THE DEDICATION

To the wives, mothers, and sweethearts of the personnel of this battalion; to those with whom our hearts are; to those who symbolize many of our hopes for the future; to those who inspire us, without end, across distance — this book is lovingly dedicated.

We hope, in these pages, to show to our loved ones, and any other interested persons what we have been about during our absence. We of the staff have endeavored to show every phase of Seabee life so that those not with us in person but with us in spirit might have some physical testimony of our activities. It is our belief that this book will bring back memories to our own personnel; memories that they can share with their loved ones for many peaceful years to come.
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- Flyleaf
S. J. LE BLANC
COMMANDER, CEC-V(S)USNR
Officer in Charge, 11 January 1943 to 14 August 1943
To each of you I say "Well Done."

PAUL E. HENRION
COMMANDER, CEC-V(S)USNR
Officer in Charge, 30 September 1943
Through the medium of this, our year-book, I wish to express to all the officers and men of the 66th Construction Battalion my congratulations for a job well done. You have all done a remarkable job of the assignments given to us by the Navy, and I am, indeed, proud to have been a part of such a wonderful organization. We have established a good record of service during our tour of duty and we all fully realize that this good record was accomplished only by the whole-hearted cooperation and hard work of every individual of this outfit.

I fully appreciate the fine cooperation given to me by the officers and men alike. I have made many new acquaintances and friends while serving with the 66th Construction Battalion; friends I hope to see again long after we have returned home and have again become accustomed to a peace-time civilian way of life. Even though we come from all parts of the country, I trust that our paths will cross many times in the years to come, and I feel that many of us will go about our civilian years with a feeling of contentment in knowing that we, as a battalion, helped to pave the way on this, "The Northern Highway to Victory."

EDWARD H. STUMPF
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER, CEC-V(S)USNR
Executive Officer
Officer in Charge, 14 Aug. '43-30 Sept. '43
A Construction Battalion has an advantage over most other military organizations in that it can point to constructive rather than destructive accomplishments. It is just these performances that the following section of the book pictures with pride.

Naturally, all the departments of a Construction Battalion are not building units. A battalion requires many affiliated services in order to function as a self-sufficient whole in battle or at work. Therefore, the agencies behind the men at the tools are also proudly represented on the pages that follow.
Construction Departments

Building
Building Supply and Procurement
Electrical
Engineering
Garage and Equipment Repair
Grading
Mechanical
Painting
Photography
Water Front
Electrical
GARAGE AND HEAVY EQUIP.
GRADING...
PAINT & CAMOUFLAGE
CAMP MAINTENANCE
CENSORSHIP/
FIRE DEPT.
Master at Arms
Personnel...
SHIPS SERVICE
Transportation
Although Sixty-Sixth Battalion has, as yet, never been called upon to exercise its mailed fist, we have trained and maintained ourselves to do so should the occasion arise. The pictures that follow will recall to each of us the long weary marches, the tired feet, the sore elbows, and the aching backs that accompany proficiency in military preparedness. But above all these pictures should remind us of the thrill we all received when we realized we were part of a smooth running military organization.
There is a phase of life very important to an organization such as ours. It is a part that tones and tempers the stark reality of regimented existence. What men do and are able to do in their free time does much to maintain that important state of mind called morale. These extra-curricular activities that we all take part in during our battalion life are now highlighted.
GOD IS GOD IN WAR OR PEACE. MEN ARE MEN IN WAR OR PEACE. MAN'S NEED FOR GOD IS REAL IN EITHER INSTANCE.

SINCE THE NAVY RECOGNIZES THIS NEED, IT IS THE DESIRE OF THE NAVY THAT IT SHOULD BE MET.

AND THE MEN IN DIVINE WORSHIP FIND THEIR FAITH INCREASED AND LIVES STRENGTHENED FOR LIVING IN THESE TIMES.
RECREATION
Another hobby of value to the furtherance of man's knowledge, archeology, was pursued here. Several sites of ancient settlements were uncovered by excavations for construction. These and other spots were sought out and unearthed by such discerning men as H. M. Smith, Wm. Porter, C. M. Wood, L. W. Sexton, C. W. Sanford, and F. H. Ghilardi.


Some hobbies are of such a nature that they are constructive. This horticultural experiment of Arthur A. Hanson is one of this kind worthy of recording. Almost any type of flower, grain, or vegetable that one can name was planted. They were coaxed along by heat, sun, chemistry, tin cans, plate glass, and painstaking toil to determine which of them might thrive here.
SEABEES BATTLE FIRE

Leaving the base on Monday, July 26, 1943, a group of approximately 350 men travelled 45 miles to a bright raging mountain fire. Fifty of these men were from the 66th Battalion. The last four miles to the scene were made on foot.

The Seabees went as a relief for the Army who had been fighting the fire for days. They remained on the job until Wednesday afternoon at which time the fire was well under control. While there they were supervised by Rangers under the command of Lt. Myers of the 1999 Detachment, assisted by C.P.O's Nolan, Davidson, and Pratt of the 66th.

The boys returned with much clothing scorched and torn. Even though fatigued they were satisfied with their job. They extend thanks to Mr. A. H. James of Fillmore, California for the box of oranges brought to them.

THE CAT'S M-E-O-W

The mascot of the 66th made the cross country trip with the motherly care of Chief Joublanc and the galley force. Believe it or not, Sixty Six (as he is called) has six toes on each foot. The cat was made mascot on the arrival of the battalion in the G Unit at N.C.T.C., Davisville, R.I. The galley force plans to take Sixty Six to Island X or mudbay. Sixty Six has been working overtime since arriving at Camp Parks in hopes of finding a suitable mate.

TRAVELLING WIVES

It would not be at all surprising to hear that the "wives of the 66th" plan to charter a bark of some sort in order to sail to Island X.

Many Seabee wives have, figuratively speaking, lived in handbags and suitcases since the induction of the 66th to Camp Endicott. Shortly after we formed the wives began to arrive in Providence and Greenwich. Many remained during our entire encampment and set up housekeeping and accepted work in the war industries.

The trip across the continent did not deter them in the least; for as husbands were unpacking seabay in the barracks at Camp Parks, wives were unpacking suitcases in nearby towns.

The next move, to Port Hueneme, was a breeze for these "nomads," for, believe it or not, many were at the gates of Port Hueneme when the troop train rolled in.

Hats off to these zealous women!

FROM THE COMMANDER

(By Commander Le Blanc on the eve of our continental trip)

I realize how patient they have been and how diligently they have attended classes to train themselves for the tasks that lie ahead.

This movement is the first leg of our assignment and I sincerely hope that they all bear with me in patience for the final leg and that we will be able to show the Navy Department and these wonderful forty-eight states what the well trained 66th can accomplish.

The officers and men are entitled to and they have from me my sympathy for waiting patiently long for this day, Friday, June 26, 1943.

I am mighty proud and fortunate to have with me the finest group of officers and finest group of Seabees that will ever assemble in any battalion. I have all the confidence in the world that we will accomplish quickly and efficiently any projects that the Navy will assign to us which will in effect kick the pants off the enemy—and after all isn't that what we are in here for?

I think I ought to take this opportunity to compliment the Chaplain and the editors of the Buzzi Bee Buzz for their energy and hard work to organize and produce this battalion newspaper. I feel that it is a splendid means for all of us to become better acquainted. May I wish it success and prosperity.

COOKS STEW

Used to living off of the fat of the land, our cooks and bakers are now sweating a little fat onto the land. Yes, for the last two weeks the galley stall is indulging in military training for two hours every other day. Although they beel and stew about it, we have a hunch that they welcome the drill since it helps to build up the needed appetite.

MATCH THIS ONE

It is again a proven fact that you can't destroy that "can do" spirit of the Seabees. On one section of the battalion movement the S. P's (those Pigeons) were instructed to keep the civilians away from the trains. That term civilians included the lazier sex. The "Bees" couldn't bear to see the girls' hearts broken so they wrote their names and addresses on the inside of paper match folders and threw them out to the "skirts." Poor mail man.
The foregoing section of the book was designed to show, to the unaffiliated, what our battalion did and how it was done. The remainder of this book is compiled for the personnel of the 66th Battalion to recollect the intimate side of their Seabee life. It is the hope of the yearbook staff, that in the years to come, the following pages of this book will serve as an index to a treasury of memories.
Early in December, 1942, the United States had been at war one year, and many of us were answering the call to our country's colors. We stood on station platforms bidding goodbye to tearful mothers, wives, and sweethearts; ready to go and serve the nation. Trains sped from the Western plains, from the sunny South, from all parts of the country, bringing us to the snow covered shores of New England.

By December 13th all of us had arrived at the Naval Construction Training Center, Camp Endicott, Davisville, Rhode Island. We had all been initiated to the mud; to the waiting in line; to Navy lingo; to the "You'll be sorry" of slightly more experienced men; and to the lack of privacy of barracks life.

Few of us were ever very modest but we had all enjoyed privacy on certain occasions. Lining up for one of the several dozen accommodations facing each other for those personal performances must be one of the ties that served to bind us more closely.

We were introduced to the boot haircut. Then as shorn lambs we flocked to the medical induction center. Here we shed all our civilian clothes and crammed them into a small box for shipment home to be saved for that great homecoming when peace prevails.

Having divested ourselves to the buff, we were adorned by a large number painted on our chests. Once more we received a physical examination. We were vaccinated and introduced to the "big square needle." After that ordeal a vast pile of clothing was thrust into our pierced, aching arms. A man in charge said, "Put 'em on. — Do they fit? — You'll grow, Mac. — They'll shrink. — Put 'em in the bag."

And so on December 15th Boot training started. Now we all knew what, "You'll be sorry" meant but everyone buckled down to the stiff training program ahead and learned to drill, pack a sea bag, and to stand patiently in that ever present line. We learned about "scuttlebutt" and learned to gripe. And we learned to live wearing boots. Under a group of instructors, picked for toughness, we did "Right Face, Left Flank, Reach for your Left, Rip March, etc." Some of us went to Technical Training to study pontoons, camouflage, diving, etc. We learned all this under the difficulties of "Cat Fever" which was due to the record breaking New England winter combined with the toxic vaccinations. Will we ever forget the coughing at night just after we all "hit the sack"? It sounded like a pack of hounds on the scent. How many, especially those on guard duty, will ever forget the first lonely Christmas away from loved ones?
On January 5, 1943, we "broke boot." On that same day we were reshuffled to our permanent companies. For the first time we met the bugaboo of all men who live in a sea bag; moving day. But that night was our first liberty and everyone determined to find out just how much allure his "monkey suit" had to the fairer sex.

Our own chiefs took over their respective platoons on January 8th. Three days later our newly commissioned officers arrived from Camp Allen at Norfolk, Virginia. They, too, had undergone a gruelling training period. The various departments were set up and our battalion started functioning on its own.

More training followed and we could march smartly so that by February 7th we were able to stage a snappy review. The Battalion colors were presented and the 66th was officially commissioned at this ceremony.

Still more training followed during which we learned judo, to handle our rifles, to use the bayonet, to "hit the deck," and to take the hurdles of a commando course. When this was completed we packed our bags again on March 6th and marched in the snow to another camp, A. B. D. Davisville, known simply as the "hut area." But the cold, dismal reception there did not take the warmth from our spirits for the next day we were all up at 0300 to be certain of getting the first train for home. A small group of men stayed behind to keep the hut fires burning. Nine days later the section on leave returned and the remaining boys took their turn. But this latter group was not so fortunate. On March 23rd our battalion was told to be ready to embark. All leaves were cancelled and many of the boys in the second group reached home just in time to receive the telegram ordering them back. But we did not embark and the men who got a short leave were granted a three day leave to help compensate for their misfortune. Still another alert period came about and liberties were again cancelled, but this, too, was not to be our embarkation time.

During the long period that followed, Spring came to Rhode Island and Spring came to the hearts of many of our boys as they found sweethearts in nearby Providence. Many of our men had their wives come to Rhode Island to spend those precious last days together before leaving Stateside. The Yankees of historic Providence extended a warm hospitality unexpected by the Southern men of our battalion. Many lasting friends were made as a result of our long association with this small, intimate state. Dances were held at Howard Johnson's and we Seabees danced or jitterbugged to the music of Charley Brinkley's N. C. T. C. orchestra.

There was some scuttlebutt during this period that the 66th would be broken up and a part of it annexed to the 64th Battalion. But the reverse was true and the 66th acquired an E Company from part of the 64th. Only for a short time was our battalion that large for that same company later became the nucleus of the 507th Maintenance Unit. They sailed away leaving us to "fight the battle of Rhode Island."

On Sunday, April 4th, the late Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox and Vice Admiral Ben Moreell of the Bureau of Yards and Docks visited us. Dinner was served to them in the hut area by our neighbors, the 70th Battalion. That same afternoon Camp Endicott was dedicated.

During our sojourn in Rhode Island a group of men was sent to an airfield at Westerly, R. I., where they did construction and maintenance work. Some others did work at Sun Valley and still others built huts in our camp area. The rest of us stood guard or policed the grounds.

Our new Chaplain, Lt. [j.g.] Dean M. Mann, replaced Chaplain, Lt. [j.g.] Robert J. Baird. The Welfare and Recreation Department inaugurated a boxing team, a baseball league, and a battalion newspaper, the Buzzi Bee Buzz.

During June 16th to 19th, near the end of our stay at A. B. D. Davisville, we engaged in a mock invasion of Goddard Park. We stormed the beach from assault barges, spent the night ashore in our pup tents, and dined on field rations.

On June 20th we packed our gear again, which was by now a heavy load, and marched to Sun Valley for a week of intensive training on the rifle range. We may have entered Rhode Island along with the chilly blasts, but we left it in a blaze of sunshine at aptly named Sun Valley.

On June 25th, in three sections and by
three different routes (see map), we travelled by rail to Camp Parks, California. We arrived there July 1st and engaged in more training. We brushed up on our 'spit and polish' technique of Navy life. After a day of "gleaning" for butts and match sticks we were all ready for the lures of Frisco, Chinatown, and the Barbary Coast. Our stay here was not long and on July 12th we left by train for Camp Rousseau, A. B. D. Port Hueneme, California, which we reached on July 13th.

Another month of "Rip March," dry firing, live firing, and more technical training followed. But in the invigorating California climate the men were never too tired after a day of maneuvering for a bit more skirmishing in Hollywood and Los Angeles, sixty miles away.

While at Port Hueneme, Lt. Commander Le Blanc was promoted to Commander and Lt. Stumpf was advanced to Lt. Commander. Shortly after that Commander Le Blanc was recalled to the East and Lt. Commander Stumpf became Officer-in-Charge.

Finally, on August 18th, we left Camp Rousseau by train and then by ship for Island X. Men who had said goodbye so often to friends and loved ones could hardly believe it was so this time until they were well at sea several days later.

Our ship was not a modern liner, nor even a troop transport, but rather a new freighter crowded with four-tiered bunks in its holds. Bathing and nature's needs were accomplished in little square huts on the deck where cold salt water and spray kept everything antiseptic. Only the bravest accomplished the ordeal of an ice-cold sulphurous saltwater bath. Chow was a problem so only two daily meals were served, which took most of the day. Not many seemed to mind this as a greenish tinge was in many complexions. Many were more concerned with feeding the fish than themselves. Many of our men spent the voyage in their bunks except when ordered to clear the holds for airing or when an abandon ship drill occurred.

For the first few days the seas were rather mild but then we ran into rough water. Waves broke over the bow. Salty spray kept our faces wet. Seals riding by on towering waves looked down on our ship and playfully frisked about as if to show us how little they minded the storm. The ship's bow or stern would leap clear of the water and we would brace ourselves for the ship to slam itself back into the water. Then we would feel her shudder from stem to stern as if she were trying to shake the water from off her deck. Visibility was limited to a few scant yards. When the storm appeared to be at its worst, out of the swirling mist a huge forbidding green form loomed. We discovered that we were in a pass. Almost immediately the storm abated. We sailed into the shelter of a harbor flanked on each side by the greenest and steepest of mountains that sprang from the sea to the clouds. Shafts of sunlight stabbed through the eerie gloom and spotlighted the water and tundra. And to complete the awesome drama of the elements, a rainbow arched from shore to shore before us. Never had any of us seen such stark scenic grandeur. Such were the conditions under which we were introduced to it that land had never seemed so welcome.

We stayed in this port aboard ship for a day and a half and then sailed on through calm seas to Island X. We did not know we were to disembark here until the men on the dock told us we were to get off. Throughout the night of August 31st we transferred from the ship to trucks and on to our new homes. These didn't prove to be as makeshift as we had anticipated for we found huts awaiting us. We had to endure a few hardships regarding plumbing and sanitation until we could complete the area but not for long as little time was lost getting to work.

Everyone soon had a job to do. But it seemed that we were not to stay put long, even on Island X. Almost immediately some of the men started leaving for other parts of the island to work.

On September 30th Commander Henrion arrived to take charge of the battalion and Lt. Commander Stumpf resumed as Executive Officer.

Soon everyone had moved to another part of the island to a tent city. We learned to like the intimacy of a tent and felt quite snug even though the will-i-waws raged and made the tents flap and dance. The highlight of life at this area was the blaze of glory that enveloped the mess hall on the hill two mornings after Thanksgiving dinner had been served there.
Christmas was far different than any previous Christmas we had ever spent. Many of us had our gifts opened long before Christmas because our loved ones at home had been so careful to mail them early. On Christmas Eve we had a party at which local talent entertained and Red Cross packages were distributed. On Christmas Day we received a new group of men fresh from the States. These men were quickly dubbed "Christmas Packages" by the men of the battalion.

On January 2, 1944, about seventy of our men were transferred to the 1022 Special Detachment under the charge of Lt. Rex who had left us on October 28, 1943, to type that command. Lt. Clark reported aboard on the day that Lt. Rex left us.

After Christmas the exodus began back to the area where we first stayed on Island X. Here we moved into a new group of huts. Rather they looked like igloos. Snow drifted over the arched roof tops and the "gold bricks" were elated one morning to find they were snowbound and couldn't get to work. The racing winds, gritty with snow, blew so hard that they stole our breaths away and we had to lean on the wind to even stay on our feet. But the rigors of a Rhode Island winter had toughened our men to the weather and most of us stood up well and thrived on it and the chow. We learned many new names for stew, hamburger, and chipped beef. We never starved and many of us felt guilty when they spread butter lavishly on their bread knowing that our folks at home were doing without.

Our day off each week, G. I. day, was spent half in military training and half as we pleased. Even after ten hours work every day six days each week, many of our men had the vim and vigor to tackle the rugged out-of-doors. Skiers found a paradise. Various mountain peaks were scaled, by the venturesome, to see what lay beyond. Finny beasts of the sea were coaxed from their habitat by mess hall food on hook and line. The new recreation hall provided gym facilities for those of us so minded. Still others of us relaxed by seeing movies or just "sacking."

On April 28 about two dozen of our men were sent to a nearby island which we call Island Y to do construction work under the charge of Lt. (j.g.) W. S. Flynn. Late in April Lt. Guy Garland and Lt. (j.g.) Peter Flynn were transferred out of the battalion to other assignments. In their places we received Ensign Reath and Ensign Donohue. In June Lt. Cronquist was transferred from our battalion to take charge of the 1022 Special Detachment to replace Lt. Rex who was recalled to the States. Lt. Clark, who joined our battalion in October but who had not been assigned to any company, was designated to C Company. Carpenter McClanahan, who had originally been one of our Chief Petty Officers, was placed in B Company.

June brought a lot of scuttlebutt about leaving as well as fog, rain, and mud. It was hard to tell which was the thickest. None of the scuttlebutt came true so we stayed on with the mud, rain, and fog.

On July 1st a hundred and fifty men were sent on to Island Z to do grading work. Lt. Commander Stumpf was in charge of this group. On July 28th a hundred and thirty more men joined them. Conditions there were more primitive than those we had lately been accustomed to at Island X. Lt. Wetzel became Executive Officer of the group staying behind. And of the remaining men, some were sent back to work in the area where we had lived during November and December of 1943.

Early in August, 1944, we had a more than thorough field day. Dress blues were ordered out of stowage and we had to put them back in shape after a long period of disuse. We were ordered to don these uniforms on two occasions during the month. The last time, August 20th, was for a dress parade and review.

As the last entry is made in this account, August 21st, we can look back with pride on our records which show that since we've been away from the States we've moved about three million yards of earth, built over two hundred buildings, and spent almost a million man-hours on other engineering and construction projects. Even though we cannot point to any military conquests over our enemies we can reflect on the fact that we did help to pave the highway to victory.
ARRIVING

ISLAND X
LEAVING FOR ISLAND Z
LEGEND
INTERSHORE STATION TRIPS
Section 1
Section 2
Section 3
Encircled numbers indicate men from that state.
Candid CAN DO Subjects
THIS IS A PETTY OFFICER... HE GOES ON LIBERTY WITH A ROLL IN HIS LIL POCKET AND A ROLL IN HIS WALK - HE COMES BACK WITH ONE OF THEM
Whenever you are given an order for which you can see no obvious reason, ask the nice chief for an explanation. Be courteous but very firm.
NO MATTER IF BLACKIE BOY IS TIRED — IT'S TEN THIRTY.

THIS IS A SEAMAN...
THE ONLY SMART GUY IN THE NAVY — THREE SQUARES A DAY AND NO WORRIES. OH YEAH?
RECREATION DIRECTOR
E. J. HOOPLE

SEE...
MAJOR (BUTCH) HOOPLE
FOR
RECREATION
WATCH REPAIRS
HOME COOKING
ENGRAVING
POETRY
JUDO
ADVICE
IF BY CHANCE, YOU ARE
REPRIMANDED BY A SUPERIOR OFFICER,
IT WOULD BE A GRAVE BREACH OF
DISCIPLINE TO SALUTE HIM THE NEXT
TIME YOU MEET – HE MAY STILL BE
MAD AT YOU AND NOT WANT TO SPEAK
"WILLI-WAW"

The wind that breathed o'er Eden was a gentle, lovely thing,
Sweet breath of God's own angels of which any man might sing.
But, the gale that sweeps o'er (censored) from the icy sea
Is considerably different. For a witness, —— just ask me!

For I've braved its icy onslaught, I have felt its awful strength.
I've hated it and feared it, and have cursed it at some length,
But the wind, — it never listened, and I'd better saved my soul
By praying to my Maker. He alone, can it control.

I've fought it on the tundra with my feet in knee high growth,
Hunched my shoulders hard against it, forcing each step with an oath,
Clothing tight whipped 'round my body, my chest gasping for the air
That refused my mouth and nostrils, as it sped to seek its lair.

I've met it in the cold and wet, with hail and cutting snows.
My battered face has felt its slash, cruel whips and vicious blows,
Feet bogged in slush and grasping mud, a black sky over all
Direction lost, I've stumbled on, hands cut by many a fall.

I've heard it in the blackest night as it shook my boarded tent
And I've prayed to God the ropes would hold against the northern gale that sent
A million shrieking, wailing blasts to shock my tortured ear
And make me know that He is God whose breath can make me fear.

I've mocked the hurricane at home that broke the towering pine.
I've scorned the tropic blast at sea, with hands on a safety line
At the Channel's quick-spent vicious storm I've laughed and liked it well
But a Willi-waw on (censored) is the raging breath of Hell.

CHARLES W. SANFORD
PERSONNEL

PART THREE
NERGER, Vernon D.
Lieut. Comdr., MC-V(S)USNR

DEMPSEY, Robert
Lieutenant, DC-V(G)USNR

RASMUSSEN, Richard A.
Lieutenant, MC-V(G)USNR

MANN, Dean M.
Lieutenant, ChC-V(G)USNR

CARROLL, John J.
Lieut. (jg), CEC-V(S)USNR

REATH, Richard F.
Ensign, SC-V(G)USNR

DONOHUE, John J., Jr.
Ensign, SC-V(G)USNR
OFFICERS TRANSFERRED TO OTHER ASSIGNMENTS
BARZAGHI, Arthur J.
Lieut. (jg), CEC-V(S)USNR

BRUNELL, Maurice J.
Chief Carp., CEC-V(S)USNR
NOSER, Joseph E.
- Lieutenant, CEC-V(S)USNR

DUPUIS, Emile X.
- Chief Carp., CEC-V(S) USNR

CUNNINGHAM, John S.
- Lieut. (jg), CEC-V(S)USNR

McCLANAHAAN, William E.
- Carpenter, CEC-V(S)USNR

*Company B*
BONNET, Arthur E.  
Lieutenant, CEC-V(S)USNR

CLARK, George E.  
Lieutenant, CEC-V(S)USNR

CORDES, Herbert H.  
Lieut. (jg), CEC-V(S)USNR

CARLSON, Oscar W.  
Chief Carp., CEC-V(S)USNR

Company C
WETZEL, Howard E.
Lieutenant, CEC-V(S)USNR

HUDSON, William R.
Lieutenant, CEC-V(S)USNR

FLYNN, William S.
Lieut. (jg), CEC-V(S)USNR

HOWE, Theodore C.
Chief Carp., CEC-V(S)USNR

Company D
JUDICE, Clarence J.
KANADY, Clyde G.
KANE, Thomas E.
KANNGIESER, Henry J.
KELLER, Junior T.

KILLMAN, Everett V.
KING, Dan L.
KING, Karl L.
KLEIN, Sol
KREIDER, James A.

LADD, Mitchell D.
LANGFORD, Alvin L.
LANGLEY, David L.
LAW, William R.
LAWSON, William A

LEACH, Sill W.
LEWIS, Robert H.
LINDLEY, Lonnie P.
LUKAART, John R.
LUTER, Ronald W.

LUTHRINGSHAUSEN, Raymond
MACKEY, Edwin J.
MAJORS, Lawrence E.
MALLARD, Haskell L.
MANNING, Delbert V.

MARCH, Squire W.
MARSH, J. A.
MARSH, Sam K.
MARKEY, Owen J.
MARTIN, Clyde A.
THE PERSONNEL SHOWN ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES WAS ORIGINALLY OF THE 66TH BATTALION AND WAS LATER TRANSFERRED TO FORM A PORTION OF THE 1022 DETACHMENT.

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Lieutenant, CEC-V(S)USNR
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Wallingford, Connecticut

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Lieutenant, CEC-V(S)USNR
El Dorado, Kansas

CRONQUIST, Sven C.
Lieutenant, CEC-V(S)USNR
11 Odell Place
New Rochelle, New York
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<th>Address</th>
<th>City, State</th>
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<td>Box 174 Belzoni, Mississippi</td>
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