"We Did"

THE STORY OF THE 62ND NCB
DECEMBER 7, 1942 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1945
The battalion arrived at Pearl Harbor on March 29, 1943. "Remember Pearl Harbor" had become a battle cry for all Americans in the Pacific War. Our Marines had turned the tide of the Japanese offensive at Guadalcanal and the enemy had begun to feel the blows struck from Henderson Field built by the Seabees.

The Navy was beginning to marshal her fast growing forces at Pearl Harbor. Men, material, and ships required new barracks, warehouses and ship-repair facilities. The 62nd Battalion was the first to take over work from the contractors at Pearl Harbor and our officers and men carried through their jobs with the true Seabee spirit and ingenuity. Among the vital and urgent projects completed were the Submarine Base Extension, the Waipio Point Amphibious repair facilities and housing at the Advance Base Reshipment Depot.

As the Pacific War moved into full scale offensive, our battalion was assigned to the Western Pacific on the assault echelon at Iwo Jima. Our battalion arrived on "Bloody Iwo" soon after the Marines and started to work immediately on the Southern Airfield. As soon as the Southern Field was operational, the 62nd Battalion was ordered to the Central Airfield. Both jobs were started under enemy mortar and sniper fire and the courage and the spirit of the battalion can never be forgotten.

This book is a history of your battalion, a battalion in which you can take well-earned pride. It is a record of your experiences, both the hardships and pleasures which have made up your part in the winning of the war in the Pacific.

F. B. CAMPBELL
Comdr. USNR (CEC)
Commanding Officer
DEDICATION
TO THE SACRED AND HALLOWED MEMORY
OF OUR MATES OF THE SIXTY-SECOND
UNITED STATES NAVAL CONSTRUCTION
BATTALION WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE
SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY THIS BOOK IS
RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDED-
CATED.
COMD. F. B. CAMPBELL
OUR SKIPPER

Frank Bixby Campbell . . . Born in Ironton, Ohio, September 16, 1904 . . . Youngest child in a family of four . . . Attended Ironton grade and high schools . . . Two years undergraduate studies, Wooster College, Ohio . . . Matriculated at Cornell University, New York, 1925 . . . Outstanding in college as public speaker, cross-country runner; house manager, Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity . . . Graduated with honors, 1928, Civil Engineering degree . . . For the next 14 years Mr. Campbell was associated almost entirely with Government bureaus . . . Acquired recognition as the youngest delegate to the World Peace Conference, Berlin, Germany, 1930 . . . Gained professional distinction as a hydraulic engineer . . . Married Maverette Beauchamp in New Mexico, February 1932 . . . The Campbells have two children . . . Duncan 11 years, Marcia Ann six years . . . Mr. Campbell was called to active duty December 15, 1941 . . . Commissioned Lieutenant, CEC, USNR . . . First tour of duty Bureau of Yards and Docks, Washington, D. C., December to May 1942 . . . Executive Officer 13th NCB, Dutch Harbor, Alaska, June to December 1942 . . . Executive Officer, Third NCR, Pearl Harbor, T. H., January to June 1943 . . . ALNAV promotion to Lieutenant Commander, May 1943 . . . Assigned to present tour of duty as Officer in Charge, 62nd NCB, July 27, 1943.
FORMER SKIPPERS

COMDR. LESTER M. MARX. . . First Officer in Charge of 62nd N.C.B., 7 December 1942 to 5 February 1943. . . Born in Rochester, New York. . . . C.E. Degree, Ohio Northern University. . . . Worked as construction Engineer for many building, pipe line and utility projects. . . . Entered Government service as Engineer in Charge, Grand River Dam Project in Oklahoma. . . . Regional Engineer and Director of Federal Works Agency, Atlanta, Ga., before entering Navy.


LT. COMDR. W. H. O'BRIEN (picture not shown). . . Came to us from the 16th N.C.B. while we were still in the camp at Aiea. . . . Turned over the wheel to Comdr. Campbell 27 July 1943.
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A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Hearty and sincere thanks are due all men who helped make this book possible. Without their voluntary effort "We Did" would not have been "Can Do."
By the time this Battalion book is off the press and in your hands, we will have spent almost three years in the Seabees. We will have traveled enough miles on foot, on ships and trains and planes to have been around the globe at least once. From an over-all vantage point, we have had our ups and downs, our good and bad times, but we'll all agree that our first days in the service are the most memorable. Father Time has mellowed and tempered a lot of those early memories. Until today it's a pleasure to sit down with the gang and mull over the Boot Camp and Advance Training days. As you look over the pictures on the following pages you will see the groups of green and gullible rookies that are today seasoned veterans of this war. By no stretch of the imagination would we want to go through that ordeal again, but, we wouldn't give up our Boot Camp experiences for love or money.

A group of the finest construction men in the Middle West volunteered for service in the newly-formed Seabee legions and was called to active duty during the first days of December 1942. We bade goodbye to our loved ones and boarded trains in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, Milwaukee and way points, headed for a new life in the military service of our country. We didn't know "nothin' from nothin'" about this Navy life, but we were game and sure of our skills in the allied building trades.

The first jolt in the new life was suffered by our oldest on Sunday, December 6, 1942 while we were enroute or our Boot Camp-bound trains. The papers came out with a War Department announcement in big black headlines: that men over 38 years old would not be drafted. Several of the boys fainted dead away and the rest of them were suddenly very sick, but there was no turning back at the late hour.

As each of the bulging recruit trains steamed into Davis ville Station, a covey of shore police, led by a hardboiled young chief, came aboard as the official greeting party. Not knowing a Chief from an Admiral, we were awed by the uniform and cowered at his bark of authority when we were ordered to stay in our places until a shake-down and inspection had been completed. A few of our fellow veterans of the first World War, wise to this bunk and gladly handed over their empty bottles to the non plused SP's. Most of us were quick to dig out our cam eras and whiskey and hand them over, feeling like naughty boys. The Chief and his party left each train loaded down with an ample supply of spirits, while we began to learn our lessons the hard way.

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On December 1, 1942, our original officers arrived at Camp Allen, Virginia, for a three week tour of indoctrination. Stiff and formal in their newly purchased uniforms, the "BOOTS" logged in and were assigned to their B.O.Q. The rows of double bunks that confronted them weren't at all what they had expected. But orientation to this new life was rapid, and resentment melted away as the business-like training for war got under way with full speed. Upon the completion of training Lt. Comdr. Lester Marx was appointed Officer-in-Charge. The group proceeded to Davisville, Rhode Island, on December 30, 1942, for the formal commissioning of the 62nd Naval Construction Battalion. On February 25, 1943, advanced training was completed and with Lt. Comdr. Rudolph Y. Taggart as the new Officer-in-Charge, the battalion entrained for Port Hueneme and Pearl Harbor.

Those hated P.T. classes on freezing mornings before dawn... Those tough Marine Drill Sergeants... and the three hour drill periods every afternoon...

Cramming the books every night for those early morning classes... Lt. Urban, with his mother's ironing board set up between the bunks, pressing his uniform with a flat iron... Gawky Ens. Blanchard in his bunk-to-bunk search for candy... W. O. Arndt, the old time Navy man, mothering his green and innocent chicks... Ens. Lappinen, the old salt, wandering around in his worn-out Chinese robe... W. O. Greenwood sneaking down to get a little schnaps from his Commander pal... Brother Nawn, loudly championing the Cause of the Boston's Labor Unions... Commander Marx and his itchy red flannel under-drawers... W. O. Keith out-yelling his brother officers in his double-fortissimo voice... Ens. Dupont gagging on the Navy's famous mutton curry... W. O. O'Briens foul smelling king size coffin nails... That Xmas of '42 we could have spent at home... Those firesome lectures on "Chah-ts"... The cat fever epidemic. Bird-dogging.
It was after midnight when we finally tumbled out of our warm coaches into Rhode Island's famous zero weather. A few stragglers lounging around the station platform leered at us and gave us the double shivers of the spine by yelling "YOU'LL BE SORRY" and "IT WONT BE LONG NOW." Out of the night's blackness appeared another Chief just when we were beginning to wonder what came next. "Line up like four rows of corn, you jerks, and you know what I mean," he bawled at us. We began to shuffle into rows when 'ON THE DOUBLE' came like a sharp report, and we got off the dime. Those of us that had never practiced the habit of being "on the double" caught on fast, and before we realized it the four rows of corn were entering Camp Endicott's famous barbed wire enclosure. "On the double," we were a bewildered, puffing gang of Boots when we stumbled to a halt in front of supply building S-1, very wet and very muddy from our mile hike. Our first taste of Navy speed (?) came next, as we stamped our feet and threw our arms about in wild motions to keep from freezing to death while we waited for someone to remember to issue blankets and mattresses, and assign us quarters. When we were all numb from the cold and had just about given up hope, they gave us our issue. Off we trudged again in the black night, stumbling over lumber piles and dropping our gear in the mud in search of our barracks which were somewhere in "THAT DIRECTION." It was after three in the morning when we crawled between our blankets. So this was the Navy! We were sorry already.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Third Row: Collogan, Rukavina, Oprita, Shaw, Hunt, Rivers, Abbey, Karowski, Bunda, Dorris, Toben, Rivlinius, Panharst, Kinman, Reimer, Vaccaro.
Top Row: Rose, Goeller, Htatt, Scanlan, Salmon, Kelch, Ball, Fredericks, Cornwell, Scherschel, Kietel, Costello, Myers, Miller, Thor, Naley.
COMPANY A

PLATOON SIX—Bottom Row: Olson, Natschke, Ehman, Curcio, Blank, Eakins, Allemens, Cotterman.
Second Row: Davis, Mersnik, Cantrell, Dollahan, Bocholt, Lovett, McDonald, Hazel.
Third Row: Carlson, Desm, Burval, Copelan, Lake, McMahon, Marks, Lago.
Top Row: Bow, Doyle, Richmond, Fletcher, Anne, Meschewski, Zülich, Wright.

PLATOON FIVE—Bottom Row: McKeonley, Parker, Pursch, Beaux, Gondor, Spooner, Ruth, Lochbihler.
Second Row: Van, Zirger, Erickson, Fitos, Armagost, Krause, Jeske, Christiansen.
Third Row: McCarron, Stamm, Meador, Kuduk, Matthey, Conley, Adams, Schlueter.
Top Row: Brugler, Jr., Allbrecht, Nowning, Mathison, Fleury, Bowman, Baker.

COMPANY A

PLATOON FOUR—Bottom Row, (left to right): J. Q. Goodwin, Riddell, Wedd, Bailey, Rossor, Tasker, Watson, Wuebbles, Richardson.
Top Row: Johnson, Stratmoen, Miller, Peterson, Ashby, Boege, Arneson, Girard.

Third Row: Vina, McKay, Kroeckel, Kloss, McHale, Daney, Bowerski, McDonough, Brice.
Top Row: Kulpa, Drake, McCraken, Cooney, Stafford, Wilkoske, Stieloff, Melvig, Duehring.
Our first day in camp started with a champion hog-caller rudely awakening us at five AM with "HIT THE DECK," then he turned the lights on to prove he wasn't kidding. But we were anxious to see this place called Boot Camp, our first experiences putting a lot of "Why" questions in our minds. With teeth chattering and uncontrollable knee action we pulled on our damp "civies" and began a search for what we had always known as a bathroom. We were all going around in circles when we decided that little house outside with sign "HEAD" painted on its door might be the outhouse! We almost tore the hinges off the door getting in there, it was the right place alright, and we began to understand why we were the "confused love children."

It was on this bitter cold morning of December 7, 1942 that the Sixty-second Naval Construction Battalion was officially born and christened the "Pearl Harbor Battalion." We were mighty proud of being organized on the first anniversary of the Jap sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

Our troubles mounted when we caught sight of that first chow line at breakfast, at least ten men wide, and a mile long. When we reached the serving table expecting ham and eggs, only to have a dab of beans and prunes dumped on our trays, we knew then it was time to write letters of protest to our congressmen and senators and maybe the President. We even decided it was a good idea to write Time magazine and expose this whole Navy that was treating us with so little concern. We'll never forget that first meal or how polite and gentlemanly we were to each other, no matter how black our thoughts might have been. Remember how we went around saying "s'cuse me" every time we bumped against someone, and, "Beg Pardon," or "Please Pass the Milk" and "Thank You." We were uncivilized mighty fast though, with all that sweet talk replaced in a few days with favorite salty expressions that most of us used on the slightest provocation. We were learning, but fast, the Navy way from the right way.
COMPANY B

PLATOON ONE—Bottom Row, (left to right): Gimse, Pongburn, Stentz, Trout, Fortier.
Second Row: Jorgenson, Jones, Byers, Rosenbaum, Millsap, Cullen, Desantiago, Van Ostran.
Third Row: Crooks, Liedley, Hubbard, Molstad, Pongowski, Courtright, Dassow, Parsons.
Fourth Row: Lushy, Curtis, Smith, Fisher, McKinnon, Marker, Marohl.
Top Row: Daly, Dixon, Cleveland, Johnston, Mische, Peterson, Kissing, Sides.

PLATOON TWO—In Front: Madden.
Top Row: Hogan, Magy, Peak, Harding, Nygaard, Rupp, Holland, Maram, Jordin, Hibbard.

COMPANY B

PLATOON THREE—Bottom Row, (left to right): Joseph, Marshall, LaRocca, McWilliams, Gimse, Shaw, Hornaday, Mathis, Lander.
Second Row: Vicari, Stohlin, Wietrzykowski, McCollum, Peterson, Wilfong, Smith, Wind.
Third Row: Flippen, Daly, Noren, Lonske, Malott, Habendott, Stober, Styck, Martinez.
Top Row: Stark, Lincoln, Brink, Sholle, Long, Rhodes, Wheeler, Duncan, Konkle, Macley.

Second Row: Reid, Vanek, Thomas, Strong, Beshard, Staniski, Viets, Stager.
Third Row: Trippel, Winans, Landler, Shepperd, Miller, McCreary, Summe, Horton.
Top Row: Moore, Nichols, Lane, Sveum, Sundeen, Miller, Baudler, Mularkey.
Many incidents on that first day are hazy in our memories, but we do remember meeting our instructors that were to guide us through this indoctrination period, and although they seemed friendly enough at the time, we learned better. We had that memorable lecture on life insurance by a second class blacksmith, which was also lesson two in confusion, and after three years we still haven’t untangled our insurance mess. The term “scuttle-butt” was introduced, and we put it to immediate use. One of the highlights of the day was our meeting with “Rocky,” the mess hall MAA who started chewing the minute we entered his realm, and never let up on us during our tour of the camp. It was “don’t lean on the bulkhead, skinarm,” “take off that cap” and “Hey, you and you and you, you’re on KP for a week.” A few of the boys met up with “Rocky” at Aiea a few months later, he received his just dues, and the rest of us were satisfied with the outcome. The physical exam and the dreaded square needle stared us in the face that first afternoon with plenty of helpful hints and advice given freely by the old salts who had preceded us to camp by at least a week. In this lineup, we fought to be last and every delay was a relief giving us a little more time to contemplate the horrors ahead. Before we were half ready we were face to face with a shunter mechanic . . . We stripped “on the double,” one of the pill rollers splashed numbers in bright purple ink on our chests and we were pushed into the assembly line that was moving forward “on the double.” If you moved a little when they fired a forty-five next to your ear, your hearing was perfect. If you were warm when the Doc shoved his thumb into your ribs, you were a Seabee. You just couldn’t fail that test, no matter what was wrong with you.
COMPANY C

PLATOON TWO—Bottom Row, (left to right): Davis, Workman, Boyce, Chopp, Doherty, Farrar, Geiger, Vezur, Jones.
Top Row: Anderson, Terry, Myers, Kopstick, Spokes, Daniels, Cupp, Brennan, Spears.

PLATOON ONE—Bottom Row: Foley, Scott, Castiglione, Johnson, Clark, Channel, McMahan, Biggers.
Second Row: Biggers, SUSDorf, Brown, Mills, Swift, Chelitz, Coffey.

COMPANY C

PLATOON FOUR—Bottom Row, (left to right): Molnar, Akter, Morey, Garvin, Beilo, Durham, Kuhn.
Second Row: Rees, Button, Thornton, Sigle, Kern, Johnson.
Third Row: Rand, Rasmusson, Renninger, Wiltsey, Trainor, Slade.
Fourth Row: Mason, Robertson, Tanner, Gundersson, Shaw, McConnell.
Top Row: Schielvagelbein, Starkovich, Crossno, Morris, Straite, Whelan, Goodwin.

PLATOON THREE—Bottom Row: Komel, Burch, Mattel, Kerr, Berosik, Kreager, Rough, Forsberg, Atkinson, Kupferschmidt, Jones.
Second Row: Boersma, Shanks, Kado, Richardson, Wilbers, Zgoda, Wilson, McConnell, Tyler.
Third Row: Sanders, Stankard, Miller, Jerome, Fredrick, Campbell, Detwiler, King.
Top Row: Kantola, Anderson, Otto, Keller, Matson, Becker, Lehr, Frank, Jarboe.
The examination became a little more personal from here on, and the line slowed down in order that the Chief Short-arm Inspector might give us a bit of heart to heart advice. The lecture was short, loud and to the point. "Now look here youse knuckle heads, keep in dat line 'kording to yer numbers. Gawd he lp de guy what coughs in de Doc's face. When de Doc sez ta bend over and spread yer cheeks, I'll take a belaying pin to de foist guy what gives off any sound of having beans for chow. Now get movin' on de double." We were in a sagging state of health when we heard pitiful screams from those ahead of us. Suddenly two roughnecks on either side grabbed our arms and with the full force of their bodies, drove the square needle to the hilt. As we staggered over to put on our clothes, we knew we had been shot by experts. After that ordeal we knew that we could take anything they had to offer. The Psycho Exam was a breeze. If you had dry dreams and liked girls, you were mentally fit for life in the Seabees.

We were ready for our uniforms now, and headed to the clothing issue building. The fitting was hardly like those in our favorite haberdashery at home. There were two sizes, too large and too small, the storekeeper assuring each of us that everything would fit fine if we lost or gained a little weight, as the case might be. We threw all our new gear in our lockers and were ready to drop into our sacks from sheer exhaustion, when those dear instructors burst into the barracks to inform us that we were going to learn to roll our new clothing the regulation way, if it took us all night.

We started out by spreading out our bran'spankin' new mattress covers on that freshly oiled deck, and wondered privately if these guys were crazy, or didn't give a hoot. With arms throbbing from the shots, our bodies wracked with pain, we rolled clothes during most of the night, just as they had predicted. We caught on to the mattress cover racket the next day when our instructors magnanimously offered to clean them up as good as new, at four-bits per each. Those boys had a method in their madness.
COMPANY D

PLATOON ONE—Bottom Row, (left to right): Bennett, Darbyshire, Fleury, Cureton, Addison, Eyman, Bradshaw, Byers, LaFave.
Second Row: Goetz, Bradbury, Gerger, Bengel, Cline, Williams, Meek, Linnen.
Third Row: Kortum, Shumate, Bucklehamer, Chaney, Broby, Quan, Oliver, Torkleson.
Top Row: Bergin, Bruce, Blau, Carbis, Fitting, Oates, Nordby, Thomas.

PLATOON TWO—Bottom Row: Harwood, Alworth, Cottorle, Hancock, Gould, Geister, Davis.
Second Row: Boos, Hinton, Paulus, Beck, Crook, Dray, Good, Joyce.
Top Row: Kendell, Hartman, Smith, Bloedorf, Scharping, Pinkston, Gardner, Compass, Sitnik.

PLATOON THREE—Bottom Row: LaFave, Rothe, Norman, Doran, Hartlein, Dearing, Fyden, Kreitner, Slater.
Second Row: Jeffries, Fraser, Loeffler, Gunn, Kappmeyer, Alon, Wright.
Third Row: Engle, Mason, Jindra, Wilson, Tapscott, Brewster, Kutzner, Jones.
Top Row: Propp, Elliott, Hester, Bailey, Wrigley, Rogers, Rolland.

PLATOON FOUR—Bottom Row, (left to right): Nilsen, Henderson, Pontious, Black, Moran, Orr, Greenberg, Gillette, Halley.
Second Row: Monnot, Hudsky, McCall, Farmer, Pitcher, Verson, Potter, Ciff.
Top Row: Klopp, Eakins, Buoy, Moravec, Bolough, Petrick, Johnson, Hart.
That boot haircut was something to remember, particularly the fiendish delight those barbers took in stripping off our curly locks "on the double." They must have been butchers before they got that soft job.

Our first cold weather clothing was a most welcome issue, old CCC greens, mackinaws and boots, the best clothing issue we ever received.

Our move en masse from "I" unit to "D" unit will never be forgotten. A light snow had fallen just before we shouldered our gear. The march started out in a very orderly fashion, and ended up in a mud fight with men and gear scattered out over the mile between the two units. We were good mudders when we started our daily marching on the drill field. Everyone wanted to be right guide, or go to Technical Training School. Our Drill Master, Bicycle Willie, became famous for his strictness, but we learned quickly under his tutelage. One day he made a group of our boys stand at attention for a full hour in front of the mess hall, and that taught us all that it didn't pay to sneak off to early chow.

Cat fever almost threw us for a loss with over 500 of us succumbing to the little bugs at one time or other.

December 30, 1942 was a big day for us, Boot Camp was completed and we were commissioned in a formal ceremony at the Camp Endicott Armory. We also met our Commander and the Officers who were to guide our destinies in the months to come.

Wolf howls rent the air after all the formalities were over when we were given our first pay and liberty. Providence will always remember the Sixty-second, but not for its record of building.

We moved into our advanced training program as a unit, giving us our first chance to get acquainted with our mates. Our bodies toughened rapidly from the long hikes to Narragansett Bay and Sun Valley. We learned that the digging of a fox hole with entrenching tools in frozen ground took more ingenuity and patience than we had yet acquired. We took the judo, bayonet and gunnery classes in stride, but the commando course with its manmade obstacles separated the men from the boys. We completed our advanced training, had the big review and broke camp on February 25, 1943. Scuttlebutt flew on the possibilities of leaves, but we were divided into three groups and boarded trains headed for the golden West. That train trip, including the nightly blackout, was a pleasure cruise we will long remember. In spite of "Sharp-eyes," the SP's at the Harvey Houses, a few of us always managed to slip away at each stop-over and replenish our supply of spirits. Shortly after our arrival at Port Hueneme, we were given the long awaited ten-day leave. With almost half of the men over-staying their leaves, but arriving back in the nick of time we embarked on the Matsonia March 24, 1943 for our first overseas assignment at Pearl Harbor.
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 7 - President Roosevelt announced this morning that Japanese planes had attacked Manila and Pearl Harbor.

OAHU BOMBED BY JAPANESE PLANES

Six known dead, 21 injured, at emergency hospital.

Attack made on Island's defense areas.

Hundreds see city bombed.

Names of dead and injured.

Eye witnesses.

Editorial.
December 7, 1941—Attack on Pearl Harbor.

December 7, 1942—Battalion formed.

December 30, 1942—Battalion commissioned.

January 1, 1943—Begin advance training.

March 24, 1943—Left San Francisco.

March 29, 1943—Arrived Pearl Harbor.

October 1, 1943—Moved from Aiea to Red Hill.

December 7, 1943—First anniversary of Battalion—station at P. H.

October 30, 1944—Battalion secured from Red Hill and left for Maui.

December 7, 1944—Second anniversary of Battalion celebrated at Maui.

December 25, 1944—Majority of Battalion boarded Lenawee for trip to Iwo Jima.

January 26, 1945—Left Oahu on last leg of Iwo Jima trip.

February 19, 1945—Arrived at Iwo, D-Day.

April 12, 1945—Franklin D. Roosevelt died—Moved to new Camp Bola.

May 9, 1945—V-E Day.

September 15, 1945—Battalion inactivated.
We learned to stand in line for everything . . . But beer line gave the most satisfactory results . . . Long hours were spent in the Beer Garden guzzling three prior to the war.
Sixty Seconds
Of Sports

Sunday Services
PROTESTANT
Chaplain's Office and Bethesda Methodist Meeting Werning at 1000 and
Sunday Services at 1000 in the Library Chapel.

CATHOLIC
Chaplins. Services will be conducted in the Sixty-Second Chap.

JEWSH
Chaplins. Services: Monday at 1200 in Ninety-Ninth

Battalion's 2nd Review Atop Hill
Commended By Captain Meade

Ship's Service Serves Seabees

Small Stores Becomes 'Big Deal'

Ship's Service Now A Branch
Of Brigade's Central Store

STOREKEEPERS of the 65th are now "serving the goods" to
consumers of the Hill Small Store. Originally intended to be oper-
ated by the 94th Battalion this clothing and small stores service is
come under the direct supervision of Lt. Col. E. T. White. This
supply store, assisted by Capt. L. L. Fisher, Medical Personnel Com-
mand of C. W. Parker, Maj. R. E. Peters, S.S.C., Capt. T. J. F. Kierle, S.S.C.,
and Capt. R. E. F. Kierle, S.S.C. The store is open daily, except Saturday and
Sunday, from 1000 to 1800, and Wednesday evenings, from 1800 to

Gay Show Coming
To Hill, June 12

62nd Reviewed
By Capt. Porter

Caribines Go From
Racks To Armory

Judges Criticize and Praise
Success of Military Problem

Bob Hope Troupe Adds Punch
To CB Boxing, Wrestling Show

New Laundry
Boon To 62nd

Seaboo Area Gets
New Guard System

Seaboo Talent
Wins Applause

Army Show a Hit
With Hill Seabees

"Street Scene"
The Small Stores was shared by all of the battalions on the "Hill." The 62nd supply department was in full charge of buying and selling. The soda fountain was combined with the ship's service. We missed those cold "Chocolate Shakes" and cokes when we left. It was always the meeting place for all the gang. "Through These Portals" passed the most beautiful Seabees in the world. It was a job getting through that old gate, if you had to load on. Convenient holes in the fence down the line were frequently used, when spirits were being transported to the reservation.

ROSIE WAS A LADY—OUR FAVORITE PIN UP GAL
KATZ KOZY KITCHEN

MURPHY'S MOBILE MESS
The bakers mould their bread in the most modern bakery on Oahu. ... Interior of the Red Hill galley shows the efficient arrangement of equipment. ... The opposite end of the galley completes the picture. ... It took men to work around those steam cookers in that tropical climate. ... The food is taken from the steam cookers. ... Put in vacuum containers to be delivered on the jobs. ... The thermo-preserved food is loaded into the mobile kitchen truck which made the rounds of all the projects. ... Serving chow at the project. ... You even had to stand in a chow line at the Tank Farm job. ... The general mess issue room was a busy spot. ... As was the Red Hill galley office. ... The mobile kitchen crew was neat in their whites. ... The mobile kitchen gear is returned to the scullery lines for washing and sterilizing. ... The Seabee paper vendor made it all seem just like home. Oh Yeah?
The mail censors had a tough but interesting job. . . . There are eight reasons in this picture why we couldn’t write home the things we wanted to. . . . The Du Pont-Hester steam, hot water and ice combine. . . . Our MAA’s were heartless when they tramped their Honolulu shore patrol beat. . . . The Red Hill fire department in action. . . . Dr. Linett’s “pull ‘em and jerk ‘em” emporium looks deserted. . . . The “petunia patrol” was a lush job . . . they beautified the campus to make it just like our back yard at home!
Our laundry was one of the most modern in the Pacific. . . . The "Teichner boys" got their start there. . . . The Dupont-Hester combine kept the Hill hot and cold. . . . Their modern ice plant did a land office business the year round. . . . The supply crew dressed fit to kill. . . . They took care of our every need from shoe laces to steaks. . . . The Barber, the Tailor, the Cobbler and Photographer were all under Chief Varner. . . . The Corpsmen in the good old days. . . . Fondly known as "shanker mechanics, blister busters or pill pushers."
THEY KEPT FAITH

Ministering to the spiritual needs of a Seabee Battalion, which represents a heterogeneous collection of personalities and faiths, is a round-the-clock job for any Chaplain. Chaplain Le May and Chaplain Godwin were not only our spiritual advisors, confessors, counselors, and big brothers, but everything the men needed at a very serious juncture in their lives.

From the first hour, they were faithful friends of the Sixty-Second enlisted men, and always managed to help us cross the officers’ country breach to gain fair and impartial hearings on any subject. Only a few hours out of each week were spent on religious services, but their every waking hour was filled by the wide variety of duties we thrust upon their shoulders.

Chaplain Godwin was transferred to the Sixty-Second on July 21, 1944 shortly before we were ordered to secure for movement to a forward area. He began his duties with vigor and spirit and before many days had passed his southern drawl, his friendly smile and sincerity drew the battalion to him. He was a human being, a man who would not only listen, but would go to “bat” for his flock.

On Red Hill, in our beautifully appointed Chapel, two services were held every Sunday, morning and evening. During the training period at Maui, services were held within the canac walls of the temporary theatre. Aboard ship we worshiped under the stars on the equipment crowded decks. At two Jima, Religion and the chaplain became more important than ever before and under the most adverse conditions Chaplain Godwin held his first services in the rain with a bomb crater as his pulpit. He dug his own fox hole, cooked his own food along with the men and was ever present to encourage, quiet and comfort us during the danger-filled hours.

There have been few men in the Battalion who haven’t presented the Chaplains with a serious problem, at one time or another. About the only miracle they couldn’t work was to get us a transfer.
MEMORIAL SERVICES

Memorial services held on Decoration Day, 1944 . . .
At Halawa Cemetery, Oahu, T. H. . . . Lt. Commander F. B. Campbell and our original Chaplain, Harold E. LeMay, observe a moment of silence . . . In honor of our three mates who died in the line of duty at Pearl Har-
bor . . . Below, the men are given a formal salute at the formal military rites.
Father Moran conducted Catholic services every Sunday for our Battalion . . . Services were held in the Red Hill theatre . . . Holy Communion received during the Sacrifice of the Mass.
The officers had their picture taken when they first arrived at Aiea... The next group picture was taken 18 months later... During that period there were many changes in our Officer personnel... Officers' Country at Red Hill... Everyone was happy at the Battalion Officers' farewell party... The Officers' recreation room was a hangout during off hours...
Judo classes were held at camp . . . Special Marine instructors were present to teach the fine points of the art . . . The Chiefs' Club house was opened with a party . . . They had good food, beer and real women to dance with . . . Several of our officers visited the club on the opening night to quaff a friendly brew . . . The five gentlemen below were the officers' pet mess attendants.
Our Minute Men boxers afforded many hours of relaxation and entertainment for members of the Armed Services from Davisville to Iwo Jima. Starting at Boot Camp and on through the Advanced Training period, our minutemen competed successfully in several inter-battalion smokers. On the trip from San Francisco to Honolulu aboard the Matsonia the monotonous days were broken up with bouts on deck that thrilled the men and made the war seem far away.

Interest in the boxing program reached a climax on Oahu with hundreds of our mates attending the weekly bouts held on the "Hill" at Nimitz Bowl, Civilian Housing and at other Battalion rings scattered throughout the island. Our boxers quickly became favorites at these shows, making an excellent showing for themselves in all their engagements.

One of the most outstanding shows ever witnessed on the "Rock" was held at CHA with over 20,000 howling servicemen and women and civilian war workers in attendance. There were 11 action-packed bouts, a bone-crushing wrestling match between World's Heavyweight Champion Bobby Bruns and the masked "Green Hornet." The evening was topped off with the surprise, volunteer performance, of comedian Bob Hope. Hope presented songstress Francis Langford, Potty "The Body" Thomas and Jerry "Handlebar Hank" Colonna to the delighted audience. The veteran trouper's put on their entire show, and completed the biggest evening of entertainment on Oahu since the beginning of the war.
Nimitz Bowl, the huge outdoor arena built at Aiea early in 1944, was named in honor of a real sports fan, Admiral Nimitz. The Admiral gave his enthusiastic support to all athletic shows for the enlisted men, and was himself a familiar figure at most of the events.

During our pre-invasion training period on the island of Maui, our boxers kept in excellent condition, traveling to the Puunene Naval Air Station Gym for workouts. After the fighting was over on Iwo Jima, the boys began to prepare for the island's first smoker. Held on July 17, 1945 at the new Sixty-second combination theatre and arena, the event drew a crowd of well over 4,000.

SPORTS PARADE
Many of our boys left high school and college to enter the service, interrupting sports careers in which they would have made reputations for themselves. When in the service however, a greater percentage of the men entered in the various sports programs than in the average school. Very few overseas stations could offer the track and field facilities that were available on Oahu, at the University of Hawaii. The Regents of the University made their athletic plant available to the armed forces, thus providing events of a very high caliber for the general public.

The Minutemen track team entered the All-Seabee Track meet with little preparation but they made a very creditable showing against nationally famous competition.
HOOP ARTISTS

We had enough outstanding basketball players in the battalion to enter a team in the fast Navy League and a second team in the tough All-Service League.

Our "A" team completed the Navy League schedule with 11 wins against five losses, and then went on to win the Central Pacific championship in the All-Seabee tournament playoffs. The "B" team knocked over many teams in its league. The battalion had just completed construction of our own court, with lights for night games and our newly organized league was just getting under way, when we were ordered to secure for movement to a forward area.

A new outdoor basketball court has just been completed in our camp recreation area here on Iwo, but as yet no organized league program has been put into operation. Possibly by the time this book has been delivered, basketball will be a major sport on Iwo Jima, as it is in the rest of the Pacific.

ART MARSHALL WINNER OF THE ALL-SEABEE BEST SPORTSMAN AWARD
HARDBALLERS

Many of the boys will remember our first baseball season, when we began practice with five old softball mitts, four bats, a dozen balls and no spikes or ball diamond. We practiced on the lawns at Moanalua Park and lost half our precious balls in the nearby creek.

We moved back on the Hill when a new diamond was built and about the same time new equipment was issued and we had everything licked but the weather. While our bat boys scoured the pineapple fields for foul balls, the tropical downpours kept the ball players running for cover.

We entered a 12-team All-Seabee league, finishing the first round in third place and moving up to second place in the final round. Our season’s record for league and non-league games added up to 33 wins, two ties and 18 losses with an average of seven runs per game. We won all three games against the team that did win the league and also won a round-robin of Battalion teams on Red Hill.

PETE AURIEMME STEALS HOME IN A GAME PLAYED ON THE RED HILL DIAMOND
PIGSKIN PUMMELERS

When the All-Star Seabee football team was organized to be entered in the All-Service League, three Sixty-second boys made the squad, two of them landing regular berths on the first team. While the Seabee team was composed mostly of men with only high school experience, the other teams in the league boasted many ex-college stars and several All-Americans. Displaying plenty of the old Seabee "Can Do" fighting spirit this team of underdogs defeated three of the strongest teams in the league and tied another. Minute-Men Olive and Bartholow played outstanding ball at their respective positions of end and guard.

SIXTY-SECOND ALL-STAR ATHLETES

BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

The Seabee All-Star baseball team was made up of players from the 23 Seabee teams included in the two leagues. At that time the Seventh AAF had the most powerful aggregation of ball players ever assembled, with big league stars Gordon, DiMaggio, Judnick, McCormick, and Ruffing holding down regular positions.

The All-Stars played the Seventh AAF twice during the season before sell-out crowds, losing both games, but out-hitting the major leaguers in both games. Ted Kuduk played stellar ball for the Seabees in the second game, snagging four line drives to left field, and making the longest hit of the game.
SOFTBALLERS

The Battalion's Minute-Men softball team held an enviable record in league play on Oahu. They suffered only one defeat in all their games, in league and non-league competition, and met the strongest teams on the Island.

Those picnics on the beach at Maui, with beer and barbecued steaks after the game, are pleasant memories. On Kauai we played several games during our ten-day stopover with ships' crews and Marines from troop transports.

On Iwo we had the first ball diamond in operation on the Island. Our two fields were busy from the day they were completed. Two softball leagues were organized and they played to crowds of enthusiastic servicemen every day.
TWILIGHT DIAMOND DUET

Softball was the most popular sport on Red Hill. Both from the player's and the spectator's standpoint. We had two teams in the Ahea League. Our own battalion had a twilight league with ten teams entered. In the Red Hill League we had eight teams in the 14-team league. Our teams won the first three spots in that league. On two we had 16 of our own teams in the two leagues.
GOLF AND TENNIS

Our Golf team won honors in several Seabee tournaments and three of our men played on the All-Star team that competed against other Service teams. Jake Straziser was low man in the first Seabee tourney, and among the leaders in most of the matches.

We had our own tennis court at Red Hill which was busy from dawn till dark and we also played on the Regimental courts below the Hill. Thirty-five men competed in our own Battalion tourney and eight players entered the All-Seabee tourney, with several reaching the semi-finals.

SIXTY-SECOND NET STARS
MUSCLE MEN

GYMNASTS
SWIMMING CLASS AT MAUI

CHIEF HUNT AND HIS JUNGLE HIKERS

VOLLEYBALL AT KAILUA

TOUCH FOOTBALL AT KAILUA

BARNYARD GOLF

IWO ADAGIO
During our tour of duty at Red Hill we had more than our share of live entertainment ... After the first year, we actually began to "watch the hands" during the "hula" shows ... About that time first class stateside shows began to make their appearance ... The picture above was taken at one of the first mainland shows ... The boys just enjoyed looking at that pretty hula girl ... In an area where Orientals were predominant, it always gave us a nostalgic feeling to see and talk to folks from our side of the pond ... Ruth Nalifore and Sendra Shaw were favorites, playing several return engagements.
LOVELY "LITTLE NATALIE" ALSENA SANG HER WAY INTO OUR HEARTS

WHEN THE "BLONDE BOMBER" GAVE OUT WITH "THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD," IN THE ALLEN JENKINS SHOW, THE HOUSE CAME DOWN AROUND OUR EARS

THE HAWAIIAN HULA IS ALWAYS DANCED BY EVERYONE BUT HAWAIIANS

BETTY SMITH WAS A REAL WESTERN COWGIRL IN THE TOM BOYD RODEO SHOW

A LOT OF THE BOYS COULD HAVE TOLD ENSIGN BLANCHARD WHAT TO DO WITH HIS HANDS

NATHAN LIPSITZ WAS A LITTLE WORRIED AS THE HAWAIIAN SINGER WORKED ON HIM FROM THE FEET UP
The Amelio Guerrero Show was a USO offering of Hawaiian native songs and dances... The petite lady on the right below was the daughter of one of the Hawaiian troupers... Marie Dickerson is the hot dish of colored jive, below left, and an outstanding entertainer.
Special Service Unit No. 166 was strictly Stateside... Veterans Grace and Will Ahern have our William Broderick in the middle during one of their comedy skits... Below are scenes from the USO show, "Out of This World"... Mushy Robinson and his colleague are on the deck at Marie Dickerson's feet... With MC Bud Shields and "Little Natalie" cheering them on from backstage... "Bee" does her Leopard Dance, with a broken shoulder strap... Hmmm...
"OUT OF THE FRYING PAN" WAS PRODUCED AND PRESENTED ON THE "HILL" BY THE TALENTED HONOLULU COMMUNITY THEATRE PLAYERS

"DOUGHGIRLS" WAS ALSO A HONOLULU COMMUNITY THEATRE PRODUCTION. BOTH OF THE LEGITIMATE PLAYS WERE WELL RECEIVED, AND WERE THE ONLY TWO EVER PRESENTED AT OUR THEATRE

TOM BOYD, WITH HIS BACK TO THE CAMERA, AND HIS WESTERN HILL-BILLIES TOURED THE SERVICEMAN'S CAMP CIRCUIT ADVERTISING THE SHOWING OF HIS RODEO AT THE HONOLULU STADIUM
THE NATIVE HULA DANCERS CROWD TO THE WINDOW OF THEIR TRAILER WHEN THE SEABEE WOLF CALL FILLS THE AIR.

THE BEST SHOW EVER PRESENTED ON OAHU WAS "PUDDLE JUMPERS," HEADED BY MOVIE COMEDIAN ALLEN JENKINS AND BARITONE EDDIE ULRIC.

THESE PRETTY CHINESE GIRLS ARE IN THE COSTUMES OF THEIR ANCESTORS AT THE CHINESE FESTIVAL HELD IN THE USO VICTORY CLUB IN HONOLULU.

THE MINUTE-MEN PLAYERS SHONE ON AMATEUR NIGHT "CB'S ON PARADE" WAS AN ALL-SEABEE SHOW WITH VETERAN SHOWMAN SONNY DUVAL THE SPARK-PLUG MC AT THE MIKE.

OUR OWN WALTER FRISBY WAS IN HIS GLORY, BUT NOT HIS ELEMENT, DEPICTING THE TYPICAL SEABEE.
We arrived at Pearl Harbor on March 29, 1943, prepared to enter into the construction program of America's most important Pacific Naval Base. Almost from the first days we were engaged in work of paramount importance, and our outstanding assignment was the construction of complete repair and servicing facilities for submarines at the Pearl Harbor Submarine Base. The work was urgent and carried a high priority. Major buildings on this single project consisted of a large machine shop, shipfitters shop, pattern shop, foundry and several substations. Our electricians showed their skill when they made many changes in the electrical system, and installed numerous reinforced concrete duct lines and pieces of machinery and equipment. To relieve the critical shortage of housing facilities for men and officers, we constructed many barracks, BOQ mess halls and galleys. Landing craft and camp facilities at Waipio Point and the advance base reshipment depot at Iroquois Point had AA-1 priorities and included the erection of many quonset huts, shops and storehouses. We built huge warehouses, roads, an asphalt plant; we dismantled and re-erected massive oil storage tanks; in fact we engaged in every phase of construction in the books. Our men showed great ingenuity and resourcefulness at all times and gained the respect of other outfits and high ranking Navy officials. The many letters of commendation we received were warranted and appreciated. We compiled an enviable record at Pearl Harbor of which we can be justly proud.
PROGRESS REPORT
NO TIME-AND-A-HALF
PLENTY OF OVERTIME
YOU’LL NEVER GET RICH
BY DIGGING A DITCH
YOUR SEABEE'S A TAR BABY NOW
UNDERGROUND CABLES
FOR UNDERSEA FIGHTERS
Piles are driven deep into the coral as a foundation for the Sub-base Machine shop through dredged fill—got support out of full lengths of piles . . . The steel crew puts finishing touches on their tying . . . The concrete finishers go to work . . . The monolithic slab pour is rushed to completion before the concrete sets.
PILING PULLED -- TANKS DISMANTLED

This was one of our dirtiest and most difficult projects. The piling had to be taken out intact, due to the urgent need of piling on outlying island bases. The base of the piling was embedded in concrete which had to be shattered away before the piling could be removed. Jackhammers were used in the beginning, but light charges of dynamite were found more successful, after a little experimentation.

After the concrete was loosened, the piling was pulled by a crane with a 100-foot boom.

The tanks were dismantled after the piling was out, and trucked to the new site at Pearl City.
RE-ERECTION AT PEARL CITY BEGINS

Since the two tanks were formerly used for oil storage, it was necessary to sandblast each of the hundreds of plates in order that the tanks could handle aviation fuel. The all-welded deck of the tanks was set on a six-inch cushion of sand. An eight-inch concrete foundation wall was poured to support the tank walls and retain the sand foundation. The men on both day and night shifts deserve a great deal of credit for the outstanding work they did on this very important project.
HOT RIVETS FLY

With the exception of the decks, all joints had to be riveted first, then welded, to insure a leakproof job. The inside columns were erected, then the first ring was riveted and welded into place. Each joint had to be welded on both the inside and outside of the tank. As the tanks began to take on height, the carpenter crews built rigid scaffolding. The safety of this scaffolding was proven by the fact that there were no serious accidents throughout the project's duration.
SEABEE INGENUITY

The side plates on the first tank near completion and the tank is ready to be filled with water to test the watertightness of the joints. During this test, our boys showed their ingenuity again when they welded the roof plates with the aid of wooden rafts in the water filled tank. This saved thousands of man hours, since it wasn't necessary to build the scaffolding inside the tank.
WELL DONE

The construction of the tanks was completed but there was additional work involved before the project was secured. Fire protection berms were built around the two tanks and then Gunnite was applied. Following the construction of the reinforced concrete gasoline pumphouse, the shipfitters installed the piping and pump hook-ups and the project was turned over to the Navy for immediate use.
ALGARROBA
CLEARED

MATERIALS ARRIVE

I R O Q U O I S A N D

QUONSET HUTS
SHOOT UP

COMPLETED AND
OCCUPIED
FIRE IN THE HOLE!

PIPES LAID IN DITCH

UTILITIES INSTALLED

LINE AND SEPTIC TANK SET

ROADS ROUND OUT PROJECT
LOKO EO DYKE

This job was the completion of an earth dyke which had been started by civilian contractors. The project involved the moving of approximately 2,000,000 yards of fill material, rolling and compaction, building up the dyke to the prescribed elevation and construction of a timber spillway.

PONTOON ASSEMBLY

We were given a rush, high priority job of assembling twenty-four pontoon barge strings at Intrepid Point. Each string was 175 feet long and one pontoon wide. After the strings were assembled and launched they were fastened together in pairs with special fittings to be used in securing the double strings to the sides of LST’s for transportation to forward areas.
String of twelve pontoons slides into the water from specially constructed ways. The pontoons we assembled were sent out on an invasion, as soon as they were ready for loading. After we had completed our project, we constructed several small experimental pontoon drydocks. In the pictures below you see one of these drydocks during the several stages of assembly, with the sister power barge that was part of the whole unit. These drydocks proved successful and many were sent to outlying islands.
ANGAUR DETACHMENT
49 DAYS GOING . . . 12 DAYS THERE . . . 39 DAYS RETURNING

Led by Chief Carpenter William F. Arndt, a small group of our men was sent out on a special and highly secret mission that ended up on the tiny island of Angaur, in the Peleliu group. Their job was to set up docks with the pontoons they had carried with them halfway around the world. They landed on D plus 5, the island was secured on D plus 9 and their job was finished on D plus 17 . . .

It took the crew only 12 days to complete their job, but almost three months were necessary to make the round trip aboard ship. They made stops going, and coming at Guadalcanal, The Russell Group, New Hebrides, New Caledonia and Tulagi. At Iron Bottom Bay they saw a sight never to be forgotten. Through the fathoms of clear blue water they saw on the bottom of the bay a Jap Carrier with her planes still secured to the deck.

While on Angaur they had many a sleepless night with prowling Japs taking pot shots at their tents and then running back to their cave hide-outs. The Jap Governor's mansion on the island was a great source of souvenirs, with many a rare piece of oriental woodwork ending up in foxholes.

DETACHMENT PERSONNEL

Ch Carp. Wm. F. Arndt, O in C; Edwin B., Bergin, CCM; Arthur Pursch, (n), BM1/c; Dustin M. Addison, BM1/c; Fuller M. Lovett, SF1/c; James R. Dollahan, SF2/c; Virgil L. Hardin, SF2/c; John J. Risacher, SF2/c; Carlton Stokes, (n), SF2/c; Nicholas G. Allemenos, SF3/c; Frank Curcio, (n), GM3/c; Edward D. Gasper, MM3/c; Frank Mizer, Jr., MM3/c; Claude L. Hunt, Jr., S1/c; Lyle R. Johnson, S1/c; Edward H. McMahon, S2/c; James K. Potter, S1/c; Harry W. Seaman, S1/c.
GARAGE REPAIR CREW

TRUCK DRIVERS
HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATORS

HEAVY EQUIPMENT REPAIR
SHEET METAL CREW

SURVEYING CREW

PAINT CREW
KUAHUA RESTAURANT CREW

CAMP CATLIN MESS HALL CREW

WARRANT OFFICERS' BARRACKS CREW
Selinsky to Pongowski to Nagy! Our divers' work on the Oklahoma drew words of praise from topside. . . . Chief McAleer and crew got their fill of prefabricated metal forms for concrete pipes, but the pipes were much needed on an important forward installation—as was the shipping space saved thereby. . . . Lt. Collins and volunteers Adams, Korda, Ellis, Matthews and Brown landed on Leyte D plus 1, 21 October 1944 with the 96th Infantry, Seventh Division, and then later transported equipment to Samar via the pier and docking facilities they had built there. . . . Barnette and Cubert tinkered with our Snafued carbine bolts so often that in desperation they invented a work saving gadget which was adopted by the Naval Ordnance Department. . . . Trainor, brave boy, hidden back in the Halawa hills, rolled and doled his dynamite pills so efficiently, that he Brigade Commander gave him the well known pat on the back.

"IT'S A PIPE"

VOLUNTEER DETACHMENT

GUN GADGETEERS

DYNAMITE DELIVERER
D-DAY...

JUNGLE TRAINING SMOKE SCREEN

COMPANY A, FOOTSORE, AFTER A LONG HIKE

SWEETHEART VALLEY
MINUS 165

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY HEADED FOR THE RIFLE RANGE

AUTOMATIC WEAPON TRAINING AT MAUI

THE BUTTS WERE HOT AND DIRTY
We all fight to be last in this line

Occupational Therapy

Eighteen months' work on a concentrated building program does not produce a Combat Seabee Battalion—particularly if its tour of duty is near Honolulu! "Occupational" Therapy must be prescribed and applied in large doses.

Early in September 1944 our jobs at Pearl Harbor drew to a close and the outfit underwent a rigorous, but interesting, two weeks of Jungle Training at Sweetheart Valley, Oahu. We secured camp with typical last-minute confusion and hauled ourselves over to Maui via a rocking Army Transport. Based at the 10th Amph-Track Camp there, we spent approximately two months at general physical conditioning, Marine training, rifle and weapons practice, mock-up debarkations and amphibious landings, and specific preparation for our future assignment. Despite the concentrated schedule, and the innumerable jabs of that damned square needle, Maui offered us our first real chance to relax on the beach in the Hawaiian sun. We were more than just "sorry" when the day came to board ship for the Far East.

"Ouch," that square needle again
THE MONEY CHANGERS' TEMPLE IS A WAREHOUSE

THE SUPPLY DEPARTMENT, IN NAME ONLY

THE NEW SOIL TESTING LABORATORY Prepares for Trouble Ahead

OUR GEAR IS CRATED AND LOADED FOR SHIPMENT
CAMOUFLAGE CALISTHENICS

BASEBALL WAS MORE FUN THAN MARCHING

TOUCH FOOTBALL WAS PLAYED FOR KEEPS ON A ROCKSTREWN FIELD

THE BEST PART OF THE DAY WAS OUR EVENING SWIM
PANCHO PUNCHES ROSCOE

WE WORK UP AN APPETITE AND A THIRST IN A VOLLEYBALL GAME

THE BEER LINE AT OUR SECOND ANNIVERSARY PICNIC

THE SEWING CIRCLE IS APPROVED BY COMMANDER SCHULER IN THE BACKGROUND
STERILIZING MESS GEAR, JUST LIKE IN WAR

MOST EVERYONE WORKS IN THE FIELD GALLEY

A SEARS & ROEBUCK WAR MODEL WASHING MACHINE, SEABEE STYLE

WE LEARNED TO WASH CLOTHES AGAIN, JUST LIKE "BOOT"
THE MAILMEN, MOST POPULAR FELLOWS IN CAMP

ALL WORK STOPS. BETTY HUTTON'S IN TOWN

WAHINES WONDERED!

THE NIGHTLY SEWING CIRCLE
MELE KAI OFFICERS' CLUB, THE STORY IS CENSORED

THE ONLY GOOD THING ABOUT OUR MAUI CAMP WAS THE SCENERY
BEAUTIFUL HALEAKALA FROM OUR SWIMMING BEACH
On Christmas day of 1944, over half our battalion broke camp and boarded an APA, the first of four ships that we used in the movement of our men and equipment to Iwo Jima. Little did we realize, as we settled down in those crowded compartments, that the good ship "Lenawee" was to be our home for over two months.

While we cruised around from island to island in the Hawaiian group, the balance of the battalion was busy loading equipment and supplies on the two LST's and one AKA that had been assigned to the Sixty-second.

During the last days of January, all four ships bid Aloha to the land of cane and pineapple and headed toward the land of the rising sun. Life aboard these four ships, in their separate convoys, quickly grew old and tiresome. We all became lazy and sluggish under the relentless Pacific sun that blistered the decks, and nightly blackouts made sleep almost impossible in those sweating compartments. Along with eating and sleeping, card games, reading and writing letters were our most strenuous forms of exercise.

We saw Eniwetok through a port hole. This was our first rendezvous point, and we set sail on the next leg of our journey in much larger convoys. As we plowed eastward through these Jap infested waters, and close to Jap held islands, our life belts took on new importance. The ship's crew unlimbered their guns daily as target planes wove their way back and forth over the convoys.

Early in the morning of February 16, 1945, we glided out to sea, after a five day lay-over at Saipan. As each ship maneuvered itself into position, we were awed by the immensity of our Task Force which stretched out over the blue Pacific waters as far as the eye could see. "Tokyo Rose" told us every night on the radio that we were "expected," and to "turn back," if we valued our lives. But as we drew nearer and nearer our objective, every man was proud of the small part he was playing in this big job ahead.

On the morning of February 19, 1945 all hands were on deck well before sun-up. We hung on the rails watching the gun flashes from our men-of-war pounding Iwo Jima in preparation for H-hour, which was 9 A.M. As our ship crept closer and closer to the hell that stretched out before us, we remembered the words of the Captain of our ship, "This is it: this is the Payoff."
HURRY-UP

AND

WAIT!
IWO D-DAY

THE WOUNDED

THE DEAD

THE UNINITIATED
HATCHES ARE OPENED ON D-DAY AS WE GULP OUR CHOW TO MAKE WAY FOR THE UNLOADING OF EQUIPMENT
D + 6

...WE BOARD AN LST TO MAKE OUR LANDING
DEBARKATION

D-Day at Iwo Jima found us aboard our three different ships, rolling awkwardly in the rough swells a few hundred yards off Red Beach. By late afternoon casualties ashore were running high as every ship present took on the injured as fast as they could be loaded into slings and hoisted aboard. We stood by quietly watching this whole show and knew it would only be a question of time before we would wade into that bloody hell ashore.

Our men on the two LST's were eating supper on D-Day, when "General Quarters" was sounded throughout the convoy. Every man of us scrambled topside in time to see that Jap Kamikaze pilots were preparing to make suicide runs. The first Jap plane roared over the top of LST No. 943, through a barrage of anti-aircraft fire, making a successful crash dive into the bow of an LST close by, starting serious fires and killing several of the crew. We had hardly righted ourselves from this first surprise, when the second Jap flew toward our LST No. 943. As his plane leveled off for the death crash, the pilot must have decided he was a little too high, for he pulled hard on his stick, and skimmed over us astern. Our gunners were pouring lead into this Nip, and before he could make the last one hundred yards for his dive into the LST 884, he disintegrated into thin air. There was little time for cheering our gunners, for a third Jap plane was coming at our two LST's, and it looked like he meant to finish up this job that the first Jap had started. He was a little off our course as he came in, and selected a mine layer that was anchored starboard astern of our ships. He crashed midship, going through the bulwark and into the ward room. We learned later that a number of Officers and men had been killed as a result of this crash dive and the ship was slightly damaged.

On D plus 2 the General Alarm was sound again as a flight of Jap Bettys came in a few feet above the water. They again made several suicide hits, but the majority were knocked down by the accurate fire from our ships' anti-aircraft gunners. Our group of ships again escaped unharmed.

On D plus 5, LST No. 884 was the first of our group to land, hitting Green Beach at 2200. Four hours later they had completely unloaded all their equipment and dug in for their first night ashore.

LST No. 943 grounded on Red Beach No. 2 during the same evening but unloading operations did not begin until daylight of D plus 6.

On D plus 6, the group on APA No. 195 was transferred to an LST and hit the beach at 1930 that evening. Unloading started immediately but it was 0200 on D plus 7 before we shouldered our packs, to make the landing. A few yards up the beach we spread out, to dig in for the night. During the first hour, we dug our foxholes, everything was quiet and we had about decided that the Japs were afraid of Seabees, when their first volley of mortars exploded a few hundred yards above us.

We lay there for the next hour, hugging volcanic ash, and watched a ferocious Jap artillery attack that completely wiped out a large Marine fuel and ammunition dump. As the first light of day began to dawn, we got out of our shallow foxholes to get a good look at this island of Hell, and we all silently thanked God for watching over us.
The dawn broke quietly our first morning on the beach of Iwo Jima, and we were still alive. Cramped and stiff we pulled ourselves out of the shallow foxholes to be greeted with scenes of incredible destruction; dive bombers screaming down out of the sky to launch their rockets on the hapless Japs and thousands of men piling the beaches high with supplies from the hundreds of ships off-shore. Evidence of the titanic struggle that had pushed forward from the beach was everywhere. Waves rolled up and crashed over our abandoned ships, tanks, and buffaloes, while the sea worked relentlessly on the beached Jap ships that our mighty guns had torn assunder from stem to stern. Towering above us was the famous “Hot Rocks,” Mt. Surabachi, a grim reminder of Japan’s fading power, with Old Glory waving gently in the breeze on the highest point. We had witnessed that battle from a distance; we knew the terrific losses our Marines had suffered capturing that Jap fortress.

Our meditations were broken up by the command to shoulder our packs. We slogged along through volcanic ash reeking with the smell of death, up off the beach, over the ridge and past Airstrip Number One to our assigned bivouac area. It was a debris-littered bomb-packed patch of no-man’s land we had acquired. We spread out and began to dig our foxholes with the shell craters giving the lucky ones that reached them first a head start. Discarded shell cases, cartridge boxes, Jap fence posts and any scrap material available, were all collected and put to use in the building of our foxhole shelters. It was a rush job in order that we could be below the ground with a cover overhead before the eerie black night surrounded us.

The Marines had set up their artillery in and around our camp and they kept a barrage of projectiles hurtling over our heads day and night. During a period of twenty days, one gun alone (of the dozen or so located in our area) fired over three thousand rounds of steel at the Japs in the forward lines.

Fresh water was a problem from the time we landed. The water distillation crews set up their equipment in record time, but there were a lot of men and at first we were rationed to one canteen per man a day. We ate the famous “K” rations for the first few days, but none of us gained any weight on those dainty morsels. A cup of hot coffee was more welcome than a T-bone steak and when the ten-in-one rations were issued we cooked our meals in hobo fashion, ten to the pot. It was twelve days before our first crude shower was set up, and we were a dirty lot. Temporary galleys were set
up that improved the chow situation and the first loaf of bread from the bakery was fondly re-named "angel food cake." Our heavy old helmet that we had wanted to throw away many times took on a new importance. It was better than an entrenching tool for digging a foxhole, it was our cooking pot, wash basin, laundry tub and bath tub and was indispensable in the foxholes at night as a deluxe bed pan, when you took your life in your hands if you stuck your head above ground.

Our heavy equipment men began work on Number One Airfield the day we landed, before the full length of the strip had been secured by the Marines. Our men fought off banzai attacks, ducked from sniper's bullets and ran for cover every time the Nip mortars got a bead on our equipment, but pushed on with their work day and night.

Seven days after the repair and construction of the airfield had started, a crippled Super-fort on the way home from a bombing mission over Japan made an emergency landing.

Our fellows deserve a lot more credit than they have received for the fine job they did during those danger filled hours. In fact, it was a rough, tough period for all of us, but we came out of the mess better equipped to meet the action-packed days ahead.
During our off hours ... we clean and oil our pieces ... our bed pal at night ... The idiot stick was in general use at all times.

The men had lots of advice when the CP was built ... We gathered around to eat our "K" rations ... we buried our papers and cans, just like they taught us to at Jungle Training.
You're wrong... this isn't a Hooverville in '32 with veterans of the last war... This is our fox hole area in '45 with veterans of this war... A real no-man's land that none of us will ever forget. Shell casings made good walls to keep out the ever-shifting sand.
LIFE IN THE FOXHOLE AREA

The first shower was set up at our water distillation plant on Purple Beach... The hot sulphur water cleaned off the outside dirt... but the water was too hard to do a thorough job.
A more convenient shower was built in the bivouac area out of old ammunition containers, Jap water pipe and the invaluable fifty gallon drums... Water was dished out a canteen at a time at our little "Iwo Jima Cocktail Bar"... The barber shop was an open air job, but the result was the same.
The Post Office was the most popular place in the area. . . . The "crying towel" was hung out on the days when there was no mail. . . . Receiving mail was the most important thing in our lives, and writing home was next. . . . When the heavy rains came, our area suffered because of its location on the side of a slope. . . . Foxholes were flooded out, and many personal belongings were lost . . . but we all took it in the right spirit.
Our new camp was named in honor of our Mate, Emil John Bola, Flc of Racine, Wisconsin. On D plus 7 John Bola was injured by shrapnel from Japanese mortar shells that fell in our area. He was removed from our dispensary to the USS Lenawee, and died several days later. He was buried at sea with full military honors.
The MAA force and its guards took good care of camp security. The guard posts that surrounded the camp were manned day and night. Jap killing was the favorite pastime. The score: over 150 killed and captured!
Two loyal Father and Son combinations . . . Some of our solid citizens were poor customers for Burma-Shave . . . All bets were paid in American currency, not Jap yen . . . Jap corn, like the people, is stunted . . . The tall boys outnumbered the shorties . . . The Powder room, A'la' Iwo Jima.
AT NEW CAMP BOLA

The Bogie-Beat Barbershop was issued tools from the blacksmith shop . . . This captured Jap generator gave light . . . Sylvester L. Hardee makes Chief, and gets the traditional Navy ducking . . . The happiest day in 26 months overseas, for 200 lucky guys.
THE RAINS CAME
Memorial services were held in the Fifth Marine Cemetery in memory of our mates who died honorably in the service of their country during the battle of Iwo Jima.

**FATHER AND SON**

Chief Ship Fitter John M. Smith is pictured here with his son John, Jr., of the Fifth Marine Division. This was the only Father and Son meeting on Iwo that we have on any record. John, Jr. met his father for the first time in over two years, when he visited the Sixty-Second fox-hole area. After a very brief visit, John, Jr. was ordered back to the front lines, and was killed the following day by a Jap anti-personnel mine. Chief Smith has been discharged from the Seabees and is now at home with his wife and son Granville, who was wounded at Saipan.
Water was the most precious commodity on Iwo.

... We all took our turn wrestling 50-gallon drums.

... The power line crews were a welcome sight, but it was three months after D-day before we had lights in our tents... But that wasn't the fault of the electric crew... Chief Leroy Childs, the Voice of the People, adviser to the recipients of "Dear John" letters, director of athletics and recreation, and the most popular personality in the battalion... Childs' nightly broadcast was the highlight of each day's activities. Telephone operator Roger T. Coots acts coy, while telephone maintenance man Richard L. Hubbard stands by...

... John R. Espina is convinced the best things in life are free... Chief Howard L. W. Stentz, affectionately known as "Pop" brings lights into our homes... The mess men and cooks were good ball players... The laundry crews worked 24 hours a day to keep us clean... The medical staff worked and played hard at everything but their sick-bay.
Jerry McWilliams is the father of five children, yet he was still our favorite "Geisha Girl". . . .

His little act brought the house down, when women were something just to dream about . . . Dick Jurgens and his All Marine Band and Show was the first troupe to show on the Island . . . We had our own band that entertained at Johnson Bowl and many other island units . . . Our theatre and recreation area was named in honor of Commodore R. C. Johnson, OinC, 9th Naval Construction Brigade . . . We had movies every night, with a live show thrown in quite often for good measure . . . Our stage background had two Pin-up girls painted by Bob Hooton . . . "Can Do" is the CB motto, and "We Did" is our answer.
OFFICERS' COUNTRY

The officers put on their khaki for the first time . . . In spite of the formality it was taken at two . . . Dr. Harrington dug his own fox hole and lived like the rest of the men . . . Dr. Auslander was comforted by Chaplain Godwin while the bombs were still falling . . . The Officers' mess men and cooks had the cinch job . . . Lt. Comdr. Schuler waits for his papers to go home.

CHIEFS' COUNTRY

The last pictures taken of the chiefs before leaves were granted . . . The chiefs had a party to celebrate the opening of their mess hall . . . They saved up to have three cans of beer that night instead of the regular ration of one . . . It was a memorable meal with real meat and ice cream . . . The newly formed band gave an excellent show to make the evening a success.

Below: Wm. B. Huie lunches with Comdr. Campbell while gathering material for his latest book, "Omaha to Okinawa."
WE DID

Shortly after we landed on Iwo we began work on Airstrip Number One, our first project. It was our job to get this old Jap field into shape as quickly as possible for our planes, and we did it in record time. Before the field had been captured from the Japs, we started clearing off wrecked Jap planes and equipment, filling bomb craters and dodging Jap snipers' bullets. Two days after we started work, the first Piper cub came in for a landing, and on D-13 with the battle still raging, our efforts were rewarded with the emergency landing of a crippled Superfort on its way back from a raid over Tokyo. Navy carrier planes began to use the field on D-14, and from that time on the field was used to capacity.

On D-12 another crew of men was sent to Airstrip Number Two to pick up shrapnel and duds. To speed up the work a magnetic trailer was used to clear the small pieces of shrapnel, but on the second day it struck a land mine and was put out of operation. An organized search and clearing of land mines was started at this time by a ten man volunteer crew from our Ordnance department. Each day these men risked their lives beyond the call of duty in disarming and clearing out these land mines and booby traps, but each day a new area was made safe by their efforts. As fast as an area was cleared our men and heavy equipment moved in to begin their work, but there were many accidents due to undetected mines that damaged our equipment and hospitalized many operators with serious injuries. The extremely rugged terrain and the multitude of Jap caves made it impossible to locate all Jap mines as well as duds from our own guns.

On D-14 our survey crew began work on the runway with guards posted around them at all times due to the
proximity of the front lines, and, the many by-passed pockets of Japs. While our surveyors laid out their fill and grade stakes our heavy equipment worked day and night filling bomb craters and smoothing the surface of the old Jap strip for temporary use by our airforce. Twelve days after work had started a Navy Liberator made a safe landing to be the first plane on the Central Airfield. On the following day a Super-fort made an emergency landing and from that time on the field has been used to the point of overcrowding by our airforces.

During these early days, when the front lines were only a few hundred yards away, parking areas for our planes were at a premium and construction of the runways was carried on with great difficulty. However, through close liaison between our men and the Air Command, no serious delays in our work were involved. Four days after the Island had been officially secured, a strong force of by-passed Japs began a systematic attack on the field with small arms and mortars that lasted for three days. During this period, before the Marines cleaned out the Japs, our equipment drew deadly fire from these hidden Japs, but the men carried on their work regardless of the danger involved. Too much credit cannot be given these enlisted men that carried on their work with a determination that drew words of praise from every unit on the Island.

In the five months that we have been working on the Central Airfield we have moved over three million yards of dirt. As we prepare to secure and move on from Iwo, all our work is completed. While we did many small jobs including the building of the finest camp on the island, our main job was the Central Airfield. This entailed the building of the two main VLR strips, the North and South Refuelling Strips with Taxi-ways and Parking areas adjacent to each. We can look back with pride at our job, for our runways are the longest in the Western Pacific and we know that our work was a tremendous and direct contribution to the ultimate defeat of Japan.
BLAST 'EM TO HELL AND GONE
CUT AND FILL

HAUL AND DUMP
FLATTEN OUT THE

WHOLE DAMNED ISLAND
BREAK IT UP, SCRAPE IT, ROLL IT AND WATER IT DOWN

MAKE ROOM FOR THE EAGLES, MATE, YOU ONLY WORK HERE . . .
AND ON TOP OF THAT WE HAD THE WIND AND THE RAIN IN OUR HAIR
BEFORE...

Two panoramic views of the Airstrip at the beginning and at the end of its development.
In the "after" picture the black top is on the Right VLR strip and the old Jap runway has been abandoned.

AFTER ...
HIGHLIGHTS

A B-24 Liberator comes in over the Central Airfield for a landing . . . the rough terrain in the foreground gives an excellent impression of the obstacles encountered in our work . . . The men crowded around the first Super-fort to land on Airstrip Number One . . . That was a happy day for everyone and it proved that our new strip could take our heaviest bombers.

Our Fire Department was the first established on the Island . . . They are putting out the flames of crashed Super-fort and received a commendation for their efforts . . . The 200 men that worked day and night for over a week to lay the pierced steel plank parking area will never forget that experience.
THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT REPAIR CREWS WERE UNSUNG HEROES

IT TOOK EVERY MAN AVAILABLE TO MAKE THE JOB TICK
17 May 1945.

Subject: Commendation.
To: Commanding Officer, 62nd N. C. Battalion.
Via: Brigade Commander, Ninth N. C. Brigade.

1. It is desired to commend the enlisted men whose names appear below for volunteering for the hazardous task of searching for, finding and handling dangerous "Duds" in connection with the development of the Central Airport.

2. By their devotion to duty and unflagging interest and application they contributed far beyond the normal amount of safety to their comrades who were operating earth moving equipment in the area pitted by Enmy Mines and Booby Traps and our own Naval "Duds," thus accelerated the work of the Army Bomb Disposal personnel.

3. There follows a list of the names of the men of the 62nd Naval Construction Battalion who volunteered for this duty:


J. E. CHANEY, Major General, USA, Commanding.

SIXTY-SECOND NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION
Care Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

8 March 1945.

From: Commander, Landing Force Air Support Control Unit No. I.
To: The Commanding General, Fifth Amphibious Corps.
Subject: Services rendered by 62nd Naval Construction Battalion, appreciation of.

1. Forwivarded with pleasure.
/s/ W. W. ROGERS

W. W. ROGERS.

By direction.
Japs
# MUSTER ROLL

## OFFICERS

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<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Address/Location</th>
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<td>Barger, Homer John</td>
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One month after the end of the war with Japan the 62nd Battalion was deactivated and its personnel scattered.

It is the hope of the staff that we have been able to stir a memory whatever its mood. If we have done this, the book has achieved its purpose.