FOREWORD

As the battalion was approaching the time when the “rotation plan” would start changing the personnel, a group of men requested permission to gather information with a view toward publishing a history that would serve as a permanent record of the accomplishments of the battalion.

It is my sincere hope that this pictorial history will provide unending pleasure to its readers by bringing back memories of how the men worked, lived, fought, and went about tasks that brought the battalion such an enviable reputation in the Civil Engineering Corps.

The period of time covered by this book is from the battalion’s inception in September 1942 until June 1, 1945, when the B-29 field on Guam was completed. This book will be sent to men who were members of the battalion from the time of the landing on Guadalcanal in June 1943, until approximately June 1, 1945, at Guam. With the limited Welfare Funds available it is impossible to give a copy to replacements who were part of the battalion for short periods of time.

General Turnage, Commanding General of the Third Marine Division at Guadalcanal, Bougainville and Guam, visited my Command Post on the beach at Guam and said he would like to have the battalion drawn up in formation so he could personally thank the men for the work they had done while a part of the Third Marine Division. The General was ordered back to the States before there was an opportunity to hold such a formation. It gives me a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction to know that the Commanding General, with all his military duties during a combat phase of operations, thought enough of the 25th to plow through mud to tell me with what esteem and respect he held the battalion. I can think of no higher commendation.

I wish to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to the men and officers of the battalion for their faithful service, initiative, hard work and loyalty during the period in which I was officer in charge of the battalion.

To the Sea Bee motto, “Can Do,” we can add with pleasure and satisfaction, “Was Done.”

GEORGE J. WHELAN
Lt. Comdr. CEC, USNR
Officer in Charge
This book is dedicated to the spirit of accomplishment, sacrifice, generosity, bravery and suffering, as epitomized by the men and officers of the 25th Construction Battalion.

Whether building roads through jungles, unloading ships, performing combat duty with the Marines, or doing any other type of work, the 25th turned to with a will to do and do well. This spirit won for the 25th Seabees respect, admiration and affection.

Lt. Comdr. GEOGE J. WHELAN, CEC, USNR, Officer in Charge
IN THE MINDS OF MANY SKILLED MEN...
WHO WENT THROUGH A FEW UNFORGETTABLE WEEKS OF CONDITIONING...
AND TOUGHENING UP . . .
THE 25th NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

On the thirteenth of September, 1942, the Twenty-Fifth Naval Construction Battalion was officially organized at Camp Bradford, Virginia. The enlisted personnel, who had completed their “boot training” at Camp Bradford, and the officers, who had trained at Camp Allen, were brought together and presented with the colors.

Shortly thereafter, orders were received that the battalion, minus one company, was to be attached to the Marine Corps. This left three letter companies in accordance with the Marine Corps table of organization.

On October 12, 1942, the battalion moved to Hueneme, California, where the necessary equipment and supplies were issued. After a short stay in Hueneme the three letter companies and headquarters company moved to Camp Elliott, San Diego, and were attached to the Marine Corps.

Company B, commanded by Lt. Thompson, who was later Officer in Charge of the Fifty-Third Sea Bees, had separate orders to report to the Replacement Group, Fleet Marine Force. The detached company was the nucleus of the Fifty-Third Sea Bees, who were also attached to the Marine Corps and whose travels nearly paralleled those of our battalion.

Upon arrival at Camp Elliott, the official name of the battalion was changed to the Third Battalion, Nineteenth Marines, Third Marine Division, Fleet Marine Force.

During the period November 1942 to August 1945 the battalion was part of the United States Marine Corps, which had both operational and administrative control.

The truthfulness of the posters for Marine enlistment, “Join the Marines and see action,” can truly be attested to by this battalion.

In August 1945 the battalion was detached from the Marines and again became the Twenty-Fifth Naval Construction Battalion operating under the control of the Twenty-Seventh Naval Construction Regiment of the Fifth Naval Construction Brigade.

The Bougainville operation was under the operational control of General Douglas MacArthur of the United States Army; so the battalion has the unique distinction of having served under the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps.
AND THEN LEISURELY DEPARTED FOR FIVE DAYS' LEAVE
AND ... FINALLY ... TURN UP IN BEAUTIFUL SUNNY CALIFORNIA ... SAYS OUR FLORIDA CORRESPONDENT
Way back in 1942

AFTER STRENuous LIBERTIES IN SAN DIEGO, LOS ANGELES AND HOLLYWOOD
WE REST UP AT ELLIOTT AND PENDLETON ... AND THEN BACK TO ... OH, WELL
OUT OF A NOT TOO CLEAR SKY COMES THE DAWN. WE HAD BEEN ABSORBED BY THE THIRD MARINE DIVISION FMF ON 1 NOVEMBER 1942 ... BUT TO REALLY CONVINCE US THOSE '?!@@! GREENS DID IT
FEET

CHOW LINE

THE SMOKING LAMP IS OUT

SEA-SICK

HOSING DOWN DECK

THAT LUXURY CRUISE ... ACROSS THE EQUATOR ... TO THE GLAMOROUS SOUTH PACIFIC
“SO THIS IS NEW ZEALAND,” was the thought in our minds as our transport glided through busy Waitemata Harbour. This is “The Land Down Under,” where the summer comes in the winter and the winter in the summer; where the sun is in the north at midday, and everyone drives on the wrong side of the street. We see modern docks; a city of red roofs against a backdrop of hills, hills which might make a San Franciscan homesick. Auckland, a modern city! Why, it looks just like the good old States.

It took some time to accustom our minds to this slightly lefthanded country of inverted seasons, and a system of money that just doesn’t add up. After a few liberties, though, we were calling bars “pubs,” streetcars “trams”; talked of prices in terms of shillings; casually said “two and six,” and “happe-ny” instead of half-penny; and somehow managed to be hit rather seldom by their left-hand traffic.

We learned that those husky, dark-skinned people were of the Maori race, the greatly respected native people of this country. A gentle, generous people unless wronged; then beware. Many of us saw our first Kiwi (stuffed), that native bird without wings that looks like an overgrown baby chick. We learned that those grotesque carved pieces of green stone in the jewelers’ windows were not put there to scare customers away, but were Tikis, the good luck charm of the Moir race.

As to the country; what is it like? Well, if you were to take a large American seaboard city with the rocky coast of Maine, mix it violently with hills of West Virginia, the trees of Oregon, the vegetation of Arkansas, and ferns out of another world, then you would have the countryside surrounding Auckland, and what we mean is: it’s beautiful. There was always something present to remind each of us of some place back home. The scenes from the hilltops looking toward the sea inspired even those most immune to scenery. Sometimes the hills were mere settings for sheep—which brings forth a sad note, as months later we were to learn about these sheep. Most of us seemed to think that sheep were raised for their wool, mutton and chops being a by-product. In Auckland we ate “stuke and aiggs,” than which no beef could be better. It wasn’t until we hit the Solomons that we discovered what became of all those poor old sheep. “Goat” is the name for a very old sheep which appears under the name of baby lamb on the galley menu. There’s usually a lot left over. The boys still prefer wearing their wool to eating it.

New Zealand now is but a pleasant memory. It is with disappointment that many of us realize we may never see it again. As the years pass by, some of us may still laugh at the antiquated plumbing and the mud of Waitakara park; we may still complain of those long rides by train and bus back to Kaipara Flats, and that cold Sheep Ridge camp. Some of us may have pleasant memories of The Domain, the Memorial Museum, Albert Park, Queen Street, and a few night spots. But the outstanding memory will be of the people of New Zealand. We’ll remember always their generous hospitality, those pleasant hours spent in family circles. We’ll remember that they loved to laugh; that they worked hard for what they earned, and knew how to enjoy life with what they had. We’ll remember that they loved Freedom as much as we do, and accepted calmly the extreme price that their land had paid in men to maintain that Freedom. We hope they remember us as favorably as we remember them. We would like them to know that a pleasant corner of our memories will always be reserved for the people who so hospitably made us feel at home during our stay in New Zealand.
AUCKLAND IN CASE YOU WANDER OFF QUEEN STREET
SHEEP RIDGE
(Warkworth)

The Camp

The Well

THE BEER HALL!
SOME CUSTOMS ARE HARD TO GET USED TO . . . OTHERS JUST COME NATURALLY
THE SEABEES HAVE LANDED

JITTER-BUGGING INTRODUCED

NO!

SOCIAL CLIMBER

THE LOVE, ROMANCE AND TEMPORARY SETBACK OF A SOCIAL CLIMBER
I wonder where the poor "D" Co. boys are?
Hello You-All in New Zealand:
Set your minds at rest, fellows—

"Company isn't lost. We're hale, hearty and more or less happy on a tiny tropic haven called Samoa, located in the middle of the broad, blue and so-called romantic South Pacific.

The biggest single attraction around here is the native population. They are, properly speaking, Polynesians, but throughout the Marine Corps and other services they are more popularly referred to as "Gooks." Be that as it may, they are an interesting lot. Very friendly; easy to get along with, and in the case of some, very easy to look at; see pin-up sample of Mona, one of the most popular debs among the local young smart set. Many of the natives have not yet mastered the English language, being apparently content with that limited vocabulary of "One-dolla," "Five-dolla." Needless to say, they do quite well for themselves on that score, and will, as long as there are "Malinees" and "Sea-Peas" in the vicinity.

Among the lesser attractions, we've found sticky tropical heat, incessant rainfall—sometimes from a cloudless sky, "C" ration chow, and thousands of mosquitoes that descend upon us with no holds barred. However, the most rugged feature of our tropical sojourn comes in the form of a toughening-up course of jungle indoctrination which we are learning the hard way under Marine tutelage. Ah yes, whilst you are enjoying your "Styk 'n eygs," think of us fighting our way through some of the toughest day and night jungle problems that the Marines can devise. When we finish this rugged training, however, we will be full fledged "Samoan Raiders"—about which we will tell you in detail in the months to come.* At present just sit tight; we hope to be down there with you soon to join in that famed "Battle of Queen Street," and settle it once and for all.

See you soon.

JOE GRINDER'S RAIDERS

*Editor's Note: Is there any way of stopping them from telling us?
SAMOA, LAND OF THE "D" COMPANY RAIDERS
RUGGED ADVANCE TRAINING

LONG WOOLEN INSPECTION

THAT "WONDER WHERE NEXT" FEELING

SAMDAN FORMAL
Our first big project
MOB 6 HOSPITAL
But we have to leave before it is completed.

Kind of cold for July. Scuttlebutt has it we’re moving to warmer places.
GUADALCANAL... After an uneventful but suffocating trip from New Zealand, our convoy dropped anchor off what appeared to be a beautiful tropical isle. At least that is the impression that we had of Guadalcanal from a mile off shore. It looked exactly as we had seen it in newsreels back in the States.

We won't delve into the unloading; it makes us tired only to recall memories of such tasks. The few coconuts that were still on the trees along the beach quickly replaced the K-rations as our first meal. In the months to follow, a few of us learned to open them without the aid of a hand grenade.

Our camp was a mess those first few weeks. Mother Nature seemed to be in complete control of the jungles. Giant trees towered high into the sky, with parrots and cockatoos screaming among the branches, and mammoth lizards darting through the thick undergrowth. Some measured a full four feet; absolutely harmless, we were told; in spite of which assurance, many of us remained completely unconvinced. During one of the first nights, some of the fellows got lost between the galley and their quarters. When they finally located their tents, wild pigs had taken over, so that during the next few minutes all parties concerned scared the daylight out of each other. It was finally the pigs that retreated, we are proud to add.

In the months that followed, our camp grew into one of the very best on the island. We had fine messhalls, showers, an ice cream plant—the only one on the base—and many other conveniences, including practically no mud or mosquitoes.

Our first bombing attack took place during the first month. A few bombs dropped within not too many hundred yards of the camp, during which episode many of us decided to join the church next Sunday. There were no casualties, however, except for minor bruises acquired as individuals power-dived into foxholes, or mistook large trees for clear paths.

We built stretches of road, water points, operated a barge service, and performed many other jobs for the Marines. More advance training was also on the program, and those pre-Bougainville maneuvers will never be forgotten.

Our relations with the natives were limited. They spoke fluent English, when convenient, their favorite and most distinct word being "Dolla"—strange how that symbol gets around. We'll never forget the native women. Their costume was brief, their complexion darker than the inside of a derby, and their droopy chest ornaments never seemed to match. As a people, "unglamorous" most kindly describes them. More important, however, is the fact that they had been of great help to our forces during the earlier phases of operations against the Japs; for that they will always be remembered most favorably.

We can't overlook the fine work done by our malaria control section. Remember when we returned from Bougainville? The jungle had again taken over. The vines seemed to have reached up and clasped hands with the trees, forming a barrier that again fell to the swish of machetes, accompanied by the sort of language not to be heard at Sunday School picnics. This was mainly caused by the mosquitoes, which, during our absence, had multiplied to numbers almost unbearable. In a few short weeks, however, the "Skeeter Beaters" once more had them under control.

Our last glimpse of Guadalcanal—from a transport—was very much the same as when we arrived: a beautiful tropical isle. The Pacific was still pounding the black sandy shores, and there were still a few coconuts left on those trees along the beach. They would probably remain undisturbed, though, as the island was no longer attracting the GI tourist trade as of old—the war was moving on, and the isle was being left behind.
COCONUT DEFIES AMERICAN INGENUITY
Commander Lang received orders to return to the States in August 1943. Picture at left shows him shaking hands goodbye with Commander Whelan while the battalion officers look on.
TOJO COME... SIREN MAKE LOUD NOISE... MAN SEEK FOXHOLE... TREE INTERCEPT...
SO SORRY, PLEASE
Miscellaneous

Occupations
FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY
That Tassafaranga
Road Job
Camp

(above) Savo Island in distance, Jap landing barge on shore

and Souvenir Country
We finally got around to laying out a ball diamond after our assignments by the Marine Corps were secure. Lt. Tuttle, our welfare officer, got us together and formed a battalion softball league, with “C” Company emerging the winner and “A” Company, managed by Lt. (jg) Tennesen, in the runner-up spot. The winners then went on to finish second to the H. & S. 19th Marines in the finals of the Regimental Championship.

A few incidents that you may remember: The day that the “C” Company team defeated “C” Company of the 19th Marines in the playoff. Their pitcher, probably the fastest we have ever seen in the Pacific, had stood the Bees on their ears until the last inning and were leading 4-1 when six straight bunts without a putout put the game on ice for our team. We all remember the “A” Company pitcher, George Shaw, who pitched a darn good game. Outside of Red Davis, he was probably the fastest man on any of the battalion teams.

The Battalion baseball team got off to a good start after returning from the Bougainville push. We finally finished second in a fast league with the Marines. Many games were played on an afternoon when the mercury hovered around the 115 degree mark, and our wings drooped from the heat, but an Aqua Velva cocktail would always spark us to attention for the show after the games.

There were horseshoe courts, volley and basketball courts located in the area. A basketball team, formed by the boys themselves, was unbeaten in 14 games with different Marine teams.

There were a couple of footraces between men who had passed the 40-year mark. Wonder how many of you recall the sprint between Lem Hewitt and “Stud” Parker. Bets ranged from $5 to $50. Old “Stud” managed to break the tape inches in front of Hewitt, a former All-American end at LSU.

Swimming classes were held in the surf for those who had never mastered the art. Mauldin, Fulcher and de Reynier served as instructors with varying degrees of success. Never did get it into Gerald Wick’s head that he shouldn’t inhale when his head was under water. Pop Harris and Houbennestel naturally float on their backs; slowly settle to the bottom in all other positions. Kalbaugh just naturally sinks. Joe Porubsky has beautiful form as long as he can hold his breath—which isn’t quite fifty yards. Sammy Moore looks like a helicopter, but gets there in spite of his efforts. Class graduated with flying colors, with the final advice to rely mainly on those Mae Wests.
IT'S ALL JUST GOOD CLEAN FUN
VELLA LA VELLA... On the morning of August 21, 1943, at Kokombo, Guadalcanal, a group of LST's moved out from the beach and headed northward at a lazy pace. It was an unpretentious looking convoy as it started out, but as the various landing craft began stringing out on the horizon and eight destroyer escorts took up intermittent positions to accompany them, it became apparent that this was no mission of routine business.

They were bound for Vella la Vella, carrying ammunition and fuel, along with detachments of army personnel and Fiji Scouts, high priority items and personnel for that newly invaded island. Though the campaign never reached Bougainville or Guam magnitude, it still offered much the same action, discomforts and danger to those participating.

The interesting feature to us about that campaign was the fact that aboard one of the LST's were three volunteer members of our own battalion. They were the first men of our outfit to see action with the enemy. Added to this distinction, they had the honor of shooting down the first enemy planes, three in all, in the ultimately colorful history of the Third Marine Division. The weapon used was a 50 caliber machine gun mounted on one of our cargo carriers. The three men we speak of are Harold F. Alexander, Casper G. Sims and William E. Fales—"Alex," "Tiny" and "Wild Bill" to you. The same three a week later made another round trip to Vella, and again drove their truckloads of ammo from beach to front line dumps. No letters of commendation having drifted their way, we take this opportunity of telling them that we of the battalion at least feel they did a swell job.

While handing out laurels, might as well pass some to that group who went to Vella about two months later, but stayed quite a stretch. Arriving at Vella on October 14, 1943, they worked for two months in the midst of combat conditions and frequent air raids to set up and operate a sawmill for the 77th Naval Construction Battalion. This group, under Chief Oscar J. Schenking, were Paul H. Stone, Clinton S. Christianson, Phillip D. Rice, Burton H. McKibben, Herbert V. Piper, John R. Keyes, Robert M. Hammer and Hubert A. Broadway. Glad to say they all returned to the Canal none the worse for the rugged wear.
FOLLOWING HARD DAY'S WORK . . . THAT URGE TO ACQUIRE
WHERE OFFICERS RELAX

AND LADIES REST
The 3rd Marine Division had fewer malaria cases than any other outfit serving in the Solomon Islands.
When the Third Marine Division convoy slipped into Empress Augusta Bay on “D” day, we had our first curious glimpse of Bougainville; a wild expanse of jungle crowding thickly to the water’s edge. In the hazy light of dawn it had the outward appearance of being deserted; but there was no doubt in anyone’s mind concerning the presence of a healthy Japanese garrison there. At that moment before “H” hour, it was easy to imagine an entire army entrenched in the dense undergrowth, waiting for Sea Bee or Marine victims. There was little time, however, for silent reflection, for suddenly the entire area was awakened to the tune of a terrific pre-invasion barrage; ships and planes laying down a patchwork of destruction from Koromokina River to Cape Torokina. By the time the first wave of Higgins boats was racing for shore, it began to look as though there might be no reception committee of Nips left to greet them. We were due for a rude awakening on that score, however, for as the boats neared shore, all hell broke loose up and down the bomb-scarred invasion sector. Rattling machine guns and sporadic rifle fire came from everywhere. Even tiny Puruata and Torokina islands off shore opened up with machine guns to create a death-dealing lead gauntlet for the landing craft to run. On Cape Torokina a Jap seventy-seven began operating on a business-like basis. Something scored a direct hit on a Higgins boat jammed with Marines—not a pleasant sight—made you feel as if someone had kicked you in the stomach. Later a group of Zeros slipped under our air cover to give the boats a working over, and Lafayette F. Tuley was killed before arriving at the beach with his “Cat” aboard a tank lighter.

Vivid recollections: over the side; down those cargo nets; those damn full packs; looking for Commander Whelan’s CP; George Heir’s deluxe foxhole; Cameron Croas’s soggy one; rain and more rain; depressing confusion, and, oh yes, that volcano in the distance.

By sundown, it was a worn-out gathering of Sea Bees assembled on that fifty-yard width of beach flanked by ocean and swamp; a gang who soon appreciated the security of a foxhole, and sleep-oblivious even to seawater seeping in at high tide. Then came those night air raids—sort of tough on sleep, and nerves. But out of apparent confusion and chaos, order was to arise. The Marines deserve a lot of credit for their neat job of securing and holding that little corner of Bougainville, and one and all who existed there through November and half of December deserve a medal of sorts. The Japanese must have thought none of us could long survive in such a jungle quagmire—which probably accounts for “Tokyo Rose” broadcasting frequent wishful announcements that we’d been pushed back into the sea. We were in a sea, all right, one of mud, but far too busy to worry much about it.

As assault engineers we had a big job to do, and with the Marines. It was an important job, and many a time our men were surveying or blasting a trail ahead of front lines. On one occasion we paid dearly for that front-line work. Six of our men were wounded, and Chief Eddie Carruthers was killed in a vicious onslaught of mortar fire. Today, near that spot, along a wide Bougainville road stands a white sign, dedicating a bridge to his memory. To those of us who knew him, he will always be remembered as “One of the best.”

After forty-five fast-moving and eventful days, we pulled out of Empress Augusta Bay for “Good old-canal,” looking forward to some sack-duty above ground for a change, without air-raid interruptions. The Bougainville we were leaving was a very changed bit of island compared with the place we had found as we waded ashore not so many weeks ago. Glad to be leaving? Hell yes, but looking back, we had that certain pleasant feeling of inner satisfaction, knowing that we had accomplished a worthy task, and thereby done our small share toward bringing that elusive “V” day just a little closer.
ONE ENCOUNTERS TEMPORARY SETBACKS
Our work on Bougainville started on D-Day. The Marines cleaned out the Japs and we tackled the jungles. Working sometimes behind and sometimes ahead of the Marines, our brush cutters, surveyors and operators pushed the supply trails through to the front lines and even on into enemy territory. The jungles had to be conquered.
From the beaches to the front lines and beyond, men and equipment battled the swamps and jungles to make them passable for supplies and men. Trees fell, roads formed, and bridges appeared. Bewildered Marines, returning from the battle, stared with awe at the amazing network of roads. The jungle had been transformed.
Eighteen miles of our highways and supply roads crisscrossed the once forbidding jungle. Our bridges spanned the rivers and our ditches drained the swamps. Our job on Bougainville was complete.

So when we reach the "Isle of Japan"
With our caps at a jaunty tilt
We'll enter the city of Tokyo
On the roads the Seabees Built.

Third Marine Div.
2nd Raider Reg.
G. I. Haircut and Shoe Shine

Souvenir Hunter—Wields Ax Captures Jap—Meets Newsman Results—See Page 57

Full Uniform—Greens or Kahaki

Sleeves rolled down, collars buttoned
You do—well—step right over and see Dr. Vander Veer and The Commander. They'll give you that little piece of paper you've been looking for.
Do you think we will ever get out of this hole?
Back at Guadalcanal after Bougainville operations

Jungle Giants

via
C. B. Sawmill—

become
Quaint Gadgets
YOU SEE... UP IN BOUGAINVILLE IT WAS LIKE THIS... OH, YEH!
Ceremony and awarding of Silver Star to Ax-man C. E. Hull (right)

Those tanks we waterproofed
Time off: For Scuttlebutt — Randolph Scott to admire strange red bush—and K. T. Jones to play with Japanese Toy he found.
FROM GUADALCANAL ... VIA THE MARSHALLS ... AND THEN ...
GUAM... July 21, 1944. Aboard an APA transport, D-Day. Tin cans, cruisers, battle-wagons were throwing everything but the kitchen sink into Guam. D-Day, H-Hour. The skipper announced over the P.A. that the first wave landed intact. This at 0829. Terrific naval and air pounding still were going on, for which we praised Allah.

1010. Here we go again. Over the side and down the net into a Higgins boat and thence to an alligator and across a rugged reef. Hit beach at 1120. The 25th does it again. First Sea Bees to land. Proceeded a few yards and dug in. Mortar fire and snipers in great abundance. Beach a blasted shambles. Navy Corsairs overhead strafing the enemy and they are so close that the clips from their .50 caliber bullets are falling on us. The Japs are only about fifty feet from us. I wish I was in the land of cotton 'cause I'm cold and feeling rotten! But thank God for the United States Marines. They're pretty damn wonderful and I love 'em. The sun is intense and we all feel extremely tired. It is a great weariness that is hard to explain. Not practicing water discipline at all, which may be a bad thing. Johnny Mullan and Richard Wills of dear old "D" Company have come ashore on a truck with a water trailer. They are a sight for sore eyes. Night: Snipers and mortars. Those mortars are hellish things and hard on the nerves. No Jap air resistance, which is a break, but I think we would all rather have an air raid than this damn constant mortar fire.

D plus 2. Snipers (damn their yellow hides) and mortars. A heart-breaking sight are the dead Marines scattered all over the area. They look like tired little boys sleeping. One was being carried to a temporary grave ten feet from our foxhole. His arm overlapping the side of the stretcher seemed to be waving a ghostly farewell to me as the bearers stumbled over the debris of the beach.

D plus 3. We had to load the Marine dead onto a truck. I vomited violently and was let off the detail. The stench of death is everywhere. There are many enemy dead, and their death saddens me, too. Surely they had post-war plans. Their dream of marrying Lotus Blossom and settling in Yokohama, or wherever the hell they came from, is now shattered forever. Militarism treats its victims harshly.

Random Impressions. Too busy. too tired, too confused to keep day by day record. A white bird, a sea tern or perhaps a dove, pitifully fluttering about unable to fly. A water buffalo comes staggering down, large and ugly and evidently shell-shocked. Not even the birds and beasts are immune to global war. Saw a news-sheet from a ship. It said the Marines are pushing inland from easily secured beachheads. It seems to me that, to the Marines who littered the beach and lay stinking in the sun, the beachhead was not so easily secured.

August 3, 1944. Agana, main town, is ours, but a blasted mess. Dick Grant and I got slightly stewed on sake, which tastes like a cheap wine. The Marines are doing nicely, thank you, and the Sea Bees are building like crazy. From all indications Uncle Sam is here to stay. Tojo, please note.
LIFE ON GUAM

We were assigned an important task on this, our last beachhead, as combat engineers of the 3rd Marine Division. Comdr. Whelan was shore party commander for the 3rd Marine Regiment, while Lt. Comdr. Walker, in charge of beaches Red 1 and Red 2, as assistant shore party commander in charge of beach Red 1 supervised the distribution of all equipment that poured onto the beaches from ships that our men were unloading day and night.

After nightfall many of our men, after sweating out a 12-hour day at backbreaking tasks, shifted into the hills to man a second line of defense as the Japs threatened to break through. The Leathernecks will never forget or underestimate the Seabees after this Marianas Campaign, in which our battalion played so vital a part.

As the Marines moved forward we went to work on the few narrow roads that had to be worked over in order to accommodate the mobile equipment that poured ashore. Cat operators accompanied the Marines inland and cleared paths for tanks and other weapons that were brought to bear against the enemy. Others buried the enemy dead that littered the beaches and had begun to smell to high heavens. A small galley was set up, the first on the beachhead. There were lines so long that they never seemed to end. The aroma of coffee, hotcakes and bacon beckoned to Marines and natives for miles and we certainly got off to an excellent start in this department.

The ship that was to bring our gear following the operation was about 60 days behind schedule, leaving us without tents in an area that received more rainfall than any other section of the Pacific during that time of the year. We can boast of some of the most elaborate foxhole shelters of the Pacific war during those drenching months.

A short time later the Navy played a rotten trick on our Marine comrades—they detached us from the Division and we became Seabees once more. We became a part of one of the Seabee Brigades and quickly lived up to our reputation as one of the real Can-Do units. We were working seven days a week, 12 and 14 hours a day, and the sun seemed to reach out and shake us in our shoes. It was terribly hot and many of the fellows came down with dengue fever. One wing of the mess hall was converted into a hospital and Dr. Vander Veer's corpsmen certainly earned that 20 per cent during this period.

Nineteen officers and men were awarded the Bronze Star for their achievements during our part in this operation. Some received the Purple Heart and some of our buddies lost their lives.

The chow seemed to be better here than at any previous Pacific base. Chief Gunnoe finally received enough modern equipment to really make with the grub. The new ice cream machines, ice flake machines and electric mixers had our cooks bewildered. We were better set up than at any time in our overseas travels.

The natives were certainly an improvement over those double-breasted babes on Guadalcanal. They spoke our language, wore American clothes and were very friendly. The girls were more or less a tan version of some of our Stateside pin-ups. They attended our movies nightly and enjoyed the picture probably a lot more than we did...they paid attention to the screen.

On April 7, 1945, just before noon, we were given the word that we were to be sent back to the States after more than two years in the Pacific. Everyone who had in at least 21 months was fortunate enough to be on the list. The overseas time ranged from 22 to 27 months. There was not as much excitement as we thought there would be. All of us were a little stunned at the news and too happy to say much of anything.

So, we say farewell to the Marianas. We have changed the face of one of the most powerful bases under the Stars and Stripes on the road to Japan. We doubt if the Japs would recognize it now and they would never believe that a group of Seabees could do so much in so little time. We are homeward bound and proud of the fact that we are part of the Navy's invaluable Seabees.
Our first home in the Marianas
Camp still under mortar and machine
gun fire when pictures were taken.
Japs Held High Ground.
Things were a little rugged at first.
WHERE WAR LEFT ITS WRECKAGE... WE BUILD OUR NEW CAMP
THE TOWN OF AGANA WILL TAKE A LITTLE LONGER TO REPAIR
Feel tired? . . . Since this BN has been on Guam we have moved enough dirt and coral to have occupied the full time of every man in the outfit with pick and shovel—SIXTY-THREE MILLION shovel fulls. That's a lot of dirt in anyone's language, and doesn't count moving it anywhere. Enough to fill a ditch 2 feet wide, 2 feet deep and over 500 miles long. It's a good thing everything isn't done the hard way.
(above) Gasoline tanks for B-29's at Northwest Field.

(right) Hangar erected at Harmon Field.

(upper and lower right) Southwest field.

(below) Agana Reservoir and the new pipeline.
FROM BRIDGE AND REEFERS
and QUONSET HUTS

TO HOMES FOR THE MEN WHO WEAR STARS
"B" COMPANY JOINS US ... AND "SNOW" STARTS FALLING
SAY, WHO STARTED THIS SNOWSTORM ANYWAY
THE BOYS OVER IN THE SHOPS
LOOKING BUSY ... OR JUST LOOKING
And most of the Machine shop boys
Draftsmen—and—from the great outdoors
the Survey Gang
Shows from our Battalion, other outfits, the Native Villages and Some Folks from the Old Country

U.S.O. Girls—via Hollywood

Our new stage wasn’t quite finished
STORY OF SPORTS ON GUAM

Although we had less time for recreational activities on Guam than any previous base, we did manage to come up with one of the fastest softball teams on the island. We shared what was probably the best diamond in the Marianas with the Anigua Military Government, directly across from the 25th Area.

The field was wired for night ball and, situated in the heart of the native settlement, naturally drew more spectators than some of us had seen in our overseas sports programs.

The team was entered in one of the fastest leagues under the Island Command and finished the first half of their 18-game schedule in second place with 16 victories and two defeats. The leading team dropped but one game, and that to the 25th, to the tune of 6-1.

We had played two games in the second round of the league schedule and won them both.

There were other sports too. Horseshoe courts throughout the area. Pete Maglione and Sarge Lishnoff built a ping pong table and strung a light over it long before we found time to arrange a sports program. Many of the boys rigged up small boats and of course there were the usual poker games.
Scenes during opening of recreation hut

(below)
Library
(above)
Native Roads

(left and below)
Caribou is used to place water line in places too rugged for tractors.
Temporary homes, built by our forces.

Temporary homes, natives using whatever was at hand.
"In this, our Chapel by the Sea,
We humbly give our love to Thee;
A love that's pure and from our heart,
That never from us will depart."

—from "Chapel by the Sea,"
by Billy Ackerman.

The Chapel by the Sea was erected in November 1944. It represented the work of many of our mates, and from the architects who planned it to the painters who put the final touches on the altar, all gave it their best. The result was a building of utility and beauty, which became a symbol of the religious life of the whole battalion.

"My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations." Mark 11:17.

Here men of this and other military organizations, themselves representing various races making up our democracy, knelt beside men, women and children from the native population of the island in the worship of God.

The wainscoting of woven reed placed around the exterior of the building is an example of native handcraft. Fresh palm branches were kept in the back of the chancel. Above the altar, in the center of a white screen of ornamental woodwork, hung a copy of Sollman's Head of Christ.
"For a reminder of God's presence with us when we are far from home; for a link to unite us with the churches we have loved in our own land; for a symbol of our need here and always to put God first:

"For an escape from the unspiritual influence about us; for a place of daily group worship; for a quiet sanctuary where we can come and be alone with God:

"We dedicate this Chapel."

—From the Protestant Service of Dedication of the Chapel on November 19, 1944.

Catholic men of the battalion were faithfully served by Chaplain James F. Follard, of the 16th Special N. C. Batt. Chaplain Follard offered a Mass of Dedication in the Chapel on November 19. The chaplain's office served as a confessional.

Among the services of worship held in the Chapel were the Bible Class, the Service Men's Christian League, the Catholic Lenten services, and the daily Vesper Service, "God's Ten Minutes," in the late afternoon each day.

Protestant services were enriched by the faithful work of the choir, which was organized and directed by William Akerman. On Christmas morning the choir sang carols at the native hospital and at the stockade. Its members will never forget the response in the children's ward of the hospital, where little ones still bearing the marks of the disease and suffering of the occupation period listened in wide-eyed wonder to the Christmas hymns.

The lower picture shows, from left to right, Chaplain R. M. Schwyhart, Island Chaplain; Chaplain Charles L. Parker, Brigade Chaplain, and Chaplain Sam H. Franklin, Jr., Battalion Chaplain, on the day of the Chapel dedication.
One of the high points of the days in Guam was the Christmas party given by men of the battalion for the native children of the island. Of course there could not be a Christmas party without toys and candy, yet on an island just emerging from the havoc of war these things were totally lacking. Seabee ingenuity, however, was equal to the occasion. Rag dolls were made and stuffed with cotton from a discarded mattress. Faces were added from the deft brush of Chief Greer. Toy jeeps were built for the boys with somewhat less effort, and from the Christmas boxes which the men were receiving donations of candy were made so that each of the seventy-five children received a generous portion of sweets.

The picture above shows Santa Claus (Joe Clanton) in a somewhat original costume, relaxing with the youngsters he has made happy. For some of the children it was undoubtedly the first real Christmas of their lives. A final happy touch was the serving of ice cream to all the guests.

From the days on Red Beach, when natives were fed at “Guam’s Greasy Grill” and sheltered in spare foxholes, the friendliest feeling has existed between them and the men.
Lt. Commander Whelan welcoming Commander Mann, officer in charge as of 1 June 1945

Native Wedding at Chapel

Lt. Commander Stowell—Executive officer as of 1 June 1945
TRANSPORTATION . . . THE OLD AND THE NEW
HEADQUARTERS, THIRD ENGINEER BATTALION
THIRD MARINE DIVISION, FMF,
IN THE FIELD.

23 September, 1944.

From: Lieutenant Colonel R. E. Fojt, USMC.
To : The Officers and Men of the:
Third Engineer Battalion,
Third Pioneer Battalion,
Twenty-Fifth Naval Construction Battalion.

I have received my orders to report to FMF, Pacific, for duty. Before departing I wish to express my gratitude for the outstanding cooperation and effort you have expended toward making the Engineers and Pioneers and the Twenty-Fifth Naval Construction Battalion the splendid organizations they are today.

It has been my privilege to serve with this organization shortly from the date it was organized. Serving as Executive Officer and then as Commanding Officer, I have witnessed the manner in which you distinguished yourselves through your outstanding achievements.

Your loyalty, courage, and outstanding accomplishments have instilled in me the firm and lasting conviction that you have produced one of the finest coordinated teams of Engineer and Pioneer units in the Marine Corps.

You have rendered outstanding combat service under most adverse conditions; in fact, at times, you accomplished what appeared to be the almost impossible. Your actions on Bougainville and then again on Guam more than substantiate my highest commendation.

Goodbye until we meet again, good luck to one and all.

R. E. FOJT

Copy to: CO, 3dMarDiv.
FILE
COMMAND GROUP,
HEADQUARTERS, NINETEENTH MARINES,
THIRD MARINE DIVISION, FMF,
IN THE FIELD.

6 September, 1944.

From: The Commanding Officer.
To: The Officers and Men of the Nineteenth Marines and 25th Naval Construction Battalion.

Subject: Letter of Commendation.

1. The Commanding Officer takes great pleasure at this time in commending you on your outstanding efforts and contributions as Shore Party and Engineer Troops, during the campaign resulting in the capture of GUAM, MARIANNA ISLANDS.

2. Throughout the operation your outstanding performance of a difficult task, under adverse conditions, was worthy of commendation. Though subject to enemy mortar and sniper fire, your accomplishments in maintaining communication and supply lines, an adequate water supply, and a constant flow of much needed supplies, were an inspiration to those who observed your actions and benefited by your efforts. Of particular note was the enthusiasm and diligence with which you assumed Beach Defense positions during the period of 21 July 1944 to 31 July 1944.

3. Your loyalty and courage, untiring efforts, and devotion to duty, have been a great inspiration to me and a tribute to the Naval Service.

[Signature]
R. E. FOJT

Copy to: The SRB's of all enlisted personnel and officers concerned.
O valiant Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame,
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save Mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

DIED AS A RESULT OF ENEMY ACTION
Lafayette F. Fairley
SF3c
Bougainville 3 Nov. 1943
Elmer L. Carruthers, Jr.
CCM
Bougainville 26 Nov. 1943
James M. Fulton
SF3c
Guam 23 July 1944
Theodore S. Martin
SF3c
Guam 25 July 1944
Mitchell Boley
CM3c
Guam 23 Aug. 1944

DIED WHILE SERVING IN THE 25TH NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION
Wilmer G. Flynn
CM2c
New Zealand 29 May 1943
Francis P. Williams
Cox
Bougainville 20 Nov. 1943
George Royter
Sic
Guadalcanal 21 Mar. 1944
Delmer E. Fields
EM2c
Guam 14 Sept. 1944
Harry M. Myrick, Sr.
CEM
Guam 15 Sept. 1944
Daniel S. Kelly
Sic
Guam 16 Sept. 1944
John V. Frankenthal
Lt.
California 1 Dec. 1944
CITATIONS AND MEDALS AWARDED FOR BOUGAINVILLE AND GUAM OPERATIONS

SILVER STAR MEDAL
For capturing Jap on Bougainville, single handed and armed only with an ax.

CARL E. HULL, CM1c

GOLD STAR MEDAL IN LIEU OF SECOND BRONZE STAR MEDAL
"For meritorious service during the initial assault on Guam Island as operator of a crane on the reef at the beach, July 1944—.

SAMUEL R. DAVIS, MM1c

BRONZE STAR MEDAL
"For meritorious service in action against the enemy on Bougainville, British Solomon Islands," while in command of an engineering party assigned to accompany a rifle battalion across the front of the division beachhead line during the period 1 to 17 November 1943.

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH H. GEHRING

"For meritorious service to the Government of the United States while attached to a Marine Division on Bougainville, British Solomon Islands, during the period from November 1 to 20, 1943."

LIEUTENANT PHILLIP P. NELSON

"For heroic achievement in action against the enemy while serving with a Marine engineering regiment on Bougainville, British Solomon Islands, November, 1943—.

ARTHUR J. LEACH, PhM1c WINTHROP L. ROBERTSON, EM1c
SAMUEL R. DAVIS, MM2c

"For meritorious service in action against the enemy while serving with a Marine engineering regiment on Bougainville, British Solomon Islands, November, 1943—.

FRANKLIN C. DRUMM, CSF

"For meritorious service while serving with a Marine division during operations on Bougainville, British Solomon Islands, November, 1943—.

EDWARD P. ASBURY, CCM

"For meritorious achievement in action against the enemy while serving as a Marine regimental shore party commander on GUAM, MARIANAS ISLANDS, July, 1944—.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER GEORGE J. WHELAN

"For meritorious achievement in action against the enemy as a Marine regimental shore party commander on GUAM, MARIANAS ISLANDS, July, 1944—.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BRETT W. WALKER

"For heroic and meritorious achievement in action against the enemy while serving in a Naval construction battalion attached to a Marine division on GUAM, MARIANAS ISLANDS, July, 1944—.

LIEUTENANT JOHN L. WALKER, JR.

"For heroic achievement in action against enemy forces while serving with a Naval construction battalion attached to a Marine division on GUAM, July, 1944—.

DON M. LOSEY, MM1c HARVEY S. HATCHER, MM1c ELISWORTH E. ARCHER, MM1c CHRISTOFER CABALLEDO, SF1c

"For meritorious achievement in action against the enemy on GUAM, MARIANAS ISLANDS, July, 1944, while serving with a Naval construction battalion attached to a Marine division—.

EARL E. PAPH, MM3c BUD GRAY, MM1c AUDREY E. BRADLEY, MM1c JACK P. BURGESS, CM2c ELMER VAUGHN, CM2c

"For meritorious service during initial assault on Guam Islands, "

SECOND BRONZE STAR

LIEUTENANT J. WHELAN

"For heroism and meritorious achievement in action against the enemy while serving with a Marine division on Guam, Marianas Islands. July, 1944—.

ROBERT J. HENSLEY, SF2c AUBREY H. BROWN, MM2c LESTER E. BRADLEY, MM2c EDWIN C. BEAMER, SF1c SILAS A. WATTS, MM1c

COMMENDATIONS
"For meritorious service while serving as chief petty officer in charge of a detail engaged in building bridges, in advance of the front lines of the Third Marine Division in the Cape Torokina area, Bougainville Island, British Solomon Islands, November, 1943—.

JOSEPH R. BUMGARNER, CCM

"For meritorious and efficient performance of duty in action against the enemy while serving with a Marine battalion on Bougainville, British Solomon Islands, November, 1943—.

HERBERT C. BROWNING, CM1c

"For meritorious and efficient performance of duty while serving with a Marine division on Bougainville, British Solomon Islands, November, 1943—.

LONNIE F. SUDER, JR., WT1c

"For meritorious service while a member of a detail engaged in blazing trails, in advance of the front lines of the Third Marine Division in the Cape Torokina area, Bougainville Island, British Solomon Islands, November, 1943—.

JAMES A. BOROSKI, Slc KENNETH W. PETERSON, Slc JOSEPH P. SCRAGGS, SF1c WALTER T. SIMS, SF1c

"For "bravery, presence of mind, and devotion to duty" during a storm on the night of December 7, 1943, at Tetere Beach, Guadalcanal Island, British Solomon Islands—.

ROBERT L. MURRAY, Slc

"For meritorious and efficient performance of duty against the enemy while attached to a Marine division on Guam, Marinas Islands, July, 1944—.

WILLIAM F. EDWARDS, SF2c WOODROW W. COX, CM1c
Lt. Commander

BRETT W. WALKER
CEC, USNR

BATTALION EXECUTIVE OFFICER

BATTALION OFFICERS

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY


ABLE COMPANY

GROUP NO. 1 • PLATOON NO. 1

GROUP NO. 2 • PLATOON NO. 1
ABLE COMPANY

GROUP NO. 3 · PLATOON NO. 2


GROUP NO. 4 · PLATOON NO. 2

ABLE COMPANY

GROUP NO. 5 · PLATOON NO. 3

GROUP NO. 6 · PLATOON NO. 3
BAKER COMPANY

GROUP 1

GROUP 2
BAKER COMPANY

GROUP 3


GROUP 4

BAKER COMPANY

GROUP 5

CHARLIE COMPANY

GROUP I


GROUP II

CHARLIE COMPANY

GROUP III

GROUP IV
CHARLIE COMPANY

GROUP V

GROUP VI

H. C. Brewer, J. Maccarone.
PLATOON I


PLATOON II

O. G. Dugger, F. R. Gorell.
PLATOON III

PLATOON IV
DOG COMPANY

PLATOON V


PLATOON VI

THE END—AND THE BEGINNING
By CHAPLAIN FRANKLIN

In the city of Washington, outside the Hall of Archives, is the statue of a young girl, seated in a chair, an open book in her hand. The inscription beneath the statue reads, "All that is past is prologue."

Few military units have traveled farther or encountered a greater variety of experience than this Battalion. We have been tried both in the emergencies of combat and in the daily wrestle with the forces of nature in construction. We have moved mountains, drained swamps, and caused camps to spring up where there was nothing but "boondocks" the week before. We have made native villages rise phoenix-like where war's desolation was complete; we have built airfields in the jungle and hospitals in the wilderness. We may be pardoned if we go back asking,

Got any river they say isn't crossable?
Got any mountains that can't be cut through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing things "nobody ever could do!"

We are still confident in our ability to build, and as we set our faces homeward at last we realize that our job of building isn’t finished—it is just begun. This war is like the dynamite which blasts loose the stubborn rock that blocks the route of a highway. But the dynamite leaves only a jagged gap, more impassable than before. The highway must still be built. The war has just opened the way.

The building must begin at home. We want a real democracy, where men count as men, and not just a competing assortment of races, classes, and pressure groups. We want a country where men look out for one another, as we did when we were under fire. We shall still be fighting, only this time the enemy won't be a foreign power, it will be poverty, prejudice, preventable sickness, unemployment, ignorance, and entrenched privilege which defies the common good.

Our building won't stop with our own country. We have seen too much of the world beyond the shores of the United States to forget it. We want a world where our children won't have to go to war as we have, where tyrants cannot bamboozle nor starvation goad men into the mass madness of war. Some of our mates, beside whom we worked and fought, will not be returning. We know they would not feel their sacrifice was worth while unless we who can go back take advantage of it to make the world a little more nearly into a place where men "do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God." What is past is only prologue. We will continue to build—

That all the peoples of the earth may know
The embattled destination of the free—
Not peace, not rest, not pleasure—but to dare
To face the axiom of democracy:
Freedom is not to limit, but to share;
And freedom here is freedom everywhere.
ITINERARY OF THE 25th U.S. NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

13 Sep 1942—Battalion commissioned at NCTC, Norfolk, Va.
11 Oct 1942—Departed from Norfolk, Va., in three sections.
16 Oct 1942—Battalion arrived at ABD, Port Hueneme, Calif.
31 Oct 1942—Departed ABD, Port Hueneme, Calif., arrived Camp Elliott, San Diego, Calif., same date. Company "B" and about a fourth of "HDQ" company were transferred to the Naval Construction Battalion Replacement Group, FMFTC, San Diego, Calif.
1 Nov 1942—Remainder of the battalion attached to the 3rd Marine Division, FMF, for duty.
1 Jan 1943—Company "G" and approximately one-fifth of "HDQ" company (4 officers and 252 enlisted men) were detached and transferred to the 9th Marines (Reinforced), 3rd Marine Division, FMF.
11 Jan 1943—First section (1 officer and 12 enlisted men) of the Company "G" detachment embarked from U.S.A. destined to New Zealand.
16 Jan 1943—Second section (1 officer and 2 enlisted men) of the Company "G" detachment embarked from U.S.A. destined to New Zealand.
24 Jan 1943—Third section (2 officers and 236 enlisted men) of the Company "G" detachment embarked from U.S.A. destined to New Zealand.
25 Jan 1943—Company "H" and approximately one-fifth of "HDQ" company (4 officers and 252 enlisted men) were detached and transferred to the 21st Marines (Reinforced), 3rd Marine Division, FMF.
3 Feb 1943—First section of Company "G" detachment arrived at Auckland, New Zealand.
6 Feb 1943—Third section of Company "G" detachment arrived at Auckland, New Zealand.
15 Feb 1943—First section (3 officers and 178 enlisted men) of the Company "H" detachment departed from U.S.A. destined to New Zealand.
15 Feb 1943—Company "I" and approximately one-fifth of "HDQ" company (4 officers and 254 enlisted men) were detached from battalion and attached to Headquarters, Amphibious Corps, FMF, for administrative purposes.
16 Feb 1943—Second section of Company "G" detachment arrived at Auckland, New Zealand.
20 Feb 1943—Second section (1 officer and 74 enlisted men) of the Company "H" detachment departed from U.S.A. destined to New Zealand.
23 Feb 1943—Remainder of "HDQ" company (7 officers and 49 enlisted men) departed from U.S.A. destined to New Zealand.
28 Feb 1943—First section of Company "H" detachment arrived in Auckland, New Zealand.
1 Mar 1943—Company "I" detachment (4 officers and 253 enlisted men) were detached from Headquarters, Amphibious Corps, FMF, and attached to West Coast Detachment, 3rd Marines (Reinforced), 3rd Marine Division, FMF.
7 Mar 1943—Second section of Company "H" detachment arrived in Auckland, New Zealand.
11 Mar 1943—"HDQ" company section arrived in Auckland, New Zealand.
24 Mar 1943—Company "I" detachment arrived in American Samoa.
25 May 1943—Company "I" detachment embarked from Pago Pago, T.I., American Samoa, destined to New Zealand.
28 May 1943—Company "I" detachment arrived Auckland, New Zealand.
7 Jun 1943—Companies "G" and "I" were detached from the 9th and 3rd Marines, respectively, and ordered back under battalion administration.
20 Jun 1943—Company "H" was detached from the 21st Marines and ordered back under battalion administration. This brought the battalion up to full strength authorized, which was a headquarters company and three construction companies. While the companies were detached, they functioned as separate construction companies.
28 Jun 1943—Company "G" and about one-fifth of "HDQ" company (4 officers and 250 enlisted men) embarked at Auckland, New Zealand, destined for Guadalcanal, B.S.I.
6 Jul 1943—Company "G" detachment disembarked Guadalcanal, B.S.I.
22 Jul 1943—Headquarters company and about one-third of Company "H" (8 officers and 125 enlisted men) embarked at Auckland, New Zealand, destined to Guadalcanal, B.S.I.
25 Jul 1943—Company "I" and remainder of Company "H" (7 officers and 425 enlisted men) embarked at Auckland, New Zealand, destined to Guadalcanal, B.S.I. (This was last section of battalion to leave from New Zealand.)

31 Jul 1943—Headquarters company and that portion of Company "H" accompanying them, disembarked at Guadalcanal, B.S.I.

1 Aug 1943—Company "I" and remainder of Company "H" disembarked at Guadalcanal, B.S.I., this bringing entire battalion together again at Guadalcanal.

15 Aug 1943—Three (3) enlisted men ordered to temporary duty with Provisional Motor Transport Company of 3rd Marine Div. They embarked at Guadalcanal on 21 Aug 1943, disembarked at Vella la Vella on 23 Aug 1943; reembarked there same date and disembarked Guadalcanal 26 Aug 1943; reembarked Guadalcanal 28 Aug 1943 and disembarked Vella la Vella 31 Aug 1943; reembarked there same date and disembarked Guadalcanal 1 Sep 1943, and returned to duties with the battalion.

12 Oct 1943—Nine (9) enlisted men, ordered to detached duty with Corps Troops Staging, I MAC, embarked at Guadalcanal destined to Vella la Vella.

14 Oct 1943—Above nine (9) men disembarked at Vella la Vella.

13 Oct and 19 Oct 1943—15 officers and 386 enlisted men embarked at Guadalcanal destined to Bougainville, B.S.I.

1 Nov 1943—Above 15 officers and 386 enlisted men disembarked at Bougainville, B.S.I., under enemy fire.

3 Nov to 26 Nov 1943—6 officers and 317 enlisted men, in small groups and on various dates, embarked at Guadalcanal destined to Bougainville, B.S.I. After departure of this group a rear echelon of 3 officers and 77 enlisted men remained at Guadalcanal during the Bougainville operation, they having care of the battalion records and the remainder of the equipment.

6 Nov to 28 Nov 1943—Above 6 officers and 317 enlisted men, on various dates, disembarked at Bougainville, B.S.I.

5 Dec 1943—2 officers and 112 enlisted men embarked at Bougainville destined Guadalcanal.

7 Dec 1943—Above men disembarked at Guadalcanal.

15 Dec 1943—16 officers and 454 enlisted men embarked at Bougainville destined Guadalcanal.

17 Dec 1943—Above men disembarked at Guadalcanal.

21 Dec 1943—The 9 men detached to Corps Troops, I MAC, embarked at Vella la Vella for return to battalion at Guadalcanal.

24 Dec 1943—Above 9 men disembarked at Guadalcanal and rejoined the battalion.

5 Jan 1944—3 officers and 118 enlisted men embarked at Bougainville destined Guadalcanal.

7 Jan 1944—Above men disembarked at Guadalcanal, this completing the return movement of the forward echelon from Bougainville.

11 Apr 1944—Battalion was redesignated as the 25th U.S. Naval Construction Battalion. Was released from administrative control of 3rd Marine Division and was attached to the Third Amphibious Corps, FMF, for administrative purposes and to the Third Marine Division for operational purposes.

3 Jun 1944—Forward echelon (23 officers and 621 enlisted men) embarked at Guadalcanal destined for Guam.

21 Jul 1944—Forward echelon landed on Guam, M.I., under enemy fire.

27 Jul 1944—First section of rear echelon (1 officer and 6 men) embarked Guadalcanal destined Guam, M.I., to join the forward echelon.

16 Aug 1944—Second section of rear echelon (4 officers and 168 enlisted men) embarked Guadalcanal destined Guam, M.I.

31 Aug 1944—Second section of rear echelon disembarked at Guam, M.I.

20 Sep 1944—First section of rear echelon disembarked at Guam, M.I., this completing movement of entire battalion to Guam.

17 Aug 1944—Released administratively from Third Amphibious Corps, FMF, and operationally from the Third Marine Division, FMF. Attached to Fifth Naval Construction Brigade for duty.

1 Jun 1945—25th Naval Construction Bn. still operating on Guam, M.I.

Certified copy of correct itinerary:

GEORGE J. WHELAN,
Lt. Comdr. CEC(S), USNR,
Officer-in-Charge,
25th Naval Const. Bn.
MACK, Harold R. .......................... 2211 Pence De Leon Ave., West Palm Beach, Fla.
MACK, Harry J. .......................... 301 W. 6th St., Shreveport, La.
MADISON, Robert C. ................. Box 45, Grove Ave., Metuchen, N. J.
MADISON, Robert W. .................. 110 S. Main St., Lima, Ohio.
MAHER, Joseph P. ....... ................ 340 South 2nd St., Ashland, Ohio.
MALLOW, George E. ............. 5617 Argyle Ave., St. Johns, Mo.
MANCUSO, Charles G. .......... 142 Lincoln Ave., Danbury, N. Y.
MANN, Frederick B. .............. 407 W. Belmar St., Lakeland, Fla.
MANN, Henry .......................... 1315 Grove St., Baker, Ore.
MARCONI, Frank J., Jr. ............. 1076 Golemon, San Bernardino, Calif.
MARCY, William E. .................. 3100 Ave. E., Los Angeles, Calif.
MARCH, Clarence W. ............. 119 S. Jefferson St., Amherst, Ohio.
MARCH, William E. ............ F. O. Box 239, Cleveland, Ohio.
MACK, John A. ...................... 1314 West 17th St., Kansas City, Mo.
MACK, William A. ............. Box 14, Church Point, La.
MACK, Robert C. .................. 254 E. 22nd St., Oakland, Calif.
MACK, Charles W. .................. 275 Western Ave., Paterson, N. J.
MARTINEZ, Lee, Jr. .............. R. D. 3, Box 315, Victoria, Tex.
MARTIN, Donald L. ............... 67 Lexington Ave., Jerseyville, Ill.
MASON, James F. .......... 922 Arefield St., Bakersfield, Calif.
MASSICK, Anthony J. .......... 714 Malcolm Ave., Aiken, S. C.
MATHERN, Avie A. .............. 5417 Milne St., New Orleans, La.
MATTHEW, Paul T. ............... 612 N. Atlantic Blvd., Compton, Calif.
MAXFIELD, James E. .......... 1010 E. 50th St., Kansas City, Mo.
MAXWELL, LeRoy .............. 1101 Hamilton St., Orlando, Fla.
MAXWELL, Victor W. .......................... R. D. 1, Box 55C, Ventura, Calif.
MAXWELL, Joseph E. .................. 275 W. Main St., Jasper, Ala.
MAXWELL, Paul N. .......... 155 S. West St., Nashville, Tenn.
MAXWELL, George A. .............. 1521 Austin Ave., Union City, N. J.
MAYNARD, John W. .............. R. D. 1, Box 585A, Huntington Beach, Calif.
MAYNARD, John W. .............. R. D. 1, Box 585A, Huntington Beach, Calif.
MAYNARD, Robert E. ............. 314 W. Hamilton St., New Hampton, Iowa
MAYNE, C. .......................... R. D. 1, Box 585A, Huntington Beach, Calif.
MAYNARD, James E. .............. 314 W. Hamilton St., New Hampton, Iowa
MAYNARD, Robert E. ............. 314 W. Hamilton St., New Hampton, Iowa
MACCABIO, Alfred A. ............. 557-8th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
MACCABIO, Fred A. ............. 157-8th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
MAFFIT, Harold G. ............. 3215 Brenner Ave., St. Louis County, Mo.
MOONEY, Marion H. .............. 153 Pine St., Biddeford, Me.
MORGAN, Clifford .................. 1022 Edgewood Ave., Farmington, N. H.
GUAM WITH THE WIND

By CROASDELL

Last Sunday morning a group of buzzin' bees were idly standing by, watching with modest fascination whilst a bevy of debs paraded past sporting their bestest go-to-meetin' array. It was, as it were, one of those moments in which true Seabees don't care

WHAT'S COOKIN' WITH THE COOKS

By CAPPY

Quite a few of you fellows know "Fuzz" (Julian C. Fulcher). "Fuzz" is a former beachcomber from Florida, with 17 years of beachcombing to his

SAMOAN RAIDERS' COLUMN

By J. H. MULLAN

By MULLAN and McCLUNG

Due to numerous requests I have been called upon to explain why "D" Company happens to be the toughest company in the battalion. So many of our boys have been pestered to relate their experiences that a published announcement seems to be the only solution.

SPORTS

By FRED YOUNG

As of April 12, the softballers have won 18 league games and lost but two. We are proud of this fine record and hope that the new men of the battalion can muster another team capable of carrying on.

F. A. Lane, Specialist first class, is a new addition to the 25th and will work with Mr. Victor on recreational activities.

25th BN. IS AWARDED 19 BRONZE STARS

By LT. COMDR. WHELAN

Nineteen men and officers of this battalion received bronze star awards for meritorious achievement in the landing on this island.

One man received a gold star in lieu of a second bronze star.

I personally, as commanding officer, received a bronze star, which, when awarded to the commanding officer of a unit, reflects the achievement of the unit as a whole, rather than

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

By NICK ZITO

"WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT SERVICE-WOMEN COMING OVERSEAS??"

Lt. G. R. Miles: "If they can't bring my wife over, let 'em all stay in the States."

Douglas Cantrel, "A" Company: "They ought to stay back in the States where they belong."

THE BEACHCOMBER

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