The Cruise Of The 28th Special NCB
April 1944-Nov. 1945
28TH SPECIAL NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

PRESENTS

CARGO SOUNDINGS
ALBUM

APRIL 1944 TO NOVEMBER 1945
PROLOGUE

Soon after the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor, the idea was conceived by the Navy Department of forming construction units which would do all construction work overseas that would arise from the exigencies of war. Less than a year later a bottle-neck developed in the unloading of ships which made it obvious that the Navy needed not only experienced builders but capable stevedores, as well. Hastily the “Special” Battalions were formed. Their personnel consisting of some life-long stevedores, but in great part, of men who had never before been on a dock for a purpose other than boarding a ship or fishing.

These battalions came through in the best traditions of the Seabees and the U. S. Naval Service. From Port Hueneme, California, to the Philippines, from Davisville, R. I., to Burma. The “Steve-bees” have, in full battalions, detachments and units, performed miracles in speed of loading and unloading supply ships.

The 28th Special Naval Construction Battalion is typical of the fast-working, efficient stevedoring outfits that have done so much to facilitate the logistic angle of the war effort. At Pearl Harbor it received commendations for its speed and capability, for its record-breaking handling of all possible manner of cargo. In the Philippines it continued its excellent work. Soon after V-J day the battalion moved to Japan, where it was decommissioned.

When the 28th Special landed at the Philippine Islands, it found nothing in the form of living quarters waiting for them. A camp had to be built from scratch and there was no one around to do it but the stevedores themselves. The men fell to the job with a vengeance, determined to prove their versatility. Following in the footsteps of a Construction Battalion, they built a camp that was generally conceded to be among the best on the island.

It is to these men who have sweated on the docks through all hours of the day and night; who have outdone themselves in an unaccustomed construction job that this book, the story of their lives in the 28th Special, is respectfully dedicated.
Here is your book, the record of your life in the 28th Special Naval Construction Battalion from the time it was formed to the day of its decommissioning. It is dedicated to you, the men of the battalion, because of the major role you played in establishing the excellent record of the outfit.

You were commended for your stevedoring activities. Then you about-faced and built a camp that was considered outstanding. You proved your versatility and your willingness to work under extreme conditions.

On behalf of myself and my officer staff, I wish to state that it has been a sincere pleasure to work with you for the past twenty-odd months.

I want to take this opportunity to express my pride in the association with the men of the 28th Special Battalion. In the time I have spent with this outfit, I have never once ceased to marvel at the accomplishments of the men. A book such as this can only touch the surface—can never really bring out the true story of great achievement such as yours.

But the pictures are here for you to show to your family and friends. The words must be supplemented by your own words, because you have lived through the days depicted and so can make them as vivid as they actually were.

If the book affords you any pleasure in the years to come, brings back memories, both good and otherwise, then it has served its purpose well.

Good luck!
Commander Peter Sungals was Officer in Charge of the 28th Special Naval Construction Battalion when it formed as a unit in training at Camp Peary, Virginia, on February 21, 1944. He remained in that capacity until September, 1945, returning to the continental United States for release to inactive duty.

In the period of his connection with the outfit, Commander Sungals established himself as a stern leader of men, but a fair one, as well. He was at the helm when the battalion set its cargo handling records at Pearl Harbor and when it built its outstanding camp at Samar, P. I.

He was not one for making frequent speeches to the men, being content to make his command felt indirectly. When he did speak to the personnel of the outfit, collectively, it always was on some outstanding occasion.

He liked to make frequent informal tours of the area, watched whatever was going on with both hands placed on his hips. This came to be a familiar stance and was accepted as natural by his men, who referred to him affectionately as "The Skipper."

Lieutenant James W. Whisman, also, joined the battalion in February of 1944 and was detached shortly before the outfit shoved off for Japan. During that time, he established himself as an example of military bearing. He exercised the duties of his office with a firm hand.
Above—Top to Bottom:
Lieutenant Roderick C. Blatchford
Lieutenant Felix F. Rose

Right—Top to Bottom:
Lieut. Commander Isadore M. Goldberg
Lieutenant William E. Orr
Lieutenant (jg) Edmund N. Firth
Left—Top to Bottom:
LIEUTENANT (jg) JAMES R. DEZERN
LIEUTENANT (jg) GAETANO T. GAMINO
LIEUTENANT (jg) GEORGE N. NORRIS

Above—Top to Bottom:
LIEUTENANT (jg) WILBUR B. JOHNSON
LIEUTENANT (jg) EMIL W. SARLO
Above—Top to Bottom:
Ensinger Robert C. Blakeslee
Ensinger Richard E. Brown

Right—Top to Bottom:
Ensinger William W. Bradley
Ensinger James L. Byrd
Ensinger Carney B. Clegg
Left—Top to Bottom:
ENSIGN CHARLES J. CONROY
ENSIGN JOHN M. BLICKLE
ENSIGN DELBERT H. FIELD

Above—Top to Bottom:
ENSIGN RALPH T. CORNELL
ENSIGN JOHN FERENTCHAK
Above—Top to Bottom:
Ensign John R. Hodgson
Ensign William J. Marshall

Right—Top to Bottom:
Ensign Thomas H. Kenton
Ensign Thomas C. O'Brien
Ensign William Oughton
Ensight Thomas A. Rymer

Warrant Officer Orrin B. Lightfoot

Warrant Harry O. Divens
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THIRD ROW, left to right:

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T. E. Willcutt.

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S. A. Kasmauski, S. W. Epstein, L. J. Flynn, J. E. Reinhardt, J. A. Hart,
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S. W. Bissonnet, M. Golub, C. M. Arnett, J. A. Brown, K. R. Burger.

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Front Row:
THIRD Row, left to right:

SECOND Row:
J. E. Stone, H. H. Honigfort, F. C. Braley, O. R. Sumner, J. M. Lombardi,
P. J. Johnston.

FRONT Row:
Pierro, L. L. Probst.
THIRD Row, left to right:

SECOND Row:

FRONT Row:
THIRD ROW, left to right:

SECOND ROW:

FRONT ROW:
THIRD ROW, left to right:  

SECOND ROW:  

FRONT ROW:  
THIRD Row, *left to right*:


SECOND Row:


FRONT Row:

COMPANY A-GANG 6

THIRD Row, left to right:

SECOND Row:

FRONT Row:
COMPANY A-GANG

Third Row, left to right:

Second Row:

Front Row:
THIRD ROW, left to right:
SECOND ROW:
FRONT ROW:
COMPANY B—CHECKERS

Third Row, left to right:
Arthur Thurston, Harold A. Grogan, Murray Reiss, Kenneth L. Hammond.

Second Row:

Front Row:
P. R. Fennell, John J. Dempsey, Charles J. Herrschaft, Aaron Goodale, Vernon Schoenfelder.
COMPANY B—GANG I

Third Row, left to right:

Second Row:

Front Row:
THIRD ROW, left to right:
T. S. Keltner, Frank E. Hahnemann, Henry Kowalski, John A. King, H.
Stone, H. L. Mann, Russell Lashinger, John F. Graisa.

SECOND ROW:
James E. Lee, Vincent A. Scavazzo, Harold L. Lyons, Arnold M. Richmond,
James Sandoe, Robert W. Rue.

FRONT ROW:
J. Critchfield, Paul Jenkins, Jr., Thomas C. Cameron, R. M. Hepp, Chester
Midura, Harold A. Grogan, D. P. Dnochowski.


THIRD Row, left to right:

SECOND Row:

FRONT Row:

KNEELING:
S. Stachowicz, R. Bellinger.
THIRD Row, left to right:

SECOND Row:

FRONT Row:
THIRD ROW, left to right:
William J. Carroll, Roy W. Hosley, John Ryzewski, Tommy M. Shaffer, A. N. Hall.
SECOND ROW:
FRONT ROW:
THIRD Row, left to right:
Donald A. Neilson, Harvey D. Houck, James E. Walters, Francis E. Wheeler,
Lee J. Hoover, Albert A. Riviezzo, Paul H. Monson.

SECOND Row:

FRONT Row:
THIRD ROW, left to right:
James L. Dea, Frank J. Rossi, Eugene A. Krawczewicz, Lorenzo S. Fleury,
Robert Ray Jones, Robert E. Hustings, Stanley W. Williams.

SECOND ROW:
Herman A. Larkin, Frank E. McCollum, Charles L. Ecton, Carl J. Ferris,
Walter V. Johnson, Aaron Goodale, Jr., Alvin W. Frazer.

FRONT ROW:
A. G. Hughes, Leland S. Furtado, Anthony J. Santomauro, Robert J. Kidd,
THIRD ROW, left to right:

SECOND ROW:

FRONT ROW:
THIRD ROW, left to right:


SECOND ROW:


FRONT ROW:


KNEELING:

L. P. Santy, J. P. Barham.
THIRD Row, left to right:

SECOND Row:

FRONT Row:
THIRD Row, left to right:
R. Schmitz, G. O. Waggoner, E. J. LaBrie, C. E. Kentta, P. F. McMullen,
J. E. Stanley.

SECOND Row:
Lynch.

FRONT Row:
THIRD ROW, left to right:

SECOND ROW:

FRONT ROW:
THIRD Row, left to right:
R. Stradley, R. H. Naber, W. Marvel, J. R. Greenhalgh, R. Harris, R. T. McAdams.

SECOND Row:

FRONT Row:
THIRD ROW, left to right:

SECOND ROW:

FRONT ROW:
THIRD Row, left to right:


SECOND Row:


FRONT Row:

COMPANY C—GAN 8

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Front Row:
THIRD ROW, left to right:
Louis Somers, Walter D. Schultz, Lloyd Duvall, Joseph M. Reicher, Thurman Johnson, Donald H. Fragel.

SECOND ROW:
Alfred D. Coriale, Albert Blundin, Frederick Buck, Ralph D. Richards, Joseph H. Walk, James W. Kinnon.

FRONT ROW:

KNEELING:
Carl Klopp, John Pardee.
Third Row, left to right:


Second Row:

L. K. Dean, R. W. Sutcliffe, R. J. LaCross, J. E. Martin, R. T. Fuller, M. Falco.

Front Row:

THIRD Row, left to right:

SECOND Row:
Richard E. Marschke, David Dragon, Mike Bramhall, Anthony F. Agosta, John P. Stein, Carl L. Stark.

FRONT Row:
THIRD Row, left to right:

SECOND Row:

FRONT Row:
COMPANY D—GANG 5

THIRD Row, left to right:

SECOND Row:

FRONT Row:
COMPANY D—GANG 6

THIRD ROW, left to right:

SECOND ROW:

FRONT ROW:
Jerome G. Konopacke, William F. Lyons, Anthony H. Stanton, Jesse A. Reph, Otto C. Turek, Dean G. Hanson, Victor P. Spotts.

KNEELING:
James H. Cole, Everett D. Casper.
Third Row, left to right:

Second Row:

Front Row:
THIRD Row, left to right:
SECOND Row:
FRONT Row:
Walter Root, Herbert Root, Robert Waddell Gore, Cecil F. Adams, Joseph Wingfield, Marvin R. Janis, Chester Roberts.
"You have seen their faces . . ." Now, take a look at what they did.

From the time the 28th Special began its work—it was at Pearl Harbor—pictures have been taken of every possible phase of activity. The photographers accompanied the boys when they went to work, when they went on picnics, when they went on military—and so on down the line.

Result—a mountainous pile of pictures were to be seen on the editors' desk when production of the album began in earnest. The problem was—"How to sort them—what sections should the book contain?" At first it was thought that geographical division would be best—show the boys first at Pearl, then Samar, and finally at Japan. But someone suggested that this was not to be a geography, but an album. Think of your own photo album. Didn't you put all picnic pictures together and all wedding pictures together? He had something there.

So the picture section has been divided into phases of activity. You'll see all the military shots in a group, the recreation photos together—but why spoil your fun? See for yourself.

But before you start, the editors want to answer a question before you ask it. When you get to the end of the picture section, you'll want to know why, since the 28th Special is a stevedore outfit, there aren't more stevedore pictures. Well, it seems that rigid censorship rules have precluded the presentation of all but a limited number of such shots.

Okay, you're on your own . . .
In March 1944, the 28th Special was merely a group of men in training, making their homes in quonset huts in Area A-10, Camp Peary, Va. The personnel were following a rigid course of instruction in all phases of battalion activity and every waking hour was a busy one.

But on one occasion each and every officer and man in the group fell out together, prepared for the same function. It was commissioning day, the day when the 28th would become an official battalion. In the regular Navy, the ceremony is performed by a woman, who breaks a bottle of champagne over the bow of a ship and sends it down the ways. But you can't break a bottle on a Seabee battalion. The Can-Do boys start their careers with a dress parade, following which they receive the official flag.

The 28th Special had spent two full days preparing for the occasion. Four times the personnel had trudged the two miles between A-10 and Bolles Field, had stood inspection and paraded until they were so weary that their pieces took on the weight of a cannon. The third day was "it!" The men donned their dress blues, boots, pea coats and white hats, shined their shoes and shouldered their '03's. Then they marched the two miles once more—and went through the whole process again, but now there was to be no next time.

They stood at rigid attention while Captain James G. Ware, Commanding Officer of the base, gave them the once over. They passed in review—and then Lt. Commander Sungals, Officer in Charge of the 28th Special, received the colors while Lieutenant Whisman, Executive Officer, was handed the battalion flag by Mrs. Whisman.

The 28th Special U. S. Naval Construction Battalion was launched.
Stevedores, construction workers—doesn't sound military, does it? But take a look at the records and you'll see right off the bat, that Seabees always were in the thick of the fighting in this man's war. Sure, they went in to build and unload, but there are times when you've got to fight to be able to build and unload.

In order to prepare for any possibility, every Seabee battalion devoted a portion of its advanced training to the military. The 28th Special was no exception. At Peary, the boys drilled and drilled—close order and extended order. They learned to pitch pup tents, dig fox holes and throw hand grenades. And they learned how to fire a piece.

For days during advanced, the boys learned how to handle carbines. They fired empty pieces on the dry firing range until they were trigger happy. They discovered that a carbine can be stripped down in nothing flat. And then they went to the range and fired for an official Navy score.

It would be safe to say that a goodly majority of the personnel had never before so much as fired a pop gun. Yet, most of them came through with qualifying scores.

At Port Hueneme they fired again and learned how properly to roll an infantry pack. The military program was continued at Hawaii, where the pictures on this page were taken.
The commissioning review that was held at Camp Peary was the first for the 28th Special, but not the last. No sir, not by a long shot. At Moanalua Ridge, where the battalion had its camp while at Hawaii, a large drill field was set up, very easily accessible to the outfit. It was used on four separate occasions for dress parades.

Before each review was held, the entire battalion fell out for practice. Many times over, the men would repeat the process of lining up, preparing for inspection, and passing in review. It became something of a routine—a routine over which many griped and complained. Yet, in spite of this, each of the 28th's reviews was top-notch.

The first review was strictly a battalion function. The men dressed in white uniforms, with boots and carbines and passed before the eyes of the Officer in Charge. They had had little instruction, yet they came through in grand fashion.

The second review was held on the occasion of the presentation of a medal to one of the men.

The third review was held by order of Commodore Perry, then in charge of all Seabee units in the Hawaiian area. It was the most important of them all. And the 28th Special, keeping in step with the tradition of fine work which the men had established for it, really hit the jackpot. Because the report of the Commodore on the entire occasion contained this grade: 4.0. In other words, perfect!
The men of the 28th Special will probably never forget the dress parades that were held in Hawaii. They will recall how they griped about soiling a clean uniform for just two hours' use, about wearing boots and about being careful not to streak those highly polished shoes. They will also remember how, on each occasion, they went out on the field, determined to get it over with as quickly as possible, yet giving their all during the actual procedure.

Was it pride for the battalion and its record of achievement?

Was it the sight of all men parading as a unit?

The men will also remember that the 28th Special did not have a band of its own when the first review came around. A band was borrowed from a neighboring battalion, which played "The Missouri Waltz" over and over again until the Officer in Charge had inspected all five companies. That remained an object of humor for many subsequent days.

Take a look at the pictures on these and the preceding pages. Gaze discerningly at the individual faces in the group and see how each man is striving to look his best, wanting his group to top the others in appearance. Result: the battalion was tops in appearance. Individual effort for the benefit of the group—democracy at work.
The 28th Special's third review was held on the occasion of the presentation of the Navy and Marine Corps Medal to Murray Reiss, SK3c, of Company B; who not long before, had risked his life to rescue a drowning soldier from the surf at one of Oahu's beaches. Commodore Perry made the presentation.

Prior to embarking for the Philippine Islands, the 28th Special had an inspection that cannot be called a dress parade, because the uniform of the day was greens. It can be called an embarkation inspection. The men fell out with full infantry gear and withstood the piercing appraisal of Commander Sungals. Looking at the picture in the upper left-hand corner, it is impossible to tell that each man is bowing under the weight of the pack, that necks are strained under heavy helmets. Their feet were dragging, but when the order "Attention" was given, the aggregation of stevedores, truck drivers, electricians, yeomen, etc., became as military-looking a bunch of Seabees as ever strapped on a field pack.
The 28th Special ready for action and the 28th Special ready for inspection. Either way, the group presents one aspect: an arm of Uncle Sam's might, ready for anything!
READY ON THE RIGHT?

Perhaps, the part of military training that the men of the 28th Special enjoyed was that which dealt with ordnance. As stated previously, they had learned how to strip a carbine while at Camp Peary and had fired for an official Navy score on Peary's range. They had also worked the butts, pulling targets and pasting the little holes left in them by the bullets fired by their mates. You can see this being done in the lower right hand corner of the page. In the lower left corner, a group is replacing shattered targets with new ones.

Before leaving Hawaii, the men had another opportunity to fire their carbines. In the shadow of Oahu's hills, they shot from all positions, checked once more the line-up of their sights. Yes, the men enjoyed this part of their military training, but they paid for it. The evening after the fun saw them cleaning their pieces, preparing for the inevitable inspection. Most of them, however, thought it was worth the trouble.
You can fire from any of four accepted positions. The easiest position, it's said, is the prone. You lie on your stomach and rest your elbows on the deck. Up above, you see a group of men of the 28th Special, lined up and firing from this position. Each has a director, who checks his form and helps him along in any other way necessary. The spirit of cooperation, once again.

Most of the men hit the bull's eye continually from this position, but it's a different story when they stand up. From this stance, the target looks as if it's hanging by a string.

The men below are counting ammunition. A carbine clip takes fifteen .30 caliber rounds and brother—that's all you get. The Navy doesn't like to have extra ammunition lying around.
When an outfit goes out to the range, men are appointed to work the telephones. Half of them go to the butts and the other half are on the firing line. They act as general information clerks for their respective groups firing at targets.
It is altogether obvious that the main function of a special Seabee battalion is stevedoring. That function is the heart of the outfit. Yet a heart requires veins to supply it with blood so that it can continue beating. You will see the veins in this section. They may look like pictures to you, but they represent operations that actually are venomous in character.

The stevedores do their work on ships at the docks. These men must be fed, they must have proper washing facilities, they must have light, they must have clean clothing, their pay must be attended to, their records must be kept up to date, and so on right down the line.

One full company and parts of each of the other companies perform these functions. It is the job of the men selected for these tasks to see that they are performed efficiently and for that reason, those selected for specific jobs are men who have been trained or qualified strikers who are learning.

The 28th Special has established a fine record for itself in the cargo handling department. It has kept up with this policy in its administrative and maintenance departments, the personnel of which can say truthfully that it has served the battalion well.

Supply has outdone itself in its job of procurement. Personnel has established something of a record in speed of handling transfers, rerates and discharges. The Medical Department has succeeded in keeping the men healthier than would ordinarily be expected in a group of over a thousand men. Ship’s Service has been invaluable with its store, laundry, tailor, etc. The Electric Shop did more than its share by supplying lighting for recreation facilities.

There is another side to the story, as represented by the Carpenter Shop, the Paint Shop, the Welding Shop, etc. The specialists in these departments are supplementing the work done by the stevedores. Transportation takes the latter to and from the docks. The rigging loft attends to the line and wire so necessary to cargo handling.
This story could go on and on, unceasingly. But why say more? Just look through this section of pictures and see these men at work. Keep in mind the analogy of heart and vein. Remember that the men you see are specialists in their particular lines of work, performing their functions for and in conjunction with the stevedores. There you have the basis for a collective, cohesive unit such as the 28th Special has been.

The Stevedores themselves turned to the maintenance field in the building of quonset huts, as you will see when you turn the page.
A quonset hut, as you probably know, is a pre-fabricated affair, arranged in sections so that all you have to do is put it together like a jigsaw puzzle. Oh yeah? If you really think so, try it sometime. Just take hold of some of the sections and try to make something out of them. You'll soon discover that it isn't as easy as it looks.

And now, look at the boys in the pictures on this and the next pages. They're putting quonsets together. Construction men? Nope. Stevedores—yes, stevedores.

Here's the story. The 28th Special landed in the Philippine Islands and found that the only living space waiting for them was a plot of ground, covered with coral and palm trees. The men moved into pup tents—but they didn't like pup tents, especially in the rain. So some stevedores went down to the ship and unloaded quonset hut parts; and some other stevedores took those parts and started building. Very few of them knew anything about constructing quonsets. Some of them had watched others do it and a few had instruction books.

Well, it took them a while to build the first one. But they learned by experience and cut the time on the next one and shortened it on the next and so on and so on until those stevedores had built an entire quonset hut area. The mess hall plans called for three warehouse quonsets, two of them end to end and one alongside. That didn't stop them. They just slapped huts together, cut holes in them when they had to, added and subtracted parts.

When the stevedores finished, they had built themselves an area that should stand for a long, long time. And as long as it does, it will remain a monument to the men who didn't let a little thing like inexperience stand in their way, who, not only thought they could do it, but did!
Everytime a member of one of the quonset gangs took a good look at the area, he must have experienced a sense of achievement. He could look at the mate sitting at chow next to him and say, "I built the roof that's over you head." And his triumph would have been complete if he could have but heard the words of the Seabee whose battalion was to take over the area after the departure of the 28th Special. The fellow took one look and said, "Chee, this is paradise!"

It was hot in Samar. Don't let anyone tell you it wasn't. And the sun beating on those metal quonset parts didn't make it very easy to stay on the job and keep building, building, building. But the stevedores had learned how to take it at Pearl Harbor. And they took it at Samar.
Upper left: The Machine Shop, where parts of rare size or those that were not readily available were made on the spot. This shop was a valuable adjunct of the transportation department, where such parts were needed frequently and often hurriedly.

Upper right: Transportation repair. Motor machinists always were on hand to repair any and all kinks that arose in the many trucks that were operated by the 28th Special. Repairs also were made on bulldozers and cranes, which taxed the versatility of the transportation personnel. The motor macks took great pride in their work and boasted that the kink had never developed which they were unable to fix.

Lower left: The blacksmith shop. This shop was everything from a strict business establishment to a hobby shop. The blacksmiths turned out such articles as cargo hooks and other stevedoring equipment. In the evening, men of the 28th Special would use the facilities of the shop for bending metals into rings and bracelets and hammering out all manner of ornaments.
Upper left: A tire man from the Transportation Department changes a rubber doughnut on one of the heavy trucks. The men who worked in this department did this job many times during an ordinary working day, because the trucks were loaded to the gunnels much of the time and so put a lot of strain on the tires.

Center left: A group of stevedore-construction workers slide a section of quonset hut into place. It was collective effort such as this which made possible the amazing results achieved by these neophytes in the art of building.

Lower right: A rigger cuts a section of cable to make a sling, one of the numerous jobs performed by the bosuns during the course of a day. These men were especially busy on Samar, where such tasks arose as making cargo nets and slings and tents.

Lower left: The laundrmen attend to a few of the many GI cans of clothing that they handled every day of the week. The laundry took in a stack of bundles each day, yet the lost articles were kept at a minimum.
Upper left: A busy corner of the Supply Department, as you would see it from the Supply Officer's desk.

Upper right: A happy-looking group of storekeepers working on pay records and vouchers in the Disbursing Office.

Center left: The Cargo Office, where stevedoring activities were planned and controlled. The blackboard on the bulkhead shows what each cargo gang is doing.

Above: Lieuts. La Coste and Webb, at present the OinC and Exec. of the 28th Special, were formerly Cargo Officer and Headquarters Company Commander, respectively.

Lower left: Sorting mail in the post office. The 28th's mailmen were noted for their speed in handling incoming and outgoing mail.
Upper left: The armorers rack up some carbines. Shortly after landing at Hawaii, the men who worked in the armory collected the ordnance assigned to the personnel of the 28th Special and assumed responsibility for their care. They did this also at Samar, where the job was twice as difficult as before. During the landing at that Philippine Island, most of the pieces had been buried in mud and slime and many cleanings were required before they were shipshape.

Upper right: A scene in the Disbursing Office, showing the Disbursing Officer and one of the storekeepers. This office maintained a small, efficient staff which figured pay twice a month at Hawaii for over a thousand men. The men in the battalion did not require much money at Samar, so payday was set on a monthly basis.

Center right: Our former chaplain at his desk with his yeoman. Chaplain Truchses left the 28th Special at Samar, after serving overseas for almost two years. He is remembered to this day by the men of the 28th Special for his genial personality and his ever-present smile.

Lower right: Commander Sungals passes before the even lines of white uniforms during a dress review. The Seabee on the right is trying his best to hold in that stomach, but apparently is not doing a good job of it.
The second word in "ship's service" should be stressed, because "service" is just what it gave the men, both in Hawaii and Sama...
This page might well be entitled “barbering around the world with the 28th Special Battalion.” Down below you see a barber shop that could easily be mistaken for a civilian establishment. As you probably guessed, it’s the 28th’s tonsorial parlor at Massaluu Ridge on Oahu. Look at those barber chairs and the long mirror and then switch your eyes to the shot in the upper left hand corner. There you see the strict antithesis of the aspect below. Shortly after the 28th set foot on Samar, the barbers began cutting hair in a tent. Now look over to the right. Hawaii again? No. Still Samar, but the barbers are working in the svelte Ship’s Service quonset that was set up not long after the picture on the left was taken.
Top: While in the Philippines, the 28th Special possessed the services of a bona fide watch repairman. In an out-of-the-way forward area such as Samar, he was a blessing to the men who had misfortunes befall their timepieces.

Center: The 28th Special's shoe repair shop at Hawaii. This was another busy department of Ship's Service. Stevedores wear their shoes down to the nub in a hurry and so there always was a pile of GI footgear on the shelves, awaiting necessary repairs.

Bottom: Another shot of the cobbler shop, taken this time in the Ship's Service building at Samar.
The boys got a lot of service out of Ship's Service. Look up in the top left hand corner of the page and you'll see as complete a radio repair shop as could be established in a forward area. Many of the men in the 28th Special had personal radios and when they went on the blink the Radio Shop was there to remedy the trouble.

Up above and in the center on the left, you'll see pictures of a wing of Ship's Service that was a boon to the men. The stevedores worked long hours on the ship and when they were off-duty, were either too tired or disinclined to spend weary time washing their clothes. In Hawaii, a modern laundry was established which returned clean clothes to the owners in a few days' time, individually wrapped in bundles. The service was continued at Samar.

At Moanalua Ridge, The Tailor Shop personnel were forever sewing on rating badges and fixing cuffs and sleeves on white uniforms. You'll see them down in the lower left-hand corner. In the Philippines, all they had to work on was greens and dungarees, but there were enough of those.
The rigging loft is characteristic of a special construction battalion. The bos’ns who work in this department are charged with the duty of maintaining all stevedoring equipment and also with producing new equipment when necessary. These men have repaired cable for winches, made cargo nets and slings, and turned out lines for use at the docks. At times they were riggers, at other times welders and shipfitters. All of which proves once again that Seabees are very versatile people. The picture at the top shows the bos’ns at work in the loft at Samar.

As stated previously, the armorers had a big job in the early days of the Philippines, caring for the ordnance that had been beaten by the elements. But that was not the only aspect of work in the armory. A goodly number of the men in the battalion had Browning Automatic rifles and others had Thompson Sub-Machine guns. These had to be maintained as well as the carbines. All ordnance had to be racked in such a way that a certain piece could be pulled out at a moment’s notice. The armory had charge of all infantry gear and ammunition. The gunner’s mates did welding and soldering, ground out parts, and a few of them were called upon for blasting when some tough Samar coral was encountered in excavation.

In the center can be seen the armory at Moanalua Ridge and below the working quarters at Samar.
You can't just move into an area and start building—especially in a place that has a terrain like that of Samar. You have to move boulders around, excavate pits, spread gravel and level it. To accomplish this, you have to employ the forces of heavy equipment.

The bulldozer is symbolic of the regular Seabee battalion, just as the boom stands for the special outfit. But, as in the building of quonset huts, the 28th Special stepped over into the shoes of its brother construction organizations and worked bulldozers as well as booms. Not only dozers, but graders and cherry pickers were put to use by these versatile Seabees.
Upper left: A 28th Special equipment operator picks up a load of coral-pitted Samar earth. At home, this work is watched by passerby with interest. In the Philippines, it was hot, unattractive labor.

Lower left: The area in front of the maintenance building at Samar. The sign on the monkey cage says, "Enter here all disgruntled Seabees who want to go home."

Upper right: A 28th Special welder, looking like a man from Mars in his mask, doing his work at night. The welders did a grand job in quickly adapting existing equipment to special circumstances.

Lower right: A man from Transportation making minor repairs on the big shovel.
At the encampment. Heavy equipment and moving dirt around. At the docks, elevator-lifts, carrying the insignia of the 28th Special, were scurrying to and fro.

In the upper left-hand corner, you can see part of the fleet of trucks that was maintained at Hawaii and below a similar view of the material kept at Samar. The bus on the right of the line of trucks was one of the prized possessions of the 28th Special. It was said to be the only one on Samar.

...auling the stevedores to and from Naval Supply Depot to the warehouse. Dump trucks were constantly bringing red clay into the Moanalua Ridge area at Hawaii.
Just as the electric shop and paint shop provide maintenance for the battalion, so do automotive and tire repair perform the functions necessary to keep a staff of men for this purpose who are specialists in their particular fields. These men were provided with the very best in what the Navy offers in tools and repair equipment.

The Transportation Department was set up in a way that would make the owner of a large civilian garage green with envy. The space allotted to the department as a whole was allocated into sections, where each phase of the work was performed.

And let us not forget the paper work—the part that seems always to accompany every important function. The transportation dispatcher kept accurate records of mileage on each piece of equipment and collected other vital information. He also regulated the different tasks assigned to the department as a whole.
The job of the Master at Arms Force in a Seabee battalion is not an easy one. The M. A. A.'s must be on hand constantly to enforce law and order, but must do it tactfully in order not to engender a feeling of resentment on the part of the personnel in the outfit. There have been few gripes about the 28th's M. A. A.'s. Some of them even will be remembered as "swell guys," which definitely is not the traditional attitude toward a Navy policeman.

In a group of a thousand men, however, there are bound to be a few who will break some rules, either knowingly or otherwise. When this happens, disciplinary measures must be applied. On this page you see a view of the fundamental Navy court, the Captain's Mast, up at the top. On the bottom, a Deck Court Martial is being conducted, presided over by the Executive Officer.
Top: The Junior Officer of the Day logs out some liberty hounds, on their way to Honolulu.

Right: The former OinC of the 28th Special, Commander Peter Sungals, seated at his desk in his office at Moanalua Ridge.

Below, left: The best day of the month for all Seabees—pay day. The man in front of the line is finger-printing his pay chit.

Below, right: The Disbursing Officer hands the sum called for to his clerk, who counts it before handing it out.
Left: The Cargo Office at Samar. This office was constantly in touch with a similar office at the Guiuan docks. Stevedoring operations were arranged here and put into effect at the docks.

Center, left: Lieut. Webb, formerly Construction Officer, looks over the plans for a new addition to the Philippine encampment.

Center, right: Lieut. LaCoste at his desk, shortly after his appointment as Executive Officer of the 28th Special. His yeoman is sorting through one of the files that contained documents on every part of the battalion's activity since it was commissioned.

Bottom, left and right: The Personnel Office. In this office, everything that has to do with a man's Navy records is taken care of. It also serves as general information office, where almost any question concerning an individual in respect to his Navy life, could be answered.
Of all the departments in the 28th Special Battalion, the one which played a part in each man's life every day was the Post Office. Twice a day the question, “Any mail today” would be asked by every individual. All were awaiting those precious envelopes which were the only ties they had with home for a year and a half. To the left you see a corner of the Post Office at Samar, where some 28th Special men are buying stamps.

Before the end of the war, all mail was censored. A staff of censors was kept for the purpose of reading the mail, watching for anything military that might accidentally be included in a letter or two. In the center, you see the censors at work in the Philippines, below, the office at Hawaii.
To the Medical Department fell the responsibility of keeping the men healthy and treating the illnesses and injuries of those who succumbed. To accomplish this purpose, the 28th Special maintained spacious, fully-equipped sick bays at both Hawaii and Samar.

Accidents occurring during stevedoring operations are frequent and, at times, unavoidable. The battalion had its share of them at Moanalua Ridge. It was a common occurrence for a truck to pull up in front of sick bay in the early hours of the morning, carrying a man who smashed his hand while working in the hold. In the Philippines, the same conditions prevailed, but another bugaboo cropped up to plague the corpsmen. The heat of Samar caused a regular epidemic of heat rash and fungus infections, which resulted in a greater number of men showing up at sick call than ever before.

The corpsmen gave medical shots to each man in the battalion on several occasions. Before leaving Hawaii for the Philippines, the men were inoculated against practically everything.

The Sanitation Squad was controlled by Sick Bay, too. The men of the squad sprayed DDT where necessary and went hunting for the big rats that infested the coral rocks at Samar.
Carpentry and Refrigeration. Two opposite terms if ever there were two opposite terms. But they represent two more of the vital maintenance functions so necessary to the proper operation of a battalion.

The Carpenter Shop never once had an off day throughout the year and a half life of the 28th Special. In ordinary times they were building office furniture, shelves, ledges, quonset extensions, pallet boards, etc., and when the battalion was preparing for embarkation, it took on the task of building cases for every bit of equipment belonging to the 28th Special.

The 28th Special owned several "reefers," in which was stored perishable food and beer. Expert maintenance was required to keep them running smoothly at all times.
In Camp Peary, Va., and in Port Hueneme, Calif., everyone envied the cooks and bakers because they had warm working quarters. But the attitude changed in Hawaii and went in the other direction in the Philippines. For a year and a half, the cooks and bakers literally "sweated it out" over the stoves and coppers. There were times in Samar when the heat from the ovens could be felt outside the galley.

But the galley personnel, using the excellent equipment they had to good advantage, put out one good meal after another. At times, when the fresh meat supply hit a snag, they had to turn to canned meats, but managed somehow to embellish even the bully beef in such a way that it wasn’t too objectionable.

But the outstanding achievements of the galley men came on two occasions: Thanksgiving and Christmas, 1944. On these days, the entire personnel pitched in and put out a couple of meals that will long be remembered both for variety and savor of the dishes.
Upper left: 28th Special telephone men work on the switchboard in the OOD's office at Samar.

Upper right: A scene in the Electric Shop at Samar, where attention was given to everything from generators to light bulbs.

Lower left: Not all the firing was done on the range. Look at the form on this Seabee, getting a rat with a flame thrower.
STEVEDORING
Hurry up! Run like sixty for that truck, fella! It's the first one that's going back to camp and if you make it, you'll be at the front of the chow line!

At Pearl Harbor, the chow call was heard twice during the day down at the docks, because the stevedores sweated out twelve hours at a hitch. It meant a lot to get on that first truck; the sooner chow was finished, the longer the time for stretching out for a couple of minutes before going back to work. In the Philippines, the shifts were cut to six hours and the chow call became the symbol of the end of the working day.
Joe had owned a grocery store back home. Sam had been a traveling salesman and Mac had worked in a bank. Then they and thousands of others like them came into the Seabees and were told that the Navy was going to make stevedores out of them. Most of them had heard the word used before but few had any conception of what a stevedore actually was supposed to do.

They found out—and how! It started on the concrete training ship at Camp Peary, where they sat in on lectures and then went out and practiced operating a winch and slinging cargo and learned how to tie knots and how to use dunnage and how to empty a hold and how to fill it up. Quite a bit different from the work they’d been doing before.

But it was cold at Camp Peary and cool at Huenema, and the heavy work helped them keep warm. But the situation changed when they hit Pearl Harbor. They became fullfledged stevedores and worked twelve hours at a time, with the only break coming at chow time. The men that worked in the hold pushed and pulled heavy boxes and smashed their hands and strained their backs. The sun beat down on them and they sweated constantly. But in spite of the difficulty, the 28th Special stevedores were commended at Pearl Harbor for their accomplishments. They had done well in a job about which, a few months previous, they had known absolutely nothing.
It was hot at Samar, too. The boys worked six hours a day there, but think of shoving boxes around, down in the hold of a ship, with the temperature hovering around 120 degrees. Morning and night duty were appreciated there. The gangs that worked the afternoon shifts just took it on the chin.

There are individuals who think that the requirement of stevedoring is a strong back and nothing more. Take a look at the cargo piled up in the hold in the pictures on this page. Look how neatly and evenly the cargo is stored—fixed in such a way that every inch of available space is taken and so that everything can be moved easily. Another aspect of the job that must be reckoned with is the hoisting of the cargo. The different types of cargo require special slings to suit each case. Safety precautions must be taken, too.

The pictures presented here show the steps in slinging and hoisting a load of cases of assorted sizes. The holdman doing the signalling directs the activities of the winch operator.
One of the trickiest jobs in stevedoring is handling rolling stock. Before the crane can hoist a truck from the dock, barge, or hold, the slings have to be adjusted on it so that possibility of damage is reduced to a minimum. The strength of the truck parts that hold the sling has also to be watched carefully.

When the truck is lowered into the hold, it must be placed so that it won’t roll or topple over with the rolling of the ship. It must also be stored in such a way that it won’t waste valuable space in the hold.

The pictures on this page show three phases of the lifting of a truck from a ship’s hold by a barge crane.
The dock gangs work out in the open, right under the rays of the sun. Their main job centers around the boom or crane and its slings. They have to get the cargo on the pallet boards and arrange the sling or place the boxes in the cargo net. When the ship is being discharged, they must unload each sling as it comes out of the hold and store the cargo on trucks or barges or on the docks in a designated spot.

The picture to the right was taken while the troop transport that took the 28th Special to Samar was being unloaded. Two of the men still are wearing their lifebelts.

In the picture above, a dock gang is loading sacks of concrete onto pallet boards preparatory to getting them on the truck that can be seen at the top. Concrete sacks, incidentally, are heavy as lead. You could always tell when the boys worked concrete, because they came back to camp covered with fine white dust.
Opposite Page, top: Several stevedore gangs working under floodlights in the battalion compound. The picture was taken just prior to the time that the 28th Special embarked for Japan. Battalion equipment of every possible type is included in the compound. The stevedores are placing the boxes on pallet boards for ready transfer to the docks and barges.

Opposite Page, bottom: The stevedores are placing on the truck the concrete bags that were seen on the previous page. It should be noted that the sacks are so heavy that the pallet board is not fully loaded.

Upper right: At the foot of the road that wound past the camp of the 28th Special at Samar was a Seabee built dock, formed by interlocked pontoons. The stevedores would unload a ship out in the bay onto a barge; the barge would tie up to the Guiuan dock and the men would then unload it. In the picture can be seen the 28th's men unloading quonset hut parts.

Center right: The stevedores are loading lumber onto a trailer truck for transportation to the 28th Special's camp. In the background can be seen the Seabee-built bridge to Tubabao Island.

Lower right: Another shot of night work in the 28th Special's compound.
In the majority of the pictures on this and the preceding page, the signalman is very much in evidence. He is the eyes of the winchman or crane operator who is hoisting the load. On some types of ships, the winchman cannot see down into the hold, in which case he follows the directions of the signalman religiously. But even if the winchman or crane operator has clear visibility, there always is one or more signalman present to direct his operations.

The shot in the lower left hand corner of the preceding page shows another instance where brawn alone will not serve a stevedore. The crane is lifting a case of airplane parts. The case is very long and wide, so the stevedore slinging the cargo must find the balance center before the crane can lift it. If the sling is importantly arranged, the case will fall and the valuable plane parts be damaged.

Somebody did drop a case in the picture on the lower left section of the preceding page. But it looks as if its contents are none the worse for the wear.
PHILIPPINE LANDING

The men of the 28th Special had spent a weary two weeks coming from Hawaii on board the U. S. S. LAVACA. They were more than happy when they finally sighted their objective—the island of Samar in the Philippine Islands. They waited impatiently for two days while the ship lay at anchor in San Pedro Bay. And then the nets were finally dropped. The men gathered all of their gear—they had a lot of it—strapped it to themselves one way or another and over the side they went, dropping into the LAVACA’s small boats.
The landing of the 28th Special at the island of Samar had all the earmarks of a regular invasion, but lacking the tension of such a situation. The men had sufficient infantry equipment with them to take care of them for a while if they were establishing a beachhead. Many of them actually felt as if they were headed from a fight as they clambered down the ladder.

In the small boats, the men arranged themselves as best they could, wrapping themselves around seabags and ditty bags. The boats gave them a very wet ride. Salt water got into their eyes and ears, their clothing, bags and carbines, as the spray swept over the bow.

Those who were able to see over the gunwale watched the land come closer and closer. It didn't look very formidable—just a lot of palm trees, the leaves of which were pointed in one direction. From that distance, it hardly looked as if the war had even come close to the place.

By the time the motor was cut for the landing, most of the men had given up trying to stave off the lashing of the salt water. They just sat there and took it—and when the boat pulled up to the stationary barge that acted as a landing, they felt that they must be sorry sights indeed, because the Filipino urchins, standing on the barge, were laughing.
The men doffed their packs and other equipment after leaving the boats and stood around on the barge while waiting for transportation to take them to the new camp. The hot tropical sun dried them in no time and left streaks of salt lining their clothing. They were bedraggled, but anxious to see what manner of living facilities awaited them.

Several trucks from another battalion arrived at the landing and the men climbed into them. After a short ride, they arrived at the camp.
It wasn't really a camp. It was a plot of ground, with palm trees and coral and insects. The men dragged out their shelter halves, paired off and erected pup tents. They hadn't done this since the days of advanced training at Camp Peary, what seemed to be a long time ago. It was practice then, but this was real. With typical Seabee ingenuity, some of the men constructed lean-tos and covered them with palm leaves that had been woven by natives.

It rained the first night and continued raining for several days. The ground was turned into a sea of mud, but the men of the 28th Special just made their pup tents as secure as possible and then went out and worked, taking supplies from the ship and bringing them into camp through ankle deep muck and mire.

Shortly thereafter they were off the ground, sleeping on cots in large tents. And then they built themselves that top-notch quonset camp.

But the men of the 28th Special will never forget the Philippine landing.
Christmas Day, 1944, is a day that the men of the 28th Special have often recalled and probably will continue to recall for years to come. They had been away from home for some eight months and for most of them, it was their second Christmas away from their loved ones. Everyone, even the hardiest, was homesick at Christmas time.

The atmosphere of Hawaii didn't help the situation any, either. The associations that go with the Yuletide season are decorated trees, snow, gifts, and cold weather. Hawaii's 75 degree temperature and palm trees just didn't make for a Christmas atmosphere. The battalion decided to do something about the situation and on this page you can see one of the results of its doing—the tremendous Christmas Dinner.

The meal was planned well ahead of time. All the cooks and bakers pitched in and worked one shift in order to make enough of the many courses so that each man would be able to get all he wanted.

The precedent-smashing event, though, was the K. P. duty performed by the officers and chief petty officers of the battalion. The officers, including the officer in charge, served the food on the line, while the chief petty officers waited on the tables, seeing that the pitchers were filled and catering to the other needs of the men. Two officers served as Masters at Arms.

There was just one complaint. The GI trays just weren't big enough to take all of the food on the menu. But the men managed to get all and most of it down.

As the men entered the mess hall door, they received a souvenir menu. But they won't have to come across it, accidentally, in later years to make them recall that terrific Christmas dinner.
Above: The mess hall during Christmas dinner. The men have looks of repletion—and no wonder. Look at those tables, covered with food and beer bottles. The brew was free, incidentally, and the men were allowed to have all they were able to drink. That alone would make most Seabees happy. The 28th Special Swing Orchestra is to be seen, beating it out from the stage at the front of the mess hall.

Below left: There was ice cream, too, served with several kinds of cake. This delicacy usually is doled out in a service mess hall, but on this occasion, the same policy applied to ice cream as to everything else on the menu—all you want, and more!

Below right: Here you see the commissary stewards, cooks and bakers, and some of the mess cooks who made the entire Christmas meal possible. These men worked very hard at preparing the menu and were rewarded by the compliments handed them by the battalion personnel. That is a rare occurrence by itself, because griping over food in the service is natural and expected, no matter how good the chow may be.
The Christmas dinner was the big feature of the 28th Special's 1944 Yuletide celebration, but it was not the only one. In keeping with the policy of giving gifts, the battalion purchased certain items from Ship's service and made up gift packages. Some of the articles were: toilet goods, books, candy, nuts, and a leather wallet. The packages were distributed to the men by Commander Sungals, who was Officer in Charge at the time. The Commander visited each company personally, delivered a Christmas greeting to the men and presided over the distribution of the gifts. The whole venture had the desired effect. The men accepted the gifts, not for what they were materially, but as an offer of thanks from the 28th Special for the excellent work it had done in the job that had been assigned to them. They had done well and the Skipper was giving them a Christmas party.

A month prior to Christmas, on Thanksgiving, a dinner had been given to the men that should not go by unmentioned. The menu featured fresh turkey and many other courses, but the feature was the big cake which can be seen in the picture at the center of the page. The tremendous pastry was the product of painstaking work on the part of the battalion's bakers and had enough for everyone in the entire 28th Special—with each man taking a generous hunk.
Above: Chaplain E. P. Truchses, then sky pilot of the 28th Special, hands a Christmas gift package to an anticipatory member of the battalion. The chaplain presented each gift and the proceedings were presided over by the Skipper.

Right: In addition to the big Christmas tree in the mess hall, each company had its own decorated yule arbor, placed in a prominent spot in the barracks. In friendly competition, one company tried to top the other in decorating the trees, but they all turned out pretty good.

Below: The men below have just received their Christmas packages and the varied expressions show different states of reaction. But these men and the rest in the 28th Special all felt that, no matter what the package contained, it was a case of “It’s not the gift, but the thought behind it.”
January seems a strange time for a picnic—but not in the Hawaiian Islands. The 28th Special held one at the very beginning of 1944, held it in true Hawaiian style.

Technically, a Hawaiian picnic is called a *luau*. The celebration will be tendered by native islanders for almost any reason and the 28th Special had a good one for holding theirs. The first steps were being taken for embarkation; the battalion soon would be off for some forward area. It was decided to give the men a party that would afford them with some lasting memories.

On a Sunday morning, the men of the 28th Special piled into trucks which took them out to Nimitz Beach, on Oahu. There they found that preparations had been made for the *luau*. There were seven pigs, forming the traditional basis of a *luau* meal, stuffed with vegetables and barbecued in an open pit. A Hawaiian *luau* troupe had been engaged just for the purpose of providing the proper atmosphere to the picnic and it came up with dishes the like of which the men had never seen before. Most of them were content to remain strictly American and ate only pork, but the more curious discovered some tastes that were different from anything they had experienced in their lives.

Just as pig is traditional to the *luau*, so is beer to an American picnic. The men of the 28th Special had all that they were able to drink on this occasion; and there were cans of cold pineapple juice for the teetotalers.

You can see by the picture on the previous page that there was a long chowline. But the men didn't mind, because they knew that they were waiting in line for a special occasion—an occasion that had been provided for them by their battalion for the purpose of making them just a little happier in the separation from home.
Recreation is an important phase of service life, especially so in a place like the island of Samar, in the Philippines. There was little to do in off-duty hours during the early weeks of the battalion’s stay there. The outfit next door had a movie theater and the 28th was about to set up a projector of its own, but nobody likes to go to a movie every night.

In Hawaii, the problem of off-duty activity had more or less solved itself. The men were given liberty once a week to allow them to go into town and passes at night to get them into the civilian housing area not far from the camp. In Samar, it was stay in camp when you are not working; read, write letters, or go to the show.

The 28th Special Battalion came through for its men by building the Enlisted Men’s Club, pictures of which you can see on this and the following page. It met the need beautifully and soon became the hub of all off-duty activities of the enlisted men.
The Enlisted Men’s Club was constructed from materials that were not considered vital at the time. The foundation was made of palm tree logs, the deck of the plywood squares. Around the wooden framework were placed hundreds of woven palm leaves, the handiwork of native Filipinos. There was a veranda extension in the front and a platform extension in the rear.

To the left of the room, a bar was installed that covered one side completely. It was a bar worthy of any civilian establishment, with a smooth top, running water and drain. Behind the bar, a coffee urn was installed.

In the room proper, card tables and chairs were placed at convenient intervals. Lounge chairs were set up against the bulkheads. In the center of the room, four ping-pong tables were located.

The Enlisted Men’s Club of the 28th Special Battalion opened its doors with a party for all the men. The orchestra was there to provide music and there was ice cream and cake for everyone. It was something like a commissioning ceremony, a successful commissioning ceremony, because after that, the club sailed on smooth waters and rode beautifully.

The bar featured coffee and lemonade from 0800 to 2400 every day. In the early morning, buns were offered to the sleepyheads who had missed breakfast. A radio-phonograph was installed that played constantly throughout the day, giving out with the latest V-Disks and Armed Forces Radio records. The ping-pong tables were never vacant and men who had never played the game before became ardent devotees of batting the celluloid ball.

The card tables were always surrounded by pinochle and poker players who considered the place a haven for their recreation.

In the evenings, the men received their rations of beer and toddy at the bar and drank them in the club.

Everything taken into consideration, the Enlisted Men’s Club was a godsend to the men of the 28th Special at Samar. They used it as a resting place, a meeting place, a place for leisure activity. As someone said, it was “... the best thing that ever happened to us in the 28th.”
To a thirsty stevedore who is sweating down at the docks or on a barge, the picture of a cold bottle of beer is like a mirage. It becomes more desirable as time goes on, so when he gets back to camp, he drinks as much as he can get or hold.

Beer has been an important morale factor in the service, which accounts for the high priority it gets on cargo ships going to forward area.

The 28th Special, at Hawaii, offered beer to its men every day, as much as they wanted, two bottles at a time. The men would sit in the beer garden after chow, shooting the breeze and nibbling on peanuts or olives. It was the time for relaxation—peace, with the hand grasping a bottle of brew.

In Samar, beer took on even a greater importance than before. During the first weeks, the only available water was warm and highly chlorinated. When the first beer line formed, everyone in the battalion was on it, even those who had never been seen in the garden at Pearl Harbor, because they all wanted to drink something cold that didn't taste as if it contained chlorine. The brew wasn't plentiful in the Philippines, so it always was rationed—six cans a week. The men treated their dole as if it were gold.
Top left: The Supply Department, after a particularly difficult period of work, had a luau of its own. The usual large meal was presented, which resulted in the inactivity you see in this picture.

Top center: One of the men learning to do the hula from a native Hawaiian woman. It looks as if she is having a difficult time teaching him to swing his hips, because he evidently is inserting a few unorthodox American jitterbug movements into the routine.

Top right: Another shot of the Supply Department luau, showing up in good detail the variety of dishes that are traditional with the Polynesian picnic. The pineapples in the center of the table are symbolic of Hawaii. The men are eating many dishes that they have never tasted before, such as poi, or crushed taro root.

Second from top: A few of the boys making a float out of a mattress cover. The trick is to let the wind fill up the sack, hold it at one end, and ride it over the rolling Hawaiian surf. But watch out when that bag deflates.

Third from top: The 28th Special Battalion kept several mascots, the oddest of which was Oscar, the mongoose. Where the animal came from remains a mystery to this day. He was there one day and stayed for several months, during which time, every man in the battalion grew to like his playful behavior. One day Oscar developed pneumonia and passed away. In order to perpetuate his memory, his carcass was skinned and mounted by a taxidermist in the battalion.

Bottom: Here you see the mascot that was with the battalion for many months. The monkey had several names—Tojo and George, among others. He didn't answer to any of them, so it didn't matter what he was called. He became very tame and provided many amusing moments for the men. The simian was smuggled into Samar, but when the battalion left for Japan, he was sold to a passing sailor.
At first, there was a lot to do in off-duty hours at Pearl Harbor. On the weekly liberty day, the men went to Honolulu or Waikiki, swam at the beaches there, had good meals served to them at restaurants, went to movies in regular theaters. The Armed Services also had established recreation centers in town, with music and dancing facilities offered.

On other days, the men were able occasionally to get passes which would allow them to go out of the camp and over to the civilian housing area, where they were able to get malteds and go bowling.

But such activities can become very routine and monotonous after doing them frequently, especially when the individual is far away from home. In the way of combating this feeling of ennui and doing away with nostalgia as much as possible, the battalion set up a stage and movie in the mess hall and invited touring U. S. O. shows to come and do their stuff for the boys of the 28th Special.

On this page, you see shots of some of the shows that were put on at Pearl Harbor.

Few of the performances were very good, but that didn’t matter. It meant a lot to the men to be able to attend a live performance and be able to hoot and howl to their heart’s content. And they had chances to laugh at themselves, because all of the shows had some parts that made light of service life. And another thing—the personnel of the camp shows always tried their level best and, in spite of occasionally poor material, managed to put across their performances in such a way that their audiences were satisfied.

Most of the shows were in the Hawaiian vein, with hula girls, ukeleles, and such. But, naturally, the biggest hits were the shows which presented pretty white girls. In the upper right-hand corner, you can see three girls, the very prettiest that the men had seen since they left the states. Some hooted, some just stared. But all got a kick out of it.

Another sure thing in the shows was the part that called for audience participation. A group of the younger fellows always would race for the front seats, because one of the occupants of the foremost row always was called to the stage to dance or sing with one of the girls and usually got a kiss as a reward.
On several occasions, some of the boys in the battalion got together and put on a show of their own, featuring home-grown talent. Above and below, center, two shots of one of these performances, put on with costumes and scenery and all the vim, vigor and vitality of a professional presentation.

On Samar, the men of the 28th Special sat under the burning sun in a theater for several hours, waiting for Joe E. Brown to come and entertain them. Joe didn't let them down. He put on a show that was unrehearsed and as natural as if he had just happened to be walking by and decided to come up and say hello. He brought a troupe with him, including a comic juggler who had the men in stitches.
SPORT TIME

Sports activities always are a big part of any recreation program. The 28th Special didn't fall by the wayside in this respect. It maintained a well-organized athletic program that prevailed throughout the days at Hawaii and the Philippines.

Baseball is a game that is restricted to the summer season in most localities back home. But in the tropics, it can be played all year round. At Hawaii, the 28th played softball for the most part, but formed the nucleus for a baseball team that became one of the better organizations playing on Samar. Several former professional players were in the battalion and they coached others who seemed to have the making of diamond stars.

When the battalion left Samar for Japan, its baseball team had a record of many more victories than defeats. And several of the losses had been close ones, including the one played against the Navy All-Stars, which was led by Phil Rizzuto of major league New York Yankees.

Look at the disgruntled faces on the men watching the game in the picture in the lower right hand corner of the page. The 28th's team was having trouble with the umpire on that day and their hoots and catcalls expressed their feelings quite eloquently.
In front of the Enlisted Men's Club at Samar, the battalion constructed a basketball court that was generally conceded to be the best on the island. Teams from service units all over the island requested permission to use the court and after a while, the attendance became so good that regular double-headers were scheduled almost every night.

The court was concrete and equipped with a lighting system that turned night into day around the playing area. Stands were constructed, too, and a scoreboard was placed in a convenient spot. The battalion had its own home basketball team which scheduled games with many other outfits and ended the stay at Samar with a good won and lost percentage.
In the beginning at Pearl Harbor, a quonset hut was reserved for table tennis, holding four regulation tables. The hut was frequented by several members of the battalion, but the sport was not very popular at the time. In spite of that, a team was organized which, when the battalion shoved off for the Philippines, was unbeaten in any kind of competition. It was at the head of the Hawaiian Brigade Athletic Association table tennis league.

A battalion tournament had been held to determine company champions and a battalion champion. The finals were held in the mess hall, where an audience could be accommodated. To the surprise of all concerned, a fair-sized crowd showed up at the first match and more kept coming right up to the final exhibition.

Perhaps that is the factor that made table tennis so popular with the men at Samar. The tables in the Enlisted Men's club always were taken and men were playing who never had been seen in the quonset hut on Moanalua Ridge. It was here that the battalion ran another tournament and this time it was held on a large scale. There was much speculation as to the eventual champion and the proceedings were followed religiously. From the quarter finals to the end, the club was packed with spectators for each match.

On this page are photos of the finals at Hawaii.
At Moanalua Ridge, Hawaiian Area Brigades set up four concrete tennis courts which were very convenient to the area of the 28th Special Battalion. The Recreation Department had a goodly-sized supply of tennis balls and racquets and a few of the men took advantage of the opportunity at the outset. It was some time before the game caught on, but before too much time had passed, men who had never before played tennis were seen on the courts in their off-duty hours, knocking the ball around. The Hawaiian climate was ideal for this form of exercise. At Samar, the basketball court described previously was converted into a tennis court during the day. Some of the died-in-the-wool racquet fans went out there and played each day, but most found the tropical sun, reflecting from the surface of the court, just a little too hot for such vigorous activity. A view of the court in Samar can be seen in the upper right hand corner of the page.

There were few golfing addicts in the 28th Special, but those that did play formed a team and played at the course in Waikiki. In Samar, they were seen on a bare stretch of ground surrounded by tropical palms, practicing their driving techniques.

Below, to the right and left, can be seen the personnel of some of the 28th's athletic teams. Directly below, the basketball team and the softball team. Below and to the left, the volleyball players and, under them, the baseball team.
Movies, the enlisted men’s club, basketball games to watch—the men of the 28th Special had a choice of several methods of spending their off-duty hours. Then the Battalion added another one. Usually, a moving picture was shown each night in the enlisted men’s mess hall but once in about every two weeks, the hall was taken over for a bingo party.

Most of the men had played bingo before—at theaters, churches, and other such places and received all sorts of prizes. So they were acquainted with the game, but no longer were they very much interested in the character of the prize. The best thing about the bingo party was that it gave the men a chance to do something a little different from the ordinary run of events, to get in a little excitement while resting comfortably on a seat.

Each man received a card with numbers on it and a stack of beans to use as markers. Care was taken to see that no one had more than one card at a time. Up in front of the crowd stood a couple of men from the recreational department, who were conducting the proceedings. From a box they took the numbers, one at a time, until a hysterical cry of “Bingo!” came from some corner of the mess hall.
The bingo prizes were changed each time, so that no one knew what he had a chance to win until the actual play began. Typical awards were beer, toddy, cigarettes and other ship’s service articles.

When a man called out "Bingo," one of the recreation men went down to him and checked the numbers on his card. It happened many a time that a bean rolled over to another number, so the man actually hadn’t won the beer at all. That was to be expected, however, and the hoots and cat-calls that accompanied such an event added to the spirit of the party.

The recreation man, after checking the card, brought the prizes down to the lucky winner, who picked out his beer or toddy or cigarettes under the envious glances of his men. Chances were that his prize didn’t last very long. On once occasion one of the men received a dozen cans of beer as his reward. There was a flurry and he soon was left, holding one can.

The whole affair was conducted in a spirit of fun and good humor. When the last call had been made, the winners, the losers and the ones who kept saying, “I only need one more number!” left the mess hall with the feeling that they’d had an enjoyable evening.
Right: The 28th Special conducted Protestant services in its own area and provided transportation to areas where services of other religions were being held. This picture shows Chaplain A. B. Ward in Sunday service on Samar.

Center: At Pearl Harbor and in the Philippines, the 28th Special maintained a complete library of books that catered to every possible reading taste. Additions were constantly being made through Welfare Fund subscriptions and contributions from the Bureau of Naval Personnel. A wide range of Armed Forces Institute textbooks was also on hand. Here you see one corner of the library-reading room quonset hut at Moanalua Ridge.

Below: The 28th Special Battalion's swing orchestra. This aggregation played at all the functions of the outfit and was called upon on many occasions to swing it out for other units in Hawaii and the Philippines.
Top: A scene in Moanalua Gardens. The Ridge on which the 28th Special had its camp area was named after the gardens and was located just in front of the beautiful plot of ground. The tree in the picture is said to be one of the most photographed trees in the Hawaiian Islands.

Below: This picture was taken on the road to the famous Nuuanu Pali in Hawaii. Such outstanding scenic views were numerous on this much-publicized road. The pass itself wound around the side of a mountain in a series of sharp curves. Most of the road is a ledge jutting out from the mountain wall. It took a hardy driver to steer his vehicle around those hairpin turns, but the view to be seen from the top of the mountain made the effort worth while. With a strong wind blowing in the onlooker's face, he can stand on the spot where King Kamehameha threw the forces of his enemy over the cliff. The entire country side can be seen at once.
Top left: A view of famous Waikiki Beach, showing the strip of sand behind the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Diamond Head can be seen in the background.

Top right: Another shot of Diamond Head, a rare view from the rear, taken from Wilhelmina Rise.

Center left: Sailors on liberty in Hawaii like to be photographed in front of grass shacks. The Breakers, the Navy Recreation center in Waikiki, provided a synthetic atmosphere for such picture-taking.

Center right: Waikiki Beach. Diamond head is at the photographer's back. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel is seen across the water on the right and the Moana Hotel on the left.

Right: A native Hawaiian islander examines his fishing nets as they lay in the sun to dry.
The pineapple is symbolic of the Hawaiian Islanders and when a newcomer to the islands gets a look at the tremendous pineapple fields on Oahu, he realizes that the symbolism is not the result of a press agent's nightmare. The fields are laid out beautifully, in even, symmetrical rows. They look almost as if an artist had painted them, instead of being the result of man's labor.

One can drive along Oahu's roads for quite a time and see nothing but pineapples, in different stages of development. But just try to take one with you !!!

Above is the Korean Christian Church, located on the side of the road leading from the Pali. It was frequented by servicemen, who were intrigued by the rare architecture.
Upper left: A building on the campus at the University of Hawaii.

Upper right: Hawaiian urchins diving for pennies by the road leading to Kaneohe.

Left: Royal Palm Pass in Honolulu, on the main road leading up to the Pali.

Right: The Japanese Christian Church in Waikiki. The interior decorations of this building were handmade in Japan and brought to Hawaii for the church. The ceiling design was interesting—panels, each containing a different floral design, but all flowers of Japan.

Lower left: In certain places on Oahu, sugar cane was as prominent as pineapple.

Lower right: Rain clouds descend on the residential district at Manoa Valley. The picture was taken from Queen Wilhelmina Rise.
The island of Samar in the Philippines, where the 28th Special Battalion was based, was as barren and drab a place as could possibly be imagined. In all of the previous bases—from Camp Peary, Virginia to Pearl Harbor—the men of the 28th Special were able to break up the monotony of camp life with a trip to town.

There was a town near the camp at Samar—or at least, it was called a town. Actually, it was little more than a group of native huts in the center of which was a naval station. Its name was “Guiuan.” So there was nothing to “go to town” for—with just one exception. In one part of Guiuan, located near the water’s edge, was a church, an ancient structure that was showing the marks of time. It had been built approximately three centuries ago, when the Philippine Islands were under Spanish domination. The Filipino natives had constructed it, using their ancient methods, and probably worked for years before completing the job.

The church had several striking features. The walls are encrusted with various forms of shell life to be found in and around the island. The altar, bedecked with gilt, has in its niches hand carved statues of the saints.

The entire structure was renovated by Seabees since the American forces landed in the Philippines. The ceiling was repaired, hinges put on doors, and the outer portions were given several coats of whitewash. But the atmosphere of age remains in the aspect of the place.

The regular church services are held in Guiuan Church, presided over by the local vicar and service chaplains.
The Filipino women have a remarkable sense of balance. They have been seen carrying a large bundle of laundry on their heads while holding large objects in each hand. Boxes, crates, bags all were transported to their huts by this method and nothing, apparently, ever was dropped.

The picture in the upper right hand corner shows a group of Filipinos gathered around something interesting. No, they are not rolling the bones. The natives had a coin game of their own that was very popular with them. Cheap, too, because a Filipino centavo is worth only half a cent in American money.
The town of Guiuan lies sprawled near the water’s edge, located on a peninsula at the southern end of Samar, in the Philippine Islands. It is made up almost entirely of native huts, some with wooden vestiges of the old Spanish days, but most of the thatched grass variety, whipped and bent by the hurricane winds that frequent this corner of the world. It is filled with children—more children than most of the men of the 28th Special had seen collected in one place before in their lives.

American children, in hot weather, run around with pants on but no shirts. The Filipino urchin reverses the process; he travels with a shirt, but no pants—and usually the shirt is much too short to cover the situation.

The Filipinos depend a great deal on fish for their food and are constantly putting out into the bay in their flimsy outriggers in search of the tropical forms of sea life to be found there. The boats range in style from hurry-up jobs to the sailing kind. A sample can be found in the picture in the upper right-hand corner.
Above: Commander Sungals celebrates with the men in the Samar Enlisted Men’s Club. The occasion: V-J day!

Top right: Some of the men of the outfit used their off-duty hours for the pursuit of their hobbies. In this way, they whiled away the hours and made some spare change, too. This homemade photo lab did a lot of work for the men of the outfit.

Right: Some men who couldn’t wait for the laundry to return their clothes but didn’t like the scrub brush either, put some lumber, cable and a GI can together and lo! they had a wind-driven washing machine.

Far right: An accordionist in the Joe E. Brown show, performed for the 28th Special at Samar.

Lower left: Reading in bed was luxury in civilian life that many carried over into the service.

Lower right: The bare, unpainted lockers in the barracks at Hawaii were brightened with greeting cards, snapshots, and pin-ups.
Upper left: Some Seabees never throw away their letters, but just let them accumulate. After months of this, inventory must be taken, which is the process going on here.

Upper right: Tojo, or George, the 28th Special’s monkey, looks very much interested in a box of K ration chocolate.

Center left: In the first days at Samar, when everyone was working hard under the hot sun and in gooey mud, the Red Cross came around in a jeep, offering cold lemonade and cookies.

Center right: At the rifle range. The men are loading carbine clips with ammunition, preparatory to stepping up to the firing line.

Bottom: There was no regular chow at the rifle range in Hawaii. The battalion rolled out the rickety chow wagon and had a lunch of an apple, a sandwich and coffee.
The 28th Special Battalion existed for approximately twenty-one months. It went through Peary, Hueneme, and Hawaii without losing a man—but the record was marred in the Philippines.

The first death in the battalion was Matthew Zakrzewski. "Zak," as he was affectionately known to the men, had been with the 28th since its inception. A number of the fellows had known him in Peary even before that. In the time he spent with the outfit, he had been on the Master-At-Arms force and had established a reputation as being one of the easiest M. A. A.'s to get along with.

The mates who knew him gave him a decent burial. They dressed in whites and transported his coffin to the cemetery at Leyte, across the bay.

The second death occurred among the officer personnel. Lieut. Emil W. Sarlo, then Commander of Company D, was a born leader of men and possessed a genial, warm personality. His men spoke of him in the best terms.

Mr. Sarlo's body was transported to the burial grounds at Samar, where he was laid to rest.
A member of the 28th Special slips through the mud between the pup tents at Samar. Note the look of disgust on his face.

The men of the battalion built their own chapel at Samar, made entirely of unessential materials and covered with native-produced woven palm fronds. The chaplain's office was located in the building to the right of the chapel.

Left center: The Administration Building at Moanalua Ridge. The offices were on the lower deck and the B. O. Q. occupied the upper portion.

Bottom left: The Chief Petty Officer's Mess at Samar.

Bottom right: A view from above of the Enlisted Men's Mess Hall at Samar. It was a gigantic affair, consisting of two large quonset huts placed end to end.
Life aboard a troop transport is not all beer and skittles. If it's a short trip—just a couple of days—it isn't so bad. But if you're going to be on the water for a few weeks, you're bound to have your troubles.

The men of the 28th Special boarded the U. S. S. LAVACA, bound for the Philippines, loaded down with gear. Many of them wondered how they ever had made it up to the gang plank and down to the hold. They had a tough time arranging all the gear in the cramped quarters of the hold, but somehow they managed to do it.

The problem of what to do aboard ship to pass the time is a big one. You can play cards, read, or write letters, but you never find the right place for doing these things. Your only seat is the cold, hard deck, which becomes the hot, hard deck under a tropical sun.

You can catch up on your sleep—that's one good thing about a troop movement. But the hold gets awfully hot at times. And then there's your laundry. Your clothes get dirtier and dirrier, but you can't wash them and you don't want to put on clean ones and get them dirty.

After three troop movements—the men of the 28th Special agreed on one thing: they wanted to stay on land as much as possible.
If the pictures on this and the preceding page give you a feeling of heat, dampness, and confusion, they have served their purpose. For the first weeks of the 28th Special's life at Samar contained those very conditions—and more.

The one stroke of bad luck was the rain. The first night, when the pup tents still were not completely finished, it began to rain and continued to rain heavily for several days. The men of the 28th Special just had to take it for a while, until they were able to move into drier quarters.

But they didn't take it sitting down. From the outset, they worked—worked in rain, mud, and heat. They made their pup tents a little more secure, then went out and got large tents and put them up. They carried in cots and supplies. They shaved and showered and washed their clothes in the open. And when they had moved into tents and were sleeping on cots and the rain had stopped, they built themselves a head and began straightening up the camp site.

Yes, the camp at Samar eventually became the best the 28th Special ever had, but the men worked and sweated and lived with nature in order to attain it.
The men of the 28th Special crossed the International Date Line in March, 1943. They were on the U. S. S. LAVACA, crossing the water between Pearl Harbor and the Philippines.

A ceremony goes with crossing the date line. The man who is traversing it for the first time is initiated into the Royal Order of the Golden Dragon by individuals who have already been through the mill.

The Fleet Navy personnel of the LAVACA were on the lookout for such an opportunity to take it out on the temporarily helpless Seabees. And they seized the opportunity with both hands. Officers and enlisted personnel received the same treatment—no quarter was given.
Not everyone was given the initiation—there wasn’t time to administer the treatment to 2000 Seabees. A few representative men from the battalions on board the ship were selected to go through the mill.

They went up the ladder to the boat deck and crawled on hands and knees through a long canvas tube. Standing over the tube were some Golden Dragons, dressed in garish costumes and painted in loud colors. They had long sand-filled stockings and they administered them to the posteriors showing through the canvas—and they really laid it on. Once out of the tube, the rest was a nightmare. The Seabee was slapped with paint, then stepped up to the desk to hear his offense and punishment read. He was sent to the “doctor,” who rinsed his mouth with some foul fluid; then to the “barber” who snipped off a lock of his hair or half of his moustache, if he had one; then to a chair placed high above a large vat of water, where he was given an electric shock and tumbled over backwards into the vat. He was dunked and re-dunked until he said certain initiation words, after which he was allowed to emerge—a Golden Dragon in good standing.
Throughout the pages of this book, you have seen individuals, performing their particular tasks or in their leisure hours. But the individuals have not been named, except where absolutely necessary, because it is not their separate effort that is in the spotlight, but the way that effort fitted into the scheme of the 28th Special Naval Construction Battalion.

You see more faces in this section, also unnamed. A man of the 28th Special will be able to place the greatest majority of them, because in the course of his life in the outfit, he had occasion to meet up with most of the personnel.

As this is being written, many of the faces have returned home or are on the way. Whatever the future holds for them, they can look back at the past twenty months and behold a job well done. They have been homesick, have considered themselves mistreated at times, have griped, been ill, uncomfortable and disappointed; they have worked hard under all kinds of conditions and in all kinds of weather; and they are glad that the work is done. But they will also be satisfied that they have performed well the tasks assigned to them—in the best traditions of the Naval service.
The news of V-E day was taken in stride by the men of the 28th Special Battalion. To them, it did not signify the end of operations. Their job continued and they intended to do it until they were told to stop. V-J day was just a little different. The men of the 28th Special received the news of the Japanese surrender with wild enthusiasm. They continued their work, but they knew that the final curtain was soon to drop.

The Navy discharge system was announced and a number of the men went home—for good. The remainder prepared to embark from Samar in the Philippines for what they thought would be either China or Japan. It turned out to be the latter.

They sailed and were planning ahead for several more months of work. They sighted Japan and dropped anchor in Tokyo Bay, in full sight of Mount Fujiyama, seen in the photograph above. And then things began to pop, even before plans had been laid for debarkation. The Navy critical score was lowered, releasing a goodly portion of the battalion and promising to send home many more in a matter of weeks. The battalion was getting smaller, day by day.

Early in November, 1945, the news came that the 28th Special, after eighteen months of continuous service, was to be decommissioned. All personnel having a year and a half of foreign service were to be sent home. The remnants of the outfit moved off the ship and set up temporary quarters in former Japanese barracks at Yokosuka Naval Base.

Within two weeks, the 28th Special U. S. Naval Construction Battalion had passed into limbo.

The decommissioning happened so suddenly that the Japanese phase of the existence of the battalion could not be photographed. Therefore, the above picture of Fujiyama, symbolic of Japan, is published as the closing period to the history of this fine organization.
Thanks are hereby extended to the many men of the 28th Special who came through with pictures of battalion activities which proved invaluable.

A special gesture of appreciation goes to Richard L. Farr and Walter W. Firth, who gave freely from their private collections of photographs.

BATTALION ROSTER

Herewith is presented a roster of the officer and enlisted personnel of the 28th Special U. S. Naval Construction Battalion. It was collected hurriedly just prior to the decommissioning order. Omissions were unintentional but, in some cases, unavoidable. The editorial staff offers its sincerest apologies to those who may have been overlooked.
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