At times it seems that each living experience must be, in some way, a meaningful gift from life.

While immediately confronted by our GI experience we were perhaps unaware of the richness that was merging into our awareness. The life we lived, the feelings that pervaded our days and nights, may have been the beginning of something which we will one day understand in the time of our civilian living.

Perhaps this Review may serve as a sort of memory chain leading into and out of our GI days. If we follow that chain it might be that we, and the ones we left at home, will achieve through our memories, and our reunions, an increased depth of living that will repay us for the tedium of our separations.

Prepared for the men of the 34th, and their families, at the instance of Lieut. Commander Bernard and Chaplain Sanders.

Edited by Bob Elder, in collaboration with Jerry Gastineau, Bob Ryan, Al Leaman and Morris Lusk.

Art by Leaman and Littlefield.

Photography by Lusk and Harrold.

Our special thanks to Mel Shurson who unstintingly gave time from his own busy job and provided us with information necessary to the completion of the Review.
DEDICATION

To that most nebulous of human conditions to which humans in their temerity have applied a name this Battalion Review is dedicated . . . FREEDOM.

It is hoped that as the future unveils itself and the scene of another living time is laid this Review will serve to keep alive the memories of each man of the 34th who, upon occasion, in the quietude of his home may scan it.

Only by a vivid remembrance of the freedoms which he relinquished in the struggle for freedom can a man be impelled to so live that the future may not once again present the inexcusable horror of repetition for him or his offspring.

Back there, in a living room, surrounded by all of the essences which comprise a home, each man slides into a state of quiescent indifference toward the daily drift away from his precious freedom. Only to the extent that man maintains a constant vigil from his own fireside will he retain the slippery elusiveness of his own freedom constantly within his own grasp.

His loss of freedom he may one day discover, as he explores the depths of his own soul in his troubled time, comes not from the world alone, but from his own full bellied slumber in his time of peace, as well.
LIEUT. COMDR. WILLIAM BRUNING

Original "Skipper" of the 34th. Big, bluff and hearty, he skippered his outfit efficiently and found time to get out on the ball field with the boys and to stop for a chat when he passed on the company street—a man's man. Served in World War I in the United States Navy. With the U. S. Merchant Service from 1919 to 1938, and holds License of Master of Steam and Motor Vessels for any ocean as a result of his seafaring experience. Turned to stevedoring from 1938 to 1944 when he "joined up all over again." Detached from our outfit at Pearl Harbor and assigned to duties farther out. The boys were glad to see the "old man" again when he dropped in for a visit on Guam, in time to say "Hello and So Long" to our first 44-pointers.

LIEUT. COMDR. DOUGLAS F. BARNARD

Officer in Charge, 34th Special Stevedore Battalion

A veteran of our two twentieth century world wars. Served in World War I as "top kick" and was honorably discharged as Second Lieutenant of Infantry. Engaged in construction and engineering from 1919 to 1943. Re-entered service May 6, 1943, and was consecutively assigned to the 111th, 65th, 32nd Special and the 34th Special Seabee Battalions. In the 34th served successively and successfully as Company Commander, Executive Officer and OicC.
LIEUT. JOE HUEY SHANKLES
Executive Officer, 34th Special Stevedore Battalion
Background includes thirteen years sea duty with the United States Navy. Served in World War II as Company Commander of the 30th Special Battalion, prior to that served on the U.S.S. LIBRA and U.S.S. CARINA. Has earned the right to wear Good Conduct Medal, American Theater, Asiatic-Pacific Theater and the Purple Heart. Saw action at Bougainville and Tulagi. Served with the 34th as Company Commander and Executive Officer.

LIEUT. [jg] GATANO TENERIELLO
Cargo Operations Officer, 34th Special Stevedore Battalion.
Familiar with all phases of stevedoring, having worked his way, during the past eighteen years, from the hold and succeeding jobs into the planning and supervisory levels of operation. Left Boston and civilian stevedoring in 1943 to lend his efforts to the Navy's military stevedoring program. Has been with the 34th since its inception at Sun Valley, serving first as Company Commander and finally as Cargo Operations Officer, in charge of stevedoring operations. Was in charge of our "roving stevedors," planning and carrying through our operations at Pearl Harbor, Hilo, Maui and Guam.
Somewhere in conference rooms were men in immaculate uniforms, with intent faces, alert, probing eyes, relaxed voices and easy gestures, forming in quiet tones the plans. Under the busy fingers of typists general directives formed where only blank paper had been, and as papers circulated through the echelons of command they, in turn, became unit plans, and hastened by the needs of war, reached the 34th. There, written communications became the utterances of command through the agency of the officers, chiefs and gang bosses.

Finally, as the commands reached the ears of our men who stevedored, measurable activity began. Musters signalled the beginning of each work day, followed by the scramble into the trucks for the ride to the work stations on the docks. Throughout the months of war stevedores kept the supplies in constant movement toward the front—transferring them from ship to ship—loading, unloading, impelled by the exigency of war, in the days and in the nights at Pearl Harbor, on Hilo, Maui, and Guam—these names signify the dock locations worked by the 34th stevedores. From December 1944 to August 1945 the 34th stevedores handled 410,882 tons of cargo, and at the close of the war the men were waiting, at long last, on Guam—still stevedoring.

By this time the battalion had gained a smoothness and efficiency of operation and had become a military unit of which officers and men could be proud. A small segment of the Allied military unit had done its job, and thus meshed with the gigantic operations of global war.

And yet, such words leave blanks which words cannot adequately fill, because words cannot become men and the desires, hopes, frustrations, gripings, or soul weary homesickness of men. Descriptions of the work performed cannot add much, nor can descriptions of the heat, or the expediency of military disciplines under which men, of necessity, labored. The organization functioned well, the complete organization of the Allied Nations functioned well enough to secure the peace of the world, but no organization that was ever created by man has matched in operation the harmony of an individual man performing, with his nerves, brain and muscles, the jobs which organizations assign him. Men did the work that answered the need of men in conference rooms, and men responded to the commands of officers, and chiefs, and gang bosses. There were 'teen agers represented here, and men in their twenties and thirties and forties, and with children and with property and businesses back home. Men from farms, from logging camps, from the factories and mills of large cities, men with law degrees and college degrees, and men with skills in the most skilled of trades—electricians, tool makers, machinists, carpenters, lens grinders; young men whose medical careers were broken off, men with philosophical bents, men who delighted in jitterbug, and men who were lulled by Strauss; loudspoken men, soft-spoken men, men in all the varieties of manifestation. All lived together and worked together, and how can anyone explain what this experience really is? There is a glory in it because of the immeasurable sources of knowledge—there is an infinitude of boredom in it because men are not tried to the extent of their abilities, which are considerably more than their job demands. And there is friction in it, because the diversities at times become too great, and there is harmony in it, because at times men reach moments when they begin to understand what it means to live together and work together despite all of the artificial differences of education, customs and background, as it is called.

We present our stevedores who supplied their portion of sweat, blood, and tears, and who kept the hook moving. They performed the rugged, tedious, physical activity that is stevedoring, lived out of their seabags, followed their cargo, and were still smiling, enjoying their beer, their liberties, while in the States, which had become so precious to all of us. They played ball when they had the time, wrote their letters, and in the hours of their days and nights thought about home, and continued to do their job under the tension of the military, and in the heat of the tropics, thousands of miles, and endless months from home.
COMPANY A

GANG 1

COMPANY A

GANG 2
COMPANY A
GANG 4

COMPANY A
GANG 5

COMPANY A
GANG 6
**COMPANY A**

**GANG 7**

**COMPANY A**

**GANG 8**

**COMPANY A**

**GANG 9**

**COMPANY A**

**GANG 10**
COMPANY B

GANG I

COMPANY B

GANG 2
**COMPANY B**

**GANG 3**

**COMPANY B**

**GANG 4**

**COMPANY B**

**GANG 5**

**COMPANY B**

**GANG 6**
COMPANY B

GANG 8


COMPANY B

GANG 7


COMPANY B

GANG 9


COMPANY B

GANG 10

NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!
ONE OF THOSE CHIEFS DOING SOMETHING!

COMPANY C
GANG 2

COMPANY C
GANG 1
COMPANY C
GANG 3

COMPANY C
GANG 4

COMPANY C
GANG 5

COMPANY C
GANG 6
COMPANY C
GANG 7

COMPANY C
GANG 8

COMPANY C
GANG 9

COMPANY C
GANG 10
Hey fellows? Looks like a case of lighters up here.

I love this general cargo.

Company D

Gang 1


Company D

Gang 2

COMPANY D

GANG 3


COMPANY D

GANG 4


COMPANY D

GANG 5


COMPANY D

GANG 6

COMPANY D
GANG 8

COMPANY D
GANG 7

COMPANY D
GANG 9
Lump-breaking ... 50-pound bags of flour. Cement weighed 100 pounds—the day, 9 hours; the temperature, 120 degrees.
BARGE (LCT) BEING LOADED FROM SHIP IN HARBOR AT GUAM

CARGO NET BEING LOWERED TO TRUCK GUAM DOCKS

DRAFT FROM NUMBER 1 HATCH
A part of the stevedoring on Guam involved loading and unloading out in the harbor itself, without using the more convenient docks, as they were frequently in full use. The huge stiff-leg crane was sent to us from Saipan, and enabled us to unload cargo into barges and thence to other ships, or to the docks for distribution to military activities on Guam.
For any one of us to complete even the simple task of shaving requires the interworking of our brain, arms, hands, eyes, muscle tissues and our nerve threads.

For a stevedore battalion to handle, in a month's time, over 47,000 tons of cargo on ships and docks at Oahu also required a lot of interworking, for still more was accomplished in that month—and in each month of our existence.

While the tons of cargo were pushed, tugged, carried and sweated over, a battalion, comprising more than a thousand men, was living as a military unit must live—complete in all its parts, as a self-sustaining community.

Stevedores were climbing into battalion trucks and being driven to work stations indicated by orders which were geared from "topside" to mesh dozens of other orders from still other "topsides." All men were fed, clothed, rendered medical assistance when necessary, mustered and accounted for, receiving their pay chits, buying war bonds which were properly credited, working in spare time to keep their living areas clean, washing socks and underwear and hanging them out to dry, taking recreational tours to scenic spots of the island, studying correspondence courses, attending movies and thinking about home. Smaller groups of men were working to assure that the mess halls and galleys were spotless, and still others were working to the end that all sanitary facilities were sanitary. Spiritual guidance was provided and men received counsel in solving the inevitable problems which arose back home. In short men were living together in sufficient harmony to reflect a unity of organization, and were doing their jobs.

Thus a battalion constantly manifests itself—a living unit encompassing a thousand or more individuals—men of all sorts, and coming from everywhere. From the different men and from the necessity to live and perform many tasks together arises the need for unity which is the essence of the military. It all sounds more solemn and dignified than it really is, for no man really likes to be so small a thing as one one-thousandth of a unit—especially when that unit is operating so many thousands of miles from home.

Each man forsakes a little of his own identity and merges into this larger unit because he realizes the necessity, and perhaps to satisfy a larger purpose within his own soul. Whatever these reasons—we were there, our trips were necessary, and we fulfilled our assignments—completed our job.

For these reasons we present our departments. Wherever we traveled these departments continued to so perform their jobs that all of us were provided with the living thread of unity necessary to successfully fulfill the totality of obligations which were ours.
Here the working plans are developed, the guiding and directing hand is extended into the multiplicity of the stevedoring operations, and as the orders are issued the men who comprise the stevedore gangs proceed to their work stations in the holds, on the docks and in the barges.

Sound planning toward the coordination of many activities is required. Cargo ranges from canned goods to tanks, boats, jeeps, trucks, munitions, bulldozers and whatever else constitutes a necessity of war. All move in an endless operation from holds to docks to the holds of still other ships, or to the dock location for pick-up and final delivery. The ever-present ultimatum is to "keep the hook moving," and that is what Cargo Operations accepts as the prime responsibility.

Knowledge of stowage plans and stowage principles is required here, and the details of operation must next be followed down the line. Between six and seven hundred men are assigned to work stations; barge units which are used in handling cargo out "in the stream" must be properly allocated; men and working gear must be transported from docks to ships; men must be fed on ships and arrangements made for the chow; finger lifts and cranes and trucks must be in readiness when and where they are needed; the huge "Stiff-leg crane" must be operated on schedule.

Records which contain the cold statistics and reflect the man-hours and tonnage figures of this "hump-breaking" operation are compiled and regularly submitted to the Bureau of Yards and Docks. Thus we present Lieut. (jg) Teneriello's Cargo Operations—key unit in the stevedoring 34th.
OFFICERS AND SUPERVISORY PERSONNEL—OAHU

STAFF—GUAM
CARGO OPERATIONS OFFICE

RADIO OPERATORS
Our radio operators, through orders they received and transmitted, controlled the stevedoring operations out in the "Stream."

CRANE OPERATORS ... MAINTENANCE CREW
Here the records pertaining to each man are kept complete, accurate and up to date in the "Service Jacket," and all directions which concern the man are acted upon and "entered in the record."

The work is tedious and continual combing of the files is part of the process that assures the changes in pay status as a result of rerates, longevity increments, or other causes are finally reflected in the pay chits of the men. Dependency status, home address, rewards for merit, penalties incurred—each man's service biography intact.

We enter the battalion through this department and while we are here a daily accounting of our presence or "absence" is maintained via the "muster." The orders from Washington are dealt with here, and upon that most happy of days it will be through Personnel that each one of us is at long last "separated from the muster." And rest assured that Lieut. (jg) Kern and his staff of yeomen will be happy to join us on the long trek homeward and will be welcome members of our convivial entourage.
Operated a ward, dispensary, pharmacy and operating room, and through these facilities provided medical care for about 120 of us on an average day. A modern, airy ward was constructed while on Guam and seemed a pleasant place in which to convalesce, if any place was pleasant during the long days of post-war waiting.

In addition, in keeping with our self-sustaining tradition, the Medical Officer was our designated "Department of Sanitation and Health Planning" and in that capacity inspected food, storage refrigerators, mess halls, galleys, food handlers, sanitation systems, assured that living quarters met the Navy standards, and submitted regular reports to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, confirming their belief that all was under control in the 34th.

The immunization program spared us from the lethal effects of typhoid, tetanus, smallpox and yellow fever, and Dr. Zoller and his staff of corpsmen were gentle manipulators in the process of "shots," as well as pleasant and efficient members of a department vital to our physical well-being.
Square needle—next room.

DENTAL

Brand new equipment for Dental Service on Guam.

Field Dental Equipment, but "Doc" Cohen had a light touch, and Technician Hunt seems to be interested in the technique.

Sick Ward—Guam.
And they even paid us for staying on our Tropical Paradise.

Responsible for all battalion finances, has unlimited checking deposits in Washington, has authorization to rent land, pay civilian wages if it should ever be necessary to supplement the work of the battalion, and possesses specific and general powers which enable it to administer all financial problems which might arise during a war-time tour of duty.

A cross section of the routine functions of this unit includes: making all payments sent from the battalion; maintaining profits from Ships Store and making disbursements from these profits; receiving all cash from Clothing and Small Stores and the Post Office; recording all rates, extra pay details and additions to pay accounts; determining men eligible for clothing allowance; registering and stopping all allotments; investigating any irregularities concerning allotments; making monthly and semi-annual returns to the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts and the Treasurer of the United States.

Our monthly payroll has averaged $35,000. In our fourteen months of existence this unit has disbursed a total pay, including family allotments, of nearly two million dollars. We might add that Lieut. (jg) Edwards and his storekeepers have provided the fastest pay lines we have encountered while in service. It's a pleasure to do business with them.
SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

Feeds, clothes and outfits all personnel of our battalion, and keeps a record of the two million dollars worth of material, equipment, rolling stock, supplies, tools, and provisions which are necessary for our efficient functioning.

Operating under Lieut. (jg) Sharpe's "main office" of the Supply Department are 128 men including storekeepers, warehousemen, ships cooks, mess cooks, officer's stewards, barbers, tailors, cobblers, ship's storemen and a watch repairman. When we say we maintain ourselves as a community we really mean just that.

We have prepared, served, and consumed more than $450,000 worth of provisions in the fourteen months of our existence, and that is at government prices of about seventy cents per day per man. You figure out what it would have cost at civilian prices back in the States.

The average monthly sales of our Ship's Store totals $20,000 and members of our battalion have purchased $27,000 worth of merchandise from our Clothing and Small Stores in the past six months.

Our Supply Department operates through a "chain of command" that traces through the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts away back there in Washington. In addition to supervising the activities listed, the Supply Department must get the reports in, and the reports are voluminous. We hope this provides a rough idea of the job performed by "Supply" throughout our tour of duty.
Above: “Come and get your chow, boys.”

Left: “Chief Cook and Storekeepers.”
Above: Night cooks. Upper right and right: Day cooks. Below: The mess cooks on the serving line on the lovely scenic Isle of Guam in the Fall of '45.
WELFARE AND RECREATION

PHOTO LAB

EDUCATIONAL SERVICES

YEARBOOK STAFF
Chaplain Sanders and Yeoman Wallace of the Trouble Shooting Department—Guam.

Chaplains Strassel and Bowie.
The orders from Cargo Operations filtered into our Company Offices and there our Company Commanders, aided by the company chiefs and clerks, operated the schedules of our "round the clock" stevedoring. As the loud speakers blared their messages it was, for clarity, that gangs from "Able," "Baker," "Charlie," or "Dog" company were ordered to report for work.

The men from our stevedore companies worked together, lived together in their company areas and could always be counted on to form a softball team or a basketball team and enter the competitions that mean a lot to men who are away from the States. The company office was the source of information for the men and the first step in the "chain of command."

"ABLE"

"BAKER"

"CHARLIE"

"DOG"
HAS ANYONE SEEN MY MARGIE?

DIVE BOMBERS
THE UNSUNG HEROES!

SUCH A LIFE!
Hey! I said 2 holes, not 2 stories!
HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Headquarters Company furnished the men who provided "service functions" for the maintenance of the battalion. Billeted in Headquarters area were the storekeepers and yeoman from the battalion offices, the cooks, bakers, mess cooks, truck drivers, and maintenance crews, to mention a few. An interesting group here was the mess cooks, mostly young men, "low pointers," deeming themselves, perhaps rightly, the "forgotten men." Schooling interrupted for most of them, engaging in a jitterbug vernacular, but able consistently to distinguish the "phony" from the real. Perhaps representative of our next generation. If the older generation, who worry about the "jitterbug aspects" of this generation could have known these guys perhaps they wouldn't need to be overly worried. Behind their jargon is a desire for straight thinking and perhaps they will not bequeath a war to the generation that succeeds them.
TRANSPORTATION

Included among the duties of Transportation are the making of schedules which assure that all stevedore gangs are carried to the docks for work, servicing and repairing the fleet of trucks and jeeps attached to the battalion, providing transportation for recreation parties which tour the islands we have visited, issue permits to those who wish to and are capable of driving trucks and jeeps. Lieut. (jg) Vanderslice, our drivers and repairmen and "Goldie" have spent many busy days behind the scenes of our battalion operations.
LET DIS BE A LESSON TO YOUSE! KEEP DOSE SHOELACES TIED ATER DIS!

Living close together as we of necessity do, in constant waiting lines for chow, pay, ship's service—and living away from home on a rock that provides little entertainment, and living through a war it is small wonder that, upon occasion, some of us get a little "nervous in the service," or get out of line once in a while, or are "bad boys." The duty of the Master-at-Arms Department is to enforce the laws and regulations of the Navy and our "MA's" are appointed to that end. In the 34th our "MA's" have not only been instrumental in maintaining an orderly and law-abiding battalion, but we are sure that most of the men will agree that they have been tactful, friendly members of our outfit as well. And that's no small achievement, Brother!
THE LIFE-LINE FROM HOME

GENTLE READERS
FROM ALL COMPANIONS
Through our photographs, cartoons and words we have attempted to review our battalion units—stevedores, departments, companies, chiefs and officers. We have reached the "front office" without getting on Sea- bee report, and are able to review the OinC in the "driver's seat." The orders we receive come from his office and the orders he receives frequently become our orders through him. The OinC holds a position comparable to the "Skipper" of a ship, and is responsible for the efficiency of his outfit, the adherence of his men to the Articles for the Government of the Navy, and directly responsible to the echelons of command above his own. Within the battalion the "Skipper" is at the business end of the megaphone, and we hear the orders. Also, back through the big end of the megaphone come the gripes and groanings, and on his desk land the problems and before his desk land the "problem people."

The "Exec" as the "right hand" of the OinC exercises direct supervision over the departments and companies of the battalion, and receives his orders as do all members of the Navy. His job is to maintain finger-tip control, to "keep in touch," and to confer with his boss when necessary.
BATTALION IN RETROSPECT

Memories drift backward into time and as men attempt to review the past for its meaning they experience almost the same difficulty as when attempting to probe the future. Retrospect imparts a gleam and an oblique detachment that was absent when the experiences were a living reality. The pleasant experiences seem to attain strength and the unpleasant ones begin to bury themselves in the trash heap of forgotten things.

The nucleus of the 34th was formed from men who first fought the "battle of Peary" and it was there that most of us were introduced to GI ways. Clambering from trains into trucks, we eventually reached the induction area and, there, rumbled, sleepy and tired, we saw a fence that seemed to loom over us. We were confronted by rows of hats whose numbered fronts bore testimony to their semeness, for everything was to be the same for each of us here—
in the now and in the interminable months that were to be our future. The same food, the same clothing, the same sleeping quarters, the same阅arcl, the same training, and the same dreams of home and the same contemplation concerning our future life in the military. Assembled hours passed and men found themselves possessed of seabags filled with clothing that was called gear, complete to the little white caps which covered the semeness of the shorn heads. Finally the meal that was no longer a meal but "chow," and the long, waiting line, and the metal tray which replaced the plates one used when eating a meal, and the voice that stridently yelled "kets off in the chow hall mates!"

Goaded through weeks of "boot," we learned to march, to perform the manual of arms, to throw grenades, perform the maneuvers of extended order, to wash our clothes, to stand in line, to wait, and to obey. Finally, as the GI tattoo began to form in our brain part, we achieved the reward of removing the "boots" and even the older men became "graduation happy" and celebrated their new status with squalts and shouts of mirth.

In this time men who had left positions of "importance" found themselves reduced in stature, and began fumblingly to seek within themselves for things of importance beyond the artificial importance they had wrested from, or been bequeathed by a civilian society. Young men and older men were merged and were on the ball for awhile, and all were full of hopes for "success" in this new life, and everyone started pretty much from scratch.

Then came a break for many, and a ten-day leave renewed the disrupted life at home, and accentuated the GI feeling which had been gradually seeping into our being. Back to Peary and into the Stewdore Pool for training, work details requiring menonic efforts and more waiting in line. Then the troop train and the ride to Rhode Island's Camp Endicott, and, for many, the eerie sensation of passing through one's home town in the darkness of night in a troop train—never anything so near and yet so far as this! At Endicott a spring and summer of training, interspersed with the odd jobs of work details, the library. The unequalled liberties of Providence and the little towns with funny sounding names in the surrounding countryside, and the friendliness of these New England people. Also the beginning of the feeling of the tug toward camp as the evening became night and the beginning of the realization that while civilians sought their homes and beds after an evening of fun, we in our close fitting, little boys' suits had to start the trek toward our "sacks"—waiting in line once again, jostling and bumping one another from Providence to the "Gate."

More training and the first feeling of being a part of a battalion as "we who had been chaste" started our Sun Valley training, in the farm country, physically adjacent to, but actually far from the cosmopolitan formalities of Camp Endicott. Back to Endicott as a cohesive military unit—preparations for the formality and dignity of commissioning and the festivity of our commissioning dance, and the awareness of the winged nature of time as our embarkation leaves were wafted into the past, and our bedraggled returns to camp, and finally the march to the troop train which carried us to California. There, at Hueneme, the training, stevedoring, the visits to fabulous Hollywood and to "LA" and the many orange groves and the ocean and the feelings of "moving out" that were becoming part of all of us. At long last at dusk, pack-laden, climbing heavily into trucks, filling the air with sporadic night calls of men on the move, and then silently panning our way up the gang plank and stumbling into berthling compartments on our ship, Journey into the Pacific—tense, alive to every new sensation, peering into the sea, surveying the sky at night, watching the fantastic motions of the moon and the stars, getting sick, and descending finally into the deepness of our sleeping quarters and glancing at the bulkhead and thinking of torpedoes and of commodious beds at home as we rode the motion of our ship into slumber.

The sight of land, the gang plank once again, the strange feeling of still being aboard ship as we waited in hot sun on the dock and continued to feel the movement of the ship as though the fluid in our organ of balance was still rocking with the ship. Our new home as we first saw it from the trucks, moving in and making our sacks and settling down to life on our first "rock," and to the job of round-the-clock stevedoring. Between times there was Honolulu, Weilki, sailors everywhere, and M.P.'s and aloof people, and beesches and beautiful homes in the foothills, and a feeling that back home it was better. There was Christmas day, the numb feeling that time brings, the excitement of the "arrival of the Waves," dances and still a feeling of wanting to get our feet on something more substantial than a "Rock."

There were days of scuttlebustling preceding our next move, and bats and discussions and predictions and the "this is it" feeling as we shoved off once again for parts unknown. The deck again, the shillness of the bosun's pipe and the interminable anonymity of the loud speaker voice tersely declining, "Swepers men your brooms—clean sweep down fore and aft!" Water seemed to become bluer and heat became more than the groups of words which are used to describe its various degrees, and our quarters became oppressive and we got more and more cramped, and then we stopped to refuel and stood for mail call and dripped our sweat onto the letters as we devoured the words. Then, Guam, the furnace heat of the tropics, and the necessity of stevedoring, and of cooking and serving food and carrying on the activities of battalion living in a climate fit only for air conditioning and sleep and meditation. And as compensation the end of the war, and our long days of waiting until it seemed as though eleven hundred men had become one huge arrow held in a tightly stretched bow, pointed State-side, and waiting for the anchor's release. The talk was "How many Points do you have? Are you in a Draft? When is the Fifth Draft leaving? How long do you think it will be before I leave? Why don't they get us out of here?" And it could be all summed up by the remark, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Transportation!"

And through all of our travelling, and our work and our play appeared the same homeward urges, alternately waxing and waning until it seemed that we had stretched beyond the breaking point so many times that our longing would have been all used up—then would come the possibility of "getting home for Christmas" and we would learn again that our longing was in a pitcher that could not be emptied.

It is strange to realize that these last GI memories while waiting on Guam will also drift backward into the past and one day become as vague as the memories of our induction area and boot camp days.
Following the hegira from Peary we began our stevedore training on the "dry land" or stevedore training ship. Also we continued our military training and were familiarized with various aspects of jungle fighting. We were marched to the various training areas to the "hup, two, three, four" of the instructors and wore down a goodly portion of Rhode Island earth in the Endicott and Sun Valley regions.
Hueneme meant week-ends at home for our West Coast members, but presaged the beginning of the long months of separations for the boys from the East Coast. Our middle westerners never did get a break at all. While on the West Coast at our Advanced Base Depot we managed to explore Hollywood and become acquainted with the friendly Californians and learned to appreciate the excellent USO's and the entertainment afforded "for free" in the radio studios on the "Coast."
Good-bye to friends and families—we have a job to do.
In November we made our first "overseas" encampment on Monalua Ridge, and for a while were very depressed when thinking of the miles that separated us from the folks back home. (How infinitely better it was than Guam!) As time passed we learned to enjoy the beaches that Oahu afforded, and the work schedule and the recreational programs occupied most of our time, not to mention the innumerable letters which reached home from the "writing 34th." Our "ridge home" was pleasant and cool breezes made our outdoor movies one of the most looked-for events of the day. Time passed and finally we were on the move again, but this time only a few miles to Red Hill, still on Oahu.
Jungle Training

This training, as the pictures indicate, simulated the conditions of actual warfare as closely as possible, with precarious swinging bridges to be crossed and the roar of explosions accompanying the crossings. Barbed wire, crawling, running, taking cover — all of the activities immortalized in our screen
Chow... Always a problem...

Even in the jungle. Lots of action...

And exercise... Keeps 'em on their toes.
Thrills...and Spills...

...and more spills,

Spells hard work,

but now Jungle-wise "veterans"

don't mind.
Guam represented to us the "it" of "this is it."
Conditions were fairly primitive as the pictures reveal and the heat was torrid in a way that no picture can reveal. Our tents kept the torrential downpours from flooding our quarters, but mildew cropped up in unexpected places and skin and heat rashes added to our desire to move off that "rock." And the knowledge that we were actually farther from the States than if we had been in Tokyo didn't help matters much. But finally we settled down and searched for sea shells, and wondered when the last of the Japs would be rounded up, and celebrated the ending of the war in one way or another. From then it was wait, wait, wait, and it didn't matter much where we were as long as we had to keep waiting.
Remember how the sun glared from the coral and how no one liked to stand in the sun very long in the chow lines. In the fall the breezes came and were more than welcome, and we could always see the blue of the Pacific, and some guys would say, "I don't care whether they send me on a barge, just so they get me out of here—if I know how to build a boat I'd let them keep their transportation and get started home on a raft if necessary—I ain't fussy."
"Asan"—the Marines landed here.
Dear Folks,

I was ready to go to work — into the trucks and down to the ships to ‘keep the hook moving’.

It was tough getting up this morning, but after shower and shave, and with breakfast under my belt.
Back from work, a little refreshment hits the spot

Now that I have dropped you a line to tell you all is well...

Then "mail call" — the real bright spot of the day. After chow — some clothes to wash, then to relax at "penny-ante" or a show.

it's about time to lay this weary frame in "Old Joe Sack"
OFF DUTY

A Seabee's best friend—his bunk.

For the more vigorous—Softball.
FOR THE LESS VIGOROUS — HORSESHOES

AND VOLLEYBALL.

FOR THE MORE SEDATE . . . .

AND FOR THE OPTIMIST
AT EASE

USO SHOWS AND NATIVE TALENT
THEATER, DANCES, AND STUFF

GUAM'S NIGHT LIFE
DUVAL AND McFARLAND — OPERATORS

OUR SINGING CHAPLAIN — BOWIE

SONG AND DANCE COMBINATION
ATHLETICS
Y'RE OUT!

RED HILL

GUAM
PING PONG CHAMPS
As the last page of our book evolves our battalion is still functioning—stevedores are at work on the docks, the cooks are preparing noon chow, mess-cooks have once more cleaned the mess halls, typewriters are clicking in our offices, Headquarters men are at work in the area, the yeomen in the Personnel Office are preparing the welcome Draft Lists, and the men in off-duty status are pitching horse shoes, playing soft ball, washing clothes, out on tours, or are in the "sack."

The pace of our living has slowed, and our days are filled with expectancy summed up by the pervasive query, "When are we going Home?" The "Then" of "Till Then" is almost upon us and we are all a little tense with our waiting. A couple of years ago we left an old way of life for a new way, and now that the new way has become old we are returning, and perhaps we will find much that seems new in the old civilian life we left. Millions, like us, have experienced a war, and as a writer recently phrased it, many have traded an arm or a leg for a medal, or have swapped months of the "GI" way for campaign ribbons designating the various theaters of war.

There is—there must be—far more to a war than such a cold trade as that. Some may feel that they know "Who won the war?" but a question like that is about as easy to answer as "Who won the San Francisco earthquake?" All of living is an education and each one of us will have to take all that he has experienced and sift it, and think about it, and merge his learning into his future living before he can know for himself what he has won. There has been much for a man to gain from his "GI" life, and each man will find that whatever he has learned will be revealed in his civilian living. The living together for twenty-four hours a day in the enforced closeness of this life has shown each of us a lot about human beings—we have seen all the varieties of man—in training, at work, on liberties, in the cramped quarters of troop ships, in times when nerves were frayed by the monotony of life on a "rock"—the realities of this life, in one way or another, brought out the good and the bad in each of us for each of us to see. We have certainly learned that men are different, one from the other, and we have managed to accept those differences, and to get along with one another—we had to!

If only a man can get a part of this straightened out—us, our differences, our past way of life, our hopes for the future, the Creator, the wisdom we may have gained from this experience, and get it somehow fixed in his mind that this is only a segment from the entire life allotted to him.

Here our living is simpler, and there is less pretense, because a man can't pretend for twenty-four hours a day—day in and day out. Back home a man lives his day in units of time—a part of it with his family, a part of it on the job, a part of it by himself, and he is a little different in each part of his day—with differences in clothes, mannerisms, speech and behavior—wife, boss, parents, friends—each person sees him as he is known to him. Here a man becomes pretty much what he actually is—all day long. The masks of civilian living are for the most part discarded as of little use on the KP line, in the hold of a ship, or in the equality of the man-to-man talk in our beer hall.

In the military it is as though all men are living closer to the earth. Perhaps from all this we catch a glimpse of the Tree of Life with its thick, gnarled trunk, and are aware of the strong roots which hold it firmly to the earth we walk on. We are in a better position here to observe those who attempt to climb the tree and live out on a limb away from the humanity of our living. Perhaps we could feel ourselves wishing at times that we had a spot out on a limb, but now that it's about over perhaps we can be glad that we were down on the ground where we could learn more about life itself. Maybe in our pre-war living many of us were out on the limbs of the Tree, and maybe we brought pretenses, and poses, and a lot of the petty stuff of life along with us, and have since lost this pettiness to our own advantage.

We have been in a war during the length of our days of service and have wanted desperately to get it over with. Being in the thing, and closer to it, we have a little different slant on it than do our fellow Americans who have become known to us as "civilians." They were a little less familiar with parts of it, and perhaps a little more awed by it than we. They were impelled by books and movies and magazines and newspapers, and while we read and saw the same books, movies, magazines and newspapers as they, we were impelled by direct orders, and thought more about the orders than about the other things. Through our familiarity it became less of a "big deal" to us than to them. But our sameness is greater than our difference for we all wanted it over, all had a stake in it, and are all going to live together back there in our "civilian world."

As we return, officers and men, we will take store of our knowledge, try to convert it into wisdom for living, as we merge ourselves into the great groupings of people who inhabit our America. From what we've seen here we have a good chance of doing a good job of it. While it has not always been good to be here, it is fairly certain that each of us will find, within himself, some good that he received out of being here. From here and on out we are on our own.

This is good luck and good-bye to every man of the 34th until we meet again.