PACIFIC DUTY

94TH
An Official Story of the Work and Travels of the 94th Naval Construction Battalion in Training and in the Pacific Ocean Areas

MAY 1943 JULY 1945
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To: All Hands of the 94th Naval Construction Battalion.
Subject: PACIFIC DUTY - Report on.

1. In this book we have tried to avoid all the recruiting catch-phrases, such as the overworked "Can Do", and give you an honest picture of what you did to further the prosecution of the war. How well we have succeeded you alone can judge.

2. Seabees are prone to belittle the work they have done in the war because big construction jobs have been all in the day's work for construction men, war or no war. Give them the blueprints and the heavy equipment and they will do a job that will appear a miracle to the layman. But they are not miracles to men who have built Boulder dams and Empire State buildings and the war plants that out-produced the rest of the world.

3. Your reputation in this war is based on the fact that without the Seabees, the nation's fighting men would not have had the bases from which to carry the war to the enemy. Your common, everyday labors have thus assumed titanic proportions when the complete picture of the war is drawn.

4. This book was conceived for your pleasure and as a means of showing your families and friends where the war currents carried you, how you lived and how you worked. May it bring back to you memories of some interesting days and many close friendships. Until we meet again, so long and good luck!

THE STAFF.
Maybe you listened to a glib recruiting officer when you
should have been home reading a book, or maybe you liked
the colorful design of the bellicose, white-capped Seabee
carrying wrench, hammer and Tommy gun. Maybe you
thought the Seabees could employ your talents to the
best advantage. Maybe you got into the Seabees by acci-
dent, or maybe you were drafted.

Whether you knew what you were doing or not, you
all wound up at Camp Peary and at some time or another
became members of the 94th Naval Construction Battal-
ion. You came from all stations of life and from all sec-
tions of the United States. Booted Texans wearing pearl
gray Stetson's met zoot-suited boys from Brooklyn. And
then they threw you all in the mill and you came out
wearing the same uniform.

A great many of you were veteran construction me-
chanics. Others had civilian occupations foreign to any
kind of construction. Some construction specialists
wound up performing jobs they had never done before;
clerks became carpenters, merchants found themselves
on cement gauges. Some of you found jobs related to your
civilian employment in service organizations.

Most of you were called to active duty in March, 1943.
You reported to the nearest recruiting office and left with
small groups of recruits. You boarded a special coach
and merged with other groups. Your coach hooked on to
a special train and by the time you pulled into Williams-
burg, Va., the train disgorged an army of raw recruits.

The prospect was far from encouraging when you
walked through the gate into Camp Peary's induction
area. You began to be visited with calculated indigni-
ties. Station force men, who probably had beaten you
to that same gate by only a few weeks, shouted deri-
vively, wanted to know where you had been keeping
yourself all this time. Wherever you went these morons
hollered, "You'll be sorry!" You grinned the half-scared
grim of a boot and inside you wanted to throttle them.

You ceased being an individual the minute you hit
Peary. Chief petty officers lined you up and ordered you
to surrender cameras, knives and straight-edged razors.
You marched to a warehouse where you picked up bed-
ding and GI underwear, then marched to your induction
area barracks. You wondered how you were ever going
to find that building again among all those rows of
wooden shacks that looked so much alike.
That first night your world became a bleak and hopeless one. You had been a free civilian only a few short hours ago. Here you had to remain alert, listen to orders that were barked in uncivil tones. A sadistic instructor ran you all the way to the distant chowhall over rough, unfamiliar terrain in pitch darkness. You wondered what evil spell had befallen you and if you would have to maintain this pace for the duration.
Early next morning you were awakened by a bugle, the barracks lights glared on and a hoarse baritone ordered you to "hit the deck." You raced through your morning toilet and were marched to the chowhall. Then you began what probably was the worst day of your life. While it had taken several days to process earlier recruits you were given the works in one exhausting period from dawn to late evening of the first full day.
First you lined up in front of a row of empty cardboard boxes. Within 60 seconds you were supposed to strip, place your civilian clothing in the box before you, seal the box and address the attached card. Later your wife or mother would laugh at the crumpled results of your packing, or maybe she'd cry a little bit.
They herded you into the medical center, painted a number on your chest with mercuricchrome. You were shoved from one medic to another and every portion of your naked anatomy was examined. Rapidly, step by step, moving as an automaton, you gathered your GI clothing. You donned dungarees, white hat, heavy shoes, a blue woolen sweater. The instructor, in the role of a Judas goat, led you to a shearing house where your wool and your pride were cut to the quick in the rapid snippings of a barber's clippers. You were pushed into another building, encountered the devilish machine that records those horrible ID photographs. You heard the photographer chant: "Look in the mirror...take a deep breath...ho-o-old it...next man!"
They gave you enough clothes to last for the next five years. At one end of a long, wooden warehouse you jotted clothing sizes on a slip of paper and moved along the counter, catching the items in a sea bag as you walked along. You had no way of knowing if you had received the correct sizes, but you signed the slips anyway and relieved the storekeepers of further responsibility. You had to keep moving.
Somebody asked you about insurance allotments and from somewhere in a deep void you heard yourself answering, you hoped, intelligently. Another frozen faced individual asked questions about your civilian background, then wrote: "Construction Laborer." Someone asked how many war bonds you wanted to subscribe to.
Night came at last and you struggled to your temporary barracks with unwieldy seabag and mattress cover jammed full. You dropped off into troubled dreams as soon as your head hit the pillow. The next day, or maybe it was a couple of days later, you hoisted seabag and mattress cover on round shoulders, staggered to the street, loaded the bags in one truck, crawled into another, and were jolted to your boot camp area.

Had you seen the blueprint of your training program for the next few weeks you might have contracted to sell your carcase to a medical institution. However, the first training stages were easy and your none too supple body survived. In fact you were quite proud of it by the time you broke boot. You probably have not been in as good condition since.

One of the most dreadful phases of the Camp Peary training period was the needle, or human pin-cushion phase. If your shepherds had just led you through sick bay, and allowed the corpsmen to stick you it wouldn't have been so bad. But they told tall stories about square needles in delicate places, garnishing the tales with details horrible enough to create panic among scaredy-boat. Some passed out at the mere sight of the needle, and there followed nights of high-fever and sleep-talking. Before the ordeal was over you had been lined up and ''shot'' for tetanus, typhus, cholera, yellow fever and small pox.

You profited mentally as well as physically. You learned to hear orders clearly and obey them instantly. You scrambled from your sack at an unheard of, middle-of-the-night hour and made a hasty toilet. You coughed, cursed, grunted and groaned through 15 minutes of West Point warm-ups, windmills, push ups and the other rack- ing cruelties of setting up exercises. Then off you marched to breakfast and by the time you finished the morning repast dawn was breaking.

Each day began like that and ended with you wearily scribbling a letter to the folks, reading, or bull-sessioning with your new mates. All daylight hours were given over to training. The instructor would march you to the drill field, give you a couple of hours of close order, march you to an auditorium or warehouse for a lecture, march you to the chowhall. Before you could digest the heavy midday meal he would march you to another building, seat you next to a pot-bellied stove and order you to stand at attention if you dozed during the droning lecture. Then off to the drill field again and you'd get 15 minutes of physical training and more close order.

You were issued wooden victory rifles and taught the manual of arms. You learned to parry and thrust with imaginary bayonets and wooden machetes. You hoped, for goodness sake, that you'd never run out of bullets if you ever got into a scrap with the enemy. From close order you went into extended order, but you were always going back to close order.

Every fourth day was duty day. Your duties were varied. One day you'd stand guard duty, feverishly trying to memorize the 11 general orders, and another day you'd put in a long stretch on kitchen police. Or you'd don boots and ride down to the swamp to clear brush for the eternal Camp Peary mosquito control project. Some duty days you'd clean heads, dive bomb cigarette butts, or spread oil on a camp road. Some nights you would spend on fire watch tussling with those ugly, squat stoves that burned either wood or coal and were always either too hot or too cold.

If you were one of the charter members of the 94th Battlion you completed boot training early in May, 1943. By May 15th you had been assigned to a company and were ready for advance training.
Advanced Training * Davisville

Rhode Island *

The train pulled into Camp Endicott about 5 o'clock in the morning of May 23, 1943. The cloistered life of boot camp was behind you and scuttlebutt indicated you'd have it easier. On the ride up from Camp Peary you had enlivened the hours by swapping stories of the gay 62 hour liberty.

It had been raining, but by the time you disembarked at your Rhode Island advance base the rain had stopped. You marched immediately to the new area. You couldn't get a very clear picture of your surroundings so early in the morning, but you felt you'd arrived at a very big place.

You were assigned to barracks and began unpacking some things before going to chow. One of the yeomen came running in from an early reconnaissance with astounding information. Liberty every fourth night! Thirty-six hours every other week-end! And Providence a hell of a swell liberty town! You gloved all over.

Training began two days later. There may have been some honest students among you, but when you learned you could avoid entire half days of military training by going to school, you all tried to get into something. You learned about machine guns, anti-aircraft, heavy equipment, refrigeration, sub-grade construction, diving. Those who couldn't get into a school spent mornings on the drill field, listening to the old familiar chant, "-a-one, twinep, threep; threep, forndalaprt"; or, "harelip, harelip"—the lyrical content depending on the instructor.

You met and licked the tough obstacle course, although you always slowed down at the half way mark when you encountered the tempting wares of the "good humor" merchants from town. You sweated through days of bayonet drill with those clumsy Lee Enfield rifles, which weighed at least a ton and a half. You practiced the manual of arms. Hour after hour you cocked, sighted and pulled the triggers of unloaded rifles in dry firing practice.

From training as platoons, you marched as companies, and then the entire battalion practiced mass formations in preparation for receiving colors. The big day arrived and the 94th paraded onto the drill field, marched to marked positions, halted and stood at attention. Your skipper, Lt. Commander Nielsen, stepped forward and received the colors. It was a thrilling spectacle, witnessed by a large crowd. Many of you old timers had a lump in your throat when you marched off the field to the strains of "Anchors Aweigh."

Providence lived up to its reputation as a great liberty town. Every fourth night you bathed, shaved, dressed and galloped to the OD's office for liberty chits, then joined the long lines of liberty hounds at famous Gate 5. You dreamed up schemes to wangle special 36's on odd week-ends. The public address system was always blaring out with: "Harry Schmaltz, seaman second class, your wife is at Gate 5." Or something like that.

You got to Providence either by hitch-hiking or crowding into the creaking buses. You enjoyed the town's "Sunday in the Park," a weekly entertainment feature at Roger Williams Park. There was music, dancing, entertainment by movie actresses and radio singers. The narrow streets of the old port town were crowded with sailors and girls on a Saturday night. There were attractions for all...the Elks Bar, the Pirates Den, the China Clipper, Pier 76, Port Arthur, the Crown Hotel. The Baltimore boasted four bars.

Chartered busses carried you to Boston and New York for week ends. Some of you were interested in seeing places where history was made. Most of you wanted to make history. The nearby town of Arctic intrigued you. You heard there were so many women working at the textile mills that they hunted men in packs. You went there to investigate.

The Battalion adopted a number of mascots during advance training. The favorite was Boomer, a big dusty-red Chesapeake retriever, who was quickly spoiled by his many masters. His favorite sports were ripping towels, hats and other GI issue, and leaping
playfully on unsuspecting passersby. Boomer and the 94th reached the parting of the ways at Lido Beach, however, because the friendly canine failed to restrict his cavortings to the enlisted men. He was transferred to the Coast Guard and trained as a watchdog.

About the second of July, the men living east of the Rocky Mountains left Endicott on 10 day leaves and later in the month the Pacific Coast men took off for 15 days. The time you spent at home sped by. You treasured every moment. You paraded down the main street of your home town, were toasted and cheered by your townpeople, and were loved desperately by your wives and mothers. The leave-taking was more difficult than the first time.

Back at Endicott you had more dry firing practice, but this time it led to the actual thing. Armed with carbines you went to the rifle range at Sun Valley and had a full week of firing real bullets at targets. It got so you could hear that "ready on the right... ready on the left... ready on the firing line," in your sleep. On the seventh day you fired qualifying rounds. The average score was not so good, but some of you established yourselves as sharpshooters.

Lt. Commander Nielson left the 94th about this time and a new skipper came aboard. He was Commander Harald Omsted, who had commanded a battalion in the Aleutians. He laid down his policies in a meeting at the FG-4 theatre, stated his likes and dislikes bluntly, and said he was expecting great achievements of the 94th.

As advance training came to an end, you began to hear scoutbait that the outfit was moving to Mississippi, to California and to Maine. Some moonstruck munger even came up with the information that you were going to Maine to dig potatoes. As a matter of fact, you casually walked two miles over to Camp Thomas, which had been well scouted by 94th personnel. You had been there before to quaff beer at "The Barn," which, incidentally, was the most famous landmark at Camp Thomas.

You really liked those small Quonset huts at ABD. Living in small groups, you got better acquainted. The liberty set-up was more generous than at Endicott, and you lived for those off-duty hours. Your playboy hours were to provide stories of he-man guzzling and lady killing for years to come. You'd tell them so often you'd bore everyone but yourself.

Now the 94th began to operate as a complete unit within itself. Already the supply, disbursing, personnel, welfare, MAA force and other departments were in operation. The galley was organized and, for better or for worse, you had your own cooks and bakers. You found that, given the proper ingredients, they could turn out a pretty tasty meal.

While the men from the Pacific Coast were enjoying their leaves, the rest of you were issued .03s and walked over to Sun Valley again to try your luck with the heavier weapon. The scores were better this time. When you weren't on the range you were building sewer facilities and performing public works jobs, including the "honey wagon" detail.
After a week at Sun Valley you marched back to Camp Thomas and landed smack into your first real job of the war. Week after week, working three shifts a day, you bolted pontoons together, strengthened them with jewelry, and constructed a field of pontoons large enough for launching airplanes. You spent your own when you were not working and a great many of you reveled in long hours of liberty, went without sleep.

The job lasted the better part of two months. You worked hard and were thrilled by the visible progress you made with the sweat of your labors. Construction men began to fit into their rightful slots, You admired the men who, lacking in the finer points of close order drill, found their element in work.

You didn't know exactly what you were building, but you knew you were doing a job for which you had joined the Seabees. Later you heard many stories about what happened to the result of your handiwork. The story most credited was that the vast pontoon cluster was towed to the European theatre of operations and used in the invasion of the continent.

Just to prove you were a working outfit and not a fighting unit, you spent a day and a night on Dryer Island playing war games. After pup tents had been pitched, most of the island's defenders scurried off clam hunting or went to sleep. The assaulting forces played you dirty by arriving ahead of schedule.

Stories about the skirmishing that day and night are varied but one account goes something like this:

Several hours ahead of the appointed time, assault barges churned across Narragansett Bay and approached the island. One of the attackers hailed to a sleepy guard: "Is this where the 94th is camped?"

The guard answered in the affirmative. So the invaders swarmed ashore and "captured" the defenders!

The attacking force had its casualties, however. One intrepid Ensign leaped from the stern of his assault boat, shouting "Follow me, men!" and fell into 16 feet of water. The battle was held up temporarily while he was hauled out. A well-known chief, trying to inject a spirit of war into the shindig, threw a tear gas bomb into one of the boats. There followed a confused scramble for gas masks amid an hilarious scene of colliding men, packs and rifles.

Ashore, the invaders began shouting, "You're captured!" at men asleep in pup tents. More sadistic-natured attackers slipped tear gas bombs inside the tents. Then you'd see a pup tent suddenly rise from its pegs as the occupant tried to free himself from the smarting fumes.

Capping the story of the Dryer Island expedition was the account of the three Seabees who played hookey and went to sea in a raft. The current took hold in the middle of the Bay, and swept them out beside the big ships. They were rescued by a Navy PT boat after frantic signaling.

Those happy days in New England will long be remembered. Rhode Island is a small state, but the impression it made on you was large. The people were friendly and helpful, the summer and fall weather ideal. You were sorry to leave, but you had spent five months there and you were ready to get on with the war.
Lido Beach

Of course it was raining that day in October, 1943, when you piled out of the Long Island Railroad coaches, formed ranks and hiked the short distance from Long Beach to the Advance Base Amphibious Training Camp at Lido. It always rained when the 94th was on the move, but current scuttlebutt had it you were to undergo rigorous amphibious training here, probably to prepare you for storming ashore on some distant Mediterranean beach, and you didn't mind the wet at all.

Despite this he-man I-can-take-it spirit you were glad to see those double-decker, steam-heated barracks, with built-in heads. And, either the scuttlebutt was wrong, or about this time some change took place in the prosecution of the war, because you got no amphibious training. Officially, your training consisted of seven weeks of interminable close-order drill and hikes as far distant as Jones Beach. Unofficially, well... the great city of New York was just 50 minutes away and there was liberty every other night, plus 36 hours every other week-end!

The salty northeast winds brought chilling rains and the long chow lines often ended in disappointment, but these incidents failed to dampen your spirits. Especially enjoyable to the numerous New Yorkers in the outfit, the stay at Lido was relished by one and all as long as the night hours and the bank-roll held out. When you ran out of filthy greenbacks you could always attend the current entertainment cooked up by the good people of Long Beach, just a five-minute taxi ride from camp.

Maybe New York with its mighty, far-flung boroughs, was a mite too big for the 94th to make an impression on her, but, according to some of the oft-told epics, certain sections were influenced by the Battalion's harder gazzle and romp boys. At any rate the 94th became an adopted son of the people of Long Beach.

They opened up with a big Navy Day show-and-dance at their USO, gave a dinner-dance on November 10th and climax'd the series of parties with a Thanksgiving Eve frolic. In between these highlight events they promoted boxing shows between squared ring hopefuls of the 94th and 114th and arranged other types of entertainment. The latchstring was always out if you wanted to drop in for a piece of cake or pie and a cup of coffee.

The young ladies of Far Rockaway, Lawrence and other Long Island settlements also had a hand in your recreation. Busses brought you to their places of entertainment where you could enjoy a few hours of rhapsodic shuffle-and-slide. Those were the days when war was a pleasure!

If you had troubles and didn't care to take them to your Chaplain, you could always find an attentive bartender in any of the many bars that made up the bulk of Long Beach nightlife. There were various gradations of these grugshops dotting the city's wide streets and you usually wound up at Richard's Place, the nearest approach to what you imagined a waterfront pub should look like.

Inside camp there were distractions from cadence and GI lamb stew also. Several USO shows visited there, the new theater was opened, you were reviewed and inspected by Captain Sheehan, the base commander.

On December 1, the 105 replacements from Camp Peary arrived and the Battalion was at full complement. You knew your rolksome days at Lido were numbered then, and the scuttlebutt began to take on a "where do we go from here?" undertone. The secure date came and on the evening of December 9 you marched with full pack to the Long Beach railroad station. You were off on a long journey.
The Navy attack transport, Custer, loomed before you in the early morning haze of December 10, 1943, as you stood on the dock at Norfolk, weighted down with full pack. You had been standing two, three, maybe four hours, and had long since tired of examining her ragged lines. You wanted to get up that steep gangplank and get going.

The fast trip down from Long Beach, by train and ferry, had left you nervous and tired. At last you moved forward, answered muster, and climbed aboard. A crew member draped a rubber lifebelt over your shoulder. You wrestled your heavy duffle bag down precipitous ladders to the hold, half sliding and hanging up on your rifle a few times.

Below you found a confused mass of pushing humanity. Hundreds of you were crowded into compartments crammed with bunks five high to the ceiling. Compensations were the ice water fountains, air-conditioning and freedom to roam the deck, fore and aft.

You spent the first night still tied up at the dock. Early in the next afternoon the Custer slipped out of the harbor and joined segments of a convoy being formed in the open waters of Hampton Roads. Already you were learning how strict Navy regulations were aboard ship. You were told the waters off the United States were infested with German submarines. If you fell overboard you were out of luck, because the ships would not alter course nor change speed. You must keep your lifebelt with you at all times.

Off Cape Hatteras the Atlantic kicked up a ruckus and 80 percent of you became deathly sick. You disgorged over the rail, in your helmets, on the deck, in the stinking heads. Some became so ill you thought you'd die; others didn't care one way or the other. Many of the crew joined you in sea sickness.

Thirty-six hours out of Norfolk something went wrong, either with the steering apparatus or the signals. It was a clear Sunday afternoon, but the Custer failed to make one of the regular seven minute direction changes. Another transport crossed her bow and into her side the Custer smashed. Both ships shuddered to a sickening halt and you raced to your position in a real abandon ship drill.

A hasty examination showed that neither ship was in sinking condition, but both were as vulnerable to submarine attack as sitting ducks. While a motherly destroyer escort circled around, the two stricken transports cut loose from the convoy and limped toward Charleston, South Carolina. They reached the friendly harbor in two long, worrisome days.

You laid up in an Army camp while the Custer's bow was repaired. It was cold in Charleston and you shivered in the last snow and ice you were to see in two years. Five days later you again boarded ship and sailed for Panama. The convoy was now much smaller and you made faster time.

Past the Gulf Stream and through the Windward Pass you sailed as the temperature climbed. You studied the purplish coast of Cuba and read the daily newspapers which carried the latest war news. You celebrated your strangest Christmas with services on the after deck as the top-heavy Custer revolved in the choppy troughs of the Caribbean. Your Christmas dinner was a messy serving which consisted mostly of chicken bones. Your Christmas presents were cigarettes and candy bars handed you by a fat Santa Claus wearing an outlandish uniform, dyed with mercurochrome and trimmed with surgical cotton.

Early on the morning of December 26, a German sub slammed a torpedo into the side of a tanker as she sailed on the horizon within sight of the Custer. The tanker signaled that she was not hit fatally. A Navy patrol bomber circled overhead a few minutes later, and you knew that the constant abandon-ship drills were not a game. At noon of that day you were happy to reach the safety of the Panama locks.

As the ship started through the Canal you found a vantage point from which to watch the mechanics of the locks that carried you uphill across the narrow isthmus. You were impressed by this great monument to man's ingenuity. The band blared forth on the forward deck to add a festive air to the occasion.

The Custer docked to take on supplies at Balboa. You were escorted ashore on a couple of two-hour dungaree liberties and consumed all the beer and ice cream you could hold. Some of you took off on unscheduled liberties. Some of you were caught.

On December 29, the Custer sailed out into the Pacific and at last you learned your destination, Pearl Harbor! You celebrated a very dry New Year's Eve while the ship skimmed over the placid waters, unescorted. The thirteen days from Balboa to the land of the hula, save as a temporary water pump breakdown, were quiet, uneventful...and long.
First glimpses of the enchanted island of Oahu were interesting ones. The isle appeared as a hazy, purple land mass as it broke into the monotonous vastness of the Pacific horizon. Here and there were hints of greens, as the bright Pacific sunlight sought out the mysterious details. You ocean-weary GIs, who lined the Custer’s rails, drank in each changing aspect as the ship skirted majestic Diamond Head for the gliding passage into Pearl Harbor.

The harbor called Pearl was just another busy port in a world of busy ports. Except for the mysteries attached to all ships of the sea by the casual observer, the harbor presented a commonplace scene of bustle and motion, of loading and unloading. The aura of mystery ended at close inspection. The ship tied up, and you began to wrestle with your pack, gas mask, rifle, ditty bag and sea bag. Up two decks of ladders and onto the top deck—if you were man enough. Then, down the gangplank, and you were a land sailor again.

A short, laborious walk along the pier on legs unused to terra firma, and you piled into a waiting truck. The truck jolted to a start and you were on your way to a new home.

Red Hill was not an impressive camp site on January 10, 1944, but it was a relief to be on land again after the discomforts of life aboard a transport. The barracks were dirty, the plumbing in a bad state of disrepair, and the naked red earth offered nothing but sticky mud or eye-filling, nose-choking dust.

It has been bruited about that no enlisted men in the service live better than the Seabees. Like the well-shod shoemaker’s son, they apply their craft to home-building with results that amaze GIs from other branches of the service. The transformation of the Red Hill camp was a good example of how the Sea-
furnished, the plumbing repaired, the grounds policed—and life was good again.

The first liberty at Red Hill was a thrill that almost vied with that occasioned by the first mail from home. Honolulu was a name that rolled on the tongue and smacked of mystery and romance. And stretching beside the Oahuan metropolis was Waikiki Beach, made famous in lilting love lyrics by which the Hawaiians were known to land-bound mainlanders before the war.

The degree of your disappointment depended largely on what you were seeking in Hawaii. If you sought grass-skirted maidens with insinuating hips and inviting eyes, the disappointment was overwhelming. The only waikines in grass skirts were working in USO shows. Femininity was rationed to a few and the women waiting back home had little reason for worry.

While Hawaii proved to be a shoddy and tinselled make-believe to those who did not venture beyond the penny arcade atmosphere and the lines of Honolulu, or the crowds at Waikiki and the Breakers, there were some hardy souls who looked for other delights—and found them. They found the real Hawaii by turning their backs on the crowds, and seeking out the few spots untouched by the grime and bustle of war.

The first explorations were sponsored bus tours which carried you over smooth highways through luxuriant tropical verdure to the heights of Nuuanu Pali where, in 1795, Kamehameha's invading forces drove thousands of Oahuans to their death. From the 2,000 foot high cliff, the wide valley of green plantations, villages and military secrets spreads out below to give you the impression of looking at a miniature. Other sights of those first trips were the Upside Down Falls, which apparently only perform for Robert L. Ripley; the Blow Hole, which spews water high into the air when the surf is heavy, and the motor-drome-like drive down from Nuuanu Pali to the windward side of the island.

The planned tours continued for some time, but one such trip was enough for most of you. Smaller groups began to go out on liberty in weapons carriers (the perfect picnic conveyance), and even jeeps. A favorite excursion was the Tantalus drive. A good highway spirals around and around Tantalus, and from the summit the vista of ridges, farms, cities and seasapes is breath-taking. Other scenic miracles were Manoa Valley, rich in tropical growth, and the Punch Bowl, a crater overlooking Honolulu. Readers of Earl Derr Biggers' detective stories would recognize the Punch Bowl as Charlie Chan's favorite stomping grounds.

For miles upon end, the red hills and deep valleys of Oahu have been cultivated for the growth of pineapples and sugar cane. At first hand you could study the processes by which these familiar Hawaiian products were prepared for shipment to the American mainland. A tour of any of the sugar mills proved interesting, but a visit to the Dole pineapple plant was a delightful experience. The company provides automatic fountains of iced pineapple juice and a corps of hospitable island beauties to escort visiting

For the Gourmet

Street Scene . . Honolulu . . .
parties about the premises.

Those hardy souls, who managed to avoid Richardson's beer line on a Sunday afternoon, might also revel in the artistry of Oahu's gardens. Gardening has reached a high plane there and even a few rows of onions are a joy to behold. There were many quiet gardens, laid out in well-ordered rows, along the road-sides. Two of the more elaborate, eye-compelling ones were the Foster Gardens and the Moanalua Gardens.

Sights for the tourists included the Queen Emma Museum, the Sacred Falls, the Mormon Temple, the Bishop Museum, the Aloha Tower, the Palace, the Library of Hawaii, Kawaiahao Church, the Statue of King Kamehameha, Kewalo Basin and Makapuu Pali. Tourists would naturally flock to famous Waikiki Beach, but GIs learned there were other beaches on Oahu, too. For instance, if you cared to engage in a bout with 12 foot waves, you took a little trip around Koko Head to Makapuu Beach. Body surfing there was a challenge to the hardy. Makapuu becoming known to initiates as Beach Mayhem.

The gourmet, who liked refreshments with his meals, found a great deal of satisfaction in such establishments as P. Y. Chongs, Trader Vics, Lau Yee Chais, the South Seas and the other eating houses that give Kaukauna corner its name. Some surreptitious souls strayed off the beaten path to find uncrowded nooks abounding by comparison, in wine, woman and song. They kept their secret well, not in a spirit of selfish-ness, but in the knowledge that to pass the word around would have made a blight of the quiet oasis.

Others found pleasure in the easy chairs, the food, the generous helpings of ice cream, and the entertainment in such USOs as the Army and Navy Y and the Victory Club. The Breakers and Mahulia furnished the familiar beer line, along with excellent music and a limited amount of dancing, S9 wolves to each tanned gazelle.

To many of you, especially those who spent their time riding around in crowded buses and those who never got out of the "Coney Island" section of Hono-

(Continued on page 26)
Scenic Hawaii
Famous Waikiki Beach.

King Kamehameha.

Spires...

Maluhia...

Halekulani...

Beach Mayhem.

Kaukau Corners.
Sugar Cane Special.

Floral Symmetry . . .

Papaya Tree.
Mountain Road to Pali.

Peace in Profusion . . .
Civilian Housing.
hulu, Oahu will remain a place crowded with eagle-eyed, killjoy MPs and SPs, writing down names in little black books. Others will recall to their dying day that the quality of Hawaiian liquor was such that a drinking man would not mention the subject. It made you long for the dear, departed days of bathtub gin and moonshine whisky.

Some of you, of course, became enamoured of the island's charm and were told that you had "gone native." The indications were varied, but one sure way of telling was when you began understanding directions as given by a native Hawaiian. And when you began giving directions in Oahunese it was an indisputable sign that you could no longer benefit by a return to the Mainland. There was no east, west, north or south on Oahu. You either went Ewa (eh-va), meaning toward Ewa Plantation; Waikiki, toward Waikiki Beach, Mauka, toward the mountains, or Makai, toward the sea.

You learned a lot about the hula in Hawaii, too. You learned, after close and careful study, that the dance of the islands is NOT based entirely on the proper use of the hands. There is a certain slow revolution of the hips, sometimes confused by foreigners with the Cuban grind, or what devotees of the Minsky circuit vulgarly refer to as "the bumps." The roll of the hips in the hula, if properly executed is as different from the grind as is a caress from a slap in the face.

It is true that Oahu did not give the GI the picture of Hawaii painted by the travel ads; yet, it is not the drab place thousands of disillusioned servicemen would have you believe. You visited Hawaii at the height of a great war, and in no setting is war glamorous.
"Pearl to Guam"

S. S. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS

One day early in September, 1944, you knocked off work and streamed up Red Hill to hear a talk by Commander Omsted. There was a spirit of wild excitement in the air. This was to be no ordinary "Report to the Battalion!"

This time you were not disappointed. The barracks had been seething with scuttlebutt for a week. Ordinarily the Commander joked about the spreading rumors, but this time he warned against such loose talk. Scuttlebutt becomes dangerous when it deals with probable troop movements.

The Commander gave you the formula for telling the folks back home that the 94th was about to move. Your letter began something like this: "Dear Folks—We will be moving soon to an advance base in the Pacific. The trip may take 30 days and don't be alarmed if you don't hear from me for 60 days."

There began one of the most feverish periods of the Battalion's history. Orders to move had given short notice. Measurements of equipment were made, the carpenter shop started turning out crates of all sizes and descriptions. The Battalion had a lot of stuff to move. Some of you went to Iroquois Point where a mass of material was assembled for loading aboard ship.

At the last minute new personal equipment was issued. You were handed bolo knives, machetes, hunting knives and other utensils needed in forward Pacific areas. Sea bags were packed and re-packed and finally the morning of departure arrived. You took one last look at comfortable Red Hill Camp as the trucks carried you down the road that led to the harbor. You were on your way again!

The transport did not tarry long after you came aboard. Within a very short time she was threading her way through the confines of Pearl Harbor, and once more you were on the smooth, blue expanse of the broad Pacific. The novelty of being at sea after eight months ashore soon wore off and you began to look about. The ship, you learned, was the Cushman K. Davis. She was stoutly built for service in the Aleutians, and that did not sound like comfort below decks. Your surprise proved to be correct and it was not long before as many who could were sleeping on deck.

Life's values underwent a change during those 30 days you spent aboard the Davis. Before the ship hoisted anchor a commanding voice told you over the ships' speaker system that there was a water shortage, that fresh water would be available only four hours a day, and that fresh water showers were out for the voyage. Your days and nights became a series of frustrated dreams of steaming, fresh water showers and night-long, restful sleeps on a yielding spring and mattress. Your dreams were of nights cool enough to snuggle under a blanket, and you lay there tossing and sweating in the breathless regions of the troop compartments.
Despite the discomforts your memories of the Davis are fond ones. During the long, sweltering days you watched the unending blue horizons, the tricky cloud formations and the other ships of the convoy. After evening chow you pushed through curtain-shrouded hatchways onto the darkened deck to drink in the cool air of the night. You moved slowly among the recumbent figures of fellow travelers until you reached a rendezvous at the bow, where you could converse with shipmates as you gazed, fascinated, at the phosphorescent spray racing by the bow of the ship.

The ship was jam-packed. The entire Battalion, plus a special detachment, were crowded into the forward half. Aft were the officers' quarters, and quarters for the Army administrative personnel and Maritime crew.

The 94th Welfare and Recreation Department quickly opened for business, with a library beneath No. 2 hatch. A Public Address system was set up forward, and special Armed Forces transcriptions of favorite radio programs were played from dawn to dusk. At this time you got to know and respect Captain Price, the ship's chaplain, who was an inveterate checker player. He applied himself constantly to the job of entertaining you and making life a bit easier.

You began to wonder what was happening in the world beyond the blue horizon and your desire for that knowledge was anticipated. The idea of a daily newsheet was discarded and instead a daily resume of the latest war news was given over the ship's speaker system. The master of the Davis made the radio room available to the 94th, and a staff appointed by Chaplain Larson took it from there.

You were treated to a re-enacted pitch-by-pitch account of the all-St. Louis world series.

The skipper of the Davis was amazed at the manner in which you went about making life livable aboard his ship. A few of you forward-thinking men had brought aboard folding stools. Soon there appeared easy chairs made from crates. Ponchos were thrown up to provide shady spots on the forward deck. You browsed through the sunny afternoons in comfort, welcomed the cool sting of the line squalls.

Three times a day you lined up, by the companies, and formed a corkscrew queue on the starboard deck, armed with rattling mess gear and those bulky, dirty life preservers. Slowly you wound about the deck and up the few steps to the hatchway leading to the galley below. There you passed by the eagle-eyed MAAs, guardians of your morals and supervisors of your souls. You probably will never forget the imposing figure of the Paunch standing there hogged out in GI shoes and that dirty handkerchief!

The serenity of the voyage was marred by the death of one of your mates, Gilbert Nudes, a member of Company “C” since the Battalion was formed. He suffered an acute attack of appendicitis and died after an emergency operation. He was buried with full military honors in a little strip of ground called Japantown, in the Marshalls.

Word of dirty weather ahead, a storm of such proportions that it damaged harbor facilities in the Marianas, caused the Davis to lie at anchor in the Marshalls for 13 days. Those were days that tried your souls and tested your abilities to pass unending time without becoming psychopathic cases. The fishermen saved the day here. From strange sources they came up with hooks, lines and sinkers, and cast their lures into the placid waters. You kibitzers passed the time thinking with the linepins, who managed to pull out a few tropical specimens.

There came a day when the ship hustled with activity and the anchor rattled and wheezed up from the deep. Black smoke belched from the squat stack, and the Davis sailed out into open sea. You began watching the horizon with greater interest now, and several days later you were thrilled with the sight of an upright spot of land jutting from the water. This was one of the Marianas. This was to be your home for months to come.

Then you engaged in the usual sweaty confusion of packing sea bags, with grunts and curses. You disembarked. Only this time you didn't walk down a gangplank. It was full packs, helmets, pieces and ditty bags, and down the precariously swinging rope net you climbed —onto the bobbing deck of an LCT.

You had arrived!
Advance Base Pacific

The Marianas

As the heavily laden LCT threaded its course through the narrow channel to the docks, you peered out anxiously across the dark waters. That mass of land, with its hills and valleys, was Guam, only recently taken from the Japanese. It had been secured a couple of months before, but there still were Jap snipers. Well, you’d soon find out what it would be like.

There were no brass bands to welcome you when the ramp of the LCT was lowered to allow you to scramble ashore. Instead a stevedore looked up from his work, ejected a stream of spittle into the harbor and said; “Here comes another—Seabee outfit!”

Ashore, you assembled into something faintly resembling military order and walked about a block to the point where the trucks were to pick you up. Not enough trucks to haul the entire outfit, so you who were left doffed your packs, and settled down in the mud for a short snooze. A while later, exhausted by the excitement and lateness of the hour, you awoke with a start to realize the trucks were being loaded and you were being left. By disengaging your equipment and climbing aboard piece-meal you finally were loaded and headed for camp.

The jolting, halting ride was a wild, eerie experience. Military traffic had made mud bogs of the narrow, twisting roads, and ruts were ankle deep. The road wound past shells of gutted buildings, topless palm trees, ruined antitanks, and other items of war waste. That much you could see in the darkness. And the Commander had said you’d pitch your pup tents on a hill where a bloody battle had been fought.

The miry road turned from the seashore and headed into the hills at an abrupt angle. Once the file of trucks halted as one became stuck fast, but by prodigious effort it was freed. Finally the trucks turned off the road and there was the campfire! It gave off a friendly glow in the damp cool of the tropical night. On closer inspection, its flickering radiation disclosed rather dismal surroundings. Muddy, red earth, half-filled foxholes and clumps of the vicious sword grass. You were to learn about that sword grass on the morrow when you started cutting it.

Many of the pup tents were already up, but the hour was late and you rolled up in your poncho and dozed off. Early next morning you awoke, refreshed, even though you had slept on the bare earth, mates kept stepping on you in the darkness . . . and somewhere off in those hills Jap snipers were said to lurk.

You performed your morning ablutions with a helmet of water, and started the day cheerfully with a canteen cup of steaming coffee dipped from an open vat. Once, in the dim distance before Seabees, transports and pup tents, you would have squawked at such a haphazard concoction, but that morning you relished the coffee and the K rations.

Breakfast over, you sought out your company area, found a mate with whom to share a shelter-half and began leveling off a likely spot. You scraped the ground clear of rocks and shrapnel fragments, industriously applied holo or machete to the sword grass. If you grasped the sword grass in one hand and swung the knife with the other you suffered a pretty bad cut. You learned fast, before long the ground surface was smooth, and you pitched the tent more or less in the manner prescribed by Camp Peary instructors. Only here it wasn’t done by the numbers.
The tent up, you and your mate trenched around it so the rainwater would fall away. Your mate heaved his short spade into the ground and fell back, bug-eyed. Holy smoke, he hit a live grenade! Somebody hollered and Seabees in the area raced to the four winds, like an expanding wave caused by a rock thrown in water. The grenade did not explode.

Later someone found a wire inside his tent and began pulling. He pulled and pulled... and up came a landmine! When you heard about that there was no more wirepulling in the 94th... for the time being, at least. Then you heard of the guy who slept with what he presumed to be a Jap skull under his pillow. No reason, unless just to prove himself bloodthirsty.

You got set up as comfortably as possible, then some of you began to be assigned to work details. Some helped put up the larger tents that housed the post office and sick bay, some went out to gather wood for the campfire. Some went to work for other Seabee battalions, such as the one rushing completion of the road you traveled the first night. Most of you just waited that first week, because materials were slow in coming.

With nothing else to do, you took stock of your surroundings and tried to re-live the bloody battle that had been fought on and around your hilltop camp site. Marines at the nearby searchlight said it had been a hell of a hill to take, and that the Marines had been driven from it twice before finally securing it.

Cartridges and grenades, exploded and unexploded, littered the field. Red flags marked unexploded land mines, and there were yards and yards of communications wire. Commander Omsted, in his talk aboard the Davis, had forewarned you of the unexploded 500-pound shell sticking in the hillside. And there it was, as big as life and ugly as death, until the day the Marines came with block-and-tackle mounted on a truck, and hauled it away.

A short distance down the hill, below a jutting brow of rock and soil, there was evidence of Marines who had paid with their lives for this piece of land so far from home. This was where the Japs rolled grenades downhill in a frantic effort to stop the Americans. There were bits of GI equipment, torn packs, a piece of a soap dish, a shattered toothbrush. You could read the names on some of the packs...
washed your clothes at the same time. Later a Battalion doctor okayed one of the streams for bathing purposes, but whether or not it was the one you bathed in, you suffered no serious aftermath.

The first few weeks in the Marianas you took turns standing guard duty, and you weren't playing at it. You had real bullets in your pieces, and those shadows might be cast by swaying branches, and they might not. You took no chances, and neither did your friends of the Battalion on the next hill. The nights were punctuated with popping carbines and cracking 03's. In your pup tent you hugged the ground a little closer when a shot whined overhead and you summoned the nearest guard if you had to leave your tent for any reason.

Ninety-fourth guards had fired many a shot at a suspicious shadow before one proved to be the McCoy. It was a dark night in March when an alert guard on the laundry job saw a "stump" that didn't belong on the scene. He talked it over with the guard at the next post. They challenged, and fired a few rounds. The stump moved, then lay still. Another honorable son of heaven had joined his ancestors.

Trucks, traveling in safe convoys, and accompanied by armed guards, began bringing materials from the docks and dumping them in the 94th lot. You began staking out the new camp and built plywood flooring. The five-man tents, which had been buried in the ship's hold, arrived last of all. A week after landing, your new camp was ready for occupancy. The day arrived when you gleefully tore down the pup tents, draped your GI possessions about you, and hit the dusty road to better living.

The pup tents, straddle trenches and many other inconveniences were behind you, but other conveniences were in the future. You got a daily report on the progress of the pipeline, watched work on the showers, the galley and the messhuts, while you continued to bathe in helmet or creek, and eat your distasteful C rations from rusty messkits.

One by one, the camp projects were finished. A few days after removal from the pup tent area you saw your first picture show in the natural amphitheatre southwest of the tent area. Before you knew it you had relaxed in the luxury of your first fresh water shower since Red Hill. The messhuts, the galley, were completed, and you put your feet under a table, ate from a tray again. The tables had a habit of eamoning wildly when someone across from you arose suddenly, but they were better than packing crates.

As the camp neared completion, material for the first big project began arriving in the harbor. The entire construction force was soon hard at work on one of the most important building jobs of the Pacific war—the new headquarters for Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific. It was high priority work and vitally necessary in support of the Navy's rapid advance toward Tokyo. The 94th had been selected to do the major portion of the job because of the excellent reputation won in the eight months on Oahu.

CINCPAC soon developed into a large Navy metropolis. In addition to the important administration buildings, that housed Admiral Nimitz and his various staffs, you built a most comprehensive public information center. The radio station was complete with sound-proof, air-conditioned studios. From it radiated four channels for direct transmission of news to the States, two channels for broadcasting direct to the big radio chains, and one channel for transmission of radio photographs. The auditorium was also a big job and in it Admiral Nimitz held his press conferences. Another important building was used as a gigantic Photograph Laboratory for processing the Fleet's still photographs.

Where once the famous 77th division had bivouacked, after assisting in the capture of Guam, a great Navy city took shape, complete with water lines, sewers and all the ordinary civic facilities. Within a few short months after the Seabees went ashore on Guam, the topography of the island underwent a more rapid change than since that distant day when submarine forces pushed its 206 square miles from the six-mile deep floor of the Pacific. And your role in that transformation was an important one.
All along you could hear the battalion cynics, in the chowline, the beerline, or wherever you happened to meet them, inform all who would bend an ear that the Battalion morale was low. They'd tell you battalion efficiency had dropped 35, 40 or 50 per cent. But while the croakers and moaners caterwauled, the bulk of the battalion went right ahead doing their job day after day.

You built Brigade headquarters and turned out serviceable furniture for a large number of activities. One job began to merge into another. In rapid succession you built a motor pool, frame buildings for Army engineers, Diesel oil storage tanks, a Seabees camp, a Marine Corps Transit center, hardstands and ammunition shelters for a field depot, and hardstands and taxiways for an airfield. You built a fleet laundry, quarters for Admiral Nimitz's boat crew, a water tower, and more electrical facilities.

Much of this work was done under conditions that required the presence of armed guards. While declared secure weeks before you arrived, the island was far from being free of Japs. About the time you began your second major project—construction of a road through dark jungle—a group of Navy men were ambushed by a Jap patrol in the road area, and most of them were killed. While guards armed with Tommy guns and carbines patrolled the locality, you went right ahead, cut and blasted a road through.

While the road builders lived apart from the main camp, the rest of you construction men put up storage buildings for the Red Cross, installed power lines for one of the many airfields, and built a fleet hospital. Then came the big job that everybody had wanted to do from the beginning—the construction of a base for those beautiful B-29s. There you got the feeling you were really in this war. You were providing the facilities from which the sleek, silvery sky giants could take off to tear the heart out of Japanese industry. Before long a good fourth of the Battalion had moved to the airfield, which began to take form under the magic of modern American equipment.

Other important projects continued, side by side, with the airfield and road job. The electricians enlarged power facilities in the harbor, a carrier aircraft service unit camp was constructed at another airfield, recreational facilities were erected; you built pontoon barges and laboratory fixtures. The jobs went on and on, while you thought of home and wondered if that Seabees rotation plan would ever catch up with you.

Each evening you got what recreation you could. You attended the outdoor theater, read books and wrote letters. It was a lonesome existence, so far from the loving arms and warm laughter of those people back home. At the end of the first three months you had Sunday afternoon off. Occasionally you could relax for an entire Sabbath.

On these brief vacations you became acquainted with the natives, learned to like and respect them. They were a cheerful race, who appreciated the open-handed Americans after the cruelties visited on them by the savage Japanese. Especially did you esteem the smiling Chamarros, whose familiarity with western civilization dates back to the 16th century when Magellan first discovered the Marianas. For the most part they dressed like Americans, and as a group were probably the cleanest people you ever encountered. Most of the women appeared to have just stepped from the bath into freshly laundered dresses.

Native fiestas were held on almost any pretext, and during the war servicemen almost always were numbered among the guests. Since the Japanese had confiscated the natives' musical instruments, most of the music was provided by GI dance bands. The Chamarros furnished large quantities of their tuba, which is not a musical instrument.

On Sunday you could escape the bustle of construction to catch glimpses of the Marianas as they were before they became a staging area for prosecuting the war. As you traveled about the island you still could see, here and there, a plodding carabao pulling the...
odd, two-wheeled carts on which rode light-hearted natives, facing fore and aft. You noticed that when the natives rode carabao back they sat far forward on the beast’s neck. It took a lot of leg to bestride the fat middle.

In the military zones you saw houses built of odd combinations, such as corrugated iron lean-to additions to grass shacks. Unruptured native huts predominated in the isolated areas. Many of the women still congregated about running streams to wash clothes. Once in a while you even caught sight of tawny, unblushing maidens bathing in some unsequestered swimmin’ hole.

The bird and animal life on Guam left much to be desired. There was an almost complete lack of song birds. You noticed a few in remote boondock and wooded regions, but their musical crookings could hardly compare with the symphonics of American wood-warblers. Occasionally you would come upon a flock of stately, white cranes in swamp areas. Deer were said to abound on the island and several of the timid animals were seen from a distance; apparently most of them were killed and eaten during the Japanese occupation.

About the only forms of animal and insect life around camp were the brown rats and toads; the tiny chirping lizards; mosquitoes, houseflies, mosquito hawks, and the beetle called the lamp bug for obvious reasons. Native dogs, for the most part, lacked the affectionate qualities of American canines. Among the more spectacular reptiles was the iguana, found chiefly in the jungle. One five foot specimen was a camp mascot for a time.

Some of you borrowed underwater goggles from the Welfare and Recreation Department, went hunting for oddly colored shells along the seashore. You discovered a new world on the ocean’s floor, a world populated by brilliantly hued fish and coral, and the weird anemones, jelly fish and other living masses, half plant, half animal. There beneath the Pacific’s surface you also found more evidences of the waste of war—unexploded shells, grenades and fragments of antitanks.

When the 94th left Guam, and the writer is presuming that the departure would occur some day,

Chamorros . . . the cleanest people.

it was hard to believe the island was the same one on which the Battalion landed that damp October in 1944. The narrow, muddy roads had given way to miles of hard-surfaced highways. Buildings covered much of the bare red earth and the ugly patches of sword grass. Most of the war-wrecked structures of the nearby town had been torn down, and in their stead a new and more substantial metropolis was rising from the ruins.

Each day the signs of battle were becoming more indistinct, although here and there a mud-filled foxhole or a rag-tipped post, that once served as an artillery range-markar, still could be seen. A palm tree, with shattered top or shrapnel-scarred trunk, gave mute testimony to the blood that had been shed in the drive on Tokyo.

The pages of history have touched the Mariannas frequently since the March day in 1521 when Magellan discovered them, and named them The Islands of the Thieves, because the natives looted his ships. Great changes were made in the social structure by the Spanish Jesuit missionaries, who spread the gospel despite rebellious natives. Wars, famines and western diseases reduced the native population from about 100,000 in 1668 to a mere 3,700 in 1710. But by that time the intermarriage of Spanish and Filipino soldiers with native women had produced a stouter race of half-castes, who soon outnumbered the pure natives.

Spanish rule lasted until 1898 when the Iberian governor surrendered to the U.S.S. Charleston upon being surprised by the announcement that the United States was at war with Spain. America kept Guam after the war, but allowed Germany to purchase the rest of the Mariannas from Spain for four and a half million dollars. Japan took possession of the German Mariannas at the outbreak of the first world war and was allowed to control them under a mandate after
cessation of hostilities. This left American-held Guam isolated in the midst of Japanese possessions.

The small force of Marines could not cope with the invading Nipponese in "black December" of 1944. They surrendered after resisting 24 hours. The Japanese put the natives to work fortifying the island, on the often-executed threat of beheading, in preparation for an American counter-attack. The bulk of the fortifications were man-made caves that failed to halt American occupation in June and July, 1944.

Saipan, Guam and Tinian fell to the invading Americans, in that order, and long before the smoke of battle had cleared the Seabees were hard at work. The impact of history, as written by the sweat, brawn and mechanical knowledge of the Seabees, has probably moved faster, and had more lasting effect, than anything that has gone before.
Island Scenes
Jap fortification.

Wrecked jailhouse.

... Mute testimony to bloodshed.

Jap landing barge.
Carabao.

Tawny maidens . . . bathing.

Blow Fish.

Native outrigger canoe.

Native huts . . . in isolated areas.
Mission bell.

Pandanus tree.

Wreckage of Jap bomber.
Jap's last port of call.

Ruins of old Spanish fort.

Solid banks of jungle.
Three generations of Chamorros.

Chamorro charmer.

In the wake of war.
Learned to like ... a cheerful race.

A stouter race.

Little mother.

... in freshly laundered dresses.
Broader horizons . . . now.

Marianas debutante.

... Glimpses of the island as it was ... before the war.
Weaving palm mat.

Hollywood setting.

The village square.

Personality kid.
Many native victims of Japanese oppression lie side by side here with Americans who gave their lives to liberate the island.

The Chamorros are deeply religious, as manifested by the many churches on the island. The church is usually the most permanent structure in the native villages, and a center of religious and social congregation.
The Spanish and German missionaries left a lasting imprint on the island's architecture. The church is the dominant structure in nearly every native village.
A quiet village untouched by battle.
Military Training
Military Training

During your first 17 months in service, the Navy gave you a regular diet of military preparation for the day when you would reach the front line of the Pacific War. When you finally arrived at "Island X," the military phase of your existence ended save for one short session of "Condition Black" practice. It sounds silly when you state it that way, but military training served a number of definite purposes. The Navy, of course, knew that some of its Seabees would have to fight. The blueprints did not reveal what units would have to take up weapons, so all Seabees had to be taught to defend themselves. That was the main purpose.

You probably cursed close order drill more than any other phase of training. No sense to it, you often growled at the fellow taking those 30-inch steps alongside you. No sense to it? Close order made you mentally and physically alert, forced you to discard idle, wool-gathering thoughts from your mind. If your brain failed to function immediately as a telegraphic center, you found yourself in the ludicrous position of being out of step and out of line.

Extended order also forced you to concentrate on the problem at hand, an all-important prerequisite for success in any undertaking. It also brought you closer to the realities of war—and allowed you to play "Cowboy-and-Indians," a game austere society denies to grown-up boys. You silently worked your way through high grass and rough, wooded terrain, keeping your place in squad formation, and all the time you were learning team work that would prove useful in any kind of vocation.

More difficult phases of the training program, such as the obstacle course, offered a challenge to your physical prowess, and you tackled them from the competitive angle. It was rough going then, but you can chuckle now when you recall how you fared on the obstacle course the day you returned from embarkation leave, heads big and hands palsied. You were the saddest sacks in the service by the time you had run the gauntlet, past eagle-eyed guards, with never a drop of water to ease the rasping fire within you.

If you made an honest effort to overcome the obstacles that course at Endicott provided, you gained a great deal of self confidence. You accomplished physical feats you never thought possible, unless you were a natural athlete, and some of you lost inferiority complexes. Later, when you climbed down the side of the Cushman K. Davis on a swaying rope net, you were thankful you had had previous experience.

Despite the inevitable GI griping, you enjoyed those excursions over to Aiea Hill on Oahu. In time you will forget the tedious standing in line to pick up equipment and the exertion required to negotiate the hills to the war games area; you will remember the banter and horseplay. The trying times, the rough days will furnish the memories that live the longest.
Military Training
At ease.

Stringing barb wire.

Machine gun nest.

Gas Mask drill.

Scouting patrol.
Hugging the earth.

Compass reading.

Blend with the landscape.

Rest period.

Dee-licious K rations.
The 94th on review . . . May 13, 1944 . . . at Red Hill.
You disembarked at Pearl Harbor on Monday and on Tuesday you started work on your first overseas project with tools and equipment uncrated the night before. The job was a 3,000-bed hospital, which had to be rushed to completion to receive casualties from the Marshalls campaign, already underway.

Due to censorship regulations, photographic subjects in the Construction Section are limited. The 94th followed closely the swath cut by the Navy in its drive on Tokyo, and many overall shots and much technical information had to be omitted.

Two phases in construction of a 50-bed hospital ward, part of the Aiea job, are shown on this page. In the top picture the masonite is on, and the final checkup before installation of bulkheads and ventilators is taking place. The lower picture, taken a few hours later, shows a clean, airy, insect-proof ward. An eight-man team can finish one of these buildings in the period from dawn to dusk.
(Above) The first sizable job tackled by the 94th. A cement gang is laying the foundation for a laundry at ABD, Davisville.

★

(Right) Completing the 24-inch, welded steel pipeline which now carries water from Alimanua Crater to the “Navy Yard Filtration plant on Oahu.” You had to cut and blast the ditch through tough volcanic rock.
Aiea Barracks

The Aiea barracks project, pictured here, was your baby from plans to completion. You were faced with the task of creating a Navy city, which would house a population the size of Montpelier, capital of Vermont, and greater than that of Uvalde, Texas, or Glencoe, Illinois. Here again time was of utmost importance. The barracks were needed for naval personnel arriving daily in great numbers.

Sewers, storm drains, water lines, power lines, and all the facilities necessary to servicing a city had to be installed. Some unusual obstacles beset your path. For example, unexpected negotiations with the owners of adjoining pineapple fields were carried on almost constantly while the work was in progress. The area was honey-combed with irrigation ditches; you placed them underground, using dredge pipe encaised in concrete. In order to save the pineapple crop, dam gates had to be opened and closed at regular intervals to flood the irrigation ditches.

On this job you organized your now familiar organization of crews. Your pipe-laying gang, line gang, pre-fabricating gang—the boys who carry a sawmill with them—were all formed here. Wherever possible, and with only minor changes, these crews have remained intact.

In all, 31 buildings were erected, nine of them by civilian mechanics. While it is not polite to point, you completed your 22 buildings in about the same length of time the civilian contractors finished their nine.
Radar School, Camp Catlin

Radar and sonar, the sciences by which enemy planes, ships and undersea craft can be detected from great distances, are two of the most important developments of this war. The Fleet Radar Center, which you built during your stay on Oahu, was an integral part of the war against Japan.

Three phases of construction of the Camp Catlin Radar School and the Radar Towers are shown here. In the top photograph the underground work has been completed, the foundation has been laid, and the floor poured. The carpenters are working on the wall framing. In the middle photo the carpenters are framing the roofs and placing the sheathing in the walls. Below are shown the completed towers.

By the time you left Oahu, the school was being operated for fleet personnel, who would employ the technical knowledge learned there to intercept and bring about destruction of Japanese ships and planes.
(Top) Carpenters setting the columns.

(Right) Pouring concrete in wall.

(Below) The exterior completed, crews are cleaning out interior.
Constructing forms for air compressor foundation.

Two construction phases of Sub Base personnel building.

Pre-fabricating warehouses at Marianos airfield.
Underwater blasting of coral reef for outfall sewer, part of big Marianas Navy Administration Center project.

Preparing to set dynamite charge.

Pouring concrete anchors for sewer outlet.
Night crew mixing cement on sewer job.

Breaking the cohesive underwater coral with jackhammers.

Laying concrete pipe for the outfall sewer.
Earth Moving

Road scraper leveling earth for airfield hardstands.

Rolling the hardstands. Bombers will soon be parked here.

Road grading on Marianas Navy Administration Center job.
Grading camp road.
Tokyo Road

Scenes of the ceremonies held day the first Superfortress landed on the B-29 strip you built.
Setting antennae poles for Administration Center radio station.

Columns for Administration building. Completed concrete vault in background.

Looking down corridor of Administration building.

Drainage construction.
Concrete brick manhole in outfall sewer line. Manhole was exposed because of sharp drop of grade.

Manufacturing concrete bricks. You couldn’t obtain bricks and concrete pipe in the Marianas, so you built your own plant and manufactured them.

Manufacturing concrete pipe for big sewer job.
Marianas coral pit. There was no gravel in the Marianas so you substituted coral in the cement mixture.

Grading road through coral and jungle. The road led through a palm grove.
During your first seven and a half months in the Marianas you put up 350 Quonset huts and 35 of the 40x100 variety. You got so you could build Quonsets in your sleep, and referred to them as "erector sets."

In that same period you constructed 503 frame buildings, ranging from small 12x12s to one two story structure that measured 54x272. Also you built a two story radio station, complete with antennae, a two story photographic laboratory and a 20,000 fleet laundry.

Other construction work in the Marianas included 12 miles of water lines, three storage tanks, 10 pontoon barges, a frame bridge, two miles of sewer line, 10 miles of roads, 15 miles of power lines, 600 pieces of furniture and fixtures. You moved more than 400,000 cubic yards of earth during the B-29 runway construction alone.

The complete story of your construction work cannot be told because records of the Hawaiian phase were retained by the Brigade there. However, while you were allegedly "shaking down" for the forward area tour of duty, you completed 10 projects for the Fleet School, 4 for Fleet Landing, 2 for the Navy Yard, 3 for the Submarine Base, 11 at Aiea, 8 for Moanalua Hospital, and 14 at Red Hill.

Sometimes you get tired just thinking about it.
Camp Activities
Camp Scenes

Galley lay-out.
Entering camp.
Personnel Office

The major concern of the Personnel Office is the allocation of men to the various work projects in which the men are engaged. Another important function is the keeping of all personal records.

Operations Office

This department is concerned primarily with the procurement of materials for, and the supervision of, the various work projects.
Supply Department

The Supply Department is the procurement section for all battalion services. This department handles the feeding, clothing and housing of the men, as well as all supplies used in maintenance of the camp area. Supervision of all services, such as ships store, the laundry, cobbler shop, tailor shop and barber shop is Supply’s responsibility.
O. O. D.'S OFFICE

This office is the battalion's nerve center through which flow all messages. It is responsible for order and security.

Fire Department on test run.

The first men on a construction job are the surveyors. They lay out the ground for construction and installations.
Disbursing Department

The department keeps the pay records and accounts, such as allotments for bonds, insurance and dependents. You always took a great interest in pay day back at Oahu or in the States, but at advance base it was just another day. There was no place to spend it.

You bought war bonds regularly through the Disbursing Department. During bond drives an added inducement, such as the Oahu lassie, above, stimulated sales.
The various ship's services played an important role in your daily lives. This section of the camp corresponded to a shopping district back home. At the ship's store you could buy such general items as clothing, tobaccos, toilet articles, candy, stationery and native handicraft. The other services provided tailoring, shoe repair, barbering, laundry, and even an occasional thirst-quenching beer.
Cobbler Shop.

Laundry scene.

Barber Shop.

Drying clothes.
You sought avidly after news of the folks back home. The Post Office crew handled your mail efficiently.

The censors (right) scanned your letters to prevent leakage of military information.
Medical Department

The Navy provides the best of medical care, based on years of experience in many remote places of the world. Although not called upon to operate under fire, the 94th medical department had to contend with the high accident rate attendant on all large-scale construction projects.
Whenever the battalion traveled, the dental office had a comfortable set-up. However, whether they were housed in a tent, or more adequate Quonset, the battalion dentists gave the men the best of treatment. Below is a general view of a sick bay ward during the doctors' daily call on patients.
The Armory

Cleaning rifles after maneuvers.

Rifle racks in armory.

Inspecting Jap machinegun.

Armorers at work.
The B.O.Q. Blues

We hit the island at half past two,
And started work on the BOQ;
The project grew by leaps and bounds
To the din of saw and hammer sounds;
Into the jungles the Seabees drove,
In search of a stately coconut grove,
And there by the light of the morning star,
Logs were cut for the BOQ bar.

The floors were laid, the joints were raised,
And even the "gold braids" were amazed;
In the wee small hours of morning light
The natives gazed on the awesome sight;
Said one in amazement, "What is that?"
And a wise one said, "Take off your hat,
It's the Seabees, whose fame is known far;
Who else could build such a beautiful bar?"

A "gold braid" eyed the native son,
And barked: "Don't you know there's a war to be won?
We've come to this island to liberate you,
And this, my friend, is our BOQ."

Late next day the Seabees spent,
Crept to their rations and little pup tent,
They turned and took a moment's pause,
And renewed again their pledge to the "Cause";
"Success is ours," said the tired "Can Do,"
"For we have completed the BOQ!"
Crime and Punishment

SCENE 1 · Your masters-at-arms were noted for their sweet dispositions, but occasionally were driven to take desperate measures by flagrant violations of the rules. You may recognize the galley MAA, at the left, in the act of placing a law-breaker on report.

SCENE 2 · Once on report, you were a prisoner-at-large until hauled before the Commander at Captain’s Mast. The mechanics of justice in the Navy follow closely civilian court procedure. Pictured is the accused being arraigned before the Commander. The accused may submit to the Commander’s punishment, or request a deck court.

SCENE 3 · Upon conviction, the Commander may sentence the prisoner to a maximum of ten days in the brig, a court martial, or may impose a fine or reduction in rate. If sentenced to the brig, you slept in the pictured shelter-halves and spent your days, under guard, hauling rock or performing other menial tasks.
The shop section of the camp included many diversified activities, from sign painting to rebuilding of heavy equipment. One of the buildings was used as a tool shed by the battalion’s farmhands, who cultivated truck gardens nearby.

Several of the contrasting projects, located in this area, are shown. At top is pictured the photographers at work in the dark room of the photo lab developing official construction progress pictures. The two men in the center picture are cultivating a garden plot. Below, a corner of the parts room, where material is kept available for the repair and maintenance of equipment.

On the following pages are depicted activities which kept the battalion gear in first class condition. Many trades were required to service the machinery and heavy construction equipment which operated under the difficult conditions encountered in the building of a huge, high-priority advance base.
Splicing cable in Rigging Loft.

Blacksmith shop.

Repairing heavy equipment.

Salvaging heavy roller.
Sheet Metal and Plumbing Shops

When the Seabees could not procure equipment, they built their own. Above is a dryer built for the battalion laundry—a forward area luxury.

Sheet metal cornice brake in operation.

Plumbing shop.
Tool Repair Shop

Further examples of the mechanical ingenuity of Seabees are the two pieces of machinery shown here. Above is a Seabee-devised lathe. At right is a saw-filer which cut many hours from the process of sharpening circular saws.

Sharpening small tools.
The carpenter shop could turn out anything from a rough locker to the finest example of wood-worker’s craft. Hundreds of pieces of furniture were built in this shop.
Painters have big jobs . . .

And little jobs.

Refrigerator maintenance.

The output of the 94th sign shop was tremendous. They produced signs for activities everywhere on the island.
Turret lathe in machine shop.

Welding side-boom cat.

Example of body shop work.

Repairing heavy duty tire.
Camp maintenance was charged with the responsibility of making life as comfortable as possible in the camp area. The water system, the showers, the heads, housing, electrical service—all came under this department. A solar system (right) was devised for heating water for showers.

Automotive equipment was dispatched from the Transportation Office, at left.

Fleet of trucks taking men to the jobs.
Recreation and Welfare
Show Time
You celebrated Christmas, 1944, by bringing Christmas to native children, many of whom had never experienced the joyful day before. They paraded up the theater aisle to the stage where a fat, perspiring Santa Claus handed out presents you contributed. This American generosity brought timid smiles from the youngsters, who had all but forgotten how to smile during the Japanese occupation.
Recreation

A corner of the Recreation Hut.

The daily newscast.

Leisure hours.

On with tonight's show!
Books for all tastes.

Hobby craft.

Working for himself.  Hobby shop scene.
University of Hawaii
Dance
Basketball

Basketball is strictly an outdoor game in the tropics, generally played in the cool of the evening. These shots are from the game played between the officers and enlisted men on the Marianas court.
Church Services

When the war came and you left home to take up service in the Seabees, you sacrificed one of your most important privileges—that of attending the neighborhood church with your family of a Sunday morning, and praying. The Navy, of course, could not provide all the facilities, or the particular types of services to which you were accustomed; but wherever you traveled, and no matter what conditions prevailed, you were given the opportunity to join your mates in observance of the Sabbath.

Every naval unit is provided with a Chaplain to look out for the spiritual and material needs of the men. On week days it is his duty to supervise recreation, and to help with personal problems; but on Sunday he becomes the unit’s pastor. Navy church services follow the pattern of the neighborhood church as closely as possible.

You spent many Sundays aboard the Custer and Davis as you traveled from Norfolk to Pearl Harbor, and from Pearl to the Marianas. Aboard ship you participated in familiar services against a strange background. There, beneath the golden brightness of God’s open sky, you sang and prayed and listened to the homilies preached from hatch or boat deck, as the ship dipped and rose in the gentle swell of the sea.

On Red Hill, the Library was transformed into a Chapel for Sunday morning Protestant services. Seabees from other battalions attended, while Catholics and Jews of the 94th joined in observance of their rituals in services provided by other units.

The emergencies of war required you to work seven days a week in the Marianas, but the Sunday services continued. The Island Command provided a Chapel for Sunday afternoon and week-day evening Jewish services; all Catholics in the neighborhood gathered at the 94th Recreation Hut, and Protestant services were carried on in the 94th Chapel. The latter services were held immediately after the supper hour.

The Chapel in the Marianas was built on a high rise of ground overlooking the main highway. It seated some 150 persons. Although it retained the familiar Quonset hut form, the wide front doors, the inviting stairway and the cupola surmounted by a white cross, transformed it into a friendly edifice of God. It was the one familiar reminder of your home town, and stood as a tower of strength and security in strange surroundings.
Celebrating Catholic mass.

Chaplain Larson conducting services.

Visiting native preacher.

Hymns by native choir.
Baseball

Front row (left to right): Lewis Sullivan, Robert Cassidy, Joe Sylvester, Albert Eggers, Bill Franey.


Back row: Archie Gibson, Frank Primoseh, Eddie Miller, Chief Carpenter Hanlon, manager; Rolland Brummer, Walter Lapinski and John Cheyne.

Safe at first.

Fair ball!

Action at the plate.

Str-r-rike!
Softball

The Mighty Casey.

Opening game of night league.

Officers vs. Men—December 10, 1944.

It's a hit!
The greatest single contribution to your morale was the screen fare sent to the armed forces by the movie studios. Sooner or later they threw their entire output your way, and helped you kill many a lonesome evening. You took the awful B pictures with the 4.0 extravaganzas, and even sat through Hollywood's usually trite handling of stories about servicemen.

While the battalion was digging in at Red Hill, the outfit's 16-millimeter projector was set up behind the BOQ. You brought your own seats, or sat on the ground, and every time it rained the show was stopped because the projector had to be covered. Clouds of mosquitoes gathered about the machine and made life miserable for the operator.

Later, a large screen and imposing stage were erected on the hill above camp. Two 35-millimeter projectors were installed in a spacious booth, and a picture was shown every night, rain or shine. Occasionally, USO stage shows were added to the fare. You sat out under the stars on benches. When it rained, which was often, you donned rain gear and huddled under ponchos.

During the voyage to the Marianas, only the hardier movie-goers braved the heat of the Cushman K. Davis' alley to see "Pittsburgh," which was repeated so often some of you even now can recite it from memory. The first ten days in the Marianas were picture-less, but the open air theater had a high priority and the first film fare was shown within a few days after the permanent camp had been established. The stage and booth were smaller than those at Red Hill, the benches had no backs, but two new 35-millimeter projectors again were flashing on the screen the stories that linked you with the world thousands of miles across the sea.
REPORT TO THE BATTALION

This is the book of the men of the 94th Seabees. In it is recorded, pictorially and in words, some of the highlights of our "Pacific Duty," and our training for that duty. For years to come this book will be among our dearest possessions. Its pages will remind us of an important period in our career, and bring to life memories of pleasant or amusing experiences—and some unhappy ones—all shared with as fine a group of men as were ever thrown together in a military unit.

It was a long, tough grind. The monotony of a routine job performed day after day, month after month, puts a man's fibre to a real test. Living as we did, it took a good backbone and a level head always to keep in mind the purpose and necessity of our sometimes humble tasks. Not all of us could be bulldozer operators, the glamour boys of the Seabees. Many more had to cook and bake, and wash and serve chow, and perform the thousand and one inevitable housekeeping and administrative chores. Every man had his job, big or little, but all necessary. And every man did his job, and did it well. That is why the 94th was truly a smooth-working team, and—we think—one of the best outfits in the Pacific.

The satisfaction of that knowledge, of a job well done, is our main reward. Because of the scarcity of reserve openings, many good men went through two years or more of faithful service without that well-deserved promotion, and we did not return home with a chestful of medals. Still, we did build us a few monuments, which for many years will bear evidence of the amazing activities of the amazing Seabees. And we did receive a few commendations, one of them signed by none other than C. W. Nimitz.

The 94th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion will soon have completed its mission. The work was well done. Most of us will soon be home again, enjoying that well-deserved fishing trip, or that belated second honeymoon with the good wife. But don't let us forget that there is still a task to be done, if we want to "win the peace" as we won the war. No one is better suited for that task than ourselves, who through our own experience know the price of failure.

I wish every one of us would carry with him a little of the enthusiasm and "esprit de corps" which distinguished the old Ninety-fourth, and apply it to the continued service of our country, and the ideals and traditions for which it stands.

It has been an honor and a source of great satisfaction to serve as your Commander during all these months. I thank you one and all for your loyalty and support. I hope to meet many of you again when this war is over, and I wish every one of you success in his future endeavors, and all the happiness that life can give.
A graduate of the California Institute of Technology, Lieutenant Commander Edgar G. Crawford worked as an engineer in California for eight years before entering service in February, 1941. He came in with the rank of Lieutenant (junior grade). He supervised shipbuilding at Camden, New Jersey, served as assistant to the Officer-in-Charge of Civil Works Construction, then was Executive Officer of the 8th Special Battalion. In May 1943, he was assigned to the newly formed 94th as Executive Officer.
STAFF OFFICERS

First row, left to right:
Lt. Comdr. Edgar G. Crawford, CEC USN.
Commander Harald Omsted, CEC USNR.
Lt. James A. Clulo, CEC USNR.

Second row, left to right:
Lt. Morris E. Rubin, DC USNR.
Lt. Comdr. Julius Y. Miller, MC USNR.
Lt. Bernard S. Lauren, DC USNR.
Lt. Clarence A. Larson, ChC USNR.

Third row, left to right:
Lt. Charles H. Stevens, MC USNR.
Lt. William J. Gray, SC USN.
Lt. (jg) John P. Hart, CEC USNR.
Ensign Donald A. Gest, SC USNR.
Lt. (jg) Alexander G. Trompas, SC USNR.
In Memoriam

Willie Joe Thomas, Jr., HA1c
Gilbert Vincent Nodels, MM3c
Lyle Hanlan Marsellis, EM1c
Robert Leon Bruner, PTR1c
HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

OFFICERS

* * *

Left to Right: J. J. Barney, Chief Carpenter; R. V. Hurle, Lt. (jg); C. W. Roby, Chief Carpenter.
HEADQUARTERS COMPANY—PLATOON CD—3-4

First row, left to right
Rogers, William, SK3e
McComb, David M., CM3e
Marshall, Allen H., MM2e
Studer, William M., CCM
Albrecht, Henry C., CGM
Honeycutt, Charles S., CSM
Crane, Curtis M., CSF
Hanasek, Anthony J., Y3e
Ritter, Lawrence R., CM1c
Sparks, Richard A., CM1c

Second row, left to right
McHenry, Willard R., 81e
Winn, Lon H., Jr., SC2e
Snavely, David, 81e
Menier, Howard L., SC2e
Owens, Thomas E., CM2e
Johnson, Raymond W., CM2e
Palmieri, Ugo J., SF3c
Smith, Felton B., CM2e
Schon, James M., Jr., SK1c

Third row, left to right
Ivievich, Antone J., SK1e
Phillips, John P., CM2e
Rohrbach, Gerald A., SK1e
Howatt, Laurence F., CM1c

Fourth row
Myers, Edward M., CM1c

First row, left to right
Menier, Howard L., SC2e
Cooper, James A., ST3e
Winsor, Howard D., SC1e
Dessau, Evan, STM1c

Second row, left to right
Smith, William, STM1c
Dill, Richard, STM1c

1120
"A" COMPANY

OFFICERS

Left to Right, Front, C. L. Fenwick, Lt. (jg); A. E. Neff, Lt.; D. G. Whitehall, Lt. (jg). Rear, J. G. Cunningham, Chief Carpenter; C. C. Hogan, Lt. (jg).
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<td>Henley, B. H., M1c</td>
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<td>Bauer, F. W., MM2c</td>
<td>Fassio, J. N., CM2c</td>
<td>Rose, R. H., SE2c</td>
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<td>Huglestone, J. H., CM1c</td>
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<td>Amick, R. G., CWT</td>
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<td>Martin, J. A., MM2c</td>
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<td>Costa, E. F., S1e</td>
<td>Weisman, B., CM3e</td>
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<td>Borgese, J. C., S1e</td>
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[123]
Left to Right, A. K. Edwards, Lt. (jg); H. M. Severance, Lt.; H. C. Willis, Ens.; C. W. Grovell, Carpenter.
"C" COMPANY

OFFICERS

Left to Right, Front, C. L. Dippre, Lt.; C. W. Garrison, Lt.; H. M. Hinton, Lt. (jg). Rear, N. R. Hoople, Chief Carpenter; J. D. Cox, Chief Carpenter.
"D" COMPANY

OFFICERS

Left to Right, Front, J. P. Barnes, Lt. (jg); J. A. Clulo, Lt.; G. J. Berlin, Ens.
Rear, J. W. Hanlon, Chief Carpenter; H. J. Dickens, Chief Carpenter.
<table>
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<td>ABBEY, James Richard</td>
<td>ABBEY, James Richard Lakeview, Michigan</td>
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<td>ABRACHAM, Victor Wu.</td>
<td>ABRACHAM, Victor Wu. 111 Leach Street Salem, Massachusetts</td>
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<td>ADAMS, Aloysius James</td>
<td>ADAMS, Aloysius James Gordon, Nebraska</td>
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<td>ADAMS, Frank D.</td>
<td>ADAMS, Frank D. 181 S. E. 32nd Place Portland, 15, Oregon</td>
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<td>AGRESTI, M. Conrad</td>
<td>AGRESTI, M. Conrad Ferndale Court Copiague, L.I., New York</td>
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<td>AIELLO, Paul J.</td>
<td>AIELLO, Paul J. 1801 50th Street Brooklyn, 4, New York</td>
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<td>AIELLO, Salvadore F.</td>
<td>AIELLO, Salvadore F. 82 Sumner Avenue Port Richmond Staten Island, New York</td>
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<td>AKERS, Joseph Price</td>
<td>AKERS, Joseph Price 6514 North Point Road Baltimore 19, Maryland</td>
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<td>ALANA, Morris Joseph</td>
<td>ALANA, Morris Joseph 627 Prospect St. Honolulu, Hawaii</td>
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<td>ALBRECHT, Henry C.</td>
<td>ALBRECHT, Henry C. 145 West Senam Avenue Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y.</td>
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<td>ALBRITTON, J. R.</td>
<td>ALBRITTON, J. R. 5610 McMillan Detroit, 9, Michigan</td>
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