of the varsity basketball team kept the men's interest in intrabattalion basketball at a fever pitch. During the noon hours, the concrete-floored court in the center of camp was always filled with practicing basketeers, and in the evenings under the glare of the floodlights, the court was the scene of some fast ball playing.
What a team! Carr's creeping "Old Specials" are prey to the Hawks as they go down in their usual boisterous defeat. Roger! Over and out.

If the shoe fits.

All time victors... Morton and McGrath.
Volleyball, a sport that zoomed to second spot popularity with "G.I.'s" overseas, was no less popular with the Seabees. It was necessary to lay out three courts in camp and install floodlights for night playing.

In the well-lighted area adjoining the chow hall, two horseshoe pits were set up. Here the team of Morton and McGrath became a legend in the Manila area. They accepted all challenges and completed their tour of duty overseas undefeated, with 67 wins to their credit.

A complete gymnasium with rings, parallel bars, and light and heavy punching bags was set up in a fifty by sixteen tent.

Hollandia Houchen heralds one in.
The Ping Pong table was a sand trap for any mate with a free hour or so.

Bottoms Up!

On the button.
Big Game in the Owen-Stanleys

The hunt is over.
Cheery fire. Tall tales.

Bivouacing on the trail of
deer.
Tired of existing on a diet of bulley beef and spam at Hollandia, a group of more adventurous (and hungrier) men loaded their rifles and set off into the Owen-Stanley mountains. These exponents of rugged individualism were out for two days and one night in search of fresh meat. But although their hunt was successful — (the bounty: two deer and a boar) all of the meat was condemned by the battalion doctor.

The huntsmen came back with stories of having encountered giant pythons, lizards, and fantastic birds. And no one doubted them. Only the coastline of this second oldest continent in the world has been explored by white man.

Sunday afternoon at the Hollandia pool.

**Jungle Acquatics**

Using galvanized tin, sandbags, and cement the Seabees harnessed a clear cold mountain stream, and made one of the most luxurious swimming holes in New Guinea. It was located in the hills, deep in a cove shaded by giant trees, and was crowded daily with Navy and visiting Army personnel. Swimming classes under competent instructors were provided for beginners, while spontaneously organized water polo games attracted the more expert swimmers. But the greatest daily attractions were the shapely nurses, Wacs, and Red Cross girls who sun-bathed on the banks of the pool.
Siesta time in the Philippines.

Magazines were as good in December as in May.

Okay, now you can look at the fellows.
(Pinups ... standard tent equipment.)
Life In Camp

Everyday was the same overseas . . . same old grind . . . Hit the deck at 0500, showered, chowed down, off to work . . . Less energetic individuals always stayed in sack until the last minute. Dressed hurriedly, while making a wild dash to the Chow Hall. . . . “Too late, Mac, line closed.” . . . “Why, you—” . . . Sneaked cup of “hot joe” . . . sat sipping it leisurely, consuming half deck of butts trying to wake up . . . Missed the last truck. . . . Reported to work late, had excuse for the Chief. . . . Knocked off for noon chow. . . . “Man, what food!” . . . Back to the tent; caught an hour sack time; wrote letters . . . told mates how they slaved. . . . 1300 back to work. . . . Hopped off truck at 1630. . . . Rushed for shower — “Who stole my shower clogs?” . . . Sweat out chow line. . . . Wrote a letter — read — time for the
movie — back to the tent. . . . Someone started an argument on anything from income tax to sex. . . . Taps! . . . “Day was Done.”

NIGHT LIFE.—A big Saturday nite in the States is an institution, and it was no different overseas at the 119th Club. Women, brew and sandwiches, and the music of Hanson’s small combo, marked the end of the week as surely as had the local Saturday night dance in Parisville, Ohio.

And during the week, the enlisted men’s club was the local nite spot, the corner drug store, the village bar. Suds and cokes were on tap afternoon and early evening. Hot java was always available.
Beer call at the Enlisted Men's Club ... Manila.
Will you have them all at once, or one at a time?

Shooting the breeze before shower and evening chow.

The 119th had one of the highest percentage enrollments of any organization in the South Pacific. During the long New Guinea evenings many men took advantage of the correspondence studies offered by the Armed Force Institute. Classes were organized in English, Mathematics, Spanish, Seamanship, Radio, Carpentry, Rigging, Electricity, and Taxidermy.

The greater percentage of the construction men, however, preferred tinkering away at their hobbies. They manufactured necklaces, rings, picture frames, and ashtrays from coins, rare woods, and shell casings.
Kibitzers at hobby contest.

Battalion hobby exhibition. The winner: L. L. Teson for his hand carved inlaid picture frame.
Captain Albert dedicates the Chapel at Manila, P. I.

Chaplain Ranck of the 119th conducts Protestant services.

Chaplain Shulman at Jewish dedication services.

Chaplain Lyons of the 63rd USNCB says mass at the 119th.
The Church was the companion of all men overseas. In the holds of Liberty's, in the wardrooms of LST's, in hastily constructed tents, or in attractive bamboo or nipa chapels, the chance to worship was given to every Seabee. Steeples and peaked thatched roofs of jungle churches were left in the wide wake of the 119th as it moved on toward the Philippines.
Overseas, nothing reminded the men of home as much as a familiar hymn or a fragment of a popular tune. Every Saturday night, the nostalgic dance music of the 119th band brought back memories of other Saturday nights in the states. And every Sunday morning the hymns of the 119th Choir reminded men of their hometown churches. In addition, during chow and before the movie, the latest music was piped throughout camp over the P.A., and late in the evenings, Freddie Hanson lulled the men to sleep with his organ interludes.
Swing band plays for WAC detachment, MacArthur's Hill.

119th USNCB Band playing for a Seabee dance at the local high school, Eastport, Maine.
Swingmaster Howes and his band entertain the Seventh Fleet at Seabee designed theatre, Hollandia.

Broadway Overseas

Wherever the battalion moved, mosquito-threatened, rain-soaked service men crowded the lush theatres of the 119th, where the best USO, Army Special Service, and Navy shows were presented. Highlighting the Seabee stage were the glamorous “Cover Girls” with luscious Candy Jones, the All Army show, “Star and Gripes,” the excellent stage plays, “Over 21” and “Kiss and Tell,” and the folk songs and dances of the Philippines presented by a collegiate group of Filipino players.
Most popular theatre in the Manila-Suby area.
PART IV

"Skilled Hands"

The versatility of the Seabees made their boastful "Can Do" motto famous on every island outpost in the Pacific. The experts who had built America's cities, bridged her rivers, strung her vast network of communications — carpenters from California, metalsmiths from Pennsylvania, draftsmen from Alabama, skilled workers the nation over — were the men who enlisted in the Seabees.
Dump trucks parked in transportation yard.

A new transmission goes into a veteran jeep.

Filipino mechanic helps 119th USNCB tire men fix flat.
Heavy Equipment

The Heavy Equipment Department (transportation and all the allied shops of repair and maintenance) was the task force that spearheaded the Battalion from the lowlands of Milne Bay, over the torturous trails of the Owen-Stanleys of Hollandia to the war devastated morass that was Manila.

Night and day the Heavy Equipment trucks rolled through swamp and rain, over hardpan, through the dust and heat, over places where there were no trails, and at times directly behind the dozers and graders as new paths were torn out of the jungle.
The "big stuff" goes to work loading gravel near Lake Sentani, Hollandia.

Through the Dispatcher’s office tons of gear, equipment, and food were deployed to the camp sites and jobs. Those were exciting times. Jap snipers, black nights, and deep mud on the roads gave birth to many a tall story when the truck drivers had gathered in the dispatcher’s office after the trips. (Hopkins still insists he gave a Jap a lift one night... but he was too scared to verify the passenger’s nationality!)

At Hollandia, blasters and dynamiters with charge and fuse released trees and natural barriers to clear the way for the earth moving equipment. The sharp retorts of their charges rang through the tropic air scattering fodder for the greedy bucket and drag lines.

Hills turned into plains, valleys rose to the hills as the heavy "cats," "carryalls," and Northwests dug into the red, stinking, New Guinea soil to make
working areas for the Seventh Fleet planning empire that was to rise and crush the Japs in the Philippines.

REPAIR AND FUELING — Twenty-five miles of treacherous mountain road separated the three campsites of the 119th. The light equipment repairmen were constantly servicing and checking to keep the vehicles rolling over this hazardous route. Mechanics, tiremen, and motor electricians tirelessly worked on equipment in the shops and serviced bogged-down equipment in the field. Filth and slime seeped into all parts of the engines, tracks, and wheels, making repair a nerve-wracking task. Broken fan belts, rotted water hose connections, burnt out clutches, generators and dead batteries that wouldn’t charge were all in a day’s work for the light equipment men.

Fueling was also an important job. Although the dampness of the New Guinea climate and the critical shortage of lubricants and fuel were handicaps, every truck was lubricated weekly. The lubrication and fuel men established a record for themselves of which they can be justly proud.

MACHINE AND METAL SHOPS — Under the skilled hands of the men of the Machine and Metal Shops, odd pieces of brass, a broken-down Jap machine, empty oil drums, and other debris turned into useful and ingenious parts for equipment. Once the machinists on an emergency call from Hollandia airstrip put a B-25 in the air in time for an important mission, by manufacturing a make-shift gadget to open and close the bomb-bay doors. No problem was too challenging; no need too small. Skilled machinists replaced parts for heavy equipment (dozers, cats, Northwests) and light equipment (trucks, jeeps,) but there was time to make a coke dispenser and a coin register for Philippine payday.
Lane and Sommers repair a Japanese anti-aircraft gun mount for use as a malaria control sprayer.

Men in welding shop rush work on shower room fittings.

Seabee blacksmiths straighten bent tongue of carryall.
WELDING SHOP — The Welding Shop, one of H. E.'s most completely equipped shops — (two electric welders, three acetylene generators, and three welding trucks having both electric and acetylene outfits) — was recognized by the Seabee Bulletin for its outstanding work. By converting a dump truck and installing on the back of it an “A” frame (A-shaped derrick) the 119th welders created an electrical line truck capable of setting sixty-five-foot poles. A crew of welders sent to war-gutted Cavite beat a three day deadline repairing docks and water tanks.

THE SAW MILL — The lumber shortage on all projects necessitated setting up a battalion saw mill. Located not too far from camp, the mill turned out over a million board feet of lumber in a six months period. A hardy lumberjack crew of twelve Seabees penetrated deep into the jungle, braving snakes, fungus growth, and malaria to fell the timber, while bulldozer operators logged it over rugged terrain to the waiting saws.

Rex Lentz, skilled machinist, operates drill press.

Metalsmiths play an important part on every construction project. Here is the shop where they turn out fixtures by the thousands.
Provincel, Garlinger, and Newman get into the inside of a "cat."

Mechanics adjust clutch on a huge caterpillar D-8 bulldozer.

Stock room for all rolling equipment is managed by "Flywheel II" Baker.

**Supply Department**

GENERAL STORES — The work of Supply was to keep the "Line of Supply" moving. Because of the diversified work of the Seabees, the needs for equipment, materials, and stores were more pressing than any other outfit in the Armed Services. The Battalion had to be prepared to take on any job and at the same time be able to supply that job to its successful conclusion.

Tons of freight were torn from the bulging sides of ships, and the transfer of these materials from ship to shore, shore-dumps to trucks, and trucks to the waiting projects, was an ever pressing race to meet deadlines.
Rolling logs into the saw mill at Hollandia.

"Shorty" Benac rides a rig and watches the sawdust fly.

Braun turns out smooth finished lumber.
Great yards and dumps were planted in accessible areas to locate the supply near the demand, making possible immediate conversion of static supplies to humming construction. From the supply yard the supply storekeepers also issued the G.I. shoes, shirts, pants, socks, and foul weather gear that kept the battalion clothed during its eighteen months overseas.

SHIP'S STORE — The tempo of the "American way of life" was captured, in part, by the little "Main Street" of the 119th — the Ship's Store area. This brightly lighted avenue of stores and shops was the meeting place of all cracker-barrel orators and scuttle-butt kings.

Cobbler Pfleiger soled shoes and had a word for every passerby. Schultz hemmed trousers and soap-boxed opinions of labor unions. Bengston, Hurst, and Collins ran the village store and for no amount of pleading would sell another package of cigarettes or an extra
At Lake Sentani supply yard provisions pile up while warehouse at left goes up.

The famous "G.I." issue room . . . New shoes for old, free of charge. Storekeeper Reep and two customers.
Ship's Store clerks Collins, Hurst and Bengston, serving satisfied customers.

An ice cold beer or Coca Cola at the club bar hits the spot in the hot tropics.

Pictures for home being developed in the ship's Store photo lab.
towel. Shapshapian, Woods, and Kopp turned out well-done laundry and displayed the Battalion's most famous pin-ups on the laundry's steaming bulkheads (walls). Barbers Helm and Reed broad-axed the mates coiffures and kept up a running chatter of gossip and facts—all straight from the "Head." And then, for the candid camera addicts there was the Photo Finishing Shop. Snow and Gallimore sired the hopes of all would-be photographers and turned out prints for every roll of film turned in.

THE GALLEY—It was always there—three times a day—Chow! Hot steaming food prepared by the cooks and bakers and served by noisy Kaypees. The best damned food in the South Pacific! It only took a few minutes for the hard working construction men to stuff it away and clean their eating gear through the steam and heat of the scullery. And for five hours more they were full and contented.

Barbers Helm and Reed busy at work.

A modern ship-shape laundry does away with a lot of scrub brushes and elbow grease.

Dan Schultz, their tailor, works on an alteration.

Even "G. I." shoes wear out as Pfleiger, their cobbler, can testify.
Cooks fry steaks on mass production scale.

Coffee cake for breakfast, one of the bakers' specialties.

These thousands of meals served three times a day represented unending and for the most part, thankless work in the Galley. Day and night delicious smells floated out of the ovens and bakeshops as the cooks and bakers contrived with skill to make pleasant eating out of dehydrates, powdered foods, canned goods, dried stores, and (when on hand) fresh meat and vegetables. No one will ever forget the bully-beef, the C-ration pie, and the canned salmon. Wonders were worked with these war-time foods. In New Guinea, however, more than any other meals, the men remember the delicious turkey dinners with all the fixings on Christmas and Thanksgiving, 1944. And in Manila, the southern fried chicken and ice cream every Sunday, and tons of tasty sandwiches turned out for parties, stags, and picnics, spread the fame of the 119th chow in the Philippines.
The initiation of the cooks and bakers was at Quoddy Village, Maine. Here their piping hot meals meant relief from the wind and sleet of the rocky shores of Maine. Maine potatoes, tangy codfish, and fried chicken were staples on the Quoddy menu. (It was strongly suspected by all that the leisurely sea gulls that floated daily over Passamaquoddy Bay provided the never-ending source for the fried “chicken.”) The galley slaves worked under hardships when the Battalion was on the move; temporary galleys were set up under most adverse conditions, in mudfloored leaky tents, or on the rolling decks of Liberties and L.S.T.’s. But within a short time, at each new campsite, shiny galleys were set up and the men on watch were able to prepare savory dishes and bakery goods.

To feed the men working on jobs far distant from the main camp area,
the Seabees built a completely equipped portable chow wagon. From this deluxe hot dog stand hot food was served on the jobs and valuable time was saved.

The galley maintenance crews did a vital job. Nothing was more important to the success of the meal than the condition of the reefers (ice boxes) and stoves. These crews were constantly on hand to service the tools of the galley, and with diligence and care they made possible healthful and well-cooked food.
Disbursing

The disbursing storekeepers controlled the finances of every man in the battalion. From California to Milne Bay they carried a quarter of a million dollars payroll money in a wooden box (there were no safes available) and stood watches guarding it. They alone knew the cryptic BuSandA rules that authorized the dependents travel pay, per diem, clothing allowance, and the ever welcome monthly pay. Their work was not easy; there were no hours for them. They often worked late into the night, to get out the pay rolls or to get point men transferred to other stations. But no matter where the men were located, their pay got to them on time.
Mailman Mahaney accepts first money order of the day.

**The Post Office**

Every day was the same in the tropics — until the men heard the cry: — Mail! Then for a few minutes the island shook with the rush for mail call. And soon the camp was silent again with men reading letters from home — escaping the loneliness of being overseas.

Mail reached the battalion everywhere and anywhere. It was delivered on the high seas, in port, or at campsites far inland. Due to the varied job assignments of the 119th, the men were often scattered, but their letters reached them with unerring regularity. If they couldn’t get to the Post Office the Post Office got to them. A familiar sight at Hollandia was the “119th Mobile Post Office,” which covered over one hundred miles a week, running a route between Tanah Merah Bay, Wilson Beach, Pontoon Island, and the main camp at Lake Sentani.

Postmaster Culley hometowned the quonset hut post offices at every base, and met all inquiries with a friendly smile and exacting answers. At the first base, Milne Bay, he and Mahaney sorted the mail on cots by lamplight in order to hold mail call the second day after landing on New Guinea.

The outgoing mail of a thousand men was trucked by Dick Haft to the base Post Office and the incoming mail returned to the 119th. There wasn’t a prettier sight for a Seabee than the mail truck heaving into view under full sail of a load of first class mail.
**Personnel & Manpower**

More than 5000 letters concerning the men's wives, insurance, allotments and rerates were written by the 119th Personnel Department over a two year period. It was the job of the Personnel yeomen to know everything about the men. They typed up and kept in an individual Service Jacket, the complete history of each Seabee.

Although the work of a yeoman consisted of record keeping, receiving and answering official reports, and transferring and discharging men, he usually listened to the mates hard luck stories, read "Dear John" letters, and was, in general, the source of scuttlebutt concerning "troop movements."

The Manpower office had the gigantic task of assigning the right man to the right job at the right time. Demands for men came from every project and through this office these requests were coordinated and assignments made. Records were checked; individual backgrounds examined; and each man placed in his own trade. But the problem of management was not merely the job assignment of personnel. With foresight, Chief Warrant Officer Meehan and Yeoman first class Cal Hessert placed unskilled men on jobs with men expert in their fields so the apprentices could branch out later.

*John Doerrer* checking part of the enlisted man's personnel record.

*Chief Gil Olson* hands C. D. Long some correspondence while Yeoman Ray Weatherhead types on.

*Chief Warrant Officer J. W. Meehan* and his assistant Cal Hessert preparing assignments for schedule projects.
Welfare & Recreation

Through the Welfare and Recreation department the 114th blossomed out into one of the top recreationally equipped outfits in the South Pacific. Tents were hardly up before there were ball teams in the league, volleyball and ping-pong games, and the slangy talk of the sport experts.

Welfare (the troubles and confidences of the mates) was the job of the Chaplain. In him, the men could find understanding and comfort. Round tables on moral, social, and political problems were scheduled weekly, presided over by Chaplain Jim.
The library, began with a 400 book donation by Miss Grace Sherwood, Rhode Island State Librarian, was augmented by current subscriptions to magazines and newspapers, and the Battalion’s own "Scuttle Scoop." The Seabees named their library "Sherwood Library" after its godmother, who sent overseas monthly fifteen of the latest books, and also arranged the Battalion’s membership in the Book-of-the-month-Club.
Shore Patrolmen check on local night clubs and brothels daily.

The Arm of the Law

Master-at-Arms Mullen tosses in lightly.

Junior OOD and Sergeant of the Guard check muster of newly arrived draft.

“Rocks and Shoals” (Articles for the Government of the Navy) were the laws governing the lives of every 119th Seabee. The Shore Patrol, M.A.A.s, and guards enforced these regulations with the friendliness of the corner cops at home. However, because of slight misunderstandings with liberty-happy Seabees, a brig was established as a vacation area for all erring souls. It was the duty of M.A.A.s to provide these souls with room service, comfortable beds, and protection from anyone on the outside who might want to break in. Captain’s Mast (memories of the old whipping and keel hauling days) was the court that meted out justice.

At each base when liberty became a privilege, the Shore Patrol took to the roads visiting the haunts of the liberty hounds. The Navy reached out into the towns and villages to protect the relationships between civilians and service men. Shore patrols were constant and vigilant, but also helpful and satisfying to have around. They did many favors for distressed bluejackets and civilians (On one occasion they helped deliver a baby for a native woman.)
Comparing scores on New Guinea range.

The Range

Late on a Saturday afternoon in the fall of 1943 a group of more than one thousand blue jackets marched in columns of two along a typical New England country road. They were the newly organized 119th Seabees, and their destination was Sun Valley rifle range, located two miles from Camp Endicott, Rhode Island. Most of the men had never fired on the range before, and none of the men had ever used a carbine. All of them were anxious and excited over the prospects of the week ahead.

One half of the battalion was scheduled to fire on the range on Monday, while the other half was assigned to work in the pits, police the grounds, and roll the basketball and softball fields.

For four days the men practice fired, drawing an average number of maggie’s drawers and bull’s-eyes. Friday, the fifth day, the men fired for record. Over two hundred men won sharpshooter and expert medals.

The Battalion fired again at Hueneme, California, but this time they used O3s. Only one more time did that battalion go on the range— at Hollandia, more than one year later than their two mile hike to Sun Valley.

Battalion armorers check a rusty piece.
During the hours of sick call, the Battalion sick bay became the refuge of all suffering jungle-rotted mates. (Here the fashion was to paint the skin bright violet or red.)

The sick lines were always long. Fungus, a tropical skin infection that spread over all parts of the body covered by clothing, was the curse of every man at one time or another. Yet, while this was irritating, it did not, in most cases interfere with the men's work in the Battalion.

After being thoroughly examined by the medic, men were either sent to duty, given a No Duty slip, or confined to Sick Bay. The much desired No Duty slip meant the illness
was slight and left the day free for a holiday. Many Seabees tried to ad lib illnesses at Sick Call but the Doc, with uncanny ability, weeded out the fakers and returned them to their jobs.

But when a Seabee really needed a comforting hand, he got it at sick bay. Meals served in bed, clean attractive wards, ice cream every afternoon, and a singing, hell-raising lot of corpsmen generally minimized the unpleasantness of being ill.

The shot lines were neither popular nor infrequent. (Shot needles were long and square-tipped.) But they were an important part of the protection that kept American forces in such fine physical shape in every theatre of the war.
Dental Department

The birth of the dental clinic was at Hollandia, where Doc Kleinman set up shop in a 17' by 20' tent. The equipment: a chair, a spotlight, and a drill powered by the excellent foot pedalling of Salty Herzog. (Later Herzog was relieved of pedalling and an electric motor was installed.)

Doc “Bullseye” Grammer and Herzog procured from the Army (in exchange for a few skivy shirts) enough false teeth (1500), plaster of paris, and machinery to set up a prosthetic laboratory or “Fang Factory.” The demands on the Prosthetic Lab were so great that the number of corpsmen had to be increased in order to take care of all the mates who needed dentures. In Manila, Doc Kraay was assigned to work with Doc Grammer and two new dental corpsmen were added.

Dental facilities are excellent and Doc Grammer sets out to prove it.

Chief Pharmacist Mate Herzog operating the X-Ray machine.

A pair of “store teeth” take shape.
Malaria Control

Malarialogists gave us the wonder of the war—DDT, (a solution deadly to malaria-bearing mosquitoes.) And in the 119th, they met the problem of spreading DDT by devising a Rube Goldberg whirlwind spray from the motor and prop of a piper cub. This was mounted on the stern of a truck, and the solution was poured into the slip stream and blown into the air. With this machine it was possible to spray vast areas in a short time.

In Hollandia, mud-sloshing malaria control-men dynamited swamps to open up proper drainage ditches.

All the men slept safely, reassured by the knowledge that Malaria control was on the job. It was not uncommon for a man to be awakened in the night and find his mosquito netting being tucked in by a malaria corpsman. Such interest made it possible to find security in malaria-ridden areas.

Field larvae surveys are made, while laboratory corpsman gives blood test for malaria.
Before any construction could begin, the job was prepared on the drawing boards of the Engineering Department. Here the patterns of the bases were planned, drawn up, and designed. However, not all the work was done at desks. Engineers took to the field and layed out the work on rough, hilly, and swampy terrain. With transit, rod and chain, geometric patterns of exactness were crisscrossed over the jungle fastness of New Guinea.

These men blueprinted the work for the "Cat" and shovel operators, the line crews, the carpenters, masons, and electricians.
Public Works

This department was the controlling factor on every construction job assigned the 119th Seabees. All work orders had to be approved by the Public Works office. Detailed records of the jobs completed or under construction were kept on file; comprehensive photographs were taken on every construction job as the work progressed; manhours and materials used were recorded; Seabee-designed, short-cut work methods were reported. From these photographs and records, reports were compiled and sent to the Navy Department (Bureau of Yards and Docks) to complete the overall picture of construction in the Southwest Pacific.

With all the sympathy of Washington bureaucrats, Lt. Dieth (later, Lt. Sweet) and his PWD boys, controlled the allocation of the Battalions construction material.
SEVENTH FLEET MATERIAL YARD —
Upon the arrival of the 119th Battalion in Manila, one of its first assignments was the immediate construction and, thereafter, the twenty-four-hour operation of the Seventh Fleet Material Yard . . . the nerve center of all area construction work. This yard supplied material for all the building and reconstruction projects in Manila. Its operation required many skilled men: crane operators, oilers, riggers, checkers, warehouse men, office workers, and guards. Twenty-four-hour operation demanded the work schedule be set up on three eight-hour shifts.

As more and more ships moved into Manila harbor to unload vital material for the Pacific war machine, the lines of waiting trucks loaded with cargo presented an ever pressing problem for the material yard crews. But the problem was met in record time.

CABINET SHOP — The cabinetmakers, working with DeWalt saws and specialized tools of their trade, pared thousands of board feet of lumber into the familiar shapes of tables, chairs, and desks. They turned out the vast quantities of furniture for offices and quarters of the entire Seventh Fleet Headquarters both in New Guinea and in Manila. (Over 2,000 office chairs alone were built for the desk-bound Navy’s use in Manila.)

On one deadlined job, the cabineteers set up a work shop in a tent near the actual project. They turned out the work with production line speed, and as the quonsets were finished and the fixtures installed, they moved the furniture in on the spot.

The Battalion was fortunate in having expert cabinetmakers. With the skill of medieval craftsmen they built elaborate radio and phonograph cabinets, lighting fixtures, bars, and bar fixtures.
PAINT SHOP—With faces masked and sleeves rolled down to protect themselves from the paint spray, the 119th painters coated quonsets at every base with traditional Navy colors. (There were 265 quonsets at the Hollandia job.) But not alone were they good at exterior work. Cozily decorated interiors of Red Cross Canteens and mess halls, and lavish theatres attested to the skill and artistry of the men of the 119th paint and sign shops. At Hollandia, the private quarters of Admirals Kincaid and Van Hook were special assignments for the painters.
PLUMBING SHOP — Born fighting the battle of steam heat and hot water in bitter cold of a Maine winter, the plumbing shop brought the Battalion a new high in service. These water and spigot boys were responsible for the 119th's hot and cold showers in sick bay, the dentist's hydraulic compressor, and the camp modern plumbing systems.

Thousands of feet of pipe fittings and fixtures were installed for the galleys, heads, and laundries of the immense Seventh Fleet Headquarters project at Hollandia.

THE PHOTO LAB. — Mowrey's — and later, Snow's and Gallimore's Photo Lab produced all the pictures in this book. They worked late into the night developing, blowing-up, and printing the photographs. But this was only a secondary assignment. Their regular job was to photograph and print pictures of all the Battalion work projects for the detailed reports sent to Washington, D.C.
WATER SUPPLY — The water supply gang controlled the thirst and cleanliness of the Battalion. They harnessed mountain streams for the controlled taps in camp, converted salt water to fresh, and in one case produced sanitary, palatable water from an abandoned, sour smelling well.

For the first few days at each newly struck camp there was always the misery of inadequate water — (result: canteen drinking, water wagon supplies, lister bags, and gasoline-tasting showers.) But always within a short time the water gang located a source and piped running water into camp.

In Hollandia the tremendous task of supplying water for the Navy's 5000-man quonset city plus 5000 Army personnel was met by damming a jungle stream with a flow of 1500 gallons per minute. Huge steel tanks were built to hold the supply.

Drilling wells and wooden tank construction — one of their specialties.
Men in the electrical shop tinker with 101 problems a day.

Checking the generators at the 29th Replacement Depot.
**Electric Department**

At every newly struck camp, with the first whrrrr of the portable generators, the nervous system of the Battalion was sparked to life. Even before the cots were set up in the tents, the electricians had installed lights by which the men could read, write letters, and see the movies.

The work of the electrical department on the Seventh Fleet Headquarters project at Hollandia included the elaborate wiring of over two hundred and sixty five buildings: quarters, hospitals, dental laboratories, galleys, communication centers, Admiral's quarters. The 119th, initially outfitted to do heavy construction work in the field, found itself faced with a job demanding electrical installations and conveniences for a modern city. A combination of American, Australian, and salvaged Japanese wiring and material had to be used for the hundreds of lamps, pigtailbs, and intricate wires necessary to feed the miles of cylindrical quonsets. The parts of four discarded Army floodlights (procured from Sentani airstrip) made one good flood for the Admiral's area and another to spot the theatre. The line gang, using a makeshift line truck (converted three ton dump truck) and poles cut by the Battalion saw mill, set over 275 poles and strung 600,000 feet of overhead wiring. (Sufficient to provide lighting facilities for the entire city of Bronxville, New York.)

*Setting a big one—Jim Aides and his line crew at work.*
Communications office — the busiest spot in camp.

These men provide ice, cold beer, fresh frozen meats and vegetables. They are refrigeration men and are tops.

"Roll 'em over" the by-words that kept Jones and Fisher on their toes in the projection booth at the battalion theaters from Quoddy to Manila.
After two Japanese torpedoes were fired in Humboldt Bay (where the Seventh Fleet lay in readiness for the Philippine invasion) the 119th electricians were asked to build a ship warning system. It was built high on a hill overlooking the bay, but the details of its construction were a military secret.

COMMUNICATIONS — On a morning three weeks after the 119th had moved to Hollandia, Art "The Voice" Lamoureux sat on a packing case amidst the confusion of a half built camp, and spoke loudly into a portable telephone unit. This was Battalion Communication center. One year later in Manila, P. I., it had developed into a miniature radio station, broadcasting (over a Public Address system) musical interludes, frequent and complete coverage of the news, executive orders, bugle calls, announcements, and work assignments — throughout camp. Scattered 119th work projects were contacted and the work coordinated via frequency modulated crystal controlled receiver and transmitter. Seventy-two camp phones were serviced by six operators (worked in shifts) and a Kellog switchboard. The men in camp came to depend on "Communications" for the time of the day, their favorite radio programs, the Call to get up and to go to bed, and even play-by-play descriptions of Battalion baseball games from the local ball park.

Movie operators, E. C. Jones and C. F. Fisher ("Roll 'em over E. C. and C. F.!") ground out the latest films with unfailing dependability. They operated the 16mm and 35mm under adverse conditions; in torrential rains from the back of trucks or in leaky movie booths ... but always on schedule.

CAMP MAINTENANCE — It is unlikely that a group of construction men should fail to build themselves a comfortable camp. They knew how to work, but they also knew how to live!

The sole assignment of the Camp maintenance gang, under the colorful leadership of "Mayor Kelly" was to construct, repair, and constantly improve the 119th camp. They did a laudable job; the Seabee camp was the envy of all units in the Manila area.
At that first muster of the 119th Naval Construction Battalion, the long lists that were sounded off in the hot, dusty Virginia air were just unfamiliar names. Two years later, in the Philippine Islands, those same names represented close friendships — friendships such as men can only know by living and working together.
"THE SKIPPER"

Commander E. J. Mackey  CEC — USNR
"THE EXEC"

Lt. Commander R. E. Meade CEC — USNR
STAFF OFFICERS

Combs, J. M., Lt. (j. g.)
Crossley, J. L., Lt.
De la Torre, J. J., Lt.
Denton, C. L., Comdr.
Howell, D. E., Lt. (j. g.)
Kleinman, H. Z., Lt.

Leonard, P. R., Lt.
McCarthey, W. J., Lt.
Miller, H. E., Lt. Comdr.
Sloan, C. S., Lt.
Ting, P., Lt. (j. g.)

Ensinger R. J. Anthony — CEC — USNR
PERSONNEL
Lt. (j.g.) E. D. Causey
CEC
USNR

Ensign J. H. Eakin
CEC
USNR

CWO J. W. Mechan
CEC
USNR

Lt. W. C. Furlong — CEC USNR
COMPANY COMMANDER
Company

Chief Petty Officers

R. K. Allen
C. H. Beebe
S. J. Bernstein
J. J. Butkus
S. S. Clay, Jr.
J. J. Curran
C. J. Dettmann
A. C. Ferguson
W. A. Giraldin III
R. W. Johnson
R. Humphrey, Jr.
C. A. Lucas
L. H. Machemer
W. J. Manley
G. O. Olson
E. L. Ramsey
H. E. Winter
D. L. Yater
R. F. Andrew
D. F. Ames
H. D. Alexander
O. C. Alford
R. D. Adie
L. G. Ackerman
J. T. Abel
D. E. Beers
J. F. Bastl
R. L. Bartlett
J. Barbour
E. C. Balewski
A. G. Atencio
J. D. Archibald
J. L. Bortolan
R. L. Borland
H. Boorsma
M. R. Benac
C. E. Bengston
J. R. Belford
T. A. Burnette
A. E. Belajac
I. Burnette
R. J. Brooks
M. J. Bronstein
V. F. Brinkley
J. G. Boyle
H. F. Bowers

Surrounding Hills of Lake Sentani
LST Signalmen

E. F. G. Gray
J. H. Grant
E. A. Grandy
D. G. Graham
E. Gorham
J. E. Gibbons
W. L. Gallimore
W. L. Herrin
N. N. Harris
G. Harris
F. E. Hanson
F. D. Hamerski
C. W. Grim
C. W. Horlacher
S. Green
D. M. Hoover
J. T. Hockey
W. N. Hobson
H. L. Hix
C. A. Hessert
W. H. Jones
N. D. Herzog
R. L. Johnson
A. R. Jeanos
J. R. Iftner
R. H. Imbeck
G. O. Hurst
H. E. Hornbeck
Lt. (j. g.) J. F. Geyer
CEC USNR

CWO C. E. Higgins
CEC USNR
CWO P. Kalinowski
CEC USNR

Lt. W. B. Boucher — CEC — USNR
COMPANY COMMANDER
CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

R. O. Gier
C. A. Harker
D. U. Hull
D. R. McDonald
W. C. Merrill
C. H. Partington
B. J. Posegate
W. H. Schieffer
Finger lift working inside a Philippine-bound L.S.T.

J. E. Burnett
J. E. Burkdoll
W. T. Bugden
S. E. Brown
R. J. Brown
C. E. Brooks
L. F. Caylor
J. G. Brinkman
F. R. Catlin
R. S. Cathcart
A. L. Cataldi
W. T. Casey
C. L. Carter
W. F. Cody
R. V. Calkins
D. E. Clarkson
J. M. Chowning
R. E. Chein
C. H. Cheatham
S. Chasnov
A. A. Charron
L. E. Durham
P. A. Durante
R. L. Dunaway
T. C. Duke

H. J. Ebner
J. F. Dziens
H. L. Dusette
W. G. Durham

O. R. Eldridge
B. H. Eirvin
W. L. Edwards
C. Eekes

A. W. Fagan
E. E. Esham
I. F. Eltringham
P. R. Ellenberger

C. E. Fisher
N. Filimonuk
W. L. Fields
M. D. Fetters

W. G. Franklin
L. L. Fox
B. E. Fotheringham
J. R. Flint
M. C. Fuller
L. L. Froelich
K. E. Friedrich
W. M. Fredricksen

F. F. Geiste
J. W. Geiger
A. R. Gagnon
J. A. Funa

J. L. Giles
J. O. Gilbo
T. J. Gibbons
I. J. Gerew

D. L. Hancock
J. G. Hamm
C. Halleck
J. J. Glowach

T. O. Howard
R. E. Horridge
J. W. Hicks
J. M. Havens

B. A. Johnson
R. Jacobsen
J. A. Hundley
R. E. Howes

Corregidor!
Beyond the mountains — unexplored.

A. S. Miller
C. H. Metcalf
D. W. Meskauski
A. Mehalic
F. J. McLaughlin
D. W. Munson
F. J. McGuire
J. D. Mueller
W. J. Mudge
R. L. Morton
J. A. Milligan
W. C. Oliver
J. W. Miller
R. M. Oliver
R. M. O'Connor
J. L. Nisler
P. J. Nasca
L. P. Riesbeck
J. L. Myrtle
E. E. Reff
O. A. Reep
L. E. Reed
J. W. Reed
L. Rasmussen
G. H. Robinson
J. V. Robertson
R. A. Robbins
J. T. Rinaldi

L. M. Stark
B. A. Smay
E. E. Shoro
E. E. Shade

H. W. Vignalet
C. L. Trout
R. H. Tourville
N. E. Thomas

W. O. White
L. I. Weber
P. J. Wagner
E. T. Wade

F. W. Curtis
R. H. Young
S. S. Woods
R. W. Willhoit
Company

CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

G. H. Beidler
Y. W. Edwards
O. I. Love
H. S. Markwart
E. N. Meder
S. Rutkoff
W. Weeks
M. A. DeAngelis
M. C. Davis
J. F. Crowe
C. H. Cross

C. E. Ellsworth
L. C. Dickerson
P. G. Dempsey
P. P. Deane

L. J. Fishbaugh
R. L. Fiedler
W. L. Emling
H. J. Eason

J. E. Foster
A. E. Foote
J. W. Foos
P. G. Fly

F. A. Gerken
A. Garlanger
O. P. Galoga
E. P. Froede

E. Goldman
J. F. Glick
R. F. Gilpin
H. M. Gesell

The women paddle; the men watch.
J. M. Hite
R. G. Hirst
L. Hire
M. G. Hines
G. H. Hiller
E. R. Hesselgrave
W. A. Holt
F. J. Heisman, Jr.
H. B. Hole
C. A. Hogy
H. M. Hogucisson
J. F. Hofman
O. A. Hoebel
G. L. Irons
K. C. Hixon
F. J. Hunter
W. M. Hudson
T. W. Houghton
R. S. Hosimer
D. C. Hopkins
F. D. Honeycutt
Jap ship sunk in Manila Bay
Ready for a quick unloading.

L. J. Lambert
G. W. Kurpiers
E. S. Kushner
R. S. Kriebel

R. E. Lee
J. M. Legen
M. Landa
A. E. Lamourcux

L. M'Sadoques
D. M'Sadoques
C. M. Lynn
J. F. Lydon

C. R. Marthaller
G. E. Mann
F. J. Malaney
J. H. MacKinnon

W. H. McAllister
I. Matalofsky
D. F. Mascola
M. A. Martin

J. J. McEvoy
R. C. McElroy
H. H. McElroy
J. J. McCormack
This was "The pearl of the Orient."

H. Sarich
L. J. Savage
L. A. Savoie
W. F. Schaible
W. L. Schauren
M. Schmit
E. A. Scher
K. L. Schuyler
D. Schiefer
W. J. Scott
A. A. Scovera
T. W. Shibley
J. H. Slade
S. Simon
R. L. Smith
J. D. Singer
J. J. Solty
A. A. Steinke
R. H. Suetmeier
G. L. Warrell
E. Van Benthuyzen
H. B. Watson
R. L. Van Doren
D. V. Wescott
C. E. Wilson
A. L. Wurstner
H. A. Yost
J. W. Gilpin
Company

CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

Aides, J. E.
Haynes, D. Y.
Merritt, H. R.
Mollica, A. B.
Morgan, O. G.
Schemmel, H. E.
Sipes, J. E.
Hart, E. R.
For once the ever faithful pony isn't overloaded.

A. Eklund
R. L. Eisin
E. J. Dybaliski
J. F. Duch
E. L. Drake
J. C. Davis
M. J. Fink
G. B. Davidson
F. Fera
R. E. Erfert
J. F. Engelbrecht
N. J. Enlund
B. L. Garwood
R. E. Enck
T. J. Gallagher
B. C. Elam
F. Freidles
E. A. Fredrickson
S. M. Ford
D. Fluhrer
C. H. Fisher
H. A. Hedge
D. O. Haugen
R. L. Griffith
W. H. Grey
J. G. Good
M. Goldstein
I. Goldstein
T. A. Houchen
W. C. Hope
K. P. Hogue
H. A. Hevel
M. J. Herre
R. L. Herold
D. F. Jacobberger
F. T. Herink
A. Izaguirre
M. J. Itle
A. H. Inbody
S. Huss
G. R. Hunter
J. J. Huber

Father Buckley, friend of the battalion.
L. C. Lewis
R. A. Lentz
L. W. Lemmerman
J. C. Leatherwood

G. B. Link
L. A. Lindberg
B. Lien
E. J. L'Heureux

S. Marrone
R. A. Marone
R. Lochlin
R. J. Lloyd

W. McCallum
J. J. McAvoy
R. J. Martineau
J. A. Mack
E. J. McGrath
E. W. McDaniel
H. L. McCumsey
J. P. McCaw

F. H. Mercado
R. F. McMahan
D. N. McLeod
E. F. McGrath

Looking for water-crabs.
New Guinea woman.

A. E. Morrow
T. J. Morgan
F. J. Modderno
W. A. Mills
R. L. Miller
M. Michelson
H. W. Nason
J. Metroka
H. R. Myrant
G. W. Myers
W. B. Murphy
W. D. Millikin
T. R. Mullen
R. C. Morton
L. H. Olson
J. J. O’Neill
G. F. O’Connor
W. D. Nitchke
E. D. Nichols
E. H. Newman
J. W. Reichart
E. W. Nelson
C. A. Redenbo
W. W. Raynor
J. R. Ptak
D. Pipkins
J. C. Paris
R. C. Pageman
P. P. Rozgus
R. L. Rose
S. G. Romanski
F. A. Robinson
R. N. Rider
W. B. Rettew
J. A. Savage
L. Sabo
A. M. Sabo
J. V. Ruggiero
M. J. Ruane
S. D. Sigler
W. R. Shuck
C. C. Sharp
M. S. Sharaga
E. J. Schone
M. E. Smith
H. Schecman
K. H. Smith
G. E. Smiley
L. D. Slotman
L. L. Skog
A. L. Skindzier

U.S.O. show girl.
Esky and friends.

G. L. Sommers
D. F. Solgat
R. Snuggs
R. E. Snider

J. S. Stolarski
H. W. Staubs
E. A. St. Lawrence
W. G. Sroka

S. Tamkovich
W. J. Sullivan
G. D. Stump
M. S. Struse

W. H. Warden
E. F. Vetter
E. J. Twarog
J. F. Turner

E. T. Wood
R. F. Williams
J. V. Williams
C. O. Wheeler
R. H. Young
CWO G. J. Gray
CEC USNR

CWO J. O. E. Arnold
CEC USNR

Lt. (j. g.) A. L. Held, Jr.
CEC USNR

Lt. E. L. Sheaks — CEC — USNR
COMPANY COMMANDER
CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

Alban, J. N.
Fluhrer, G. G.
Keenan, G. W.
Lindstrom, R. W.
Poling, V. O.
Rood, G. B.
Seng, P. C.
Williams, H. T.
R. J. Bragwell
E. J. Bourque
G. E. Berry
J. S. Beek
E. J. Bayer
J. T. Bates
W. M. Cody
F. A. Walton
R. G. Claymiller
J. R. Clark
W. A. Chronowski
J. J. Burns
H. D. Deck
G. K. Burke
L. H. DeLoach
D. J. Brunettin
A. A. DeJordy
A. E. Dawson
J. J. Cunningham
W. B. Condon
D. H. Collins

"Pop" Teson and his handmade mandolin.
Home-town boys — Connellsville, Pa.

R. G. Durant
N. Duchon
C. Drake
J. E. Doherty

J. V. Ficcardi
E. L. Falt
P. A. Evanisko
F. H. Erickson

H. Garnons
C. T. Gallagher
H. Frazier
D. H. Fisk

R. G. Haft
M. B. Grihorash
J. D. Glacken
J. F. Gerrity

B. Harless
A. A. Hansen
J. F. Hanna
H. G. Halford

C. D. Hill
H. K. Helm
W. J. Heilman
W. E. Hartley
A. A. Jarecki
J. A. Jakubczyk
B. L. Hooter
W. H. Holm
P. R. Kennedy
J. R. Julian
A. E. Jones
J. Jeres

D. E. Lang
S. N. Klasnick
B. H. Kinsell
H. H. Killingsworth
E. F. Levindusky
B. E. Leonhardt
R. P. Leonard
R. N. LeDuc

D. B. Lilly
W. L. Liebenow
J. G. Levatto
D. C. Levine

J. F. MacHaffie
E. F. Lusk
S. A. Lubertazza
S. B. LoCascio

Istani at dusk.
The old swimming hole

C. S. Mastroicovo
F. W. Martin
G. J. Marks
C. Marion
A. L. Marion
E. E. Malaney
E. Meadors
K. L. McNeill
P. L. McLaughlin
R. J. McCormack
R. G. McCann
R. G. McCann
W. E. Meyerson
J. C. Meusdorffer
J. A. Metzger
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C. R. Messina
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M. C. Morabito
P. W. Monett
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V. Morch
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D. E. Nelson
A. B. Nederostek
R. T. Myers
J. V. Petrucci
R. L. Myers
S. G. Pavlak
J. Passeri
P. H. Olson
J. C. Odell
G. W. O'Neill

Magandang Dalaga!
Queen of the festival.

M. M. Pursley
R. J. Province
F. J. Price
A. G. Poulakidas
M. B. Pope
C. M. Pomeroy
J. H. Pistner
J. L. Rich
D. D. Rhinehart
E. P. Renz
R. A. Reed
E. E. Rankka
S. J. Raible
D. E. Sandberg
J. D. Quackenbush
J. J. Runyan
J. A. Roome
C. M. Rochelle
A. Robertson
R. Roberts
J. A. Rife
This was the Manila Hotel.

C. J. Valaska
L. B. Vainik
L. Ursitti
G. S. Turney
J. W. Trygstad
W. C. Tottser
J. F. Walko
J. G. Walker
D. E. Valentine
N. Vogel
M. R. Verno
D. L. VanArsdalen
W. W. Waterman
J. J. Wanke
A. N. Wambach
S. L. Walton
R. J. Walls
J. P. Woodburn
H. C. Wallen
O. L. Wehlgemuth
K. F. Wietzel
E. J. West
M. L. Welsh
E. A. Wedenoja
In Memoriam

CHARLES COSTA
Sept. 11, 1944

LESTER CARL HEEBNER
June 24, 1944

JOSEPH PAUL SCIULLO
July 16, 1944

ARTHUR LEO FAKLER
December 29, 1944

JOHN ROBERT LONG
May 10, 1945
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