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## The Log

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We respectfully dedicate this volume to the memory of these men of our battalion who lost their lives in the service of their country.

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LIEUTENANT COMMANDER P. CORRADI
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## I I T R O D U C I O n

The order to decommission the 33rd Construction Battalion was a definite disappointment to me. Not only did it mean breaking up one of the finest military and construction organizations which has served during this war, but also because it meant severing personal ties with officers and men which were formed and welded together while we were all under the stress of personal hardship and danger which we came to accept as a part of our daily lives while we were serving overseas.

This book is intended to serve as a souvenir to supplement the many vivid memories of our service together, which the years cannot entirely efface.

P. CORRADI<br>Lt. Comdr., CEC, USNR<br>Officer-in-Charge<br>33 rd U. S. N. Construction Battalion

## PREfACE

On April 15, 1945, the 33rd Construction Battalion came home after 28 months of continuous overseas duty. It had been 28 months of rugged living and hard work in which the battalion had traveled over 20,000 miles of Pacific water, landed and set up complete camps on seven islands, and completed major base development projects in three of them. The men had chalked up a proud record for their battalion, but they were sick and tired of the Pacific, and glad to be home again.

It had not been any easy tour of duty, especially for some of the older men, for working day in, day out, month after month in burning, humid, tropical heat had left a mark on everyone. They had, been bombed, strafed, shelled, and sniped at by the Japs, for their work carried them always just behind our attacking forcesalways on the heels of the retreating Nips. At times they ate like kings, other times like cattle, sometimes not at all; they drank distilled water and Jap Saki; wore Marine shirts, Navy pants, and every conceivable type of hats; they slept in fox holes, jungle hammocks, canvass cots and "rubber" beds; bathed and washed their clothes in a steel helmet or a discarded oil drum. They had fought mud, mosquitoes, Japs, and homesickness; they had worked in good weather and bad, eight hours a day or 24 , by the light of the moon or under batteries of floodlights.

But no matter how they lived or what they did, they always kept their remarkable sense of
humor, never missing a chance to razz the boys from Brooklyn, or the battalion storekeepers, or the Army (our allies), and that was good. For as long as they could laugh at their troubles, morale was always high. There were exceptions, of course, such as the times when they were told they had ancther job; or when the mail was held up for some unexplainable reason. Particularly difficult to stomach and understand was the complete "Snafu" situation on ratings for even on Green Island two-thirds of the rating groups had no vacancies so that the majority of the men had absolutely no chance of advancement, many still holding their original ratings after 18 months overseas. That's a discouraging picture to put before a man and then ask him to put everything he's got into another six-month job, but that's what was asked and that's what was done. But regardless of how low morale might have temporarily dipped, it always bounced up again, as full as ever of scuttlebutt and optimism of better times to come.

They weren't heroes or supermen who had overcome all odds and done the impossible in a blaze of glory-nor were they just a gang of men who were out there putting in their time.

To the commodores and admirals, the battalion had earned itself a record as a good outfit because it had done its work well on every job. The reason: The 33 r d was made of good men who did their job the best they knew how under any and all conditions. It was as simple as that.

The complete story of the 33 rd , these men, their experiences, their work and their travels would fill many volumes this size and even then could not grasp entirely the complete picture.

In this book, an attempt has been made to present simply and colorlessly a rough outlineonly the skeleton so to speak-of the story. The descriptions and accounts that follow are the plain unvarnished facts of who, what, when, and
where (as far as censorship will allow) which can only begin to tell the whole story. The details, the color, the personal flavor, the humorous trimmings are left to be filled in by those who will read and interpret this book, for who can describe the fear of death, the sound of shrapnel, the crunch of bombs, the nausea of seasickness, the joy of coming home-who better than he who has experienced it?


The Magenta camp was set up about six miles from Noumea and adjacent to a small U. S. operated airfield which had at one time been a fashionable horse racing track. The site itself, located in one of the many small ravines, was covered with short scrubby trees which provided a little shade from the sun that seemed unbearably hot for the first few weeks.

Unloading was slow, for the small dock, about four miles from the camp, was large enough to receive only one tank lighter or pontoon barge at a time. Once the equipment was ashore, however, the entire battalion turned to concentrated work on the camp area and in a few short weeks, the camp was fairly livable, except for the mosquitoes, which ranked just above the dysentery in nuisance value.

While the battalion waited in New Caledonia for the orders that would send it on its first major assignment, minor projects were undertaken. Several steel warehouses were erected at Point Chalieux near Noumea, repairs were made on the nearby air strip and an old race track grandstand was converted into an air operations building. The work was of considerable help in orientating the battalion to operate as a unit.
Liberty was permitted in Noumea, but one vist was
enough to see the town and all its sights. New Caledonia was Vichy French, and Allied troops were not too welcome by the majority of the natives. Some shopkeepers were reluctant to sell their merchandise and, if they did, charged exhorbitant prices for what little they had.

Everyone in the battalion knew a move was pending, but no one had any idea where it would be or when. Soon after the two ships had been unloaded, however, Captain Jesse Johnson told the battalion that it would soon be under way and that "we will not stop at Guadalcanal." Guadalcanal was then the only island in the Solomons that was in U. S. hands and the news that the battalion was to move up even further meant participation in an invasion.

On February 14, 1943, about 650 men and officers of the 33rd boarded the U.S.S. Crescent City and headed northward in convoy for the Solomons. The other members of the battalion remained at Magenta to bring the battalion's equipment as transportation became available.
Tension was high as the U.S.S. Crescent City as the convoy proceeded northward through dangerous waters patrolled then by Japanese submarines and

## Guadalcanal

planes. No small amount of Allied shipping already lay on the bottom in this same area.

Three days out of Noumea, in the fading dusk, a number of parachute flares, probably fired by a submarine, burst over the convoy. As they sizzled down over the ships, 12 Jap torpedo bombers streaked down for an attack. A heavy concentration of anti-aircraft fire threw a protecting curtain around the ships, and, though the Japs came in from all angles, not one could get close enough to drop his tin fish.

One Jap, attempting to attack a nearby tanker, crossed about 50 yards astern of the Crescent City. The five-inch gun on the ship's fantail fired one salvo, struck the Jap dead center and the plane exploded in mid-air into a thousand pieces. The sky and sea battle continued for 30 minutes. When the remaining Japs decided to head for home, the score was: Japs-five planes destroyed, three probably destroyed; U. S. convoy-no hits, no losses, no damage.

## Unloading Gear at Koli Point.



Reloading for the Russell Invasion.

The convoy arrived at Guadalcanal the following morning and anchored off Koli Point. A camp site was quickly assigned on the beach and unloading began immediately. Since the "Canal" was only a staging point all gear was put into a large supply yard close to the beach where it would be handy for reloading into the LCT's which were to transport the battalion and its equipment to the final destina-tion-the Russell Islands-some 60 miles to the northwest.

The men worked in the most humid, hottest, most miserable place yet encountered in the Pacific. Guadalcanal was all this and more. Malaria was rampant and a few weeks after arriving on the island the first victims of this disease were reported. Fungus infection and other tropical ailments hit the men in the battalion as badly.
An introduction to "Washing Machine Charlie," the Jap night owl, who made regular bombing runs over Henderson Field, 15 miles from the 33rd's camp, came soon after the battalion's arrival on Guadalcanal. The introduction served also to acquaint the men in one lesson on how to get into a fox hole, but quick.

On February 20, 1943, ten officers and 226 men left Guadalcanal aboard LCTs bound for the Russells, and soon after men and equipment were being sent up almost daily in a small but steady stream. The last of the battalion arrived from Magenta March 11 and on April 14 the final LCT bearing the 33rd left Guadalcanal for Banika.

Jap Ship Beached Near Lunga Point.



The food aboard the Crescent City was good. Living conditions were not too crowded and tension not so high as it was during the voyage to Guadalcanal aboard the same ship earlier in the year.

At Tulagi a convoy was made up and proceeded south, stopping at New Caledonia where a few former members of the battalion rejoined the outfit.

On December 1, the ship pulled into Auckland harbor. Camp was set up in Waikairaki Park near Onehunga, a suburb about six miles from Auckland. A seven-foot stone fence surrounded the camp area but it was ineffectual in keeping either the 33rd inside or visiting youngsters outside. Liberty was granted three out of four days, the daily muster at 0800 being the only restriction.

The New Zealanders opened their homes and their hearts to the "Yanks." Invitations to shows, dances, "tea" (which was found to be a New Zealand term for dinner), were given the

## Aboard the Crescent City.


men of the 33rd by the highly hospitable "Kiwis." The female population maintained the same friendliness and hospitality, but in the interests of keeping peace on the home front, this subject will be discussed no further at this time.

Long remembered will be Queen Street, Grafton Road, Government House, Rotorua, Hamilton, Piha Beach, One Tree Hill, the Civic and the bar at the corner in Onehunga. Also pounds, and shilling, warm beer, steak and "iges," the horse races, driving on the left, the Mauris and their customs, trams, "goodo," Cheerio," and "Are you Theah?"
Late in December the battalion rented the Civic Theatre ballroom for a night and staged a $\$ 3,000$ party that will go down in battalion history and probably in New Zealand history. Corsages were provided for the dates, beer was plentiful to float down the chicken, and good music and floor shows offered the entertainment background.

It was in New Zealand that the first volume of The Log was printed but the book did not reach the battalion until the following August.
The anticipated orders to return to duty came again and the battalion was packed and ready to leave on January 5, but the U.S.S. David Shanks, the transport slated to carry the battalion back to the Russells, was several days late in arriving. However, the 33rd made good use of this delay by sponsoring a series of nightly good-bye parties that were quite in keeping with the battalion's New Zealand reputation.

Queen Street, Auckland.




The return trip from new Zealand back to Banika was likened to leaving a bright past for a dark future. Another major job for the battalion was in prospect and soon after its return to Banika the 33 rd began preparing for the move.

The immediate target was Nissan Island in the Green Island group-a tiny, practically un-heard-of spot about midway between Buka and New Ireland-which the Japs were not holding in force, but were using as an evacuation staging point. With it in Allied hands, all remaining Japs in the Solomons would be completely cut off, and the powerful enemy bases at Rabaul and Kavieng could be more easily neutralized.

New Zealand infantry was to go in first, secure the beachheads so that the Seabees could get their equipment ashore, and then proceed in securing the entire island. Three U. S. Naval Construction Battalions-the 33rd, 37th and 93rd of the 22nd Construction Regiment, were to handle all construction work on the island. Part of the 15 th battalion was also there for about a month to help on the airfield.

New equipment was issued and old equipment repaired, new clothing and combat gear was given to each man, and each company devoted one day to practice on the rifle range and a review of combat principles.

A few weeks after the return to the Russells,

The Kiwis Wade Ashore.


Lt. Comdr. I. Sandberg was relieved as officer in charge and Lt. Comdr. Benjamin Rabnowitz of his duties as executive officer. Commander A. L. Slaton assumed command of the 33rd and Lieutenant C. R. Herlan became the executive officer. The battalion was strengthened by the addition of 360 replacements only two months out of the States. However, 100 of these men were assigned to the battalion merely for transporta-


LST in Convoy.
tion to the new base and were transferred to the two other battalions. Most of these men were seamen, although some were rated men who had seen duty with the 12 th and 13 th Seabees in the Aleutians.

The first echelon, composed of 200 men and eight officers shoved off from the Russells on February 11, 1944, aboard LST 70 for Nissan. The second echelon, which left four days later, brought the majority of the remaining members of the battalion, although a few were left with the nonessential gear to come later in small groups.

An uneventful four-day trip brought the invasion convoy to Nissan Island. Shortly before H hour on D-day, February 15, a plane was sighted skimming over the water toward the convoy, and a few seconds behind came a swarm of other low-flying planes, quickly identified to


## Green Islands



Above: Coral Pit at Night. Below: 11 /2-Yard Shovel loading coral. Lower: Finished grade on a taxiway.

be Jap torpedo bombers. One chose the LST bearing the 33rd personnel as a target and leveled into its bombing run. Every gun on the ship opened up but the Jap streaked in, dropped one bomb, swerved up to avoid hitting the barrage balloon cable and then dropped a second. The first bomb struck about 100 feet ahead of the ship and the other dropped slightly astern. In making his run on the ship, the Jap had run the gauntlet of a veritable wall of 20 and $40-\mathrm{mm}$. AA fire thrown up from the LST and came out apparently unscathed. However, a destroyer in the convoy later reported that it had seen the plane drop into the sea a short time afterwards.
The whole attack was over quickly with no damage done and the invasion proceeded according to plan. The LSTs waited just off the island, while New Zealand troops secured the beachhead. An hour after the "Kiwis" landed the LSTs passed through the narrow channel between Nissan and Barahun islands, past tiny Hon island and headed for the jungled beach. The ship was unloaded in four hours and immediately pulled away from the beach to rejoin the convoy outside the atoll.
Then with bulldozers, power shovels and hand shovels, the battalion dug trenches and fox holes as protection against a possible Banzai charge as well as the Jap bombers that were certain to come. About 200 Japs were estimated to be on the island but most of them were found on the southern end, about four miles from the 33rd camp. Jap planes came over the island continually the first night but usually only one at a time so that little damage resulted from the raids.

The next morning, while the "Kiwis" sought out the remaining Japs, the Seabees, according to plans, began construction of a road adjacent to the lagoon which was to connect the camp sites assigned to the various units. At favorable points along the road landing ramps were to be built to accommodate the LSTs which would bring the second echelon. A rough survey of the site selected for the airfield was also started.


Unloading Supplies.

The second echelon arrived on schedule on D plus 4 with considerable construction equipment and the next morning the three Seabee battalions set to work jointly to construct the fighter strip. The 37th battalion was assigned the northern half of the strip; the 93rd the southern half, and the 33rd drew the job of building a taxiway with adjoining hardstands. At the same time, all battalions contributed enough equipment to maintain a steady road building program.
Thirteen days after construction began, an F4U made an emergency landing on the strip, and the next day the strip was officially opened to traffic. Soon after, the 33rd took over the job of supplying, laying, grading, and finishing the coral for the field while the 37th and 93rd were to prepare all sub-grades.
As on every island, improvements came slowly. The battalion's lumber mill was set up on the edge of an 80 -foot cliff overlooking the open sea and was soon providing lumber for the entire island, but some of this was diverted for the battalion's own use and a large galley was erected, replacing the customary first weeks of eating out of doors.

Japs were few after the New Zealanders cleaned them out, but one morning ( 1000 ) word came that three were seen in the vicinity of the battalion camp. A perimeter guard was immediately set up, but only one Jap was seen which was killed by Jose G. Vasquez.

Early in April Commander Slaton was relieved of his command and was succeeded by Lt. Comdr. P. Corradi who skippered the battalion until its return to the States.

As the fighter strip and its taxiways were completed, work shifted to the construction of the bomber strip parallel to and longer than the fighter strip. Here, too, work went on 24 hours a day and Liberator bombers were soon staging on the field for the 600 -mile hop to the stronghold of Truk. TBFs, SBDs and F4Us also took off daily for strikes on the Jap bases of Rabaul and Kavieng until those threats to the Allied advance were throttled. The five airfields surrounding Rabaul were reduced to rubble by the constant fighter pounding and, in time, the Bismarck Archipelago, formerly under constant Japanese patrol, was secure to Allied shipping.

Almost before rollers and graders put the finishing touches on taxiways and hardstands, planes landed and moved in at the heels of the Seabees, but with the 24 -hour schedule, the three battalions finally reached the point where they could meet their schedules with two six-hour shifts, six days a week. In addition to working on the airfield itself, the battalion erected towers, air operations offices and completed numerous camp projects.
Since the island was hardly one-half mile wide, water drawn from drilled wells contained about one per cent salt and this salt water was used for washing and showers while fresh water for drinking and cooking had to be distilled. The
battalion showers were strictly stateside, with concrete decks, dressing room, and hot and cold water.

The island was shaped like a thin horse-shoe, and the sheltered lagoon in the center made a good spot for sailing and fishing. A moderate breeze, blowing most of the time, brought relief from the heat and made the nights cool, but the moisture in the dense jungle was very heavy. Many natives were evacuated from the island soon after the invasion. Those who remained gazed in awe at construction machinery and accepted rides in jeeps and trucks just for the pleasure of riding, not minding the walk back from the ride. Wild pigs roamed the camp area and one called "Joe" became everybody's pet.

From July 1 to July 8 the battalion participated in the Independence Day War Bond drive, and to its own surprise, purchased the total of $\$ 104,825$-nearly $\$ 100$ a man. Over $\$ 40,000$ worth was sold in the last five hours of the drive.

Early in July the battalion was told that it was to go on another job, one that would take the battalion out of the Southwest Pacific into a new theatre. The 33 rd was to be attached to the Third Marine Amphibious Corps, and it was learned unofficially, that the battalion was to operate with the First Marine Division. Though it was disappointing to be sent on another operation and not back to the States, it was indeed an honor to be teamed up with veterans of Guadalcanal and Cape Gloucester.


July, 1944, was another moving month for the battalion and the move was a welcome change.

Boarding the U.S.S. Rotanin in a choppy sea off the Green Islands, the battalion sailed off to the south. Aboard the ship with the personnel was personal gear and construction squipment considered fit enough for another operation, but a troopship is a troopship, no matter how much or how little gear is aboard. A man did well to have a few feet of deck space to himself and an early spot in the chow line.

After a comparatively short trip the move from ship to a new island camp was made. There, for the first time overseas, the battalion moved into a
ready-made camp-and a ready-made battlefront.
Close to the camp was the First Marine Division's rifle and machine gun range where the Marines were polishing their invasion technique. This daily firing, the intensive repair work on the battalion's equipment and the inflow of new equipment was the basis of no small amount of scuttlebutt.

Then, one night before the movie, a Marine intelligence officer outlined the invasion plans by which Peleliu Island would be taken. That ended the scuttlebutt.

Infantry gear was drawn, the usual needling in the arm by battalion pharmacists' mates was

Loading the Invasion Convoy.


Crap Games Help Pass the Time.



Smoke Rising From Orange Beach.
given, last-minute letters home were written and, in less than a month after arriving on the island, the battalion was on the move again. Except for approximately 180 men left behind in the rear echelon, the majority of the battalion went aboard LSTs 222, 272, and 487, although a few scattered groups stayed with battalion equipment loaded aboard transports.

Forced to sleep "top side" by crowded conditions below deck, the men stretched canvas tarps over two-by-four frames. The canvas kept out some of the rain and most of the sun but to the escort vessels, done up in proper Navy rig, the LSTs in the convoy must have looked like the Chinese Navy.

In between naps under the tarps, the battalion ate as it hasn't eaten since. Steaks, chops, hams, fresh potatoes, fresh fruits and fresh eggs flowed from the galley. Except for the meals and a few condition reds, the trip was uneventful-just another sea voyage. It was an excursion to another island where the excitement would begin, and the excitement was scheduled to start on September 15-D-day.

The plan, in general, was this: For three days prior to D-day naval warships were to shell the island. Soon after dawn on D-day, planes from a carrier task force were to sweep over the invasion beaches and important Japanese defense positions to strafe and bomb for two hours. At H-hour, 0830. First Marine Division men of the First, Third and Fifth Marine infantry regiments were to storm Peleliu's southwestern coast. Amphibious tanks, trucks and tractors were to carry the Marines and their supplies from the LSTs, attack transports and Higgins boats to the beach about 500 yards past the coral reef. Cranes, operating on pontoon barges, were to transfer cargo from the Higgins boats and LCTs to the amphibious craft. The three Marine regiments were first to canture the airfield and then drive to the east coast to cut the enemy's garrison force in two. The entire operation was expected to take three days, though a few skeptics predicted it would take seven.
Long before dawn on D-day, as the convoy approached Peleliu, all hands were up, hanging from the rail, watching the pre-invasion show. Battleships and cruisers were silhouetted in their own gun flashes in the otherwise pitch darkness. As the shells burst on the island the flaring light threw the island outline momentarily into view which in the first light of dawn the outline resembled a low, dark cloud on the horizon.
The convoy maneuvered with the clock. Soon after the sun came up, the convoy split in two-one-half formed a line straight for the Peleliu
beachhead, and the other half, of which the 33rd was a part, headed south to veer later for the beach.
The LSTs in the first group stopped a half mile off shore. Their huge bow mouths opened and fully loaded amphibian tanks and tractors rolled from their stomachs, maneuvering into place to await the signal to attack.

The sea on the west side of the island was covered with ships and boats of every size as far as the eye could see. Battaleships, cruisers, destroyers, transports, cargo vessels, LSTs, small boats and amphibious craft milled about in what looked like utter confusion. Some of the LSTs bore fully loaded LCTs on their decks and the smaller Landing Craft-Tanks slid off into the sea as the LSTs listed over on one side. Other LSTs carried standard pontoon barges and pon-


Orange Beach.
toon causeway sections on either side of the ship. These were launched by cutting steel lashings holding the pontoons in place.
Then it started. Twenty LCIs, normally used to land infantry troops on beaches wherever possible, formed a battleline parallel to the invasion beach and cautiously headed in. Five hundred yards from the beach the LCIs fired a volley of rockets point blank into Japanese defenses along the shore. The rockets spat and wooshed and flared into the invasion beach as amphibious craft astern of the LCIs formed into waves.
Circling overhead were swarms of TBFs, F6Fs, SB2Cs and SBDs awaiting the order to attack from their carriers hidden over the horizon. When the order came the fireworks began in earnest. Diving steeply, the planes blasted at Jap entrenchments with rockets and machine guns and swung away in screaming turns to come back for more. Some planes skirted close

Top to Bottom: Marines awaiting orders to attack; an FBU drops a bomb on Bloody Nose; looking north from the airfield.


## Peleliu

to the ground, just above the already shredded coconut trees, to draw enemy fire, while other planes followed closely to knock out the enemy exposing their positions.

The fighters and dive bombers, coming straight for the ground from 10,000 feet, dropped their bomb loads on pin-point targets and were away before the bomb concussion hit their planes.

By 0800 the southern end of the island was obscured in smoke from this terrific air and naval bombardment. In the meantime, amphibious craft, loaded with the first waves of Marines, churned and bobbed through the heavy surf toward the coral reef under the umbrella of fire. The LVTs clanked over the reef, the men in the boats ducking low, and entered the calm, dangerous 500-yard stretch of lagoon between reef and shore. The Naval barrage did not lift until the amphibs were within 200 yards of the shore.

The first two waves of Marines swarmed out on the beach a few minutes after 0830 and pushed rapidly into the scrub brush and undergrowth for several yards. The second wave followed quickly, but the third wave did not fare as well. Apparently coming out of their underground fortifications where they had taken refuge during the aerial and Naval bombardment, the Japs opened up on the third wave as it approached the beach.

Machine guns and mortars sought the boatloads of Marines and their supplies heading relentlessly toward the shore. Mortar shells lobbed down from the hills and dropped into the lagoon close to the LVTs, sometimes scoring direct hits. Geysers of sand and water shot up into the air to surround the small boats and tractors like a forest of giant trees. Machine gun slugs, pattering through the water near the landing craft, puffed the lagoon into a bed of frothy flowers.

On the ships, though the men watched intently, it was difficult to tell how the battle progressed. Spouts of water and smoke from bursting mortar shells and the occasional orange string of a Marine flamethrower were the only visible indications of activity on the beachhead. Dribbles of information sometimes came from a coxswain whose boat pulled up alongside. It was evident, however, that the Marines were making headway, for it was possible to see men and supplies unload on the beach and disappear into the scrub.

The shore party of the 33rd Battalion, consisting of about 200 men and two officers, were alerted at 0800 but it was mid-afternoon before the Higgins boat moved alongside to take them

The Causervay at Orange Beach.

ashore. The shore party was to follow assault troops ashore to handle food and ammunition as it was brought to the beach. A solid three-inch orange circle, painted on their green dungarees and helmet, was the shore party's insignia and contrasted to the diamond in a rectangle painted on the dungarees of others in the first echelon.

Considered a part of the shore party were four special groups of eight men each whose job it was to man cranes mounted on pontoon barges. The cranes transferred cargo from Higgins boats and LCTs to amphibious trucks and tractors at the edge of the reef and were under Jap mortar and artillery fire spasmodically. Later, each crane operator and oiler received personal commendations from General Rupertus, commanding the First Marine Division, while the remainder of the shore party received a joint commendation. Also highly praised were men of the 17th Special Construction Battalion who landed at H-hour plus two and worked at the front lines with Marines for several days.

Only a third of the shore party reached the beach the first day. The rest hovered around the reef in Higgins boats during the night or returned to the LST which brought them, for the shortage of amphibious trucks and tractors, many of which were knocked out by the intense Japanese fire during the day, made transportation scarce from the reef to the beach.

The battle raged through the night. The airfield, captured by the Marines early in the day, was lost in the late afternoon when the Japs counter attacked and squeezed the American forces into a long beach strip barely 100 yards wide. All night Japanese mortar and artillery shells sought the crowded Marines who were by now entrenched in small shallow coral foxholes.

D plus one found the Marines reorganized and the airstrip, the main prize of the island, was quickly recaptured. It was evident now that the job of taking the island was not to be the pushover predicted by some.

The remainder of the shore party landed on Peleliu on the morning of D plus one and immediately began unloading and distributing food, water and ammunition. In the next four days, however, they assumed additional duties. Casualties were so heavy that several groups of the 33rd shore party were assigned to act as grave digging and stretcher bearer details. It was not an easy job, but they did it well. Give them credit.

On the reef, in the meantime, attempts were made to beach the laden LSTs. If beached, amphibious craft could enter the bow of the landing ship, load up with supplies and then drive off to the beach, but the coral reef was so jagged and uneven that it was decided to wait until cause-

Typical Terrain.



## Peleliu

way sections could be placed and anchored so as to form a continuous steel roadway from the reef to the beach. While this was being done a small amount of essential equipment was unloaded at sea onto pontoon barges or causeway sections and ferried to a temporary landing during favorable tides.
It was on D plus three that an LST was finally able to pull up to the end of the causeway to discharge cargo. Though only one LST at a time could unload on the causeway it took only three days for the 33 rd to get most of its equipment ashore and in operation.
The battalion's bivouac area was at the southern end of the airfield, from where the progness of fighting in the hills to the north of the airfield could be seen. Most of the fighting was concentrated in the central and northern end of the island, although a few isolated Japanese groups held out close to the 33rd camp until D plus 5.
To the south and west of the 33rd area several batteries of 105 and $155-\mathrm{mm}$. howitzers fired from positions in the now leafless and shattered undergrowth, but the noise of the batteries were pop-gun reports compared to the blast and swish

Wrecked Planes.


Stretcher Party.


Peleliu's Price Was High.
of shells from $155-\mathrm{mm}$. "Long Tom" rifles set up only 50 yards behind the camp area.
Bulldozers dug trenches three feet deep, 12 feet wide and 80 feet long and rows of pyramidal tents, each tent attached to the next, were pitched over the trenches. This gave the men living quarters below the surface of the earth as a precaution against surprise raids. Jungle hammocks, shelter halves and tarpaulins were scattered throughout the camp area, serving for sleeping quarters in addition to the tents. The galley, a long "circus" tent was set up in record time and served hot meals and cold drinks on D plus six. A makeshift shower was also placed in operation.
The Marines continued to drive the enemy away from the airstrip and to push them relentlessly into the hills. By D plus seven the Marines held the foothills to the craggy ridges running up the center of the island, but the Japs still held the ridges and were burrowed deep into the natural and hand-dug caves that honey-combed the limestone and coral cliffs. The caves, enlarged by the Japanese for 25 years from the natural caves found in the ridges, were interconnected, some constructed on several levels and were well stocked with enough food and water to withstand a long siege.
Many of the caves were in the face of sheer cliffs and flame throwers and TNT were the main weapons used to dislodge the enemy from these positions. The flame throwers' searing, orange flame, fired at the mouths of caves, filled the cave runways, swung around corners, reaching Japs who could not be touched by bullets. TNT, set off at entrances, closed the caves' mouths. Bulldozers often followed each TNT blast to pile up additional coral and rock to insure a complete seal of the opening.
It was a tough, grinding battle. The Marines could only crawl ahead from rock to rock, exposing themselves to Japanese machine gunners hidden in the cliff crags. Tanks were often of little aid; they could not go far in the rocky terrain and they could not get close to most of the caves. From a distance, however, the tanks stood off and pounded shell after shall into Japanese positions.
By day the Marines attacked using flame


Right Through the Nose!
throwers, machine guns, mortars, tanks, heavy artillery-every weapon at their command, to crowd the enemy into a smaller and smaller area. At night, they dug in and with the aid of parachute flares lighting the area, attempted to keep the Japs in their caves. The Japs, in the meantime, fought fanatically to hold their caves and often went out the back door as Marines closed front entrances.
Out of the battle came the wounded and dead and name: "Bloody Nose Ridge," that tells the story for them.

While the battle of Peleliu was being fought, the Army's 81st Infantry Division attacked and secured the island of Angaur, a few miles south of Peleliu. Light Japanese resistence was encountered on September 16, when the Army attacked the island, and it was only a few weeks until all resistence was wiped out. The Army division then moved to Peleliu in late October to relieve the Marines and from then on it was the Army's show.

For weeks the Army and Japs hammered at one another in "Death Valley," along the "China Wall," up and down the crags of "Prostitute's Ridge," in an out the valleys among the peaks of the "Three Brothers" and the "Five Sisters." Finally, on November 24, 1944, the Army cleaned out the last of the enemy's strongholds and the island was declared officially secure. Live Japs, however, were found in isolated caves as late as January of 1945.

Final casualty figures were: Marines: 1,022 killed, 280 missing, 6,115 wounded; Japanese: 13,768 killed, 187 captured.
The wreckage of Japanese installations and equipment was everywhere. Close to 140 planes, not one without a few bullet or shrapnel holes, were counted on the island. Almost all of the heavy bombers were found destroyed by either U. S. fire or Jap demolition crews but two Zeroes and one dive bomber, the best of the lot, were crated and sent to air intelligence for study. It was evident from the number and types of planes as well as the great amount of equipment and supplies that the airfield had been a major one.

Anti-aircraft guns of every calibre surrounded the field while radar units and large searchlights were spotted at strategic locations. Bomb dumps,
torpedo maintenance shops, plane hangars, ammunition magazines, spare parts warehouses and fuel tanks, all the necessary facilities for a major air base were found.

A casual inspection of a few of the island's main defenses made one understand why the Marines found this island "worse than Guadalcanal." The area north and west of the airfield was covered with defense installations of every description and size. Reinforced concrete bomb shelters, of two or three standard types, stood amid the ruins of the former Japanese barracks area and the town. Concrete pill boxes, some buried deeply in the coral with only slits for machine guns and rifles showing above the ground, were in strategic positions. Foxholes and trenches were integrated among the pillboxes, completing the defense system.

The radio and administration buildings near the airfield were evidently recent structures. Built above ground, they were made of heavily reinforced concrete walls up to five feet in thickness with one-inch steel shutters on the windows. Six to eight feet of earth and rubble were on top of the buildings to provide more protection against

Upper: Jap Zero; lower, Not a plane was found undamaged.



## Peleliu

bombs. It took a concentration of naval and heavy artillery fire to finally knock out the buildings; and flame throwers, at close range, to clean them up. Along the coast, heavy pillboxes covered every possible invasion point. These pillboxes, in which several $20-\mathrm{mm}$. guns were mounted, were divided into compartments so that the complete pillbox would not be lost if one section were knocked out.

A great deal of material used by the battalion in its projects was procured by salvage crews or, as some called them, scavengers. Lumber, paint, nails, bomb carts, sheet metal, electrical equipment and a Japanese roller were among the loot.

The roller was put in operation on the air strip as soon as the battalion began work repairing and extending the runways.

When American forces took the island there were two air strips in the form of a cross, each arm of the cross about 4,000 feet long and 300 feet wide. Though topped with asphalt, there was little crown or slope to the runway, nor was there a drainage system, so that after each rain, and rains were frequent on the island, large pools of water accumulated on the field surface.

A few days after the air strip was captured, reconstruction of the runways, extension of the bomber strip and construction of several taxiways was begun. The Jap fighter strip was first temporarily repaired and used while the bomber strip was being rebuilt and additional taxiways constructed.

Taxiway "C" was completed in about three days, after which most of the battalion concentrated its work on the bomber strip. Sniper fire along the north end of the strip and near the coral pit made the work hazardous at the start, but the job of laying coral, leveling it off, and grading and rolling continued without interruption. Directing the work on the strip was Lieutenant H. H. Auch whose men made it one of the major U. S. airfields in the Pacific.

While part of the battalion worked on the airfield another portion, under the supervision of Lieutenant A. L. Betz, constructed a base hoshospital on the island. Tents were first set up for temporary use while Quonset huts for wards, laboratories, operating and consultation rooms and mess halls were under construction. The 100 men working at the hospital were also bothered by Jap snipers. They had to pass along "Sniper's Row," a section of road parallel to the coral cliffs in which snipers were concealed. Fortunately no one in the battalion was injured but other outfits reported some of their men killed and injured there.

At the same time that work on the major projects progressed, several carpenter and labor crews improved the new camp area. The camp, complete with new mess hall, showers, heads and movie, was occupied about the middle of October, when the temporary camp was abandoned and the move made to the new area. A Jap well in the center of the camp supplied water for washing and showers but was too salty for cooking and drinking. Two large evaporators were set up beside the well to furnish fresh water.


More Wreckage.

## Peleliu



Grading
In Service Again.

As the weeks passed and supplies reached the island an ice plant was established, electric lights installed in all tents, and the movie theatre, later named "The Coral Playhouse," played host to men from outfits all over the island.

Early in October, a typhoon struck the island, and while it wasn't as severe as the one encountered coming across the Pacific from the U. S., it was bad enough. Half of the structures and tents in the camp, including the sick bay and several offices, were blown down. Constant work during the typhoon prevented more damage.

On December 10, the rear echelon who were left behind at the staging area, arrived on LST 124. With them came the sea and duffle bags, four tons of fresh meat, ice cream freezers and mix, a considerable amount of beer and other luxury items.

From then on it was a down-hill pull. The
emergency work had been completed so that Peleliu Island could be used as a major base for the Philippine invasion and also to neutralize the 60,000 Japs still in the Northern Palaus and on Yap. Bomber and fighter strikes took off daily to harass the enemy where they could find him.

Work on the airfield had been carried on around the clock, but in November was cut to a two eight-hour shift basis and later to a single shift, with one day off per week for all hands. It was also in November that work on the hospital and nearly all of the other projects was cut from a two-shift to a one-shift basis.

By the first of the year, living conditions had hit a new high. The battalion's $35-\mathrm{mm}$. projectors were showing top-notch features almost every night to capacity audiences; fresh meat and vegetables were being served daily; beer and
soft drinks were being issued every other day; the laundry was put into full operation; and recreation facilities of every type were available at the large new recreation hall erected in the center of camp.

Christmas and New Years held varying degrees of emotion and celebration for everyone, but in general, both passed without event other than the usual divine services and thoughts of home, and hope that the next holiday season might be spent in the U. S.

Construction had by then shifted over to work on projects of a semi-permanent nature, with a considerable number of steel warehouses, Quonset huts and other permanent structures being erected, all with concrete decks. Roads, dock facilities, water systems, and camp sites were also assigned to the 33 rd , but the end was in sight. It was just a case of how much the powers that be figured should be done before they wanted to let the battalion go.

Shortly after midnight on January 18, two Jap barges which had sneaked down from Babelthaup, succeeded in beaching and putting ashore about 60 Nips who had instructions to do what damage they could in the vicinity of the airfield. Most of them were killed the following day, but the two who were captured had a strange story to tell. It seemed that all 60 of the rading party were naval personnel who were on Peleliu when the Marines came ashore on D-Day, but had, by various means, escaped to the north. They were told that they had deserted their post and were being sent back to fulfill their mission, many of them without so much as a rifle since they had left them on Peleliu before.

That raid, with the exception of a single float plane which had dropped two bombs one night, was the only attack of any type on the island from the outside since D-Day. The 60,000 Japs still left in the northern Palaus have turned to farming, completely isolated from their homeland yet too bound by their training and religion to surrender.
Camp life in the 33rd, by then, had settled to a daily routine of work, eat, sleep and play not unlike stateside conditions except for one or two missing factors. Inspection of quarters was being held every Saturday by the exec and an inspection of arms and personnel muster every Wednesday afternoon.

In February, Commander Corradi was awarded the Bronze Star for leading the battalion and directing operations in the construction of the airfield on Peleliu, and a short time later, S. H. Impelliteri, battalion armorer, was awarded the Silver Star for his work in bomb and mine disposal in connection with the strip and taxiway construction.

The scuttlebutt rose and fell with the tides, mostly centered around the subject of going home, but late in February it became particularly strong, for there were beginning to be many material indications that something was in the wind. Then at the regular Wednesday afternoon muster on February 21, the companies assembled in the movie area to hear a talk by Commander Corradi. In ten minutes he had told the story which was briefly this: The battalion was going home "very
soon," but only those men who would have served 20 months of continuous overseas duty by March 1 would be eligible to return with it. This excluded the 250 men who had joined the outfit in February the previous year, since they had completed only 14 months. These men were to be transferred to other units.

The 20 -month policy apparently applied to officers as well as enlisted men, for by February 26 there were only 15 officers left in the battalion, all the others having been transferred to various other units. And of these 15 , there were but six of the original 26 officers that left the States with the battalion.

But even though the official word was out, it was the general opinion that it would be a matter of weeks before the final orders to break camp would come through as shipping was very uncertain. However, on March 1, the order went up to pack up and get ready to go-but quick. Only personal gear and office records were to be taken so that by the afternoon of the third the 33 rd battalion was aboard the U.S.S. President Johnson taking their last look (they hoped) at Peleliu Island.

The great day had finally come.
When the men boarded the Johnson, they were told to prepare for a journey of from two to three weeks which was considered a logical length of time to get to the U. S., but it was over six weeks before the ship finally pulled into San Francisco Bay.
The S.S. President Johnson, 15,000-ton super luxury liner-mighty queen of the Pacific-in 1904!! About the only thing good ever said about the ship during the whole voyage was that she was headed in the right direction. She stopped at every harbor and milk station between Peleliu and San Francisco that was on her charts and had to have at least three or four days' rest at each one before making her mad dash for the next. Only two meals a day were served with an inevitable spam sandwich at noon. The holds were hot and had little or no ventilation; fresh water was rationed even for drinking and was turned on only two hours a day; straight sea water was the only thing available for shaving and washing. But despite the discomforts, the men were in good spirits, for the fact that they would soon be home was uppermost in their minds.



Golden Gate Bridge Was a Mighty Welcome Sight!
San Francisco Harbor.

## Home Again

On the morning of Sunday, April 15, the men of the 33 rd lined the rails of the President Johnson peering through a thick fog that chilled their blood thinned by 28 months in the tropics. But they didn't mind the cold, for in that fog lay the hills of California-the United States of America. Slowly, the hills took shape, then the towers of the golden gate bridge, and finally the tall, beautiful buildings of San Francisco itself.

Commander Corradi and His Executive Officer, Lt. Herlan.


The Johnson lay in the bay for an hour or so, while the health inspectors, port authorities, customs inspectors, and representatives of the Army, Navy and Marines looked the ship over for the usual inspection of incoming ships. Then aided by tugs, the Johnson maneuvered into one of the San Francisco docks and began immediately to discharge the troops aboard. The 33rd, as usual, was the last to debark, getting off about 1500 and was taken in busses to Camp Parks about 30 miles East of San Francisco.

The battalion was assigned to a Quonset hut area and the men lost no time in getting fresh water showers, un-dehydrated milk, and a few ice cold beers at the camp beer garden.
The following morning, Commander Corradi called the battalion together and broke the news that the 33 rd was to be decommissioned. It's a matter of conjecture of how the news struck the men, perhaps the anticipation of going home didn't leave room for many thoughts on the subject, but there must have been very, very few that did not feel just a little twinge of regret in hearing that the outfit that had made a proud name for itself would soon be just a number in the "dead" files of the Navy.

Thursday was set as the tentative date for the men's departure on leave, so it was a busy week of buying clothes, making out leave papers, calling home, buying plane and train tickets, packing and segregating personal gear, getting paid, seeing friends, and saying last-minute good-byes.

All hands received 30 days' leave plus travel time, and, upon expiration of their leave were to report in to major Naval Activities close to their homes for further transfer to Camp Endicott if they lived east of the Mississippi, and transfer back to Camp Parks if they lived west of the Mississippi. By Friday, the area was deserted except for the officers, the yeomen, storekeepers, and a small clēan-up detail.


The Johnson lists to the port as all hands try to get their first look at some real American women on the dock.

May 1 had been set as a tentative date for actual decommissioning, leaving only 10 days to complete all the paper work on the battalion and prepare the 33 rd for a decent burial. Especially busy during those ten days were the six personnel yeomen who had to complete transfers on all

779 of the men which is no small job. However knowing that they could not go on leave until the job was finished, the paper work and all the details were finally completed on April 30, and Commander Corradi signed the papers notifying the Navy Department that the 33rd Construction Battalion was inactivated.


## South Seas ...






# Roads and Strips 

Upper Left: The beginning of the field at Banika. Right: Dozers at work. Center Picture: Finishing operations. Lower Left: Knocking down coconut trees with a bulldozer. Right: Carryall stuck.



## Roads and Strips



Shown on page to right, Upper Left: Surfacing roadway. Center Left: Coral pit. Bottom, Left: Finished boulevard. Upper Right: Preparing subway for road. Center Right: Temporary road. Bottom Right: Survey

SPREADING CORAL FOR RESURFACING



## Roads and Strips . . .

General Scenes of Airfield Construction





## Structures




## Signal Tower.

The Airfield Control Tower Had Priority. Semi-Permanent Buildings on Green Island. Mess Hall.





Health un (1) Sanitation




Communications and Electrical




## Shops . . .





Gormer Shippers . . .

COMMANDER C. L. MCGINNIS
October 1942-May 1943


LIEUTENANT COMMANDER 1. SANDBERG May 1943-February 1944

COMMANDER A. L. SLITON
February 19ff-May 19ff



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER P. CORRADI May 194-May 1945 - 8 ?

## $\star$

F. P. YORK

Lieutenant Commander


L. E. MURPHY Licutenant
C. D. DENHAM

Lieutenant


J. W. BLAIR

Licutenant

N. BALL

Lisstenant

A. L. BETZ

Lieutenant

H. E. WHITELEY Licutenant $\overline{\text { D }}$
A. D. BIRD

Lieutenant 8 ,?


R. L. SMITH

L. S. CAMPBELL Licutenant (is) $\mathcal{D}$<br>D



R. M. EICHELBERGER ${ }_{\text {Lieutcnant }}$ (ig) $D$

A. J. LORETTA Lieutenant (ig)

w. V. LEGGE

Lieutenant (is)


W, E. MILBURN
Licutenant (ig)

D. M. RAMSEY

Licutenant (ig)

M. T. WATSON Chief Warrant Officer

F. S. SWOPE Chicf Warrant Officer

E. MacDOUGALL Chicf Warrant Officer

M. V. BONNEMA Warrant Officer

E. E. O'BRIEN Chief Warrant Officer $\mathcal{D}$


When the battalion returned to the United States these six officers were the only ones still with the 33 rd who left with it in 1942. Back row, standing: C. R. Herlan, H. H. Auch, W. Suydam, L. S. Campbell. Front row, kneeling: C. F. Davis and W. K. Wilson.

## hendouarters company



CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS
FRONT ROW: Paulson, Hayden,
Stejskal, Page SECOND ROW:
Spencer, Newman, Smith, Parting-
ton. THIRD ROW: Conley, O'Connor, Daumen, Adams.



FRONT ROW: L. B, Perea, E. G. Ashenfelter, E. L, Schied, E. L. Hodgman, J. A. Lehrer, R. W. Davis, R. E. Stein, W. H. Gaarder, SECOND ROW: J. V. O'Connor, R, H. Matteson, A. D. Grasso, F. D. Pease, E. E. Lawrence, D. J. Columbo, P, P, Bonamarte, E, O. Phillips, M, O. Peterson, G. W, Bone, E, L. Courter, THIRD ROW: J. A. Zucearo, T, Gallagher, T. I. Pfafr, T, J. Asci, G, W. Peterson, Basil, J. T, Love, G. K. Williams, K, A. Phillips, E, L. Carine. Mising: M. L. Baer, H. J. Peachman, D. W. Peterson, J. F. Pich, I. H. Reynolds, J. Turzyn, J. F. Viti, C. J. Walters.


FRONT ROW: J, J. Moynihan, J. Podrid, J. R. Pomaski, J. L. Podkulski, C. A. Flanegan, SECOND ROW: E, A. Smith, E, W. Leuppie, J. A. Bailey, E. Forster, R, J, Beauchemin, F. Caceiatore, L, H. Post. THiRD ROW: F. L. Bridge, J. A, Calo, A. Bonislawski, W. O. Reynolds, M, E. Picollo, S. Fulop, H, J, Gerheart, BACK KOW: D, F, Bruce, C. O, Burkett, M, K, Zirkle, J. Pollard, R. R. Bourne W. A. Bown. MISSING: W. Billings, M. J. Bush, S. Cartwright, E. Clerk, S. I., Collier, J. Dilligard, J. A. Fluitt, E. Goodwin, I. Hart, J. I., Roberds, K. W. Roberts, E. W, Staten, O. R. Woods.


FRONT ROW: J. J. Stonaha, D. O. Tooker, H. E. Rutledge, D. F. Gragano, L. Scordino, R, IH. Harrison, J. IB, Dodd, M. A. IRoush. SECOND ROW: B, Stejskal, J, J. Gallagher, M, H. Newman, G. C. Totten, G. D, Hofrman, I, Bosse, G. M. Telthorst, C, K, Shaffer, L. E. Shorey, W. J, Schoenberger. THIRD KOW: P, Balabanow, M. G. Marx, A, W, Schaeneman, H, H, Cook, J, Cirulli, V. W, Heath, Howenstine, W. 1. Russum, F. F. Sears, J. P. Reily, J. Cebula, M. Schneider, P. Jauss, Missing: W. E. Dews, G. Lawrence, J. T. Sullivan.


FIRST ROW: N, F, Wicks, P, L, Ggan, S. Lander, C, S, Garden, A, P, Ricker, P, P, Jaskot, W, H, Devaney, W, C, Overstreet, SECOND ROW: J. M, Hayden, H, S. Potter, C. C. Liebengood, F, E, Dodge, A. Giammarco, J, J. Giron, H. B, Curran, H, B, Goulding, C. M,
 Dietz, W. J. Fennessey, S. A. Buczek, T. R, Benton, A. Fromm, V. H. Smith, A. V. Perozich, R. E, Rauschart, MISSING: J. Buzza, J. F. Taylor, H. M, Estep.


## $\star$

## CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

ERONT ROW: Dolan, Russell, Van Tassel, Graham, O'Dell, SECOND ROW: LaPoma, Maziarz, Seifred, Styker, Hinkle, Campbell. THIRD ROW: Bogardus, Erskine, Daly, Foster, Frye, Techemyer. BACK ROW: Canoles, Norcross, Guest, Drew, Stephens, Unfried.



FRONT ROW: A. D. Bianca, V. J. Amico, A. V. Aguair, H. J. Carasiti, J. Celeste. SECOND ROW: L. E. Erskine, P, W. Arentzen, E, B, Paterson, $\mathbf{R}$, P. Bates, J, B. Amuchastegui, H. W. Alexander, J, A. Addy, THikD ROw: C, F, Adams, P. F, Foggiano, E, C. Miller Connors, D. E. Adams, L. G. Donatelli. MISSING: S. J. Coughlin.


FRONT ROW: J, J, Kos, J. W, Barker, W, R, Stewart, J. A. Basta, W. Baronowski, A, P, Babcock, G, A. McFarland, J. Bette:it. SECOND
 ROW: H, W. Harris, C. C. Ficke, D. Mallardi, J. J. Carini, T, F. O'Brien, N. Bassil, J. F, Pizzuto, F, L. Martin, L. M, Baebler, BACK KOW: J. Montaquila, H. A. Barteldt, G. Mosolovich, J. Stripp, L. Banford, L. Redmond, B. Barrett, E. G. Nygard, C. J. Martiny.


FRONT ROW: A. E. Larrabee, J. Dellinger, M. Baltusnik, G. C. Brown, A. Simick, Jr., R. J., Bertrand. SECOND ROW: A. M. Van Tassel, J. Kozlowski. A. W. Wagner, J. E. Karalunas, F. A. Morgan, J. A. De Young, J. M, O'Kecfe, C. F, Hutton, A, Kaliris. THIRD
 MSSING: P. J. Freiseis.


FIRST ROW: H. H. Eden, D. R, Schwartz, W. J. Ryan, J. F. Rynne, J. S. Ogden, E. J. Kenney. SECOND ROW: W. A, Stephens, W. R. Brittenham, L. A. Koux, H. Paskind, L. J. Peloquin, ,. J. O'Connor, J. J. Paimisano, J. W. Scranton, W. ,awicki, Thini Row: M. Ahearne, D. J. Bright, P. L. Robinson, W. J. Borer, W, C. Oggier, C. A. Braley, S. B, Brandenburg, L. A, Boneli. FOCRTH ROW: A. B. Goss, W. L. Sylvia, J. Schak, M. J. Lyons, A, M. Pastore, M. Garnic, R. B. Andrews, S. A. Rowland, J. F. Ferguson.


FRONT ROW: E. F. Bruno, J. J. Makowski, A. V. Alfiere, B. Frey, M, M. Ivancic, J. A. Brosche, C. M. Anderson. SECOND ROW: F. P. Drew, J. A, Lynch, J. O. Pellow, K. B. Palmer, J. P. Smith, C. S. Fellows, P. J. Fontaine, A. E, Phalen. THIRD ROW: J. H. Fletcher, T, J. Allen, A. L. Mahan, H. W. Brown, E, A, Ferry, N. J. Burgess, H. D. Budd, C. W. Kearns, L. R, Walker, BACK ROW: C. F. Smith, M. W. Sampson, C. P. Kreitzer, D. F. Bueschel, K. M. Brown, F. L. Buelna, W. A. Brown, O. D. Brown, W. H. Oakes.


FRONT ROW: J. C. Traynor, F, E. Sharp, J. F. Horr, J. E, Cannon, N. J. Reichel, N. A. Cafaro, C. E, Sargent, SECOND ROW: J. A,
 Barnsdale, F, H. Crump, J. P. Schrule, H. S. Moss, J. M. Campbeli, J. M. Kiggio, R. H. Adolphus, J. Atanossian. MISSING: D. D. Sanders.

# © 0 m P A n y 



CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS
ERONT ROW: Dwyer, Fleigner, Bustard, Keenan, Ford, Osgoodby, SECOND ROW: Videon, Morrison, Munro, Haus, DePinto, Teig. BACK ROW: Remington, Cowell, Anderson, Gifford, Caswell.



FRONT ROW: H, R, Dickinson, T, F, Barrett, D. Exley, J. W. Carroll, O, C. Shumway, G, Nordwig. SECOND ROW: C. F. Keenan, V. H. Miller, J. A. Crass. W. C. Seils, M, Bobinski, R. W, Collins, W, S. Heimbuecher. THiRD ROW: N. S. St, George, E, DiPalma, H. D. Chapman, E. W. Curtis, R. E. Johnson, J. M. Christine, F. J. Antonin, E. O. Chase, H, J. Cooper. BACK ROW: J. P. R. Weinreich, J. W. Conger, K. L. Boyd, T. J. Sullivan, R. C. Ross, A T, Kidder, D. R. Cole, H. B. Colby.


FIRST ROW: A. E. Paquin, C. Pelletier, G. B. Owens, F, J. Miklitseh, V. P. Pintavalle, C. J. Muckle, D. Victor, SECOND ROW: L, J. Osgoodby, 16. P, Woods, W, Gustafson, P, F, Keating, A. Dyett, J. W, Broadhead, R, L. Derry, F. K. Erickson, THIRD ROW: C, K,
 RACK KOW: R. I. Girard, R, C. Lane, M. Dean, D, Nicastro, L, T, Yusko, P. G, Cronin, R. F, Cullen, C, J, Sickenger, T. $\dot{\mathbf{P}}$, McDermott. MISSING: H. B. Crow, D. $\mathbf{E}$. Paela.


FRONT ROW: W, H, Hickman, R, A, Gegen, J. T, Cuningham, W, C. Field, K, S, Flannery, SECOND ROW: J, Haus, M. F. Avey, E, L. Geary, J. G. King, M, J. Fuchs, P, T. Gardner, S. M. Giles, J. D. Duffy, THiRD ROW: J. M. Fredericks, L. G. Amidon, L. J, Iglar, E. J. Fillion, A. H. Bureau, G, E. Freed, C, Danbury, W, H, Peavey, J. M, Gleason. BACK ROW: A, C. McKee, M, J. Burgmerer, A. O'Handley, F. Ciktor, V. J. Evanoski, P. Ferbiak, H. Cosens, J. J. Kenny. MIssiNG: P. E. Frost, J. Labodiak.


FRONT ROW: C. H, Smith, M. A, Golio, G. C. Gray, R, S. Sputes, W. L. Griffin, J. E, Lewis. SECOND ROW: W. B, Bustard, O. A. Boutin, C. R. Shaff, T, S, Sheerin, E, Greco, G, P, Riley, J. J. Conway, H. E. Sennett. THIRD KOW: J, A, Perricone, W. J. Podeiko, A. A. Polk, E. C. Post, J. A. Gluck, W, V. Snow, W. H. Pyle, C. H. Swanson, J. B, Jennings. BACK ROW: G. E. Glenn, A. R, Sweet, J. P. Harvey, V. J. Herchen, J. M, MeDonald, C. M. Searle, R. H. Goss, R. A. Sturtevant. MISSING: W. E. Goodehild, G. Publicover, P. $\mathbb{G}$. Stalker, C. F. Miller.


FIBST ROW: A. J. Helton, J. A. Harker, L, P. Griffith, J. J. Burke, R. Maslak, SECOND ROW; H. I., Fliegner, C. J. Hanson, J, M. Haresca, M, J. Halezak, F, F, Bernharit, J, R, Baker, P, L, Martinello, THikD ROW: F, C. Heidenrich, L, H. Welser, J. Harvilla, M, T, Hamabeck. A. A, Young, M, A. Kife, G. Pollard, D. L. Scarafone, L. J, McConachy, BACK ROW: H. E, Harbaugh, C. A. Mansey, J. W. Lowe, $\mathfrak{W}$. A. Kafarski, I. W. Samuelson, H. W. Gross, E. J. Glowacki, M. C. B:aisdell. MISSING: D. I, Groff, M. Pither.


FRONT ROW: R, W. Hilderbrandt, J, P. Miller, R. C. Black, J. F. Hevener, E. A. Holbrook, E, L. Flanagan. SECOND ROW: H. E, Kemington, T. A. Herman, E, J, Fonlin, M, A. Pater, D. J, Bird, B, F, Hendon, W, B. Scott, H, J, Steele. THIRD ROW: J, J. Karpinski, A. D. Habanee, K. L. Hermsen. T. B. Moran, V. D. O'Neal, J. W, Hirsch. W. E. Jeffs, P. Nicoletti, J. J, Markosky. BACK ROW: W. P. Whitley, J. M, Palmafry, C. IG. Massey, H. Hirtzig. W, H. Grubis, F, P. Wakefield, K. J. Augustine, H, R, Hodge. MISSING; R. C, Niclson.


CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS
FRONT ROW: McDonald, Pearson, Lurz, Forty. SECOND ROW: Toner, Crozier, Pellissier, Wilder. BACK ROW: Collins, McClure, Hennessey, Opiela.



FRONT ROW: R. L. Horth, A. R. Hash, D. D. Holtaman, O. C. Tarbox, J. S. Godlewski, N, Levine, C. G. Huntsinger. SECOND ROW L. A. Opiela, G. Freeman, A. E. Reed, N. Giordano, S. Campagna, F, E. Hennessey, J. W. Crumm, P, M. Geraghty, L. Wallach. THIRD Kow: E. Osterman, J. W. Johnston, E. H, Mer, J. C. Howard, J. A. Cowley, A. W. Hudson, W. T, Hudson, H. A. Trail, G. D. Dins Hatch. MiSsing: J. Downey, 8, B. Nichols.


FRONT ROW: R. E, Jacobs, E. M, Cifarelli, T. P. Grving, J. J. Flynn, G. L. Venancio. SECOND ROW: J. J. Toner, N, L. Jones, C. $J$ Patch, T, A. Plasse, J, E, Purdy, A, J, Snetsinger, K. J, Muma. THikD ROW: M. S. Playford, T. G. Johnson, C, J. Pinkham, G.



FRONT ROW: J. Nawrocki, R. J. Eury, J. A. Earley, A. C. Davis. SECOND ROW: W. J. Crozier, J. W. Manley, A. A. Guarda, G. J. Guthiel, S. P. Garland, E. W. Kress, S. Wroblicki, THIRD ROW: J. G. Berrs, F, Jugo, A. R. Kline, R. E, Koch, H. H. Parker, H. C Dillon, M. A. Dorman, A. Kubinyak, BACK ROW: M. J. Doherty, A. G. Gove, J. R. Perry, W. E, Gool, R. H. Doyle, G. J. Wright, H. B Hinkley. MSSING: W. Good, B. J. Mason, L. F. Miller, J. B. Murray.


FRONT ROW: M. F. Kurth, R, J. LaFrance, A. Valada, J. F. Venturino, S. A. Hurley, H, Ondras (CBMU 571), F, M, Townsend. SECOND ROW: R. H. Collins, C, H, Dodson, A, C, Tice, A. A, Sabella, F, Kuziensky, T. W, Kyle, B, M, Larson, W. Cohn, THRED ROW: ROW: D. Vienna, C. H, Loonie, W. W. Lassiter, E. R. Guillot, W. H. Tritt, H. A. Kummler, A. P. Sanborn, C. L. Castimore. MISSING: J. L. Reichardt.


FRONT ROW: V. J. MeGuire, C. J. LeBlanc, P. Iawry, A. Marchetto, P. B. Berry, F, L. Mangano, SECOND ROW: H. F. Widder, B. B. ones, W, E. Ball, B. K, Lenci, J. J. Lucas, W. Klein, J. J. McCabe, A, C. Rutland. THELD KOW: P, Laughran, W. M, MeCarron, Q. Mollien, W. S, Litman, R, Levin, C. P, O'Donnell, E. Reicher, M. J. LaMorte, R, J. Loehr. BACK ROW: D. F, Quaresimo, C. B. Orr, R. M. Snyder, O. D. Ware, S. W. Guthrie, J. A. Linville, G. D. Mercier, G. M, Latham, J. J. Messek.


FRONT ROW: J. R. Allen, R. R. Birmingham, C. W. Love, C. C, Murtha. J. F, Cervenka, C, A. Beauregard, C, E. Smith, SECOND ROW:
 Rock, A. Saccocia, W. I. Briggs, G. L. Fox, D. E. Carter, L, E. Love, J. F, Russo, J, Zapach, J, F, OMAgan. BACK ROW,

## C O m P A



CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS
FRONT ROW: Durney, Brosnan, DeLoche, Devereaux, Abbott Loretta. SECOND ROW: Rooney, Kurtz, Zeier, Hughson, Impelleteri, Larsen. BACK ROW: Boisvert, Scheibler, Torrence, Singerline, Havlicek.



FRONT ROW: L. LeLievre, R. A. Jaskulski, D. S. Wolfson, T. A. DiUbaldo, H. T. Barnes, F. Chrecxeyha, SECOND ROW: R, Gregory, C. D, Henshall, F. W, Collins, B, A. Morganroth, J. Huber, P. J. Possumato, G. J. Simon, G, W. Schaefer, M, A. Maniha, THIRD ROW: T. W. Heales, S. W, Gnabowski, J. V. Knight, A. Z. Matthews, J. F. Hodges, G. Malinich, G. J. Maymard, W, W, Marshall, E, C. Hover BACK ROW: J, F, Donovan, G. R. Sweeney, J. J. Matise, G. E, Luelat, A. J. Johnson, C, E, Miles, F. H. Rainwater, J. H, Harvilla. MISSING: L. J. Hidde, A, I., Marker, H. L, Martin.


FRONT ROW; K. A. Merz, B. A. MeCutcheon, J. Restivo, R, S. Callahan, B. A. MeKenna, J. J. MeGreevy, N. B. McGrew. SECOND ROW: I. J. Lindsley, J. W. McCarrell, M. McFarland, W. B. Lavery, A. Sebesta, H. G. Morelli, J. J. Sullivan, J. J. Stuard, E. F. Leger. Third Row: M. H. Drury, K. McClure, C. H. Lhuillier, K. B. Stewart, W, F, Krapf, A. E. Adolphson. C. W. Judge, R. E. Pate, A. E. Swanson. BACK ROW: R, W. MeFerson, J, P, O'Connell, M, B, Stevens, C. Cadogan, F, J, Sweers, K. E, Poole, J. G. Maloney, J. D MeNamara. Missing: W. B, Leonard, R. B. Reichert.


FRONT ROW: J. G. McQueen, C. E. Miller, P. Jakup, G. W. Molitor, R. S. Labare, J. P. Kier, F. J. Lalonde, SECOND ROW: G. F, Boisvert, J. Purpura, J., Kelly, J, R. Kubat, W. T, Roche, J, T, Rondash, H. E, Silva, R, S, LaBarge, J. A. Peduzzi, Tiflis Row, W. A. Lavertu, S. P. LaVoie, R, A, Morrison, IG, J. McWaters, D, F, Meder, D. H. Foley, IK. R. Leber, J. J. Nawdy, L. V, Dumas. BACK ROW: J. H. Meadows, H. J. Mermal, W. Morgan, A, W, Mitton, R. E. Ford, M. E. Hopper, R. W. Stahl, R. E. Greenwood. MISSING: T. L. Davis, E. J. Labonte.


FRONT ROW: J. W. Stahl, C, M. Taylor, E. J. Wozniak, W. J. Myers, H. A. Ondrick, C, G, Voelker, S. Stewart. SECOND ROW: B.
 V. J. Walker, $\dot{D}$. C. Colpitis, C. P. Mullin, J. D. Noble, B. N. Renegar, J. Harrington, J. E. Sullivan, A. W, Myers, R. Noble, BACK How: F. J. Murphy, M. B. Yegian, M, P. Newman, L. Nance, W. H. Nicholson, F. Sobesky, F. Neeck, V. Zarkovacski. Missing: S. Losowsld.


FRONT ROW: E. M. MeLeavey, G. H. Lott, G. T. Muldoon, B, Olshever, J. Ondecko, K, Howard, O. R. Tueker. SECOND ROW: G. Hughson, R, Vacher, A. T. Mitehell, J. Beck, A. Dorsa, W. H. Melanson, C. J. Novak, D. J. O'Leary. THikD ROW: M. T. Minerva, C, Montgomery, W, R, Moore, C, H. MeClelland, J. G. Vasquex, C, R, Monaghan, M, Kohut, I, Pearce, P, S, Boudreai, BACK ROW; H. M. Gernon, W. D. Wallace, K. E, Connor, C, H, Miller, T, B. Vaught, H, D. Ohman, J. T. Morley, C. K, Wright.


FRONT ROW: J, J. Karpinski, J. Kuna, R. J. Gilbert, I, B, Klemm, J. Falange, A. J. Amaral. SECOND ROW: J. F. DeLoche, W. H. Friel, G. Parry, J. J. Cirinelli, J. Palezynski, O. A. Kenney, T, V. Wison, R. L. Huntley, J. M. Tighe, Thiris Row: W, L, Parker, J. C. Ortendahi, M, B, Orman, H. C. O'Steen, E. O. Craft, F, I.. Wolfersberger, E, R. Vincent, J. M. Krszak. BACK KOW: G. I. Bernard, A, D. Saunders, J. H. Paskert, G. W. Shrimpton, J. F, Owens, C. C. Romeszewski, F. Elehison. MiNsiNG: A. Jagano.

# battalion roster 

## A MUSTER BY STATES OF ALL HANDS ATTACHED TO THE 33RD SINCE THE BATTALION'S COMMISSION

## ALABAMA

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HOLLBMAN, B. W., Valley Head.
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MITCHELL, P. H., Star Rt., Ensley.
OVERSTREET, W, C., Re. 7, Andalusia
PILCHER. M. M., 607 Montana St., Dothan, RUSSUM, W. R., 922 Ninth Court W., RUTLEDGGE, H. E., 504 Columbia Ave., Sheffield.

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VAUGHT, T, B., Mountainburg.
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NEECK, E. E., $860^{1 / 2}$ S. Mariposa Ave, Los NICHOLSON, W. H., 307 Alabama Ave., Huntington Beach, 11 th Sc., Santa Monica. OHMAN, J. D., 1936 H S., Eureka.
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HVSTYKER, H. R., 156 E. 76 th PL., Los Angeles, SULLIVAN, Glenn, 3773 S. St. Andrew PI.,
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## ${ }^{\bullet}$ Officers.

## COLORADO

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## CONNECTICUT

AMIDON, L. G., West Willington.
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RRENTE, Emilio, 501 Knapps Highway, Bridgeport.
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CuNNINGHAM, J. T., 30 Noble St., Stamford. DEPINTO, J. C., ${ }^{47}$ Washington St., Norwich DOHERTY, M. J., 107 Hankins St., Derby.
$64-$ OOLAN, R. E., 34 Broadway, Norwich Derby
FALLON, B. J., 32 John St.. Willimantic.
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1 GODLEWSKI, J. S., 40 Cedar Hill Ave., New
GOODCHILD, W. E., 7 Cumberland St., Hart-
75 нef ford.
AN, G. D., 47 Town Hill Ave., Dan-
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9/-KING, Joseph, 1136 Enfield St., Thompsonville.
KOHUT. Michael, 154 George St., Bridgeport. 0 KOPLAR, J. J., 125 Highland Ave., Torrington. KOWALSKY, Paul, Post Road, Westport.
LAWRENCE, George, Guiford.
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MARKS, W. E.. 14 Ellington Rd., Wapping.
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MERCIER, G. D., Babcock Ave., Plainfield.
77 MAERZ, K. A., Cornwall.
7 MILLER, J. P., 36 Stevens St., Norwalk.
80 MaflLLER', L. F., 690 Main St., Torrington.
9 MONAGHAN, C. R., Talcottville.
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## IDAHO

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78 HteNAMARA, ${ }^{\prime}$. D., 544 Washington St., Marseilles.
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PETERSON, G. W., Rockford.
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MPOST, E. C.. Cuba.
${ }^{\bullet}$ RYAN, F. E., Pearl Sc., Winchester.

## INDIANA

BAKER, Elmer, Re. 3, Auburn.
7 CBUESCHEL, D. F., Rt. 1, Roan.
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apolis.

## IOWA

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COURTER, E. L., 320 South St., Rockwell
Gity, MARER, M., Gen. Del., Northwood.
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wOODS, O. R., Palo.

## KANSAS

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## KENTUCKY

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## LOUISIANA

8\%ASHENFELTER, E. G., 2837 Painters St., New , BASSIL, Nicholas, 2630 Ursulines Ave., New Orleans. E. A., 4207 Monroe St., New Orleans
HARVEY, P., Quitman.
HOLLIER, J. W., 4237 Camp St., New Orleans.
 Z7 CAISSIE, L. J..: 2 Colton St... Wooreserer CASO, A. 281 Cothea St., Evereter CAPICE, A. $2 ., 68$ Relea Ave., Rocckind. 1 CAAINE, E. J. 8 South $H$ hoarat St., Boaton. CHRECZYCHA, Frank, 339 W . Brodivary, Gard
CIARAVOLO, M. F., 22 Kinsman St. Lowell.


KCoNNORES, J. L., 1 Barton Ave. Lowell.
CORMIER, D. F.: 232 Warton Averown St. Newton
COUGHIIN, S, I. 1



 $75^{-}-\mathrm{De}$ YOUNG, J . A., 249 Hancock Sout YDiNSMORE, G. D., ${ }^{2771}$ Deefield St., Green feil.
DIPALMA. Emilio, 48 Johnson St. Leominster DOLAN. F, T. N. Main St., Cobasset. DONOVAN, I. F., 7 Wheelet $S$ t.ve. Somerevile DUMAS. L. $v .{ }^{6}$. Hartaor St. Salem
 EGAN P. L., 42 Bridge $\mathrm{S}^{2}$. Beverly. ENGLE, C. T. 1 . 133 Amold Rd. Nemon Center ESSEX, D. F. . ${ }^{223}$ Vemon St , Worceatert
FENNESSY, "W. J., 11 Spring Rd. Bedford. FINNEGAN. E. I., ${ }^{57}$ Croas St., Lawerence. ELANNERY. R. S., Concord.
P-FLYMN. J. I. 190" Marion St, Salem.

FeStbr, T. M., 1228 Lawrence St., Lowell.
FREEMAN, A. L. 30 Netion St. Cinten.

FROST, P. E. II Ryder
VGALLAGHER, Theodore, $2022^{2}$ Cafte St Nerester
OgGADDEN , c. S. 18 Gould St. Reading.
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GORASON, J. M., 167 Walnur St., Brookine.

GGRACIE, J. L.. 18 Myrtie Sq... Gloucesen
GS-M GRAHAM. F.H.T. ${ }^{24}$ Grove Aves, Hinh
6. GUARDA, A. AT 168 Appleton Ave, Pitatseld
 HENNESSEY, w. T., Ho W. Main St., Ware HODGESS, I. F., 302 K St , South Bosten' HOLERROOK E. A., 7 Horton St. Newburport

 EAN R RASA A ${ }^{32}$ Cummin St. Medford

KASSUP, E. E.. ${ }^{27}$ Rolimen Rd. Vorceter


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KEEMAN D. C. F. 30 Trapelo St. Brighton. KENNEY, E. $\uparrow$., 2rit Linden St., Pitmitheld.

KteIn, walter: 18 Damien Rd. Weileley Hille

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LANE. R. C., ${ }^{3} 7$ Butler St, Salem,
LEGER, A. . 128 Hader St.. New Bedford

3 LuIpOMA, Vicar, 35 Faxen St. Newtom.
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LOONIE, C. H., 168 Westville St., Dorchester
LUCAS, J. J., 12 Oak St., Needham.
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OF THE 33RD UNITED STATES NAVAL

CONSTRUCTION BATIALION



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## A DEDICATION



WILLIAM SEYMOUR STRINGHAM
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EDMOND JAY WILCOX
GARLAND OMAR CLAWSON
THOMAS JAMES BRENNAN
HARRY THEYKEN PITTMAN

## TO THESE, OUR MATES, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

## "CAN

Seabees? Sure you've heard about that bunch of Navy men. Who hasn't? Aboard ship they may hardly know port from starboard or fantail from chain locker. They may tumble all over one another when the alarm of "General Quarters!" shatters an otherwise tranquil voyage. But on land, every Seabee's ultimate destination, they slough off that cloak of ignorance to become a roaring, swearing, sweating lot of termites that continually
 bore and weaken the Axis structure.
You find them building on tiny Pacific isles, shaping bases and airports from steaming jungles and fever ridden swamps. They are found busy in the last outpost of the Aleutians blasting and filling in a new road or building much needed warehouses. Or their place may be on the burning sands of Tunisia converting some devastated German's stronghold into another milestone along Victory road.
Builders! Every last one of them. Welders, riggers, steel men, "catskinners who can dance 'em on a drawbar," carry-all operators spinning huge earth movers on a dime. Truck drivers and dragline operators. Pontoon and dock builders, blacksmiths, carpenters, plumbers, electricians. Barbers and cobblers, cooks, and cookees. Men from all walks of life. Grammar school, high school, and college. Dads and expectant dads-with here and there a grand-dad thrown in for good measure.
They are builders, and defenders of what they build whenever that need exists. Theirs is the job of building springboards for Uncle Sam's military-to keep him moving ever closer to a final decisive battle line. Bridges, roads, warehouses, hangars, docks, fighter strips, bomber strips, giant fuel tanks, hospitals, and underground surgeries. All come within the scope of Seabee craftsmanship. Their greatest thrill and greatest reward is a job well done. Their greatest show is to see P-38's, S.B.D.'s P.B.Y's, P-40's, Liberators, Mitchells, and Grummans roar out into the first faint streaks of dawn, great tails, wings, and bellies loaded with explosive calling cards for distant enemy positions.

## LOCAL SCENES

## LOCAL COLOR



THE CHIEF AND FAMILY

## LIFE



BEACH HEAD


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& \text { NATTVE HUTS and pyra. } \\
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& 33 \mathrm{ra} \text {. }
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THE 6 HOLE, double row, air conditioned model

## ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND

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PAX IINT, H. Fankuer. D. E,
stine, II.




# YOU NAME IT 



## WE BUILD IT



## WE BUILD IT . . . (CONTD.)



LAXING CORAL on a taxiway
nenern
LOOKING EAST from the south bank


## WE BUILD IT . . . (CONTD.)




## GROUPS





It would take many additional pages of this book to record each and every reason which prompted men to drop in at various Naval Recruiting Stations. That capricious old dame known as "Lady Luck" may have quite suddenly decided to relinquish any further protection that comes with thirty day deferments. Or maybe friend wife got a bit uppity and with ruffled feathers hubby strolled out for a drink.
"What can the Seabees offer a man of your age?" The recruiting officer raised a craggy brow, scanning the applicant from critical, if somewhat veiled eyes. "Fifteen years at your trade. Ten years at $\qquad$ ."

The reassuring diction, perfect stock answers of recruiting officers are things immortal destined never to pass into the limbo of forgotten things. "With your background and qualifications, mister, you are first class material. However, there are

no ratings open at the present time. We can, if you like, give you seaman second. Later they will fix you up with a better rate at Camp Bradford. Oh, sure, sure. Non-combatant unit. Best of food. Fine barracks and -_."

On and on. Quite persuasive words which suddenly bring John Q. Recruit to the realization that it is his America that is in trouble. That the greatest Uncle in the world is in danger of being knocked bowlegged by a couple of pugnacious pups from across the big puddle.

It did not take John Q . long to make up his mind. Nor did it take said Uncle a great while to decide just what to do with John; for in September came his orders to report for training!

In a way it probably was a relief for John to feel the train yanking him away from the tears and last-minute good-byes of his own immediate family. Maybe he just couldn't fit them into this new pattern correctly. In all probability he never stopped to think that from the moment he climbed aboard a dirty, debris littered milk train for Norfolk he had lost his own individualism. He became just another of a thousand men to spend a sleepless, chilly night. Just another guy to face a raw Chesapeake wind on a ferry from Cape Charles. Just another guy to save a single sack in which to place his valuables, throw all other clothing into a carton and then stand naked as a September morn-only in reverse anatomy of course.

In his rapid transition from civilian to militair everything seems cockeyed to the new recruit. Even that erudite old gent or group of gents who proclaimed to all and sundry, "A line is the shortest distance between two points."

That bird sure wasn't looking down the line from John's first physical to final tetanus. He or they had never focused attention on a column of impersonal medicos and corpsmen in white jackets.

They had never scanned the array of hypodermics, depressers, gauze, stethoscopes, ether and iodine.

They had never stooped for one, said "Ah" for another or taken nervous deep breathing exercises for someone else. Nor had they become mixed in the hustle and bustle of X-rays, dentists, photographers, and clothing supply-where they guess and give. Or in barber shops where a man's crowning glory does a Houdini in nothing flat.

No, those learned oldsters had never heard of wire fencing and detention periods. Three weeks of lounging around, waiting for any communicable sickness to show up.

For John, these were days when men made new friends, speculated as to where the battalion might go, and what sort of "braid" the outfit would fall heir to. And above all, planning for that first "liberty" in sailor town-Norfolk.

As automatic as a cashier's smile the 33rd, in typical American fashion, adapted itself to ever changing conditions, advanced training, pontoon and dock building. Each came in its order until all phases of the battalion's future work had been touched upon.

There were chilly Virginia days and cold Virginia nights, when thin bloods hit the sack complete in watch cap, pea jacket and woollen gloves. And many a Yankee vowed that this man's Navy had pushed him through the wrong "Gateway to the South."

However, things like ankle-deep mud, cold nights, plus a belated battalion review continually gave way as plans were made for a promised five-day leave-a last fling in civilization for many, many months to come.

Special trains were chartered. Tickets were sold at the base. The battalion spread out to the north, to the west and all way-stations between. From Hobbsville to Hoboken, from Crabtree to Corn Creek. Every man to his own point of the compass; though on the return trip it did look as if Corn Creek welcomed a great percentage of the furloughed men.

But brown tastes were soon washed away and gear packed for another trip. Still the battalion was jinxed by dirty, ill-managed trains. Two nights and a day, sleeping, when that was possible, on turned-down coach seats, a lighting system completely on the fritz in many of the cars and a total lack of adequate sanitation

For many it was blitz also krieg to morale. A majority, however, understood the press of wartime and let it go as "just one of those things." Yet every man wondered just what sort of a camp he'd hit in Mississippi, and each knew it couldn't be any worse than the previous one.

Theirs was a pleasant surprise, for both the city of Gulfport and Camp Halliday on its outskirts far surpassed all expectations for comfort and convenience.

Large new barracks, showers and squadron rooms, considerable improvement in the chow and, above all, the real Southern hospitality which prevailed in the city of Gulfport itself. Seemingly it became the goal of petite Mississippi housewives to acquaint all men hailing from above the MasonDixon line with delicious flavor of Southern fried chicken and burgundy sauce.

The efforts of these Southern people to please the service man was without limit. And how well they succeeded was amply demonstrated on Thanksgiving Day, when scores of telephone calls declining outstanding invitations were rushed from Camp Halliday, as all "liberty" was cancelled in preparation for another move.

Once more the 33 rd got under way. Ray Mulderig having previously organized as fine a band as ever graced an outgoing battalion, put on an excellent program of military marches and the then current hits.

As if to make up for her capricious antics of the past, Dame Luck decided to ride right along with the 33 rd. But this time she demanded and got pullmans, plus impeccable diner service for all hands, Enjoyable days and new states slipped beneath the train's easy roll, through Louisiana, New Mexico, Arizona, and finally California-the last stop in America.

By this time it was common knowledge that the next stop would be some place overseas. This knowledge in turn gave birth to hundreds of clarionvoiced scuttlebutt artists, and these omniscient oracles seemed to know exactly where "Island X" was situated, what the battalion work would be, date of departure and date of return.

However, scuttlebutt by this time being considered an integral part of the Service, was not taken too seriously. There was too much to occupy the battalion's mind otherwise. There were "liberty" passes when Los Angeles, Hollywood, Ventura, and even little Oxnard played host to men with time on
their hands. There were the restful orange groves, Ojai and the Latin atmosphere of San Paula. Each went "all out," striving to make the visitors' stay a memorable one. It was here that Chaplain M. Dewitt Safford joined the battalion. Lt. (jg) Walter Suydam was given command of B Company. Also at this point Lt. (jg) Donald Hunt was transferred to Ship's Co., as well as several of the enlisted personnel, while a few new men were received-a final orientation of man power before moving up.


LAST IIBERTY

At long last came an activity-filled dawn. Pearl grey with a fine mist blowing inland. Outside the squat Quonset huts of Camp Rousseaux khaki clad battalion officers scurried hither and yon making last minute check ups. Platoon chiefs supervised the busy personnel under their immediate command.

Soon all sea bags, duffle bags, lockers, and small hand bags were piled outside ready for loading. Heavy trucks rolled up and away. Speed was of the essence. For no sooner would a truck roll onto the pier before the winches began their shore to ship songs. Gear was hoisted aboard. Men were assigned to various quarters on the ship and left on their own for the time being.

All day, without cheers, bands, or speeches, the work of embarkation went on. At 1500 a belated sun lanced through leaden grey clouds, as if to wish
the outgoing men Bon Voyage. Gang planks were up and heavy hawsers were cast off.

It was 1530 when the M.S. Sommelsdyke got under way. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the great screw churned a white path in her wake. Spasmodic bursts of oil-laden smoke coughed from her funnels as she set a S.W. course across blue Pacific waters, every rail, deck house, and hatch crowded with men getting a last look at American shores for a long time to come.

Little time was lost in solving the problem of idleness. Gun watches, fire watches, and mess details were set up almost immediately. Card games, crap, scuttlebutt and the washing of clothes kept many otherwise idle hands busy. The band again started to function and "Old Man O'Leary" got on the ball, promoting boxing matches here, a tug-o-war there, plus various other competitive pastimes.

Elaborate preparations were made for the visit of King Neptune and his side kick Davey Jones to the ship-a pair of age old hell raisers who rule blue equatorial waters with undisputed supremacy.

The morning was ideal for visiting dignitaries. A blazing sun, like a disc of molten copper, soared toward its zenith. Seemingly endless miles of calm sunlit water stretched away into the distance. Now and then the ship rode a tiny ground swell ever so gently, as if fearful of disturbing the forthcoming ceremonies.

And then suddenly the king of the fathoms, obese and feeble to the point of dottage, hove into view followed by his royal entourage.

His Queen, a mere freckled chit of a man, followed him to a canopied throne. Her long curls of Manila rope dangled gracefully over her boney shoulders. In one not so symmetrical washday hand she carried a wooden scepter. A tiny tin-foil tiara rode at a jaunty angle over one shaggy eyebrow.

Then followed the lesser satellites of royalty. The Royal Surgeon, Royal Cop, Royal Barber, and Royal Baby, a rolly polly little thing of some 160 lbs. All wore robes of white or nondescript clothing, according to their station in the king's court.

King Neptune surveyed all this. The huge tank of sea water, the white covered surgical table with its array of knives, saws and forceps. All this failed to evoke more than a nod, enigmatic and dour. For although his long hempen hair and beard lent a kindly aspect to the features of the legendary ruler, they failed to entirely conceal the light of cross ill-
humor that danced in the grey of his deep-set eyes. As impersonal as a sphinx he sat while a thousand land-lubbers filed in and out of his august presence. To him, ceremonies of this sort were old and about as welcome as a skunk at a lawn party.

But to his Queen, young in years and, perhaps, in experience, they were new. She smiled broadly when each man, stooping to kiss the hand of her spouse, received a resounding broadside from the court jester's paddle. Nor did her smile diminish whenever a wild eyed candidate was hustled away to the operating table, there to receive a gall-bitter concoction, sprayed in the region of his tonsils. She laughed outright when he battled against a second ludicrous hair-cut only to be tossed bodily into a salt water bath-a final phase belonging to the Ancient Order of the Deep.

A thousand passwords were uttered that day and a thousand new shellbacks watched a setting sun paint a still calm ocean with gorgeous splashes of crimson, turquoise, deep purple and gold.

There was magic in this quiet blending of day into night. The ship's easy roll. The gentle swish of moon-lanced water across her bow imparted a spirit of adventure to it all. Gun watches were taken over with keen interest as word got around that the waters could prove dangerous to allied shipping.

Days passed as days will. Some speedily, others in slow motion. America receded further into a literal if not mental background and Yuletide came to the fore.

Merry Christmas! With that phrase came a tail spin for morale. For somehow there was a false ring to the centuries old greeting. It just didn't belong there, shuttling the mind between retrospect, hard bright gayety, and cold reality.

For awhile this business of being separated from home and loved ones had all hands down. The wide eyes of pajama-clad kids on Christmas morn kept getting in the way. The whir and rattle of toys, the staccato footsteps of a busy housewife or Mom preparing a savory holiday meal added not one whit to the battalion's "esprit de corps." Mistletoe, colored lights and fragile crystal balls hanging from evergreen boughs at home failed to enhance the words, Merry Christmas.

And then, just as spirits hit their lowest ebb, carrying many along on a powerful tide rip of emotion, M. DeWitt Safford, the battalion's tall mildmannered Chaplain, came to the rescue.

Card games and other pastimes were "knocked off." The "smoking lamp" was out. Men of all denominations and creeds prepared for divine services.

Crowded on deck houses, hatch covers, and in any and all available space, they listened intently to the black robed man standing on the ship's bridge. Nor were the men present because they expected or got fiery oratory on sins of omission and sins of commission. Rather, it was as if they, caught in the cross winds of doubt and bewilderment, sought the only avenue of escape-the calm which springs from man's communion with his Creator.

Chaplain Safford's was a task of moulding officers and enlisted men alike into a new niche of life-a niche far more vigorous than heretofore. Skilfully, yet always in layman language, he lifted the veil of vague generality that all too often hangs between men and the Supreme Architect of the Universe. His theme, "The reorientation of souls for preservation of a righteous democracy," was a memorable one. Quietly he wove the fundamentals of a free nation with a new conception of divine guidance. Figuratively speaking, Christmas 1942 set the battalion's feet on a definitely determined path across an already flaming world.

Days later, and as if to complete a final unity of man's spiritual self-to offer concrete proof of omnipresence-New Year came in on a leaden dawn. Morbidly drowsy in its approach, the day passed to be followed by another of even greater lethargical aspects.

For once scuttlebutt was right. A hurricane of no mean proportion was in the making.

For several hours the ship rode through an ominous calm. Far to the east darkening wind-driven clouds sped towards a jet black thunderhead rendezvous. Flying fish sought the protection of deeper fathoms. Ship's officers and ship's crew turned attention to the lashing of cargo, both above and below decks. Seabees, men and officers alike, turned a thousand willing hands to facilitate this all important before-the-storm duty.

Soon all seemed in readiness, and well so. Huge waves were even then smashing into giant cascades of spume against steel bulkheads. An ever mounting wind howled an uncanny song of fury through the ship's rigging.

Memories new, yet somehow poignant and fresh as yesterday. The seemingly endless hours of indigo night, eerie with the deep-throated roar of elements
beserk. The mad groan and pistol bark of swaying mast and boom. The sharp tang of salt laden spray. The below deck shambles. Men and gear tossed hither and yon. Men with set white faces. Nervous men and rosaries.

A tempering process this. Fitting men for potential dangers to come.

Rain! Solid lead colored sheets whipping across a ship superstructure to wail away into the angry grey of an approaching dawn.

Dawn, and with it a storm's seemingly greater lust for carnage and shambles. Wind velocity increased

Men started looking forward to a long-postponed meal when finally their weary ship rode out into a comparative calm. A rainbow arched across the heavens on the ship's port side and life in general shifted once more to an even keel. Galleys were quickly policed. Broken dishes and water-logged food were tossed overboard. Hatch covers, decks and companion ways cleared of all after-the-storm debris.

The days that followed were a tedious repetition of the battalion's first days away from American soil. However, card games, tug-o-wars, boxing, in fact all forms of entertainment were becoming wearisome. Land, any land where a man could set foot on anything besides a hot deck
 or near vertical stairs would be welcome.

And at long last it came. From the orange shafts of a Pacific sunrise emerged sparkling coral strands shimmering in the morning sun, to drop off again into sparkling variegated water. Tiny atolls gave protection to quiet blue lagoons. Verdant green hills towered against a background of blue sky. And above all waited a snug harbor where fast little harbor boats skimmed about on real or fancied business.

Eagerly, men aligned themselves along the ship's rail, speculating as to whether this could be Island X number one, or whether this was merely at a stop over of short duration. Shore leave became the main topic of the day. A thunder-
to 120 m p.h. Deck houses and precious life rafts ripped from weakened stays to be hurled away into mountains of green water.

In a matter of split seconds forty-foot launches, carried as deck cargo, hurtled through steel railings to quickly fill and disappear. A ship's recovery from a forty-degree-from-the-vertical roll dragged into an eternity of suspense.

But good old scuttlebutt, never dormant for long, again injected its presence into the scene. This time IIoo was to see a definite downward trend of the storm's fury. But scuttle missed again. Not until I 300 was there any signs of the storm's diminishing. As fast as it had risen, almost within the hour, thirty foot waves dropped to twenty, to ten, to five.
ous cheer went up the moment it was definitely determined that the battalion was to disembark and establish camp.

Those first few days on the new camp site were certainly not conducive to anything but poor morale. A lack of adequate tools for the clearing away of underbrush was the first obstacle encountered. But in lieu of these a hundred trench knives went to work. Still more primitive along this line were the boys who pulled tangled vines, heavy shrubs, and young trees out by the roots.

In a matter of hours tents began to spring up. Additional men left the ship. Cots and galley equipment began to appear. More "Braid" appeared on the scene, and with their coming even the most mild
mannered j.g. coined vitriolic phrases concerning M.U.D. Again the question of "shore leave" popped up on that first day, only to be popped right down again by the then commander, C. L. McGinnis. Nary a man had given a thought to quarantinethat period when a man stands about as much chance of leaving camp as a snowball in Hades.

But those were days when plans for a real camp materialized; calling of course for long working hours and irritating living conditions. Yet these inconveniences paid dividends. Each day's end saw astounding changes in the locality. Heads, galleys, medical center, personnel and disbursing office sprang into reality almost overnight. A library took shape, swimming found ready devotees, generators were set up, lights and movies were provided. News, direct from Frisco, came nightly over the P.A. System.

Of all the disadvantages that go hand in hand with each new camp, only two stood out with any degree of prominence. Those two were mosquitoes and diarrhea. Of the former, Cliff Sowerby and his men made a valiant effort to control the mosquitoes, to discover that lotions, insect spray, and any and all emulsions were delightful American concoctions very pleasing to the taste of all Pacific pests.

The latter, affecting ninety-nine per cent. of the battalion, became a real problem. Overworked medics were busy night and day. Chlorine was added to all drinking water in large quantities and strict precautions against native foods and fruit were instituted. And it was in those days that Chief "Vin" Hiemenz, head of "head" construction, barely managed to keep one "deacon seat" ahead of hurrying harassed men.

But luckily the ills that go with the process of acclimatization are usually of short duration. In a week's time hundreds were deserting sick call, yelling for chow call, or howling for "liberty" passes.

Vivid New Caledonia! Garden spot of the Pacific! Picturesque Noumea! Somehow complimentary adjectives seemed sadly out of place when attached to this decadent little island. There was a vividness only in the lush green of towering cloud-capped mountains, the colorful paint splash of fertile valleys and fresh water streams, vivid, only to the degree that clean fresh dawns and the trilling of myriad bird life can make vivid.

As a rule one or two trips to "picturesque Noumea" was enough to satisfy. For unless one possessed a knowledge of the French language
great difficulty was experienced in all phases of Caledonian activity. Nearly all of the small shops were closed for the duration, lacking supplementary stock with which to continue business. The matter of souvenirs had long been a problem, with the larger establishments holding to prices nothing short of highway robbery. Lemonade (flattery) brought from ten to twenty francs. Ice cream (more of the same) from thirty to fifty francs.

This condition was attributed, by Noumea's population of Free French, to the fact that all large stores were controlled by Vichy French and therefore no price concessions would be forthcoming. Result?

Very little do-re-me trickled into the hands of the Vichyites. More and more, passes were used for the sole purpose of sight-seeing. A centuries-old cemetery, where the flaming red blossoms of giant flamboyant trees nodded to the royal purple of bougainvillia-covered tombstones, held first place as "points of interest." Too, many a C.B. will remember his quiet hour within the cloistered atmosphere of a massive old cathedral. He will remember a tiny mission and the tranquil voice of an old padre, and white moonlight sifting through stained glass to further enhance the filigree beauty of a candle-lit altar. He'll remember the Bay of Scuttled Ships, and the stench of a filth ridden waterfront where scores of kinky haired urchins fought and scrambled for a meal from each incoming load of table refuse. He'll remember the waterfront's smoke-begrimed huts where emaciated babies clung with fretful tenacity to the naked breasts of stolid, impassive Javanese mothers.

In future minutes of retrospection not a few will recall two little girls in crisp flowered print who would smile and shyly pirouette in the hospitable home of Ciprien Reveillon, the one place where all Americans have "un mille bon jours."

Little else than memories was taken from Caledonia when the call came to move. An hour's notice and the battalion was on its way. This time eyes were turned to the north. The voyage was to be of short duration and all hands looked forward to a pleasant uneventful trip - proving how wrong we can be, even under the most favorable conditions.

Every man aboard senses it; that intangible something in the air. A feeling of impending danger rode close. Songs that had been sung nightly ceased. Men became quiet, expectant.

On one side of the world John and Jack American donned felt fedoras and pigskin gloves against a
crisp February air. Here a South Sea convoy weaves an erratic course. Shrill whistles split the night, giving directions for both port and starboard. All the Johns and Jacks of an American armed guard don helmets of steel and gloves of asbestos. Hot gun barrels would need changing amid the spitting hell of angry gun turrets.

Mere youths most of them, a typical cross-section of America-good-natured and happy-go-lucky, yet also capable of a grim deadliness, and now word has been received of an impending attack.

At home lights blinked on and off in tiny rows and patches. Dim, perhaps, but nevertheless containing a certain quality of warmth. Here there is no light save the light from a brightly burning flare swaying high above a spread out convoy.

Accompanied by the ominous high-pitched hum of Jap aircraft, more flares drop to envelop a target area of American shipping with an eerie light of pale green. Upstairs, sons of Nippon spar and weave lethal torpedo planes into position for the attack.

Somewhere above that aura of pale green a little yellow man guns his machine and peels off into a sudden screaming power dive.

But just as suddenly a roaring inferno of tracers blast out to meet and toss plane and pilot into a sizzling whirlpool of cross fire.

There is no way out. Frantic side slips and an attempt at altitude are of no avail. "Honorable Jap" had lost face. In fact, "Honorable Jap" airman was minus both ends, and his middle to boot. Another Rising Son had just set off the port bow. A single charred wing dropped from sight in a still flaming lake of fire.

It was all in a day's work for these men of ferry ship gun turrets. Theirs is a saga unequalled for courage and ferocious determination by anything in fiction.

Time after time guns of every calibre traversed the night. Not until tracer and incendiary had raked the last red circle pilot into the selfsame holocaust of destruction as had met his brother, did the roar of tremendous fire power cease.

Thus was the battalion given its initial taste of warfare waged in an atmosphere charged with passion and a lust to kill.

Varied among C.B.'s was the reaction to the night's flaming tableau. Varied yet easily checked by the
amount of alacrity displayed when Island X number two was reached. To a few, Sea Biscuit was nothing more than a thoroughbred snail when it came to legging toward a finish line.

Island X number two turned out to be a well-known island. Camp was set up, or a semblance of a camp, for those were busy days in what had been a small native village. Grass huts still remained, as did a small church constructed of bamboo poles and grassed-in roof. A tiny grave yard hidden in deep undergrowth extended on one side to a sluggish green river and dense jungle, home of wild pigs and anaemic lizards. On the opposite side a small bamboo vestry gave out on the white sand of a sloping beach and blue of Pacific waters.

Time was when natives, black, and tattooed with tribal markings, sat cross-legged before Bishop Wade trying to understand this business of "White Man's Church." Time was when Doretea Matia (a much loved native girl) understood the ways of "Sister Theres and Sister Martat." Enough at least to "help Cowunga (mother) with pains from little babies."

All this before countless hordes of Oriental fanatics stalked across an island home. Mad men with hate and pillage and rape in their hearts, plus a keen desire to erase every last vestige of white influence from their own avowed sphere of conquest.

How well this last intent succeeded is now history, and being a military history it naturally follows that it was written the hard way-by hard men who became an integral part of an enemy's military objective.

No longer did men of the battalion kid themselves that this was a lark. There was still another island to go, number three, and this time permanent. It meant unloading operations and trans-shipment of heavy equipment and supplies. It meant rain and mud and long gruelling hours uder a broiling tropical sun. Men must be able to endure and work again after "reds" and "yellows" and the sudden roar of anti-aircraft had finished shredding already tired nerves. It meant a readjustment of mental perspectives, broken rest and, at times, no rest at all.

In store for these men waited everlasting minutes and hours to be spent hunkered below the surface of mother earth, waiting for the "daisy cutters" and "demolitions" of a hostile aircraft to clear.

They had to go on, and they did go on. With miraculous speed ships were emptied of cargo in
record time. Smaller and lighter craft immediately began carrying man power and equipment north to the new site of the battalion's "mission."

In due time the battalion as a whole arrived at a small coral isle where thundering surf beat against a jagged shore line, providing as it did, a fitting overtone for busy humans. Yet long before the last man had stepped ashore work had started. "Cats" roared and groaned into the brown clay of top soil. Carryalls sliced their way down to bed coral.

Thousands of dynamite charges spewed that coral bed skyward, while dozens of trucks hauled it away. "Fill" and "sub-grade" poured between engineer stations with a speed which could only be brought about by close teamwork.

Officers, day by day learning the calibre and ability of craftsmen under their supervision, became free to draft and plan for the project's future continuance. And by like token, men became prone to single out the officer or officers who could best provide a solution to any particular problem.

In those days little attention was paid to camp life. Sawmills, carpenter shops, wells, machine shops, automotive and the like received prior attention and consideration.

Of recreation there was none. A tent roof, a mud deck and a cot sufficed dog tired men. The island, beautiful in many respects with its million coconut trees, its gay colored parrots, its lush green grass and wild clover, was not the healthiest in the world. Torrential downpours were daily occurrences. Jeeps, tractors, and trucks soon had the camp site churned to a quagmire of more than ankle-deep mud. An attempt to remedy this condition was made by Lieut. B. Rabnowitz, the then commander of Company A. However the Lieutenant's efforts met with little success. The next few rains transformed ankle-deep mud into a knee-deep canal.

Other attempts at road-building were lost overnight as more and more emphasis was placed on the completion of an assigned project. Each shovel of earth, each truckload of coral, each ounce of human energy could not be wasted on non-essentials. These could come later.

And they did come, in the form of the best area on the island. New galleys, tent frames and decking, ball fields, roads, sealed against rain, wound through the area. Barber shops, cobbler shops, ships' stores, hospitals, surgeries, a golf course, and a theater, all contributed to better living.

No longer did white moonlight, lancing down the long lanes of coconut trees, bring its own particular kind of dread. For little by little the lethal nocturnal trips of Tojo were being cut down-cut down because a new springboard had been built from which to catapult real American warfare into his positions.

But like all units in the field, transformation of wilderness into active bases are not made without loss of personnel for various reasons. Some just cannot make the grade physically, others cannot make

the grade mentally. Nervous tension and the gradual wearing away of physical stamina at one and the same time are difficult problems with which to cope.
So, like all groups who occupy foreign lands in damp unhealthy places of the world, the battalion had its losses by evacuation both of officers and enlisted personnel.

Among the earlier evacuees were Commander C. L. McGinnis, Chaplain M. DeWitt Safford, Lieut. E. G. Wisniewski, Warrants G. P. Richards and J. J. Linker. Later Lieut. Wisniewski returned to the battalion.

Upon the evacuation of Commander McGinnis, Lieut.-Commander I. Sandberg, former executive officer, took full command. Lieut. B. Rabnowitz then took over the duties of Exec., with Lieut. (jg) A. D. Bird moving up to Commander of Company A.

Those were days when each change started scuttlebutt off on another fast and furious angent. "Hey, Mac! Heard the latest? First wave moves May 15th. Sure its straight."

But May i5th came and went and the battalion continued its business at the same old stand. May, June, July, August, September, October-months of
scuttlebutt, all of them. The sum and substance of wishful thinking; the product of a man's lonely dreams in the islands. Each lengthening shadow of twilight or the first faint flush of dawn found you ready to believe your mission as being complete. Each night's activity that stemmed from the thing your hands, your brain and your energy had created convinced you of this. Little was left to do, save board a ship and leave a hated place.

November found you doing just that and more; wondering in your heart if your labors had really paid. Speculating whether the civilization to which you were going would receive you and realize your value as an American Ally.

A short uneventful zig-zag course southward, and you found your answer. You discovered suddenly that American hospitality could be matched and in many cases outdone. You found a friendly people in a land of flowers and cool inviting homes. You found wide-eyed tots, typical of your own loved ones in America, playing in comparative safety. Yours was a refreshing revelation of what a completely united home front can be.

They were for you all the way. All out for your comfort, from the clear eyed girls with honeycolored hair to the little old ladies who stretched shillings and pence for the necessities that some "Yank" might have the luxuries.

These long months have passed into history. Many months more will pass into history. These pages will pass into battalion history, to be read and reread many times in later years. You who read them will know and feel an individual proudness according to the honest, individual effort which you expended in that two year hitch as a C.B.

To stand below decks, close packed, your bodies bulky with life preservers during the worst storm of a ship's history-to stand there beating away the chill touch of claustrophobia (the fear of being trapped) required guts. From your boot camp on out it took nerve. Nights when you crouched below the earth's surface, teeth clenched, skin crawling, you held on while split seconds snapped another minute fibre of your nervous system.

It was pride and self-discipline that held you there. It was difficult for you to stand without fear on the threshold of a new life. Yet you did it. To pass from tranquil security into uncertainty required courage. You had it, to the noble extent of a subordination of all your personal wishes and desires to the welfare of your Navy; and whether you knew it or not, to a host of oppressed nations throughout the world.

So to you, an integral part of the thirty third battalion, goes a genuine recognition for industrious attention to duty. Your willingness as a craftsman emblazoned for all time the words "Will do" beside the slogan "Can do."

With these four words ever in your mind you tossed onto the scales of time that decisive and priceless ingredient known as morale.

That same little island where you gave your best remains solid and secure out there in the blue southwest Pacific, an asset to the security of yourself and your nation. Your job is finished. Time and again you will retrace the intervening miles to your first "project." Your voice may be flawed by the years, yet those years will never blot out a ring of justifiable pride when you say, "I helped build it." Rightly so, you did a swell job.

"WE MOVED THE EARTH"

## NEW CALEDONIA



A TONTM
stands guatse soldorer
Noumea



# The Commander 

> "Skipper" of the 33rd since May, 1943, is Lt.-Comdr. I. Sandberg, an electrical engineer from San Francisco, born and educated in Sweden.

## GOLD BRAID

Front Row: G. E. Moeller, H. H. Auch, J. E. Goodman, B. Rabnowitz, S. I. Sanberg, C. R. Herlan, W. Suydan, A. D. Bird. Second Row: C. O. Davis, C. C. Pusey, D. F. Quigley, P. I. Geer, E. G. Wisneiwski, A. J. Loretta, P. J. O. Smith. Third Row: K. A. Hansen, C. E. Sowerby, J. W. Blair, N. Ball, H. E. Whiteley: Back Row: L. S. Campbell, W. K. Wilson, E. J. MeNamara, F. E. Stefl, C. F. Davis.

Promotions, new commissions, transfers, and replacements kept the battalion's officer muster constantly changing, so that by the end of 1943 there had been a turnover
 of nearly 50 per cent. of the original gold braid personnel. One of the major switches came in May when Comdr. C. L. McGinnis was evacuated and Lt. Comdr. Sandberg assumed command of the battalion, with then Lt. Rabnowitz taking over the duties of executive officer.
Nearly all of the CEC men are civil engineer graduates and were in some type of engineering work before they entered the Service, as were the doctors, supply men, and chaplain, following their professions, although some of the junior officers had just graduated from college. Their ages vary from 22 to .., about half of them are marrried, and their home towns are scattered all over the United States. They are simply a group of average American professional men who, along with the rest of the battalion, have temporarily laid aside their civilian jobs to give Uncle Sam a hand, and who look forward with eager anticipation to the day when they once again can go back to those jobs in a world at peace.

## HEADQUARTERS COMPANY



## CHIEFS

Front Row: B. Stejskal, R. W. Spencer. Center Row: M. Barlow, L. S. Levin, B. C. Conley, H. S. Perdikis. Back Row: R. F. Ebert, T. G. Newman, W. R. Paulson.


#### Abstract

NOT PICTURED- $W$. V. Adams, $A, B$. Crowder, G. M. Daumen, E. J. De Francia, J. M. Hayden, F. J. McArdell, J. F. Murphy, D. C. Rippey, E. A. Smith, E. Van Hoorebcke.




Front Row: R. H. Matteson, W. R. Paulson, W. F. Lux, S. LaChance, A. S. Arrabito, J. A. Calo, J. A. Lehrer, F. M. Dwyer, G. O. Gage, H. H. Cook. J. J. Moynihan, A. R. Jacobsen. Second Row: V. Y. Boozer, Unidentified, E. J. Carine, J. R. Hart, P. F. Apitz, P. P. Bonamarte, R. Ashman, F. Lombardi, A. M. Faulkner, A. W. Schueneman, G. D. Hoffman, H. B. Carpenter. Third Row: E. J. MeNamara. A. L. Salotollo, J. Zuccaro, J. F. Pitch, J. R. Shannon, C. E. Howenstine. E. L. Hodgman, G. I. Engle, B. D. Barr. S. A. Moore, R. R. Bourne, R. Norton. V. H. Smith, D. O. Tooker, A. B. Crowder, B. C. Conley. Fourth Row: S. Fulop, C. D. Balthazard, A. Giammarco, A. T. Page, W. H. Devaney.

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## A COMPANY



## CHIEFS

Front Row: L. J. Seifried, L. A. Hinkle, F. S. Vine. Back Row: J. M. Odell, A. O. Bowls, F. P. Drew, W. A. Stephens.

NOT PICTURED-L. E. Erskine, J. J Guest, V. J. Hiemenz, E. Maziarz, H Styker, A, M. Van Tassell.


A-1
Front Row: H. H. Frye, R. G. Chaffee, A. D. Bianca, E. R. Tay, R. H. Russell, F. H. DeArmon, L. G. Donatelli. Center Row: F. T. Graham, C. T. Jarrett, J. L. Connors, T. B. Paterson, E. C. Miller, F. R. Henry, T. P. Bates, P. IV. Arentzen, H. J. Carasiti, G. R. McAllister. Back Row: J. Celeste, J. B. Donoghue, V. D. Caplice, P. F. Foggiano, E. A. Hinkle, J. L. Gracie.


## A-2

Front Row: J. Stripp, F. L. Martin, J. F. Pizzuto, J. Montaquila, J. Carini, T. F. O'Brien. Center Row: L. J. Seifried, E. G. Nygard, C. J. Martiny, L. J. Redmond, T. M. Foster, G. Mosolovich, H. Ahle, E. Maziarz. Back Row: G. G. Davis, J. F. McFarland, J. Bettelli, E. Noga, F. M. Mullen, G. A. McFarland, D. Mallardi, C. L. Louchs.


## A-3

Front Row: L. E. Erskine, F. A. Horgan, J. E. Kraft, A. W. Wagner, J. E. Karalunas, H. M. Ursitz, J. Kozlowski, F. X. Berard, A. E. Gorbey, C. F. Hutton. Center Row: A. Kaliris, F. H. Cavanaugh, P. J. Freiseis, R. M. Freeman, F. H. Unfried, M. Baltusnik, W. C. Conlin, W. S. Waring, E. J. Yuettner, G. C. Brown, J. J. O'Connell. Back Row: A. M. Kintner, A. J. Simick, E. Corrente, J. A. DeYoung, A. E. Larrabee, J. J. Kranyak, P. W: Koontz, J. Dellinger, R. W. Canupp.

A-4
Front Row: S. A. Rowland, D. R. Schwartz, E. L. Ryder, E. M. Riffle, F. T. Dolan, L. J. Peloquin, L. A. Hinkle, L. A. Roux, C. M. Van de Putte. Center Row: F. P. Drew, ME. Garnic, W. L. Sylvia, H. H. Eden, J. F. Ferguson, W. C. Oggier, P. K. Radcliffe, V. Lipoma, R. B. Andrews, W. J. Ryan. A. M. Pastore, W. A. Stephens. Back Row: A. B. Goss, M. Ahearne, B. G. Smith, M. J. Lyons, W. Sawicki, J. J. Palmissano, T. J. O'Connor, J. W. Scranton, S. J. Rutkowski, J. Schak.


## A-5

Front Row: J. T. Hyson, A. J. Mangold, G. A. Teckmeyer, C. F. Smith, E. Kenney, J. A. Norcross, C. S. Fellows, B. Frey, M. M. Ivancic: Center Row: F. P. Drew, W. J. Hiemenz, A. Alfiere, E. A. Ferry, J. M. Odell, W. H. Oakes, P. E. D'Ercole, M. W. Sampson, J. J. Daly, J. A. Lynch, W. R. Stuart, J. J. Guest. Back Row: J. O. Pellow, J. V. Gillronan, J. H. Fletcher, C. P. Kreitzer, C. W. Kearns, L. R. Walker, W. B. Rogers, J. M. O'Keefe, F. H. Boardman.

## A-6

Front Row: J. Atanossian, J. J. Mak owski, G. C. Totten, E. B. Brennan, W. H. Campbell, F. E. Sharp, J. Martin. A. E. Phalen, H. DeSanctis, M. R. Ritter, G. P. Copple, F. H. Crump. Center Row: H. R. Styker, J. P. Schrule, J. T. Hyson, J. F. Horr, W. D. Jayne, C. A. Decker, A. W. Gay, H. S. Moss, E. C. Marrs, J. R. Taylor, R. J. Tobitz, A. L. Mahan. D. O. Bowls, Back Row: B. Froomer, R. B. Gifkins, C. E. Sargent, R. F. Barnsdale, L. Grenke. J. M. Riggio, M. Krajicek, J. C. Traynor, N. J. Reichel, R. H. Adolphus.

not pictured-A-1: R. Callahan, M. Ciaravolo, E. Cifarelli, J. Connell, S. J. Coughlin, J. A. Crass, L. E. Erskine. J. w. Bulter, H. A. Brochard, W. L. Crute, W. Henry. A. Van Tassel, E. J. Wilcox. A-2: J. Basta, A. L. Dole, C. Ficke, H. Harris, J. J. Harris, J. J. Kos, D. Nicasto, A. St. Charles. F. S. Vine, J. V. Genier, J. McHugh. A-3: G. G. Davis, J. R. Erskine. A-4: J. S. Ogden, H. Paskind, P. L. Robinson, J. F. Rynne, E. F. Bacon. A-5: T. Allen. P. J. Fontaine, K. B. Palmer, J. P. Smith. E. F. Wandelt, J. Clark, N. G. Farrar, P. Jauss, A-6: H, A. Day, A. W. Gay, J. J. Guest, C. Kelman, D. Sanders, J. P. Morgan, E. Whithworth.

# B COMPANY 



## CHIEFS

Front Row: R. G. Cowan, L. J. Osgoodby, H. E. Remington, C. F. Keenan, W. H. Loughlin, H. L. Fliegner. Back Row: W. B. Bustard, J. Haus, H. L. Woodward, O. R. Teig, A. B. Strasser, T. J. Gibney, H. E. Held.

NOT PICTURED-J. De Pinto, W. I. Munro.


B-1
Front Row: G. Norwig, F. J. Antonia, W. C. Buckley, E. O. Chase, J. P. Weinreich, M. M. Hurley, F. W. Curtis.Centre Row: C. F. Keenan, A. G. Caswell, R. C. Ross, A. T. Kidder, T. J. Sullivan, A. J. Strohrman, V. H. Miller, R. E. Johnson, W. B. Bustard. Back Row: T. F. Barrett, M. Bobinski, H. D. Chapman, W. C. Seils, N. S. St. George, J. B. Jennings, F. E. Digel.


B-2
Front Row: P. F. Keating, F. J. Miklitsch, D. Victor, C. J. Muckle, V. P. Pintavelle, J. E. Palmeri. Center Row: J. Rudisin, W. Gustafson, R. I. Girard, R. A. Clark, L. T. Yusko, C. R. Guillow, M. Palko, R. F. Cullen, D. R. Paola, C. J. Sickenger, A. B. Strasser. Back Row: J. W. Broadhead, C. Pelletier, G. B. Owen, R. C. Lane, R. S. White, D. T. Pierce. K. B. Wildes, A. E. Paquin, T. J. Gibney.


B-3
Front Row: W. Y. Afunto, A. H. Bureau, T. J. Brennan, J. G. King, R. A. Clark, L. J. Iglar, M. F. Avey, C. V. Fritz. Center Row: R. G. Cowan, M. J. Burgmeyer, A. Dengler, C. Danbury, K. H. Gill, A. O'Handley, J. Labodiak, F. Ciktor, H. Cosens, N. G. Krastel, E. J. Fillion, J. Haus Back Row: W. H. Peavey, J. B. Dodd, L. M. O'Rourke, G. F. Beyer, H. Bicknell, J. T. Cunningham, L. G, Amidon, J. J. Kenny, W. H Hickman, J. J. Koplar.

## B-4

Front Row: O. R. Teig, W. V. Snow, H. E. Sennett, E. E. Lawrence, E. C. Post, G. Publicover, A. Polk, J. A. Perricone, G. P. Riley, J. C. De Pinto. Center Row: H. F. Held, V. J. Herchen, C. F. Miller, H. T. Pittman, J. P. Harvey, P. Ferbiak, A. R. Sweet, C. M. Searle, R. A. Sturtevant, P. G. Stalker, A. E. Card, J. M. McDonald, O. A. Boutin, N. L. Woodward. Back Row: T. S. Sheerin, J. E. O'Connell, J. T. Fabjon, W. J. Podeiko, J. E. Lewis, C. H. Swanson, J. G. Sadeck, P. \&. Spates, C. H. Smith.


B-5
Front Row: R. E. Dolan, E. J. Poulin. F. Angelico, M. C. Blaisdell, C. F. Leonard, M. M. Pilcher, M. A. Rife. Center Row: H. L. Fleigner, E. J. Glowacki, J. W. Lowe, A. A. Young, T. Gallagher, C. A. Mansey, H. W. Gross, P. W. Samuelson, L. F. Porter, A. A. Anderson, L. H, Weber, T. J. Kelly, P. C. Welch. W. H. Loughlin. Back Row: P. L. Martinello, G. Pollard, R. Maslak, F. F. Bernhardt, J. R. Baker.

## B-6

Front Row: A. A. Łanza, M. A. Pater, R. C. Black, W. Morrison, W. B. Scott, J. J. MFarkosky, D. J. Bird, W. C. Overstreet. Center Row: H. E. Remington, G. A. Derouin, C. F. Massey, T. B. Moran, J. M. Palmaffy, E. J. Augustine, R. Jenkins, L. J. Osgoodby. Back Row: W. P. Whitley, W. H. Grubis, W. E. Jeffs, R. P. MacLeod, F. P. Wakefield, A. A. Winslow, E. L. Flannagan.

not Pictured-E-1: K. Boyd, J. Christine, H. Colby, H. Dickinson, E. DiPalma, H. Estep, D. Exley, J. Hayes, W. Hwimbuecher J. Melvin, O. Shumway, B-2: A. Dolan, J. Dwyer, W. Dooley, A. Dyett, W. Gustafson, W. Haskell, T. McDermott, R. Norton, J. O'Leary, A. Paquin, H. Porter, J. Rudisin, D. Turnbull, R. Wood. B-3: J. Duffy, S. Ferjanec, A. L. Freeman, E. Finnegan, A. McKee. B-4: J. Conway, W. Pyle, C. Shaff, C. Stevens, J. Stonaha. B-5: M. Biggs, E. Brown, J, Ford, W. Kafarski, J. Kimble, J. Maresca, L. J. McConachy, R. Mertineit, D, Scarafome, L. Videon. B-6: A. Bonaccolta, D.

# C COMPANY 



## CHIEFS

Front Row: J. J. Tone: F. E. Ryan, L. A. Opiela. Center Row: V. N. Love, R. H. Collins, H. L. McClure. Back Row: H. F. Wilder, J. S. McDonald, R. F. Dondero, J. A. Leeman, R. A. Giard, R. R. Ranspot, A. W. Beyer.

NOT PICTURED-C. A. Gustafison.


## C-1

Front Row: R. A. Traill, J. E. Whittaker, F. E. Hennessey, J. A. Cowley J. W. Johnston, J. W. Crumm, S. Campagna, S. W. Franzik, C. S. Ficke. Center Row: C. A. Gustafison, N. Fendrick, J. H. Donovan, G: D. Dinsmore S. J. Skiezinsky, J. M. Walker, J. J. Clarke, S. B. Nichols, A. A. Tanger, E. Ostermann, J. W. Lurz, P. M. Hatch, G. Freeman, L. A. Opiela. Back Row: P. M. Geraghty, A. R. Hash, O. C. Tarbox, J. S. Godlewski, P. L. Egan, A. E. Reed.


C-2
Front Row: W. H. Phillips, R. C. Walton, J. T. Stapleton, S. Polaski, W. T. Hennessey, M. S. Playford, C. J. Pinkham, G. L. Venancio, J. E. Purdy, J. Kelly, C. J. Patch. Center Row: R. H. Collins, A. J. Pearson, T. T. Smith, W. E. Marks, R. G. Nendel, M. W. Most, J. J. Murphy, V. H. Mfeixner, L. E. Hill, G. L. Faughnan, R. J. Muma, E. L. Jones, C. E. Sowerby, J. J. Toner. Back Row: N. E. Wicks, A. J. Snetsinger, L. G. Parsons, W. A. Tullis, E. E. Jessup, J. J. Flynn, O. L. Oliphant.


## C-3

Front Row: W. E. Gool, M. A. Dorman, H. C. Dillon, R. H. Doyle, J. A. O'Brien, L. F. Miller, A. C. Davis, G. J. Guthiel, B. J. Mason, W. Mr. Good, J. G. Berry, H. B. Hinkley. Center Row: C. M Anderson, S. P. Garland, M. J. Doherty M. H. Parker, S. S. Wroblicki, J. R. Perry, A. G. Gove, W. H. Stine, H. B. Goulding, J. W. Manley, E. A. Holter, J. Cirulli, W. J. Crozier, A. W. Beyer, F. E. Ryan. Back Row: J. B. Murray, W. F. Kearns, J. A. Earley, J. Nawrocki. A. A. Guarda, R. J. Eury.

## C-4

Front Row: R. C. Perkerson, A. C. Tice, D. Vienna, V. Tracz, S. A. Hurley, C. L. Castimore, G. A. Matthews, F. M. Townsend, W. Cohn, C. F. Zimmerman. Center Row: W. F. Roberts, L. F. Urbanek, J. L. Reichardt, C. B. Riley, C. H. Dodson, E. A. Guillot, C. Paletti, J. P. Reilly, W. H. Tritt, A. P. Sanborn, A. A. Sabella, L. M. Burke, R. C. Odle, P. Kowalsky, K. A. Hansen. Back Row: G. J. Wright, A. Valada, J. A. Venturino, E. Samson, A. R. Swezey, C. H. Loonie, P. S. Berry, N. Levine.


## C-5

Front Row: O. D. Ware, E. H. Crockford, A. C. Rutland, J. J. Lucas, L. F. Pellissier. E. Becker, D. F. Quaresimo. C. P. O'Donnell. Center Row: V. N. Love, H. F. Wilder, J. J. Messek, H. J. Casey, E. Reicher, B. B. Sones, G. D. Mercier, W. E. Ball, S. Mollica, C. B. Orr, W. F. Roberts, R. R. Ranspot. Back Row: J. A. Orlowski, L. J. Wheeler, J. M. McGowan, J. G. Thibault, J. J. McCabe, W. Klein, A. Marchetto, J. D. Mason, V. J. McGuire.

## C-6

Front Row: W. A. Bauchman, G. L. Fox, J. V. Stenquist, W. A. Brown, J. E, Zapach, W. I. Briggs, J. W. Warga, J. F. O'Hagen, L. F. Penny, A. Saccocia. Center Row: J. S. McDonald, V. J. Milano, H. J. McGuire, M. Geoghagan, K. W. Robinson, L. Wallach, P. A. Friberg, E. Johnson, D. E. Carter, J. J. Kraus, S. E. Kosloski, P. P. Lipkvich, J. J. Rock, M. J. Davis, R. M. Snyder, R. F. Dondero. Back Row: F. L. Mangano, J. F. Cervenka, C. C. Murtha, C. A. Beauregard, T. P. Jones, R. R. Birmingham.

not pictured-C-1: J. Albanese, T. Forty, N. P. Giordano, J. J. Guarino, N. Levine, E. O, Kilpatrick, C. E. Waldon, J. J Downey, W. H. Begley, C-2: T. Plasse, D. J. Gutches, C-3: P. Coppola, E. Duffney, J. J. Gattie, F. Simpson. C-4: F. H. Buckman J. J. Burke, E. Fallon, R. Giard, J. A. Leeman, W. Stonehouse. C-5: S. Guthrie, M. J. La Morte. C-6: J. J. Cebula, M. Mooney, J. F. Russo, C. E. Smith, J. W. Taylor, E. Tricomi, P. Triggiani.

## D COMPANY



## CHIEFS

Front Row: C. A. Durney, T. R. Larsen, H. C. Thomas, J. F. De Loche. Center Row: G. Hughson, P. O. Hoare, R. Gregory, B. J. Singerline, D. C. Pillsbury. Back Row: R. O. Young, G. F. Boisvert, I. J. Lindsley.

NOT PICTURED-C. J. Brosnan, H. J. Burke, F. A. Deveraux, E. Morse, J. V. O'Connor. F. S. Torrence.


## D-1

Front Row: R. A. Jaskulski, J. E. Krone, F. H. Rainwater, G. J. Simon, L. J. Hidde, J. V. Knight, F. J. Possumato, B. A. Morganroth, J. Huber. Center Row: R. Gregory, C. A. Murray, E. J. Garnich, J. H. Harvilla, A. J. Johnson, G. Hughson, C. D. Henshall, J. F. Donovan, T. A. DiUbaldo, J. V. O'Connor, J. M. Zeier, D. S. Wolfson, H. J. Burke. Back Row: G. W. Schafer, J. F. Hodges, T. W. Healey, R. C. Abbott, S. W. Grabowski, F. W. Collins.



D-2
Front Row: J. G. Maloney, W. B. Lavery, A. Sebesta, J. J. Sullivan, S. Lander, K. A. Merz, M. H. Drury, H. H. Gifford. Center Row: C. T. Vogt, C. W. Judge, A. E. Adolphson, R. B. Reichert, F. J. Sweers, J. P. O'Connell, H. G. Morelli, K. E. Poole, K. B. Stewart, R. E. Pate, C. H. Lhuillier, M. B. Stevens, J. E. Erskine, W. B. Leonard, A. E. Swanson, C. Cadogan, R. O. Young, I. J. Lindsley. Back Row: V. J. Iuppa, J. J. Stuart, J. Restivo, F. A. Spitz, E. F. Leger, C. S. Garden.


D-3
Front Row: W. P. Hollands, C. D. Reed, J. P. Kier, L. V. Dumas, R. S. LaBare A. A. Loretta. Center Row: J. A.Peduzzi, R. R. Leber, R. E. Greenwood, S. P. LaVoie, D. C. Mills, R. F. Ford, D. H. Foley, C. J. Brosnan. Back Row: J. R. Kubat, T. L. Yingst, P. Jakup, J. Kelly, J. Purpura, S. Impellitteri.

D-4
Front Row: J. J. Giron, B. N. Renegar, F. W. Nichols, J. S. Horton, Visitor, S. V. Sarle, J. E. Sullivan. Center Row: P. O. Hoare, T. R. Larsen, D. A. Colpitts, S. Stewart, H. E. Haight, P. J. DeLong, F. Sobesky, M. B. Yegian, J. R. Moran, A. L. Claypool, C. G. Voelker, B. J. Singerline. Back Row: W. E. Riley, H. A. Ondrick, J. F. Essex, V. J Walker, S. Losowski, E. J. Wozniak.


D-5
Front Row: A. Dorsa, C. H. McClelland, J. Beck, J. G. Vasquez, P. S. Boudreau, R. Howard, M. Kohut, A. E. Scheibler, W. H. Mfelanson, G. T. Muldoon, F. J. Rooney. Center Row: N. L. Walker W. D. Wallace, R. E. Connor, C. Mont gomery, C. K. Wright, C. H. Miller, D. E. Farr, H. M. Gernon, T. B. Vaught, C. R. Monaghan, E. M. McLeavey, J. T. Morley, G. C. Luciano, C. A. Durney. Back Row: D. J. Theroux, G. N. Lott, L. Pearce, A. T. Mitchell, W. R. Moore, O. R. Tucker.

## D-6

Front Row: J. Kurtz, J. C. Havlicek, A. W. Dannelley, T. V. Wilson, J. R. Allen, J. J. Cirrinelli, W. H. Friel, J. J. Corbett, F. Warnoff. Center Row: J. F. DeLoche, E. R. Vincent, F. L. Wolfersberger, G. L. Bernard, G. W. Shrimpton, J. M. Tighe, A. D. Saunders, E. O. Craft, A. Goldberg, R. J. Gilbert, J. M. Kryzak, G. C. Selvidge, T. A. Devereaux. Back Row: L. B. Klemm, J. Kuna, R. L. Huntley, A. J. Amaral, F. Elchison, J. J. Karpinski.


NOT PICTURED-D-1: H. T. Barnes, F. J. Chreczeyha, J. Hoelscher, E. Hover. L. Le Lievre, S. Matyia, C. Mfiles, D. Pillsbury, G. Sweeney, H. Thomas. D-2: J. Barton. W. Jahn, W. Krapf. D-3: G. Boisvert, J. A. Brach, T. L. Davis, F. E. Dodge. M. E. Hopper, R. S. La Barge, E. J. Labonte, F. J. Lalonde, W. A. Lavertu, W. T. Roche. J. T. Rondash, J. J. Sawdy, S. Seidman, R. W. Stahl, H. E. Silva, D. J. Dwyer. D-4: L. De Vore, J. Harrington, A. J. Leger, J. Martin, L. A. Sorenson, J. W. Stahl, H. E. Story, C. M. Taylor, F. Torrence, V. Zarkovacski. D-5: M. T. Minerva, E. A. Morse, M. H. Newman, R. Vacher. D-6: A. Bernard, O. A. Kenny, P. M. L'Esperance, J. J. McCourt, R. F. Mulderig, A. D. Romeszewski.


## Just Scuttlebutt

## "AIR RAID SIGNALS"

LOW DRONE OVERHEAD-Possible enemy planes in vicinity.

LOUDER DRONE, PLUS ONE BOMB-Condition yellow.

POWER DIVE, TWO BOMBS, ONE BLAST ON SIREN-Condition red.

THREE BOMBS AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE -Sure 'nough air raid.

## ODE TO A SOUTH SEA ISLAND

Here on " X " you're fighting gnats.
At night you hear the great big bats. Nobody knows the hell you have:
But, once, you thought old Bradford bad.
Down below you waded sand,
With not a soul to lend a hand.
Up here you share your bunk with threeMosquitoes, lizards, ants and thee.

Remember back along a sluggish river, The women there sure made one shiver.
You forget now which was the worst you seen; The big and fat or the long and lean.

But maybe some day you will go back, And hit New York in full field pack. You'll sit you down in a swell cafe And what you order won't be hay.

You'll eat a steak with mushroom trimming. Then, full, you'll go and find some "wimmin." Though they may help you to forget It will be a damned long time, I bet.

## AGE IN REVERSE

"Age before youth," being proper in all cases, doesn't seem to work during air raids. Age just isn't apparent during Tojo's nocturnal meanderings.

At these times the decrepit old fossils of the day suddenly become rejuvenated into something sired by a bolt of greased lightning and mothered in the arms of a Ju-Jitsu artist. No sooner does the drone of a broken-down Maytag strike his old ear whenBingo! He's off! Bare fannie and all. Woe to the young 'un who is foolish enough to block a door. The oldster will tread on him, port and starboard; he'll get in a few cracks amidship, and then hop off the youngster's fantail into a foxhole, all with the ease and speed of a pedigreed weasel.

One should never stop to argue a point at these times, for very often the voice can change with the falling of the first bomb. It is considered quite a disappointment to shake one's head, only to discover it is missing entirely.

And as a last tip: If the opening to the above mentioned foxhole is not large enough to nonchalantly walk in, either get in there feet first or head first, but never try both at once. You just can't make it. The result will inevitably be a jack-knifed hunk of anatomy left bugged out in the tropical moonlight, with a good chance of anti-aircraft shrapnel beating a tattoo across your "Great Divide."


NAMES AND ADDRESSES
A. P. Etyker

125 sut 76 place Qesanightos Elward Migzar
TMM Oriple Gue, Pawt, PAD

204-main ot Aluntigtin willa
iwin Steat pantuchet Mpass.
Morth Main At Cohaset M M
TN.S. moss
Seginim. Teras R+iz.
Charles id'felows
W.G.Stepheno

RI thicua, Ddoks.
Ni dipoma 3 is We tertorn it
Newtra Mast
FiP.(Refty) Drew
Ot.1, Bor 98A, Milwaykee, One.
45 Moellion At. Ming yontio.
45 tholler At. mbo york.
19 Conpe Buffole huwyuk.
caluntafon
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gobay Sman atbe
674 Ma Kinley Phwy 3s.
Andrwi Q. Qincturm.
Andrew a. Gidurmis Mass.
ro.leler 3 ancea
ER1F. At Paymond Cue to y.C,
Millepart, Alaboma $H_{2}$
4bledar A Lempinster madr.

$\qquad$
giads.
Sha villinger
Litolleniguff Batoma ny. Rospoud. videry medford maw.

Gohn Owyer Macedon - New - jock waltere Baken feoty Miechad ouler $2346^{5}$
Jerrey lily $\$ 1$.




[^0]:    NOT PICTURED-Other Rates: W. J. Abel, W. V. Adams, T. K. Albert, C. M. Ambrosio, N. Anthony, J. A. Areand, T. J. Asci, E. G. Ashenfelter, R. S. Awtrey, M. L. Baer. P. Balabanow. M. J. Barlow, W. H. Basil, R. J. Beauchemin, W. Bell, T. R. Benton, A. Benedetto, W. R. Billings, A. Bonislawski, R. Bosse, W. A. Bowne, W. E. Breedlove, W. L. Bridge, D. F. Bruce, S. A. Buczek, L. A. Burt, A. M. Bush, M. J. Bush, J. E. Buzza, L. J. Caissie, J. J. Canniana, L. V. Carpenter, S. J. Cartwright, O. A. Church, E. Clerk, S. L. Collier, D. J. Columbo, D. J. Cooper, J. R. Cronin, H. B. Curran, R. W. Davis, G. M. Daumen, E. J. De Francia, W. E. Dewes, H. J. Dietz, J. Dilligard, W. J. Dingwall, N. W. Dufur, L. B. Dwyer, G. P. Earp, R. F. Ebert. W. J. Fennessy, F. A. Finley, E. K. Fisher, C. A. Flanegan, J. A. Fluitt, E. Forster. J. J, Gallagher, H. J. Gerheart, E. Goodwin, G. J, Gonld, D. F. Gragnano, J. J. Grant, F. J. Hans, I. Hart, J. M, Hayden, C. C. Hazel, V. Heath, J. W. Hollier, G. M. Hudson, P. P. Jaskot, G. Lawrence, L. S. Levin, W. Leuppie, C. Liebengood, F. M. Lohan, C. F. McAllister, F. J, McArdell, J. E. McColgin, W. O. McGee, C. S. McKee, C. Magill, L. Maples, M. G. Marx. W. F. Matteo. J. B, Matthews, E. W. Meehan. H. R. Melanson, P. H. Mitchell, P. E. Mixon, J. F. Murphy, T. G. Newman. D. G. O Leary, F. J. Parizzi, H. W. Parsons, J. A. Pearson. H. S. Perdikis A. V. Perozich. H. S. Potter, F. O. Pride, J. P. Przylepa, R. E. Rauschart, G. C. Redfern. A. P. Ricker. D. C. Rippey, H. E. Rutledge, M. Schneider, F. Schork, A. W. Schueneman. L. E. Shovey, F, J, Slodowski, A. C. Smith. E. A. Smith, R. W. Spencer, E. W. Staten,
    B. Stejskal, J. F. Taylor, A. Thomas, F. T. Tuttoilmondo, E. R. Van Hoorebeke, R. L. Watson, L. H. Welch.

