



YEAR



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**Dedicated To All
Members Of The
Eighty Third U.S. Naval
Construction Battalion**



★★ The STAFF ★★



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" ALL PHOTOGRAPHS THROUGHOUT VOLUME OFFICIAL NAVY PHOTOS. "

In Appreciation

We wish to extend our thanks and appreciation to those who gave of their time and energy to make this Year Book possible. We hereby list the following men for our own special award of merit:

Mr. J. R. Taylor, Secretary of the Trinidad and Tobago Tourist and Exhibitions Board, who made possible, our use of their wealth of information and pictures, many of which appear in this volume.

Chief Warrant Officer H. E. Webb and E. K. Dare, PhOMic, of the Eightieth U.S. Naval Construction Battalion, who in time of need, stopped their own work to help a fellow shipmate. Tom E. Gilham, PhOMic of our own battalion who took the platoon pictures.

Company Clerks: J. Dupuis, A. E. Brown, W. J. Darling and F. Simard who gathered the reams of material needed to fill the Company pages.

Censors: G. Pumb, G. A. Walinski, A. J. Toth and V. W. Patris who spent many evenings reading proofs.

THE STAFF.

Commander's Message

Our year book is dedicated to the officers and men of the 83rd Battalion.

Its purpose is to commemorate the friendships, and associations made during our service in the Navy. It is most fitting on our anniversary as a battalion, to record with words and pictures the happenings of the year, and also afford a medium in future years to recall to our minds the men with whom we have been associated during our Naval service.

The friendships being knit by close associations with one another, drawn together by common pleasures and hardships creates a relationship akin to brotherhood. It is a power that will draw us together in a common purpose long after our Naval service has ended.

At this time I desire to express the high affection and regard which I hold for the officers and men of the battalion, and to commend them all for the spirit of cooperation which has prevailed since the inception of the battalion.

COMMANDER J. R. NEALON,
O-in-C, 83rd U.S. Naval Construction Battalion.



Any resemblance between the motion picture "The Fighting Seabee" and the life and work of the 83rd Battalion is purely coincidental. The picture has its points—but to satisfy everyone Hollywood should take a series of pictures, one for every battalion that passed through the gates of Allen, Peary, and Bradford-by-the-sea. Unfortunately for the moving picture industry—and fortunately for the United States of America—there is no such thing as a typical Seabee, except for the common characteristics of ingenuity and fortitude found in every construction battalion. But these are American traits anyhow, so even the Seabees cannot claim exclusive rights to them.

If, after a year with the 83rd Construction Battalion, I were handling script and cameras for "The Fighting Seabees," there are certain things that I would include. They are "must" scenes, if we are to see the Seabee in his familiar surroundings.

The first scene would show Mr. Seabee at home. He is a good example of the saying "fifty per cent of the happily-married people in the world are men." A large part of his thinking is concerned with getting back to the bosom of his family. (Note: the one still single has a gleam in his eye which indicates that he is in the matrimonial market and ready to close a deal at the first good opportunity). Naturally this fellow has a roving eye, and on occasions when a trim figure (female, of course) passes by he is not likely to be found staring meditatively into space.

The fact remains however that when the company clerk shows up at the barracks with air mail, there is a deter-

mined rush to grab that all-important letter from home. Yes, the Seabee is an incurable romanticist—that's what makes him a Seabee in the first place—but his romanticism is closely intertwined with wife and children.

Another shot that has to be in the picture is that of half-a-dozen Seabees sitting around the canteen. That combines two of the little things that loom large in our lives on "Island-X." First, the "pause that refreshes," which in this tropical climate is the best time of the day. Made so by much good talk. For the Seabee is a gregarious fellow—he finds much of his pleasure in the company of his mates. When you talk about the "Fighting Seabee," well, you must be referring to the hot and heavy arguments that get under way at a time like this: Roosevelt, the St. Louis "Cardinals," re-rates, debarkation, and tastes in blondes and brunettes. Here is where the Teller-of-Tall Tales hangs out. Give him an inch, and he will recount at length the inside story of the fifteen months he spent in Alaska, or a provocative essay on "how we do things down in Texas" and let that innocent bystander beware who finds himself surrounded by a gang of Michiganders modestly acclaiming the wonders of their native state.

The third shot presents the Seabee in one of his favorite roles: behind the controls of a piece of heavy equipment—monarch of all he surveys, aristocrat of the construction world. Watch him manipulate the dangling "clamshell," dropping the distended iron jaws over the precise spot in earth's anatomy that is to be excavated, snatching away a mouthful of soil which trickles slowly out through the steel teeth as he skillfully swings the bucket to one side. See him shove in the throttle of his crane in close accord with the rigger's signals, until his sensitive touch tells him that the 115 foot piling is securely held—then swing it smoothly around and lay the thousands of pounds down with feather-lightness upon the bed of a truck. Watch him on a bull-dozer, moving tons of dirt in the space of a few hours—moulding old Mother Earth's contours until she would never recognize herself—slashing away tons of dirt and rock here and piling it up there—obliterating trees and shrubs and landmarks—laying out roads and runways and athletic fields, turning wasteland into

habitable areas, jungle into clearing, swamp into dry land. The Seabee on his "cat" can do everything but climb a tree, and will try that for the promise of thirty day's leave when he gets to the top.

If you want to see poetry in motion, put your Seabee into the cab of a power shovel, the kind that can scoop up a half ton of earth the way a soda jerk scoops up a chunk of strawberry ice cream. It may be in the eerie darkness of the graveyard shift on "The Road," or in the blaze of noonday sun on the side of Crazy Mountain—but for sheer artistry the Grade A "shovel-runner" is unsurpassed. In his hands that shovel becomes a living organism. Close your eyes half-way, and you will sense the outlines of a lumbering, pre-historic monster, who buries his snorting head for a moment in a pile of fodder, then raises it smoothly to get that final morsel in place. He swings his massive body around, disgorges into the placid dump truck, and with flowing grace swings back to plunge his massive head deep into the good soil of earth once more. The rhythm never stops except when the beast lowers his head and waddles forward a few more feet to bring the diminishing pile within easier reach. Here is a shot, Cameraman, to stand on the rim of earth looking down into the moving iron bucket while the shovel-runner cuts away the ground beneath the camera's feet. That is a thrilling sight. Not as gruesome as the blasting of an enemy pill-box; not as noisy as the broadside from a battlewagon; yet more dramatic than either because it pictures man in one of his best moments—man made by God with dominion over the earth. Craters made by bursting shells are tragic symbols of man controlling everything but man. There is hope to be found in these other craters, carved out by the skillful iron hands which man has made to do his bidding—hands that can literally change the map of the earth, and build a better world. The fighting Seabee who controls these mechanical hands will be as decisive a force in the world of peace to come as he is in this world of war now.

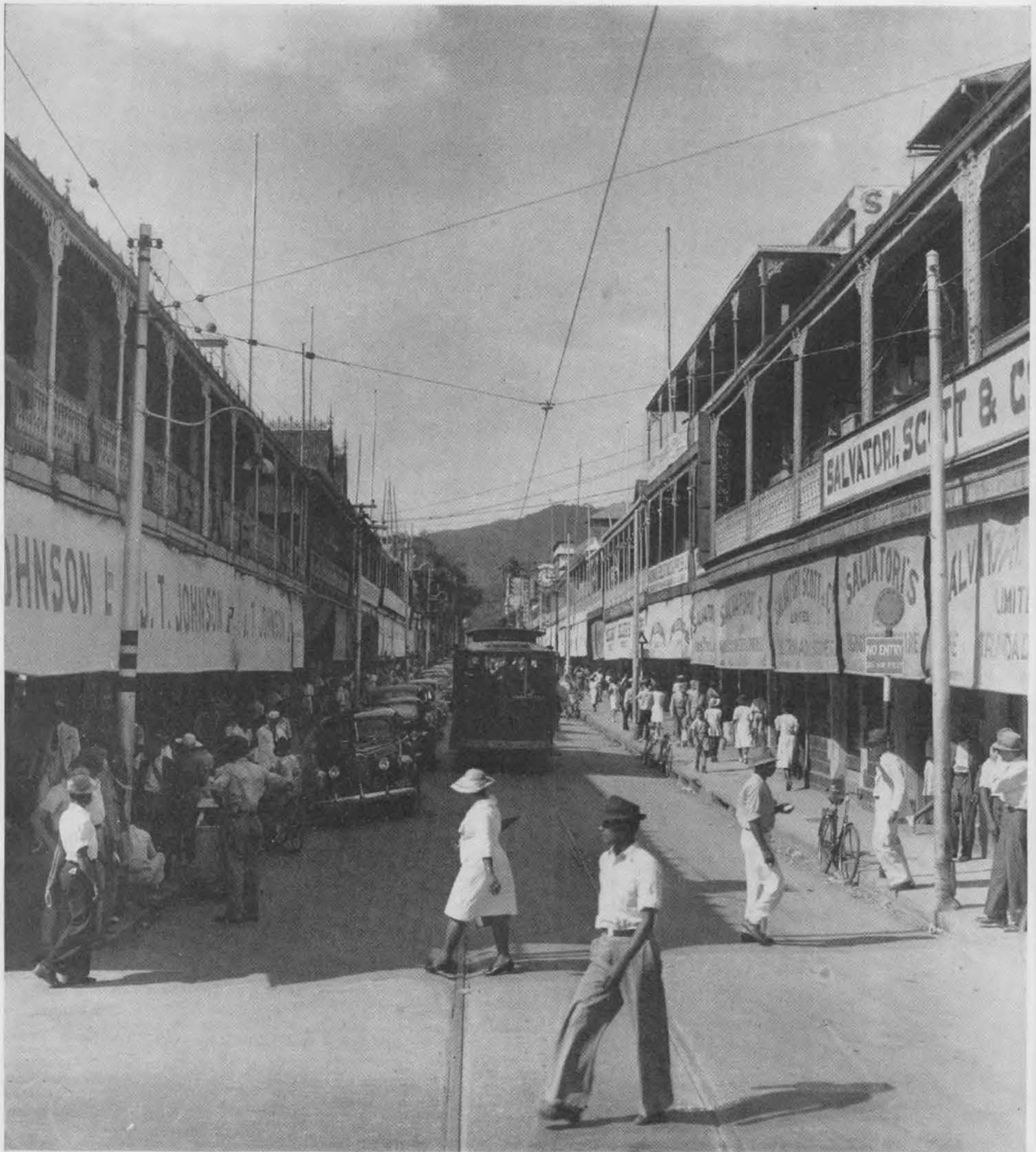
Yet another series of shots must be taken. Not every man can be a "cat skinner" or crane operator, not even in the Seabees. You won't know them all until you have seen the "iron men" (Justy, soft-speaking Texans and Louisi-

anians, many of them) sweating over pipe lines in the broiling sun; the rugged, hard-working crews on the pile-driving rig, a miniature of democracy in action; rugged individualists who seem to move around in haphazard array and wise-cracking confusion until suddenly you awaken to the fact that those pilings are being driven with incredible speed and regularity, and that without command every lounging figure swings into action at the precise time when he's needed, and then you know that you are watching a hard-hitting team with perfect voluntary coordination; sun-helmeted men with tape and transit laying out new worlds for the cat and the shovel to conquer; blue-dungareed men in jeeps and pickups carrying out the thousand and one jobs needed to keep this base growing and operating; quiet men, tucked away in corners of big warehouses, keeping tabs on a million items great and small and putting out with astonishing speed and courtesy the materials needed to keep the jobs moving; the carpenter, identified by that three-quarters of an inch of yellow rule sticking out of his hip pocket, good-natured and competent—for there is no job too little nor too big for the Seabee carpenter; and in every shop, through the flame of the welder, the sparks from the grinder, ankle-deep in shavings from the lathes and dust from whining saws—there you find the Seabee on the job like a great White father among his native children.

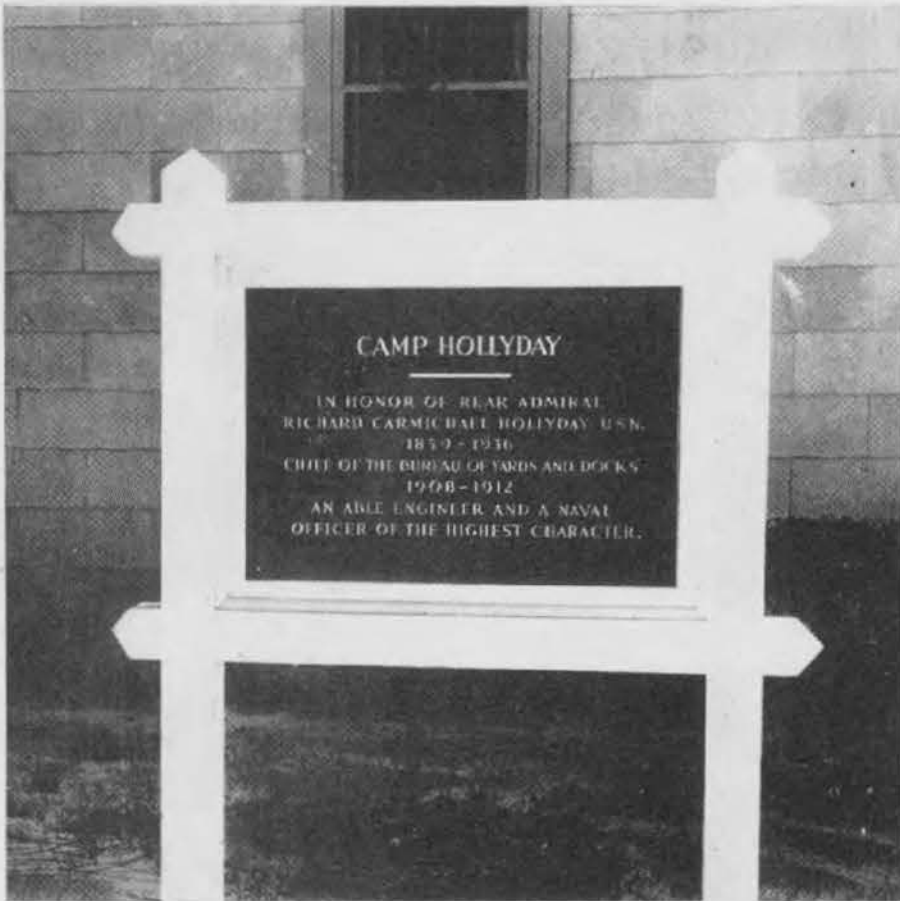
Also remember to train those cameras on the trim, white uniformed guards, who go about their appointed rounds day and night probably wishing to be bull-dozer operators, machinists, or electricians—yet still carrying out their tasks with quiet loyalty. And like the guards, there are the Mess Cooks—eager to get into something a little more dramatic than dirty dishwater, but making life very pleasant for the rest of us by dishing out good hot chow twenty-four hours a day.

All movies are supposed to have a happy ending. This one should have that kind. As a battalion we are approaching the end of our first tour of duty. The Battalion has done well. The job here has been done with speed and efficiency. There have been ragged spots. It would be foolish to pretend

Continued on Page 88



FAMOUS FREDERICK STREET in Port-of-Spain is the retail business center of our liberty town. Down its narrow span traverse not only the "trams" but also cars, innumerable bicycles and the typically native two-wheeled carts drawn by burros or small horses. Hawkers and street vendors handle a goodly volume of trade and anything from corn medicine to jewelry may be purchased from them. The department stores carry the usual lines of retail goods sold by such stores in the States but due to the war, stocks are sadly depleted. Drop awnings, displaying advertisements of all kinds, are used to protect the pedestrians from the burning sun and sudden showers.



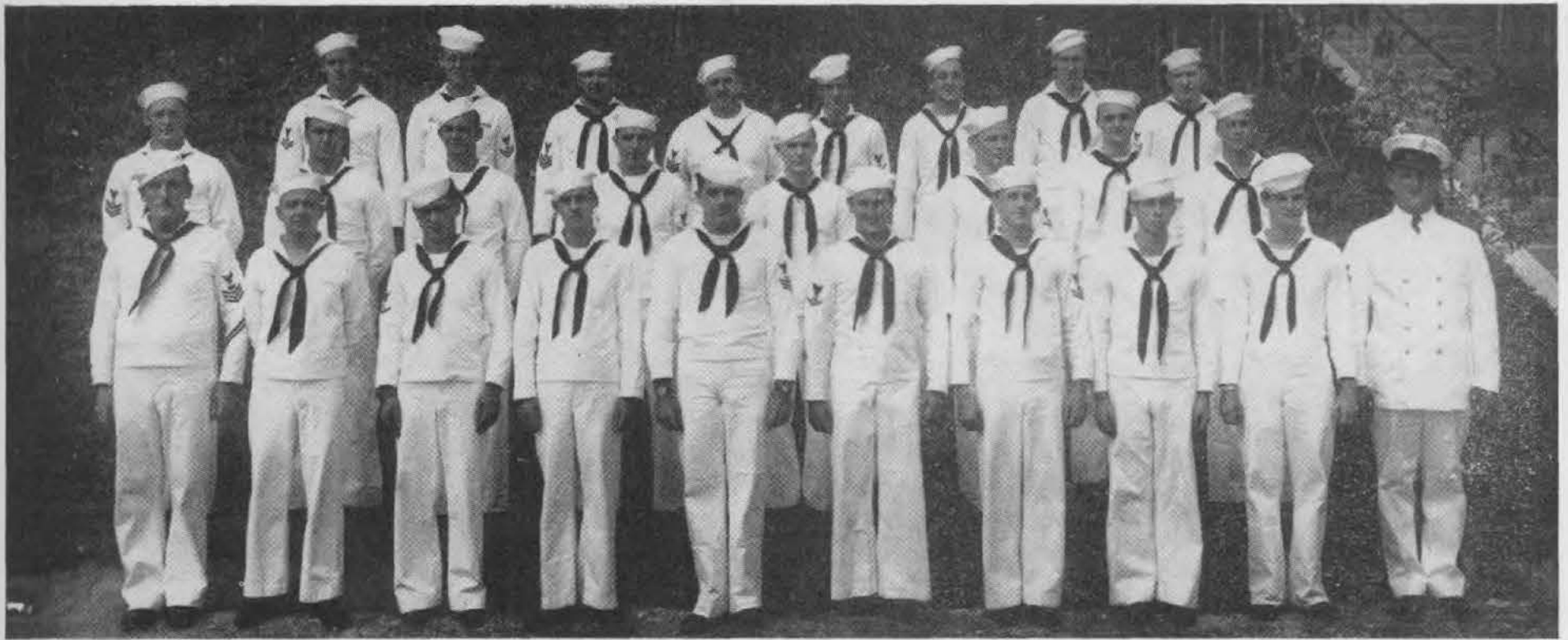
CAMP HOLLYDAY at the Gulfport Advance Base Depot was named in honor of Rear Admiral R. C. Hollyday, USN. This sign was posted in front of our Administration Building.



HEADQUARTERS for the 83rd Battalion during its residency in Gulfport was this Administration Building in the Third C. B. Area. There were six areas, each of which could accommodate an entire battalion.



FULL DRESS REVIEWS were frequent during our stay at ABD. Every resident battalion went through an advanced training course, part of which was Military Training and part Construction Training. This D Company group is on its way to the Parade Ground to take part in drill competition.



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, GROUP 1

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 T. E. (Tom) GILHAM, PhM1c, 128th Avenue, Brantford, Ontario, Dominion of Canada.
 Signature _____
 J. K. (Jimmy) CHILD, Y3c, 3918 Cambridge Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.
 Signature _____
 P. J. (Flip) GOETZ, Coxswain, Ontario St., Detroit, Michigan.
 Signature _____
 P. E. (Clerky) CLERKIN, EM3c, 224 South 52nd St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
 Signature _____
 C. L. (Dizzy) DEAN, PhM1c, 242 High St. Highwood, Illinois.
 Signature _____
 J. F. (Johnny) GEARY, BM2c, 1115 Hemphill St., Fort Worth, Texas.
 Signature _____
 W. A. (Doc) JENKINS, PhM1c, 4112 A. Blair Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.
 Signature _____
 C. J. (Steve) STEVENS, HA1c, 263 E. Main, Benton Harbor, Michigan.
 Signature _____
 R. S. (Baby Face) BAKER, HA1c, 90 North Highland Ave., New York City, New York.
 Signature _____
 A. A. (Al) CHASTEK, CBM, 130 West 64th, Inglewood, California.

Second Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 L. (Red) MESH, BM1c, Sulphur, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 M. (Mike) POVICH, S1c, 2612 First Avenue, Hibbing, Minnesota.
 Signature _____
 R. E. (Vince) VINCENT, S1c, Ashton, Nebraska.
 Signature _____
 J. (Joe) MOLINARA, SP(M)2c, 3109 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City, N.J.
 Signature _____
 I. V. (Vern) NOTESTEIN, SP(M)2c, 119 North 10th, Keokuk, Iowa.
 Signature _____
 J. H. (Dick) DIXON, PhM2c, U.S. Veteran's Adm., Marion, Indiana.
 Signature _____
 J. W. (RG) DUNN, PhM1c, 402 Chestnut Street, Kingston, Pennsylvania.
 Signature _____
 A. L. (Wilbur) WUEBBENS, PhM1c, Flanagan, Illinois.

Third Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 J. A. (Jawn) HOYT, BM2c, 1949 South 82nd St. West Allis, Wisconsin.
 Signature _____
 W. L. (Doc) LAKE, PhM2c, 2058 North Main St., Decatur, Illinois.
 Signature _____
 D. T. (Boats) WILKINS, BM1c, Columbus, Ohio, Police Dept., Columbus, Ohio.
 Signature _____
 J. G. (Joe) ARTIBEE, BM1c, 131 Superior Street, Munising, Michigan.

Signature _____
 N. N. (Mac) McELRATH, PhM3c, Merville, Iowa.
 Signature _____
 P. H. (Pete) MULLER, S1c, 124 Highland Drive, Brecksville, Ohio.
 Signature _____
 A. F. ROSS, S1c, 2519 North Francisco Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
 Signature _____
 J. H. (Jim) ARTERBURN, BM1c, 3833 West 109th St., Inglewood, California.

Platoon Members not pictured:

Signature _____
 F. A. (Dapper Dan) MONTGOMERY, CBM (PA), 145 N. Clark Rd., Gary, Indiana.
 Signature _____
 I. (Two Bottle) ROYER, CBM, 313 Jackson, Decatur, Alabama.
 Signature _____
 C. E. (Whitey) WHITCOMB, CBM (PA), 2536 Albee St., Eureka, California.
 Signature _____
 L. W. (Leo) PHILLIPS, COX, Gilbertville, Iowa.
 Signature _____
 B. F. (Pee Wee) CONTE, PhM3c, 67 Bishop St., St. Albans, Vermont.

PLATOON QUIPS

GILHAM—"My buddy, Lavezzi."
 CHILD—"Nothing could surprise me now."
 GOETZ—"Go away now, I quit."
 CLERKIN—"What's new?"
 DEAN—"The last time I fought—"
 GEARY—"On the ball you guys!"
 JENKINS—"When I was in Pearl Harbor."
 STEVENS—"You're just a kid, see."
 BAKER—"Good duty here, good duty."

CHASTEK—"When I get back to civilian life again."
 MESH—"Dear John :"
 POVICH—"Heard the latest?"
 VINCENT—"Who said so?"
 MOLINARA—"Dr. Bell finally beat me."
 NOTESTEIN—"At last, I'm first."
 DIXON—"Have you got a cigarette?"
 DUNN—"What's the latest?"
 WUEBBENS—"Want to bet when we're going home?"
 HOYT—"What an outfit!"
 LAKE—"Now, in the regular Navy—"
 WILKINS—"In Cleveland we—"
 ARTIBEE—"Citizen, how y'all?"
 McELRATH—"Wait until I get my braid."
 MULLER—"Let's get on the ball, now."
 ROSE—"Aw, you phony!"
 ARTERBURN—"Get back on Slob Hill."
 MONTGOMERY—"Got another letter from my baby."
 ROYER—"Whoooooo—hoooooo."
 WHITCOMB—"I'm going to try once more."
 PHILLIPS—"I'm dreaming of a white mistress."
 CONTE—"I can't think of a thing to say at a time like this."
 * * * * *

Triester: (Traffic Controlman) "You were doing 40 per. What's yer name? Spell it."
 Early: "E-a-r-k-i-e-w-i-c-z."
 Triester: (putting notepad away), "Well, take it a little easier around here. Thirty's the limit."
 * * * * *
 Officer: (on phone), "Is Hugh there?"
 Yeoman: "Hugh who, sir?"
 Officer: "None of that, now, or you go on report."
 * * * * *
 Corn-fed Mamma: (To Ensign, on date.) "Ooooh—ere stripe. You must be an apprentice seaman."
 * * * * *
 Mate:—"Where've you been?"
 Scabee:—"In a phone booth talking to my girl, but someone wanted to use the phone so we had to get out."

The Gulfport Jaunt

The order came to lay out our gear on the bunks for seabag inspection. We were about to shove off. Nobody was sore about that. Most of the men in the battalion had been in Camp Bradford for more than two months and some of the boys from earlier units had been there since November or before. It was now March, the 14th.

The idea of bag inspection was an optimistic note since there was always the problem of getting a complete outfit of equipment at Bradford. Even when they had the gear, they seemed to be able to conjure up a number of reasons for not issuing it to you. Didn't the writer personally flirt with pneumonia; spend Christmas Day in sick bay and then get an order from the Medical Department for the issue of a pea-coat (overcoat, folks)? Indeed, he did.

Few retained a favorable impression of the State of Virginia in general; Norfolk and Camp Bradford in particular. Strange, too, since some of the biggest men in our country's history either were born in Virginia or chose to live there. Maybe it just didn't help your memory to live through the snow, sleet rain, mud, etc., with a tent for a home (and an outside latrine) with no heat for your showers, if you were crazy enough to want to take one.

Details for departure were completed. The men were mustered. (Every few minutes.) All present and accounted for, we finally embarked in trucks which drove us a few miles to a railway siding, where we transferred to day coaches. The whistle tooted and we were off. It didn't happen quite that fast as all was done in good old traditional Navy style. We didn't know where we were going and didn't care. Any change was bound

to be for the better. Besides, we were heading south. Phil Goetz set out to prove that one can use his watch and the sun together as a compass. After some strain on his memory and a few adjusting calculations, he proved his point. It's a good trick, you should try it.

Somebody must have set the "governor" for 20 miles an hour. We seemed to chug along at a turtle's pace. But we were a happy gang; glad because we were moving.

It was a sunny afternoon and the country side looked pleasant as it slid by. The roadbed seemed rather level although we passed occasional hills. To many of the boys, accustomed to life in the larger cities, it was relaxing to observe the quiet tempo of the country as we drifted through the Carolinas.

There was plenty of chatter aboard about every subject one could imagine, as well as some things that would be hard to imagine. Everyone looked for contact with the outside world. Whenever the train stopped at a small town, heads were poked out the windows all along the line and curiosity ran riot. Any civilian within shouting distance became an information bureau, be he black, white, male or female. "Where are we?" "What town is this?" "What state is it in?" "What railroad are we on?" "What do you do for a living?" "How is the war going?" These were some of the questions that were shot at the poor civilians.

We stopped for water at a little town near Greenville, S.C. We remember a colored boy, about 17 coming down a dusty road toward the station. He was tall and slender, with big hands and feet and he was modelling the latest creation in a "zoot suit." It was a pale blue in color. The coat was form fitting at the waist then long and full from there south, hanging halfway to his knees. The pants were full at the knees and tight at the ankles, like those of a bicycle rider. His big feet were encased in bright tan show windows. Going up to the northern extremity we saw a brown hat with a very narrow crown and a

brim broad enough to skate on. His shirt had all the bright colors of the rainbow with no necktie to destroy the color harmony. As he shuffled along the dusty road, the picture seemed to say that he had just finished feeding the cows, had tidied up in his best bib and tucker and was on his way to call on his favorite brunette. The boys on the train saw this fashion plate and gave him a thorough working over, in ribald Navy style. Net result: the colored boy turned about four shades lighter and flushed. What else could happen when the Navy calls a man to attention?

As we moved farther south, darkness fell. It was supper time and we were hungry. The Navy cracked out a lunch box for each man. The Navy feeds its men well; there is a balanced diet and plenty of it. We don't remember now what it was so it must have been good. We usually remember the food we don't like. It probably was breast of fried chicken, a ham and cheese sandwich, a hardboiled egg, an apple, an orange and coffee. Not bad for a picnic!

Then followed more chatter, singing, card games, harmonica playing and soon it was time for bed. But there were no beds. That, we will always remember. The battalion had its full complement aboard that train. There was a seat for everybody but no bed for anyone, so the men improvised beds. Several arrangements were tried but only one appeared to resemble the real McCoy. The backs of adjoining seats were slid up and out of their anchors, the seats were adjusted backward and forward, creating spaces which were filled by the back and seat cushions. By sleeping on their sides, six men could sleep, after a fashion, on this rough platform. It was a good man who could breathe fresh air and free himself from the stockinged feet of his neighbor. Needless to say, there was very little sleep and rest that night.

The following night it was the same thing as we were still aboard the train and still rolling. We crossed through a corner of Georgia, through Montgomery and Birmingham, Alabama into Miss-

issippi, arriving at Gulfport on March 16th. The gang had left Bradford fresh and saucy and now arrived at their destination weary, bedraggled and quiet.

It was great fun to be in the sunny south. The chills and discomforts of Bradford had become a memory. Here it was bright and warm. The people we met seemed glad to see us although they had seen thousands like us before and would again. We couldn't get any farther south without getting our feet wet. Five minutes walk from the station and we could jump into the Gulf of Mexico. A half hour walk in another direction would bring us to Camp Hollyday where we were to be billeted. We didn't have to march this time, that was to come later. Upon arrival, we all piled into waiting trucks and were transported to camp in no time. Later, our gear was handled by a gallant group of volunteers—(You, you and you) and delivered to our barracks.

The camp, an Advance Base Depot was almost completely built and large enough to scare Hitler if he could but realize that (this was only one of several hundred like it in the U.S.A. Its layout was a perfect geometrical pattern; a rectangle. The streets were parallel with cross streets at right angles. A string of huge warehouses adjoining a railway siding formed one side of the rectangle with a row of barracks across the street from them. Each building was a two-storied affair which housed comfortably a full company of 250 men.

A compact area, roughly a square forming a part of the huge rectangle housed a complete battalion. The area had five barracks, an administration building, and Bachelor Officers' Quarters, (B.O.Q.) mess hall, ships' service store, tailor and laundry shops, movie theatre, hospital, armory, garages and workshops were all within easy walking distance of each other, at least from our location. Other battalions had farther to walk for services other than eating or sleeping. The camp could easily house several battalions of Seabees and the large Armed Guard School at the same time.

These were by far the most comfortable living quarters we had been in. Most of our crew had been billeted in similar barracks at Camp Bradford but there had been trouble there with the central heating plant. Here, where there was less need for heat, each building had its own heating arrangement. It was gas; piped into the building and distributed to a number of small heaters with radiators suspended from the ceiling. The hot air was blown about by an electric fan in each unit. A large and commodious "head" was located on each floor. As each barracks had its own hot water heating unit, there was plenty of hot water for shaving, showers and laundry. Mister, you should have seen us revel in that hot water: it was like a Roman holiday. The water was the softest we had ever seen; soft as the petals of a magnolia blossom. In the showers, we could easily soap ourselves to a beautiful lather and then that water would take its slow, Southern time about rinsing itself off. It was a pleasure to just let it run and run but after drying off, one still felt a bit soapy. Outside at the washing benches we could scrub our clothes nice and white but it was difficult to rinse the suds out of them.

The bunks were double-deckers, with rather thin but comfortable mattresses. Three long rows of bunks were formed on each floor with double rows of wooden lockers. We had two warm, woolen blankets each, that came in handy as the temperature at night was cool enough to warrant the use of them. A considerable amount of humidity in the atmosphere made its presence felt.

Our clothing, for the most part was left in our sea bags which were lashed to the posts of our bunks. The items of clothing for everyday use, such as dungarees, extra shoes, linen, etc. were stowed in the lockers. But we were not to have immediate need for work clothes as other plans were afoot.

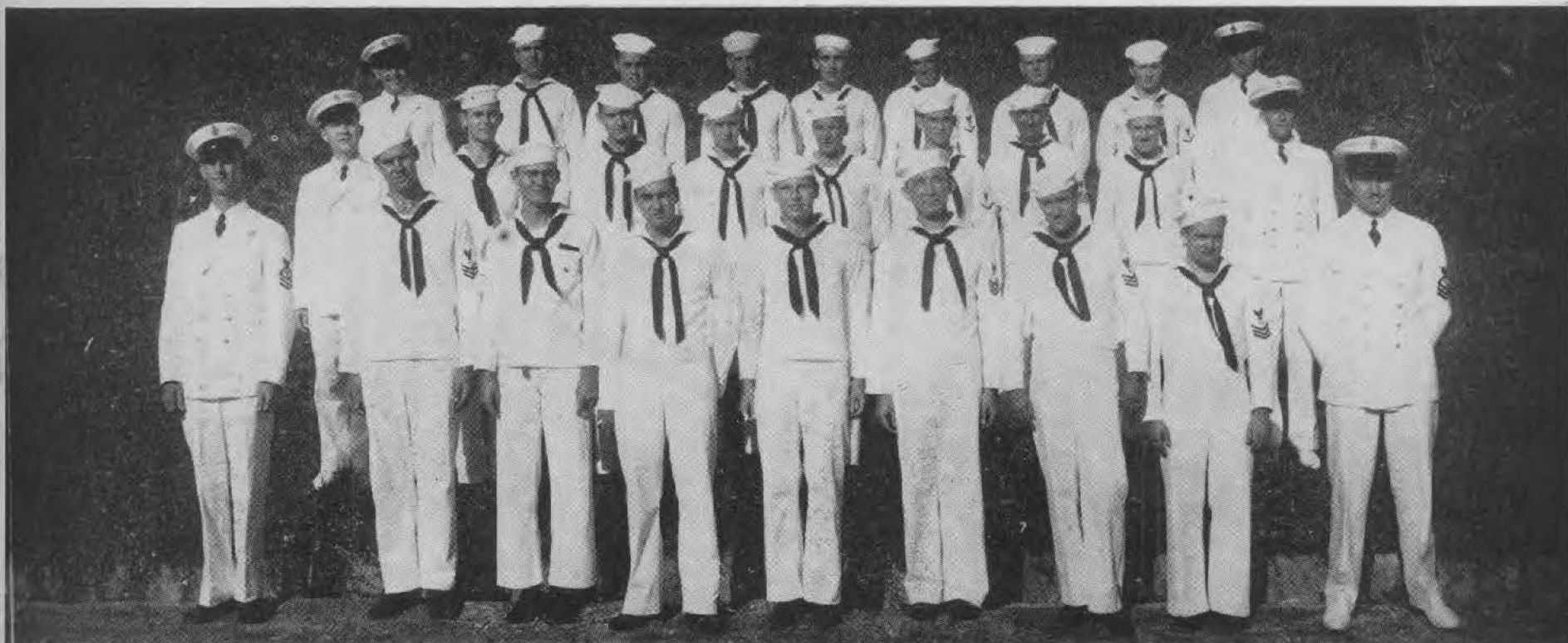
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NEVER A DULL MOMENT

"Petty Officer of the Guard"



"But Suh, Y'all done tole me to hoist the Ensign."



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, GROUP 2

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 G. (Jawge) HAIR, CMM, 1515 Fairfield Avenue, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 R. L. (Bilge) ILG, CM1c, Manitowish, Wisconsin.

Signature _____
 F. T. ALVERSON, CM2c, 417, South 4th Street, Moerly, Missouri.

Signature _____
 C. R. (Irish Jew) FITZPATRICK, CM3c, 317 South 13th, Mount Vernon, Illinois.

Signature _____
 F. H. COPP, CM3c, R. Route No. 6, Box 364 Kokomo, Indiana.

Signature _____
 W. S. (Chronie) CRYER, CCM, Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 C. H. (Ken) KENNEDY, CM1c, Wells-ville, Kansas.

Signature _____
 C. L. (Shorty) DELP, CM1c, 105 West Morris Street, Morrison, Illinois

Signature _____
 R. W. (Pistol Packing Momma) BRANDON, CSF, 3051, Lyndale Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 W. F. (Breezy) WARFIELD, CCM, P.O. Box No. 45, Liberty, Texas.

Signature _____
 A. F. KOEPP, CM2c, RFD 1, Vermilion, Ohio.

Signature _____
 P. B. SIMMONS, SK1c, 7407 Arthur, Oakland, California.

Signature _____
 H. H. (Dutch) POSTMA, S1c, 722 Franklin Street, Pella, Iowa.

Signature _____
 G. E. HERRICK, BM1c, 7325, East End Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 R. T. (Shorty) SHORTNACY, CM3c, R. Route 1, Ashville, Alabama.

Signature _____
 R. J. (Stinky) PRIMEAU, CM1c, 99 East Huron Street, Pontiac, Michigan.

Signature _____
 L. C. (Lt. Commander) BROWN, CM1c, 333 Harmon Avenue, N.W., Warren, Ohio.

Signature _____
 M. W. (Ghost) COFFMAN, CCM, 4107 North 4th Street, Arlington, Virginia.

Third Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 J. H. (Jim) HAMBRICK, CCM, 125th 7th Avenue, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Signature _____
 F. F. (Sinbad) SINNARD, Coxswain, 1314 East Court Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

Signature _____
 J. O. (Bro) HANSBROUGH, CM3c, 1225 Central Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 C. E. G. (Lobo) CARTER, CM3c, 1107 East Denny Way, Seattle, Washington.

Signature _____
 R. G. SEE, EM3c, Box 56 East Saugatuck, Michigan.

Signature _____
 L. W. (Brains) LEMBKE, CM3c, 833 South, East Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.

Signature _____
 A. A. (Mac) McAULEY, CM3c, Byhalia, Mississippi.

Signature _____
 J. L. (Murph) MURPHY, CM3c, Box 668, Dana, Indiana.

Signature _____
 T. W. JOHNSON, OCM, 414 East Ludington, Avenue, Ludington, Michigan.

Platoon Members Not Pictured :

Signature _____
 W. B. (Toeless) SWANEY, CM3c, 431 Vine St., East Liverpool, Ohio.

PLATOON QUIPS

HAIR—"What you all playing, fellers, stud?"

ILG—"What will I tell my grandchildren?"

ALVERSON—"Any mail for Maracas?"

FITZPATRICK—"I'm asking for nothing."

COPP—"Who's doing all of the work?"

CRYER—"Hello, Bud!"

KENNEDY—"Fits like socks on a rooster!"

DELP—"When we leaving?"

ERANDON—"Five minutes! Shake it up five minutes."

WARFIELD—"I heard——"

KOEPP—"That's nothing new."

SIMMONS—"Whatta party!"

POSTMA—"Damn—they're treating me rough!"

HERRICK—"That will be three dollars."

SHORTNACY—"He never even hurt me."

PRIMEAU—"I want to go home."

BROWN—"And they call it an All-Star team."

COFFMAN—"Theres my boys."

HAMBRICK—"What a life!"

SINNARD—"No mail today."

HANSBROUGH—"Get out of the bucket Phillips."

CARTER—"I'm striking for Junior Cobo."

SEE—"Any extra magazines?"

LEMBKE—"Sure, I can do it."

McAULEY—"Now fellows."
 MURPHY—"Fitz, got any cigars?"
 JOHNSON (T. W.)—"That twel's not clean."

★ Smile

When the money is gone and the food is low
 And from whence comes the rent you cannot know
 You've still something left, remember friend,
 It will carry you through until the end,
 A SMILE.

Smile when you ache from a day's work done,
 Smile even though the Victory isn't won,
 Smile even though it hurts through and through,
 And soon someone else will be smiling with you
 SO SMILE.

If you say there is nothing to smile about
 Lift your heart within and you will smile without
 Say the Name of Jesus so soft and sweet,
 And you'll have a smile for all you meet,
 SO SMILE.

So if you've nothing to save for a rainy day,
 Just gather more smiles and tuck them away
 And when there are more than enough for you,
 Pass them to friends who gathered too few.
 SO SMILE.

—Submitted by W. F. Warfield.

★ The Advertising Man

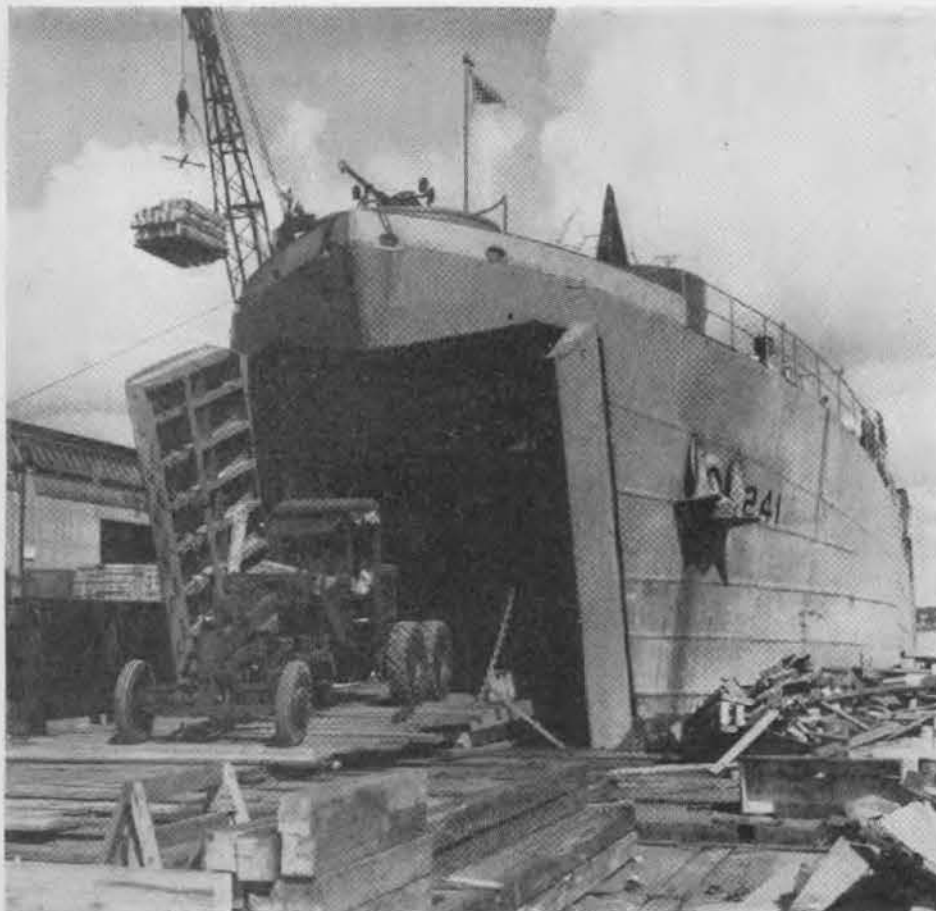
Glorifying pink chemises
 Eulogizing smelly cheeses
 Sanctifying plumbers' pliers
 Accolading rubber panties
 Serenading flappers' scanties
 Sermonizing on throat mixtures
 Rhapsodizing hotel fixtures
 Some call us the new town criers
 Others brand us cockeyed liars.



LONE SENTINEL of Mississippi Sound in the Gulf of Mexico is this lighthouse situated on a sandy point of Ship Island. This was one of several islands utilized to train Seabees in the art of amphibious warfare during their residence at A.B.D., Gulfport.



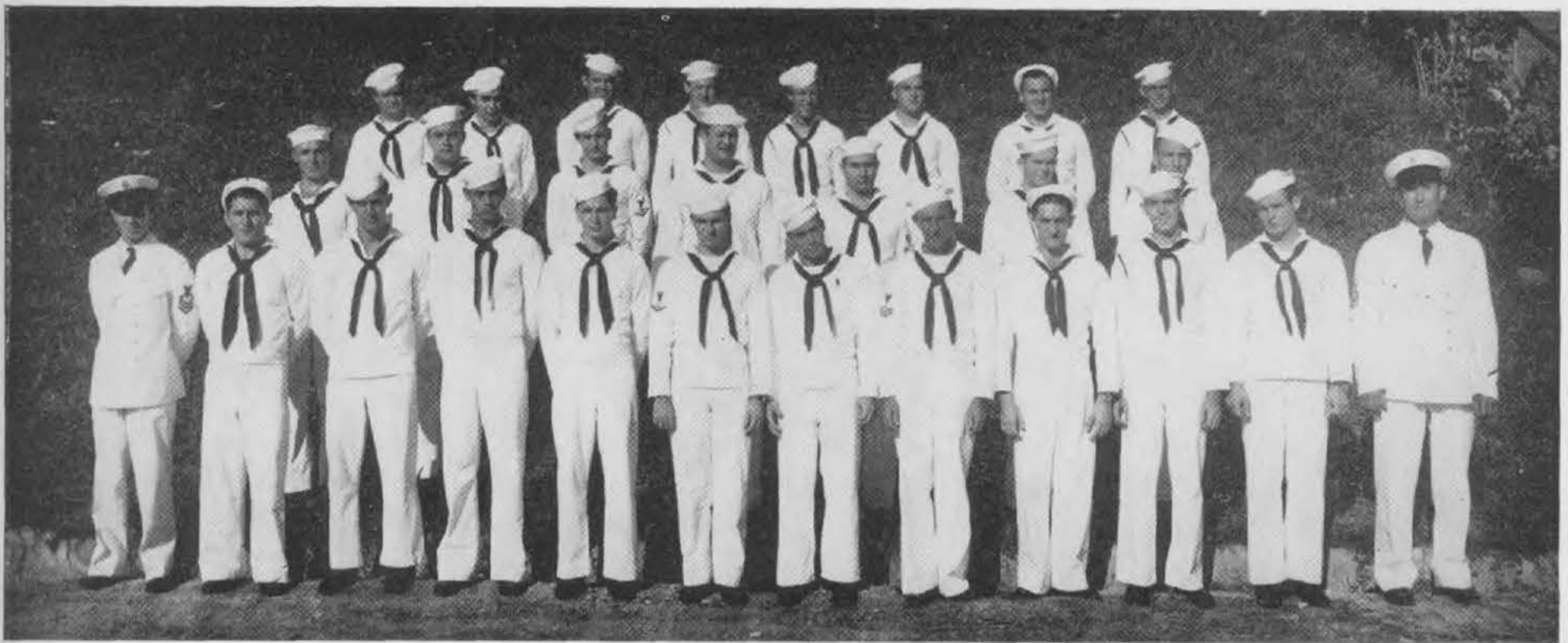
SEABEES INVADE Cat Island during amphibious manouvers. At Gulfport, we learned to fabricate pontoon landing barges which we used to transport our troops, supplies and equipment to simulated invasion points. After landing, these men will secure a beach-head and bivouac for the night.



WHEN WE HELPED load this yawning LST with equipment and supplies, we little dreamed that she was bound for Europe to take part in the invasion of Sicily and Italy. Picture shows a motor patrol grader going aboard for stowing while lumber is being hoisted to form part of the deck load.



CONSTRUCTION TRAINING was also a part of our curriculum during our residence at A.B.D. Here, men of B. Company are making a fill on the Pontoon Launching Quay Project at the West Pier. In the foreground stand two critical inspectors from the Construction Training Department.



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, GROUP 3

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 O. W. JONES, CCM, 2860 Losantiville, Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Signature _____
 U. (Joe) D'ANGELO, S1c, 40 Russo, Providence, Rhode Island.

Signature _____
 W. W. (King) COLE, S1c, 214 East 11th Street, Traverse City, Michigan.

Signature _____
 C. (Smitty) SMITH, S1c, 1131 Charlevoix Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
 E. C. (Gene) LIBERATORE, S1c, M.C. No. 30 Brookside Park, Warren, Ohio.

Signature _____
 G. D. (Al) KAPOUN, Coxswain, 1634 S. East Avenue, Berwyn, Illinois.

Signature _____
 D. E. (Don) STEFFEN, GM2c, 114 Beebe Avenue, Peshtigo, Wisconsin.

Signature _____
 E. A. (Ned) REYNOLDS, GM2c, Munfordville, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 N. D. (M'sieu) BOUDROT S1c, 19 Faxon Street, Newton, Massachusetts.

Signature _____
 R. W. DAVIS, S1c, R.F.D. No. 3 Kent, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. L. (Jim) FERRIS, S1c, Route No. 3, Arlington, Texas.

Signature _____
 S. J. (Solly) BIETKA, CBM, 5th and Marion Streets, Leavenworth, Kansas.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 R. R. ELLIOTT, S1c, Route No. 1 Canton, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. H. (Citizen) FIELD, III, S1c, 191 Hartsdale Ave., White Plains, New York.

Signature _____
 E. J. (Jack) KIRK, MM3c, P. O. Ashland, Alabama.

Signature _____
 H. A. (Hons) HANSON, MM2c, Cambridge, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 F. C. (Fred) JAEP, 658 Haddon Ave., Collingswood, N.J.

Signature _____
 C. D. (Charlie) FERRIS, MM3c, 914 East Belknap Street, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Signature _____
 W. L. (Bill) HAVERKORN, S1c, 3421 May Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

Third Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 H. A. (Harry) HENDERICKSON, S1c, RFD, 1, Marion, Iowa.

Signature _____
 J. W. (Ham) HAMILTON, MM3c, 4073 South Bannock Street, Englewood, Colorado.

Signature _____
 D. W. (Yanno) JOHNSON, S1c, 428 N. Chicago Avenue, Rockford, Illinois.

Signature _____
 W. E. (Besetting) SINN, S1c, 222 E. Broad Street, Newton Falls, Ohio.

Signature _____
 R. F. WEATHERBEE, S1c, 1206 So. Sierra Bonita Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Signature _____
 F. R. (Kit) KITTRELL, S1c, 610 E. 4th Street, Claremore, Oklahoma.

Signature _____
 J. P. (Stek) STECKLOW, SF2c, 2024 E. 86th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 G. M. (Bake) BAKER, S1c, PFD No. 1 Fairbury, Nebraska.

Platoon Members not pictured :

Signature _____
 M. M. (Speed) MURPHY, CMM (PA), 64 Wainwright Drive, Portsmouth, Va.

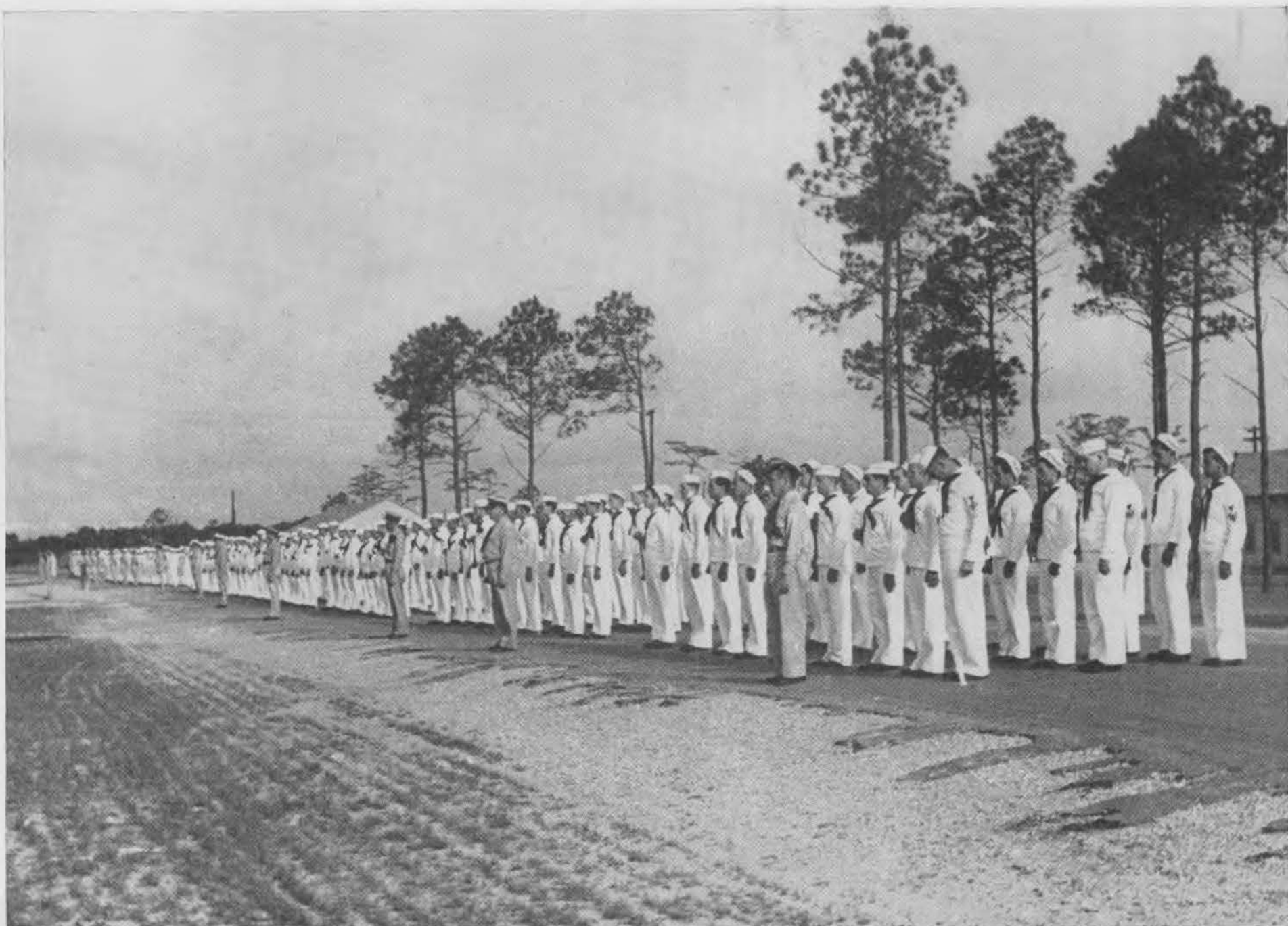
Signature _____
 A. C. (Andy) ANDERSON, MM2c, 1002 Stevens Terrace, Philadelphia, Pa.

Signature _____
 J. M. (Jim) KIVETT, S1c, Deer Lodge, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 J. A. McNANEY, S1c, 202 Washington St., Hartford, Conn.

PLATOON QUIPS

JONES—"What a life!"
 D'ANGELO—"Just outside the gate."
 COLE—"Hey, Ump!"
 SMITH (C.)—"They got me."
 LIBERATORE—"Now my blonde says—"
 KAPOUN—"What am I batting?"
 STEFFEN—"Better get it clean."
 REYNOLDS—"Anything new?"
 BOUDROT—"It's the last one I can get."
 DAVIS—"What's actually happening, mon?"
 FERRIS, J.—"I've got a permanent appointment to my rate."
 BIETKA—"Square that hat, Mac!"
 ELLIOTT—"I'd do it this way—"
 FIELD—"Notwithstanding all that, I remark—"
 KIRK—"It's perfectly all right."
 HANSON—"—you know?"
 JAEP—"When's that Year Book coming out?"
 FERRIS, C.—"Whadda ya say?"
 HAVERKORN—"Has anyone got a cool Beer?"
 HENDERICKSON—"What's new?"
 HAMILTON—"Hi!"
 JOHNSON (D. W.)—"That's got me."
 SINN—"Why?"
 WEATHERBEE—"Turn out that light."
 KITTRELL—"Didn't that sound swell?"
 STECKLOW—"You have to have control."
 BAKER—"Let's see, that will take about a seven inch bowl."
 MURPHY—"Awww—if it wasn't for Roosevelt—"
 ANDERSON—"Haya."
 KIVETT—"Y'all knows Ah was a bad boy."
 McNANEY—"No tickee—no washes."



MORNING COLORS. Men of the 83rd Battalion stand at attention during the daily raising of the colors. They are attentive here but will live to see the day that this touching ceremony will double its meaning for them. Standing so ; on foreign soil, one clearly realizes that his flag and his shipmates are all remain to him of his beloved homeland and all that he has left behind.

“Rifle Range and Return Hike”

The trip to the rifle range—and back is something all of us will remember in connection with our advanced training in Gulfport. The battalion split into two echelons; A and B Companies with part of Headquarters Company formed one group and C and D Companies plus the remainder of Headquarters composed the second. In this manner, half of us were to hike to the range and the other unit was to pound the road on the return trip.

Upon our return from embarkation leave, C Company with picked men from the other units was sent to the range to build additional barracks which would provide housing for all of us. The first marching groups to arrive at the range found the work party putting the finishing touches on the rough and rugged quarters. When the first echelon left Gulfport they rode in convoy and it was more like a pleasure drive than anything else except that we wore our combat dress including packs and helmets. None of us will forget how lucky the guys were who rode in the first truck of this convoy when we finally left the

concrete highway and turned off on a dusty gravel road. Clouds of dust nearly choked us and we must have looked as though we had been through a battle by the time we arrived at the backwoods camp. Whenever a body of men is moved it seems that regulations require a muster at the start and at the finish, so after being duly checked we were assigned to barracks and were allowed to acquaint ourselves with the camp. That didn't take long as the place was compactly built and all business. For as we had been fortunate enough to have had modern barracks buildings at Bradford and Gulfport, it was the first taste of rugged life for the 83rd.

Plans for the order of firing had been made and for the other activities arranged for us so the officers shifted us here and there almost without a hitch. Many details of this trip will be remembered by us such as the phrases “Hit the deck” and “On the double,” as well as those bawled by the Range Officer, namely, “Load and lock,” “Ready on the right,” “Ready on the left,” “Ready on the firing line,” “Unlock pieces and fire at will,” Poor Will. All this will ring in our ears for some time to come because we were all tense, anyhow and trying to make commendable scores while that humdrum clattering on the tympanum made it well-nigh impossible

for one to remain calm and self-confident.

After we had fired, plans called for us to go through some business-like extended order drill. A course was laid out and an objective had been set up. Three sets of targets were along the route and we were supposed to fire on these as we came up to them. They had a nice surprise rigged up for us which was meant to represent a mortar shell, grenade or bomb and as we went through the routine, there came a sudden order—“Hit the deck!” We did and about two split seconds later a blast and a roar shook the earth beneath our sprawled bodies. We had come almost abreast of a carefully placed charge of dynamite which was intended to acquaint us in a small way with what could be expected in a similar advance under actual enemy fire. No damage was done except that a few of the more inquisitive among us had clods of dirt flung in their faces as a result of forgetting the rule of keeping the head down as well as the rest of the body. As soon as the explosion was over we worked our way forward, alternately running and hitting the deck. Soon we drew our first bead on the “enemy” and we blasted away as though pluggily Japanazis really confronted us. There were more than one set of clenched teeth and grim faces in those ranks

as the men, no doubt, thought ahead to the day when they would have their chance to even the score with the Axis.

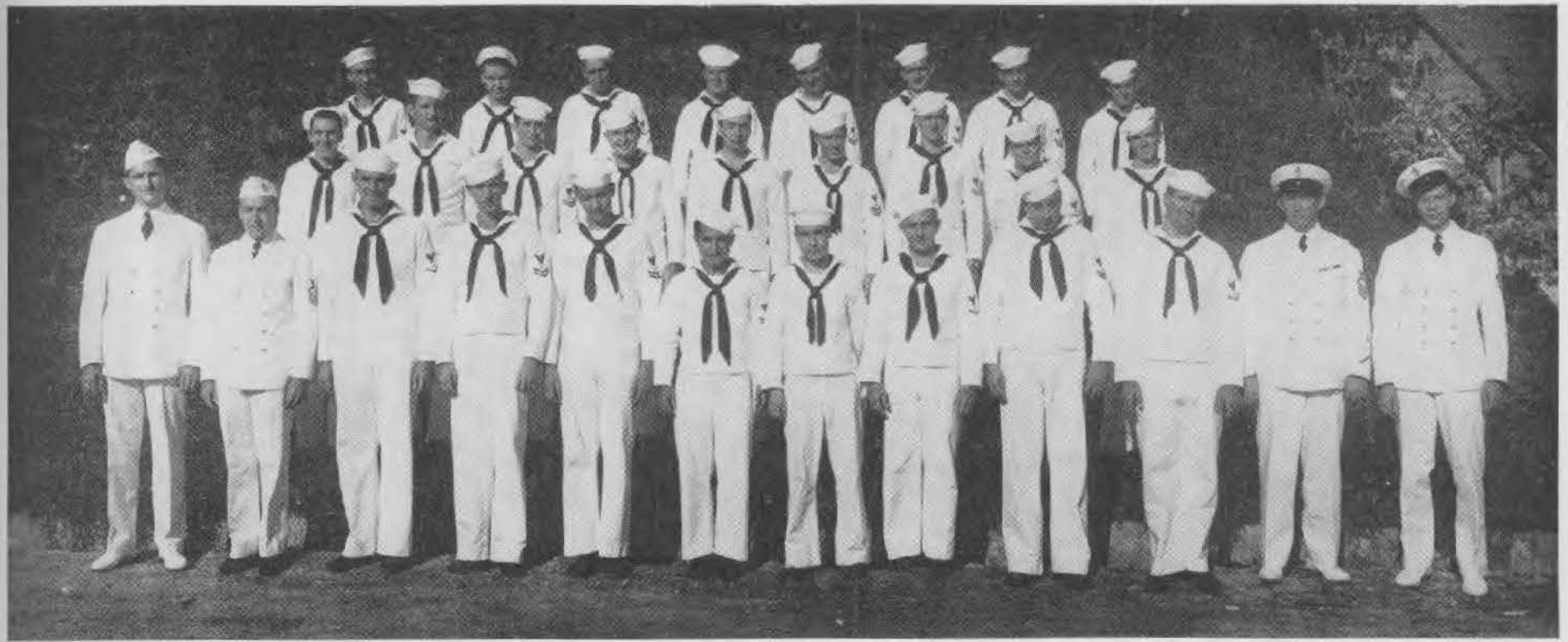
We pushed past the first enemy resistance on to our objective which we took in fine style (as Seabees always do.) Our leaders then called us together and explained the good and bad features of the movement after which we reorganized and marched back to the barracks.

Next day, we received a lecture on the coming hike and all the facts about proper care of the feet, selection of well fitting socks (without holes or darning) and the methods of adjusting the pack for the easiest, most comfortable way of carrying also the most practical use of our canteen of water. All this was good dope as was shortly to be proven.

The following day was designated as the starting date and that night there was much activity and general hubbub of preparation in camp. We hit the deck at 0500 that eventful morn and proceeded to wash up, chow, don pack and helmets, adjust them, fall out, fall in and muster. Then we stood waiting for last minute holdups and technicalities that only the officers could handle.

At last, the moment arrived and at the command “Forward, March,” we stepped off on our way. To a great many, the memory will be one of sore,

Continued on Page 66



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, GROUP 4

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 J. F. (Mac) McCLUNG, CSK, Box 582,
 Lindsay, Oklahoma.

Signature _____
 T. B. (Tom) McNEELY, CY, Monticello,
 Arkansas.

Signature _____
 J. H. (Jim) JENSEN, SK3c, Box 265,
 Los Banos, California.

Signature _____
 W. (Woodson) DALE, SK2c, Port Gibson,
 Mississippi.

Signature _____
 W. A. (Gunner) BLOSSEY, Y2c, 224 7th
 Ave., South St. Paul, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 L. V. (Frenchy) CORMIER, Y2c, 167
 Hampshire Street, Lawrence, Massa-
 chusetts.

Signature _____
 H. B. (Harmond) DOWNING, Y1c, 1869
 Gale Ave., Long Beach, California.

Signature _____
 T. W. (Ted) LEONHARDT, SK3c, 1124
 Dawson Street, Seattle, Washington.

Signature _____
 M. W. (Jess) JESKA, Y2c, 3216 47th
 Ave., South Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 E. E. (Joe) CROWE, SK3c, R.R. No. 2,
 Burlingame, Kansas.

Signature _____
 C. J. JAHN, CY, 200 South East Ave.,
 Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Signature _____
 W. Z. (Zak) CATTERTON, CSK, 468
 Walnut Avenue, Waynesboro, Va.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 F. J. (Lefty) COYNE, SK3c, 5406 Skill-
 man Avenue, Woodside, Long Island,
 New York.

Signature _____
 W. J. (Pete) WESTENSKOW, Y2c, 517
 F. Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Signature _____
 L. E. (Lum) KING, SK2c, Box 22, Con-
 way, Arkansas.

Signature _____
 V. M. (Burr) BURNETTE, S1c, 1511
 McGavock St., Nashville, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 J. B. (John) LAMBERT, S1c, 6152 3rd
 Ave., South Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 R. L. (Hairless) HARRIS, SK1c, 217
 Cherry Street, Evansville, Indiana.

Signature _____
 R. G. (Andy) ANDREWS, SK2c, 499
 Luckie Street, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia.

Signature _____
 C. F. (Kooby) DEFFNER, Y3c, 1523
 Eagle St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 V. G. (Irish) NOLAN, Y3c, Box 125
 AuSable Forks, New York.

Third Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 J. (Jack) HANDFORD, Jr., Y1c, 625
 Woodland Avenue, Springfield,
 Illinois.

Signature _____
 H. H. (Super-Duper) COOPER, CY,
 4672 Arizona Street, San Diego, Cali-
 fornia.

Signature _____
 F. R. (Andy) ANDERSON, SK3c, Morley
 Michigan.

Signature _____
 E. J. (Jughead) MOOREHEAD, SK3c,
 Lewis Seifert Road, Hubbard, Ohio.

Signature _____
 T. I. (Tammy) TAMBURINI, SK2c, 2706
 New York Avenue, Parkersburg, West
 Virginia.

Signature _____
 J. E. (Jack) SALE, SK2c, 307 "T"
 Street, N.E., Washington, D.C.

Signature _____
 V. L. (Ben) BENHAM, SK1c, 1642 Pros-
 pect Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Signature _____
 U. W. (Brownie) BROWN, Y3c, RFD
 Earleton, Kansas.

Platoon Members not pictured :

Signature _____
 A. (Tony) SAINATO, Y2c, 5 East St.,
 Madison, New York.

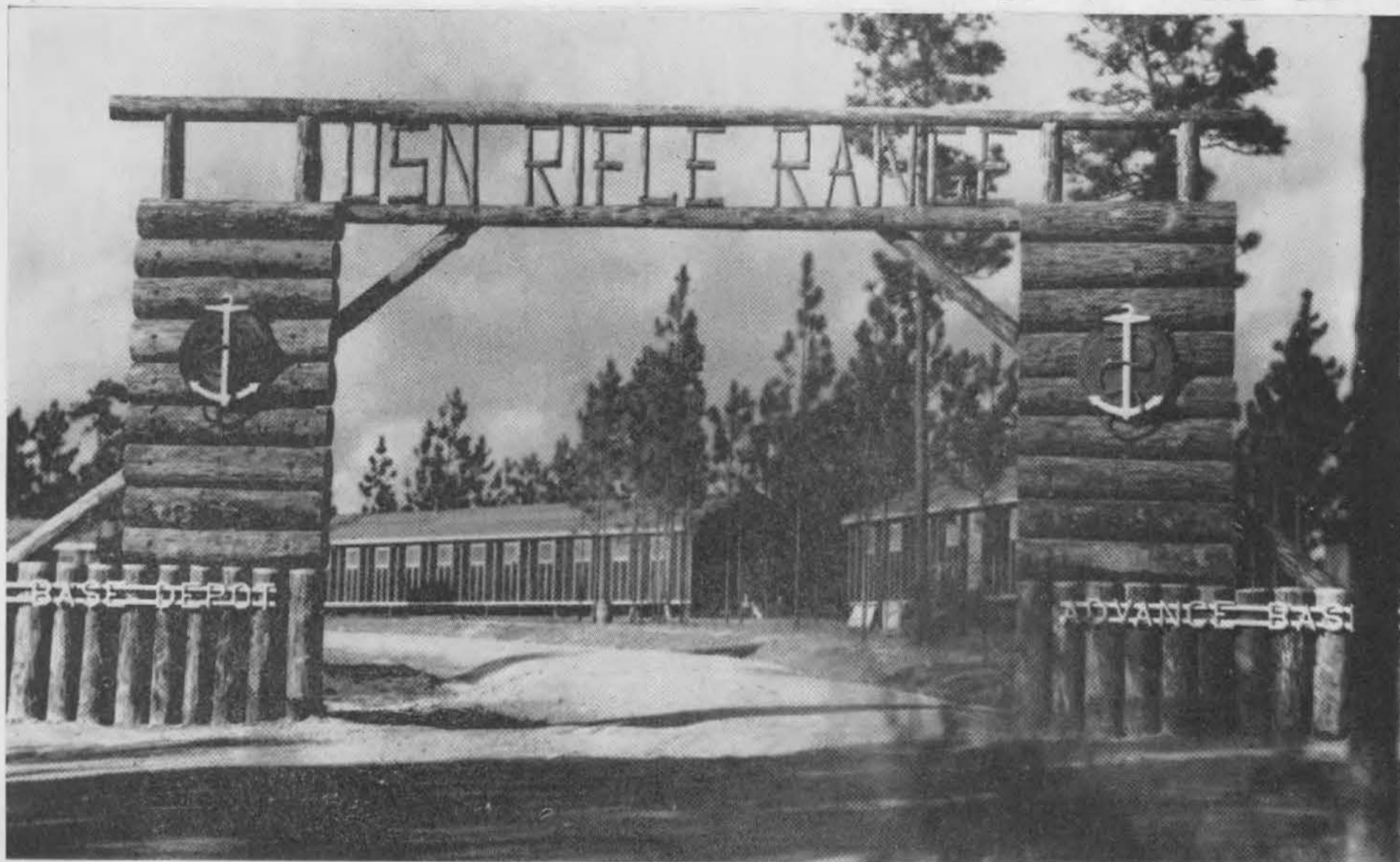
Signature _____
 S. G. SPEILER, SK1c, 1807 New York
 Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

Signature _____
 F. F. (Horizontal) TESSIER, SK2c, 5
 Montague St., Worcester, Mass.

Signature _____
 C. M. (Claude) CONDE, SK2c, 2807 1/2
 Classen, Oklahoma City, Okla.

PLATOON QUIPS

McCLUNG—"I don't hardly think so."
 McNEELY—"Anything new?"
 JENSEN—"We better get on the ball."
 DALE—"Hi yo'all."
 BLOSSEY—"Yes Sir, I'm a Gunner!"
 CORMIER—"My Pen Pal says—"
 DOWNING—"Where's Jock Jr.?"
 LEONHARDT—"When we leaving?"
 JESKA—"Who cares?"
 CROWE—"Come on Lambert, let's go!"
 JAHN—"Navy Regs says—and I quote—"
 CATTERTON—"This is the way we
 figure."
 COYNE—"One more pitch player need-
 ed."
 WESTENSKOW—"Let me see."
 KING—"It's a good thing."
 BURNETTE—"Look!"
 LAMBERT—"I ain't talking."
 HARRIS—"Hi fellows!"
 ANDREWS—"Sho nuff!"
 DEFFNER—"What you mean, fat?"
 NOLAN—"Hi Slick!"
 HANDFORD—"Oh, goody!"
 COOPER—"Hello kid."
 ANDERSON—"Hi Joe!"
 MOOREHEAD—"You kiddin'?"
 TAMBURINI—"When I worked for
 Sears—"
 SALE—"What's happening, Mon?"
 BENHAM—"Let's go visiting."
 BROWN (U. W.)—"Blow it out your
 seabag."
 SAINATO—"Knock it off, Joe!"
 SPEILER—"This Navy life is tough."
 TESSIER—"Come over to my desk."
 CONDE—"Fifteen-two, fifteen-four."



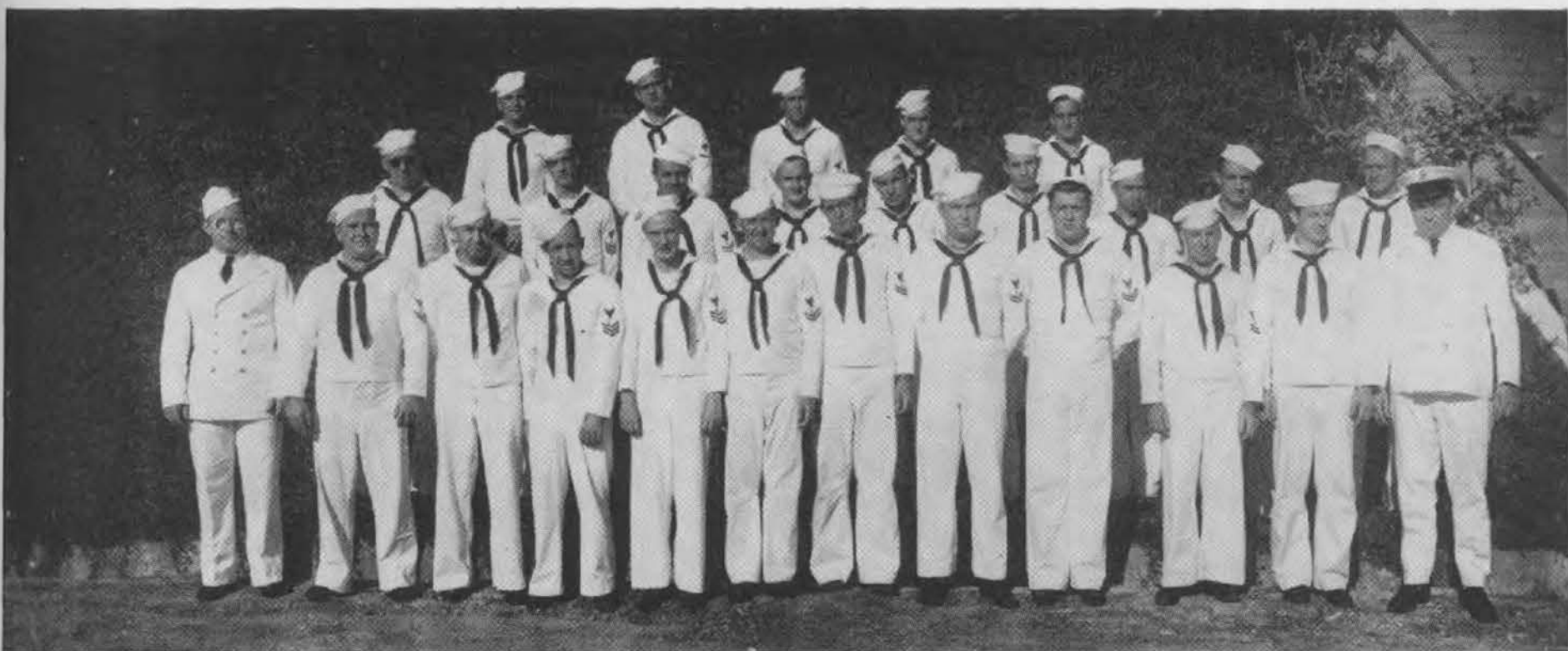
ALL HOPE ABANDON, ye Seabees who enter the portals of the Saucier Rifle Range because you'll have to march all the way back to Gulfport, some 26.7 miles distant. This hike, the target practice and combat manouvers were considered features of our advanced training course. Living conditions here and at the Midway Bivouac Site were primitive and rugged; designed to give us a sample of what we might expect when landing on Island X. Situated in the barren pine plains of Mississippi, this camp was well isolated; our only neighbors being a few scattered distillers of turpentine and "Dixie Dew." After spending a few days and nights out here, the prospect of liberty in town took on added zest.



READY ON THE RIGHT, ready on the left, ready on the firing line! 83rd Seabees are shown engaged in firing on the 200 yard range. Other ranges here were those of 100, 300 and 600 yards. All in all, we didn't fare so badly out here.



ADVANCED GUNNERY school included a practical course in the use of the Mortar. Here we see an interested class of officers and men engaged in firing this mobile and deadly weapon which is known as one of the most effective implements of World War II. The colored boy is an unofficial observer from the 80th Battalion.



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, GROUP 5

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 P. (Prune Picker) GRANT, CCStd, Route No. 2, Box 743, Santa Cruz, California.

Signature _____
 H. (Fat Boy) REESE, SC2c, 4010 E. University Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

Signature _____
 L. R. (Uncle Lew) CRAWFORD, SC1c, 602 Liberty Street, Walla Walla, Washington.

Signature _____
 M. L. (Shorty) EDWIN, SC1c, 1629 Rural Street, Rockford, Illinois.

Signature _____
 J. G. (Grandma) CHRISTENSEN, BKR1c, 2502 N. 78th Ave., Omaha, Nebraska.

Signature _____
 G. P. (Wolfo) MEYER, SC2c, 1624 Allessandro St., Los Angeles, California.

Signature _____
 R. B. (Rio) MANSKER, SC2c, 161 East Verdugo Ave., Burbank, California.

Signature _____
 B. H. (Scuttlebutt) FLETCHER, SC2c, Middlesboro, Ky.

Signature _____
 H. A. (Ridge Runner) TIPT, SC2c, Fort Henry Route, Dover, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 J. D. (JD) BORDERS, BKR2c, 6129 South Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Signature _____
 P. E. (Pete) TAYLOR, SC1c, Shoals, Indiana.

Signature _____
 C. A. (Tubba) PERKINS, CCStd, 405 S. Second Street, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Second Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 H. S. (Swish) SWISHER, SC2c, 635 Young Avenue, Hoopston, Illinois.

Signature _____
 J. B. (Joe) MILLAY, BKR1c, 413 S. Harlan Avenue, Evansville, Indiana.

Signature _____
 C. W. (Spike) SZYMOCZAK, SC2c, 3929 "L" Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Signature _____
 R. H. (Simon Legree) PARK, SC2c, 4718 Hickman Road, Des Moines, Iowa.

Signature _____
 P. (Paul) DAVIS, BKR1c, RFD No. 5 Milan, Missouri.

Signature _____
 E. B. (Quiz Kid) NICHOLSON, SC2c, B & C Apt. Church Street, Maryville, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 P. F. (Snuffy) CHRISTENSEN, SC2c, Gray, Iowa.

Signature _____
 H. J. (Rocking Horse) HOLLENHORST, SC1c, Sauk Rapids, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 S. W. (Ole) OLSON, SC3c, 1204 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Signature _____
 I. (Ike) PAPE, BKR2c, 1149 "E" Avenue, SW, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Signature _____
 F. R. (Smitty) SCHMIDT, SC3c, 109 Buchanan, Topeka, Kansas.

Signature _____
 G. W. (Suzy) SHANK, SC2c, No. 1, Box 48, Watsonville, California.

Signature _____
 L. C. (Pougle) PERYAM, SC2c, 907 4th Street, Hancock, Michigan.

Signature _____
 E. A. (Sandy) SANDEE, SC3c, 1028 White Ave., N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Platoon Members not pictured:

Signature _____
 E. F. PURTELL, SC2c, 1118 N. State St., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 E. R. COWICK, BKR3c, 524 North Poplar, Charlotte, N.C.

PLATOON QUIPS

GRANT—"Something new had been added."

REESE—"Here I go again."

CRAWFORD—"Never again."

EDWIN—"I'll have my day."

CHRISTENSEN (J. G.)—"My initials are J. P."

MEYER—"You're not woofin'!"

MANSKER—"Ah! There's nothing wrong with that."

FLETCHER—"What's new now?"

TIPT—"I'll carry it."

BORDERS—"Where's Davis?"

TAYLOR—"It's not my idea."

PERKINS—"How much does it cost?"

SWISHER—"According to statistics—"

MILLAY—"Things have certainly changed."

SZYMOCZAK—"We shoulda beat 'em."

PARK—"Don't think I'll fool with it!"

DAVIS—"You gotta show me."

NICHOLSON—"Ask me, I can tell you."

CHRISTENSEN (P. F.)—"I'll bet you twenty-five thousand dollars."

HOLLENHORST—"Now, in Minnesota."

OLSON—"Do you want a drink?"

PAPE—"My Jenner."

SCHMIDT—"You know that?"

SHANK—"Are you mad at me, Buddy?"

PERYAM—"Why didn't somebody call me again?"

SANDEE—"I'll take some 32."

PURTELL—"I ain't ever coming back."

COWICK—"Any time of the day" "Any mail for me?"

Gut Robbers

Now gather 'round and hear this tale
 Of Seabee cooks and strikers;
 Of how these lads grow fat and hale
 As butchers, chefs and bakers.

No Navy school or training cruise
 Spewed out our Sausage Burners;
 These lads who daily scorch the stews
 Admit they're only learners.

Those Navy posters, big and bold,
 Display large luscious dinners,
 But never once were Seabees told
 That they'd be fed by tanners.

A carpenter beats out the steaks;
 A painter spreads the jam;
 An engineer bakes all the cakes;
 Two welders fry the Spam.

The coffee maker earned his rate
 Some months ago, at plumbing;
 So those who know, bicarbonate
 For fear of stomach numbing.

But Seabee cooks with all their sins
 Are damn good can mechanics;
 As long as they can open tins
 There'll be no hunger panics.

Now if a Seabee cook should read
 This puerile, simple drooling;
 It's written all in fun, indeed,
 And I was only fooling.

By B. M. Leck
 In Seadust.

* * * *

The job of the Shore Patrol, says Boh
 Hope is to keep sailors from getting as
 tight as their pants.

* * * *

A girl turned up at work wearing two
 officer's silver bars pinned to her sweater.
 One of her office mates asked: "Is your
 boy friend a Captain?"
 "Goodness, no," she said, "I have
 two Ensigns."

* * * *

Seabee: "What kind of oil did you
 use in your car, Chief?"

C.P.O.: "Oh, I usually began by
 telling them how lonely I
 was."

—Skyscrapers.



AN UNPLEASANT MEMORY. Most of us would gladly forego any further acquaintance with the well-remembered Obstacle Course at Gulfport, the bane of all advanced trainees. 'Tis things like this that put the S.O.L. in soldiering.

"Invasion"

"This is it, pal."

"Yeah, This is it."

Months of preparation and training had gone into making the 83rd Seabees ready for this moment. The sea was calm as the distant shores of our objective slowly materialized. Palm trees fringed the crest of a ridge and the fiery deck of an invasion barge burned through GI shoes. Canteens had long since been emptied. Some of the men crouched beneath huge transport trucks seeking a little shade. Mercilessly the sun seared down. The sea, a few feet beneath us, looked inviting, but gave small comfort. No breeze relieved the situation.

Our task was to steal in and make a landing without the assistance of Naval guns or aerial softening. Delay, which was partly due to engine trouble and partly to green troops, had changed what was to have been a dawn invasion into a mid-day landing. Nerves were taut and the revelry of the first few moments of the trip had given way to quiet, strained looks on the faces of the men about me. One or two had become surly and sharp, like a couple of old men who had quarreled.

"Attention!" the Commanding Officer was speaking, "Come forward by platoons and get your K rations. We'll land in about thirty minutes. This may be the last food we'll get for some time. Everybody eat. The water tanks will be broken out and everyone must fill his canteen. Following that, platoon leaders will have their men file past to receive their rounds of ammunition. That's all for now. Your platoon first, Peckham, then Wiseman's then yours, Williams, followed by White's and Graham's."

Never had food (sic!) been so dry and tasteless! By the time the strip of sand upon which we were to establish a beachhead was a half mile off our bow, all details had been attended to. Men were again crouched in platoon formation. Squad leaders were called for last minute instructions. My squad was to go straight forward for thirty yards, if possible, and await the second wave, then to go on to a point about five hundred yards inland and wait for instructions. Runners would contact us.

Each squad leader called his scouts and passed on instructions. Scouts carry no firearms, thus avoiding any temptation to shoot and expose our position to the enemy; also to keep him unencumbered as he steals forward to discover the whereabouts of enemy patrols and formations. It takes a lot of nerve to be a squad scout.

The nose of the barge ground to an abrupt stop. The great end-gate was let down to form a draw-bridge. Bulldozer motors sprang into life with a roar. Water filter equipment, refrigeration supplies, transports, machine gun squads moved out, officers shouting orders—all going on at once. Amid this bedlam of activity, squad after squad leaped into the waist-deep surf and moved forward into their positions. My squad drove swiftly across the beach in a thin line and hit the deck just short of the crest of the first dune. Scout Vuicich moved ahead alone. When he was two hundred yards beyond us he gave the signal to advance. The second wave of troops was already at our heels as we zig-zagged another hundred yards and sought cover once more.

The scout moved up again. At his signal we followed and five hundred yards from the water, we burrowed in. Ahead was the tall grass. At any moment the enemy might be sighted and the battle would be on. We experienced difficulty in keeping sand out of the bolt mechanism of our rifles. Panting and sweating we strained our eyes for the slightest movement ahead of us. A runner crawled up beside us.

"You are to drive straight ahead to the other side of the island," he whispered. "Then swing to your left in an encircling movement. Keep in contact with the squads on your right and left through your runner. Keep them in sight and move up together as closely as possible."

Then began a steady drive forward. I could see Vuicich, already waist deep in swamp. For three hours we waded across this morass. On my right, spaced at about ten yards were Snow, Tomerlin, and Bradley. On my left were Intritus, Reidle, Gacel, and Campbell. At my side was our runner, Leonardo. Snakes, lizards, and various swamp inhabitants divided our attention with the possible enemy ahead. At one point, Bradley, carrying his rifle chest high, suddenly went out of sight beneath the murky

water. He came out all right but I was worried about the condition of his piece and his ammunition.

Finally we struck a ridge of wooded terrain. Our contact with the other squads had long since been broken. Leonardo was dispatched to contact our troops on the left. That was the last we saw of him. He became as completely lost from us as we were from the rest of the force. Eventually, we broke through to the ocean on the far side of the island. Our canteens had been emptied long ago and "Water, water, everywhere and not a drop to drink" became more than a line from a poem to us. Acute suffering was experienced by all.

A few moments were taken to wash in the surf—which was accomplished by the simple expedient of wading out waist-deep—clothes and all. Once cooled off we resumed our drive. Swinging to the left, about a mile, we came upon a dimly outlined trail leading inland toward the center of the island. We decided to follow this. Later, once again on the alert, we heard the barking of a dog—two dogs—a whole pack of dogs. Quickly we made a decision. We had to find our battalion. We had to have water and food. We would move up, and if necessary, attack. We couldn't go on much further.

After a long time we broke into a clearing. Before us stood row after row of dog kennels. Dogs of every size, shape, and breed had heard us and were watching through kennel wire as we approached. Suddenly they broke into a wild chorus of barking. Crouching low and moving up, we came upon a Jap, clothed in a heavily padded suit with a wire mask over his face and thick gloves to protect his hands. He looked at us and grinned.

"Hi, fellows," he said.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"The United States Army Dog Training Camp," he replied.

Our invasion of "Cat Island" was over!

—Ted Graham.

The Seabee Speaks:

So you're tired of working, Mister, and you think you'll rest a bit. You've been working pretty steady, and you're getting sick of it. You think the war is ending, so you're slowing down the pace. That's what you may be thinking, Sir, but it just ain't the case.

What would you think, Sir, if we quit because we're tired, too? We're flesh and blood and human, and we're just as tired as you. Did you ever dig a foxhole and climb down deep inside, And wish it went to China, so you'd have some place to hide While motored "buzzards" packed with guns were circling overhead And filled the ground around you with hot, exploding lead? And did you ever dig out, Mister, from debris and dirt And feel yourself all over, to see where you were hurt,

And find you couldn't move, tho' you weren't hurt at all— And feel so darned relieved that you'd just sit there and howl?

Were you ever hungry, Mister—not the kind that food soon gluts, But a gnawing, cutting hunger that bites into your guts: It's a homesick hunger, Mister, and it digs around inside And it's got you in it's clutches, and there ain't no place to hide.

Were you ever dirty, Mister—not the wilty-collar kind, But the oozy, slimy mossy dirt, and gritty kinds that grind?

Did you ever mind the heat, Sir—not the kind that makes sweat run, But the kind that drives you crazy 'til you even curse the sun?

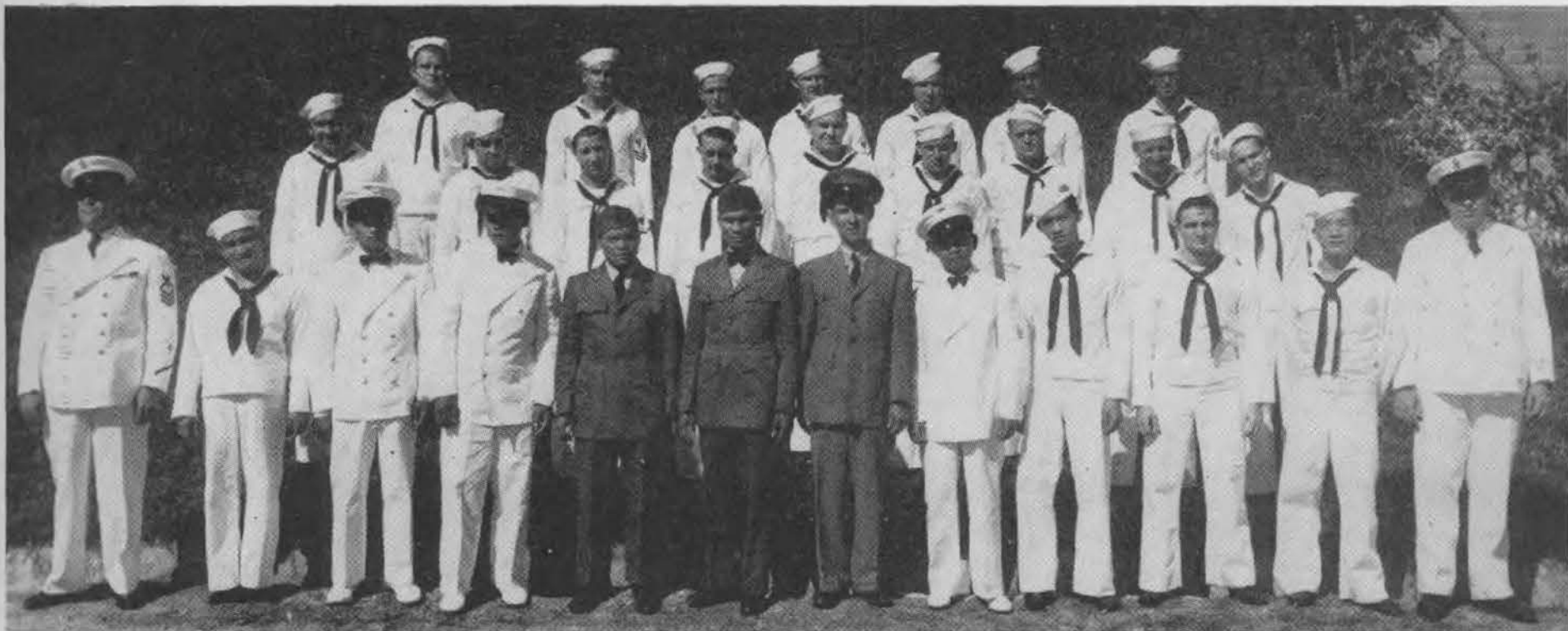
Were you ever weary, Mister, I mean dog tired, you know— When your feet ain't got no feeling, and your legs don't want to go?

But we keep a-goin' Mister, you can bet your life we do, And let me tell you, Mister, we expect the same of you!

Written by an unknown Seabee of the 58th Battalion.



END OF THE COURSE. Ever a welcome sight was this final obstacle, the walking ramp that marked the finish line of tough Course A. Some of the boys are seen taking this last hurdle and from their sour expressions, they've had plenty.



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, GROUP 6

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 F. G. (Groncho) NICHOLS, CCSTD, 2511 East 13th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Signature _____
 M. (Pop) FLORES, STM1c, Norfolk Hotel, Miami, Florida.

Signature _____
 I. E. (Jim) MANARPAAC, CK3c, Box 6127, Station B, Miami, Fla.

Signature _____
 M. R. (Mike) RABANG, CK2c, 240 S. Fiquoyon St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Signature _____
 H. S. (Speedy) GAPERO, CK3c, P.O. Fox 2201, Detroit, Mich.

Signature _____
 P. S. (Pete) SEISA, STD3c, 228 Murray St., Newark, N.J.

Signature _____
 D. M. (Lucky) REYES, STD2c, N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Maryland.

Signature _____
 J. (Joc) GUZMAN, STD1c, No. 5 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Signature _____
 J. H. (Andy) ENG, STD3c, 625 King St., Seattle, Wash.

Signature _____
 G. E. (Lover) NEALON, 1c, 17 Sarah St., Carnegie, Pa.

Signature _____
 G. S. (Kim) WONG, STD3c, 114 W. 4th St., Pueblo, Colorado.

Signature _____
 C. A. (Tubby) PERKINS, CCSTD, 405 S. Second Street, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Second Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 C. E. (Fat Boy) HUSHOUR, SC3c, 350 Wentz St., Tiffin, Ohio.

Signature _____
 F. A. (Soulie) METZ, 1c, 510 E. Fort Wayne St., Warsaw, Ind.

Signature _____
 J. M. (Dago) NEGRELLI, BKR3c, 15727 Halliday Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. C. (Koon Ash) BURTON, SC3c, Biloxi, Mississippi.

Signature _____
 D. W. (Mallet Head) WALCH, SC3c, Elkader, Iowa.

Signature _____
 R. D. (Long Richard) PORTERFIELD, SC3c, 502 Novi St., Northville, Mich.

Signature _____
 K. (Hank) SPRINGER, 1c, 1523 Maple St., Attumma, Iowa.

Signature _____
 A. T. (Stonewall) JACKSON, SC3c, 1333 Arter Ave., Topeka, Kansas.

Signature _____
 C. B. (Kike) COHEN, SC3c, 730 Vincent St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Third Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 H. E. (Heavy) CLARK, BKR3c, 1216 Harding Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

Signature _____
 J. W. (3.2 Beer) BARTELS, SC1c, 716 Lewis St., Covington, Ky.

Signature _____
 W. W. (Swamp Rat) JONES, SC3c, R.F.D. No. 4, Minot, N. Dakota.

Signature _____
 H. J. (Stoop) COVEY, 1c, Fowler, Kansas.

Signature _____
 L. F. (Sleepy) SANDERS, SC3c, 3900 6th St. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Signature _____
 W. M. (Bill) SEVERS, SK1c, 4445 Corinth Blvd., Dayton, Ohio.

PLATOON QUIPS

NICHOLS—"Ask me, I know everything."

FLORES—"When do we eat?"

MANARPAAC—"No mail again today."

RABANG—"Not too black."

GAPERO—"Coming just now, Mon."

SEISA—"Chin up and smile."

REYES—"Oh, Baby!"

GUZMAN—"Seven! Come Baby!"

ENG—"Too much, Mon."

NEALON—"I'm the best looking guy in the battalion."

WONG—"Gung Ho!"

PERKINS—"How much does it cost?"

HUSHOUR—"Now I was just in town to rollerskate."

METZ—"Hey Shorty, wake up. I want to talk to you."

NEGRELLI—"My Baby Doll Mae."

BURTON—"I'm the best cook of all time."

WALCH—"I wish I had a bottle of Budweiser."

PORTERFIELD—"I wish I could play poker."

SPRINGER—"Aw, Si Olson just fell down the steps."

JACKSON—"Let's go fishing."

COHEN—"Now in you cabaret, we gut class."

CLARK—"I'm heavy equipment."

BARTELS—"Four more chits, Bob."

JONES—"Fourteen years and can't spell or pronounce the name of my home town."

COVEY—"Where is Schmitt?"

SANDERS—"Gimme a cigarette."

SEVERS—"Yas, Chief."

* * * * *

WHATTA HAND!

Last night I held a lovely hand,
 A hand so soft and neat.
 I thought my heart would burst with joy,
 So wildly did it beat.
 No other hand unto my heart
 Could greater solace bring,
 Than that dear hand I held last night—
 Four aces and a King.
 —Western Signal Corps Message.

A Letter Home

Here I am so lonesome and blue,
 Trying to write a letter to you.
 I've told you of my love so true
 And all of the things that I've been through.

I've told you of the bananas and palms
 And of the beggars asking alms.
 I've told you of monkeys in the trees
 And of the dogs and even their fleas.

I've told of the rum so hard to down
 And of the women both black and brown
 And of the Calypsos who make up rhymes
 About the people and the times.

About all there is I have to say,
 Is, I want to come back home to stay,
 And I do my best to prove to you,
 That always—my love for you is true.

I hope you will like my little rhyme,
 It's composition took lots of time,
 I thought and thought all thru the day,
 Trying to think of something to say.

But this has filled both time and space
 And brought, I hope, a smile to your face
 So I must bring this to a close
 Cause maybe the censor favors prose.

So this is all but you might tell
 All the folks I am feeling swell,
 Tell the Eaby I love her too,
 Just as much as I love you.

—Paul H. Fuller.

* * * * *

Officer: (Making inspection) "Did you shave this morning?"

Seabee: "Yes sir."

Officer: "Well, next time remember to stand closer to your razor."

* * * * *

John Todd: "I just dreamed I had a job."

Vincent: "You *do* look dired, Mon."

* * * * *

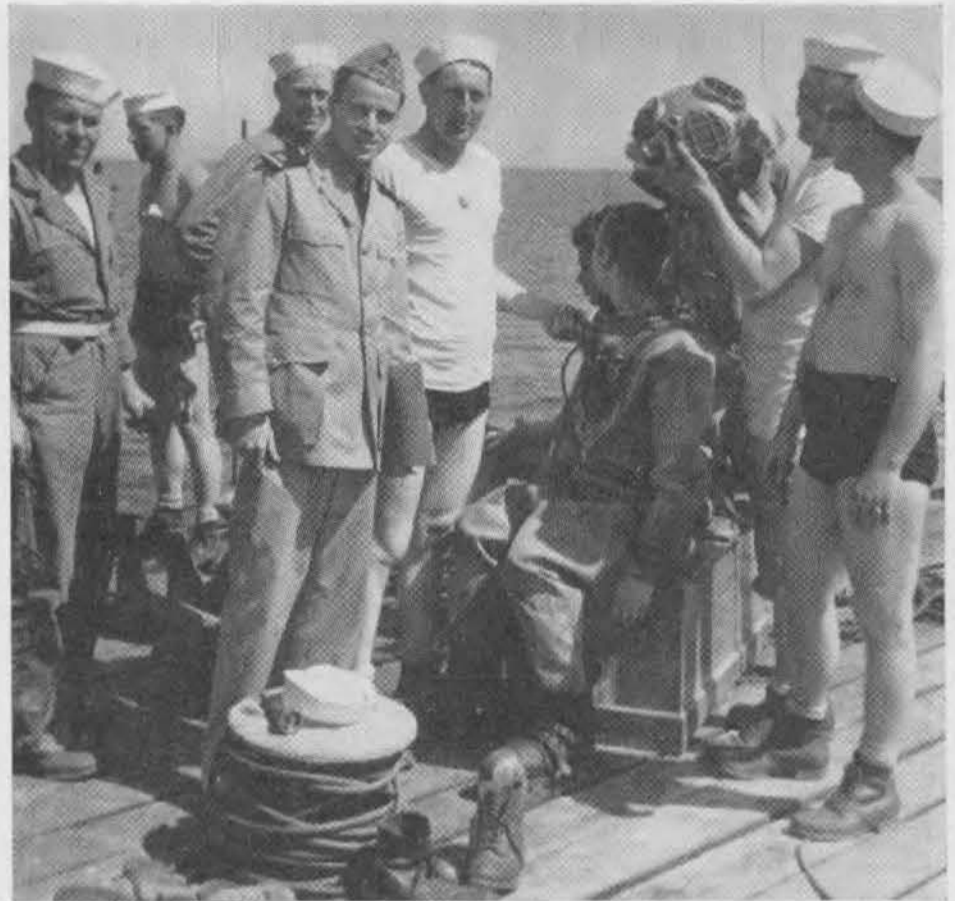
Super-Dooper: "They all laughed when I stood up that night in Kim Ling's—how was I to know that I was under the table?"



TIME STANDETH STILL. No John Deere or International Harvester power tools for these people of the tropics. Instead, they make use of almost the same implements as their ancestors. Eking out a bare living is hard work; made doubly so by the natural tendency of the natives toward indolence brought on by the climate wherein a man never feels quite rested and can always sleep a little longer. Pictured is a water buffalo harnessed crudely to a single plow, the reins being handled by the Indian boy. The resultant crop will be rice, one of the staples of this Isle.



CHOW DOWN on a pontoon barge out in the Gulf of Mexico. These Seabees are learning the fine points of amphibious warfare. Although Gulfport was situated in the Deep South, the chilling north winds which sometimes blew during winter months forced the mariners to don their heavy blues and pea-jackets.



DEEP SEA DIVING school was on the curriculum of our training course at Gulfport. Practical experience was gained by diving for and salvaging such derelicts as lost anchors and sunken barges. Each man in the class was expected to descend to a depth of ninety feet, thus qualifying as a second-class diver. A class from the 83rd is shown rigging up one of their members for a dive.



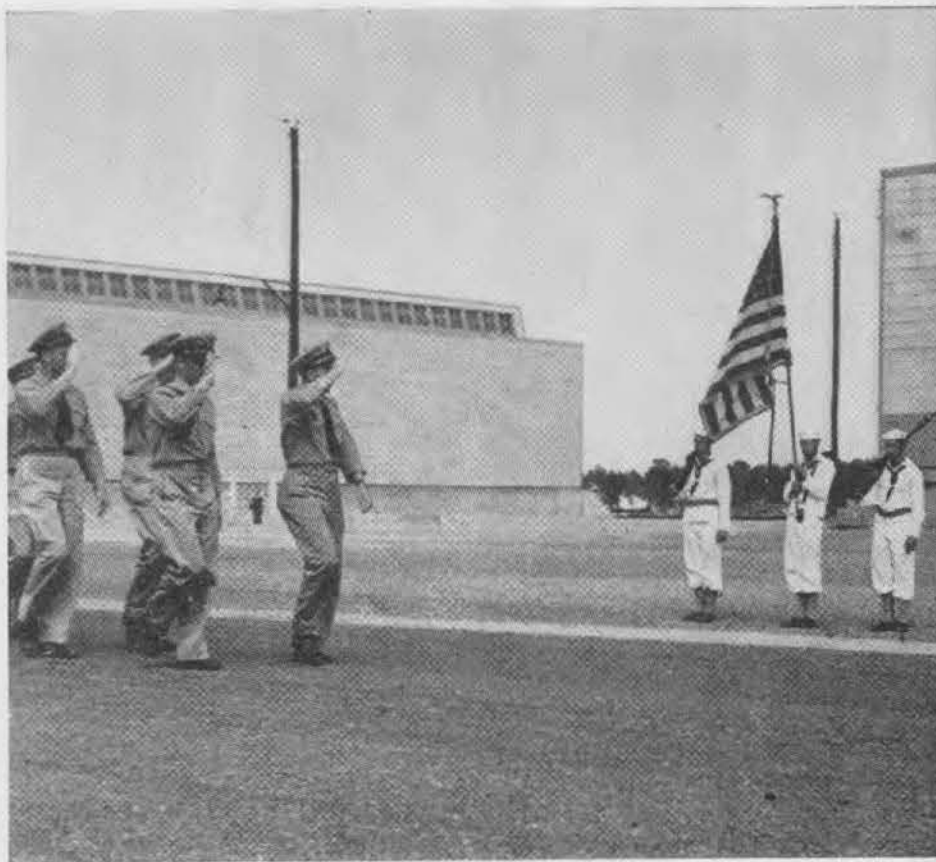
1000 INCH RIFLE RANGE. This was one of the toughest construction projects undertaken by the 83rd at Gulfport. Assertedly a "fool proof" range, this structure called for sand-bagged firing pits, an 18-foot parapet of logs backed by a compacted earth fill. When completed, after several weeks of hard work, our Seabees posted a sign which read—"Constructed by the 83rd Battalion."



SEABEE PETS. Boys will be boys and seemingly, they never grow up. Every Seabee Battalion organized has had its share of pets and mascots ranging from black cats to boa constrictors. In Mississippi the genus of pets was limited to dogs, cats and an occasional raccoon. This 83rd Seabee is shown feeding his brood of eight spotted puppies. Quite a family, at that.



INSPECTION BEFORE REVIEW. Officers, (Left to right) Lieutenant (jg) J. G. McCosker, Ensign R. H. Pearse, Lieutenant E. G. Bell and Lieutenant J. S. Horder give the boys the once over before they leave for the Parade Ground.



REVIEWING OFFICERS of the 83rd Battalion salute the National Ensign during the final review of the Second Echelon at ABD, Gulfport.



D. COMPANY STALWARTS stand at attention for inspection in the Company Street at ABD, Gulfport. Although each man strives to look both military and nonchalant, one can only, at a time like this, mutter a prayer and hope that his uniform and arms are as the regulations state they should be. Shortly after the photos on this page were taken, the Second Echelon sailed to rejoin its Shipmates on Island X.



SITTING CROSS-LEGGED and garbed in loose-fitting garments, this venerable Indian farmer whets the edge of one of the most serviceable tools of the tropics—the Machete. Traces of the years of toil are clearly evident on this gentleman's face mixed with keenness and kindness.



YOUNG PEOPLE of this Island learn early that if they would eat they must expect to work for it. The young Indian maid is ready to sell all customers of the high value of her hand-made brass bowls, platters, figurines and necklaces.



THOUGH HIS BEAK may be cruel looking, this bird has a veritable rainbow of color in his silken plumage. The lady wears the filmy veil chosen as a mark of distinction by the people of her race in this land.



UNDOUBTEDLY THE ISLAND'S FINEST HOSTELRY, this Queen's Park Hotel stands gracefully reflecting the beauty of modern architecture. Facing as it does on Queen's Park Savannah, its patrons have a pleasant view across the level green and on the mountain backdrop, and in such rich setting it is small wonder that it attracts celebrities of the United States on their stopovers.

The rooms are modern and service is excellent. The dining room and Cocktail Lounge receive a goodly amount of patronage, and many patrons avail themselves of the opportunity to watch colorful sunsets from the Roof Garden.



Company A



Lt. H. B. MILLER,
1060 N. Oxford Rd., Grosse Pointe, Mich.



Lt. (jg) M. ROTHSTEIN,
420 Ann Street, East Lansing, Mich.



Lt. (jg) H. G. BROWN,
11 Columbia Avenue, London, Ohio.



Corp. W. P. HALL,
3664 Jackdaw Street, San Diego, Calif.

The Trip Over

It was late in April 1943, when we received notice in Gulfport that we were due to leave the U.S.A. Each of us had been issued a carbine, a combat helmet, shelter half, extra field shoes, coveralls and field pack with messkit, canteen and ammunition belt.

Our battalion was divided in half, one group was to leave immediately and the other was to follow later. Companies A and B plus half of Headquarters Company made up the First Echelon, which made preparations for departure.

We boarded a train and journeyed to our port of embarkation. Censorship still prevents writing too specifically about certain things; the war isn't won yet.

The officers nicknamed their quarters "The Grand Hotel." There was nothing grand about them but they were adequate. The barracks, mess hall, canteen etc., were all located on an immense, long concrete pier with railroad spur on one side and a ship docking facility on the other. Many soldiers and sailors, in addition to our group, were in evidence. Single cots were lined up in row upon row and marked off in sections. It was a good man who could find his way back to his own bunk once he left it. For train traveling we had worn our undress blues, had carried light field packs and our rifles. In being assigned to sleeping quarters, there was necessarily a lot of mustering or "counting noses," standing in line waiting for location orders. Those packs on our backs were anything but "light." We had field shoes, a blanket, toilet articles and sufficient changes of linen and towels to last for the ocean trip.

A hot afternoon was spent under this shed. Although the ceiling was high, the roof, apparently of galvanized iron, seemed to hold the heat of a hot sun and to stifle the air inside. The night, too, was a warm one. Next morning we marched out into open country and took setting-up exercises. Later that day, we boarded our good ship which had warped in to the pier. She was of some 6,000 ton capacity and of ancient vintage; a cargo ship converted into a transport with a record of many voyages in the Caribbean

Sea. We steamed down stream about a mile and dropped anchor for the night.

The water here was a muddy green. Our quarters were chummy to say the least. The decks were lettered A, E, C, and D in order going down. We drew D Deck, of course, in the very bottom of the vessel, many feet below the water line. It was not the spot one would select for a honeymoon suite. There was a theoretical ventilating system but it was entirely inadequate for the large number of men quartered there. Up top-side were two decks divided off into small cabins, sick bay, etc. Here the officers, ships company and armed guard were quartered. These staterooms were small; comfortable in the daytime but stuffy at night, as regulations required that all ports be closed after dark. The following day, the convoy had assembled; we weighed anchor and got under way. Nothing to do now except to relax and enjoy the cruise. So we thought, anyway. But there was time on our hands. Time for cards, craps, reading, eating, grousing and looking. Plenty of each was practiced. We did considerable thinking, too.

What did we think about? Well, first, the law of self-preservation suggested that if a torpedo should hit the hull of the ship near our quarters, we would be caught like rats in a trap. Vertical pipes had been installed from the overheads to the decks. Three tiers of canvas bunks were attached to these pipes so that they could be swung down to the horizontal sleeping position or slung to a 45 degree angle when not in use. The point was that we were packed in there tighter than sardines in their tin shelter. After climbing a slippery wooden companion-way (the only exit) we came out in a narrow passage, with a steel deck as uneven as an obstacle course and another compartment loaded with sailors on C Deck. If we turned left, a narrow passage led past the galley and into a crowd of soldiers. If we turned right, there was a section of sailors immediately ahead of us and as we proceeded toward the bow, we passed the head, showers and wash bowls and encountered another group of sailors from D Deck but closer to the bow hatch than ourselves. Here

was another slippery, wooden companion-way leading through a hatch to B Deck. Now we would be in the open air at least, but our emergency or life boat station was on A Deck up a steep narrow steel ladder. We reasoned that should a torpedo strike in daylight, we would probably be on deck and have a chance. Should it strike at night, (only an accidental chance would affect us) since light is needed for torpedo aiming and we were well screened by other ships. The dangerous times, therefore, were at twilight and at dawn. We could make a break for ourselves at these times by remaining on deck until dark and by being there before dawn.

Our convoy must have consisted of some thirty ships. It could not easily be determined. They were arranged in a rectangular pattern; tankers, cargo vessels, our transport, three P.C.s and a gunboat. The P.C.s are fast and heavily armed. They continued to circle the entire convoy during the whole trip. The gunboat remained at one side or the other of the transport at all times. At various stages, the position of the ships in formation would be altered but with each move, the gunboat still remained at our side. It was a comforting thing. Apparently our ship was considered the most valuable one in the whole convoy. After all, lost equipment and cargo may be replaced in relatively short time but to replace men takes a whole generation of time and has since Adam and Eve. There was other protection, too. One freighter, a Liberty ship carried a catapult plane, and there was air cover also provided by land based planes. We usually had two or three planes above us, P.B.M.s or P.B.Y.s; long distance patrols or swift fighters. Occasionally a blimp would hover above us for hours at a time.

As we moved farther out into deeper water the color of the sea changed to blue becoming darker and darker until it was an inky blue. Now and then we saw fast swimming fish leap from the water and disappear again. What a paradise for deep sea anglers! Schools of porpoises played about our vessel, leaping and diving in formation, reminding us of the seals we had seen back home in the Zoo.

After two or three days out, a strong breeze kicked up. In fact one might have called it a blow. Our ancient tub, was heading right into her. They didn't seem to like each other and it became an angry argument to see which could outlast the other. The ship would raise its bow out of the water in protest and bring it down again "Ker-plunk" on the surface, like a huge giant banging his fist on the table to emphasize his point. Then that "Ole Debbil" wind would raise that big hand by force and blow in her face. She would spit at him too and that didn't help any. There was little rolling by the beam but the pitching and tossing kept up in a steady rhythm, deadly, monotonous and sickening. We thought that we were in the belly of a huge whale and the big fish was just about to give up his lunch; and so were we. Our ideas of rhythm and tempo have changed. We thought that it was transmitted through the ears to the brain, but not so, it is through the stomach. When the bow raised up out of water, the stomach rolled up too, pinching off the air in the esophagus. When the bow settled down and slapped the water, the stomach slid back and yelled for citrus fruit.

That brings us to another somewhat bitter subject. The food wasn't fit for a dog. The galley, scullery and mess-kitchen were filthy joints; the stench of them was nauseating. Civilians did the cooking and a detail of soldiers acted as mess line and scullery hands. It was apparent that little imagination had been used in the preparation of menus. Meat, usually "goat stew," was of poor quality, fat and insufficiently cooked as a rule; the worst thing in the world for people with a tendency to sea-sickness. A total absence of green was noted; no salads—not even a cole slaw. We did get fresh bread and butter each day, if you liked that. The coffee was undrinkable, and there was no alternate except water. Three times a day it was the typical, no good Army java, thick, strong and muddy. You could try it with any combination of milk and sugar, with or without—but you couldn't drink it. There was no milk, no cocoa, no chocolate.

Continued on Page 26



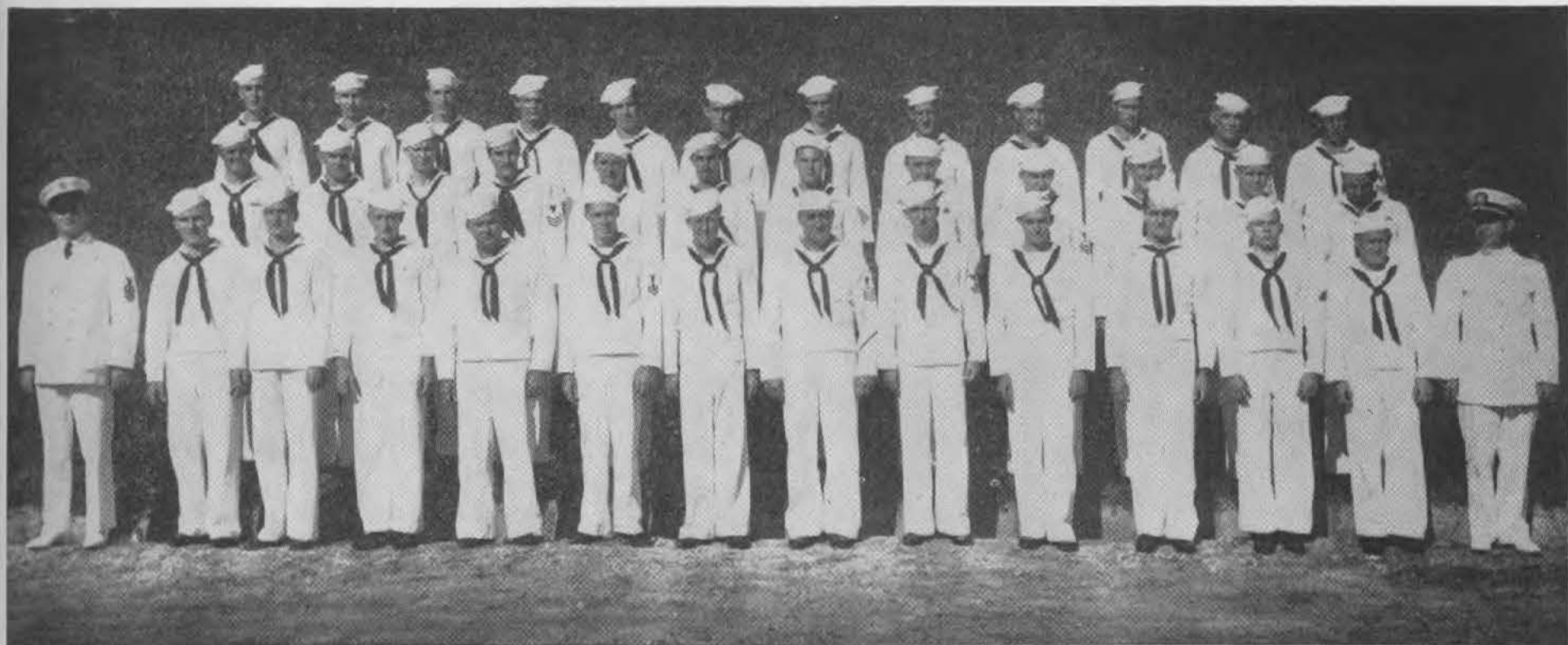
LAST CHANCE CAMP. For the rugged Seabees who pushed Maracas Road from the Bay end, this was home. For a long time, until the gap was bridged, reinforcements, equipment and supplies had to come a long distance by sea.



U.S. BULLDOZER. This comfortable spot housed the men who were working on the "town end" of the Road. Formerly some planter's hacienda this spacious stuccoed house nestled in a beautiful valley that even had fruit trees.



SCENE ON MARACAS ROAD. Just to look at the surveyors' line made experienced road builders paw the air and shriek in agony. 7.3 miles not only through the mountains but over them. At one time, the Seabees were using 5,500 pounds of dynamite per week. Fighting time and deadly avalanches which destroyed heavy equipment and cancelled weeks of hard labour; in spite of heights, gaps and the difficulty of moving heavy equipment, the Seabees finally chiselled, blasted, ground and forced their way through. Today the road is a paved scenic highway and the maximum grade anywhere along its length is ten per cent.



COMPANY A, PLATOON 1

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
K. B. SIMS, CEM (AA), 218 1/2 E. State St., Jacksonville, Illinois.

Signature _____
A. (Sparky) MORONI, EM3c, 5731 Phillip Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
R. W. (Bob) BATHALTER, S1c, 1088 Central Avenue, Newport, Ky.

Signature _____
J. A. (Jim) ROBERTS, EM3c, 1352 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Signature _____
R. F. (Curly) SEALOVER, MM2c, 2811 Warsaw St., Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Signature _____
F. L. (Chanel No. 5) SCHNELL, EM1c, 325 First St., N. W. Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Signature _____
C. H. (Chuck) LANGFORD, EM2c, Box 15-5 Sunnyside, Washington.

Signature _____
J. (Joe) CASETTA, MM1c, Rt. No. 2 Wittenberg, Wisconsin.

Signature _____
J. U. (Little Chum) GOULDING, EM1c, RFD 16 Box 470-C, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Signature _____
C. D. (Samson) KILLINGSWORTH, MM3c, RFD No. 3 Belleville, Illinois.

Signature _____
R. H. (Dizz) AGOSTI, S1c, Force, Pennsylvania.

Signature _____
W. R. (Snow-Bird) RASBERRY, S1c, Box 344 Flora, Miss.

Signature _____
R. C. (Shorty) STRACHAN, S1c, 2650 Kingsland Avenue, Oakland, Calif.

Signature _____
E. L. (Lucky) MILLER, CCM(AA), 300 Fifth Avenue, S. Mount Vernon, Iowa.

Second Row, Left to Right:
 Signature _____
S. F. (Sentimental) MYREN, M3c, 6632 S. Mozart Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
R. W. (Long John) MARSHALL, MM2c, Barnard, Kansas.

Signature _____
W. F. (Jack) CASTEEL, EM1c, 1214 W. 5th St., Alton, Illinois.

Signature _____
C. A. (Chuck) CALI, CM1c, 12700 Holborn Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
C. L. (Peelie) PELLE, EM1c, 610 S. Front St., Wheeling, W. Virginia.

Signature _____
W. E. (Flash) BURDE, CM2c, 2066 Vinewood Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
J. J. (Joe) BLANCHER, M3c, 2501 Pauger St., New Orleans, La.

Signature _____
W. H. (Power House) PHILLIPS, MM1c, 221 Swiss St., W. Monroe La.

Signature _____
W. F. C. (Bill) MARQUARDT, MM1c, 1627 N. 28th St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

Signature _____
J. J. (Joe) SOPKO, WT1c, 6026 State Rd., Parma, Ohio.

Signature _____
A. R. (Pete) PETERSON, EM2c, 10304 S. Michigan, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
R. L. (Noisy) PEIRSOL, CM3c, Wenatchee, Washington.

Third Row, Left to Right:
 Signature _____
C. B. (Clem) HORSTMANN, MM3c, Albers, Illinois.

Signature _____
M. C. (High Pockets) GILLESPIE, SF2c, 321 W. Second St., Garnett, Kansas.

Signature _____
C. V. (Gleepy) ADAMS, CM3c, Rt. 14 Box 546, Portland, Oregon.

Signature _____
F. L. (Midnight) BRUCE, CM2c, 1510 S. Wellington St., Memphis, Tennessee.

Signature _____
F. E. (Tuck) TUCKER, S1c, Rt. 6 Box 79, S. Jacksonville, Fla.

Signature _____
M. E. (Slim) ADAMS, S1c, Rt. No. 2 ton St., Memlo Park, California.

Signature _____
F. P. (Chiefie) KOSTA, MM1c, 625 Cot-Box 100 Ruleville, Mississppi.

Signature _____
M. W. (Cookie) HOFFMAN, CM1c, 120 1/2 E. Rose St., Owatonna, Minnesota.

Signature _____
J. F. (Jimmy) BEALS, MM1c, 1710 Washington St., Fort Worth, Texas.

Signature _____
L. P. (Mate) LADD, MM2c, Kingston, Tennessee.

Signature _____
L. A. (Sis) CISILINI, EM1c, 429 Riker St., Salinas, California.

Signature _____
W. H. (Pug) WILLIAMS, CM1c, Rockwell City, Iowa.

PLATOON QUIPS

SIMS—"What's new?"
 MORONI—"Are the re-rates out yet?"
 BATHALTER—"When are we goin' home?"
 ROBERTS—"Of course Cincy is the best city in the world."
 SEALOVER—"How about a friendly game?"
 SCHNELL—"At last I have found a way to success."
 LANGFORD—"Washington was never like this."
 CASETTA—"Only one more month, fellows."
 GOULDING—"Yes sir, I can fix it."
 KILLINGSWORTH—"Let's go to work."
 AGOSTI—"At last."
 RASBERRY—"I'll still take Mississippi."
 MILLER—"Platoon attention, Dress right Dress!"
 MYREN—"What time is it?"
 MARSHALL—"Well, I'll be a sad sack!"
 CASTEEL—"Well, I heard—."
 CALI—"I wonder what Cleveland is like now?"
 PELLE—"Fall Out!"
 BURDE—"There's entirely too much noise."
 BLANCHER—"What! Only three letters today?"
 PHILLIPS—"Why haven't I made it?"
 MARQUARDT—"Yes, we Can Do!"
 SOPKO—"Don't do that."
 PETERSON—"It's only for the duration, we hope."
 PEIRSOL—"I don't know."
 HORSTMANN—"Farm life was a picnic."
 GILLESPIE—"Home Sweet Home!"
 ADAMS (C.V.)—"This is one thing that you won't get out of."
 BRUCE—"They can't do that to me."
 TUCKER—"Let's get on the ball."
 KOSTA—"I'll go see the Chaplain."
 ADAMS (M.E.)—"Yes, I'm still in Co. A."
 HOFFMAN—"Some more chips, please."
 BEALS—"You Phony Punk!"
 LADD—"I don't agree."
 CISILINI—"Never again!"
 WILLIAMS—"Any mail today?"

The Trip Over

Continued from Page 23

lemonade, orangeade, fruit-juice, no tea, but there was coffee. The dessert was always predictable; two chances out of three it was jello. The third chance, that is, breakfast, no dessert was served. We always knew what fruit would be there for breakfast, however; it was dried apricots. Once upon a time we liked jello and apricots but we don't anymore. There was a terrific demand for citrus fruits, they were most agreeable and a good stomach settler during a rough voyage. We had some lemons, oranges and grapefruit but not nearly enough. The boys would connive to take two or three oranges or sneak back into line for more fruit and the unfortunates at the end of the line would find the quota all gone when they arrived at the orange crate.

It was said that the food and bunks on Army transports (of which this was one) had been contracted between the government and civilians. It was also said that Uncle Sam paid 85¢ per day for each man's meals. If that were the truth, then someone or a corporation was making a handsome profit. We were consoled by the thought that large income taxes would take back a portion of these ill-gotten gains. We hardly thought that this matter would bear the scrutiny of a Senate investigation. The Navy feeds its men handsomely on some 72¢ per day. It is good quality food of great variety and the greatest danger is in enjoying same too much and overeating. The Navy very often, too, makes a profit of its daily allotment of 72¢ per day per man.

Life became monotonous. We were forever standing in line for that bum food. The chow line reached the entire length of A Deck and continued down into a large queue of waiting men on B Deck. After eating, there was another long

line to wait in—to clean and sterilize our mess gear.

For once, guard duty was almost a pleasure. The guard was a select group of 20 men but every one of the sailors had a chance at it; the guard being changed nightly. The doors of the two upper decks had to be guarded so that no light from inside could be visible from the deck when a man went through. Each was a double door with a box-like booth between them and guards were stationed on the inside and outside. The inside guard would allow two or three men to step into this box or booth and close the door behind them. Then the men would rap on the outside door and the exterior guard would open the door and permit them on deck. In that way, no light could shine through at any time. This guard duty had a great advantage. The detail being relieved and one going on duty had a sandwich lunch and good coffee available. The sandwiches were of plain bread with cheese, pressed ham or liverwurst and a couple of them would sustain life if you had missed one or two regular meals which were unbearable.

Clean-up detail was a necessary function every morning. Bright and early, a group of three or four men would be assigned to clean each hold. These men were privileged to avoid the breakfast chow line by eating early (a doubtful advantage) and then clean their section while most of the gang were eating. And were those holds dirty! They really needed a thorough going over from stern to stern. All they ever had was a quick lick and a promise; only the visible dirt being swept up. Previous voyages had left their evidence which was apparent when we first boarded the ship. The supporting steel beams under the overhead could be easily reached from the top bunks and had been reached often and used as trash collectors. In addition to a half-inch of dust, there were orange peels, cigarette butts, paper wrappings and magazines galore.

Getting water for shaving, showers and laundry is another trial which we shall long remember. Due to the limited capacity of the ship for stowing water and the large number of men aboard it was necessary to control its use—for drinking, first and for washing, if available. No shortage of drinking water ever existed and the fountains were always open. But for washing, fresh water was rationed and shut off except for an hour before each meal. As wash bowls were limited there was a line waiting to use them and the wise heads used their steel helmets to hold water until a bowl and a mirror was free for use. For shower baths we used salt water pumped from the briny deep. This water was supposed to be used also for washing clothes and we even tried to use it for shaving. Ordinary soap and salt water don't mix. It just won't lather. We had no salt water soap. As the trip took several days longer than anticipated, our supply of clean linen was exhausted and we felt and were dirty.

Coveralls were the uniform of the day and a good choice it was. Although the decks were washed down each morning and after each meal they quickly became littered and dirty but there was nothing else to sit on.

There was lots of time for sitting and we did plenty of it. Fortunately, some of the boys had thought to bring some books and magazines aboard. These were read and passed around; reread and read again. Time seemed to hang heavily on our hands. Our old tub could have made 20 knots per hour, no doubt, but the speed of a convoy is that of its slowest ship, which we judged to be about 6 knots. Looking down at the water from the top deck one would wonder if we were not standing still.

We poked along, hour after hour. Hardly anybody attempted to write home. There wasn't a desk to write on and no place to post mail, anyway. One could sit in a dim light and write on his knee but it was discouraging work. Further-

more, we were unfamiliar with censorship regulations and a lot of things written about on shipboard were later cut out by the censors before release to the Post Office department. Such things as the point of embarkation, date of sailing, route, time enroute, speed of ship were taboo.

Occasionally during the first few days there would be an alert at unexpected moments for the Armed Guard. These gun crews were fast on the draw and would fly to their shell-tossers, rip off the muzzle covers, take their positions and be all set in no time flat to fire in any direction. We were given life boat drills, too. We learned to reach our assigned positions opposite a certain life boat on a certain deck in about two or three minutes.

Suddenly on the hazy horizon, we spotted land. What a welcome sight it was! In half an hour, we could see as we approached, that it was an island of substantial proportions. We were doomed to disappointment, however, as this was not our destination. Nor were we to go ashore. Our mission was to replenish our dwindling water supply, take on needed stores and to wait for another convoy.

We had been so slow as to miss a previous convoy we had been expected to join at this rendezvous. Six long days and nights we spent here at anchor. That was really tough since we were so close to land and couldn't set foot on it. A few of the boys improvised fishing lines and dropped them over the side and some fish caught were edible and hit the frying pans promptly. Native traders came alongside and were handy at picking up a few dollars by selling (at fancy prices) Brazilian candy bars, picture post cards, magazines etc. But the waiting around was deadly.

The regimentation is the hardest pill of all to swallow. We Americans are so accustomed to be free to enjoy life as we see fit, that we bitterly resent any restriction of that freedom. The feeling of restriction is difficult to imagine. It must actually be experienced to be fully comprehended. Nobody knows better than the man in the armed forces what regimentation really means. That is why we are all anxious to finish the war as quickly as possible, pay the price of our slovenly thinking in the past and to get out of the ranks. To have someone control and dictate your every move and even your thoughts, is the most ghastly experience imaginable.

Eventually, our six day stretch in this harbor passed. We joined another convoy and were on our way again. Our crow's nest had a 24 hour watch and many eyes were constantly on the alert for enemy subs. Yes, our listening devices picked up the sound of submarines but we fooled them by zigzagging, back-tracking and outsmarting them. This territory, the Caribbean Sea has been a graveyard for merchant shipping but apparently, we were just lucky. We came through the area known as "Torpedo Junction" without a scratch. We had ready, a hot reception for any sub that chose to fight it out but let us not minimize their potency, as it would be foolish to do so.

Our good ship wallowed along. We experienced a feeling of monotony with a strain of tension in it. The boys dug up some entertainment talent and put on a show in the Officer's Dining Room. The show was repeated several nights in a row owing to the fact that only a small audience could witness each performance. There were singers, imitators, music, comedy skits which were pretty good, too. Often the entertainers were seasick at show time and the small crowded room, ill ventilated would have made it difficult for Fred Allen or Bob Hope to hold attention.

If you steamboat long enough in any given direction, you will eventually hit land or fall off the earth. In our case it happened that we struck Island X and

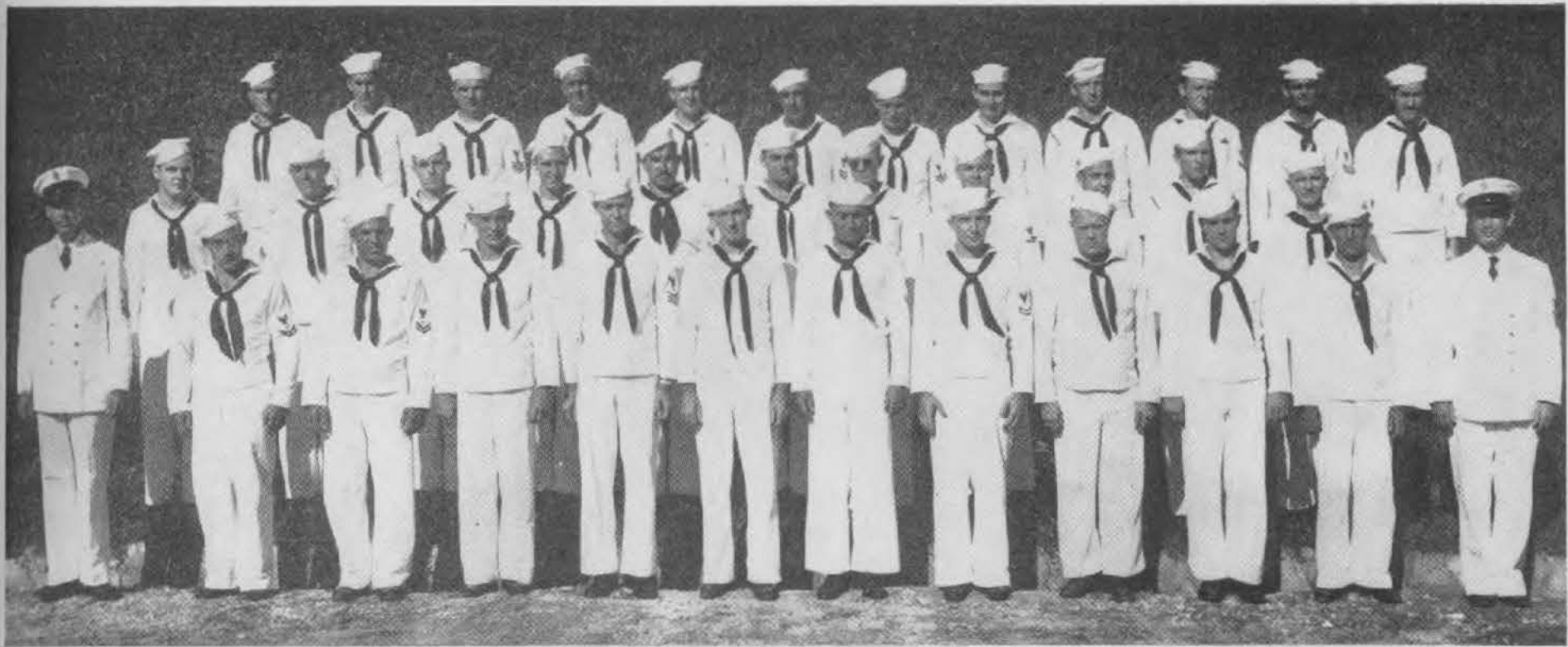
NEVER A DULL MOMENT

"The Brigadier"



" - - - - - Ah Sneezed - - - - -"

Continued on Page 88



COMPANY A, PLATOON 2

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____

K. E. (Hattie) HATFIELD, CEM, Atlanta, Georgia.

Signature _____

G. F. (George) BECHT, SF2c, 204 E. Cotton Avenue, New Albany, Indiana.

Signature _____

E. W. (Earl) STIEMERT, CM2c, 100 W. "F" St., Iron Mt. Michigan.

Signature _____

H. D. (Smiley) BOWEN, EM3c, Main St., Port Republic, N. J.

Signature _____

W. L. (Curly) CARLTON, CM1c, 4615 Shennandoah St., St. Louis, Mo.

Signature _____

P. F. (Moe) McDERMOTT, PTR3c, 196 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Signature _____

H. D. (Nels) NELSON, CM2c, Racine, Missouri.

Signature _____

J. L. (Little Joe) PELICAN, SF2c, 720 S. Second St., McAllister, Okla.

Signature _____

H. (Hank) SPRINGER, S1c, 1523 Mable St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Signature _____

R. E. (Bob) McAFEE, MM3c, 917 Third St., N. E. Canton, Ohio.

Signature _____

H. A. (Pappy) BREITSPRECHER, PTR1c, 1520 Augusta St., Racine, Wisconsin.

Signature _____

J. B. (Jess) BEATON, CEM(PA), 1607 Norfolk Avenue, Norfolk, Neb.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____

C. F. (Mush) BORNE, S1c, 1132 Arabelle St., New Orleans, La.

Signature _____

L. H. (Soup) CAMPBELL, SF1c, 745 Wiltshire Rd., Columbus, Ohio.

Signature _____

J. J. (Del) DEL PIZZO, CM3c, 4848 E. 86th St., Garfield Hghts., Ohio.

Signature _____

W. L. (Walt) ALLTON, CM2c, Anthony, Kansas.

Signature _____

K. C. (Van) VAN HEE, CM2c, 8712 Hamilton, Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____

C. E. (Carl) RESVOLD, EM2c, 908 E. 21st St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Signature _____

E. H. (Mac) McGHEE, CM1c, 812 Old Wyomissing Rd., Redding, Pa.

Signature _____

S. E. (Sarge) KELLY, EM3c, 398 Pearl St., Marion, Ohio.

Signature _____

J. R. (Jimmy) CLAYBROOKE, CM2c, Springfield, Kentucky.

Signature _____

E. (Ercel) KELLER, S1c, Hotel Puritan, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Signature _____

J. E. (Swede) BENSON, CM1c, 3500 Seminary Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____

L. J. (Brown Nose) DOUGLAS, CM3c, 1121 Oakley St., Pelvedere, Illinois.

Signature _____

J. V. (Davey) JONES, S1c, Rt. No. 1, Ashland, Alabama.

Signature _____

C. (Bubbles) RUSSELL, CEM(AA), 5940 S. Wolcott St., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____

A. (3-point-0) AHLSTROM, CM3c, 1327 Sixth St., N. Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Signature _____

C. W. (Cockey) COTTRILL, CM3c, 1327 Darwill Dr., RFD No. 4 Box 820 Akron, Ohio.

Signature _____

J. S. (John) YOUNG, CM1c, 906 State Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas.

Signature _____

L. J. (Jack) GRAF, EM2c, 15209 Loomis Avenue, Harvey, Illinois.

Signature _____

J. S. SCHWENK, CM2c, 1313 Jackson St., Jasper, Indiana.

Signature _____

H. (Hank) HEFENEIDER, COX., 3957 N. E. 7th Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

Signature _____

F. M. (Red) TUHRO, PTR2c, 1018 Eichelberger St., St. Louis, Missouri.

Signature _____

M. W. (Cookie) COOK, CCM, 309 W. Cherokee, Enid, Oklahoma.

Signature _____

H. D. (Tex) WILSON, GM3c, 2507 Alasita St., Dallas, Texas.

Signature _____

H. D. (Tex) WILSON, GM3c, 2507 Alasita St., Dallas, Texas.

Signature _____

J. P. (Jim) CROSBY, S2c, P. O. Box 265, Berryville, Ark.

Signature _____

M. L. (Shorty) FIDLER, CM2c, 4354 Almond St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Signature _____

A. W. (Al) SISSONS, CM3c, RFD No. 2 Marathon, N. Y.

Signature _____

B. O. (Bill) McCRAE, S1c, Pipe Creek, Bandera, Texas.

PLATOON QUIPS

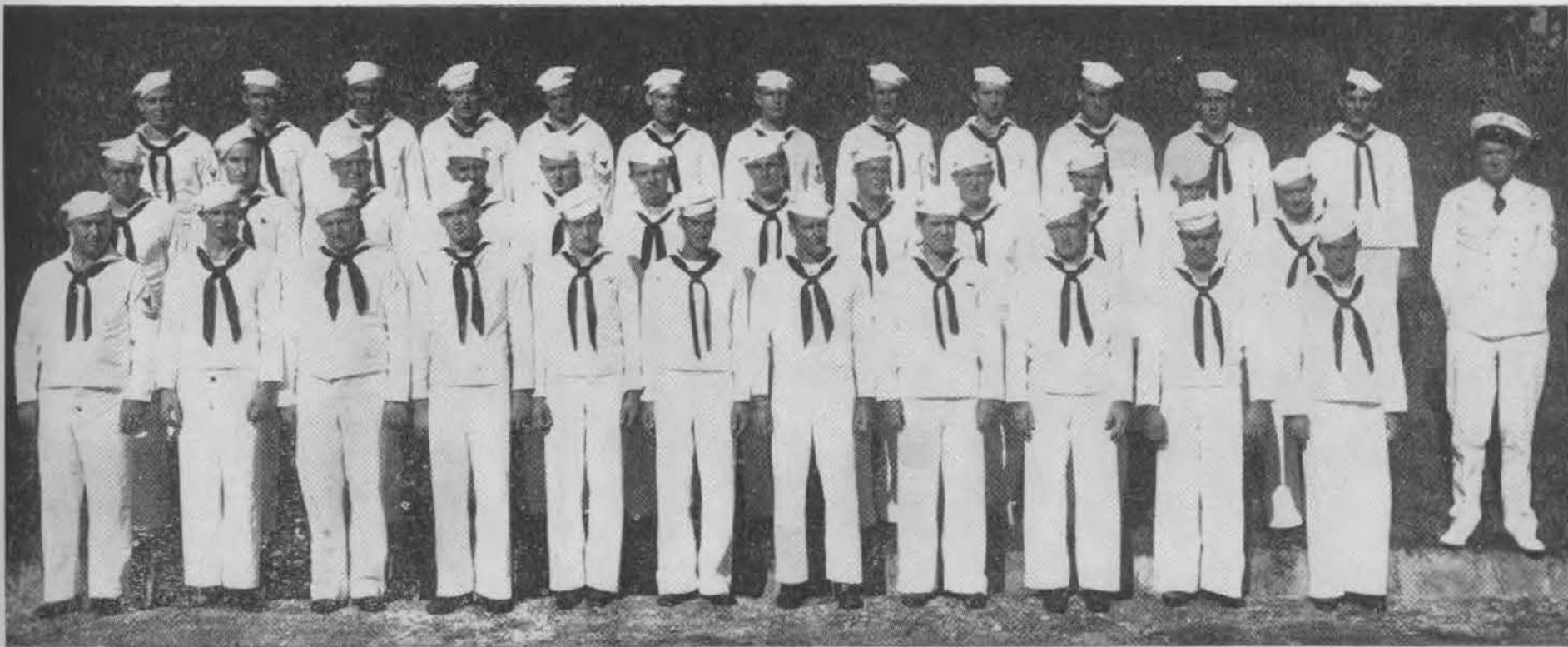
- HATFIELD—"What's new?"
 RECHT—"When we leavin'?"
 STIEMERT—"Is it time to go to town yet?"
 BOWEN—"You guys are nuts."
 CARLTON—"Let's go Cockey!"
 McDERMOTT—"Now, that is the way we play ball in dear old Brooklyn."
 NELSON—"I don't see how they figure."
 PELICAN—"Now, this is what I heard—"
 SPRINGER—"Everything secure."
 McAFEE—"We are strictly on the ball."
 BREITSPRECHER—"Now, don't forget."
 BEATON—"Well boys I'll tell you, it's like this—"
 BORNE—"What's cookin'?"
 CAMPBELL—"It's looking better everyday."
 DEL PIZZO—"Let's get on the ball."
 ALLTON—"Not too much longer now."
 VAN HEE—"We was robbed."
 RESVOLD—"Another tough day today."
 McGHEE—"Let me see now—"
 KELLEY—"Yes sir, I'm going to be an officer."
 CLAYBROOKE—"Most any day."
 KELLER—"That's what he said."
 BENSON—"I don't believe it."
 DOUGLAS—"What, not again?"
 JONES—"How's my chances this month?"
 RUSSELL—"Any Mail?"
 AHLSTROM—"What kind of an outfit is this?"
 COTTRILL—"I'm just out of practice."
 YOUNG—"Fall Out!"
 GRAF—"I should be in Chicago."
 SCHWENK—"No, I don't believe so."
 HEFENEIDER—"What's cookin'?"
 TUHRO—"I've got those days counted."
 COOK—"Now listen a minute fellows."
 WILSON—"Well, this is the way it looks to me—"



"SWEET, SWING MUSIC AND THE SWING BEES" go hand in hand with the description of the 83rd Battalion Orchestra. From a small beginning, has emerged this aggregation which has earned the name of being the finest musical organization on the island. Playing almost nightly for service events, these thirteen musicians deserve credit for dispensing the "blues" with tunes both old and new.



"MARTIAL MUSIC FOR SUNDAY COLORS." Nothing stirs the blood like the marching music of a military band and we present with pride, our own Band. Fifteen men plus Lt. (jg) Cameron give much of their time to practice, in order to give us a smart tempo for the Battalion's short march to and from Colors each Sunday morning. Even if the Band members miss keeping in step themselves, no one notices, for they are the last to leave the drill field, we hope.



COMPANY A, PLATOON 3

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 H. W. (Molly) MOLLENCOP, MM2c, 947 Reid St., Bucyrus, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. A. (Jim) MILLS, S1c, Rt. No. 7 Box 3, Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
 B. (Scuttlebutt) MEYERS, CM2c, Jackson, Pennsylvania.

Signature _____
 R. E. (Ray) WILSON, F1c, RFD 1 Box 175-B Sonoma, California.

Signature _____
 D. (Sheik) LAMBERT, S1c, RFD No. 3 Box 445, E. Akron, Ohio.

Signature _____
 H. L. (Pewee) MILLER, S1c, Dallas Center, Iowa.

Signature _____
 M. J. (K) KAISER, CM2c, Moscona, Wisconsin.

Signature _____
 C. I. (Pop) DOAN, SF1c, RFD 2 River Road, New Albany, Indiana.

Signature _____
 J. M. (Joe) SHANK, CM1c, Parker, Indiana.

Signature _____
 J. R. (Johnnie) EDWARDS, M2c, 2403 Pickett St., Greenville, Texas.

Signature _____
 E. P. (Brownie) BROWN, CM1c, 917 6th Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 J. D. (Dan) HOWARD, PTR3c, Ft. Yates, North Dakota.

Signature _____
 J. J. (McGee) MAHONEY, MM2c, 125 W. Burlington, Iowa City, Iowa.

Signature _____
 G. (Gus) MINTER, MM3c, RFD., Rock Port, Missouri.

Signature _____
 J. D. (Jack) GARNER, SF2c, Box 64 Klowa, Oklahoma.

Signature _____
 B. H. (Goldie) MOORE, S1c, 510 W. Morton St., Nashville, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 H. M. (Porky) LEWIS, SF2c, RFD No. 2 Grove City, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. E. (Jacko) REESE, SF3c, 207 Knecht Dr. Dayton, Ohio.

Signature _____
 A. L. (Two Bunk) HILL, CM1c, 410 Edgewood Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

Signature _____
 G. (George) SAGE, MM3c, Corthersville, Indiana.

Signature _____
 G. E. (Mac) McDOUGAL, S1c, 309 N. Adams St., Osceola, Iowa.

Signature _____
 M. L. (Smiley) MORROW, S1c, 13602 Beachwood, Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 H. H. (Hoss) BASSETT, EM2c, 516 Parker St., Wellington, Ohio.

Signature _____
 W. H. (Bill) WAY, CSF(AA) 707 NW 19th Street, Portland, Oregon.

Signature _____
 W. H. (Bill) WAY, CSF(AA) 707 NW 19th Street, Portland, Oregon.

Signature _____
 W. H. (Bill) WAY, CSF(AA) 707 NW 19th Street, Portland, Oregon.

Signature _____
 P. K. (Fritz) GREWE, CM2c, 901 N. Park St., Fairmont, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 F. C. (Fred) NEAL, CM2c, 6341 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 F. J. (Cookie) COOK, CM1c, RFD Box 218-A, Sonoma, California.

Signature _____
 R. L. (Dick) PLEW, S1c, 26 E. 14th St., No. 207 Indianapolis, Indiana.

Signature _____
 W. R. (Curly) THIELE, CM1c, Pipestone, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 R. E. (Randy) HILLIS, CM3c, 3307 Shennandoah St., St. Louis, Mo.

Signature _____
 D. J. (Dave) KLEIMANN, EM2c, 414 E. Main St., Mankato, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 F. E. (Frank) DAILEY, CM1c, 4117 King St., Houston, Texas.

Signature _____
 N. (Nick) LASLOVICH, MM3c, 4035 Madison, Kansas City, Mo.

Signature _____
 H. L. (Tiny) BELOW, COX, 332 Oak St., Oak Harbor, Ohio.

Signature _____
 L. (Superman) KOUSE, EM3c, 301 N. Pike St., New Carlisle, Ohio.

Signature _____
 R. C. (Tex) BRUTON, SF3c, Rt. 3 Box 77, Dennison, Texas.

Signature _____
 R. C. (Tex) BRUTON, SF3c, Rt. 3 Box 77, Dennison, Texas.

Signature _____
 R. C. (Tex) BRUTON, SF3c, Rt. 3 Box 77, Dennison, Texas.

Signature _____
 S. E. (Sam) MALAMUD, CCM, 3451 Gies Pl., N. Y., N. Y.

PLATOON QUIPS

MOLLENCOP—"Boys, I've quit this time if I live."

MILLS—"Hey Lambert, wait a minute."

MEYERS—"I'll betcha on that."

WILSON—"I finally made it."

LAMBERT—"Come on seven."

MILLER—"Everythings just fine."

KAISER—"O.K. let's knock it off."

DOAN—"I didn't do it."

SHANK—"I'm goin' to raise a barrell of hell!"

EDWARDS—"That's O.K. I don't care."

BROWN—"Get out of the sack and say that."

HOWARD—"It was a lot different in North Dakota."

MAHONEY—"I'm a mean !!!"

MINTER—"Now, back on the farm—"

GARNER—"Let's get the game started."

MOORE—"Well, I've got my time in for another day."

LEWIS—"Gosh, I'm hungry, let's eat."

REESE—"Let's go, Hill."

HILL—"Where's my clothes?"

SAGE—"Guess I'll lay the body down."

McDOUGAL—"Well, it's this way—"

MORROW—"Damn it, no mail again."

BASSETT—"Give 'em hell!"

WAY—"Pipe down you mugs."

GREWE—"I quit for sure."

NEAL—"Stop your fighting before you get a man tangled up in it."

COOK—"Have you heard the latest?"

PLEW—"What fur?"

THIELE—"These wild, wild women!"

HILLIS—"Honest Chief, I didn't hear the bugle this morning."

KLEIMANN—"Just one more."

DAILEY—"How's the mail situation?"

LASLOVICH—"How about a transfer?"

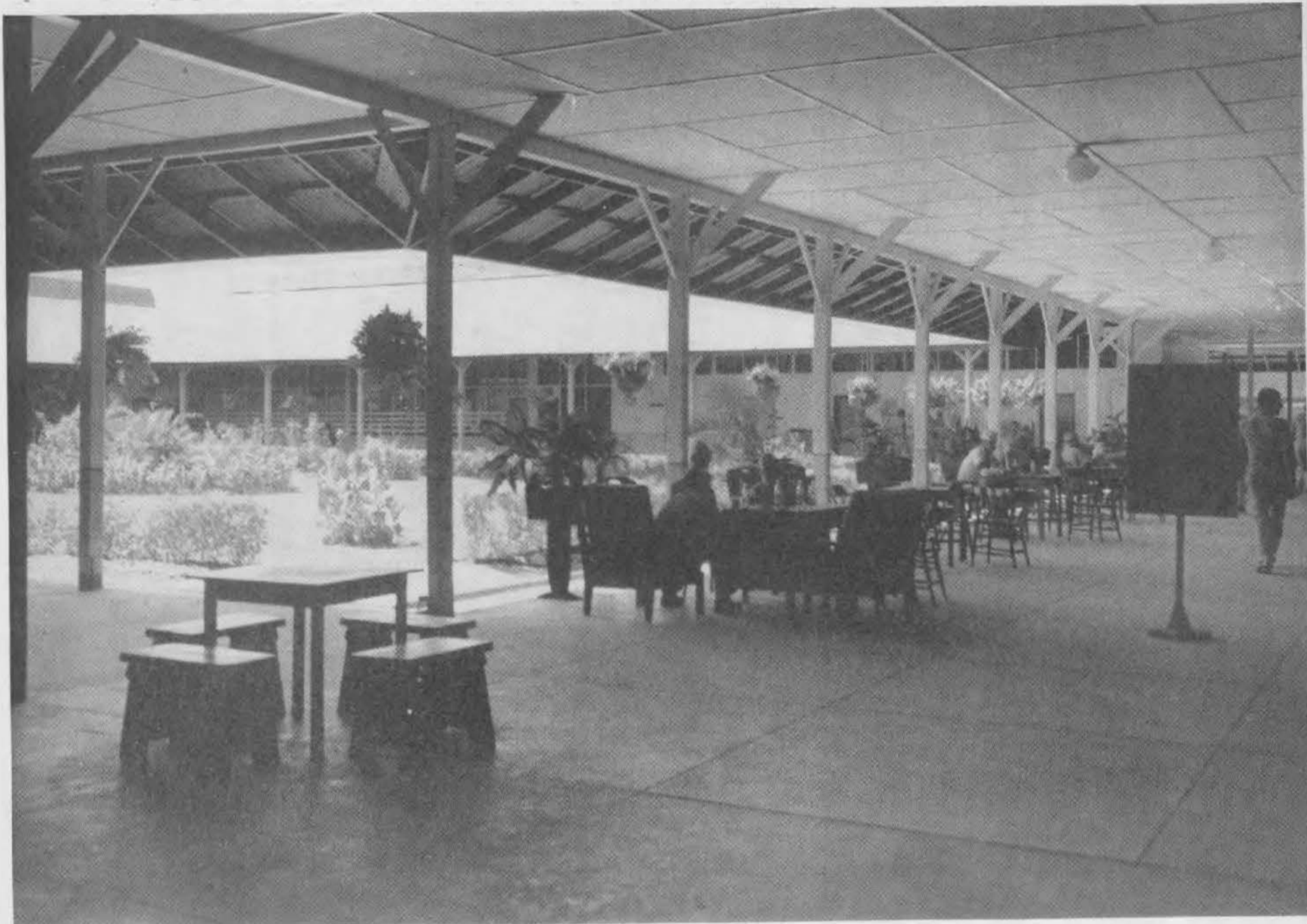
BELOW—"Well, I'll be a Sad Sack!"

KOUSE—"This scuttlebutt is true."

BRUTON—"Let's go Tiny."

Platoon Members Not Pictured :

Signature _____
 S. E. (Sam) MALAMUD, CCM, 3451 Gies Pl., N. Y., N. Y.



"A WEE BIT OF THE OLD COUNTRY." The nearest thing to home on Island X is the local USO, whose courtyard is shown above. Terrace, Patio or Courtyard mean nothing but comfort to our men while ashore and one seldom misses a visit here for either food, entertainment or the gathering of his shipmates. Reading rooms, soda fountain, pool room and skating rink are but a few attractions that draws soldiers and sailors alike to a spot where everyone feels at home. To the folks back home, we say "Thanks" for their gifts that keep the USO functioning for we servicemen overseas.

"First Day on Island X"

Rapidly we steamed toward the coastline through waters dotted with islands of various sizes. Before us rose mountainous islands and the entrance to the harbor. How narrow the channel looked. As we squared off to make our entrance through this channel, flanked on either side by fortifications and gun emplacements, we caught a view beyond that made our hearts leap with joy: A vast sheet of calm, glass-like water stretched before us. The moment we hit the narrow, stomachs quieted and dizziness left us. Inside the straits a long line of vessels strung out before us—heavily laden merchantmen bound our way. Our speed allowed us to overtake them one by one and every man of us lined the rails to give the fellow voyagers the once-over.

Mountains lined the coast. Rough, rugged terrain, all of it. Palm trees fringed the inlets and bays. Beyond a cove lay another island, shutting off the view of Teteron Bay, Stauble's Beach, San Jose Point, and Chaguaramas. Ahead of us more and more ships materialized. Submarine nets stretched as far as the eye could see. Still the surface of the limitless harbor remained like glass.

Hours later we were eased toward a wharf lined with warehouses. After the usual delays we made fast alongside and had our first glimpse of the people of Island X.

The officers of the First Echelon were at Decksite to greet and direct us. Packs were shouldered—over white uniforms, of all things!—and we left that ship forever (we hope). Packed like sardines aboard busses, we made our way through our future liberty town, with its smells and noises, its palms and quaintness nestled in the valley, and struck out toward the mountainous countryside. Sometime later we were admitted through the Marine Gate of the Naval Base. Blazing sunlight glared back at us from coral roads and new buildings on every hand. After passing what seemed to us an endless line of installations we drew up before a city of tents, surrounded by banana palms and coconut trees.

We were quickly disgorged from the busses and greeted old friends who had arrived two months before. A native guard of the British "Nivey" agreeably shed his shoes and "walked" up a tall palm, cutlass in hand. He showered the ground with coconuts and we were soon chopping off the husks and eating fresh coconuts. One of the boys led us to the edge of the encampment and soon we reappeared from the jungle loaded with a stalk of green bananas . . . which we

swapped for ripe ones from the First Echelon fellows who had ripened stalks in their tents.

Suddenly a breeze was blowing—and within a few moments rain was falling. But, the sun was still shining! "You'll get used to that," the men of the Echelon One assured us. "The place is screwy." Rain and sunshine all at once no longer phased them. "Yeah, it's a screwy joint, all right."

—Ted Graham.

WELL??

Two WAVES were puzzled over a dead animal they found at the roadside. "It has three stripes," mused one.

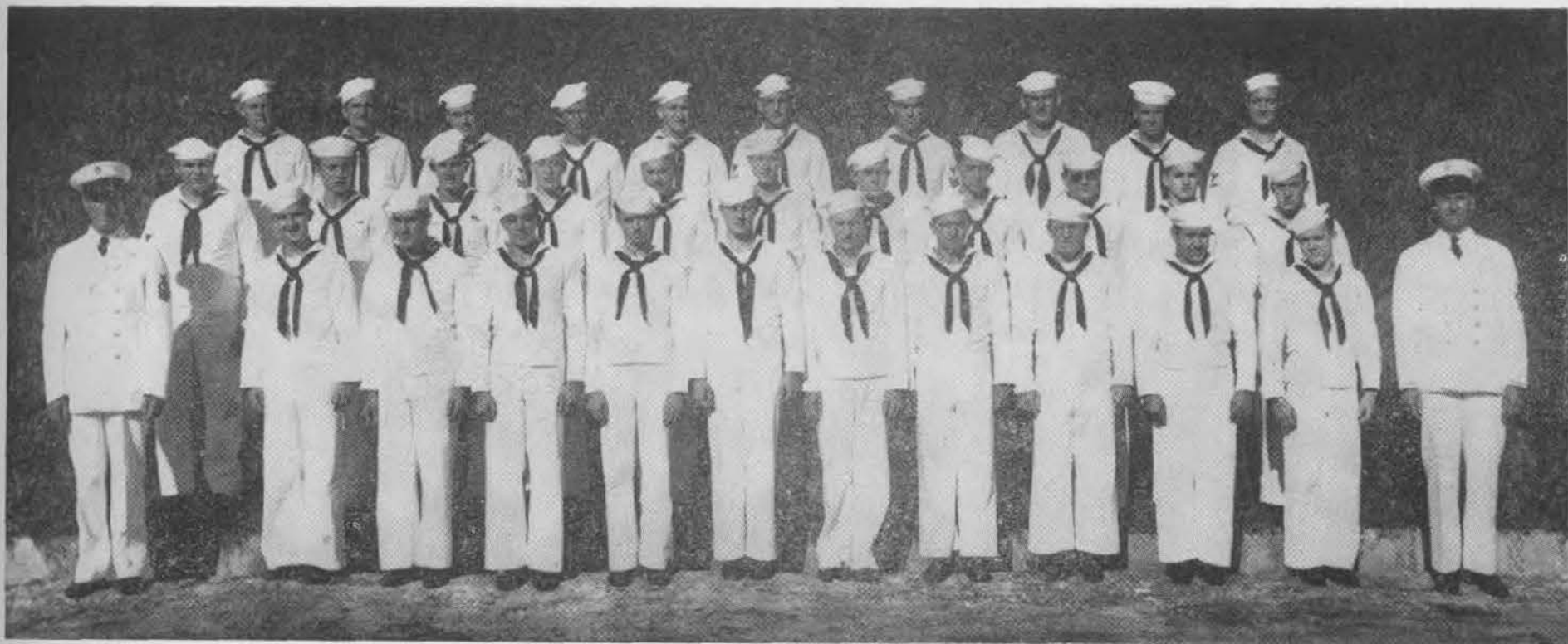
"That settles it," replied the other. "It is either a skunk or a first class Petty Officer."

There's a Difference

We've found out (via the radio) the difference between a Seabee and a Sailor. Never could tell by looking at them. It seems that when a Sailor meets a girl he steers her right over to the nearest park bench. But when a Seabee meets a girl he just builds a park bench under her.

Famous Homecomings

1. The first time you came home from school.
2. The time you returned accompanied by the truant officer.
3. The time you were expelled from high school.
4. The time after you wrecked your old man's hack.
5. The time after your high school football team won the district championship.
6. The first vacation from college.
7. The first time you spent a night out with the boys after your marriage.
8. Your return (3 days' overdue) from the Elks' State Convention at Podunkit Falls.
9. Your boot leave. (Did you get one?)
10. The day when you'll return with a P.C. rating. (Permanent Civilian. Not to be confused with P.F.C.)



COMPANY A, PLATOON 4

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 R. A. (Mike) DEBOLT, CMM(AA), 609 Cook St., Barrington, Illinois.

Signature _____
 A. J. (Al) TOTH, S1c, 999 Bradley Rd. Westlake, Ohio.

Signature _____
 C. A. (Joe) HARTLEY, MM3c, Gen. Del. Fairview, Utah.

Signature _____
 G. N. (Skonnie) HANSON, MM3c, 204 University St., Crystal Lake, Illinois.

Signature _____
 Leo (Hillwilliam) TOMS, S1c, I.FD No. 2, Park City, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 L. F. (Operator) BURNS, S1c, 3123 Maher St., Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
 M. E. (Hoosier) GROVE, CM3c, Loo-gootee, Indiana.

Signature _____
 R. E. (Soup) DIAMOND, S1c, 209 E. Woodin Blvd., Dallas, Texas.

Signature _____
 E. R. (Swede) CARLSON, MM2c, 7112 Ridgeland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 M. H. (Mike) SEYLER, P1c, 214 Magnolia Avenue, Waterloo, Illinois.

Signature _____
 H. J. (Herbie) O'BRIEN, S1c, 9225 Genesee, Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
 B. J. (Ben) FRANKLIN, CCM(PA), 117 James St., Dowagiac, Michigan.

Signature _____
 F. E. (Sheriff) WILSON, BM1c, 987 E. 14th St., Columbus, Ohio.

Signature _____
 L. (Len) GUILLORY, CM3c, Rt. No. 3 Box 321-B, Lake Charles, La.

Signature _____
 F. J. (Mick) McGUIRE, EM3c, 226 Harker, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Signature _____
 H. (Whitie) ALVERMAN, S1c, 1823 Michigan St., Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
 R. E. (Rrr) THOMPSON, S1c, Box 154 RFD No. 2, Chicago Hghts., Illinois.

Signature _____
 B. F. (Bernie) BURNS, S1c, 3123 Maher St., Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
 W. J. (Red) BLACK, S1c, 209 E. Woodin Blvd., Dallas, Texas.

Signature _____
 O. E. (Orv) BECK, S1c, Camden Sta., Route No. 6, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 J. T. (Sarge) LUBY, MM1c, 4096 Redwing Avenue, Jackson, Miss.

Signature _____
 A. J. (Lover) TIRCUIT, SF3c, Box 388 Rolling Fork, Miss.

Signature _____
 D. P. (Dave) BARNHART, S1c, Youngstown, Ohio.

Third Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 F. M. (Bat) BATDORFF, COX, Doylestown, Ohio.

Signature _____
 W. B. (Mama) SNELL, MM2c, 2248 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Signature _____
 R. G. (Rich) RICHARDS, MM1c, 1621 So. Sixth St., Springfield, Illinois.

Signature _____
 W. H. (Sad Sack) GULAU, MM3c, 215 E. Third St., Port Clinton, Ohio.

Signature _____
 E. H. (Elm) GEHRINGER, CM3c, 2255 Quatman Avenue, Norwood, Ohio.

Signature _____
 H. W. (Daffle) DAFNER, COX, 1951-A Withnell, St. Louis, Mo.

Signature _____
 H. S. (Herb) THOMPSON, MM1c, Box 152, Zachary, La.

Signature _____
 J. E. ("KY") BEACK, MM1c, Wickliffe, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 E. C. (Slim) ANSON, MM1c, 1109 Fifth Avenue, Helena, Mont.

Signature _____
 A. F. (Papa) DODSON, COX, 105 Court St., White Plains, N. Y.

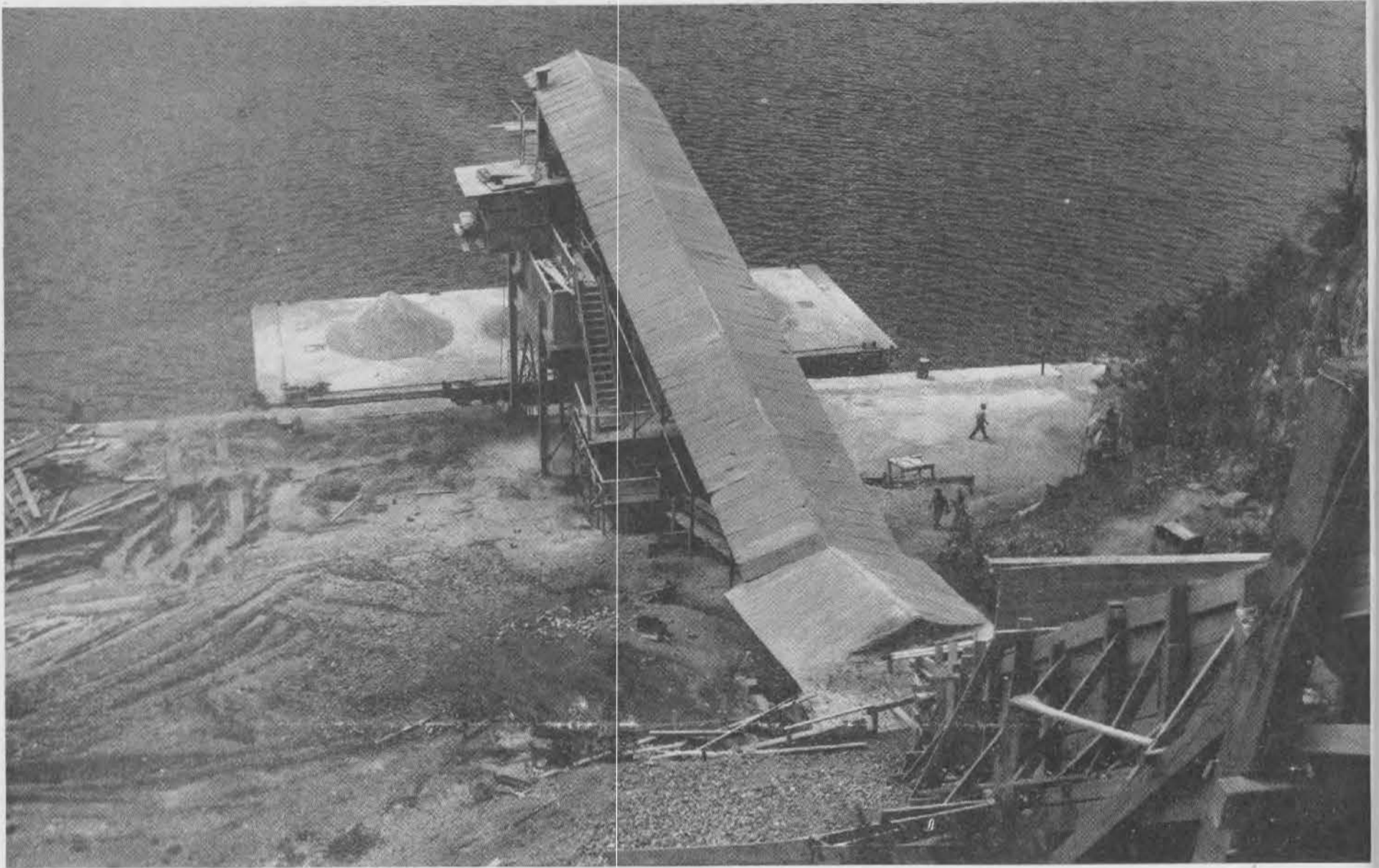
Signature _____
 J. (Joe) BARKIEWICZ, S1c, 37 E. Mahan, Hazel Park, Mich.

PLATOON QUIPS

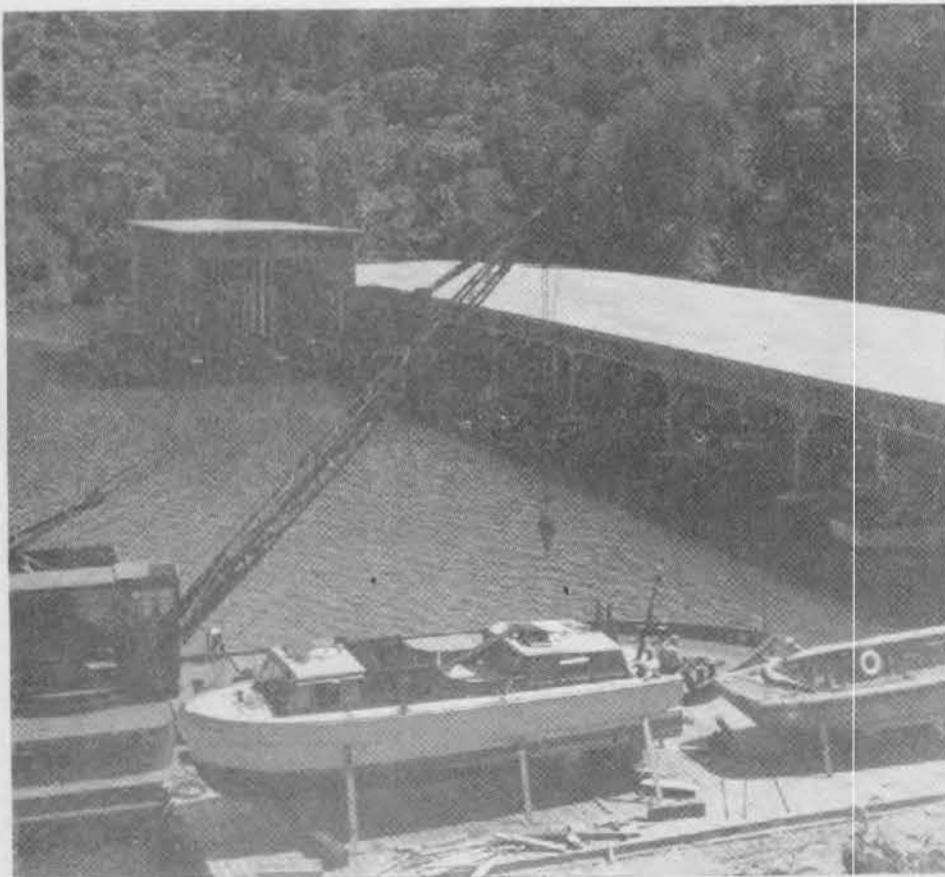
DEBOLT—"How's things?"
 TOTH—"What's new?"
 HARTLEY—"Never again."
 HANSON—"Let's get out of here."
 TOMS—"I'm goin way back in them thar hills."
 BURNS (L. F.)—"Cut it out Bernard."
 GROVE—"My Gracious, fellows."
 DIAMOND—"Remember fellows, I'm from Texas."
 CARLSON—"You're a Phony *-*!No.&-*!"
 SEYLER—"I'll do my best."
 O'BRIEN—"Attention!"
 FRANKLIN—"Fall Out!"
 WILSON—"Take it easy, boys."
 GUILLORY—"I'm going back."
 McGUIRE—"Good old Pittsburgh."
 ALVERMAN—"Hold that, Mon!"
 THOMPSON (R. E.)—"Once a Seaman always a Seaman."
 BURNS (B. F.)—"Get out of my sack Leonard!"
 BLACK—"For goodness sakes, alive."
 BECK—"When do I get off of Mess Cook?"
 LUBY—"I wonder how my Loy is making out to-nite?"
 TIRCUIT—"I'll never re-enlist again."
 BARNHART—"Just wait until I get back to good old Ohio."
 BATDORFF—"It won't be long now."
 SNELL—"On the ball, Jack."
 RICHARDS—"Hello Jack."
 GULAU—"On the ball, you sack hounds."
 GEHRINGER—"I'm O.K.—you guys are nuts."
 DAFNER—"How's Tricks?"
 THOMPSON (H. S.)—"Lets gather around, boys."
 BRACK—"Even Kentucky was never like this."
 ANSON—"What's cookin'?"
 DODSON—"That isn't the way I heard it."

Platoon Members Not Pictured :

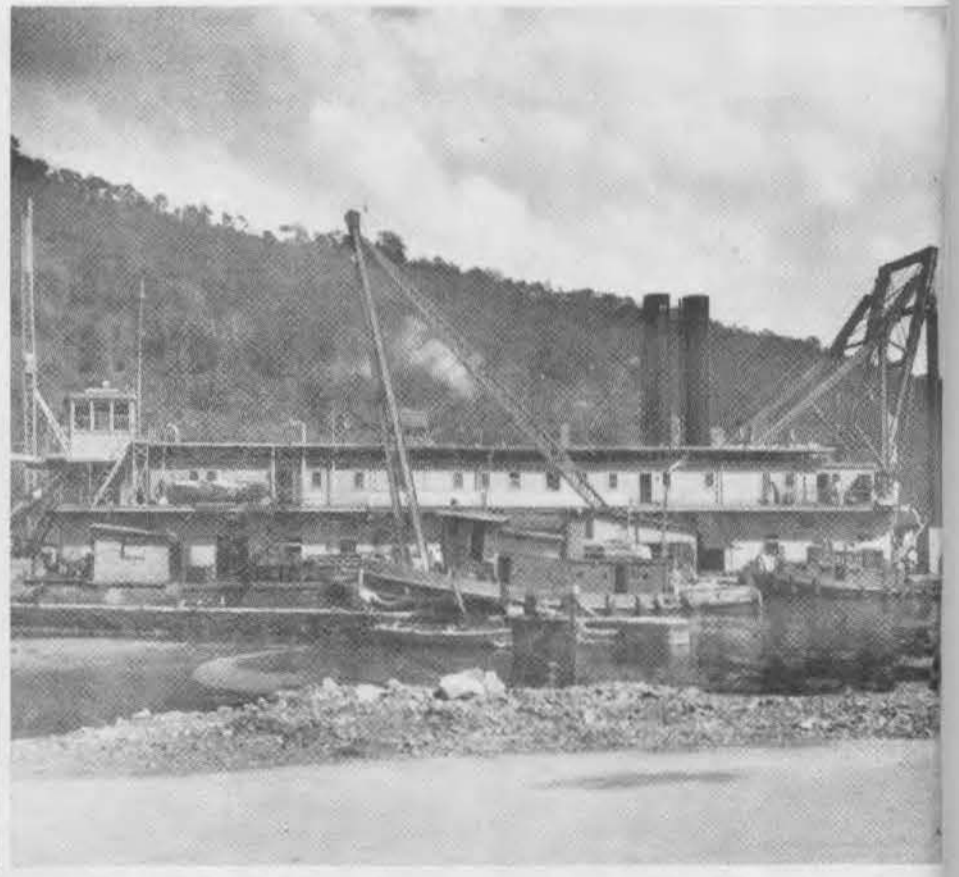
Signature _____
 J. (Joe) BARKIEWICZ, S1c, 37 E. Mahan, Hazel Park, Mich.



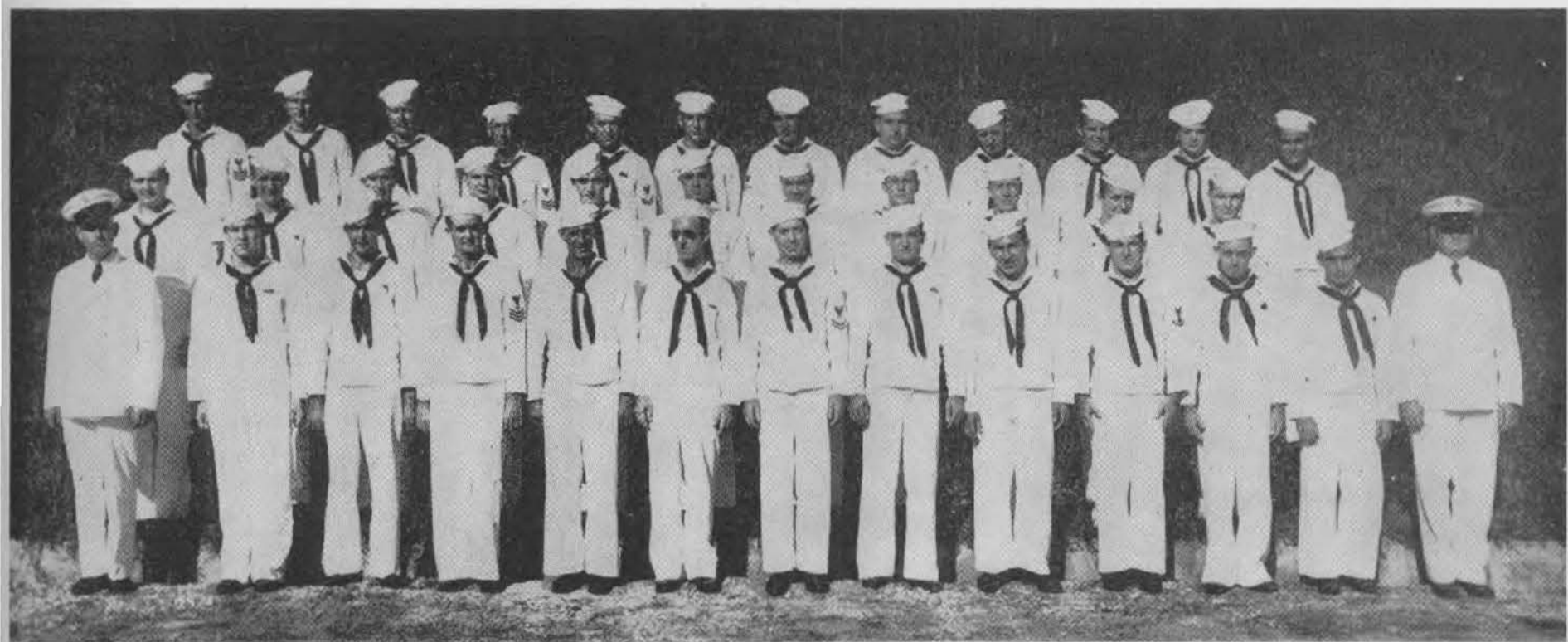
QUARRY LOADING DOCK FOR BARGES. Big rocks, little rocks and rocks of all descriptions may be had with the "proper orders" at this quarry loading dock. Filling the entire station's needs for building and road material, the men who operate this project in a big business-like manner are in no small way responsible for the early completion of the Battalion's work. Just another Can Do job handled in the "jobber's notch" when production was needed in a hurry.



HOME PORT for the station's many small craft, this Small Boat Landing houses and dispatches the entire fleet of liberty and crash boats for all activities. This entire project was handled by the 83rd, from reclaiming of the shoreline to completion of the docks and barracks for the operating personnel.



THE DREDGE lies up in the Yard for ordinary repairs. This unit performed good work during our stay on Island X and before we left, 36 of our best men, experienced in dredging work, transferred to permanent duty there. This unit not only deepened harbors here—it furnished us with coral sand for fill material.



COMPANY A, PLATOON 5

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 A. W. (Brown Nose) MILLER, CMM(AA),
 504 W. Bryan St., Electra, Texas.

Signature _____
 J. E. (Dodger) DODGE, MM3c, 2645 Fifth
 St., Trenton, Michigan.

Signature _____
 A. P. (Peck) PECORARO, Sic, 3005 Du-
 maine St., New Orleans, La.

Signature _____
 C. M. (Dinna) SHORE, MM1c, 909 12th
 St., Eldora, Iowa.

Signature _____
 L. (Grampaw) LUDLAM, CM2c, Muse,
 Oklahoma.

Signature _____
 H. E. (Turtle) JOHNSON, CM3c, 344
 Sycamore St., Marysville, Ohio.

Signature _____
 E. W. ("The Voice") JOHNSON, CM2c,
 6643 S. Hoyne Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
 A. J. (Pa-Joe) POGIOLI, SF3c, 1226 N.
 St., N. W., Washington, D.C.

Signature _____
 C. J. (Free-French) SINIETIERE, Sic,
 903 Willow St., Franklin, La.

Signature _____
 V. N. (Vince) BELLINGER, EM3c, 122
 W. Marceau St., St. Louis, Mo.

Signature _____
 W. R. (Perk) PERKINS, MM3c, 518
 Mildred Avenue, Trumann, Ark.

Signature _____
 A. L. (Tom Mix) MIX, M3c,
 3421 Third St., Trenton, Michigan.

Signature _____
 J. F. (Sandy) SANDERS, CCM(PA), Box
 453, Post, Texas.

Signature _____
 Second Row, Left to Right:
 E. (Elmo) LESTER, MM1c, Blaine, Ken-
 tucky.

Signature _____
 L. E. (Lee) GRASS, Sic, Beffa St., Pes-
 tus, Missouri.

Signature _____
 C. N. (Bish) BISHOP, MM3c, 2121 Mc
 Graw, Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
 C. T. (Charley) RESSLER, Sic, Box 183
 RFD No. 1, Gary, Ind.

Signature _____
 E. J. (Eddie) NESSMAN, Sic, Mountain
 View, New Jersey.

Signature _____
 J. T. (Scuttle) BERTOLA, Sic, 167 16th
 St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Signature _____
 A. V. (Copper) SERSIG, CM3c, 619 S.
 Nevada Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.

Signature _____
 L. A. (Sarge) FRYE, CM3c, 5444 S.
 Calif. Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 W. (Worry Wart) MOREHEAD, CM1c,
 Scammon, Kansas.

Signature _____
 E. (Hoosier) CLARK, MM3c, 811 Sheri-
 dan, Richmond, Indiana.

Signature _____
 M. E. (Moe) FRANK, SF3c, 14106 Shaw
 Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Third Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 J. L. (Poncho) SMITH, MM1c, Route 1,
 Rush Springs, Oklahoma.

Signature _____
 C. M. (Brownie) BROWNING, Sic, Gen.
 Del., McAlester, Oklahoma.

Signature _____
 F. E. (Navy) BURCH, Sic, 1635 D St.,
 N. E., Washington, D.C.

Signature _____
 J. L. (Joe) BANNER, CM1c, Banner Elk,
 N. Carolina.

Signature _____
 A. L. (Kraut-head) WARNKE, CM2c,
 Wood Lake, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 J. S. (Josh) BISHOP, Sic, Leroy, Kan-
 sas.

Signature _____
 A. N. (Jakey) CLARK, COX, 109 Lewis
 Las Vegas, Nevada.

Signature _____
 L. L. (Bing) CROSBY, MM2c, 1337 1/2
 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
 G. R. (Noisey) JOHNSON, MM1c, Glen-
 coe, Minnesota.

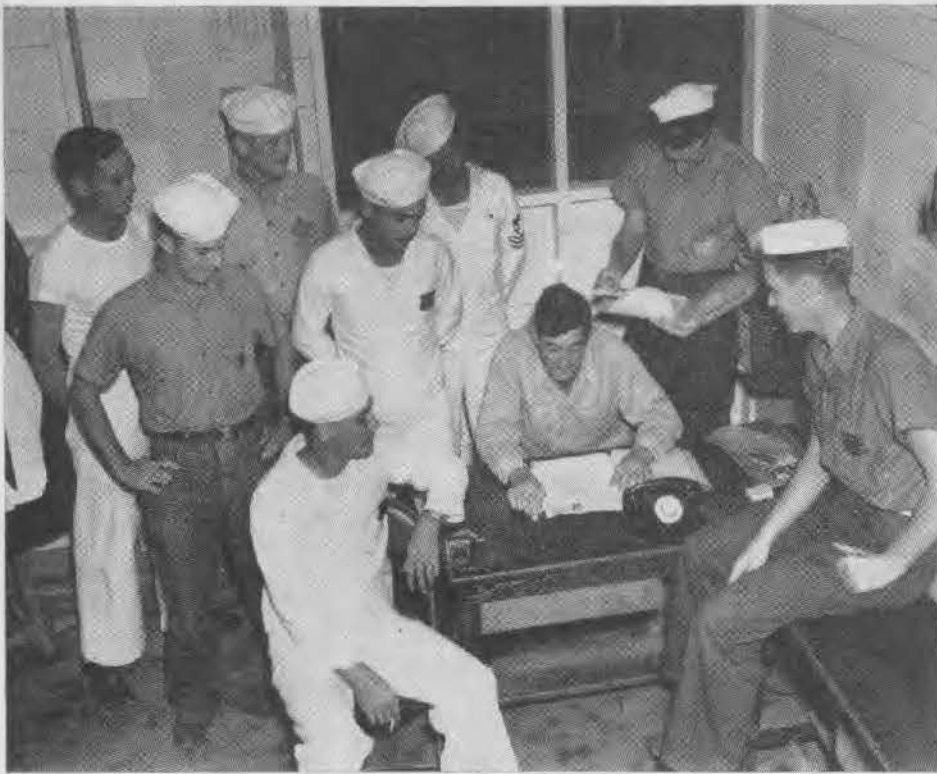
Signature _____
 H. G. (Detroit Bum) CRAIGIE, CM2c,
 9626 Broad Street, Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
 D. D. (Annie) ANASTASIA, Sic, 86
 Garner Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Signature _____
 A. (The Snatch) BIANCHI, Sic, 3 Sham-
 rock St., Newton, Mass.

PLATOON QUIPS

MILLER—"Yes, Texas is in the U.S."
 DODGE—"Have you heard the latest?"
 PECORARO—"What's buzzin, cous?"
 SHORE—"Well, it's like this—"
 LUDLAM—"I'll never do it again."
 JOHNSON (H.E.)—"Well, If I was do-
 ing it, I'd—"
 JOHNSON (E. W.)—"Why don't they give
 me a break?"
 POGIOLI—"...and that's not scuttle-
 butt."
 SINIETIERE—"What he done you, hoss?"
 BELLINGER—"What do you think?"
 PERKINS—"Yes sir, I'm doing first class
 work in that Garage."
 MIX—"Come here, I've got some inside
 dope to tell you."
 SANDERS—"All present or accounted
 for, Sir."
 LESTER—"I never knew."
 GRASS—"Hey hoss."
 BISHOP (C.N.)—"Don't tell me your
 troubles."
 RESSLER—"I'll take the Dredge any
 day."
 NESSMAN—"So what!"
 BERTOLA—"Well, I hold—"
 SERSIG—"Pull over mate."
 FRYE—"As you were, men."
 MOREHEAD—"I won't stay here, I'm a
 fightin' man."
 CLARK (E.)—"Get on the ball."
 FRANK—"Huh, what did you say, Moe?"
 SMITH—"Aw, quit your bitchin'."
 BROWNING—"I am the law."
 BURCH—"Gosh, it sure does hurt."
 BANNER—"Yep, I told them to get on
 the ball."
 WARNKE—"Yeah, I think so."
 BISHOP (J.S.)—"Everything secure."
 CLARK (A.N.)—"How many days in a
 week, dice?"
 CROSBY—"Well, I'll tell you—"
 JOHNSON (G.R.)—"I haven't heard
 anything."
 CRAIGIE—"I'm from Detroit, the city
 of Champions!"
 ANASTASIA—"I wanna drive a Station
 Wagon."
 BIANCHI—"Let's deal all over again."



"MAN'S BEST FRIEND" describes this unit of the Master at Arms force. Hated and friendless in many units, our own force has done a grand job of keeping discipline and at the same time has helped many a man to keep on the safe side of the many Base Orders.

Island "X" Facts

Our Island "X" was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage to the new world, was named by him and taken in possession for the Crown of Spain. For 35 years the primitive tribes of Indians saw only Spanish commercial callers.

Attempts at colonization were not too successful due to such incidents as the burning of the Spanish settlement by Sir Walter Raleigh, raids by the French who finally sacked and abandoned the island and by the failure to develop the agricultural resources, and by a policy of enslavement for the Indians.

In the 18th Century, Spanish settlers abolished slavery of the few remaining Indians, united with them in common defense, introduced the Negro and attempted to intensify cultivation of the land. A French settlement of farmers was established, which accounts for the preponderance of the French element here today although the Island was never in French possession. Eventually, England and Spain being at odds, a British expedition outnumbering the defenders approached the island and accepted its surrender from the Spanish Governor. Since that time, this has been a British Colony, with a cosmopolitan population hardly equalled by any Colony in the world due to the introduction of East Indian immigrants and the attraction of the rich land to travellers and neighboring colonists.

A sister Colony, smaller and most attractive to tourists, and with an equally romantic history, comprises a portion of our "X" location.

3 days after the signing of the Anglo-American Leased Bases Agreement, the U.S. flag was raised here for the first time on leased territory. Since that time, many U.S. service men have been stationed here, and to them, and to their friends and relatives, the various facts and fancies of our Island "X" are related for their interest and future information.

Our Island "X" is typically tropical. With the exception of those parts near swamps, many of which have been drained during our work. It is healthy. The air is generally warm and humid,

although on the mountain ranges the atmosphere is clear and bracing. Swimming and outdoor sports are possible every day of the year. The heat which might be expected here is greatly tempered by the trade winds. There are no distinct seasons except *wet* and *dry*; March and April being the driest months and July and August the wettest. Temperature ranges between 66 on cool December nights to 93 on dry August noons. The mean temperature is 76 degrees, and the annual rainfall about 70 inches.

The area of the island is about 2000 square miles—the coasts are bold in the north, bluff in the south and generally low and flat in the east and west. The surface is pleasantly varied by 3 beautiful mountain ranges, lovely valleys and fine extensive plains—the whole thickly vegetated and well watered by numerous small rivers.

Numerous small islands lie from one to twenty miles offshore and offer picturesque holiday spots. Many of the local residents maintain permanent island homes for vacations and weekends.

Fishing is a major business and social pastime and, although the hunting is good, conservation of natural wildlife is managed by local control of large game preserves.

An unusually large number of surfaced roads offer access to all parts of the island. Every drive is different in its scenic locale—some of the mountain drives are quite spectacular, and many follow trails whose grades and curves were hewn out of rock by the original Indian inhabitants centuries ago. These are evidence of ancient and remarkable engineering ability.

—T. B. McNeely.

Smile Awhile

It's easy to be pleasant
With a lass, a glass and a song
But the sailor worth while
Is the gob who can smile
Without any lassie along.

—E. H. Gehringer.

Flora and Fauna of Island "X"

Wild animals are no longer commonplace sights in this Island "X"—but a trek through the inland mountains and valley would reveal signs if not sights of the mongoose, the red and the gray monkey, lappe or paca (little deer), agouti, peccary (a species of pig), deer, armadillo, manicou (opossum), mata-petro or dog-killer (ant eater), mangrove-dog (raccoon), tayra (polecat), otter, squirrel, porcupine, ocelot and numerous species of bats.

The quick and wily mongoose is often matched with deadly snakes in exciting betting bouts, and usually wins. The ant-eater, with his sharp claws, long nose, and slender, slimy tongue; the lappe, a tiny, tailless, deer and the armadillo with his shell-like coat of mail are oddities worth hunting out.

Seabees will have tall tales to tell of the bon-constrictors, coral snakes, centipedes, vampire bats, tarantulas, barracuda, mosquitoes, alligators, iguanas, etc., they have met and conquered in their daily work; some of which are true and all of which might have been. But let them also tell of the parasol ants, the parrots, humming birds, butterflies, Res-kidees, herons, flamingoes, bell-ringers, etc., which offer strange antics and calls to the delight of amateur naturalists.

At least one bird has added to our slang and will remain in our memories forever, yes, the "kobo" (corbeau)—just a tropical buzzard and a real "stinker."

The most-feared reptile is the bush-master and, among the natives, a lizard called the "twenty-four hours"—i.e., if bitten, death is supposed to occur that soon.

In surrounding waters, there are 85 edible types of fish plus the usual tropical assortment of sharks, barracuda and rays. Shell animals are crabs, shrimp, lobsters and mountain or blue crabs which go down to the sea in hordes to lay their eggs. Natives also dig the beaches for "chip-chips," a tiny shell-animal eaten raw or in a stew and well-known by name to devotees of the Calypso.

Seabee cabinet-makers and carpenters have been intrigued by the variety and abundance of woods to be found here—doubtless every man in the battalion has a souvenir made of "purple-heart"—that beautiful hardwood with its gray bark, ivory inner bark and large heart of distinct purple which lends itself to the lathe or jack-knife. However, equally interesting are balata, poui, acoma or fustic, tapana, mora, cyp, locust, cedar, laurier, crapaud, olivier and galba—all durable woods and adaptable to almost any usage in this climate.

Balata is very hard but easily worked and produces gum from which rubber is made; poui is the heaviest and hardest wood and lasts longest when used in the ground; cyp is the most popular for furniture-making. Local residents import very little furniture, and local cabinet-makers are skillful.

The most spectacular tree here is the saman—a large tree with a tremendous spread of horizontal limbs, usually burdened with a vast accumulation of air-plants, lianes and creepers.

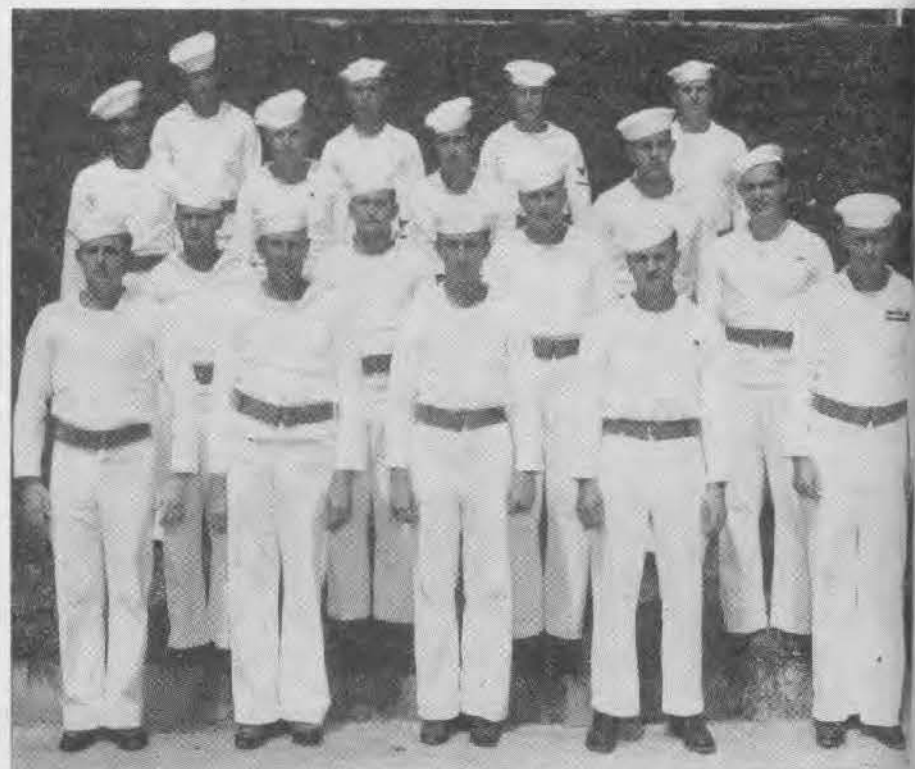
Mangrove flourishes in the swamps near the seashore and oysters are literally picked from trees as they grow on the roots and lower branches.

Bamboo grows to unbelievable sizes and one industry converts it into cardboard for packing cases. It also offers a cheap material as reinforcing for the mud huts of native inhabitants.

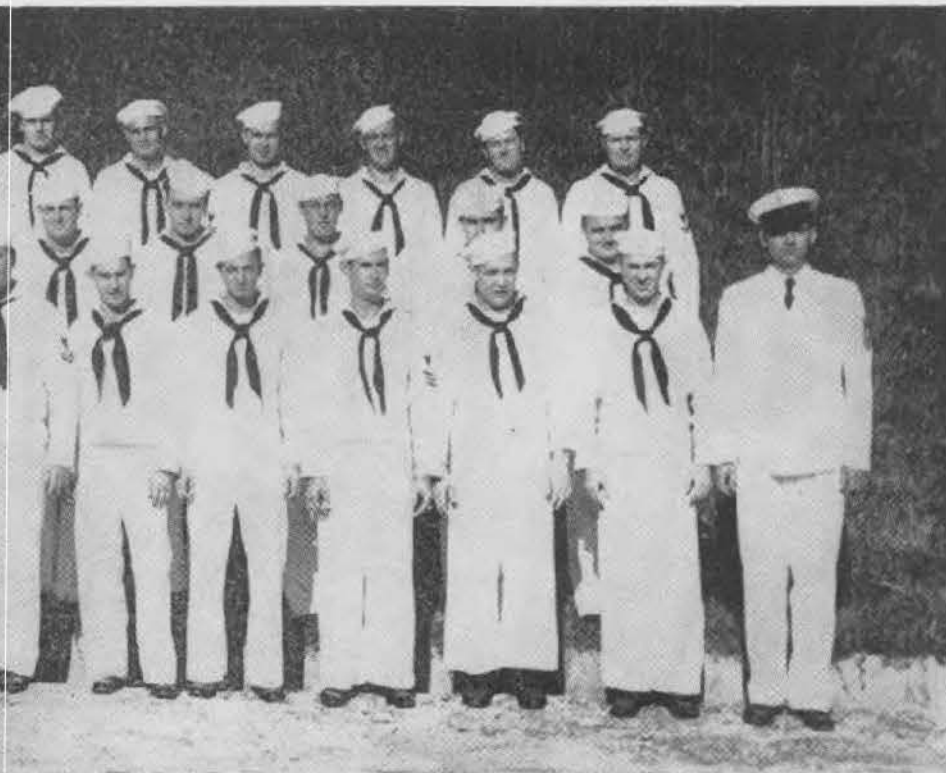
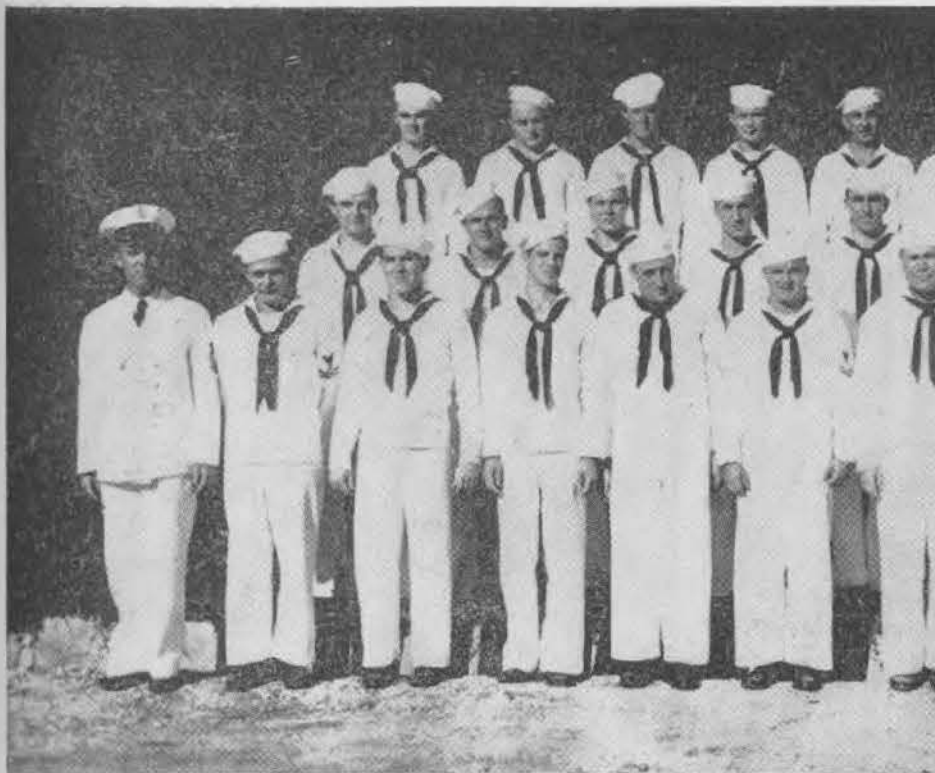
The cacao (cocoa) is a forest tree and the large estates produce some of the world's finest chocolate—its peculiarity is the mother-tree or immortelle, a large tree noted for the beauty of the tangerine blossoms which convert green valleys into vistas of flame.

A type of mahogany, some teak and numerous fruit-bearing trees such as the mango and cashew, and the many purely decorative types—frangipani, flamboyant and acacia—all vie with each other to impress the visitor with the fact that centuries of virgin jungle life cannot be tamed in a day—any plot of soil left untended is soon reclaimed by the silent wall of greenery whose patience is inexhaustible.

—T. B. McNeely.



SECURITY GUARDS. One of the most monotonous assignments to be had in the entire service, is the constant policing patrols that are necessary for the security of the base. The above men are to be commended for their alert and courteous attention to duty.



COMPANY A, PLATOON 6

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 W. P. (Pinky) WILLIAMS, CSF(PA),
 1401 W. 10th St., Texarkana, Texas.

Signature _____
 E. S. (Dagwood) BERGSTEDT, SF2c,
 Box No. 37, Eshto, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 R. S. (Brains) VAN SILE, CM2c, 1213
 Graystone Rd., Grosse Point, Mich.

Signature _____
 R. D. (Bobbie) WRIGHT, S1c, Shirley,
 Indiana.

Signature _____
 L. A. (Stone Face) STOOPS, MM3c, Route
 No. 2, Pomeroy, Washington.

Signature _____
 E. B. (Lanny) LANFERSIEK, SF2c, 818
 Wm. Howard Taft Rd., Cincinnati,
 Ohio.

Signature _____
 D. O. (Two Ton) CAGLE, SF1c, RFD
 No. 8 Box 60-A, Eldorado, Ark.

Signature _____
 J. R. (Mac) McINTOSH, S1c, 1427 Bar-
 bour Avenue, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Signature _____
 HYMAN (Hy) BUELLER, S1c, 1601 W.
 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Signature _____
 J. T. (Sully) SULLIVAN, SF1c, 310 E.
 Court St., Jeffersonville, Indiana.

Signature _____
 W. L. (Chubby) PENDERGRASS, S1c, 554
 Hamilton, Dayton, Ohio.

Signature _____
 F. L. (Sheep Herder) McCABE, SF2c,
 511 E. Third St., Anaconda, Montana.

Signature _____
 C. W. (Longhorn) BOOTHE, CSF(AA),
 RFD No. 7 Box 522, Houston, Texas.

Signature _____
 W. W. (Willie) BRUDER, S1c, 825 Mil-
 more St., Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Signature _____
 A. F. (Tony) CISERELLA, SF2c, 628 W.
 49th St., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 R. L. (Ray) ROBERTS, S1c, 35 Adams
 St., Tiffin, Ohio.

Signature _____
 L. E. (Moose Face) RATTAY, SF2c, 2035
 Warren Rd., Lakewood, Ohio.

Signature _____
 R. C. (Higg) HIGGINBOTHAM, SF2c,
 Sarepta, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 R. S. (Hermit) WILLIAMS, SF3c, 1403
 Porter St., Richmond, Virginia.

Signature _____
 J. C. (Slick) ALLISON, S1c, 8619 Harri-
 son, Overland Park, Kansas.

Signature _____
 J. W. (Beer Belly) SOMMERS, SF1c, 1305
 Hollis St., Spokane, Washington.

Signature _____
 H. W. (Spike) KURFIS, S1c, Stoney
 Ridge, Ohio.

Signature _____
 O. E. (Sack) GANO, SF1c, 713 Harrison
 St., Charleston, Illinois.

Third Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 R. J. (Red) METER, S1c, 1337 Lincoln
 Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
 R. A. (Dick) VOGEL, M2c, 1444 Dixen,
 Glendale, California.

Signature _____
 B. O. (Buck) WOOTAN, SF2c, Dry
 Prong, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 Leo (Kobo) KOLB, S1c, 67 Main St.,
 Campbell, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. E. (Joe) ALEXANDER, PTR2c, 237
 Menominee Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 J. S. (Hillbilly) AKERS, S1c, Jaeger, West
 Virginia.

Signature _____
 B. D. (Crying Sam) JOHNSON, CM2c,
 Almo, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 V. J. (Jim) BENNETT, QM2c, 3911 Al-
 meda Dr., Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
 C. E. (Satchel) SMITH, S1c, 1013 Fair-
 win Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 J. P. (Joe) BROWN, S1c, 252 Sommerville
 Pl., Yonkers, N. Y.

Signature _____
 E. M. (Sally) MARSHALL, SF3c, Rt. 5
 Box 1260, Houston, Texas.

Signature _____
 R. C. (Tex) FORT, S1c, Box 397, Pales-
 tine, Texas.

PLATOON QUIPS

WILLIAMS (W.P.)—"Come on you Goldbrickers."

BERGSTEDT—"I don't know, I'm just saying what I heard."

VAN SILE—"You guys will be sorry."

WRIGHT—"Operator! Operator!"

STOOPS—"What kind of chow is this?"

LANFERSIEK—"Yes sir, we'll be home for Christmas." (What Christmas?)

CAGLE—"Now that's the way I heard it."

McINTOSH—"My Gorsh!"

BUELLER—"Good old Brooklyn."

SULLIVAN—"Bless her little heart."

PENDERGRASS—"Any mail?"

McCABE—"Yes sir, I'm a sheep herder."

BOOTHE—"Sorry men."

BRUDER—"Aw nuts!"

CISERELLA—"He sure looked funny."

ROBERTS—"Let's go Meter."

RATTAY—"I'm warning you guys."

HIGGINBOTHAM—"What do you know?"

WILLIAMS (R.S.)—"Now, when I was in the NAVY—"

ALLISON—"When we goin' home?"

SOMMERS—"I may never touch another drop."

KURFIS—"What actually happened?"

GANO—"Just a matter of time boys."

METER—"I'll think about it."

VOGEL—"How about some Rummy?"

WOOTAN—"Let's sing, mates!"

KOLB—"Mine-Baby Doll"

ALEXANDER—"Get on the ball."

AKERS—"Sure I'm from W. Va.—So what?"

JOHNSON—"What! No mail again today?"

BENNETT—"Well this is the way I look at the situation—"

SMITH—"Oh, my feet hurt."

BROWN—"Hello! Hello! How's things?"

MARSHALL—"It's mighty rough."

Platoon Members Not Pictured:

Signature _____
 R. C. (Tex) FORT, S1c, Box 397, Pales-
 tine, Texas.



THE ORTOIRE FERRY reminds one of some of the ferries used years ago in the States. Since it is a simpler engineering job to construct a float and manipulate crossings along a cable instead of building a bridge, this ferry will be in use for many years to come on this Island. Natives here have no reason to be forever looking ahead to greatly increased business and the resulting necessity of the latest in highways and bridges so life goes on slowly and easily — much as the movement from one bank to the other of this ferry.



THE CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE. A Battalion Chaplain is the nominal father of a very large and sometimes difficult family. He listens to all the men's grievances, and aids them in time of worry, trouble or in the event of sickness or death at home. The recreation and welfare programs are also the Chaplain's problems.



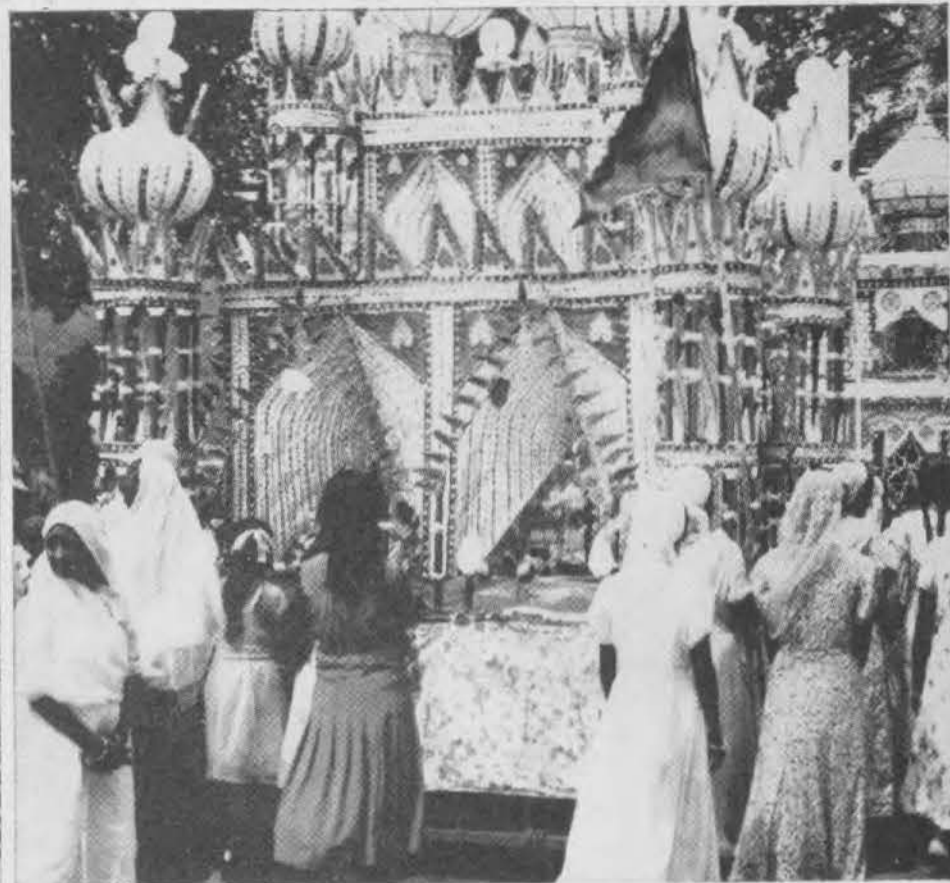
THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE. This is the actual heart of the 83rd Battalion, for every battalion order and directive has its origin in the office of The Skipper. Some of our more unfortunate mates have heard bad news in here, because this is where the Commander holds Captain's Mast.



THE POST OFFICE. A very busy station in the Seabee scheme of life. The men who work here probably handle more morale building paper than anyone else in the Navy. Vern Notestein (left) counts stamps while Joe Molnara weighs a package for the States.



THE LIBRARY was situated in the Recreation Hall and was frequented by many of the men who gathered to read the latest newspapers and periodicals from the States. Well stocked bookshelves provided good reading with a range of selection wide enough to suit every taste.



PROUD ARE THE MAKERS of the floats they will display in the procession attending the yearly Hosain Festival. Pictured is an Indian dressed in his finery, ready for the beginning of the parade and doing a last minute checkup on the decorative scheme.

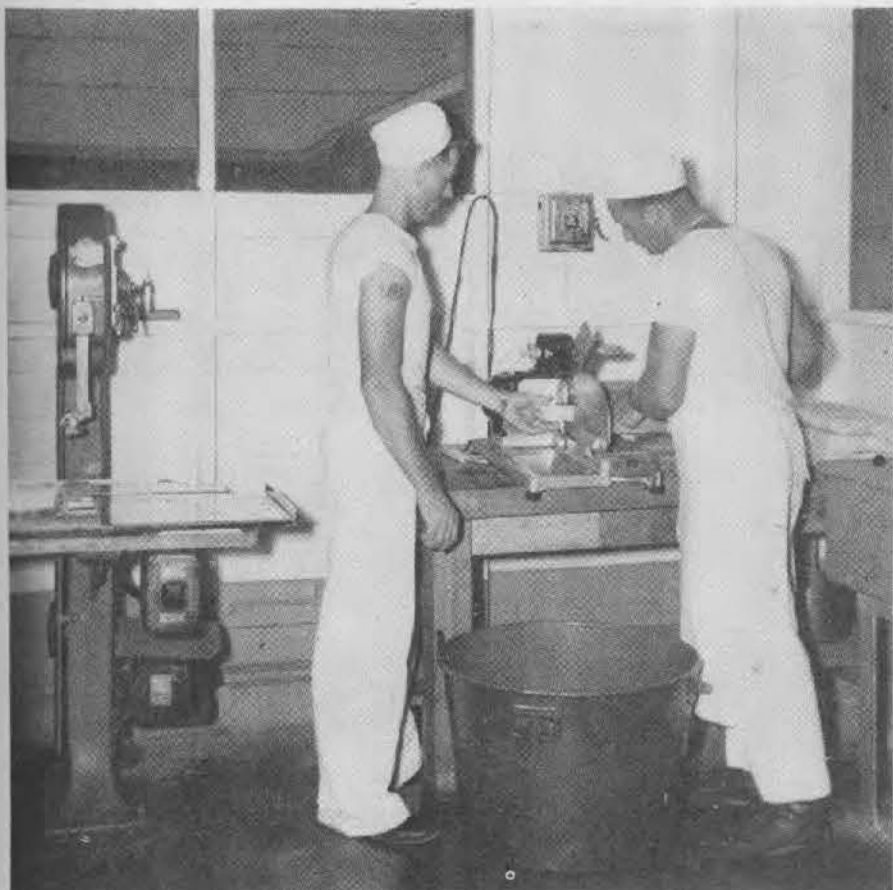
THESE NATIVES can well be proud of their handiwork as evidenced by the intricate float shown here. Oftentimes they work for weeks perfecting the exotic patterns, and, as can be seen, the results are very worthwhile.



THE PROCESSION winds its way up one avenue and down another always accompanied by the men, women and children of the community. Such a scene is mindful of the Mardi Gras with its pomp and splendour.



THE MESS HALL. Probably the most important institution in the organization from the men's point of view. Napoleon proclaimed that "an Army travels on its stomach," an observation heartily endorsed by our Seabees. The Navy prescribes a balanced diet and our cooks served tasty and varied menus. In the opinion of many of the men, our table fare at Island X, far surpassed anything we experienced at Bradford and Gulpert. The sign in the background reads—"Take What You Want, Eat What You Take. Do Not Waste Food."



OUR BUTCHER SHOP. It takes plenty of meat to feed more than a thousand hungry Seabees on Island X. Two of the battalion butchers are shown slicing a few hundred pounds of bacon for an ordinary weekday breakfast. Yes, we had eggs, too.



THE BAKERY. Seabees are notoriously quick to kick when they don't like the chow but no man could grumble about the class of eats that our bakers put out. We had the best of bread, cake, pies, buns, doughnuts, cookies and ice cream. Always.



ROYAL PALMS IN BOTANIC GARDENS. Many have tried but none can truly copy Nature as it is. This photo, taken with infra-red lens, adds new beauty to the already beautiful trees and foliage. Majestic Royal Palms reach frond-tipped tops toward the cloud bank as their slim trunks sway in the breeze. Such scenes as this are common in the Botanic Gardens and it is to these Gardens that men come to have quiet relaxation while browsing through Nature's own Wonderland.



Company B



Lt. (Jg) R. H. PEARSE,
14730 Wallingford Ave., Seattle,
Washington.



Lt. (Jg) J. B. WYBLE,
1359 Park Road, N.W., Washington,
D.C.



Ensign H. C. BRUNNER,
Teaneck, N.J.



Corp. S. B. HOLDSWORTH,
9 Chapman Place, Irvington, N.J.



Corp. J. C. GILLEAN,
3115 Lovers Lane, Dallas, Texas.

"Island X" Customs

We "Fighting Builders" are constantly amused and sometimes confounded by some of the local customs, habits and superstitions, especially those of the average colored native. (But before proceeding, and to put these notes on a fair basis, let it be admitted that we "Yankees" are equally amusing and confounding to the locals).

The first adjustment we had to make was learning to count money; coins are half-penny (ha'penny), penny, three-pence (three'penny bit), sixpence, shilling (bob) florin (two bobs) and half crown, but "folding money" is printed in dollars, and goods are priced in dollars and cents. That's where the fun begins—a half-penny is a cent, and a penny is two cents, a threepence is six cents, and a sixpence is twelve—try that in a hurry, you who can multiply only by five and ten!

This is the place where "everything is backwards!" Traffic on the left; "good night" is a greeting not a parting remark; breakfast is "tea" and lunch is "breakfast;" dinner is at eight after high tea and the cocktail hour; movies (pardon me, the "cinema") run twice a day; matinee at 4:45 p.m. and night show at 8:45 p.m., the cheapest seats are in the "pit" (front part of main floor), next the "house" (part of main floor), then the balcony, and the most expensive are the "boxes" a row of stalls at the front of the balcony containing four to six easy chairs, usually wicker, smoking is allowed in any part of the theatre, some of which compare favorably with our "neighborhood shows" at home; can openers used clockwise (try it); carpenters using saw horses waist high and sawing straight up and down with saw teeth towards them; hand planers pulled instead of pushed—but never mention the power plant engines our SEABEES set backwards.

Diapered Hindus asleep on the sidewalks; two-wheeled carts with their "donkey-ergines" all but obscured by their loads; bicycles to right of you, bicycles to left of you; little English cars appropriately named sewing machines; petrol instead of gasoline, pitch oil instead of kerosene; you never

get "picked up" or "carried," but any motorist will "give you a drop;" on rent days you "remo" to a new location; natives with accents that out-oxford the best Oxonian; the telephone rings, the maid answers, "Yes, please?" street vendors with green coconuts—one slash of the machete neatly removes the end of the coconut—drinks grown in their own bottles; smells—good, bad and indifferent; a placard in a church "Legitimate children baptized Sunday Wednesday and Friday—Illegitimate children baptized on Tuesday and Thursday;" funeral processions black, white or rose hearse with etched glass side and a top-hatted ebony driver of two horses caparisoned in fringed black or white nets—mourners marching in ranks—men dressed in black and women in white or mauve; but "reh'ly m'deah, dash it all, I must pop-off now—cheerio!"

As newcomers we were impressed by the number of churches whose spires are easily distinguishable above the otherwise low skyline; edifices ranging from beautiful Catholic and Anglican cathedrals in the large towns to huts along the jungle paths; Hindu mosques and temples of dazzling white with painted friezes and tableaux in brilliant contrast and amusing when they sit away on their lots—but the front must face east; lovely little chateaus on the estates and grounds of the larger homes. But behind this facade still beats the jungle drum—their rolling rhythm calls to mind all the stories and pictures of the mystic East, darkest Africa and West Indian "Voodoo"—and superstitions are numerous and fantastic. Probably the most widely feared spectres are "La Diabliesse" (she-devil) and the "Soucouyant;" "La Diabliesse" appears on lonely paths and roads at night in the guise of a lovely maiden who entices her selected male victims deeper and deeper into the shadows where their mutilated corpses are found bound to a tree around which appear signs of violent paganistic rites; the "soucouyant" is not identifiable but it is told and believed that "it" appears as a ball of fire and "its" victims are identified by the fact all that blood has been sucked from the corpses. Not so morbid are other superstitions such as, don't kill a spider or you will drop a dish, don't "walk out" at night without a hat, or touch ice the same day you've used an iron or hot

water, or you will catch "chills and fever," etc., etc.

Who will ever forget the sight of a racetrack crowd on Island "X"—every race, color, and more of toilet and dress. Hindus women in silk "saris" of every color, beautiful Chinese girls in the most modern summer sport frocks, ancient crones swathed in yards of cotton print over voluminous petticoats, turbans, derbies, "boaters" (flat straw hats), bracelets on arms and ankles, enormous brooches, dangling ear rings and nose buttons, massive filigree necklaces—real gold and silver; but let me describe, if possible, those outstanding characters—a "Mopsy" and a "Saga Boy;" "Mopsy" may wear a long flowing dress and picture hat, or a hug-me-tight sheath of brilliant satin, stockings of like color and high heels—her hair may be in sculptured turrews or cemented into a jet black shell, but she'll be vocative with movements provocative, her teeth will be gold and her eyes will be bold. "Saga Boy" (a Mopsy's gigolo), who neither toils nor spins, will be arrayed like the proverbial lily and dances attendance to his benefactress on this public occasion. His suit will be of flannel and may be grass green, deep rose, fawn or baby blue—you couldn't miss him if you wanted to, and the girls don't want him to be missed. He is paraded like a prize stud horse, and if he has recently proven his amorous capabilities, his nails will have been lovingly painted the deepest possible red, a symbol of manhood not to be ignored.

—T. B. McNeely.

ALL IS NOT GOLD—

The newly-commissioned Ensign entered the Pullman painfully, proud of his shiny gold braid. With the prospect of a fat tip in view, the porter proceeded to effect a liaison.

"Mc'nin' Lieutenant." In a short time he volunteered: "We's a speck late today, Comdr." Then, as he made ready to go: "Brush yo' coat off for yo' Admiral?"

Three minutes afterward he was inspecting the ten-cent tip. With a bellow that could be heard throughout the station he shouted at the disappearing officer: "Goodbye, Mate!"

Caribbean Has No Rib, Tis Said

Since we became residents of this particular tropical paradise, we have heard the proper noun "Caribbean" used with varying pronunciations. By more or less adroitly side-stepping the issue, we have hitherto taken no sides and made no commitments but at long last who should appear on the scene but Frank Colby, noted authority on pronunciation who effectively and with finality settles the question in his syndicated column, as follows:—

Cincinnati: The question of the correct pronunciation of CARIBBEAN has arisen in our school. Please act as our authority.—R.M.

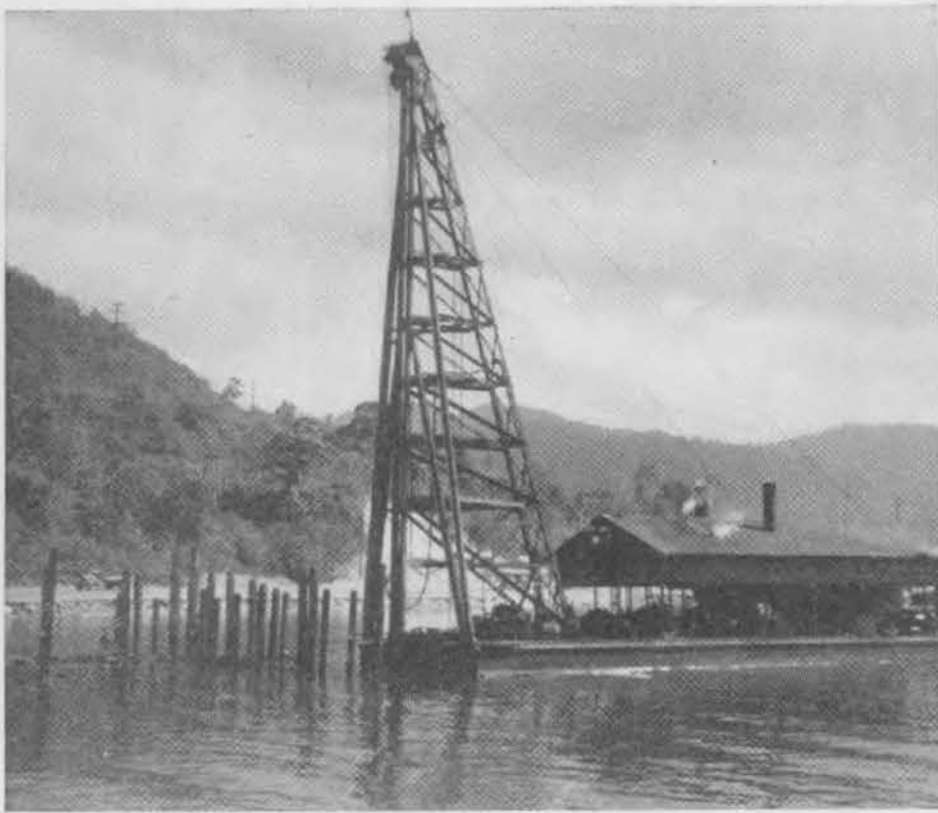
Answer: Although Merriam-Webster's lists "kuh-RIB-ee-un" as second choice, that pronunciation does not appear at all in other dictionaries such as Funk and Wagnall's, Macmillan's, Winston's, Century, etc. And such early gazetteers as Lippincott's (1880) fail to list the accent on "rib." So we may safely assume that "kuh-RIB-ee-un" is a corruption of relatively recent origin.

The sea was named for the Carib Indians, fierce, man-eating warriors first seen by Columbus in the Lesser Antilles (an-TILL- ez), an island group also known as the Caribbees.

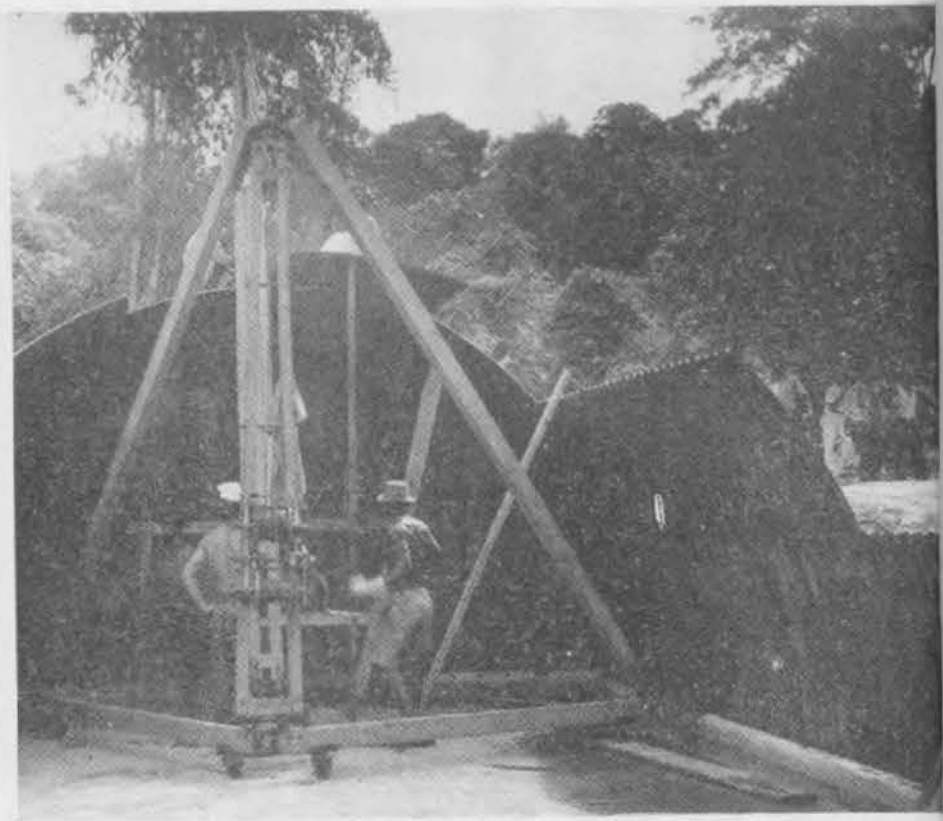
Since Carib is accented on the first syllable, which has the flat "a" as in carrot, thus: KAR-ib, since the language of the Caribs is Cariban, pronounced: KAR-i-ban, and since the name Caribbees has but the one pronunciation: KAR-i-bee, the pronunciation of Caribbean as "kuh-RIB-ee-un" is seen to have no etymological support. Nor is there any sanction for that frequently heard "kuh-REE-bee-un."

To my ears at least the accent on "rib" is unpleasantly hard, and suggests anatomy rather than a lovely tropical sea.

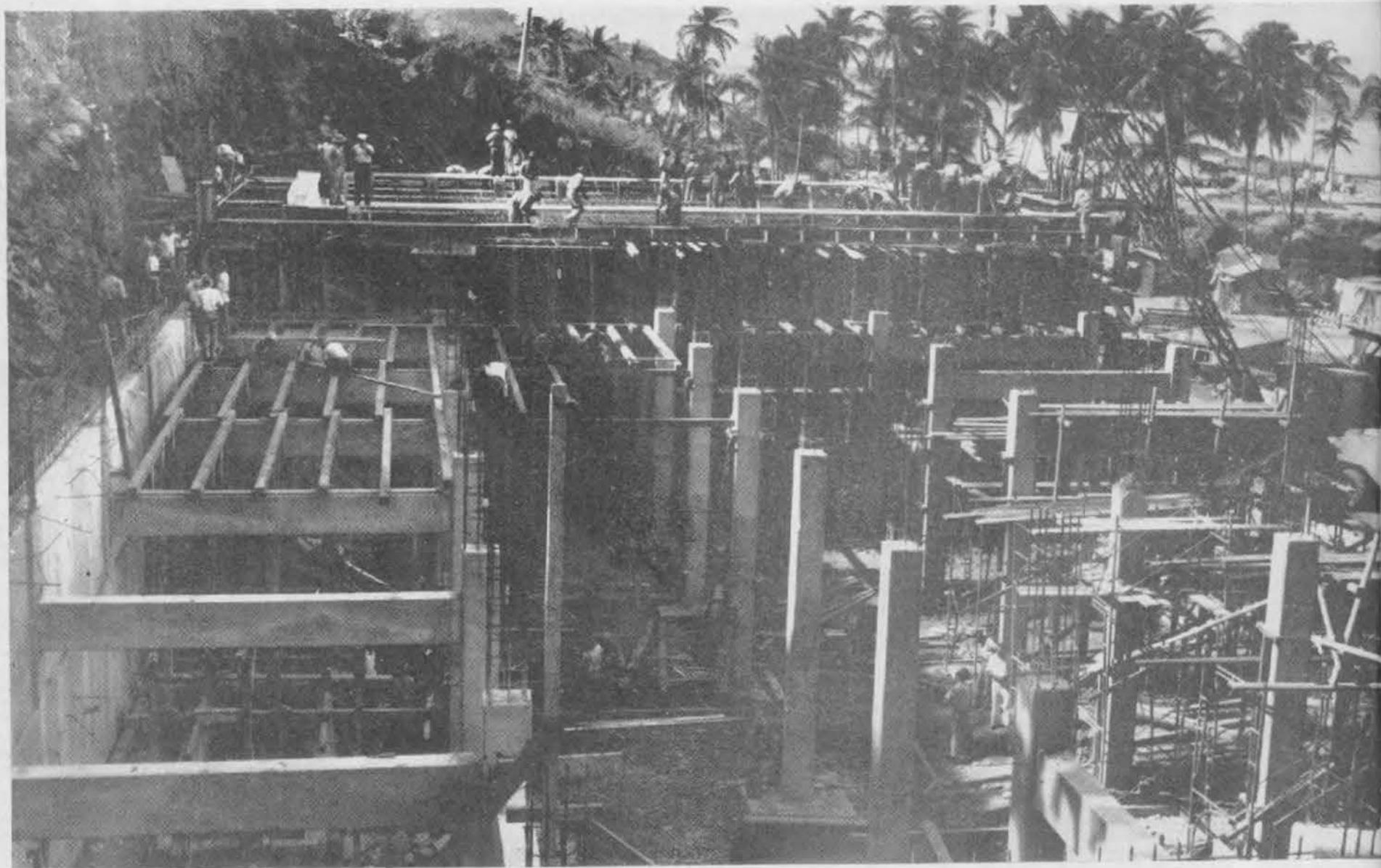
Without reservation, I recommend as correct: KAR-i-BEE'un.



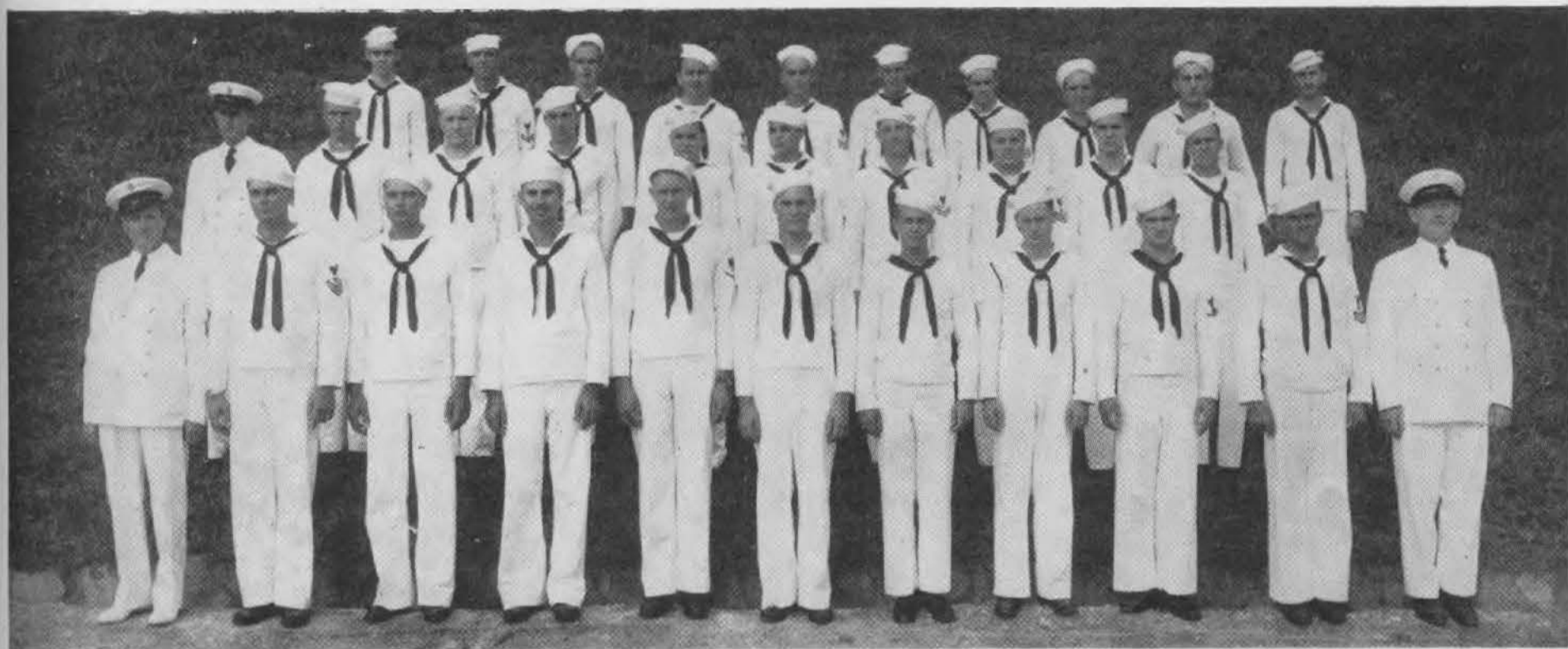
PILE DRIVER. Any battalion arriving at Island X must be prepared to do considerable work on Marine Operations. Our pile driving crews did yeoman service during the present tour of duty.



STEEL WORKERS. The crew pictured above is engaged in erecting a structure modelled along the lines of the famous Quonset Hut. On Island X, these huts are used for a variety of purposes.



POWERHOUSE CONSTRUCTION. This is a real job. It takes a crew with a variety of skills to erect and equip a structure such as is shown in this picture. Surveyors, carpenters, steel workers, concrete workers, masons, painters, truck drivers, crane operators, riggers, shipfitters, machinists and electricians; all are needed and all must work long hours for many days before the building is ready for service. Our Fighting Builders in the 83rd are at their best when it comes to performing a job like this one.



COMPANY B, PLATOON 1

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 A. T. (Fuzzy) KNIGHT, CEM, 1214 W. Klomas St., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Signature _____
 V. H. (Slick) JERNIGAN, WT1c, Box 712, Monahana, Texas.

Signature _____
 H. E. (Hard Rock) MARTIN, M2c, 3129 1/2 Cherry St., Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
 R. W. (Bob) CAMP, CM3c, 107 Rinke St., Flat River, Missouri.

Signature *Wm Burkman*
 W. (Bill) BURKMAN, CM2c, Westport, Indiana.

Signature _____
 L. (Check) VORLICEK, S1c, 445 Adams St., So., Hutchinson, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 G. (Meat Axe) CLEAVER, EM1c, 1517 S. 29th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

Signature _____
 J. (Dunny) DUNAWAY, S1c, Route 2, Box 174, Columbia, Mississippi.

Signature _____
 M. (Muscles) LINDLEY, EM2c, Box 676 Marked Tree, Ark.

Signature _____
 W. (Wally) WADSWORTH, WT1c, Box 706, Peggulussa, Iowa.

Signature _____
 G. H. (Red) EASTMAN, CEM, 811 W. Vine St., Champaign, Illinois.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 S. (Herb) HASELDEN, CSF, Dana, Illinois.

Signature _____
 H. K. (Window) FRAME, S1c, Birch River, West Va.

Signature _____
 R. (Papa) PASCHALL, MM1c, RFD No. 3, Paris, Tenn.

Signature _____
 E. (Bergy) BERGENHOLTZ, S1c, 37 Stafford Street, Worcester, Mass.

Signature _____
 O. (Beartrack) KEITH, EM3c, 314 Boyd S.E., Ardmore, Okla.

Signature _____
 D. (Danny) ALAMPI, S1c, 116 S. Vine St., Hazelton, Penn.

Signature _____
 F. (Spooky) CRAFT, CM2c, RFD No. 3, Osgood, Indiana.

Signature _____
 F. (Punk) SHOEMAKER, MM1c, 329 Funston St., Lawrence, Kan.

Signature _____
 O. (Fox) CUNNINGHAM, S1c, La Frank, W. Va.

Signature _____
 C. (Hon) MERITT, MM3c, Gen. Del., Mill Shoals, Ill.

Third Row : Left to Right :

Signature _____
 J. (Tex) AMARINE, S1c, Gen. Del., Fife, Texas.

Signature _____
 P. (Pop) GREGOR, MM1c, 1931 W. 14th Ave., Gary, Ind.

Signature _____
 V. N. (Short Circuit) FISCUS, EM2c, Plainville, Indiana.

Signature _____
 T. (Gib) GIBBONS, MM1c, 2922 Galha St., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. W. (Casey) JONES, CM1c, West Greene, Alabama.

Signature _____
 A. (Hoss) JULSON, MM3c, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

Signature _____
 R. (Pappy) TURNER, CCM, 422 S. Front, Sterling, Colo.

Signature _____
 E. F. (Ed) WEALTI, CM1c, 292 E. Main St., Evansville, Wis.

Signature _____
 D. (Don) DAY, EM1c, 7026 East End Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
 G. (Gib) HATHEWAY, S1c, 1539 Collingwood, Detroit, Mich.

PLATOON QUIPS

- KNIGHT—"Leave me alone!"
- JERNIGAN—"What's the latest?"
- MARTIN—"Boy, I heard something today."
- CAMP—"Did you get a rating?"
- BURKMAN—"Can't you guys keep quiet?"
- VORLICEK—"I better have mail today!"
- CLEAVER—"Lets get on the ball!"
- DUNAWAY—"We're going home soon."
- LINDLEY—"When are we going to go home?"
- WADSWORTH—"Square that hat, Mac!"
- EASTMAN—"Fall in, men!"
- HASELDEN—"O.K. Mon, Let's go."
- FRAME—"I heard it different."
- PASCHALL—"I don't believe it."
- BERGENHOLTZ—"Aw, you guys are nuts."
- KEITH—"I can fix it."
- ALAMPI—"Whose playing ball today?"
- CRAFT—"Who's going to town?"
- SHOEMAKER—"Whats new?"
- CUNNINGHAM—"I don't think so."
- MERITT—"On the ball, Jack!"
- AMARINE—"On the ball you guys."
- GREGOR—"Any new Scuttlebutt?"
- FISCUS—"O.K. you Koboes, let's go!"
- GIBBONS—"I should be chief."
- JONES—"I really worked today."
- JULSON—"According to the book—"
- TURNER—"Keep quiet, Kobo!"
- WEALTI—"Turn out those lights!"
- DAY—"When we leaving?"
- HATHEWAY—"Any mail for me today?"

Seabees' Tough Task *Dear Son* Pictured by Parody

Mrs. Dorothy Sell, whose husband, Arvin, is a carpenter's mate, second class, with the Seabees somewhere in the South Pacific, received this parody on Lincoln's Gettysburg address, which Sell said, he and a companion had written:

"Two score and seven days ago our battalion brought forth upon this island a new project, conceived in a foxhole and dedicated to the proposition that all Japs are created evil."

"We are now ensnared in the heat, rain and mud of the island, testing whether this project or the Seabees will long endure."

"We are all together slipping and sliding as we do this, but in a larger sense we cannot cultivate, we cannot navigate, we cannot harrow this ground, for these great rains which make this mud here have made it impossible, far above the poor power of all but the 'cats' tractors."

"It is for us, the Seabees, rather to be enslaved here by this mental labor which they who are in charge have thus so freely advanced. It is rather for us to be here sickened by the dish of hash set before us, that from these cans we took our nourishment; nor no devotion to those cooks, for our stomachs gave an everlasting measure of commotion."

"The world will little note nor long remember what we build here, but we shall never forget the hash and beans we ate here. Let us resolve that we shall not have sweat in vain; that this battalion shall have 30 days of freedom in the United States by Easter; that this thought shall not perish from our hopes."

I wish I had the power to write
The thoughts wedged in my heart tonight
As I sit watching that small star—
And wondering how and where you are.

You know, Son, its a funny thing
How close a war can always bring
A family, who for years with pride
Have kept emotion deep inside.

I'm sorry that when you were small
I let reserve build up a wall,
I told you real men never cried—
And it was Mom who always dried
Your tears and smoothed the hurt away
So that you soon went back to play.

Now suddenly I find my Son
A full grown man with childhood done.
Tonight you're far across the sea
Waging war for men like me.

Well, somehow pride and what is right
Just doesn't seem to go tonight
I find my eyes won't stay quite dry
I find that sometimes men do cry—
And if we stood here face to face
I'm afraid we'd find men do embrace.

Son, all Dads are a funny lot
And if I've failed you in some spot
Its not because I loved you less
Its just this cussed manliness

But if I had the power to write
The thoughts wedged in my heart tonight
The words would ring out clear and true
I'm proud, my boy, yes, proud of you.

—Submitted by M. P. Savoie.

* * * * *
Officer: (To enlisted man who has just failed to salute) "Look here, don't you realize who I am?"
Seabee: "Kain't say as Ah do, Suh, dont jest got to this ahland mahse'f."

Copenhagen Snus

The learned minds of some were troubled
off,
The addled brains of others could not
see
Why every evening in the twilight soft,
A Nordic figure scrambled o'er the lea.

They wondered why he packed his lip
with snus
Until it bulged like Corbett's kingly
paunch.
They were confused; they could not know
the use,
How Copenhagen all his woes did
staunch.

Unmindful of their gaze, he tamped it
down
Until its taste did counteract despair,
With tranquil map he wandered toward
the town
And spat upon the public thoroughfare.

G. I.

Sitting on my G.I. bed,
My G.I. hat on my head,
My G.I. pants, my G.I. shoes,
Everything's free, nothing to lose.

My G.I. razor, my G.I. comb—
But G.I. wish that I was home.

They issue everything we need,
Paper to write on, books to read;
They issue food to make us grow
But G.I. wants a LONG furlough.

Our belt, our shoes, our G.I. tie,
Everything's free, nothing to buy;
We eat our food from a G.I. plate,
We buy our cigs at a G.I. rate.

It's G.I. this, and G.I. that,
G.I. haircut and G.I. hat;
Everything is government issue
But G.I. really do miss ya!

Salty Talk

Sis is going with a sailor—
At first it didn't faze us;
But now the family's talk is full
Of sailors' salty phrases.

We found it rather hard at first
To follow all his speech,
Since talk is different on board ship
Than it is "on the beach".

For when the time to eat comes around
He sings out "chow" for food;
And always "stows it down the hatch"
Which Grandma says is rude.

When talking during d'inner,
He talks like other boys,
Except he calls the lettuce "grass",
And celery just plain "noise".

His salty talk is slangy,
And hard to understand;
He calls the canned milk "iron cow",
And sugar he calls "sand".

His many names for coffee
Are certainly a joke;
He calls it everything from mud
To "Jo" and plain "jamoke".

The spinach he calls "popeye",
And Grandma always squirms
For when we have spaghetti
He says, "Throw me the worms".

The chicken he calls "sea-gull",
The catsup is "red-lead";
The waffles are "collision mats",
While "punk" is mother's bread.

Fried fish is "Pedro pork-chops",
"Sea-dust" his name for salt;
When he called the pepper "fly-specks"
Ma nearly called a halt.

He sat beside my father,
And needed elbow room;
He looked at Dad and said, "Say, mate,
Rig in your starboard boom".

We finally caught on, though,
And now are doing fine;
We say "six bells" for 3 P.M.
When we are telling time.

When Ma goes to the city,
Or runs down to the store,
And someone asks us where she is,
We say "She's gone ashore".

Sister calls a floor a deck;
To hear her talk is sport;
To her, a roof's an "overhead"
And a window is a "port."

Then too, if someone gets "fouled up"
Or some new trouble comes,
And dad starts to complain, Ma says,
"Now Pa, don't beat your gums."

Dad doesn't tie his tie now,
Instead he "bends it on";
While Grandma says the kids "shoved"
In place of they have gone.

Ma says Dad's suit is ship-shape
When the fit is tip-top,
But if it's not so neat she says
"That lash-up ain't so hot".

When Pappy goes to work now,
We say he's "turning to";
Whilst mother "swabs" and never sees
As once she used to do.

The place sure has gone salty,
Which makes me lots of trouble,
For when Ma says "Come here chop-cho"
I go there "on the double".

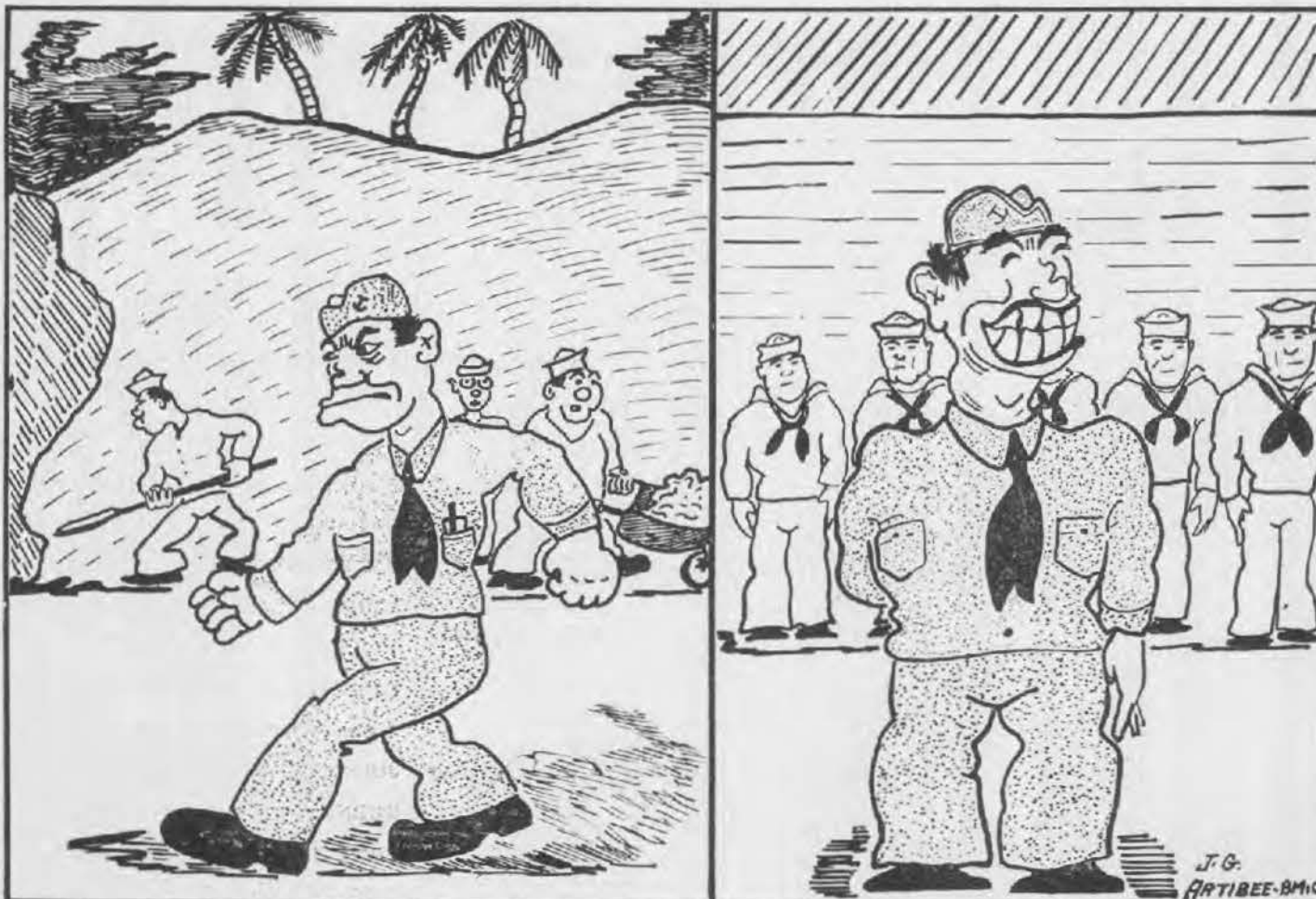
wish that tar would "weigh anchor"
And do what I often think;
"Point his bow" and "trim his jib"
And go jump in the "drink".

I'm through "batting the breeze"
And singing the blues, I'm sure;
So for the nonce I'll just "train in"
"Cease firing", and "secure".

Borrowed from the Weekly Newsletter
of the Fort Lauderdale, Florida Rate
Club and submitted by Chief Jahn.

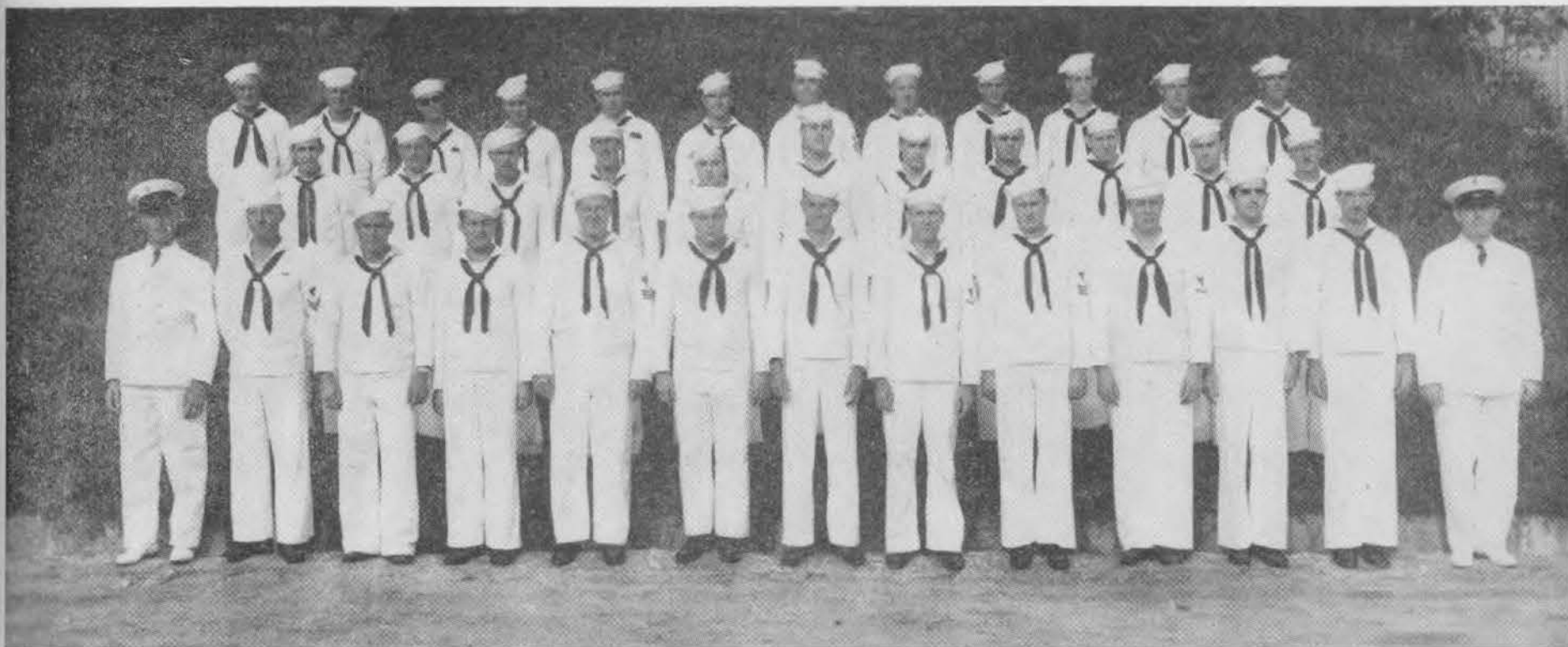
NEVER A DULL MOMENT.

—"The Chief"



After Packing a Puss like this for a year

-- He gets his picture taken.



COMPANY B, PLATOON 2

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 F. D. (Pudge) COOK, CCM, 1518 Tilden Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Signature _____
 L. D. (Buffalo Bill) REYNOLDS, CM1c, RFD, No. 1, Meridan, Mississippi.

Signature _____
 O. O. (Bullseye) RAMSEY, CM3c, 438 1/2 N. Fifth St., Springfield, Ill.

Signature _____
 D. (Leo) NILIO, CM2c, 4043 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
 P. W. (Hupp) HUPPERTZ, CCM, 6118 Glade Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Signature _____
 W. D. (Lecky) LECKENBY, S1c, 1622 Westmont Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Signature _____
 R. W. (Oggie) OGDEN, CM1c, 981 A. Park Circle, Long Beach, Calif.

Signature _____
 L. (Len) REUSS, CM2c, 10715 Sprague Dr., Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 C. R. (Mac) McWHORTER, SF1c, R.D. No. 1 Lake Cable, Canton, Ohio.

Signature _____
 L. W. (Brewie) BREWER, CM3c, Wahpeton, N. Dakota.

Signature _____
 J. T. (Joe Bradford) HALL, CM2c, Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 H. L. (Socks) NEFF, CM1c, 399 S. 16th St., Belleville, Ill.

Signature _____
 R. P. (Carpy) CARPENTER, CCM, 910 Glendale Rd., Glenview, Ill.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 A. C. (Pat) PATTON, EM3c, 206 N. Hague Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Signature _____
 K. B. (KB) MILLS, SF2c, New Harmony Indiana.

Signature _____
 H. A. (Fetty) PHETTEPLACE, SF1c, 2435 Ridgeview Ave., Eagle Rock (41), California.

Signature _____
 M. S. (Mike) PHETTEPLACE, CM1c, 2435 Ridgeview Ave., Eagle Rock (41), California.

Signature _____
 S. J. (Lover) LAURICELLA, S1c, RFD, No. 3, Box 129, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Signature _____
 J. A. (Jim) BRAGG, S1c, 508. N. 24th St., Richmond, Va.

Signature _____
 L. J. (Bud) PRATO, S1c, 723 Southern St., Seattle (8), Wash.

Signature _____
 J. J. (Jack) PHELPS, CM2c, Jamestown, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 E. L. (Ernie) HOAR, CM1c, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

Signature _____
 F. J. (Fritz) NOSEK, S1c, Lisle, Illinois.

Signature _____
 J. (Jack) DVORAK, CEM, 2417 S. Harding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
 J. (Jack) DVORAK, CEM, 2417 S. Harding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
 J. (Jack) DVORAK, CEM, 2417 S. Harding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Third Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 C. H. (Pop) HARPAM, CM2c, Seeling, Okla.

Signature _____
 C. E. (Mac) McCLURE, CM3c, Route 4, McKensie, Tenn.

Signature _____
 C. (Chase) BROOKSHER, CM2c, Elsberry, Missouri.

Signature _____
 J. R. (Red) WALSH, CM3c, 308 Garden Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

Signature _____
 E. R. (Moon) MULLINS, MM3c, Route 4, Ponca City, Okla.

Signature _____
 G. W. (Bill) MUNDEN, EM3c, 1602 Duncan Ave., Belleville, Ill.

Signature _____
 A. G. (Butch) THOMAS, EM1c, 7732 Oneida St., Joliet, Ill.

Signature _____
 J. D. (Don) HINRICH, EM1c, 7732 McGhee St., Kansas City, Mo.

Signature _____
 G. W. (Gerry) WALROD, CM3c, P.O. Box 123, Latimer, Iowa.

Signature _____
 G. W. (George) PLUMB, CM2c, Route 2, Ava, Missouri.

Signature _____
 D. E. (Chil) CHILCOTE, SF3c, Boving Rd., Lancaster, Ohio.

Signature _____
 G. D. (Mac) McKELVEY, PTR2c, 7105 Passaic St., Huntington Park, California.

Signature _____
 G. D. (Mac) McKELVEY, PTR2c, 7105 Passaic St., Huntington Park, California.

PLATOON QUIPS

- COOK—"How about a drink?"
 REYNOLDS—"Whoopic!"
 RAMSEY—"Did you say Marines?"—
 Birrrr!
 NILIO—"Lets go to town."
 HUPPERTZ—"Lets play ball."
 LECKENBY—"Don't worry, I'll get it done."
 OGDEN—"Any mail?"
 REUSS—"Wish I had my cameras."
 McWHORTER—"When are we leaving?"
 BREWER—"To-nite we play for the chiefs."
 HALL—"Hi Mac, whatcha know?"
 NEFF—"Won't be long now."
 CARPENTER—"Left flank, March!"
 PATTON—"Give me Columbus."
 MILLS—"Whats new?"
 PHETTEPLACE (H)—"Any new Scuttlebutt?"
 PHETTEPLACE (M)—"Any mail today?"
 LAURICELLA—"Are the rates out yet?"
 BRAGG—"Carry me back to old Virginia."
 PRATO—"On the ball men."
 PHELPS—"I'll take Maracus."
 HOAR—"Oh, to be a civilian again."
 NOSEK—"Best in the U. S."
 DVORAK—"First of the month, matie?"
 HARPAM—"Well, this is the way I look at the situation."
 McCLURE—"Go away, I wanna sleep."
 BROOKSHER—"Whats the latest?"
 WALSH—"Give me good old Tenn."
 MULLINS—"I think I'll stay."
 MUNDEN—"I want to go home."
 THOMAS—"How's things?"
 HINRICH—"That's the way I heard it."
 WALROD—"Any mail today?"
 PLUMB—"That isn't scuttlebutt either."
 CHILCOTE—"I'll betcha."
 McKELVEY—"Most any day now."



CENSORS' OFFICE. Number one link with the folks back home, is this beehive of activity in this cubicle known as the "Paper Doll Den." Strict censorship often means that a well meant letter home arrives looking like a paper doll. To read others' letters all day long does little to make personal letter writing look attractive to these men, but to receive mail, one must write.



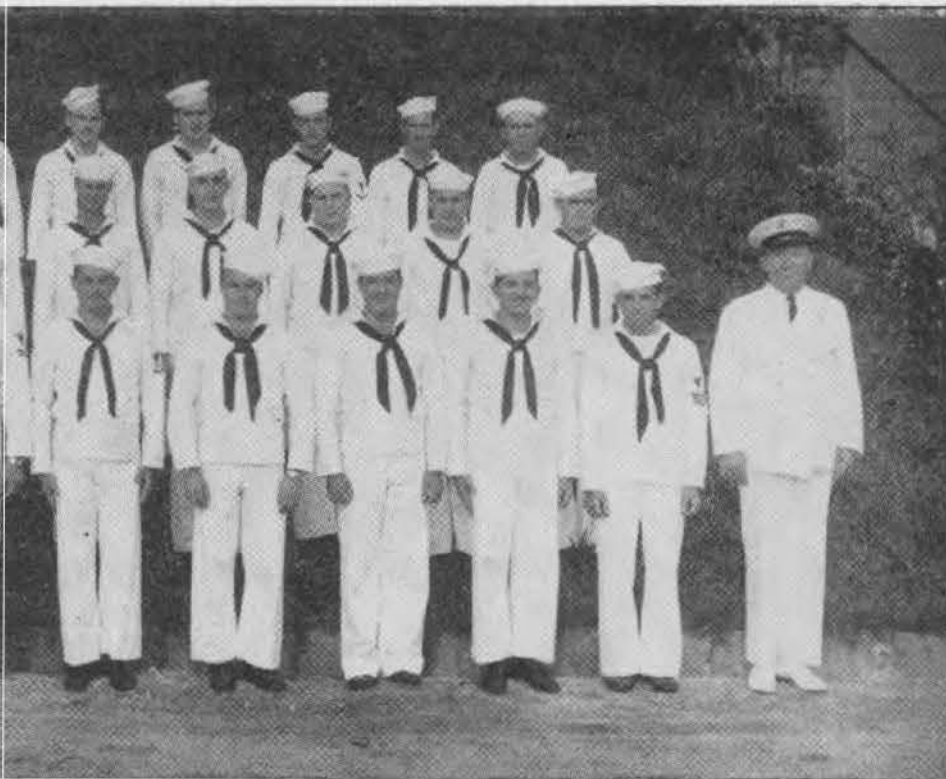
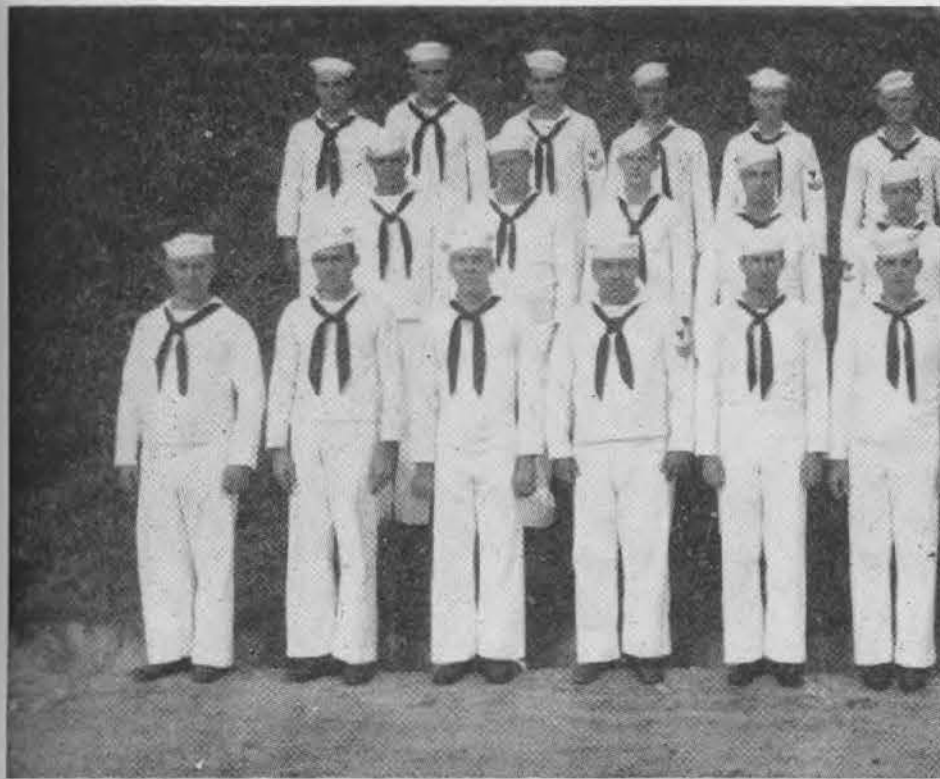
PERSONNEL OFFICE. Number one link with the States is this office wherein is handled all the personal records of each and every man in the unit. The Navy's renowned system for efficiency provides many a yeoman with nightmares for the first hundred years and then "who cares?" Just think what a predicament one would be in if their transfer to the States would arrive and his records were lost. Heaven forbid.



DISBURSING OFFICE. One of the most popular offices on the base is the place from which flows that certain "green stuff" known as currency. A man's bank balance in this office readily proves whether or not a man is providing himself with working capital for the future. Although our personal bookkeeping records seldom agree with the figures posted each payday, Disbursing always is able to show us our mistakes.



SUPPLY OFFICE. This small office controls the system of warehouses used to feed and clothe us as well as provide tools for the construction work of the battalion. Let us hope that our priority on chicken and steaks for the messhall falls no lower and as the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, let all the Cooks and Bakers receive rations. This office is double checked, for when the warehouses start packing our equipment, we know that we are headed home.



COMPANY B, PLATOON 3

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
L. F. (Pee Wee) MARSHALL, MM2c, 2910 Steward Rd., Monroe, Mich.

Signature _____
J. A. (Jimmy) MULLICANE, F1c, Rt 6 Box 904-A, Dallas, Texas.

Signature _____
F. W. (Cookie) COOK, CM2c, 3813 E. 18th St., Terr., Kansas City, Mo.

Signature _____
J. H. (Shipwreck) KELLY, CM1c, Kesheena, Wisconsin.

Signature _____
D. M. (Don) KITCHEN, CM2c, 238 Jefferson St., Bakersfield, Cal.

Signature _____
A. C. (Al) INZER, M2c, 2025 W. Henrietta Rd., Henrietta, N.Y.

Signature _____
L. C. (Little Major) SLAWSON, PTR3c, South St., Plainview, Minn.

Signature _____
W. H. (Boots) BOOT, PTR2c, 1348 A Stevenson St., San Francisco, California.

Signature _____
W. P. (Bill) FUGITT, WT3c, 214 Harding Ave., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Signature _____
N. M. (Ohio Kid) NOTTURNIANO, S1c, 855 E. 4th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Signature _____
P. Q. (Paul) DEISHER, CM1c, 1211 Highland Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Signature _____
B. E. (Chief) CARROLL, CSF, Box 277, Raymondville, Texas.

Second Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
A. G. (Dry Dock) ALTO, CM1c, Walker, Minn.

Signature _____
A. R. (Mac) McCARTNEY, MM2c, Watson, West Virginia.

Signature _____
P. T. (Nick) NICHOLSON, S1c, 1311 N. 9th St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Signature _____
K. J. (Curley) BURKE, CM3c, Cushman Rd., Rochester, Mass.

Signature _____
R. E. (Machine Gun) MYERS, COX, Box 144 - Franklin Grove, Ill.

Signature _____
W. B. (White) WHITE, CM1c, P.O. Box 1016, Faird, Texas.

Signature _____
E. J. (Ed) ROPER, CM2c, 415 S. 6th St., Paducah, Ky.

Signature _____
L. C. (Duke) DUQUETTE, COX, 140 Metcalfe St., Providence, R.I.

Signature _____
C. W. (Morey) MORLEY, S1c, Elizabethton, Tenn.

Signature _____
R. P. (Pat) WILSON, M2c, 2738 Lafayette Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Th'rd Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
J. V. (Joe) Le BLANC, CM2c, Matews, Louisiana.

Signature _____
S. R. (Dick) TAYLOR, CM2c, 3420 N. Oconto, Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
C. R. (Andy) ANDERSON, SF2c, 1235 S. Home Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

Signature _____
A. J. (Killer) BURK, CM3c, 1603 N. Eastern, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Signature _____
F. J. (Frank) SIBLEY, MM2c, 4541 Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
H. R. (Brown) BROWNFIELD, CEM, 231 S. 8th St., Coshocton, Ohio.

Signature _____
K. E. (Ken) KITSON, S1c, 4965 E. 84th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
W. P. (Will) DOUGHERTY, S1c, RFD., 31, Bedford, Iowa.

Signature _____
J. K. (Joz) KRAJEWSKI, CM2c, 502 1/2 Junction Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
R. W. (Bob) SCHRYVER, EM1C, Genoa City, Wis.

Signature _____
W. J. (Bill) HUDSON, CM1c, Star City, Arkansas.

Platoon Members Not Pictured:

Signature _____
S. N. (Red) HOWARD, SF2c, R.R. No. 3, Box 528, Bessemer, Alabama.

Signature _____
C. W. (Mac) MURRAY, S2c, Ulysses, Kansas.

Signature _____
R. H. (Bob) FUGATE, CM3c, 405 1/2 Wisconsin St., Eau Claire, Wis.

PLATOON QUIPS

MARSHALL—"On the ball men!"
MULLICANE—"I'm from Texas!"
COOK—"Let's have a little game."
KELLY—"What's new?"
KITCHEN—"When we goin' home?"
INZER—"Have you heard the latest?"
SLAWSON—"If it's to be done, I'll do it."
BOOT—"Square that hat, Mac!"
FUGITT—"It's nothing like Ohio."
NOTTURNIANO—"Any mail for me today?"
DEISHER—"All right, knock it off!"
CARROLL—"How's the scuttlebutt?"
ALTO—"You guys get on the ball!"
McCARTNEY—"I heard——"
NICHOLSON—"You can't put me on K.P."
EULKE—"Next stop, Joe!"
MYERS—"This is the latest."
WHITE—"It won't be long."
ROPER—"I'm goin' back to where I came from."
DUQUETTE—"We're playing again tonight."
MORLEY—"When am I getting off of Guard Duty?"
WILSON—"Hi, Mate."
LE BLANC—"I think I'll hit the sack."
TAYLOR—"Some war, I'd say."
ANDERSON—"Well, I'll be a Sad Sack."
BURK—"When we goin' home?"
SIBLEY—"Are the Re-rates out yet?"
BROWNFIELD—"Just one more."
KITSON—"How's everything?"
DOUGHERTY—"Another tough day today."
KRAJEWSKI—"I should be in Ohio."
SCHRYVER—"Let's play ball."
HUDSON—"I'm ready to leave right now."



TENT CITY. The Second Echelon of the 83rd Battalion arrived to find their mates of the First Echelon comfortably situated in this romantic-looking Tent City. For a month after their arrival, the Second also lived in tents before all hands finally moved into barracks. Believe it or not, this life in a tent isn't half bad, as long as the Mess Hall is open for business. Usually eight men are billeted in a tent—and the home is easy to keep clean.

“Mopsy”

“Women are called ‘Mopsies’ down here,” my informant of the First Echelon told me.

“Are they good looking?” I asked.

“Not bad when you get used to ‘em.”

“Oh boy, South Sea Island beauties in the Caribbean,” said I, envisioning the tales of Robert Louis Stevenson and the movie, “Mutiny On The Bounty.” “How do you get liberty?”

“That’s easy. Just show your ID card.”

Together we set out for a look-see. A short bus ride and we were through the Marine gate and travelling down the main road past an almost endless string of huts, interspersed here and there with comfortable looking bungalows. Black people, brown people, yellow people—Negroes, Chinese, East Indians, Malaysians, Douglas, “Portuguese,” “Spanish,” all dark mixtures—rubbed elbows on the streets and “porches” of these shacks and bungalows. The adherents of Islam from India, with their smooth straight blue-black hair and satiny brown skin seemed more nearly what we were used to seeing than the other types.

Women, poorly dressed, young, mature, or just plain old, lolled about or trudged along with a parcel or can of water balanced on their heads. No one hurried. Everyone chattered shrilly in a dialect

which passed for “English,” but which I had great difficulty in understanding, even when spoken slowly. Strange, and to me, humorous phrases: “Don’ worry dat,” “Eh, eh,” “How now, how now,” “I lash heem,” “Don’t play the abse, mon,” “You lookin’ for licks, now,” “What’s happenin’ to she?” “Why she do like so.” “She stupid like a bitch,” and so on indefinitely.

We wandered about, sightseeing. Mopsies, with Negroid features, leered at us in what was supposed to be an inviting way. Housing conditions for the most part were akin to the way we pen up our pigs at home. One and two room barracks. No screens and little furniture.

Bizarre clothing and outlandish hats set askew on kinky hair heavily (but vainly) greased. Sailors could engage almost anyone in conversation.

In a short time our senses of smell and vision overcame our curiosity and we thumbed a pick-up truck headed for town. There the same types and sights greeted our eyes. The only difference being that here and there we saw a European woman among the pedestrians. We were disillusioned!

“So these are the famous ‘Island X’ women!”

“Yeah.”

“I give up.”

Let it be said, however, at the dance given by our battalion some weeks later we did see a few girls similar in appear-

ance to our girls at home—but very few indeed.

Perhaps, in years to come, when we are home and distance and time have dimmed reality and “tall tales” have been told and retold until they are more real than what “actually happened,” perhaps then we’ll sit before a fireplace and dream of the beautiful island girls we didn’t see in Trinidad.

Hey! Mopsy!

—Ted Graham.

Parting

Both looked wistfully into each other’s eyes.

Both knew what unknown path their future lies,

For he went into the Seabees to fight, And she stayed home to pray by candlelight.

He says his prayers for her every night, She returns them, waiting ‘neath candlelight,

And so it goes, this mournful task Of watching and waiting for the past, To move on so she can pray again With him and say “Thank you, God, Amen.”

Submitted by F. C. Jaep.

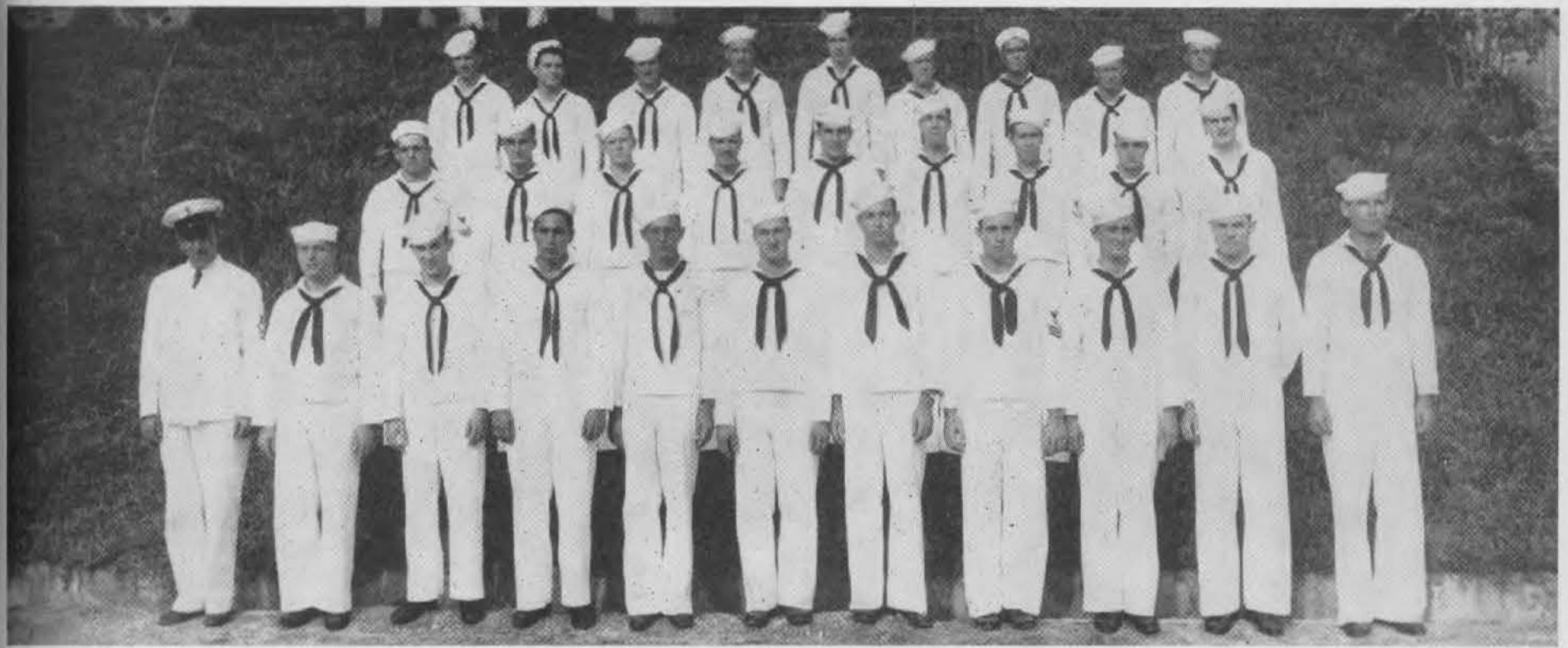
That This Could Be

Last night I said a prayer and asked that this could be,
My loved ones kept in health and strength
When I put out to sea.
A Heavenly voice answered, “It shall be.”

Last night I said a prayer and asked that this could be,
The girl I love of all above would still be true to me
And keep love’s light burning bright
When I put out to sea.
A Heavenly voice answered, “It shall be.”

Last night I said a prayer and asked that this could be,
That the world would soon return to peace.
When I put out to sea.
A Heavenly voice answered, “It shall be.”

Last night I said a prayer and asked that this could be,
That I return clean and strong, to those who wait for me.
I listened for that Heavenly voice, soft and yet so true.
“With all else granted thee, it’s really up to you.”



COMPANY B, PLATOON 4

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
L. E. (Lindy) CORDELL, CCM, 506
Division St., Downs, Kan.

Signature _____
G. H. (Georgie) CAMPBELL, MM2c, 415
Scott St., Marseilles, Ill.

Signature _____
E. J. (Blouser) KEARNEY, CM3c, 57
Seymour St., Boston, Mass.

Signature _____
J. A. (Calamity Joe) Di GANGI, S1c,
Clifton Ave., Warkfield, Mass.

Signature _____
J. R. (Rupert) KADERLI, CM2c,
Comanche, Texas.

Signature _____
R. S. (Dick) HOFFMAN, CM3c, 1947 N.
Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
J. W. (Jack) LAWRENCE, MM2c, Pella-
hatchie, Miss.

Signature _____
R. M. (Dick) PLOGHOFT, MM1c, 400
W. Washington Ave., Red Oak, Ia.

Signature _____
S. E. (Stan) ZAWISLAK, SF3c, 302
Sherman Ave., Flint, Mich.

Signature _____
D. O. (Dempsey) JOINER, MM3c, 1575
Richton Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Signature _____
A. (Brother) HOLBROOK, MM3c, Cum-
berland, Kentucky.

Second Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
E. R. (Stone Wall) JACKSON, CCM,
Route 1, La Follette, Tenn.

Signature _____
T. F. (Tom) COLE, S1c, 624 Van Hook
St., Camden, N.J.

Signature _____
M. D. (Red) ARMSTRONG, S1c, Route
1, Granbury, Texas.

Signature _____
H. F. (Pop) LANG, MM2c, 4227 Holly,
Kansas City, Mo.

Signature _____
J. A. (Diller) ARMELLINI, MM3c, 231
Vine Road, Vineland, N.J.

Signature _____
C. S. (Casey) PIOTROWSKI, S1c, 2227
S. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
J. F. (Jack) CULLEN, MM1c, Hull Ave.,
Beloit, Wis.

Signature _____
J. C. ("J.C.") VAUGHN, S1c, Wood-
ward, Iowa.

Signature _____
F. T. (Rick) RIXEN, CM3c, Mott,
N. Dakota.

Signature _____
J. (Joe) ANTONACCI, S1c, 1713 A.
Eacon St., St. Louis, Mo.

Signature _____
J. P. (Johnny) CASSOL, S1c, 2510
Hughes St., Ft. Worth, Texas.

Signature _____
M. (Mike) COLELLA, S1c, 2559 E.
Somerset St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Signature _____
F. T. (Tuck) TUCKER, S1c, RFD.
No. 3 Box 486 A, N. Little Rock,
Arkansas.

Signature _____
G. J. (George) TURNER, COX, 1308
Yecker, Kansas City, Kansas.

Signature _____
M. (Marty) DOUGHERTY, PTR1c, 205
13th St., Watervliet, N.Y.

Signature _____
C. L. (Blackie) FLOROM, MM1c, Route
No. 1, Farnam, Nebraska.

Signature _____
G. R. (Gerry) HOARD, CM3c, La Crosse,
Wisconsin.

Signature _____
E. C. (Ed) HOLTKETTER, CM3c, Glen-
view, Illinois.

PLATOON QUIPS

CORDELL—"I put you up for a re-rate."
CAMPBELL—"Lets get out of here."
KEARNEY—"Knock it off."
DI GHANGI—"Whats new?"
KADERLI—"You ain't woofing."
HOFFMAN—"Got anything to eat?"
LAWRENCE—"I agree with you."
PLOGHOFT—"Good old Maracus."
ZAWISLAK—"Any mail today?"
JOINER—"That's what he told me."
HOLBROOK—"Cheerio, old chappie!"
JACKSON—"Hello boys!"
COLE—"Wheres me hat?"
ARMSTRONG—"Heard the latest?"
LANG—"This is my day off."
ARMELLINI—"I'll wake up everybody."
PIOTROWSKI—"Anything new?"
CULLEN—"I'm a practical man"
VAUGHN—"Operator! Operator!"
RIXEN—"I finally made it."
ANTONACCI—"I'm on duty."
CASSOL—"When do we go home?"
COLELLA—"Guard duty is O.K."
TUCKER—"How many spuds today?"
TURNER—"Listen Fellows—"
DOUGHERTY—"When do I get my
teeth?"
FLOROM—"Don't stand light."
HOARD—"I can take it."
HOLTKETTER—"I wouldn't feed that
to my dog."

The 83rd's First Barbecue

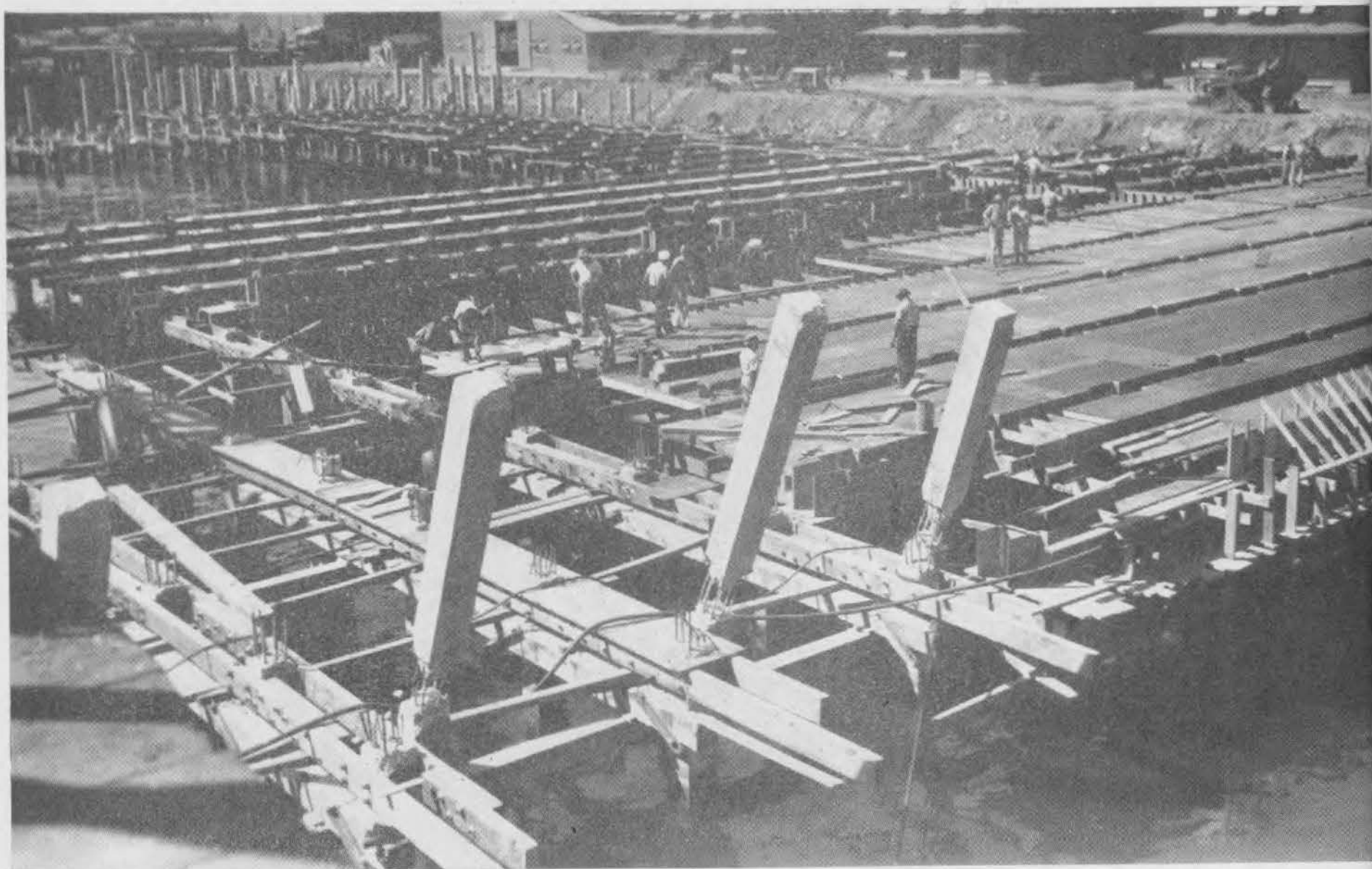
You know when I saw all those signs posted around over camp and heard all this talk going on about the big barbecue and picnic the 83rd Battalion was putting on, I had a kind of a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude. In fact, I was sort of put out that we were going to have to eat sandwiches and such, standing up, instead of our usual Sunday noon feast.

When I saw Nick and the boys carting all that food up the hill I kind of changed my mind about the food situation. Perk and Bradbury were lugging in another pan of fried chicken and I heard somebody say "Mmmm, looks like chicken", and Grant said "Yeah, it not only looks like it, brother, it is. About a thousand pounds of it."

By that time the line was forming to go through the Recreation Hall for some of this food they had been carrying in and I thought—"Oh, oh, . . . just another line to stand in." But take it from me, this was the best line I've stood in since I've been in the Navy: The band started playing and they handed us a cold bottle of beer to help pass the time until we got to the chow. And such chow! You've heard of "the groaning boards" haven't you? Well, those tables had a right to groan! There was over a ton of meat on them (baked ham, beef and pork—besides all that fried chicken), 200 pounds of cheese, two thousand servings of beans, two thousand servings of potato salad, 24 gallons of mixed pickles, and those boys in the Bakery must have really worked baking 5,500 rolls. And as if all that stuff wasn't hard enough to carry, they had to have cake and ice cream too.

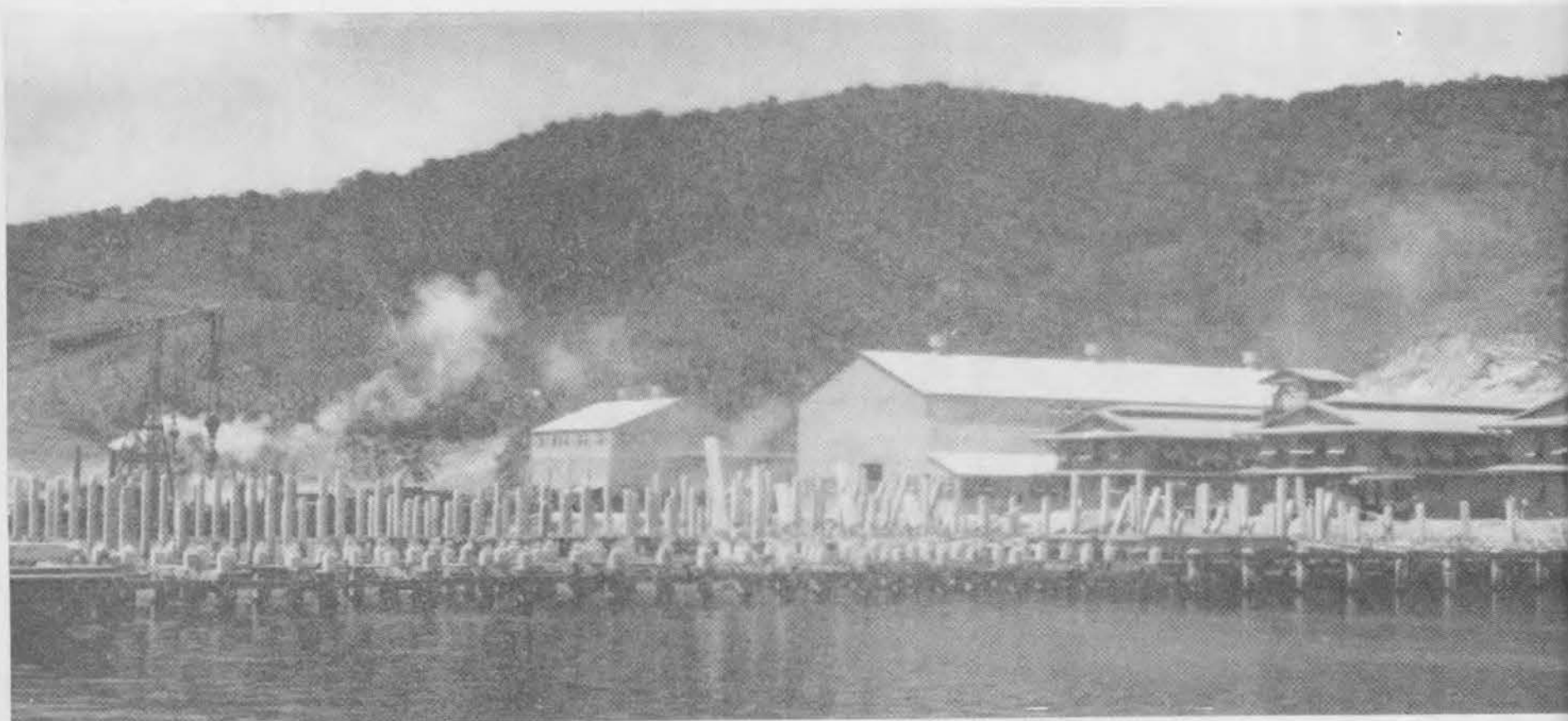
The band played and I ate and had another beer and then we started right over again: I had another beer and ate some more and the band played on. Just about the time I was wandering down the hill for my usual Sunday afternoon nap they started a ball game—Headquarters playing Company "C". Headquarters looked pretty good in there but I guess they had too much to eat before the game started because Company "C" sure looked like big leaguers. Harris and Conde were doing

Continued on page 51.

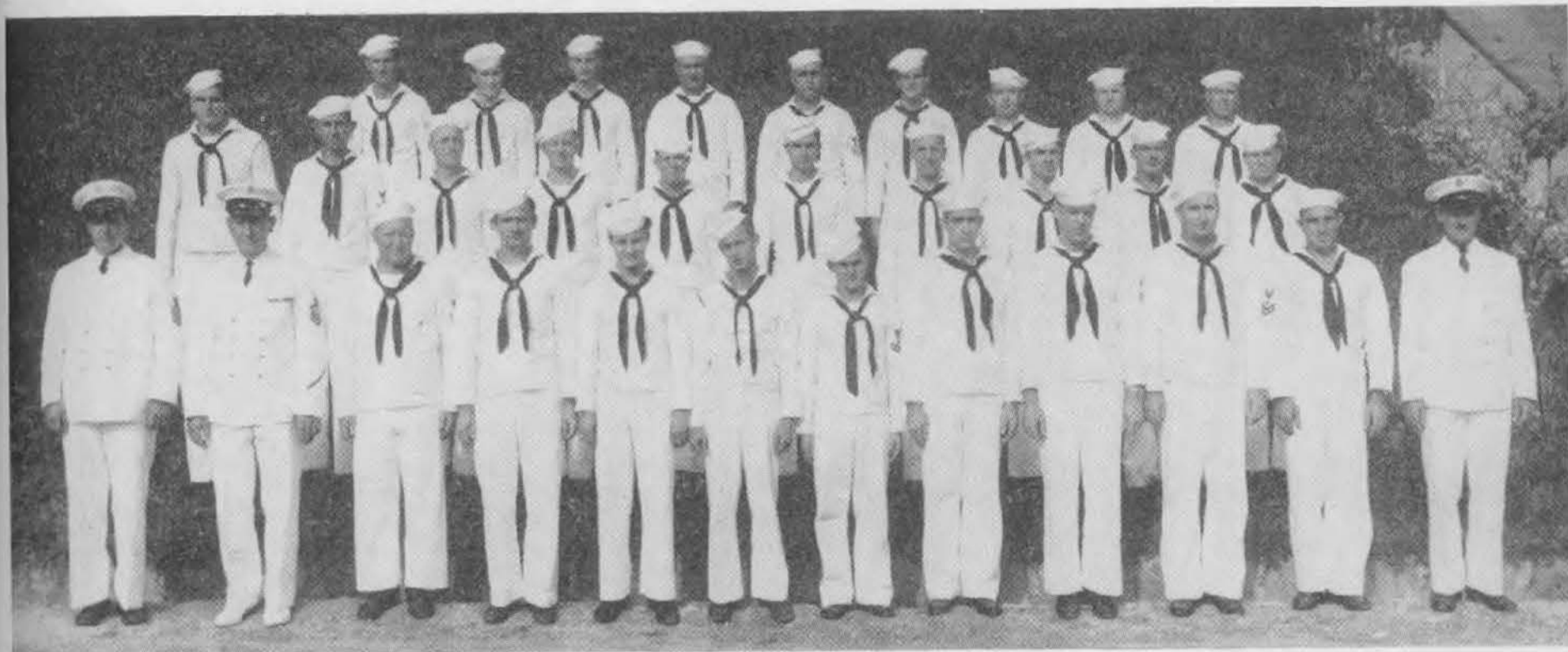


FINGER PIERS at N.O.B. under construction. Hundreds of steel reinforced concrete piles were cast by the Seabees of the 83rd Battalion, hauled to the site; emplaced and driven by other Seabees of the Marine Operations Detail. After the piling had been driven to refusal, the tops were cut to grade by means of dynamite and cutting torches, after which the timbers and decks were laid.

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ANOTHER VIEW of the N.O.B. finger piers. Some idea of the immensity of this project can be grasped by estimating the number of concrete piles shown in the picture. Floating cranes and pile drivers can be seen operating, in the left background. Our Seabees went through many months of this hard and hazardous work without a single accident. The Navy has safety practices and observes them.



COMPANY B, PLATOON 5

Front Row, Left to Right:

- Signature _____
 J. F. (Shep) SHEPLEY, CCM, R.F.D. No. 2, Massillon, Ohio.
- Signature _____
 W. F. (Foxy) FOX, CSF, Merritt Hotel, Oakland, California.
- Signature _____
 E. L. (Earl) LAURSEN, CM1c, 1104 Rosemont St., Amarillo, Texas.
- Signature _____
 H. E. (Pitch) BARNES, CM3c, 1 Braun Ave., Biloxi, Miss.
- Signature _____
 A. P. (Al) De CHRISTIE, S1c, Price Ave., Glendora, N.J.
- Signature _____
 J. (Punzy) PUNCSAK, S1c, 770 Fourth St., Warren, Ohio.
- Signature _____
 C. E. (Mighty Mite) VANNATTER, MM2c, 1913 Greeno Ave., Ashland, Ky.
- Signature _____
 L. A. (Louie) KIRCHOFF, CM2c, R.F.D. No. 1, Sanborn, Indiana.
- Signature _____
 J. M. (Joe) FOURMAN, COX, 213 Harrison Ave., Bradford, Ohio.
- Signature _____
 O. R. (Orv) DORSETT, EM1c, 1651 S. 130th St., Compton, Calif.
- Signature _____
 K. V. (Keith) HARRISON, QM1c, Wellington, Missouri.
- Signature _____
 J. I. (Dry Dock) TONJES, CCM, 2425 Yale Blvd., Springfield, Ill.

Second Row, Left to Right:

- Signature _____
 E. C. (Slim) DUEHNING, MM3c, R.F.D. No. 1, Slinger, Wisconsin.

- Signature _____
 W. N. (Bill) SADLER, MM2c, R.F.D. No. 1, Box 362, Amarillo, Texas.
- Signature _____
 H. E. (Swimmer) BROWN, CM1c, 1595 Union Port Rd., Bronx, N.Y.
- Signature _____
 O. B. (Red) PARHAM, CM2c, 49 N. 7th St., Terre Haute, Ind.
- Signature _____
 S. E. (Bud) CASSADY, SF2c, 514 W. Washington, Centerville, Ia.
- Signature _____
 J. J. (Jess) BALKEMA, CM3c, 30 S. 31st St., Lafayette, Indiana.
- Signature _____
 J. J. (John) STARK, MM3c, 1224 W. Oklahoma Ave., Appleton, Wisc.
- Signature _____
 L. T. (Leo) ZERWIG, SF3c, St. Genevieve, Missouri.
- Signature _____
 J. T. (One Drink) MOORE, CM2c, R.F.D. No. 1, Kimmswick, Missouri.
- Signature _____
 I. B. (Pappy) THOM, CM1c, Crystal City, Missouri.

Third Row, Left to Right:

- Signature _____
 E. (Eddie) BROUSSARD, BM2c, Lake Arthur, La.
- Signature _____
 H. F. (Bedeye) BEDELL, S1c, R.F.D. No. 1, Saranac Lake, N.Y.
- Signature _____
 M. E. (Max) FIELD, S1c, 318 Prairie St., Charlotte, Mich.
- Signature _____
 B. B. (Ben) BUNK, CM2c, 2524 Main St., Jennings, Missouri.

- Signature _____
 O. R. (Orv) LAMB, CMM, Eldora, Iowa.
- Signature _____
 C. G. (New Orleans Kid) COATES, S1c, 4222 Constance St., New Orleans, La.
- Signature _____
 S. H. (Swede) JOHNSON, CM1c, 4205 W. 50th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
- Signature _____
 R. (Bob) DELANOY, SF3c, 10 North Goodwin Ave., Elmsford, N.Y.
- Signature _____
 R. E. (Tex) FOLEY, MM2c, Box 425, Alvin, Texas.

- BROUSSARD—"Did I get a letter today?"
- BEDELL—"Let's go to town!"
- FIELD—"Let's go to a show!"
- BUNK—"I'm sure wucky."
- LAMB—"How about getting me some mail?"
- COATES—"Let's get some Deer"
- JOHNSON—"I don't know."
- DELANOY—"Home was never like this, thank God!"
- FOLEY—"Turn that light out!"

The 83rd's First Barbecue

Continued from Page 49

a lot of yelling and throwing their arms around but "C" took the old ball game just like that.

"Well, now it's over and I can—hey, where's everybody going? Well I'll be darned it looks like we're going to have some boxing matches." There was Boot, getting everything set up and so I decided to have another "cold one" and watch the fights. They were all boys from the 83rd but the way they tore into each other you wouldn't have believed some of them were bunk mates. Or maybe you would?

The next event was a softball game between the officers of the 83rd and the enlisted men. "What a laugh this is going to be", "Where did the "Gold Braids" get the idea they could play ball", and similar remarks were floating around. Only they stopped floating after about the second inning and for awhile there it looked kind of bad for the "White Hats." The score, 7 to 7—but that wasn't really the end of that game or the final score. The results of that game aren't to be measured in scores, "Isn't it funny," I mused on my way back for another beer, "how some fellows never believe in a guy until they see him play ball?" Fugate and Hamilton were looking pretty well whipped by this time and when we started through the chow line again they told me they had served something like 960 cokes, 375 cans of Toddy,

Continued on Page 53

PLATOON QUIPS

- SHEPLEY—"Now, you take Massillon, O."
- FOX—"Eh, what?"
- LAURSEN—"When do we go home?"
- BARNES—"I wanna go home!"
- DE CHRISTIE—"All-reat"
- PUNCSAK—"And you know it too."
- VANNATTER—"Shor-nuff."
- KIRCHOFF—"Let's go home!"
- FOURMAN—"Yes Sir!"
- DORSETT—"Yes Siree!"
- HARRISON—"Heard the latest?"
- TONJES—"I was ready to leave when I landed here."
- DUEHNING—"I'm happy in the service."
- SADLER—"Who has something to eat?"
- BROWN (H.E.)—"I think I'll re-enlist."
- PARHAM—"How you doin' Mac?"
- CASSADY (S.E.)—"I don't say much."
- BALKEMA—"Any mail for Maracas?"
- STARK—"After all, gee whiz!"
- ZERWIG—"Good deal!"
- MOORE—"How goes?"
- THOM—"Hi Junior!"



Confucius Bassford, Seabee

SCENE: VFW PICNIC AT SLOB LAKE
TIME: July 4th 1955

Toastmaster: "—And now, Comrades, it gives me the greatest pleasure to introduce to you a man, who in the past war helped to make history with that famous arm of the Navy, the Fighting Seabees. Veteran of several fronts, he will, this day, relate his favorite story concerning the historical Battle of the Utopian Islands. Comrades, I give you (and don't want him back.) Comrade Confucius Bassford!"

Prolonged Applause.

Confucius: "Wal, now, gents and Comrades, I ain't never done much speaking in public; in fact I ain't done any sence I was in the fifth grade in school when I done recited "Paul Reverse's Ride" at a PTA meeting wunst. But if y'all bear with me a bit, I reckon that I can spin a yarn which y'all mought find right interesting, in a way. Y'all done heard a lot about the Seabees in the last war and wout they done, some of you served with 'em in different battle zones. Me, I done joined up shortly after Pearl Harbor when they was nothing but a dream in some Admiral's squash, in fact they wasn't even calling 'em Seabees then but Bearcats or Bobcats or some such tag. Anyway, I went to boot camp along with a hull flock of guys from all over the Newnited States; from Texas, from Oklahoma, from Michigan, Maine, New Yawk, Massachusetts, Ohio and Alabama, in fact guys from ever state you mought mention, including the State of Ignorance, I reckon."

ALL KINDS IN THE SEABEES

They was oil fields workers, steel men, carpenters, sand hogs, mechanics, machinists, electricians, plumbers, blacksmiths, concrete men, shipbuilders and waterfront workers, dynamiters, and also a few ex-tavern-keepers, policemen, Fuller Brush salesmen and what-not. They was of ever age, seemed like from kids of 18 to old pappies whut I'd swear would never see 60 agin. Most of these fellers kinda had a overdose of patriotism, I reckon an joined up because they figured the Uncle Sam needed their services right badly altho they was the usual sprinkling of them as was only a jump ahead of the draft board an thought the Seabees was the lesser of two evils, namely, the Army. There was

also another kinda feller sanriched in with the rest, the kinda guy who is always wanting to boss the job even if there is only one other guy working with him, the guy who is always right about everything, an who knows it. Of course, no outfit could get along without some of these guys in it, you gotta have big talkers as well as the silent kinda people to put up a front with the work. They was also the type a feller who is a success at politicks, the guy who can always get along with people higher than he is; who can always promote stuff an get himself things that nobody else would dream of asking fer. Anyway most of these fellers was at least good an a lot of 'em were tops at their trades—mostly, they wasn't the fast-talking, high-pressure kinda folks but lads just awaiting to have their kinda job turn up so's they could do their stuff. That's the kinda gang that hit boot all together a kinda cross-suction (I think that's whut the officers called it) of the American public at large. So we hit there, all kinda scared by the new rigmarole, all of us in our civilian duds an feeling about as much outa place as the town gambler in church."

LIFE OF "BOOT" IS RUGGED

"Y'all been thru boot camp or something near like it so you can remember the physical exams, the shots, the military drill, the guard duty, the I.P. and the down-right lonesomeness whut hit everybody along about the third week in. Y'all remember the scuttlebutt, the rumors, the guys expecting boot leave which they never got and the Do-this, Do-thet routine which is supposed to make a man take more kindly to discipline and other military stuff. The rest of us soon noticed that the bossy guys sprouted out in khaki uniforms an cigar box hats like the officers wear an they seemed to be smarter than the pit-run of us—they got to know all the Navy Regs overnight, it seemed, so they could talk by the hour on whut was right an whut wasn't for us to do. They got so they could drill us almost as good as the Marines did an was known as Chief Petty Officers whilst the rest of us all seemed to be the buck privates. Along about this time we all got interduced to "The Report," which is about like snagging a traffic ticket in civilian life, except that there wasn't any appeal from the verdict of this court which was known mainly as "Captain's Mash".

Anyway we all lived thru this stage, most of the skinny guys put on weight an muscle an the jardy fellers lost pounds where it dint hurt 'em any. Then come the day when we took the Colors an it was a great experience, the band music, the flag an all. Then we breaks boot an danged if I don't get left behind when my Battalion takes off an I get stuck in what was known as Battalion X over to Camp Bradford."

TRANSFERS TO SEA-GOING OUTFIT

"After a bit, I got transferred to a Station Force down the line an after that I got in with a later Battalion whut spent a year or so on duty in the South Atlantic. I got a chance to work at my trade in this outfit an time passed along purty well even though we didn't see much of the enemy which I'd enlisted to dry-gulch a couple. Things kept improving some as the officers an men got acquainted an the outfit got shook down but it was always tough fer us old guys to have to knuckle under this discipline stuff an to have to knock off work to spend five days in the brig for having our hats on crooked or our shirts not buttoned up to the Adam's apple. Then, too we got home-sick by spells because, an older man misses his wife, his home an his kids more than a young guy minds being away an no movie was ever filmed that could take the place of a easy chair by the rad-dio of nights, listening to the broadcasts with Mom an the kids. They wasn't a bad outfit, this battalion an we finally sweated out our term an went back to the States".

EVERYTHING NEW AND SNAFU AGAIN

"Y'all know whut a treat it is to get ack home with the famby after a stretch like that so I won't go into no details on that score. Wal, then they busted us all up hither and yon and fer while everything was new and Snafu gin. Only a few out of the last outfit landed with me in the 1313th Super Duper, as we called it an so it was a case of starting all over again from scratch with new officers, new Chiefs an new faces all around. They soon become familiar an me having been out before whilst most of this new gang was plumb fresh outa boot, I co'ld kinda sit back an watch things fall into line. Y'see, like anywheres else, in the Seabees a guy only gets out as much as he puts into the game—if he is scrappy and ambitious, he gets rates and more rates but if he is jest satisfied to kinda do his job an keep quiet why all hands nacherally thinks he's happy an so he sorta gets lost in the shuffle. At first, it was the same old confused horse-collar with us but gradually we come out of it an seemed to me to be the best outfit of the several I'd served with. Before long we was on our way, another long ship ride far into the Pacific this time, which is just as rough as the others an just as much of a pain to us landlubber sailors".

SEES BLAZING ACTION AT LAST

"We bumped around an around to various spots which y'all have heard of but finally we ties up with a whopping big convoy and sets out fer some islands which I now kin say was known as the Utopian Group. The beaches was held by the Nips but that dint make any difference because after dishing 'em a helluva lambasting from sea an air, we all went ashore hell a-hooting, Marines, Commandos, Army an Seabees with their tanks, guns an supplies an with our power units and other gear. Fer about three months we was too busy to ask whut day it was as we worked from kin see to kaint see putting up storage tanks, warehouses, barracks an such after unloading the ships an flattening out a airfield fer the boys who were still mopping up the Japs. We finally got caught up enough to catch our breath an the Brass

Hats allowed that us Seabees had done a good job under fire and some of our officers an a few of our boys who got bumped off got decorations for it.

Most of the invasion forces lit out fer someplace else an we stayed to rig out the base complete-like. We threw up piers, docks an breakwaters, more warehouses, barracks an powerhouses an got things kinda comfortable which was mighty fine after sleeping in muddy tents an eating catch-as-catch-can fer such a long spell. About this time, a few of the surviving Japs or a kinda commando company of 'em showed up an commenced to make life mizzable fer us by sniping at the work parties. This went on fer a coupla days until Commander Rock-bottom, our Ole Man threw a couple fits and says, "Hell, boys, we kaint git nothing done thisaway, nohow," an orders all work secured whilst we goes on a Jap hunt. They give us some trouble but after we got organized, we cleaned 'em out an had no further ruckus with them guys. Incidentally, I got my couple what I'd set out fer to dry-gulch an so felt better about the hull business".

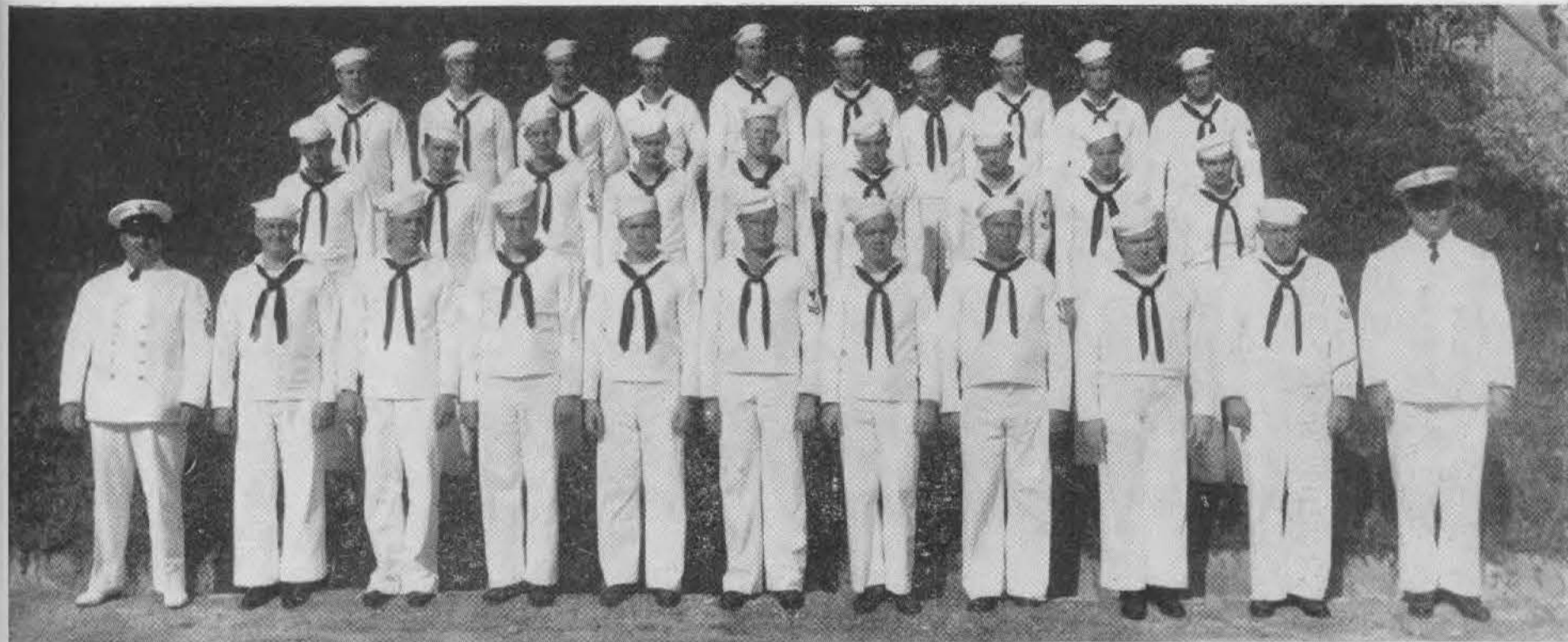
SECOND CHRISTMAS IN THE TROPICS

"Then come the best period of time I ever had in the service, we commenced putting the finishing touch on everything an its a grand feeling to see a nice bug case spring up outa where only a few months back was nothing but jungle. As I said before, our officers was right good people an so was everybody else; there was only a few ever made the report an them few woulda been in trouble even in civilian life. We got kinda chummy with the natives who was haidhunters before we got there but they become kinda civilized after while an would only take the skeeps from their enemies instead of the hull haid. Then along comes another Christmas an everybody commences to think of home agin an begin to feel blue an down in the mouth. There was no city to go to fer liberty an so we find ourselves with lots of time an no place to go. Commander Rockbottom sends out a dozen hunting parties to get meat an the cooks plan us one of the finest Xmas dinners you ever did see. On Xmas morning when ever man gits up an goes to put on his sox what does he find but a full quart of Ole Grandad in each one. Seems like the officers had decided to play Sandy Claws an split up their hootch with the boys. Wal, now, we all lit into that booze an thet dinner an then set out to make it a day in history. The Chaplain had organized a bunch of games; boxing, wrassling, baseball, softball, tugs-a-war an shooting matches an we really celebrated in great style. The Ole Man decided to keep the hunting parties permanent an sent out fishing parties to keep the chow from being monotonous-like."

1313th A BIG, HAPPY FAMILY

"Along about this time, the war kinda run away from us an business slacked off, kinda. We kept improving the place until it looked like a nice city an the Ole Man took special pains to see thet our mail come as regular as possible an thet ever man got him a rerate ever two months. We had no place fer to spend our dough so it jest laid away in Uncle Sam's bank fer future use. It got so we were so good at our work thet the Chiefs an the Officers never bothered to do much overseeing, yet everything went off tiptop and shipshape with all hands turning to as only contented people can. I had me a crew working on a breakwater whut was about done when one day an ole gent in dungarees ambles up and takes himself a looksee. At first I thought he was a guy off one of the ships until I pipe the hat he's wearing, one like Commodore Perry had his pitcher taken in at the War of 1812. The

Continued on Page 62



COMPANY B, PLATOON 6

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 W. (Wally) CORBETT, CSF, 3350 N. Central Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
 R. E. (Ray) LALLY, CM3c, 504 E. 266th Euclid, Ohio.

Signature _____
 R. E. (Ray) RESER, MM3c, 3901 Paseo, Kansas City, Missouri.

Signature _____
 J. G. (Hopalong) CASSIDY, SF2c, 2505 Wayne St., Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
 W. S. (Bill) SIMON, CM3c, RFD, Lyons, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. P. (Casanova) ROBERTS, SF2c, 22585 Lorain Rd., Fairview Village, Ohio.

Signature _____
 M. P. (Swede) CARLSON, PTR2c, 6215 W. Stevenson, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Signature _____
 M. V. (Ollie) OLIVER, SF1c, 220 N. Grove, Wichita, Kansas.

Signature _____
 W. C. (Chubby) WOLKMAN, S1c, 1201 Lille St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Signature _____
 G. F. (Old Salt) SKINNER, SF2c, 4122 Edenhurst Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Signature _____
 R. R. (Lefty) STAAL, CSF, 3660 N. Tacoma St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Second Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 O. G. (Shelly) SHELLENBERGER, SF2c, 613 Missouri Ave., Weslaco, Texas.

Signature _____
 G. H. (Henry) LEITH, COX, 4932 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 H. V. (Honus) GREEN, M2c, Pulaski, Tenn.

Signature _____
 P. W. (Whitey) RUMANCIK, S1c, 246 Maple Ave., Clairton, Penna.

Signature _____
 F. E. (Red) COOK, S1c, R.F.D. No. 2, Stuart, Oklahoma.

Signature _____
 A. (Al) DENNY, MM3c, 1655 Shatto St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Signature _____
 W. H. (Bill) WITHERS, SF2c, Owensboro, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 R. (Pappy) WEEKS, SF2c, Route 2, Box 117, Opp., Alabama.

Signature _____
 J. W. (Joe) DUPUIS, SF3c, 14354 Barclay St., Dearborn, Mich.

Third Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 F. J. (Frank) DOUGHERTY, SF1c, 222 North 4th St., Rockford, Ill.

Signature _____
 E. J. (Ed) WAK, SF2c, 9247 Arnold Ave., Anchorville, Mich.

Signature _____
 G. R. (Rich) RICHARDSON, SF1c, 4122 Wabash Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Signature _____
 J. A. (Joe) ROMANI, CM3c, 418 McKinley St., Hibbing, Minn.

Signature _____
 J. E. (Jody) FITZNER, SF1c, 1916 S. Park St., Sedalia, Mo.

Signature _____
 T. (Bronco) SMETANA, MM3c, 2801 S. Kessler Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
 R. (Ray) ACTIS, SF3c, 420 W. Erie St., Spring Valley, Ill.

Signature _____
 C. E. (Nosey) SAGER, S1c, 612 Third St., California, Penna.

Signature _____
 M. K. (Rebel) BRANNON, SF3c, Jackson, La.

Signature _____
 F. O. (Fred) HESS, SF1c, 1114 W. Market St., Sandusky, Ohio.

Platoon Members Not Pictured:

Signature _____
 L. M. (Tuffy) TRIESTER, S1c, 645 Bixby St., Bellflower, Calif.

Signature _____
 J. (Jim) SLEASE, MM3c, 410 W. Live Oak, Altus, Okla.

Signature _____
 B. E. (Maracas) PESCHONG, MM3c, 275 Maria Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Signature _____
 J. V. (Mossy) GRAVES, S1c, Rt. No. 1, Box 257, Lucedale, Miss.

PLATOON QUIPS

CORBETT—"Let's get on the ball!"
 LALLY—"When we going home?"
 RESER—"Anything new?"
 CASSIDY—"Whats cooking?"
 SIMON—"Good old Toledo."
 ROBERTS—"Got to write a letter."
 CARLSON—"Have you seen my pictures?"
 OLIVER—"What's new?"
 WOLKMAN—"Where you going?"
 SKINNER—"This isn't like the old Navy."
 STAAL—"Thats for me."
 SHELLENBERGER—"What do you know?"
 LEITH—"Lets get a beer."
 GREEN—"Lets go, Dick!"
 RUMANCIK—"Can't figure it out."
 COOK—"Now lookie here men."
 DENNEY—"Never again."

WITHERS—"I don't agree with you."
 WEEKS—"I heard different."
 DUPUIS—"What do you say?"
 DOUGHERTY—"What, no mail?"
 WAK—"Lets go swimming."
 RICHARDSON—"Where can I get a diamond."
 ROMANI—"On the ball you guys."
 FITZNER—"It isn't like home."
 SMETANA—"Make out the lights."
 ACTIS—"Hi Joe!"
 SAGER—"I'd betcha but I don't bet."
 BRANNON—"Hit 'em a lick."
 HESS—"It will be another six weeks at the least."

The 83rd's First Barbecue

Continued from Page 51

and 9,888 bottles of beer since noon. Now I began to see where that "Welfare Fund" goes; that I've heard so much about. (Who do you think pays for printing the ISLAND X PRESS, you dope? —Ed.)

After I had finished up another sandwich I started talking to one of the Guards. He'd been on duty all afternoon and hadn't been able to drink any beer or play ball but instead of griping he comes up with, "Isn't it swell how everybody's having such a good time—and not one guy has been the least bit out of line!" Golly, I thought that was a great thing to say—and to have said of the Battalion.

About that time I heard Turner playing evening "Colors" and out of the corner of my eye I looked around over the area at the 83rd Battalion standing at attention. I don't know whether it was the beer or what but somehow it made me feel awfully good to think we could all play and have fun together as well as turn out a day's work. And even when I was sitting there in the dark watching the movie that Fowler was running I kept thinking about how grand it was to belong to an outfit that worked so hard and put so much effort and cooperation into seeing that the rest of us had a good time.

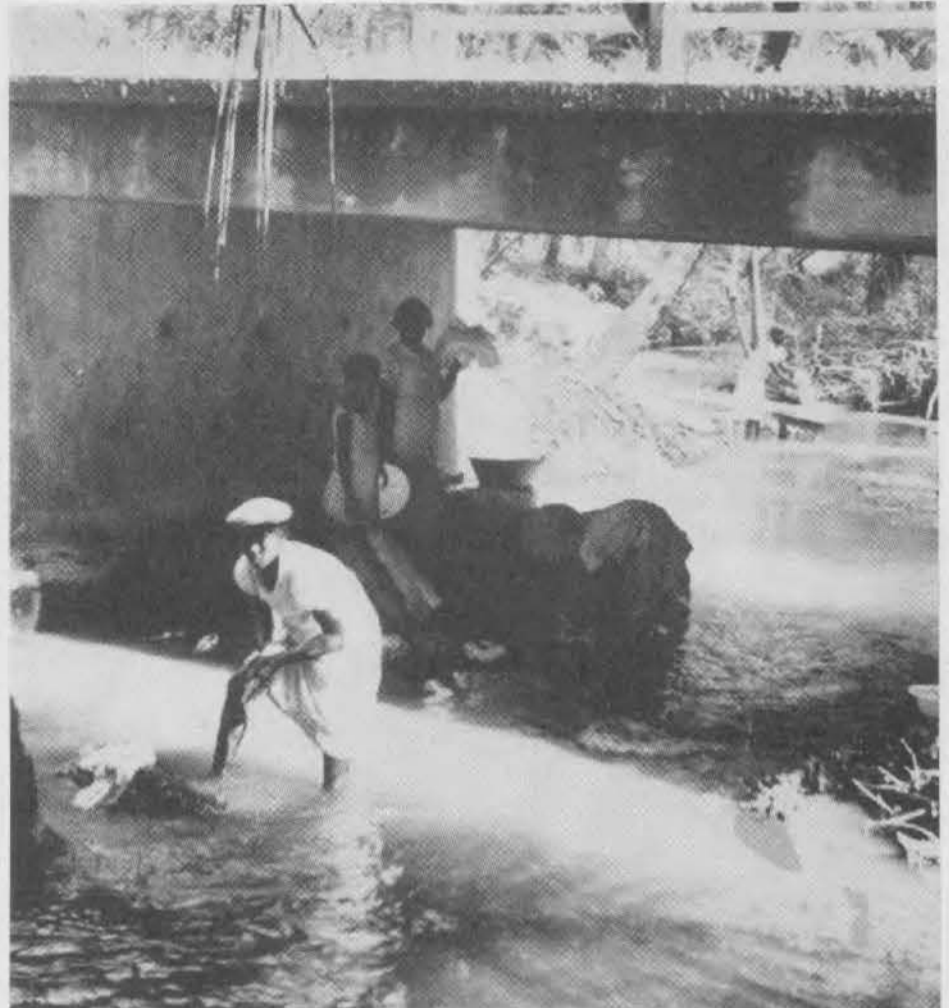
—Jack Handford, Jr.



"PICK A SPOT FOR YOUR HOUSE AND SET IT HIGH—then you may be in a position to survey the world and all about you." A native home perched on stilts to protect from reptiles and other ground pests, as well as providing a maximum of comfort from the ever-present tropic heat. Such a house as this may have one large room or a division into two rooms. Sometimes more than one family is crowded together in the one abode as well. Modern conveniences are left to the imagination as the people have neither the money nor the facilities to obtain them. This place may well be labelled as one of the better country homes as the majority are constructed of materials at hand rather than attempting the tedious job of hauling enough lumber overland by oxen and cart from the lumber mill.



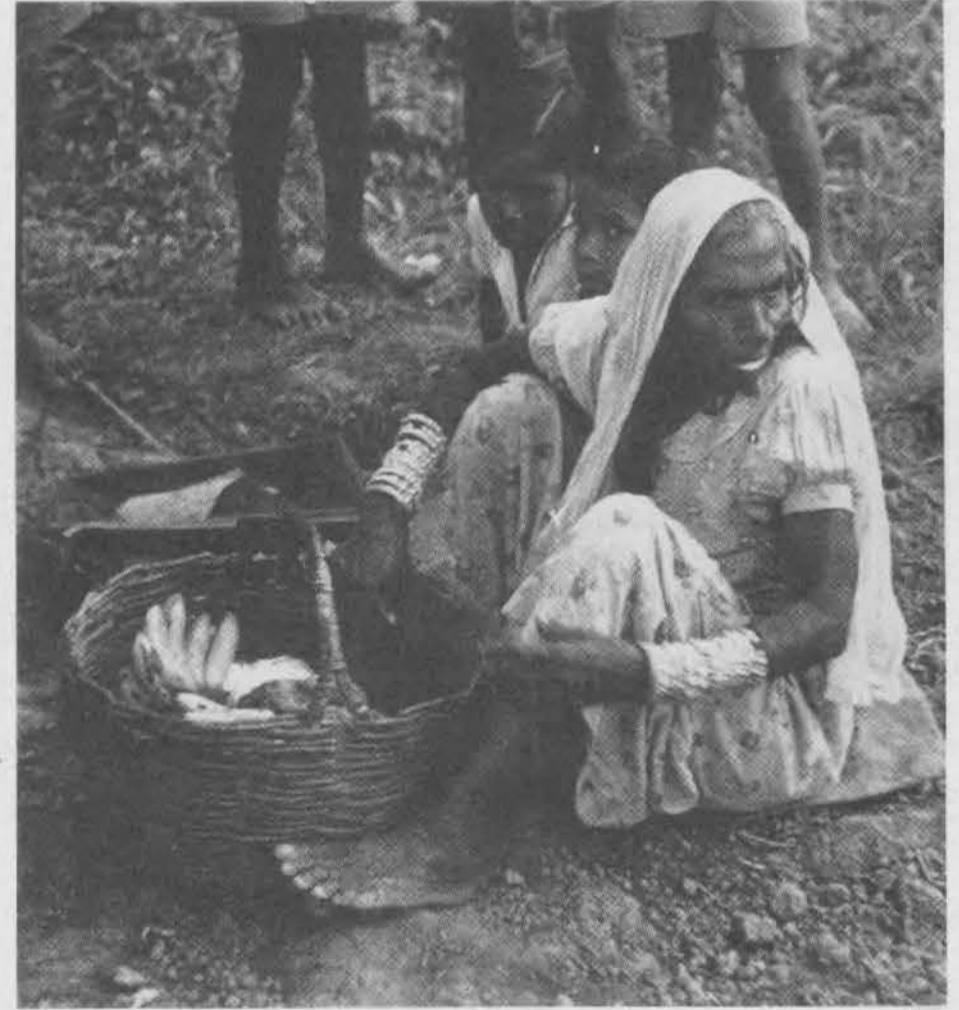
THE INCREASINGLY WELL-KNOWN "CALYPSO" performs anywhere,—backyards, barns, indoor and outdoor stages, public halls, etc. Here we have "The Tiger" singing one of the quaint and original ditties which may ridicule the city or state government, or might be a satire on everyday life in the Island.



ABSENCE OF MODERN CONVENIENCES is the motivating force behind the method of doing the family laundry. All that is necessary is some soap, a fresh water stream, some rocks on which to scrub the clothes, and the will-power to attempt such back-breaking labor.



NO, SHE IS NOT a pupil in Mrs. Driggs' School of Culture, but merely a native woman choosing what is to her the easiest method of carrying a load from here to there. These people may be seen manipulating any article, or set of articles that will balance, in this fashion. Probably beginning this practice early in life, the above native has no doubt earned the title of "expert."



"YES, WE HAVE SOME BANANAS!" This native Indian woman may be earning the daily bread for her family by selling the contents of the basket. Notice the many heavy bracelets (which signify position in the community); and the veil that stamps her unquestionably as of Indian descent. Take a good look too, at those wrinkled and much-calloused feet.



NEW CONSTRUCTION ACTIVITIES OFFICE. This was where the trouble-shooters, fixers, inspectors, and expeditors hung out. While they were resting, the boys filed plans and kept up daily and monthly progress reports, charts and graphs.



THE FIELD SURVEY OFFICE. The pioneers of any construction job are the surveyors, who with transit, level, rod and chain, lay out sites and submit field notes from which maps, plans, estimates and quantities are platted.



N.O.B. SHOPS. When the 83rd Battalion dropped anchor at Island X these shops were in the early stages of construction. Now they have been completed and equipped. Everything is in readiness to do any sort of a job that they were designed to do. We came here to take over a partially completed project. Now that everything is shipshape and ready for action, we can take pardonable pride in a job well done.



SATURDAY NIGHT, ISLAND STYLE. Owing to the fact that even such a common place thing as water piped into the house is a rarity here, the people bathe as conveniently as possible. This lad is still small enough to have his bath in a bucket but the grownups must hie themselves to the nearest community water tap alongside the road, there to wash in plain view of the passerby.

Nomenclature

If you would be a Navy wife,
His speech you must not spurn.
Because, to lead the Navy life
You've simply got to learn;
That bread is "Punk" and coffee "Mud"
And water, "Angel Wine"
That floors are "decks", a "billet" a
bunk and "hawser" is a line.
That officers are all "gold braids"
And any land's "the beach",
That "shoot the breeze" describes the
thing civilians call a speech;
That married sailors are "lashed up"
If "squared away" or not"
That if your romance has "fouled up",
It's trouble that you got.
But there's this consolation for new wives
of Gold and Blue,
The Navy has no other words for "Darling,
I love you".

—"Jonesie"

Reprinted from "The Bulldozer".

It's An Ill Wind Etc.

Everybody seems to profit when some sailor makes Chief. Look at the lucky dogs who inherit all the whites and et ceteras.

When I Return

When I return,
I want no blare of trumpets,
Cheering, shouting noise,
People shrieking madly:
"Hats off, here come our boys."

When I return,
Just make it quiet
And calmly grip my hand,
Look into my eyes once more—
I'll understand.

Then let me see the beauty of homes,
Trees and the valleys,
Places I once knew,
The things we once took for granted,
Til war hid them from view.

I want no blare of trumpets,
Cheering, shouting—noise.
Just let me see you smile—
Forgotten is the war.
Dearest, even now I need these things,
When I return, much more.

—Sgt. Roelick.

Submitted by W. F. Warfield.

Discarded Love

He grabbed me by the slender neck,
I could not yell or scream.
He dragged me to a darkened room,
Where we could not be seen.

He tore away my flimsy wrap,
And looked upon my form,
I was so cold and damp and scared,
While he was hot and warm.

His feverish lips he pressed to mine,
I gave him every drop—
He drained me of my very self,
I could not make him stop.

He made me what I am today,
That's why you find me here—
A broken bottle; thrown away.
That once was full of beer!

Submitted by A. F. Dodson.

To The Censors

I have a girl so far away
And she is sweet and frail,
Yet how can I send her my love
When censors read my mail?

This lovely girl is very sweet
In fact, she's quite a dear,
But how can I tell her of this
And make my meaning clear?

So read my letter gently, sir
It is not meant for you
But for my girl so far away,
I write for her, not you.

And when you read my letters o'er
And laugh with deep delight,
Remember this; another man
May laugh at what you write!

C. R. McWhorter.

* * * *

SK2c: "Any complaints about your clothes?"

Boot: "My trousers don't fit right."

SK2c: "I see nothing wrong with them."

Boot: "Perhaps not, but I feel something wrong. They're chafing me under the arms."

Back home, a Court official, after explaining the history of the American flag to a group of aliens seeking naturalization papers asked one of them: "Tell me, now, what flies over the City Hall?"

The alien glanced out the window, blinked his eyes and replied: "Peejins."



WORLD WAR I MEMORIAL IN MEMORIAL SQUARE, erected (as the inscription reads) in honor of all who served, in memory of those who fell 1914-1918. Set in a one block square, fenced in, and with lawn and shrubbery kept neat and trim this monument is very impressive.

Taken from this particular angle the photo presents also a strikingly beautiful silhouette of royal palms and mountain tops.



COMPANY C



Lt. E. L. NEUMANN.

419 Lavender Street, Monroe, Michigan.



Lt. (jg) H. P. LARSEN.

1502 N. Gardner St., Hollywood, Calif.



Lt. (jg) H. L. SMITH.

Naches, Washington.



Corp. S. E. FEREBEE.

633 Connecticut Ave., Norfolk, Virginia.



Corp. J. D. CONNOLLY.

32 Thorndike Ave., Beverly, Massachusetts.

Thirty Days In The Brig

Wherein Navy "boots" off on first shore leave, get a reminiscent lecture on the pitfalls of love—and life—from an old sea dog.

At e-a-s-e-i

Okay, men, take it easy. In about five minutes you're gonna be making your last liberty dressed in Navy "blue." But before you do I wanna tell you about the toughest foe you're gonna meet in this entire war. Nope, mates, I'm not gonna give you a spiel on those yellow monkeys who walk like men nor am I gonna talk about those Hitler rats. I'm gonna concentrate on those two-legged creatures who wear skirts. I believe they're commonly referred to as women.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm no woman hater. If a stiff breeze happens to blow a gal's skirt up around her ears I don't close my eyes. I admire a woman's fire points as much as the next guy. But that's where I draw the line.

Every gal you meet today is gonna have that "marry me, love you only," look in her eyes. If you fall for that line you're a dead duck. That's what I did in the last war. Yep, I was a "boot" just like you fellows when it happened. It was only dumb luck on my part that I didn't get into a worse jam than I did. No fooling, those babes are a lot tougher than any gob ever dreamed of being. When you fall for one she can talk you into almost anything.

Forget I'm wearing this Chief Boat-stain's outfit. Picture me in a monkey suit with one stripe on my cuffs. It's 1917 and I'm stationed at the Norfolk Navy Base.

I've just finished one month of boot training, and I'm walking out the gate on my first liberty. Inwardly, I'm thinking that I'm hot stuff. After watching the old sea dogs around the base for four weeks I've got their swagger down pat and I'm "rolling" down the street in great fashion.

In my mind I'm picturing myself to be a lady-killer par-excellence. Boy, with my looks and that uniform I was really gonna show them. Love 'em and leave 'em. Make 'em do what you want. That's what I thought!

I was just turning a corner when I swaggered to the starboard too far and bumped into someone coming from the opposite direction. I was about to mutter a hasty "pardon me" and continue on my way when I noticed what I had bumped into. To say she was pretty would be a gross understatement. She was one of the cutest feminine dishes you'd ever want to see. A brunette with big blue eyes. And her shape went out and in—just the right places.

I turned on my personality. No snickering there, mate, remember this all happened back in 1917. Well, to get back to the story.

It was some five minutes before I talked her into giving me a date for that night. She wouldn't let me pick her up at her house though, because she said her parents didn't allow her to go out with sailors. I fell for that story, so we agreed on a time and place to meet later that night.

After I had left her and chowed-down, I stopped in for a few beers and then started out for the spot where she was gonna meet me. She was waiting.

If you guys think I'm gonna tell you all the details of what happened after that you're crazy. In no time at all that chick had me walking on air.

Three hours after we had met I, fool that I was, asked her to marry me. She coyly arched her head to one side and said, "Not tonight, dear. Meet me tomorrow night and I'll probably say yes."

That's the way the score stood when we said s'long. I was to meet her in the same place at the same time the next night.

It's then that I came to my senses; or what I thought was my senses at that time. I realized that I wasn't scheduled to get out the next P.M. In fact, I wasn't sure when they'd get around to letting us boots out again.

In my mind I was staging a mental debate. If I went back to the base I'd probably never see her again. And I had it bad. I decided to stay in town. Go A.O.L. What the hell? The most they could give me was thirty days in the brig.

The next night I was standing at the appointed spot when a dirty faced kid came up, asked me my name, handed me a note and then scampered down the street.

I opened the piece of paper with eager hands. It read: "Sorry I can't meet you. I guess we'll have to terminate our little game right here. My husband arrived home unexpectedly from camp this afternoon."

I got the thirty days in the brig though. See what I mean about falling for dames?

Never Give Up

By Martin Farquhar Tupper

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering
fetter,

And break the dark spell of tyrannical
Care.

Never give up! or the burden may sink
you;

Providence kindly has mingled the
cup,

And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be,

"Never give up!"

Never give up! there are chances and
changes

Helping the hopeful a hundred to
one,

And through the chaos High Wisdom
arranges

Ever success,—if you'll only hope on;
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,

Knowing that Providence mingles
the cup,

And of all maxims the best, as the oldest
Is the true watchword of "Never
give up!"

Never give up though the grapesho:
may rattle,

Or the full thundercloud over you
burst,

Stand like a rock,—and the storm or
the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing
their worst;

Never give up! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the
cup,

And the best counsel, in all your dis-
tresses,
Is the stout password of "Never give
up!"

Submitted by L. Royer.

Island "X" Agriculture

The soil on Island "X" is, on the whole, classed by the natives as "good" or "bad"—"bad" soil usually meaning that it will not grow cacao, sugar-cane or fruits and vegetables. "Bad" soil is indicated by its native growth of groo-groo palm, cocorite, manaco, foxtail grass and other wild plants, while "good" soil is indicated by the carat palm, mountain cabbage, palmiste, cedar, wild plum, wild fig (little banana). Vegetables are known as "ground provisions" and the most common are sweet potato, cassava, and tania (looks like our garden variety of "elephant ear").

The chief products of the soil are sugar-cane, cacao and coconut. Cane fields undulate through the plains not unlike wheat fields in appearance, cacao presents a deep sylvan aspect, and the groves of coconut trees are the true delight of photographers and lovers of tropical scenic grandeur. A fair amount of coffee, tobacco, bananas, corn, rice, peas (pigeon not blackeyes) plus such strange, to us, products as dasheen, eddoes, plantain (cooking bananas), are grown for local consumption. Also, watermelons, pineapples, mustard (huge), ochroe (an institutional dish called callaloo and usually cooked with crab meat), eggplant, tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower and string (salad) beans are grown in limited quantity. Strange to note, the natives prefer a diet of dried fish and rice to any other foods and do not cultivate gardens extensively. This practice is at present being remedied as lack of shipping space has oftentimes resulted in a severe scarcity of these staples. Breadfruit is an attraction and can be most palatable, and ice cream or punch made from the fruit of the sour-sop is also a local oddity (that exactly expresses it).

Grapefruit, limes and guavas are extensively cultivated—guava jelly being exported in normal times and sold as an expensive delicacy in our stores at home.

Agriculturally speaking, a modern, scientific truck-gardener has every opportunity for success here.

—T. B. McNeely.



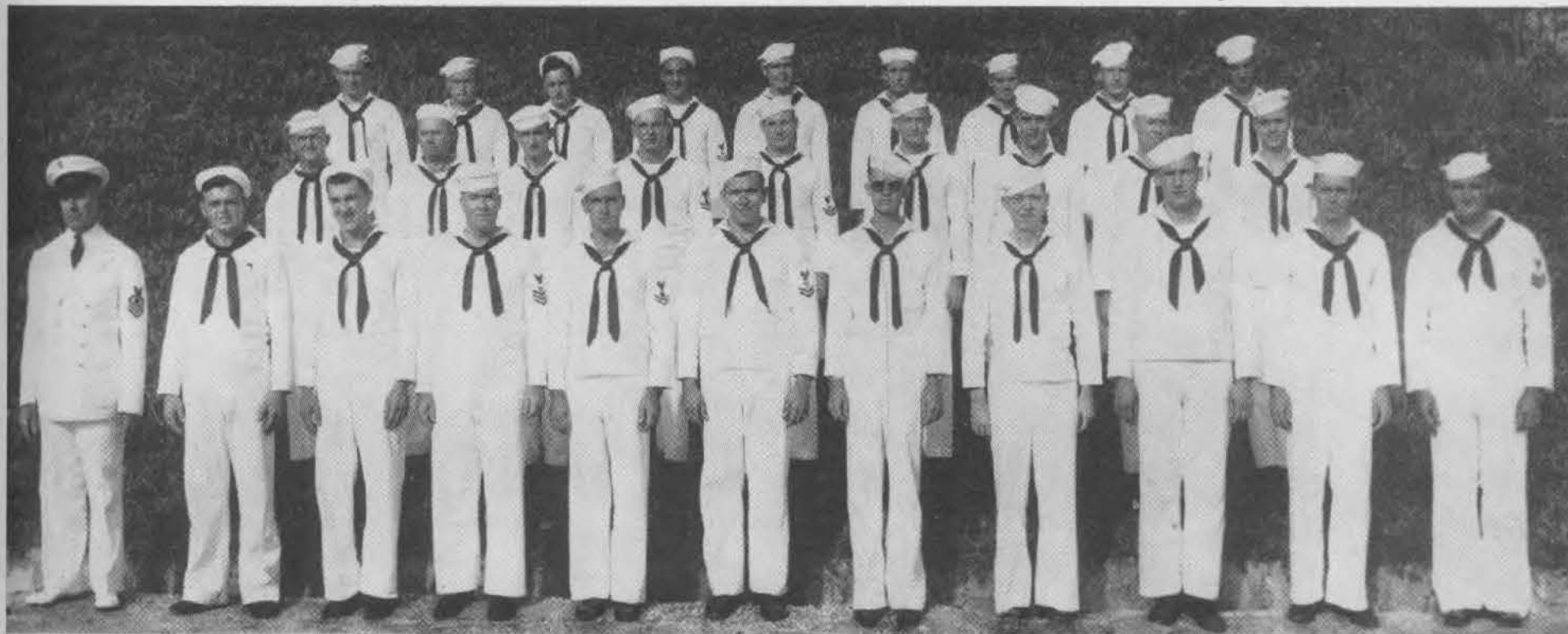
CAMP DETAIL REPAIR SHOP. To the members of the Camp Detail was charged the responsibility for the maintenance of the buildings, grounds, equipment and utilities of the 33rd Battalion Area. They did their job well.



TRANSPORTATION DESPATCHER'S OFFICE. No matter how many vehicles there are at our disposal, we never seem to have quite enough transportation facilities. Our battalion despatchers did a difficult job to everyone's satisfaction.



U.S. NAVY HOSPITAL in beautiful Tucker Valley. This project was also taken over by the 33rd Seabees when the work was partially done. It was completed to every detail including landscaping and the paving of access roads. This is probably the most beautiful and best equipped hospital in the Caribbean Area and its location is one to aid the recuperation of convalescent patients.



COMPANY C, PLATOON 1

Front Row, Left to Right :

B. R. (Smitty) SMITH, CEM, 501 N. Central Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
E. F. (Red) HILL, S1c, 563 East Broadway St., Shelbyville, Indiana.

Signature _____
G. A. (Censor) WALINSKI, S1c, 920, West 14th St. Lorain, Ohio.

Signature _____
T. A. (Democrat) POWELL, WT1c, 466 Foothill Drive, Fillmore, California.

Signature _____
L. W. (Blanchie) BLANCHARD, EM1c, 1382 Lathrop, Kansas City, Kansas.

Signature _____
L. M. (Larry) CERNICK, MM2c, 1354 Wabansia Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
W. E. (Thin Man) CLEM, S1c, 2825 Melba St., Dallas, Texas.

Signature _____
C. E. (Chris) CHRISTIANSON, EM1c, 402 South Third St., Ishpeming, Michigan.

Signature _____
C. N. (Honeyboy) LICHT, SF2c, 301 South Illinois St., Streator, Illinois.

Signature _____
D. L. (Two-Gun) BYNUM, S1c, Box No. 83, Route No. 2, Ozark, Arkansas.

Signature _____
J. A. (TNT) TUNSTALL, CM1c, 1018 Meridian St., Nashville, Tennessee.

Signature _____
J. A. (TNT) TUNSTALL, CM1c, 1018 Meridian St., Nashville, Tennessee.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
W. A. (Pop) ROWE, MSMTH1c, Delrose, Tennessee.

Signature _____
H. L. (Texas) TAYLOR, MM1c, 3415 Crenshaw, Fort Worth, Texas.

Signature _____
F. J. (Maroon) SCHLENZ, WT3c, 6337 Elm St., Morton Grove, Illinois.

Signature _____
L. J. (Shanty) SHAY, EM2c, 820 East Fairchild St., Iowa City, Iowa.

Signature _____
H. K. (Rhythm King) LONG, MM2c, 557 E. 87th St., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
T. T. (Tom) HARRIS, EM2c, Lexington, Missouri.

Signature _____
M. P. (Ensign Mike) SAVOIE, MM3c, 15340 Kentucky Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
A. L. (Al) HARTLEY, EM1c, 15 North Walnut St., Akron, Ohio.

Signature _____
G. O. (Flunk) FLINK, CM2c, 2436 Pratt St., Omaha, Nebraska.

Signature _____
G. O. (Flunk) FLINK, CM2c, 2436 Pratt St., Omaha, Nebraska.

Third Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
J. B. (Jeep) FLANAGAN, S1c, 607 E. 11th St., Wilmington, Delaware.

Signature _____
C. C. (Charlie) SIMS, CM3c, 310 Grove St., Somerset, Kentucky.

Signature _____
V. W. (Dutch) DUTSCH, EM3c, 1439 Perkins Road, Baton Rouge, La.

Signature _____
L. F. (LuLu) HELTEMES, MM2c, 1417 Clinton Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Signature _____
R. L. (Snake) RICHARDS, S1c, 951 Marion Place, Akron, Ohio.

Signature _____
L. P. (Len) MILLER, PTR3c, Bridgewater, Virginia.

Signature _____
F. E. (Ted) SCHIMMELL, WT2c, 1220 Navarre Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
J. G. (Harpo) OHSOWSKI, S1c, 8620 Shaddick St., Dearborn, Michigan.

Signature _____
J. P. (Joe) CIVITARESE, MM3c, 309 Cummings Highway, Roslindale, Massachusetts.

Platoon Members not pictured :

Signature _____
F. C. (Babe) RIDINGS, S1c, 808 Lore Avenue, 274 Gordon Heights Wilmington, Delaware.

Signature _____
C. F. (Uncle Charlie) SMITH, WT1c, 197 Maple St., Clarksdale, Missouri.

Signature _____
I. W. (Wilkie) WILKINSON, MM1c, Bowling Green, Indiana.

Signature _____
W. S. (Bill) POWYSZYNSKI, S2c, 1235 N. Greenview Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PLATOON QUIPS

SMITH (B. R.)—"How you all?"
HILL—"Pull over, Mac!"
WALINSKI—"I'll make a paper doll out of it for you."
POWELL—"When I was a Ranger—"
BLANCHARD—"Got a cold beer?"
CERNICK—"Sandbag 'em."
CLEM—"You're faded!"
CHRISTIANSEN—"Lets go!"
LICHT—"Indispensable Mag. Technician."
BYNUM—"When we goin' home?"
TUNSTALL—"Just now, mon."
ROWE—"Lets go eat!"
TAYLOR—"Give me my boots and saddle."
SCHLENZ—"Go for She Mon."

SHAY—"Rip, March!"
LONG—"C-1, on X."
HARRIS—"Everything happens to me."
SAVOIE—"Do you know what them d— saga boys did today."
HARTLEY—"Great life if you don't weaken."
FLINK—"Have you got a Fin."
FLANAGAN—"Give me a Jeep."
SIMS—"What's the scuttlebutt?"
DUTSCH—"How you get them?"
HELTEMES—"How do you want it tinted?"
RICHARDS—"Pay me, Mac."
MILLER—"I'm the official "head" painter."
SCHIMMELL—"Anybody set em up, while I was gone?"
OHSOWSKI—"My Maliska."
CIVITARESE—"Oh what a pain in the—"
RIDINGS—"Cobb will get me off K.P."
SMITH—"Goin' upon the hill?"
WILKINSON—"Let's sing another."
POWYSZYNSKI—"I'm new here, myself."

* * * * *

A WASTE OF TIME

SEABEE: "Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up and I'll get you a date."
MATE: "Yeah, and then suppose you can't get me a date?"
* * * * *

GOETZ: "Why I followed the water all my life."
CHASTEK: "Don't look to me as if you ever caught up with it."
* * * * *

LENROY: "I sure feel punk this morning."
JIM: "Were you drinking last night?"
LENROY: "Yeah, I felt good when I went to bed and like hell when I got up. It must have been the sleep that did it."
* * * * *

See the happy Seabee;
He doesn't give a damn,
I wish I was a Seabee;
My Gosh! Perhaps I am!

Confucius Bassford, Seabee

Continued from Page 52

old gent says, 'Whut y'all building here, Son?' 'This here's a breakwater,' I says. 'Hellfire,' he howls, 'It's on the wrong side of the bay. According to plans—' Then he smiles real gentle an remarks, 'Hell, y'all kin use it fer a swimming-pool for the boys, we'll build another dang breakwater.' Blow me down if it wasn't the Admiral, which only proves whut good officers we had in them there waters."

"We had a coupla guys in the outfit who come from up Tennessee way and them being crack shots an reglar Injuns in the jungle, they was assigned to go on the permanent hunting parties. Somehow or other they got to experimenting with fermented taro an rigged 'em up a still to run off a few gallon. One day they dint show up an a few days later a searching party finds 'em sitting outside a hut in the jungle a-swiggung of this here shine they made. The Chief in charge of the party hauls 'em before the Ole Man an he lissened real good an questioned these two ridge runners an finally took himself a snifter outa the confiscated likker which was in a two-gallon crock. My pal, the Chief M.A.A. tole me later that the Ole Man swallered once or twice, looked around the room an without saying a word, picked up the crock an headed for the B.O.Q. Next day he ordered the old brig, (it hadn't been used in six months) cleaned out; had all the metalsmiths at work rigging up a fifty gallon still an put them two ridge runners to work at their real trade. I dunno whut recipe they used but lemme say that y'all never tasted seeh good likker as them boys turned out. It made Canadian Club taste like turpentine an it aged 20 years in two days time. It was the color of gold an two swigs of it made a man feel like he was Hank Kaiser, Hank Ford an Andy Higgins all to once. The Ole Man ordered one pint issued daily to all hands over 21 an as we hadn't had

anything good to drink since last Xmas that made a hit with us. Soon after that, the officers give away whut was left of their old likker stock to the natives, as nobody on the Base would drink anything but "Dream of Tennessee."

EVERY MAN A CHIEF

"Meantime, the rerates had been coming along reglar as clock work until one day on the first of the month, we woke up to find that the lowest rate we had in the outfit was that of CPO. That caused a little rumpus as everybody felt himself too biggety to do ary work, let alone Mess Detail but the Ole Man says, 'Boys, y'all gotta eat and somebody's got to do the cooking and toting. So onless y'all wants to go hungry, git busy and draw yerself some lots.' So we all drawed straws to see who was gonna do the dirty details around camp an ever man abided by his luck an there was little or no grumbling. In fact, there was mighty little beefing about anything—just as soon as a guy'd get a mite outa line or on the prod, the Ole Man'd take a hand an say, 'Lad, better watch yer step or I'll yank away that daily pint ration o' yours.' That would end the hull matter because any guy in the lash-up would rather be busted down to Apprentice Seaman than lose that daily pint of Jungle Dew."

THE NATIVES BECOME CIVILIZED

"The war kept running further and further away from us an outside of ordinary garrison duty an patrols, we didn't hev much to do except swim, hunt, fish, play ball, write letters home, answer mail call an line up four times a day for chow an the dew ration. Some of the guys who knowed a mite about politics had been doing some good-will work amongst the natives and had 'em purty well civilized by this time. They taught 'em instead of killing their enemies, to vote agin 'em in the primary an general elections an instead of outright stealing from people, to do it legal by

cornering the market, charging fat interest an selling stocks. It cum to the point where ever village had its mayor, council an aldermen, tax collectors, cops an everything that towns back home have. You shoulda seen some of the caucases they'd hold jest before elections and the campaigns—Man, they were something to make y'all wonder. Little Chambers of Commerce an Rotary Clubs an things like that was jest getting a start when we all got orders to lash up and move back to the States. We'd been here nigh unto 2 years an Comrades, lemme say that we dint rightly care about going. But a new gang plus a company of Marines moved in an there was nothing we could do except foller orders an shove off."

FAREWELL TO THE OLD 1313th

"Comrades, I wanna say that I served in outfits before an after but I never hope to see another like the old 1313th Super-Duper Mebbe it was the name of the place that caused it but we could do more work, more fighting, have more fun an get along better than any other military outfit that ever did a column left. Ever man an ever officer was a snivellin' tears into his whiskers on the day that they bruk us up back in the States an Ole Man Commander Rockbottom went down the line at the last review, shaking hands with one and all, a-vowing that they was the best bunch he ever commanded or was like to. Somehow, I got the idea that he and his officers was more than half responsible fer the hull performance because it seems like I heerd tell some place, sommers that—"One touch of nature makes the hull world kin." Anyway, this I do know, the old 1313th woulda follered Ole Man Commander Rockbottom inter Hell to build a ice-house, if'n he'd give the word. And now, Comrades, reckon I've blatted my brains out long enough an besides I'm plenty thirsty after this here talking being as I ain't no-ways accustomed to speaking in public. Whuts that, Major? Oh yeah, the two ridge

runners. Them guys. No, they dint come back with us. Lost at sea, they was. Seems like they took a boat and headed out alone fer Tokio. Seemed to think that if they was to peddle their shine to the rest of the armed forces that they'd shorten the war a few years. Nobody ever heerd of 'em after that big hurricane that lashed them waters two days after they left. But we brought back a coupla hundred gallons of their product and divvied it up amongst the gang. It shore was noble likker. Too bad the recipe was lost with them as invented it. My hearty thanks to y'all."

—J. G. Artibee.



Seabee Daffynitions

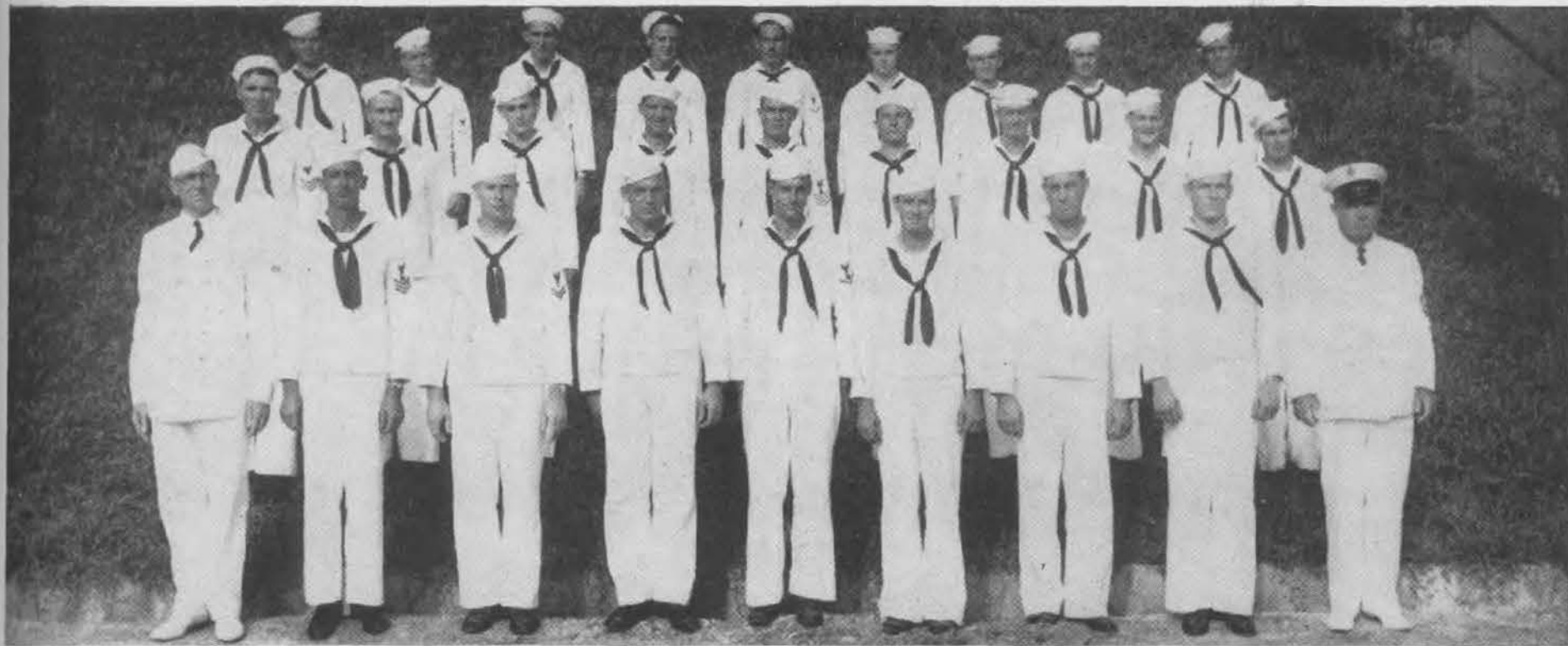
1. SICK BAY: Where you report yourself ill and have to die to prove it.
2. CAPTAIN'S MAST: The one place in the Navy where what you have coming to you is freely given with right good will.
3. MUSTER: Proof that the Navy likes enlisted stiffs so well that they wake 'em up in the middle of the night to count them.
4. OUT-OF-BOUNDS: Some place that's interesting and you may lay to that.
5. ON THE REPORT: The safest way yet devised to settle a grudge. (The first and last phrase you hear in the Navy.)
6. POLICE: Sounds imposing but means "White Wing."
7. SURVEY: A one-way ticket home.
8. BRIG: Where one lives like a 12-year-old pickpocket in reform school.
9. SHORE LEAVE: An ancient typographical error never corrected. Should be "Short Leave," the shortest days of your hitch.
10. INAPTITUDE DISCHARGE: What they sometimes hand out to a round peg in a square hole.
11. RE-ENLISTMENT: What we'll all do after this hitch is up. (There's a song about it, somewhere.)
12. WEEKEND LIBERTY: An obsolete term in these waters. Means a 48-hour pass, elsewhere.
13. RE-RATE: Something promised to you at Boot Camp. (To be delivered at Island "X.")
14. HOSPITAL CORPSMAN: A gazabo who flunked out of Army Veterinary School.
15. BOOT: A sheep being led to the abattoir.
16. SELECTIVE VOLUNTEER: A fugitive from a draft board.
17. C.P.O.: A cross between a strike-breaker and a slave-driving straw boss.
18. BOSUN'S MATE: Friendless Man, the world's saddest sack.
19. COMMISSARY STEWARD: A former County Poor Farm director, with the heart of a landlord and the instincts of a banker.
20. BUGLER: A pest who would perform better with his head in a sea-bag.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

"Sick, Lame and Lazy"



By J. G. ARTIBEE, BM1c, USNR.



COMPANY C, PLATOON 2

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 J. H. (Uncle John) TURNBULL, CEM
 2627 N. E. 32nd Avenue, Portland,
 Ore.

Signature _____
 C. V. (Utely) UTLEY, EM1c, Smith Mills,
 Kentucky.

Signature _____
 A. E. (Art) BROWN, CM2c, Wasco,
 Illinois.

Signature _____
 W. E. (Curly) MARCELLUS, MM3c,
 Pooiland, Illinois.

Signature _____
 R. (Skokie Kid) BAUMHARDT, EM3c,
 8058 Lincoln, Avenue, Skokie, Illinois.

Signature _____
 R. S. (Dick) RANDALL, CM3c, Avoca,
 Iowa.

Signature _____
 O. (Oats) MOORE, SF2c, Curran, Michi-
 gan.

Signature _____
 H. G. (Boxer) McCULLOUGH, S1c, R.R.
 No. 4, Box 364 Evansville, Indiana.

Signature _____
 D. N. (Cajun) RAY, CCM, 411 West 7th
 St., Sheffield, Alabama.

Second Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 O. M. (Cousin Ora) GOODRICH, CM1c,
 1492 1/2 Cleveland Avenue, Columbus,
 Ohio.

Signature _____
 F. H. (Irisome) ERIKSON, CM1c, 2304
 27th Avenue, South, Minneapolis,
 Minnesota.

Signature _____
 H. J. (Davie) DAVIS, SF3c, 121 West
 Spring St., Winamac, Indiana.

Signature _____
 E. J. (Son) SHORES, PTR1c, Hotel
 Hendricks, 215 N. Church St., Rock-
 ford, Illinois.

Signature _____
 J. L. (Hot Wire) HANAHAN, CEM, 3604
 Salem St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Signature _____
 J. (Goose) GEIS, CM2c, Yellow Springs,
 Ohio.

Signature _____
 H. C. (Father) MORRIS, SF1c, 702 S.
 Hamilton Avenue, Marissa, Illinois.

Signature _____
 R. M. (Baldy) SHEWELL, CM3c, 209
 Erie St., Elyria, Ohio.

Signature _____
 W. D. (Rosy) ROSE, OM3c, Mineral
 Ridge, Ohio.

Third Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 L. A. (Little Beaver) McMILLAN, CM3c,
 2121 S. W. 26th St., Oklahoma City,
 Oklahoma.

Signature _____
 E. W. (Detail) REED, PTR3c, Malinta,
 Ohio.

Signature _____
 E. D. (Jam) SESSIONS, MM3c, Myrtle-
 wood, Alabama.

Signature _____
 P. W. (Rip) RIPPLE, EM3c, 541 Lorain
 St., Sharon, Pennsylvania.

Signature _____
 D. D. (Bar) MIX, PTR3c, Zanesville,
 Ohio.

Signature _____
 W. E. (Bull Pen) WIESE, CM3c, 203 6th
 St. Peru, Illinois.

Signature _____
 J. J. (Cuz) COUSINS, SF1c, 15475 Bel-
 den Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
 R. O. (Short Circuit) FOWLER, EM2c,
 5322 Michigan Avenue, St. Louis,
 Missouri.

Signature _____
 D. W. (12 Dozen) GROSS, SF2c, 1120
 Boatfield Avenue, Flint, Michigan.

Platoon Members not pictured:

Signature _____
 C. L. (Marty) MARTIN, CM3c, 2318
 Waverly St., Oakland, Calif.

Signature _____
 P. C. (Perci) PERCIFIELD, BM1c, 102
 W. Jefferson St., Franklin, Indiana.

Signature _____
 C. H. (Lager) SEIDEL, CM2c, 762 Ash-
 land Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

PLATOON QUIPS

TURNBULL—"Flush that thing."
 UTLEY—"Hey Buddie!"
 BROWN—"No mail today!"
 MARCELLUS—"Sleepy."
 BAUMHARDT—"Who wants to play
 some hearts?"
 RANDALL—"Arf, Arf!"
 MOORE—"Frederick St. Commando."
 McCULLOUGH—"Washington please."
 RAY—"You all line up."
 GOODRICH—"Clean that head or else."
 ERIKSON—"I have nothing to say."
 DAVIS—"Shoot two."
 SHORES—"You should have played the
 King."
 HANAHAN—"Where's Dein?"
 GEIS—"Shucks."
 MORRIS—"Post a Guard."
 SHEWELL—"Swing, batter!"
 ROSE—"Anything new."
 McMILLAN—"I wanna go home!"
 REED—"Little women."

SESSIONS—"I don't know."
 RIPPLE—"Fire em all."
 MIX—"Craps has got me."
 WIESE—"Who has the dice?"
 COUSINS—"Where's the white women?"
 FOWLER—"We'll be home by Xmas."
 GROSS—"You're out!"
 MARTIN—"When we going home,
 Percy?"
 PERCIFIELD—"What! on the head
 detail again."
 SEIDEL—"Let's pitch a head."

Tragedy At Mulvaney's

I lamps a Babe in Prospect Park,
 I bows and shoots a cuff,
 She smiled at me, I guess she liked
 Da Hoiboit Marshall stuff.

And so I ups and asts her
 With a very jaunty air:
 "Leave me take youse to da movies,
 If youse have da the time to spare."

She accepts da invitation,
 So I treats da little dear,
 Then I brings her ta Mulvaney's
 To get chummy wit a beer.

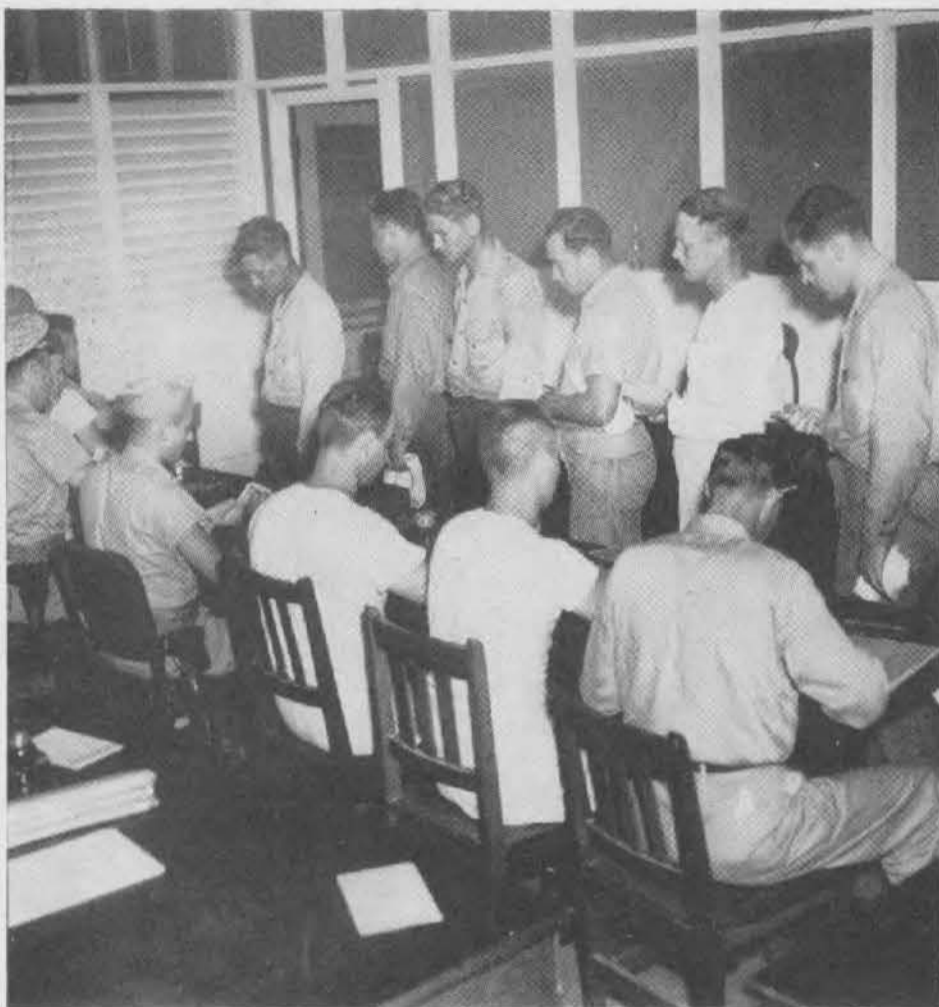
Dere is nuttin' on da soiface,
 Ta which Shoilock Holmes could pernt
 As I gaze into her kisser
 At dis classy little jernt

But, whilst we wuz gettin' gabby
 She passes a remark,
 An' me legs dey toin to rubber
 And da jernt starts toinin' dark.

Why—da doily double-crosser!
 I should take her out an' shoot her,
 Here I finds myself a sweetie,
 An' da twop's a Giant rooter!

MAA: "That brig sentence you served
 once, you said it was on account of
 a furlong. You mean furlough:
 a leave, doncha?"

SEABEE: "Naw, I mean furlong—I
 went too fur and stayed too long."



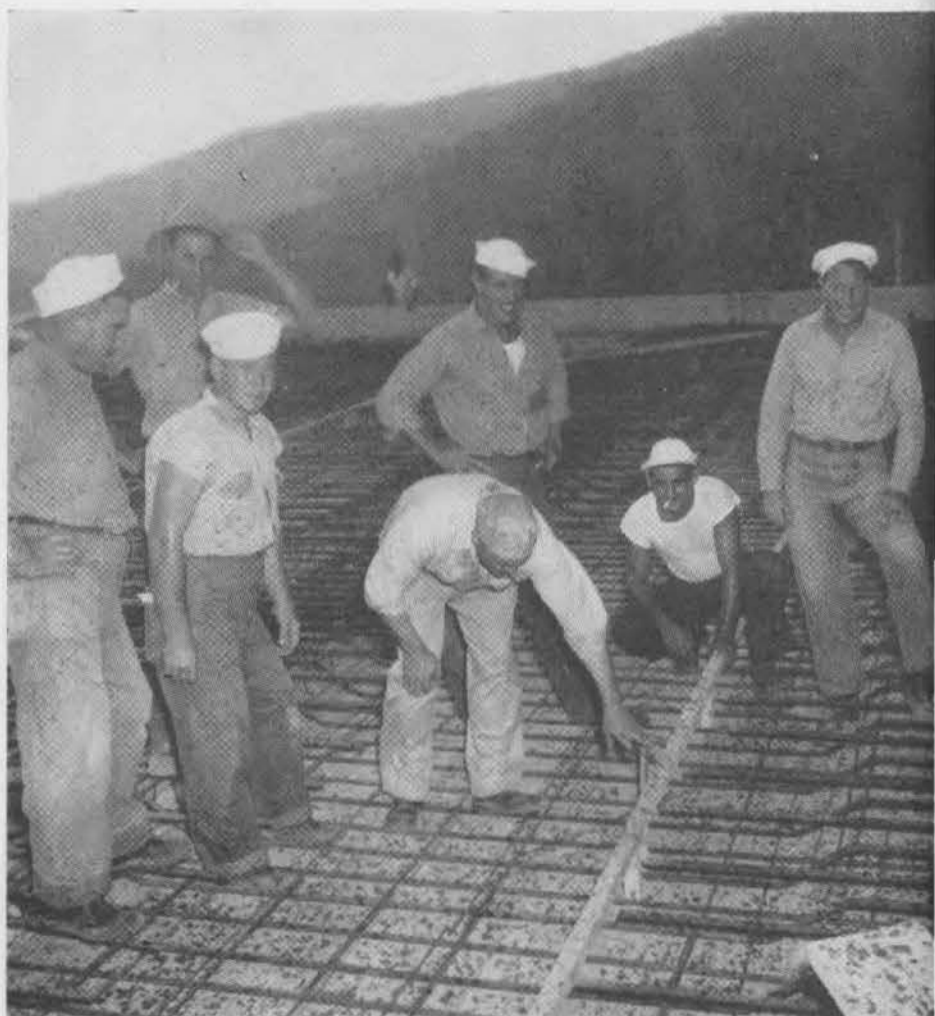
THE PAY LINE. One stands in line for almost everything, in the Navy, but nobody seems to mind having to stand in this one. Naval personnel are paid twice per month and all the bookkeeping necessary for bonds, insurance, money home and other deductions is done by the Navy. All we do is sign the allotment papers.



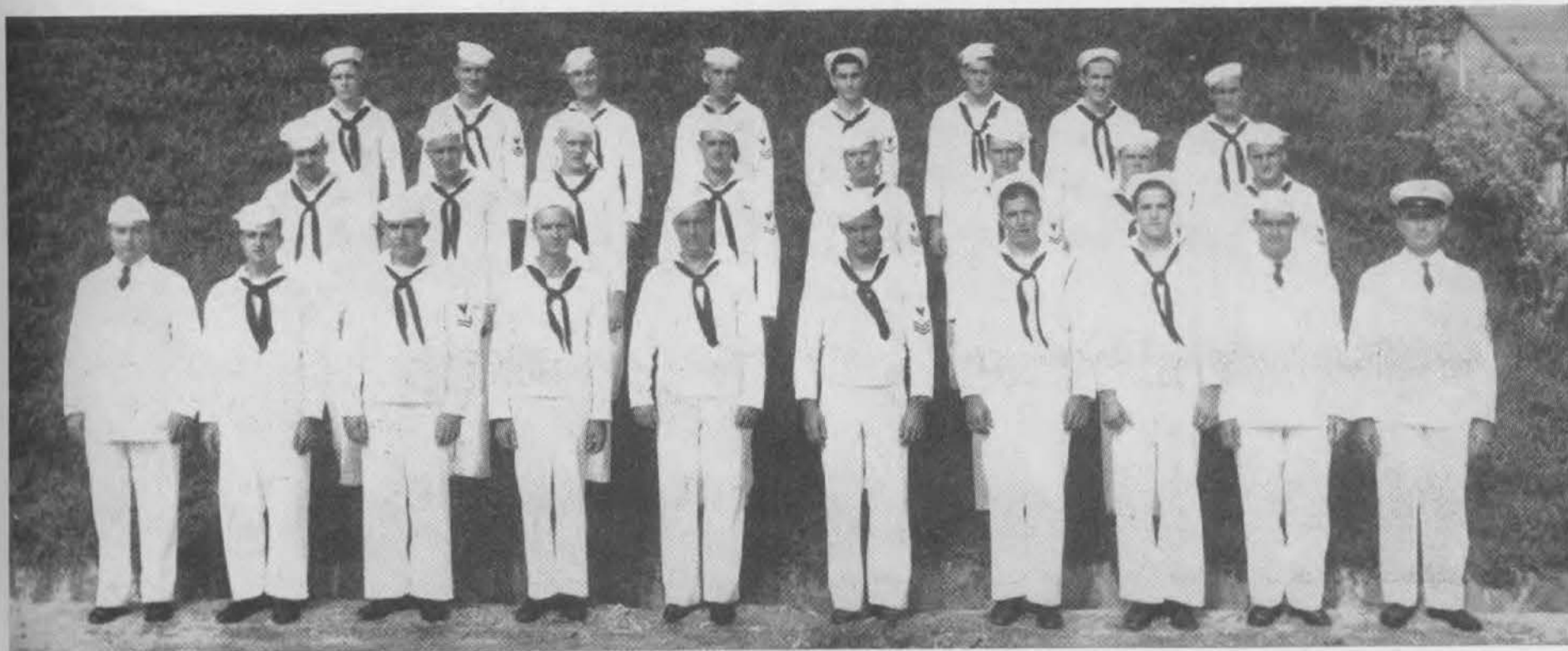
THE COMMISSARY STORE-ROOM. Hungry Seabees consume vast quantities of provender and these Storekeepers are shown replenishing the stores, diminished by heavy daily inroads. In spite of the heavy turnover, the Navy insists upon punctilious recording and these men always obey orders.



THE SAIL-MAKERS' SHOP. Grizzled Bosun's Mate Herrick of the 83rd Battalion is shown engaged in the fabrication of certain necessary canvas gear. Not only sails, but seat cushions, awnings, canopies and bags are turned out here. The art of the sailor's palm and needle survived the advent of steam.



THE STEEL GANG. Seabees are shown here checking the alignment, grade and general condition of reinforcing steel, all set to receive a pour of concrete. This particular slab has been designed to withstand the stresses and strains of exceptionally heavy loads of traffic.



COMPANY C, PLATOON 3

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 H. P. (Cupid) LARSEN, CCM, 1503 N. Gardner St., Hollywood, California.

Signature _____
 R. L. (Ray) CADIEUX, MM3c, RFD No. 12, Staples Mill Road, Richmond, Virginia.

Signature _____
 A. D. (Fonzo) CADEGAN, SF2c, Toronto, Ohio.

Signature _____
 H. W. (Ewen) STEPHENS, CM3c, Hamburg, Iowa.

Signature _____
 L. W. (Spence) SPENCER, MM3c, 859 Fletcher St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Signature _____
 M. S. (Ron) ROGNLIE, CM1c, 2500 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, California.

Signature _____
 A. J. (Andy) MILLER, SF3c, 3005 W. Wellington Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 W. J. (Brooklyn) WEIS, CM3c, 361 Euclid Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Signature _____
 J. E. (Kirk) KIRKLAND, CCM, San Benito, Texas.

Signature _____
 J. L. (Y.B.) GAY, CCM, 518 East Sheldon, Prescott, Arizona.

Signature _____
 F. L. (Peets) DIETZ, CM1c, 2408 Clyde Place, SW. Canton, Ohio.

Signature _____
 W. R. (Bill) WEBER, SF3c, 213 East Maple St., Fairbury, Illinois.

Signature _____
 P. J. (Paul) KLEIN, EM1c, 7128 N. 33rd St., Omaha, Nebraska.

Signature _____
 A. M. (Poppa) BYUS, S1c, Madison, West Virginia.

Signature _____
 E. C. (Eddie) LEYDEN, CM2c, Hinckley, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 C. W. (Bud) REED, CM1c, 2216 Spruce Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Signature _____
 H. A. (Harve) LUND, CM2c, Rake, Iowa.

Signature _____
 D. M. (Paj) PADGETT, CM1c, Westport, Indiana.

Signature _____
 M. E. (Mel) LORENZ, CM3c, 6334 Grace St., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 R. C. (Ralph) MILLER, CM3c, New Ross, Indiana.

Signature _____
 A. O. (Horrible) NOYES, S1c, 2905 Western Ave., Mattoon, Illinois.

Signature _____
 E. P. (Phil) FILBIN, PTR2c, 1323 E. 55th St. Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 R. R. (Rex) SIMON, S1c, Woodward, Iowa.

Signature _____
 VODRAZKA—"Oh! My poor back."

Signature _____
 ENBERG—"You know what I mean?"

Signature _____
 WEBER—"I want to go home!"

Signature _____
 MILLER—"That's all there is here."

Signature _____
 NOYES—"Just now, you know."

Signature _____
 FILEIN—"Anybody got a drink?"

Signature _____
 SIMON—"You ain't mad at me, are you?"

* * *

Third Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 LARSEN—"That's very incorrect."

Signature _____
 CADIEUX—"Blow it out your sealag."

Signature _____
 CADEGAN—"I got all the time in the world."

Signature _____
 STEPHENS—"Time to get up, you—."

Signature _____
 SPENCER—"No hill for a stepper."

Signature _____
 ROGNLIE—"Hi! Bud."

Signature _____
 MILLER—"I'm doin' all the welding."

Signature _____
 WEIS—"Watch me, Ladies."

Signature _____
 KIRKLAND—"How'ja doin'."

Signature _____
 GAY—"Well-l-l, aw well-l-l—."

Signature _____
 DIETZ—"Get off the field, I'm tellin' you."

Signature _____
 KLEIN—"Oh, God Mon."

Signature _____
 BYUS—"Are you kiddin'?"

Signature _____
 LEYDEN—"Wanta see a picture of my kid?"

Signature _____
 REED—"I can't get at it today."

Signature _____
 LUND—"I'm Camp Maintenance back bone of the 83rd."

Signature _____
 PADGETT—"Just as it 'tiss, no 'tisser."

Signature _____
 LORENZ—"I'm still hungry."

Signature _____
 OWENS—"Don't blame me fellows."

Signature _____
 WILSON—"We sure worked hard today."

Signature _____
 WILSON—"We sure worked hard today."

Signature _____
 WILSON—"We sure worked hard today."

Signature _____
 WILSON—"We sure worked hard today."

Signature _____
 WILSON—"We sure worked hard today."

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Signature _____
 WILSON—"We sure worked hard today."

Signature _____
 WILSON—"We sure worked hard today."

* * *

For Seabees, Too

Oh I'm a salty sailor man
 That's never been to sea,
 But no-one here could tell it
 Just by hearing me.

For I'm up on all the "scuttlebutt"
 And I'm darned well "squared away,"
 I've got my feet square on the deck
 And I know when to belay.

There's a load of salty chatter
 Awash inside my beam,
 But I couldn't tell a ferryboat
 From a Nazi submarine.

I've been assigned to the starboard
 watch
 And the Skipper raised a row,
 If I didn't belay until two bells
 Ere I "secured" for chow.

We're the roughest, toughest, saltiest
 crew,
 That ever you did see,
 But if our "ship" ever left a pier
 What a helluva mess there'd be.

—Desert Log.

* * *

WISE BOY.

M.A.A. : "A C.P.O. just hanged himself,
 outside."

O.O.D. : "Well—did you cut the man
 down?"

M.A.A. : "No, he wasn't dead yet."

* * *

Rosin's Mate : "How long you been
 working down in this hold?"

S2c : "Ever since I saw you coming
 down that ladder."



CONCRETE PILES used in the construction of N.O.B. piers are shown in left foreground. Each pile was 85 feet long and weighed approximately ten tons. Next to the piling is shown a rank of steel cages which were used to reinforce the concrete in the fabrication of the piles. Heavy duty crane in right background was used to lift and load these heavy units. In left background loom the N.O.B. Shops, which were completed and equipped by Seabees of the 83rd Battalion.

Ready On The Firing Line

Continued from page 12.

the heat, the rain the thirst and the generally uncomfortable feeling of attending a forced march such as this one.

The going was easy for the first couple of hours. We marched fifty minutes and then had a ten minutes' rest. At each stop it was wise to check socks and pack adjustments, as well as to rinse the mouth and take a swallow or two from that precious canteen. We hit a light shower shortly after leaving the range which served to make us mindful of what we might have to undergo later, on actual battle fronts. Our rate of speed was approximately four miles an hour but at the time we reached the bivouac area we must have been doing sixty and climbing over boulders. Mate, will you ever forget the relief you felt when you took off that pack and those shoes—and went for a swim in that cool creek? And don't let anyone tell you that sack didn't feel plenty good when we lay back for a rest. That halfway camp was made to order for tired troops. Thirteen miles had been covered since our early start until 1130.

The men with blisters had them tended by the corpsmen—and what a line

that was; it looked like the chow line on ice cream and pie day!

No one will forget that night in bivouac, with no lights, cold and damp with but light covering to sleep under and the "stumpy" feeling when we first attempted to walk on those sore feet the next morning.

We hit the deck an hour before dawn and were on our way within thirty minutes. We pushed on till daylight and halted then for breakfast at a pre-arranged spot along the road. Let us never forget the K-Rations, lads! Our sole source of energy excepting for this breakfast when we had strong black coffee. After eating, we started again and slogged our way through the seemingly endless hours and miles finally arriving at the outskirts of Gulfport sometime before noon. When we hit this spot our loads seemed lighter and with the end of the jaunt in view, every man perked up. 13.7 miles were behind us. An end must come to all things and our march was no exception so we passed through the Main Gate and on to welcome sight of our barracks and visions of hot showers which were waiting for us, sure enough. As compensation for the tough grind we were given the remainder of the day to do with as we pleased. What happened? We relaxed, that's all, just plain relaxed.

Jim Bennett.

Construimis, Batuimis

You may have your army khaki
But I'll take Navy blue.
So, here's another fighter
I'll introduce to you.

His uniform is different
The finest you can see
The Japs call him "Commando",
But he's only a Seabee.

His home is in his seabag
On land, on sea, in air;
The Japanese will curse him
When he gets in their hair.

He's trained in old Virginty
The land that God forgot
Where even food gets muddy
And it gets Gawd-awful hot.

He's learned to set a table
And dishes he has dried
He really makes a bunk up
And the swab he sure can guide.

He's peeled a million onions
And twice as many spuds,
Spends his spare time washing
Mud from his dirty duds.

He knows his drill and weapons
He's done his sentry go,
And now he's fit for duty
In rain or mud or snow.

He labors like the beaver
To keep from feeling blue
He answers out for muster
And drills his Sundays thru.

So, hail the Navy's choreboy
The hero of my song
The Navy's Handy-Andy
And pass the word along.

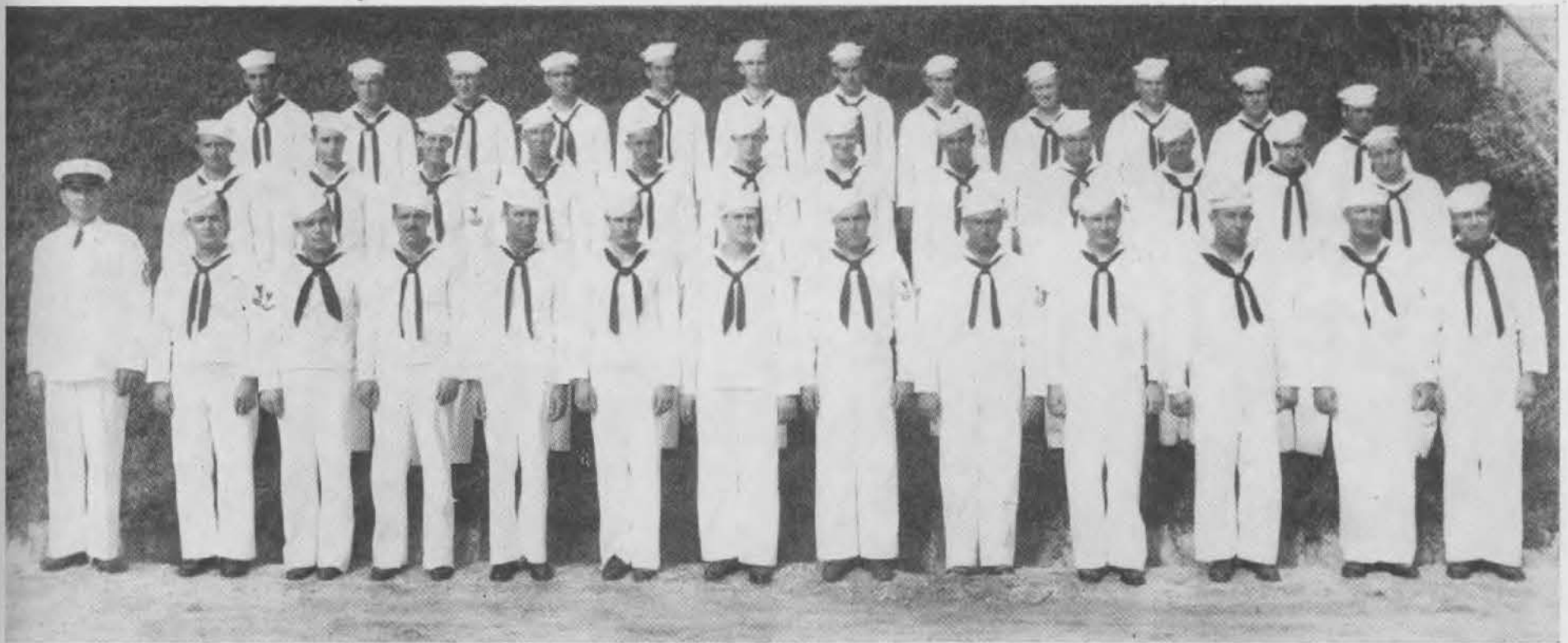
And when he gets to Heaven
To St. Peter he will tell,
Another Seabee here, sir,
Who's served his time in Hell.

Submitted by Miller Gloger.

* * * *

HOW SAD!

A lad with a splendid physique
Got a terrible sock on the bique
His squash hit the ground
And he didn't come 'round
To his senses for more than a wique.



COMPANY C, PLATOON 4

Front Row, Left to Right:

- Signature _____
 E. L. (True Love) TRUEBLOOD, CMM, 1007 Union St., Pella, Iowa.
- Signature _____
 T. J. (Ted) MORGAN, MM2c, 901 Wilcox St., Joliet, Illinois.
- Signature _____
 O. L. (Sheriff) ANDREWS, Coxswain, 1416 1/2 S. Lamar, Dallas Texas.
- Signature _____
 E. L. (Blackie) HALDEMAN, MM3c, 2606 1/2 Fairmont St., Dallas, Texas.
- Signature _____
 J. T. (The Blue Kid) STELL, MM1c, 515 Hancock St., Gainesville, Texas.
- Signature _____
 J. M. (Hoe) BOHANNON, S1c, Short, Oklahoma.
- Signature _____
 L. E. (Lee) HOLLOWAY, S1c, Bluford, Illinois, RFD No. 3.
- Signature _____
 E. O. (Mississippi Kid) KEMP, MM1c, Inverness, Mississippi.
- Signature _____
 F. (Bonny) MINNICK, MM2c, Hardin, Missouri.
- Signature _____
 P. J. (Tent Pole) BOJANSKI, S1c, 2919 Vincent St., Omaha, Nebraska.
- Signature _____
 A. M. (Squarehead) PETTIT, MM2c, Lone Rock, Iowa.
- Signature _____
 A. M. (Curley) KISER, MM1c, Box 321, Sonoma, California.
- Signature _____
 S. S. (Spare Ribs) SPEROFF, S1c, 912 Merrill St., Hammond, Indiana.

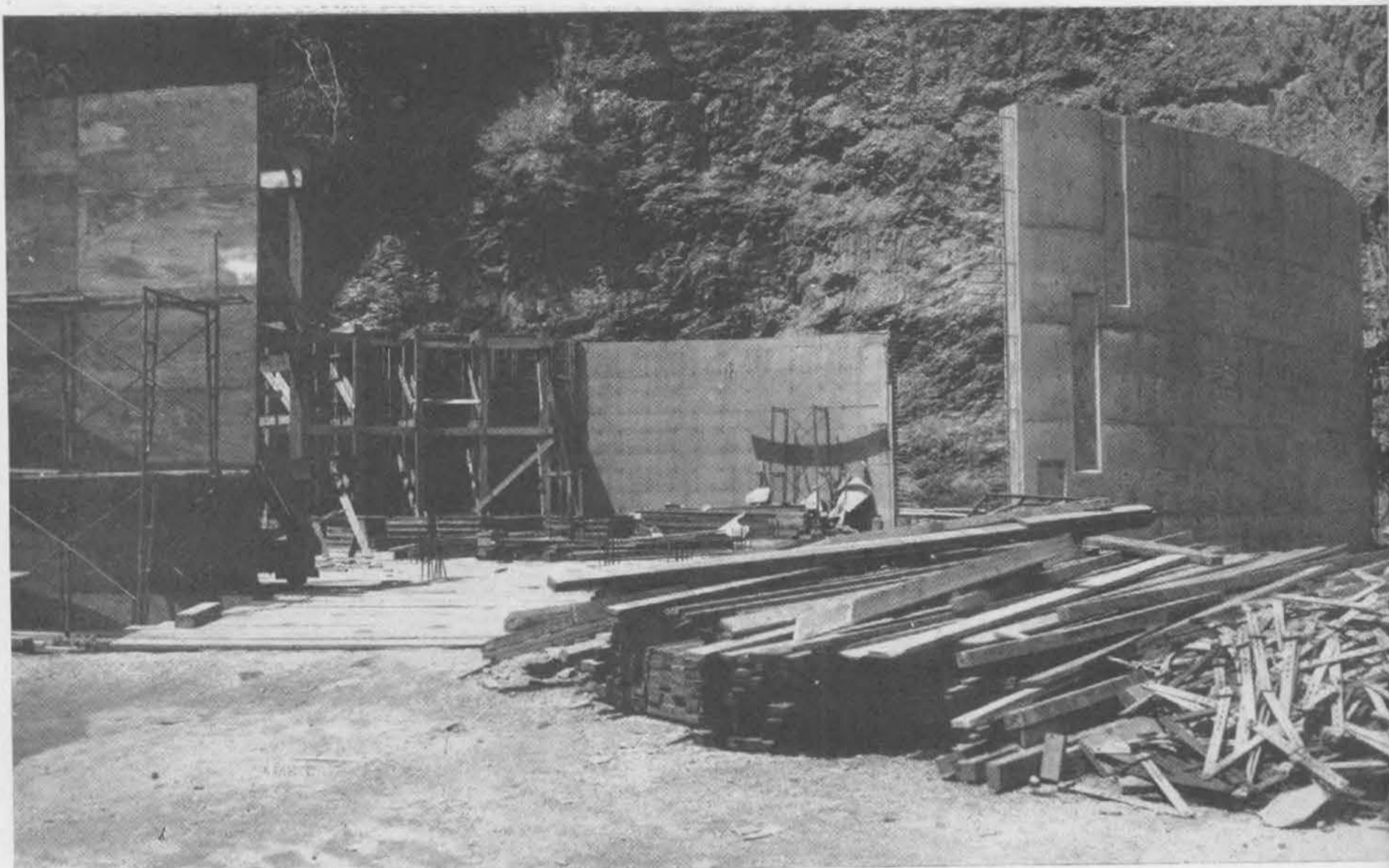
Second Row, Left to Right:

- Signature _____
 E. A. (Rigger) CASTLE, CM3c, 5077 Union Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.
- Signature _____
 D. M. (Leaping Lena) MARKER, MM3c, 223 Lake St., Topeka, Kansas.
- Signature _____
 W. J. (Dynamite Dick) DICKSON, MM2c, 131 W. Kingsbridge Road, Bronx, N.Y.
- Signature _____
 W. O. (Winnie) HURST, MM2c, 3913 Collinwood St., Fort Worth, Texas.
- Signature _____
 W. W. (Woody) LAYTON, MM1c, 2202 S. 5th St., Leavenworth, Kansas.
- Signature _____
 F. L. (Hail) COLUMBIA, S1c, 206 Newfield, Torrington, Connecticut.
- Signature _____
 O. I. (Curly Red) CHEELY, MM3c, 2123 Rosewood Ave., Richmond, Virginia.
- Signature _____
 F. (Trickie) MILETICH, MM1c, 303 N. D. St., Abila, Iowa.
- Signature _____
 J. C. (Tommy) THOMPSON, MM2c, Grand Saline, Texas, RFD 3.
- Signature _____
 D. R. (Swede) ECKBERG, MM3c, 1094 E. Minnehaha Ave., SE, St. Paul, Minn.
- Signature _____
 P. E. (Pole) CONNELLY, S1c, 2213 Minnesota Ave., Washington, D.C.
- Signature _____
 A. F. (Powder Monkey) GOODNIGHT, GM3c, Denter, Kansas.
- Third Row, Left to Right:**
- Signature _____
 J. (Spaghetti) VERNETTI, CM3c, 218 N. 3rd St., Henrietta, Oklahoma.

- Signature _____
 R. L. (Pop) COUNTS, MM1c, Avalon, Texas.
- Signature _____
 H. F. (Heartbreaker) LINDSTROM, MM2c, 334 Center St., /shtabula, Ohio.
- Signature _____
 M. D. (Blo-Jo) SURFACE, MM1c, 103 N. High St., Jackson, Missouri.
- Signature _____
 W. B. (Buffalo) CHITWOOD, S1c, 81 Jones St., Lavonia, Georgia.
- Signature _____
 A. J. (Kid) BLADY, Jr., S1c, 225 S. Johnson St., New Orleans, La.
- Signature _____
 A. J. (Andy) CAVANAUGH, MM3c, 160-04 Station Rd., Flushing, N.Y.
- Signature _____
 H. J. (Murph) MURPHY, WT2c, 3605 F. St., Eureka, California.
- Signature _____
 W. H. (Walt) WATSON, MM3c, 2022 Elm St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Signature _____
 R. J. (Polski) PAWLOWSKI, CM1c, 3663 E. Kirby, Detroit, Michigan.
- Signature _____
 L. E. (Willie) WILLIAMS, MM1c, 1901 Scott, Independence, Missouri.
- Signature _____
 P. (Strong Arm) CHRISTO, S1c, 61 Poplar St., Boston, Massachusetts.
- Platoon Members not pictured:**
- Signature _____
 J. W. (Soup) BOLES, S1c, 1427 S. 5th St., Chickasha, Oklahoma.
- Signature _____
 W. E. (Ox) HYDE, S1c, RFD No. 1 Beck Consear Rd., Ottawa Lake, Mich.
- Signature _____
 M. O. (Sonny) BLAIR, S1c, Calera, Alabama.

PLATOON QUIPS

- TRUEBLOOD—"I'm fightin' for you, ain't I?"
- MORGAN—"I don't know nothin'."
- ANDREWS—"How'ya all?"
- HALDEMAN—"Don't worry about it."
- STELL—"How'ya, heard the latest?"
- BOHANNON—"They don't do it that way in Oklahoma."
- HOLLOWAY—"Heck, that ain't right."
- KEMP—"Hea'h now, listen."
- MINNICK—"Oh, God Men."
- BOJANSKI—"I think I see something shiny."
- PETTIT—"You wouldn't believe me any-way."
- KISER—"Just about now."
- SPEROFF—"Got change for a dollar."
- CASTLE—"If I only had Momma to scratch my back."
- MARKER—"Kansas was never like this."
- DICKSON—"Oh Goody, looka here."
- HURST—"What'ja know that true."
- LAYTON—"Go way, Bo."
- COLUMBIA—"I still want to go home."
- CHEELY—"Come hea'h now."
- MILETICH—"Oh George!"
- THOMPSON—"Wait till I get home."
- ECKBERG—"How about a beer?"
- CONNELLY—"Wait till I get transferred."
- GOODNIGHT—"To hell with prosperity."
- VERNETTI—"Again no mail, s%&'"
- COUNTS—"When I get home to Momma."
- LINDSTROM—"Go for et, Mon."
- SURFACE—"Let's go to town."
- CHITWOOD—"Yo'all want to go up on the hill."
- BLADY—"Let's bring this to a focus."
- CAVANAUGH—"What'ja know, Johnnie?"
- MURPHY—"Hi'ya Bub."
- WATSON—"I ain't talkin'."
- PAWLOWSKI—"Let's go play Rummy."
- WILLIAMS—"Let's have a gang of fun."
- CHRISTO—"Big fat thing! Ain't it?"
- BOLES—"What'ja know, Bub?"
- HYDE—"How long do you think it will be now, Doc?"
- BLAIR—"Let's go listen to that record again, Huh?"



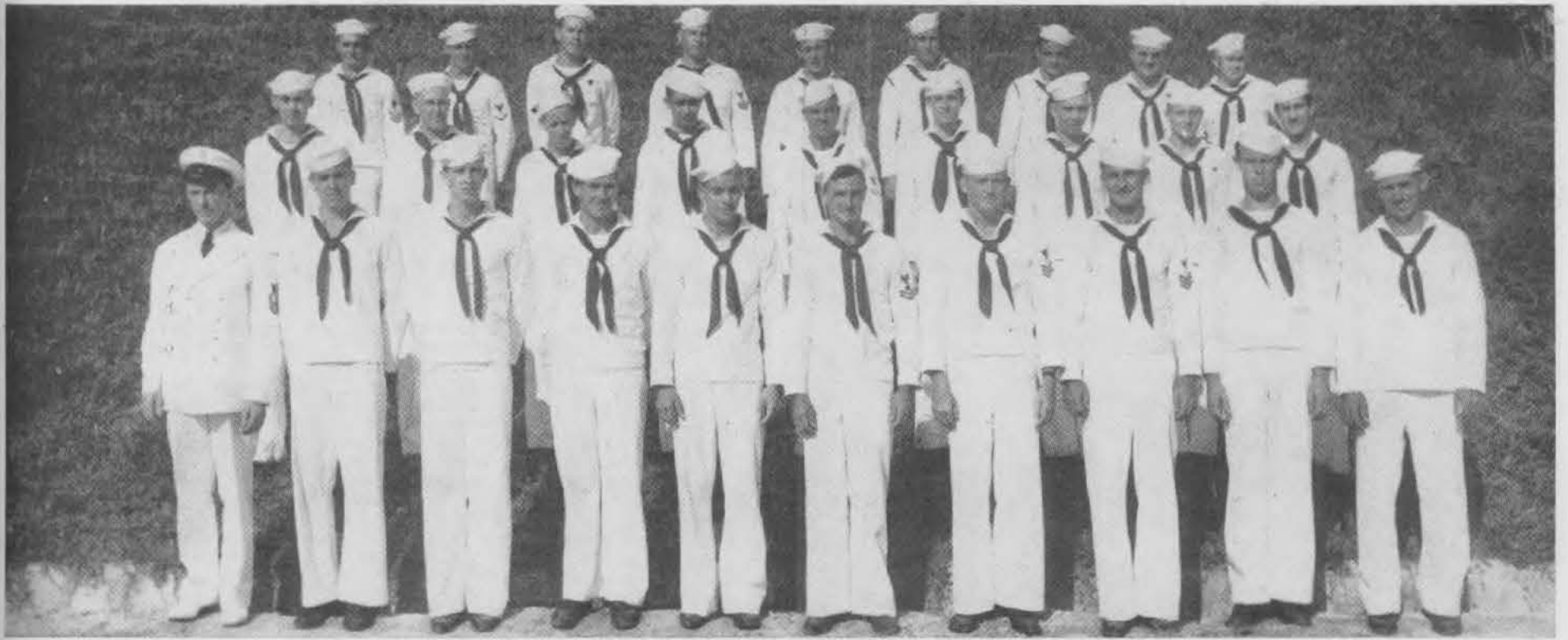
OIL STORAGE TANK built of pre-stressed concrete. This picture was taken during the early stages of construction. Built by Seabees of the 83rd Battalion, this structure has a capacity of 27,000 barrels and is designed for great durability.



THE MOTOR REPAIR SHOP. Twenty-four hours per day duty does things to rolling stock. Every so often, the toughest of vehicles came to this hospital for treatment and check-up. In this shop, efficient mechanics and repair-men made speedy adjustments in order to keep everything rolling.



HEAVY EQUIPMENT SHOP. The most hardy units of heavy equipment take a beating in Naval Construction work, especially when operating in rugged and mountainous terrain. When the boys get through working on this battered "Cat," she will return to the wars, almost as good as new.



COMPANY C, PLATOON 5

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
R. L. (R. G.) DUNN, CCM, 544 Waverly Way, Kirkland, Washington.

Signature _____
B. L. (Billy) BRYANT, S1c, 527 Spaulding St., San Angelo, Texas.

Signature _____
J. O. (Cotton) BALES, S1c, 4228 Avenue H, Fort Worth, Texas.

Signature _____
E. P. (Two-Tone) ZIMMERMAN, MM2c, RFD No. 3, Evansville, Indiana.

Signature _____
R. B. (Roger) KEMPANY, CM3c, RFD 1, Munising, Michigan.

Signature _____
D. I. (How) RUDE, EM2c, RFD No. 1, Elnora, Indiana.

Signature _____
J. M. (Jawn) STILLSON, CM1c, 114 2nd St., N.W., Madison, South Dakota.

Signature _____
C. L. (Chuck) ACHILLES, CM1c, 1447 61st Avenue, Cicero, Illinois.

Signature _____
J. V. (Jimmie) BARTLETT, S1c, Westlake, Louisiana.

Signature _____
C. J. (Clara) ROGERS, CM2c, 7741 Lorain Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
W. F. (Bill) ROHR, S1c, 151 Candler, Highland Park, Michigan.

Signature _____
J. A. (Kris) CRAFT, SF3c, Goshen, Virginia.

Signature _____
E. J. PLAISANCE, CCM, RFD 1, Box 97A, Donaldsonville, La.

Signature _____
J. A. (Kris) CRAFT, SF3c, Goshen, Virginia.

Signature _____
W. F. (Bill) ROHR, S1c, 151 Candler, Highland Park, Michigan.

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J. V. (Jimmie) BARTLETT, S1c, Westlake, Louisiana.

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Signature _____
J. V. (Jimmie) BARTLETT, S1c, Westlake, Louisiana.

Signature _____
C. J. (Clara) ROGERS, CM2c, 7741 Lorain Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
C. S. (Granny) COFFMAN, CM3c, 1114 Bertrand St., Manhattan, Kansas.

Signature _____
C. W. (Bullets) DAWE, MM2c, 532 Aurora Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Signature _____
H. W. (Chief) SHERWOOD, CMM, Lake View, Iowa.

Signature _____
E. C. (Em) LYDEY, CM1c, RFD No. 1, Bloomville, Ohio.

Signature _____
F. J. (Moon) MULLIN, CM3c, 1424 W. Palmer Avenue, Sioux City, Iowa.

Signature _____
R. H. (Barney) BARNFIELD, S1c, RFD No. 2, Benton, Illinois.

Signature _____
R. C. (Punk) ROLLINS, MM3c, Motley, Minnesota.

Signature _____
W. (Dago) BARBACCIA, S1c, 510 S. 2nd St., Vineland, New Jersey.

Signature _____
R. (Blitz) KRIEG, CM2c, 1237 E. Vienna Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Signature _____
L. (Louie) KROTZ, BM1c, 2131 No. La-trobe Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
A. J. (Bill) STAHL, Jr. QM1c, 3015 De Soto St., New Orleans, La.

Signature _____
E. H. (Ed) CLARK, EM3c, 1121 Eastdale Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

Signature _____
A. T. (Shotgun) CAGLE, MM3c, 1312 St. Louis St., Springfield, Mo.

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PLATOON QUIPS



DUNN—"I hope that I make the coast this time."

BRYANT—"I'm the Commander."

BALES—"I hope it's like Texas."

ZIMMERMAN—"To be or not to be."

KEMPANY—"Leave me lone."

RUDE—"So you are tough, eh?"

STILLSON—"You can't smoke in here!"

ACHILLES—"Something rude and crude."

BARTLETT—"We have plenty of land in Louisiana."

ROGERS—"Got another wash?"

ROHR—"Rum and coca co-o-ola."

COFFMAN—"Let's get another game started."

DAWE—"Supporting 300 men."

SHERWOOD—"Make mine the same."

LYDEY—"I'll have one too, on you!"

MULLIN—"Send me home."

BARNFIELD—"Let's go up on the hill."

ROLLINS—"Give me my little woman."

BARBACCIA—"Just a spark off the old plug."

PLAISANCE—"You ought to see my home."

CRAFT—"Hi Ho, Silver."

CAGLE—"Me and my nurse."

HUNT—"Go far away."

REININGER—"Let me show you how to rig."

CARR—"Let me sleep!"

BARRERE—"When we going home?"

DAY—"Quit beatin' your gums."

DeKRAH—"Little burnin' child."

KRIEG—"You had enough now?"

KROTZ—"I'll give you a break!"

STAHL—"Quiet Please!"

CLARK—"I'm not the only Clark."

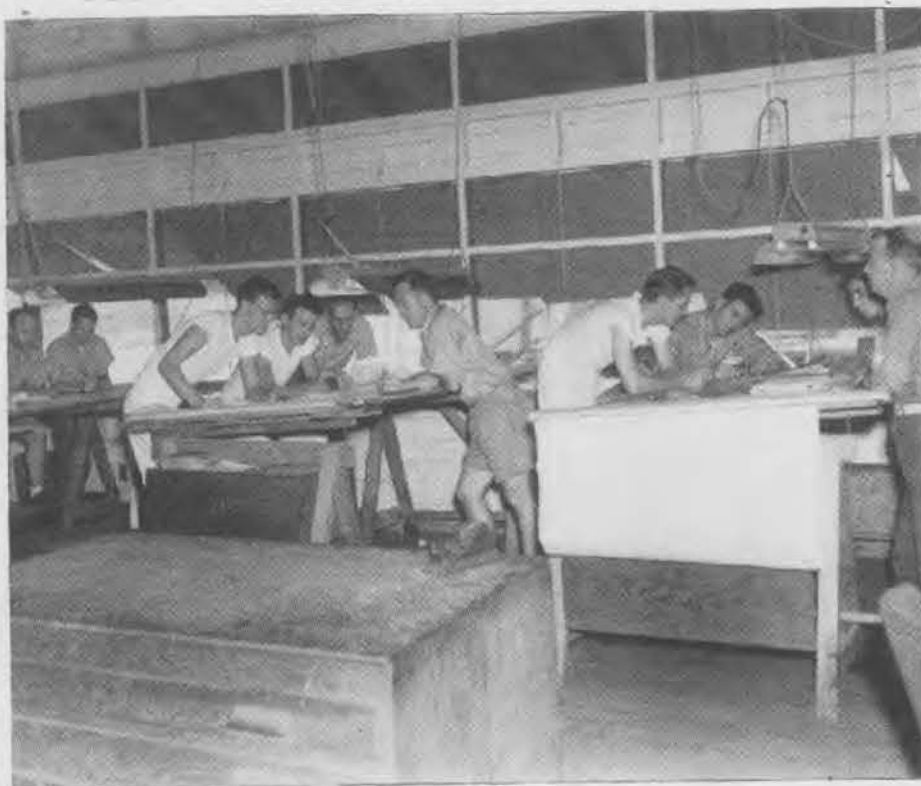
Platoon Members not pictured:

Signature _____
R. (Blitz) KRIEG, CM2c, 1237 E. Vienna Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Signature _____
L. (Louie) KROTZ, BM1c, 2131 No. La-trobe Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
A. J. (Bill) STAHL, Jr. QM1c, 3015 De Soto St., New Orleans, La.

Signature _____
E. H. (Ed) CLARK, EM3c, 1121 Eastdale Ave., Nashville, Tenn.



ENGINEERING AND DESIGN department. Plans for our projects were drawn here by expert draftsmen; engineers and estimators computed quantities—all to give the builders their specifications.

The Gulfport Jaunt

Continued from Page 8

The food was good and plentiful. With but one serving line, however, it took time to feed a thousand men and it appeared as though we stood in line for 30 minutes to get at a meal that took but 15 minutes to consume.

Another journey was about to begin. We were told that our nine day leaves would start on March 18th except for the members of a small maintenance unit of some 55 volunteers.

What a mad scramble to get tickets ensued. You can imagine the wild jubilation created by the thought of going home! The little ticket office at Gulfport was swamped with business; its three or four clerks were deluged with requests for information and with ticket sales. The special "furlough ticket" a round tripper for service men at approximately 1 1/4 cents per mile made it possible for us to travel great distances for little money. That was well, too, since a great majority of the men had been closer to their homes at Norfolk than they were at Gulfport. A handful of men flew to the West Coast. Others had their wives meet them at points halfway. Quite a number went home to Texas. A great many went to Chicago and Ohio. A few had the misfortune to return to an eastern state over the same route we had just travelled, via Norfolk. That was the writer's experience as he travelled to New York City. It was a shame to spend five or six days, or even longer in travelling and to have but three or four days to spend at home. Although taking leave in this manner seems illogical, the Navy generally has a reason for its actions. In this case, the explanation may be the necessity for secrecy in the matter of troop movements or it might have been to achieve uniformity of procedure inasmuch as all the men started from and returned to the same place at the same time.

The Battalion was secured on March 17th, 1943 and the men were allowed to leave one day early. Each man caught the next train or plane going his way. On or before 0600 of March 27th, the returning Seabees looked like they needed a rest and it was well for them to be back in camp.

The men who had remained on the base for reasons of security and maintenance were then given their leaves, beginning March 28th. Our papers ordered us to be back in camp before 0600 of April 6th and every man thought it a good idea to live up to the letter of the law.

Our first ten days at Camp Hollyday were routine and unexciting. We had military duties to perform; fire watches at night, security watches on buildings containing valuable government property, also flag raising and lowering ceremonies daily. Liberty was ours on every fourth night and it was great fun to take it in this warm, Southern town of Gulfport. There was an air of excitement about the place that was interesting. No hard liquor was on sale within the city limits. The state of Mississippi was dry by statute but it was only theoretically so. A taxi would take you outside the city limits in ten minutes where you found a row of a dozen or more roadside bars. You could name your poison and have a bottle with your label on it. Or you could go by cab in another direction and arrive within 20 minutes at the Embassy Club which was quite ritzy. A colored orchestra gave forth with hot music for dancing. Men brought their dancing partners, carefully chosen, for the most part from the U.S.O. Food and drinks were good and reasonably priced. This club did a good business. Various sorts of gambling devices were in evidence and here was your chance to get trimmed if you were so inclined.

Back in town there were many opportunities for amusement. The U.S.O. was a large white building situated on a main street, right at the edge of the Gulf. Dancing, reading, writing, piano, phonograph or radio music, chess, checkers and bridge games and an occasional buffet party were the vogue. Or there were always some nice gals and older women to talk to.

Several good sized beer gardens did a large volume of business. It was 3.2 beer and not too potent. Its advantage was questionable as it offered mainly an excuse to sit down at a table and fan the breeze with your mates as these establishments were patronized largely by sailors and soldiers.

The men liked to patronize the half dozen good restaurants in the city. They could then order a few popular dishes

seldom found on the menu at camp—such as steak. As prices were high, we could sympathize with the problem of living, encountered daily by the folks at home. The cost of living, of course, is no immediate problem to the man in service. The girls who waited tables were pleasant to talk to and it was surprising to find that many of them were married to servicemen and had followed their husbands to the cities nearest the camps.

There were four movie houses, many churches, bowling alleys, photo joints and several hotels of varying qualities.

April 6th arrived and all men were back at camp (or nearly all). We settled down to work on a number of construction training projects which had been planned for us. We had a toughening up process to go through, which was a good idea after the softening effect of easy living resulting from the nine day leaves. Close order drill was a common occurrence. Nobody liked it because of its monotony. Just march, march, march, left flank—march, right oblique—march, Rrrip—march, to the winds—march, ad infinitum, ad nauseam. Extended order drill was also practiced. In this, we learned combat procedure; the technique of "bitting the deck," the functions and formations of the squad and the platoon when engaged in reconnoitering and contacting the enemy on the battlefield. It was just about like you've seen in the movies and proved to be a good way of getting into condition. Work projects taught us to construct certain military structures that we might be expected to duplicate on Island X. We all remember how we worked on camouflage, on building advanced outposts for supplies, ammunition dumps, etc. The number of trees which must be felled, trimmed and carried from here to there is staggering. Tremendous amounts of sand and earth must be shovelled around the log walls and the whole thing given a camouflaged effect. It takes a company the better part of a day to make a shelter for one small plane after the trees have been felled and Mister, it is all hard work.

Thus we spent our allotted days at the Gulfport ABD, training daily for the work we expected to do when we finally reached our ultimate destination, Island X.

—Allan F. Dodson.

Good Etiquette

(To be used only when dating a girl!)

Take for granted any girl wants to go anywhere with you anytime.—Just tell her—don't ask her.

Never call at the door—just honk the horn, and let her come out. The neighbors like to see your darling leave.

Never help her out of the car unless she is a semi-invalid. Don't bother to be nice to the family—after all it's the girl you're dating.

Of course, you know it's the most polite thing to bolt through the door first, and always walk on the inside of the street—that's an old heathen custom.

If, when crossing the street, you see a car—don't say a word—let the girl get in the street and then grab her.

Never thank a girl for a pleasant evening. She had a good time too—anyway it's your money, and maybe the evening wasn't pleasant.

If you thank her—do it with a kiss, in all probabilities she's dying for it anyway. Don't bother making a quiet exit—Papa's probably awake anyway.

—P. J. Nosek.

Suppose

If all that we say
In a single day,
With never a word left out,
Were printed each night
In clear black and white,
'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt.

And then, just suppose,
Ere one's eyes he could close,
He must read the day's record through,
Then wouldn't one sigh
And wouldn't one try
A great deal less talking to do?

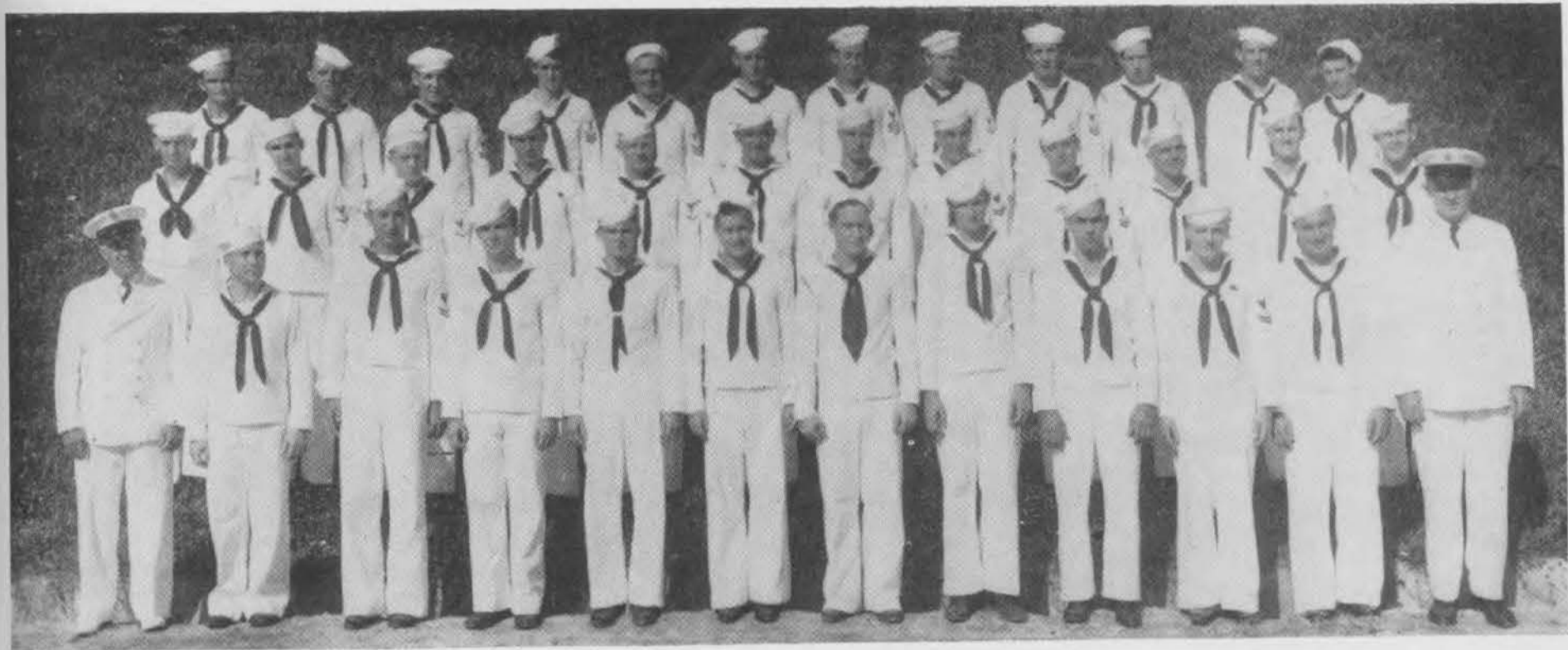
And I more than half think
That many a kink,
Would be straightened in life's tangled
thread.

If one half that we say
In a single day,
Were left forever unsaid.

—Submitted by Jerome A. Tunstill.



OUR MEDICAL STAFF. Seated (right) is the Senior Medical Officer, Commander W. S. Chadwick. Opposite is Lieutenant E. G. Bell. Nearest the camera is Corpsman Dunn. During slack periods, we've seen some reckless chess playing done over this same desk.



COMPANY C, PLATOON 6

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 C. M. (Mac) McKAY, CCM, Box No. 643,
 Silsbee, Texas.

Signature _____
 H. L. (Butterball) SPEAKMAN, CM3c,
 Springfield, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. T. (Golfer) TURNAC, SF2c, 1480 6th
 St. Yuma, Arizona.

Signature _____
 F. L. (Dago Joe) ROESNER, Sic, 330
 Godfrey Ave., Celina, Ohio.

Signature _____
 T. (Chik) CZAJKOWSKI, Sic, 712 E.
 7th St., Wilmington, Del.

Signature _____
 T. A. (Professor) LINGLE, Sic, Box No.
 13, Zalma, Missouri.

Signature _____
 H. O. (Georgia Peach) LITTLE, Sic,
 Chickamauga, Georgia.

Signature _____
 J. I. (Koppie) COPPINGER, Sic, Se-
 quatchie, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 H. R. (Blackie) PHILLIPS, SF3c, 9913
 Leo Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 E. F. (Whitey) PHILLIPS, PTR2c, 3849
 Ave. A, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Signature _____
 P. H. (Unk) STAYTON, SF3c, Leiter's
 Ford, Indiana.

Signature _____
 E. J. (Brad) BRADLEY, CSF, 2228 Shad-
 well, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 L. K. (Bosun) ENAS, BM1c, 475 45th
 St., Oakland, California.

Signature _____
 D. M. (Sad Sack) SELL, SF2c, 3034 W.
 24th Ave., Denver, Colorado.

Signature _____
 F. B. (Gassy) MURPHY, SF3c, Cen-
 turia, Wisconsin.

Signature _____
 K. V. (Lumberjack) SMITH, Sic, 7283
 Davison Rd., Davison, Michigan.

Signature _____
 M. A. (Ma) ORRISON, SF3c, Dalton
 City, Illinois.

Signature _____
 A. J. (Cutie) CARRIERE, Sic, 1530 N.
 Miro St., New Orleans, La.

Signature _____
 T. F. (Red) SMITH, Sic, 5640 Gullford
 Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Signature _____
 H. S. (Kobo) RYKKEN, SF2c, Danvers,
 Minnesota.

Signature _____
 C. O. (Cob) EARNES, SF1c, 1427 Par-
 sons Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. U. (Pop) WEDER, SF1c, RFD No. 1,
 Corvallis, Oregon.

Signature _____
 C. A. (Yank) YENKE, Sic, 321 Walnut
 St., Reading, Ohio.

Signature _____
 R. L. (Bob) WILLIAMS, Sic, 2005 1/2 S.
 Ervay St., Dallas, Texas.

Signature _____
 M. Z. (Punk Kid) LINER, Jr., Sic, 5904
 S. 6th Ave., Birmingham, Alabama.

Signature _____
 J. W. (Calk) CLARK, SF3c, 2231 Chest-
 erland Ave., Lakewood Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. W. (Calk) CLARK, SF3c, 2231 Chest-
 erland Ave., Lakewood Ohio.

Signature _____
 C. W. (Fritz) KUHNS, MM2c, Box No.
 36, Greenford, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. M. (Guts) BLACKMAN, SF1c, 617
 16th Place SW, Birmingham, Ala-
 bama.

Signature _____
 M. J. (Mike) KRATZ, SF1c, Bracken-
 ridge, Pennsylvania.

Signature _____
 P. C. (Kirk) KIRKEGAARD, Sic, 4001
 Orchard St., Sioux City, Iowa.

Signature _____
 D. W. (Wep) THAXTON, MM1c, 637
 Peoples St., SW, Atlanta, Georgia.

Signature _____
 J. S. (Red) CARTER, MM3c, 739 Snow-
 den Circle, Memphis, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 H. T. (Burr) BELCHER, SF1c, 711
 Creston Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

Signature _____
 J. H. (Mopsie) JOYNER, MM3c, RFD
 No. 5, Wills Point, Texas.

Signature _____
 T. J. (Strip Tease) GRASSER, SF1c, 119
 Broadway, New Orleans, La.

Signature _____
 G. J. (Slug) HARRIS, PTR2c, 1313 15th
 St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Signature _____
 J. C. (Orphan Chile) CARTWRIGHT,
 CM3c, Oal-dale, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 C. R. (Regimental) ROOT, Cox, 429 N.
 11th Ave., Duluth, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 M. H. (Tuffy) STEPHENS, Sic, 458 El-
 liott Ave., Arlington Heights, Cin-
 cinnati, Ohio.

Signature _____
 M. H. (Tuffy) STEPHENS, Sic, 458 El-
 liott Ave., Arlington Heights, Cin-
 cinnati, Ohio.

PLATOON QUIPS

McKAY—"Nothing I can do about it."
 SPEAKMAN—"Censored."
 TURNAC—"Fire and shine."
 ROESNER—"That's all right."
 CZAJKOWSKI—"Cheese and rice."
 LINGLE—"Boy can I play basketball."
 LITTLE—"Oh, dem Georgia peaches."
 COPPINGER—"I want a transfer."
 PHILLIPS—"Oh god, chief."
 PHILLIPS (E. E.)—"Well, I saved a
 three-pence today."
 STAYTON—"Look out girls."
 BRADLEY—"Is it plumb?"
 ENAS—"Knock it off."
 SELL—"Lets go fight the war."
 MURPHY—"I wanna go home."
 SMITH—"Timber."
 ORRISON—"Lets go home."
 CARRIERE—"All youse guys."
 SMITH—"I dunno."
 RYKKEN—"Any daann thing."
 EARNES—"Lets get on the ball."
 WEDER—"Give me a beer."
 YENKE—"What's creckin, doc?"
 WILLIAMS—"I'm home-sick."
 LINER—"Poor white trash."
 CLARK—"Watch me ladies."
 KUHNS—"Get off my bunk."
 BLACKMAN—"Bring me a Sandwich."
 KRATZ—"I can weld it."
 KIRKEGAARD—"Boy! Iowa is the
 state."
 THAXTON—"Attention, C-6."
 CARTER—"Keep it in the muck."
 BELCHER—"That Iowa corn."
 JOYNER—"I can fix it."
 GRASSER—"You'll know."
 HARRIS—"I'll paint it."
 CARTWRIGHT—"Look at the ducks."
 ROOT—"Time to get up already?"
 STEPHENS—"Halt! who goes there?"



NATURE'S PATTERN etched so finely and with such deftness and beauty is nowhere more clearly evident than in this picture of the North Coast. Sketching with taste unfettered by human bonds She wields a magic brush to uncover all the beauty we see about us.



A SMILE FOR YOU. This Indian child with the genuine (not H—wood) personality smile gives us a closeup of the average youngster living on this Island. It is a child like this one, and children of all countries the world over that make this a world worth fighting for.



TYPICAL INDIAN CHILDREN pose for the camera. The mixture of easy smiles and apprehensive looks is a good indicator of the mental attitude of natives toward the inquisitive American.



ISLAND VERSION OF AMERICAN "HUCKSTER." This native goes in the early morning to gather his load of coconuts from the plantation then returns to his curb stand to do business. Coconuts are picked and used green in the tropics, the natives believing one on which the husk has turned brown to be fit only to throw away as it is too old. Look closely and observe the prop used under the shafts of the cart intended to rest the tiny burro from the heavy load.



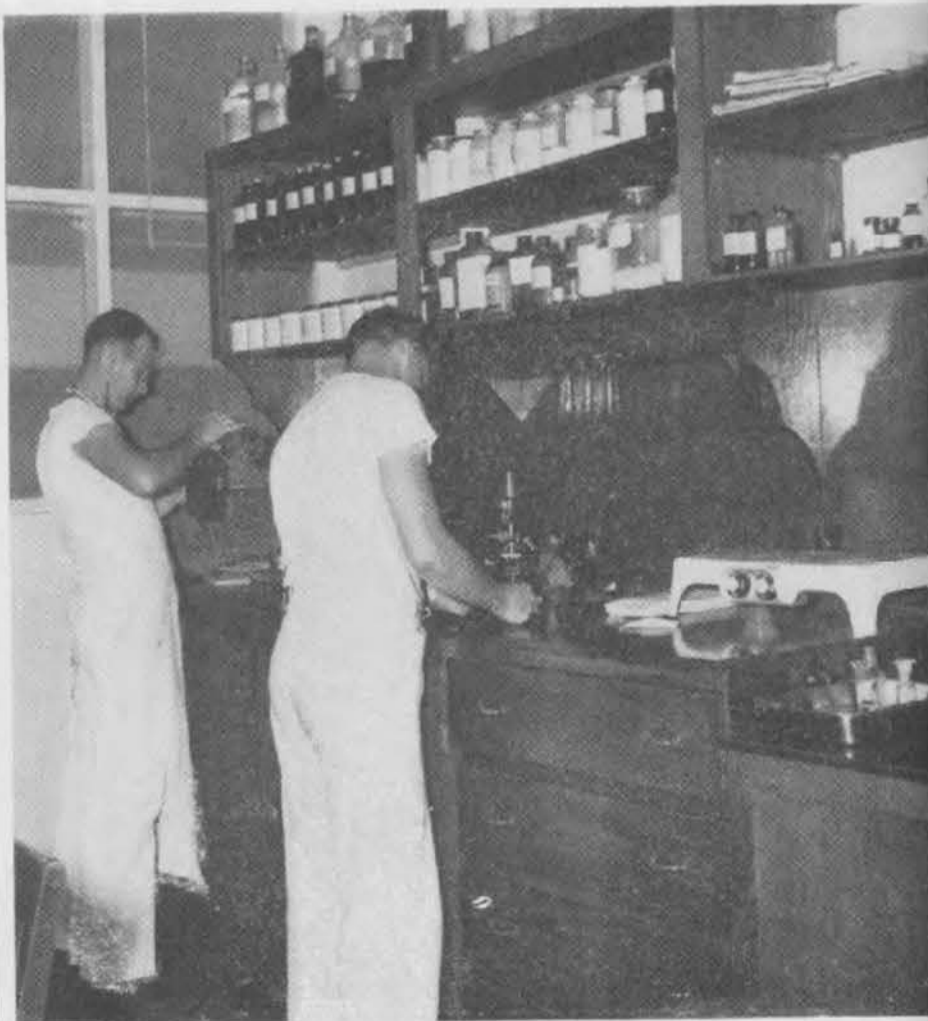
SICK BAY. What Seabee can ever forget that the "sick, lame and lazy" fell out for Sick Call at 0800 and 1630. Corpsmen in the picture are treating injured shipmates. Seabee in foreground has eye injury.



83RD DISPENSARY. Seabees are notoriously hardy people but even they sometimes are forced in for repairs. Bed rest has been prescribed for these patients and they recuperate in our cool, quiet Dispensary.



"THIS WON'T HURT me a bit," says Doctor Williams as he prowls among the fangs of a luckless Seabee. W. A. Jenkins, PhM2c, stands by. All joshing aside, we received the best of treatment in our Dental Lab.



THE DISPENSARY LABORATORY. Two Pharmacists' Mates are shown mixing medicinal ingredients which will, no doubt, be doled out to the patients in Sick Bay. Let us hope that they are not making up more pills. It is a full time job to guard the health of a battalion.



BRASSHATS INSPECT MARACAS ROAD. High Army and Navy officers inspect progress. Facing the camera, (Left to Right) Carpenter H. B. Cobb, Captain C. R. Crutcher, Admiral A. G. Robinson, Commander Leonard Miscall, Commander J. R. Nealon, Lieutenant J. P. Bracken, U.S. Army Capt. G. R. Burg and Lt. Commander R. B. Alexander, Carp. J. C. Gillean stands on the extreme left.



THE WAREHOUSE CREW. These husky storekeepers, working under the direction of the Battalion Supply Officer must work to supply the needs of their mates. Requisitions and inventories take up much of their time, but there is always a certain amount of heavy "bull-work" to contend with.



THE SERVICE STATION. A Navy pickup dashes into the driveway for gas, oil and perhaps, air in the right rear tire. Snappy Seabee attendants get on the ball in a manner to make Super-Service directors turn green with envy. Efficient servicing of these vehicles prolong their lives and general usefulness.



BAY AVENUE IN BOTANIC GARDENS. A restful and pleasant place to while away hours or minutes awaits the visitor to this beautiful spot. Pictured is the renowned Bay Avenue with its rows of Bay trees lining the sides of the pathway. The air in this spot is laden with the stimulating smell of bay rum. The scent becomes very strong if one of the leaves is crushed between the fingers.



COMPANY D



Lt. W. E. GLADFELTER,
Detroit, Michigan.



Corp. J. T. MEYER,
Rt. 5, Box 51, Jacksonville, Florida.



Corp. W. E. RENO,
5014 Hill Street, LaCanada, Calif.



Corp. W. A. SIKORSKI,
5016 Montrose Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Nature Did A Job

History books have for years, printed facts about Pitch Lake. It is, of course, rather a "freak" of nature and there are few, if any other places like it in the world for here is an outcropping of a petroleum deposit placed on the earth. Considerable oil has been drilled for on this island and plenty is currently being extracted and refined.

Supposing the wife or children should ask us sometime to tell them about Pitch Lake? What a pity it would be to have to say, "I was stationed not far from there but I never saw the place".

Many of our men have already been to see Pitch Lake and the trip is recommended for others. We were not greatly impressed by the appearance of this lake but neither were we disappointed as we had not expected a great deal. It looks like many acres of mud holes. But by means of a pickaxe, the dry pitch can be removed in large chunks. If a foot of pitch were to be thus removed from the surface of the entire area, the pressure of the gas, underneath would force the level of the bituminous deposit upward to approximately its old level in the short time of 24 to 48 hours. You can see the gas pressure working, as it oozes from the pores of the pitch and becomes free.

There is lovely scenery enroute to Pitch Lake. Palm trees of all varieties; tropical vegetation in abundance and you pass through several of those small villages which all of us have heard about. The trip is worth while for its scenic beauty and points of interest.

BEAUTIFUL MANZANILLA BEACH

Who doesn't like to go on a picnic and enjoy good swimming? Surely, few of us in the Navy can resist the prospect of a day spent in this manner. We refer you to Manzanilla Beach. Here, the sea does a constant job of K.P. on miles of clear, sandy beach. The temperature of the water is custom-built for those who dislike swimming in cold water. A short distance back from the shore is a pleasant, shady palm grove to protect the blondes from a too-ardent sun and which provides an ex-

cellent background for snapshots providing that you are lucky enough to have a camera along. Lush tropical splendor unfolds in panorama along the way, in fact, it is the kind of setting that folks from "Nob Hill" pay many a good ducat to visit, in seeking relief from the rigors of a winter up north. Speaking of good swimming, it might be well to mention, in passing, Maracas Bay. We are told that the water there is crystal clear and that it borders on vast expanses of clean sandy beaches. Of course, we all realize the difficulty of transportation, but the trip can be made by boat and is well worth the time and effort expended. (Note: The new road to Maracas Bay, built by the Seabees makes this beach easily accessible to all).

THE ISLAND

Before finishing our sketch of suggestions for leisure hours, there is one more place one might visit. We speak of a small island not far away, which you can readily identify because a Leper Colony is located there. Few would care to visit the unfortunate lepers and access to the colony is not easy to arrange. The island itself has high ridges and peaks and the view from the heights offers a perspective that is unequalled anywhere. The majestic sea, far below, extends in all directions. The contours and profiles of this island and its neighbors are viewed as a group in their relation to each other. All the land is covered with dense jungle; the foliage of the tropics. Most of the land is virgin; never cleared and indeed, seldom entered by man. Since you are standing some 800 feet above sea level, you can see, on a clear day, all the islands within a radius of 75 miles and if you look in the right direction, you can visualize the beginning of a great continent. In fact, one can imagine himself as Christopher Columbus, standing in the crow's nest of the Santa Maria and share the feeling he must have had when after months of hardship at sea, he first sighted land. Yes, the power and mysteries of the sea are awe-inspiring but there is something fetching about snug harbors, too. Yea, verily, it is a sight to behold.

A. F. Dodson

Lady, Please Be Kind

When we have returned from this cruise, in the year of 1946, please be kind. You folks back home may raise an eyebrow at this statement but wait just a moment until you have heard the rest of our tale. First of all, remember that we have been away from home and American customs for well over a year and you must realize that our daily habits and surroundings have made us victims of circumstances. When your man returns to you for a well-earned rest, you, as well as he, will at times be forced to exert will power to keep from being shocked or embarrassed. Let us explain:

If your man goes with you on a shopping tour of the markets, be prepared for strange behavior. He may, after securing the purchases from the checking booth, pick up the bundles and place it atop your head without an eye, yes or no. Please be kind and smile. Do your level best to balance the bundle without the use of your hands for down here on our island we have seen that custom practised daily. Every woman from her childhood days carries burdens on her head without thinking anything of it.

He may lay down a dollar bill and ask for change to make a telephone call. Do not be disturbed if he should squawk to high heaven for an extra two pennies (the size of cart wheels) in addition to his four quarters. Remember that a shilling while approximately the size of a quarter is reckoned as 24¢ although we still think of them as two bits.

Never allow him to drive the car alone (for a month, at least) as he will surely take to the left side of the road and remain there. It will be due to the influence of the British system. When you are driving the car and as you approach an intersection, he may suddenly shout, "Look out for the Major Stop." He will be only reminding you of an ordinary arterial stop sign. Or he may prate of a "No Entry Street" which you will soon come to recognize as an avenue which permits only one way traffic.

If he should dress the children in only a shirt-waist and send them outdoors to play without any panties on, think nothing of it, your old man has merely spent too much time in the tropics.

If he turns down his erstwhile favorite drink of Scotch and soda and orders Goddard's Gold Braid Rum, humor him. Where he has come from, whiskey is only for gentlemen and it will take some time before your man comes to regard himself again as such and he will have to acquire his former taste for Bourbon, Rye and Scotch.

If he should awaken you and the children some Saturday morning at 0530 (5.30 a.m.) and insist that all of you dress in whites and gather in the back yard for muster, please give him a long awaited honor. His desire for a daily muster of the family will pass, in time. Above all, do not call a doctor. Jungle-jolliness will fade with tender treatment.

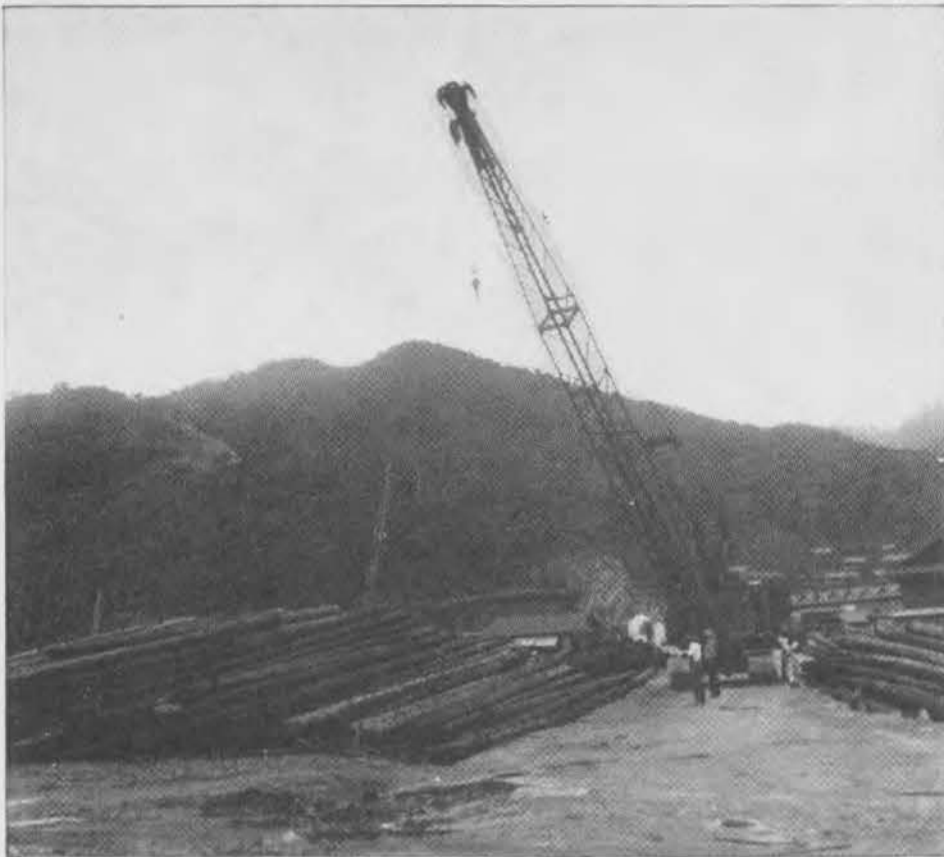
If he greets his friends, acquaintances and everyone on the street with a loud "Hello, Joe," be patient. In the Indies every American from the Admiral on down is called "Joe" by the natives and yes, we have gone native, too.

If he stops at the first vacant building; marks out the word "Post" on the Post No Bills sign, merely walk on by yourself to the corner and wait for him. Down here, "Stick No Bills" is the correct phrase, don'cha know.

If he insist that you use a sun tan powder for your makeup or suggests that you acquire a double dose of sunburn, remember that it is a long time since he has seen a white woman and that they probably look very enemic and unhealthy to him.

If he insists on saluting bus drivers, Coca Cola vendors, doormen, policemen and street sweepers, please do not argue with him. He is merely proceeding on the basis of taking no unnecessary chances. From experience, he has found it more expedient to salute a tram-conductor than to spend hours explaining to the Shore Patrol why he failed to show the proper respect due to a junior officer of the Patagonian Coast Guard.

If someone should get tough with him and he grins happily and then charges into battle swinging lustily, do not scream like a fire siren. Let him have his fun and then, if necessary, go down with him to the police station and arrange for his bail. He will be merely exercising that exclusive (but, in this case, long suppressed) right of the free American to "take nothing from nobody."



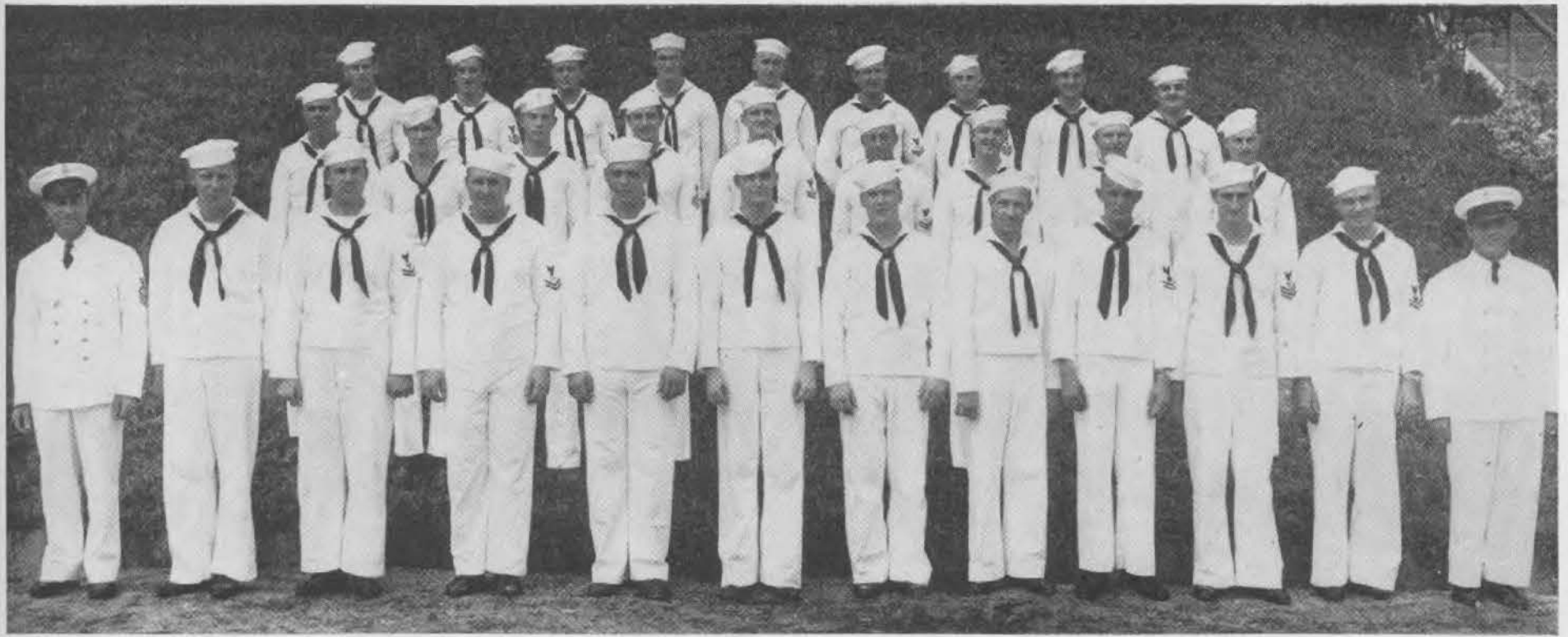
HEAVY CRANE prepares to handle creosoted timber piling. Considerable waterfront work was performed by the 83rd Battalion and great quantities of piling, such as is shown in the picture, were driven.



N.O.B. LAUNDRY. These buildings were constructed and equipped by the men of our battalion. It was to this place that we brought our soiled clothing and gambled that we'd get our own duds back in a week or so.



PIPE LINE GANG at work. Miles of pipe line were laid by this competent and active crew of Seabees and their native helpers. Modern war cannot be fought without oil and these men saw to it that our ships were amply provided with this necessity. Carpenter Abner F. Johnson of the 83rd, directs the lowering of a section of 20" pipe into the trench.



COMPANY D, PLATOON 1

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 J. R. (Jay) BELL, CMM, White Deer, Texas.

Signature _____
 H. C. (Swede) LARSON, MM1c, 5940 2nd Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 H. A. (Junior) KAMP, MM2c, 4333 Farlin Ave., St. Louis 15, Missouri.

Signature _____
 J. A. (City Boy) PELT, SF2C, 1027 So. 10th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Signature _____
 M. L. (Mel) IHNEN, MM2c, Cumberland, Iowa.

Signature _____
 G. L. (Arkie) AITKEN, S1c, 125 Oakland Ave., Heina, Arkansas.

Signature _____
 J. V. (Tennessee) DIGEL, S1C, 873 Poplar Ave., Memphis, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 P. J. (Pete) GAILLARD, MM1C, 10500 Christiana Ave., Chicago, 43, Illinois.

Signature _____
 H. E. (Wag) WAGNER, EM2c, Route No. 2 Mocksville No. Carolina.

Signature _____
 C. A. (Hockle) HOCKENSMITH, MM1c, Humeston, Iowa.

Signature _____
 W. J. (Bill) SHANNON, EM2c, 1275 Andrews Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. G. (Jim) HUNT, CEM, 803 Purcell St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 W. L. Crumb) PURCELL, MM2c, 109 Broadway, Arlington, Mass.

Signature _____
 J. W. (Yank) NOVOTNY, S1C, 471 Bridge Road, Northampton, Mass.

Signature _____
 E. A. (Pickles) DILL, S1c, 2411 Pine St., Wilmington, Delaware.

Signature _____
 W. J. (Grandmaw) AUMANN, EM1c, 1740 W. 77th St., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 W. T. (Jenk) JENKINSON, WT2c, 511 Madison St., Waukegan, Illinois.

Signature _____
 H. W. (Homer) TROY, CL2c, 133 No. Butler St., Madison, Wisconsin.

Signature _____
 C. L. (Lard) BLEILER, CM3c, 404 Brady St., Elkhart, Indiana.

Signature _____
 L. (Rose Of) TRHLIK, EM2c, 5025 Dewey Ave., St. Lou's, Missouri.

Signature _____
 J. F. (Drop-Forge Joe) NEUBERT, MM2c, 2926 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio.

Third Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 E. J. (Little Giant) BLANCHARD, S1c, 615 Desire St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 F. R. (Bud) BULSON, EM2c, 613 Longfellow Ave., Jackson, Michigan.

Signature _____
 P. H. (Cajun) FULLER, WT1c, 402 Filhial Ave., West Monroe, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 C. R. (Chuck) WHARFF, S1c, 3723 No. Washington Rd., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Signature _____
 T. E. (Mother) CLIFFORD, MM3c, 802 Academy St., Valparaiso, Indiana.

Signature _____
 P. M. (Afternoon) RYAN, CM2c, Lenoir City, R.R. No. 2, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 D. F. (Scotty) HUGHES, MM1c, 23716 Oakland Road, Bay Village, Ohio.

Signature _____
 G. L. (Dutch) HIBBARD, EM1c, 433 William St., Geneva, New York.

Signature _____
 E. (Rug-Seller) GEORGE, WT2c, 1299 Spruce St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 Platoon Members not pictured :

Signature _____
 G. T. (GT) GAYHART, CM2C, 1011 E. Caldwell St., Louisville, Ky., No. 4.

Signature _____
 A. W. (Pop) PAUL, MM1c, 243 E. Longview Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Signature _____
 I. C. (Ira) RAY, S1C, 1431 Gary St., Jacksonville, Florida.

Signature _____
 E. (Polack) ZUK, S1C, 5155 W. Cornelia Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

PLATOON QUIPS

- BELL—"Fall in, Lets go!"
 LARSON—"Good chow on the Dredge."
 KAMP—"Chief Dickey says."
 PELT—"Bring me up a sandwich."
 IHNEN—"Wait till I get home."
 AITKEN—"Have ya'all got ainy kain-dy?"
 DIGEL—"Aw, your're crazy."
 GAILLARD—"Pretty darn good."
 WAGNER—"I'll stomp a corn on your _____"
 HOCKENSMITH—"Well, I'll tell you _____"
 SHANNON—"Well, lets go!"
 HUNT—"You can't believe all you hear."
 PURCELL—"What a victory."
 NOVOTNY—"Hey, look out Mac!"
 DILL—"I'll get the Sheriff."
 AUMANN—"Got to write me a letter."
 JENKINSON—"Get the mail."
 TROY—"Well, it was like this——"
 BLEILER—"What do you mean?"
 TRHLIK—"How come?"
 NEUBERT—"When are we going home?"
 BLANCHARD—"Look at the birds."
 BULSON—"Are you kidding?"
 FULLER—"I got the latest."
 WHARFF—"Reserve Fire Watch for me."
 CLIFFORD—"Oh, I don't know."
 RYAN—"Laundry will be out tomorrow."
 HUGHES—"Well, I'll be damned!"
 HIBBARD—"Quiet, we want to sleep!"
 GEORGE—"Want to buy a rug?"
 GAYHART—"When we beat Company C—"
 PAUL—"I never knew a thing about it"
 RAY—"We got better weather than this!"
 ZUK—"Make out with the lights."
 REALLY CONFUSED
 A boot named MacWhittle at Camp Bradford,
 Any guy name Joe on the island of Trinidad.

The Fool's Prayer

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish
care,
And to his jester cried "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a
prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change this heart
From red with wrong to white as
wool;

The rod must heal the sin; but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard well-meaning hands we
trust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have
kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced
and stung?

The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had
rung?

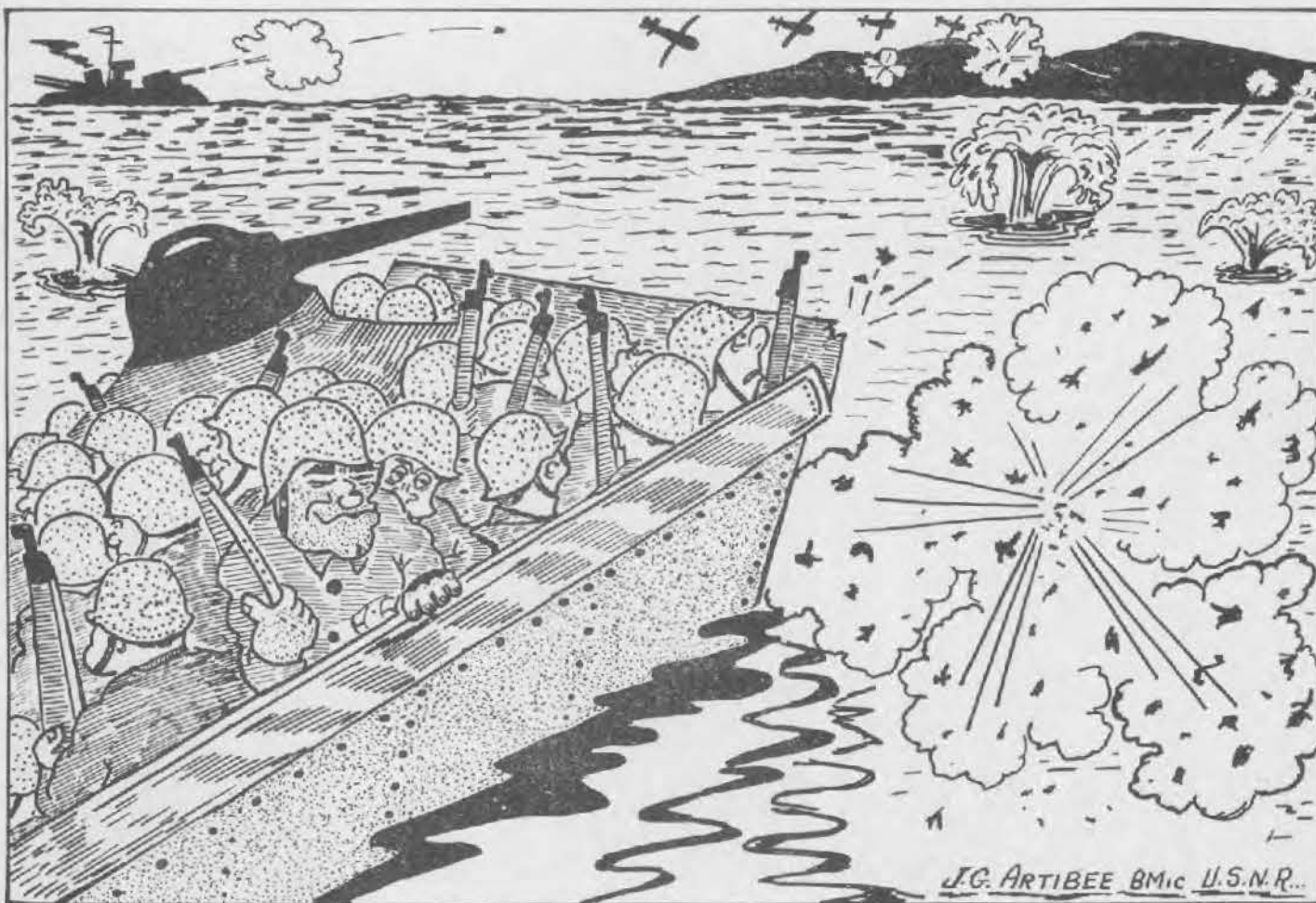
"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse
them all;

But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave and scourge
the fool

That did his will; but Thou, O Lord
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

NEVER A DULL MOMENT



J.G. ARTIBEE BM1c U.S.N.R.

"Gee, Mate, think of the nice Campaign Bar we'll get for this."

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King and sought his gardens
cool,

And walked apart, and murmured low,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

Submitted by J. M. Stillson.

"The Fighting Seabees"

We work like hell and fight like hell
And always come back for more
The navy's advance base engineers
On many a foreign shore.

On half these lousy islands
From here to Timbuctoo
You'll find a hive of Seabees
One hell of a fighting crew.

The admiral, he just stepped around
To chat, the other night.
Said he, "Now boys, I know you work
"But you've also been trained to fight.

"So if there's any trouble
"Don't stop to put on your jeans
"Just drop your tools, grab up your guns
"And protect those POOR MARINES."

Clare E. Reveall, MM2/c, with the Sea-
bees in Gulfport, Miss., sends us a copy
of the poem "A Seabee in Virginia,"
written by a fellow-Seabee. The poem
follows:

Five weeks in a nerve-wracking hell
I can't say I'm sorry I'm leaving,
I'm ready to cruise for a spell.

We line up like hogs in a mudhole
Near a two-by-four hut made of tin.
They say that the rain makes it muddy,
But it's really the tide coming in.

So I'm packing my sea bag to travel
And I'm washing the mud from my face.
I don't give a darn where they send me,
As long as it's some other place.

They can send me to the front in the
morning
And the Axis can turn on the heat.

If the only way back is through Vir-
ginia—
Don't worry—I'll never retreat!

Don't worry—I'll never retreat!

White Lies

Let's take a trip through Port-of-Spain
The city fair and kind;
Where every sailor from the States
Is growing color blind.

See the damsel standing there
Who's skin's—well, rather tannish?
I asked her what she was last night,
She answered: "Boss, Ah's Spanish!"

And see the girlie on the square,
Say, she's a comely wench,
And if you ask her pedigree,
It's: "Honey-chile, I's French".

And pipe that gal with the sailor there,
She has a delicate touch,
I overheard her say to him;
"Oh, yassuh, Boss—I's Dutch."

And note the broad with vacant stare,
She has such shapely knees.
She whispers low to have you know,
That she: "Am Portuguese."

Let's venture to the Country Club,
Where all the white folks meet,
And where entrance gained by a sailor
boy,
Is quite a noted feat.

Oh, gosh, oh gee, just looky there—
Standing in the shade,
Never yet into my life,
Came more attractive maid.

I steal across the velvet lawn
As softly as a kitten,
And the first darn thing I hear her say:
"Ah sho' does miss Great Britain."

And so it goes in Port-of-Spain
The city fair and kind,
Where every sailor from the States
Is growing color blind...

(Submitted by W. N. Sudter)

"The Assault"

Song Of The Seabees

By Captain Stevenson, USMC.

Oh it's great to be a Seabee,
And to serve on foreign shores
We are allied with the Navy,
But we do the Army's chores.
We get up in the morning
Ere the sun begins to shine,
To await the Army detail,
It comes at half-past nine.
For the sun's too hot for Junior
So he works three hours per day,
This is now a rest camp area,
He must have some time to play.

We are patient with the Navy,
Since they think they're in command.
But the Sea's the Navy's province
And our work is on the land.
And we know it makes small difference
If the job goes on the rocks,
If we send those pretty pictures
To the Bureau, Yards and Docks.
But we must be very careful
When we take construction scents
It is really most important
That we never show Marines.

We build the General's privy,
With two stars above the seat;
And at burying dead horses
You will find us hard to beat.
We build roads and set up barracks
But for others if you please,
Since "the Cobbler's kids go barefoot,"
We wade up to our knees.
We're the Services' step-children,
And we know just who to thank,
It's our 'Experts-ex-Officio'
They think knowledge comes with rank.

We're the older 'Sons of Martha'
And we take it on the chin,
"Old experienced billiard drinkers,"
So we squawk but still we grin;
When they take our best mechanic
For a pick and shovel crew,
Leave our tractors standing idle,
With a million yards to do,
Our unloading details labor
Bales and boxes, some of each,
While the infantry maneuvers,
Playing baseball on the beach.

We build something out of nothing
That is all we have up here,
Our equipment has been chiseled,
To build bases to the rear.
We do it if it's difficult—
At once—of that we're proud.
But if it's impossible,
Some time must be allowed.
We are first class construction men
Whatever be the name.
We'll play the game and win it,
We will let you name the game.

We'll accomplish all our missions,
Tho' we're hamstrung every way
We are our country's workers,
And our building wins the day.

When our foes are all defeated,
Crooked Cross and Cheating Sun,
We'll let others wait promotion,
We'll sail back across the foam
For there's work there waiting,
But we'll do it close to home.

—Island X Press, 88th NCB

THE OWL

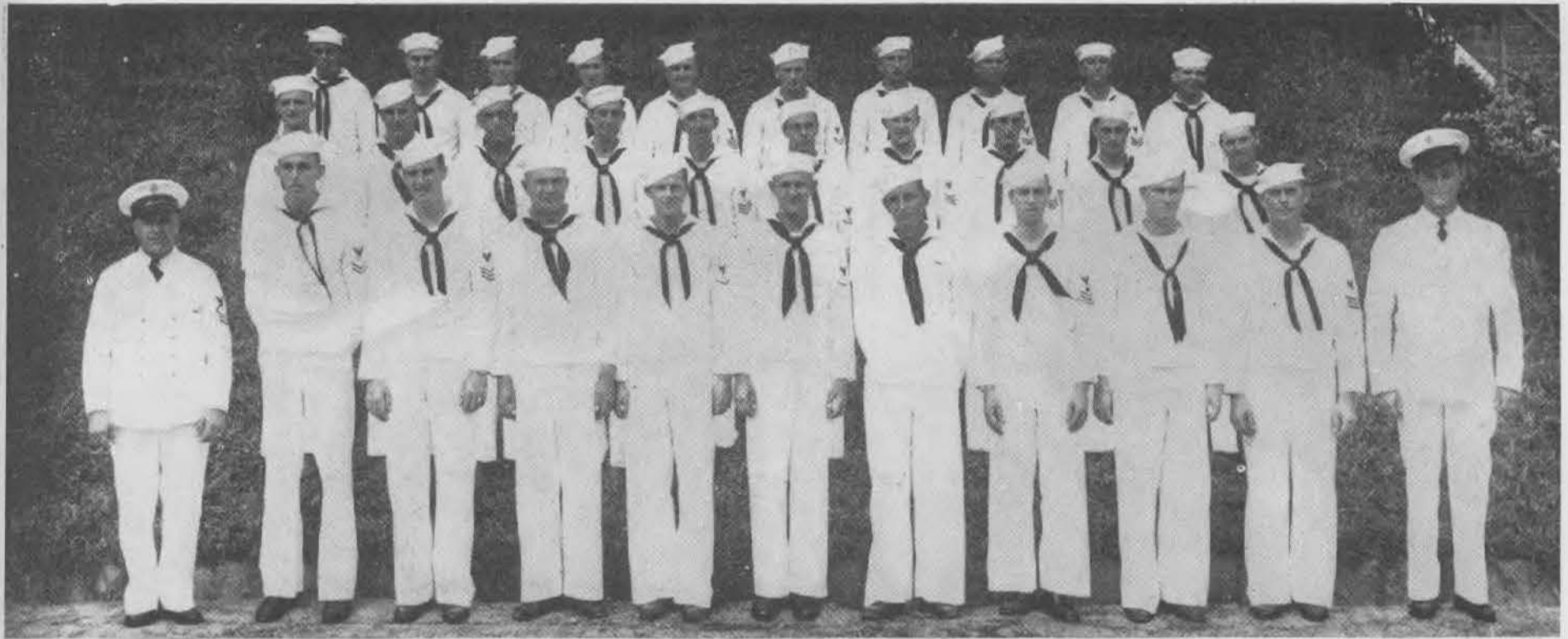
An owl can't fire a 5-inch gun
Or coil a Navy hawser,
Or master tricks with heaving lines
Or learn the Navy's laws, sir.

Yet people think he's plenty wise,
For while he sits and blinks,
He gets some mental exercise—
He sits and sits and THINKS!

So why let owls take all the bows?
They're not such wise guys, Buddy,
There's naught an owl knows, you can't
know

With a little spare-time study.

Bu-Pers Bulletin.



COMPANY D, PLATOON 2

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 C. R. (Dress Right) PRIES, CCM, Michigan City, Indiana.

Signature _____
 W. R. (Coony) PARHAM, CM2c, Olla, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 H. G. (Hank) FREIHAGE, SF1c, 3619 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 G. O. (Gusk) HENRICK, SF2c, Verden, Oklahoma.

Signature _____
 C. T. (Dead Eye) CORTEN, CM3c, Petersburg, Indiana.

Signature _____
 L. (Junior) HAMMITT, CM2c, 3994 Henkel Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Signature _____
 O. C. (Slim) HOLLEY, EM2c, 15100 Schuyler Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 R. E. (Bluejacket) CRAGG, EM1c, 5274 Somerset Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
 M. S. (Red) DAVIS, S1c, RFD No. 2, Bell, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 W. H. (Winn) ABBAS, CM1c, 1316 Douglas, Ames, Iowa.

Signature _____
 F. (Junior) WISEMAN, CCM, 2370 Larose Ave., Memphis, Tennessee.

Second Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 I. V. (Vic) NEWTON, SF2c, c/o Pullman Co., Denver, Colorado.

Signature _____
 A. F. (Ching) CZAJA, S1c, 1600 3rd St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Signature _____
 H. J. (Rosie) ROSENCRANZ, CM2c, 9934 Valley Dr., St. Louis, Missouri.

Signature _____
 F. W. (Jackson) THIBAUT, BM1c, 58 Adar St., Pawtauket, R.I.

Signature _____
 C. G. (Rip) RADCLIFFE, PTR1c, 14550 Whitman Ave., Seattle, Washington.

Signature _____
 E. L. (Smitty) SMITH, CM3c, 890 12th St. S.W., Huron, S.D.

Signature _____
 J. J. (Wooden Shoes) EPPINK, CM1c, 4194 5th Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Signature _____
 L. E. (Larry) PERRAULT, CM1c, Cape Cod, Mass.

Signature _____
 K. S. (Kenny) ZEISLOFT, S1c, 2915 "E" St., Toledo, Ohio.

Signature _____
 C. F. (Positive) HARDEN, CM2c, Saline City, Indiana.

Third Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 T. E. (Tommy) CAMPBELL, CM3c, 4117 N. Aleutian St., Portland, Oregon.

Signature _____
 T. N. (Chubby) MANNIX, S1c, Hartford City, Indiana.

Signature _____
 J. H. (Artie) CANTRELL, CM3c, RFD No. 1, Marion, Arkansas.

Signature _____
 A. J. (Dee) DABUNDO, S1c, 313 N. 1st St., Pleasantville, N.J.

Signature _____
 J. T. (Shorty) BRYER, EM1c, Peru, Indiana.

Signature _____
 S. J. (Tex) HALL, CM1c, 201 Pecan St., Honey Grove, Texas.

Signature _____
 E. A. (Al) PAQUETTE, PTR2c, 2230 Junction Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
 C. M. (Teddy) TEDFORD, CM2c, RFD No. 3, Dardanelle, Ark.

Signature _____
 E. T. (Admiral) LE BLANC, CM1c, Bogalusa, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 C. (Lone Ranger) HARKINS, CM2c, 914 S. Locust St., Ottawa, Kansas.

PLATOON QUIPS

PRIES—"Guide is right."
 PARHAM—"Lets go down yonder."
 FREIHAGE—"I know my plumbing."
 HENRICH—"Morning, Chief."
 CORTEN—"I never missed a pheasant in my life."
 HAMMITT—"I got to get my two beers."
 HOLLEY—"Lets Harmonize."
 CRAGG—"I'll get my book and prove it."
 DAVIS—"My Pappy says—"
 ABBAS—"I don't live in Woodward."
 WISEMAN—"Give me a chew."
 NEWTON—"Shoot a shilling."
 CZAJA—"She's my sister."
 ROSENCRANZ—"Goodnight, boys."
 THIBAUT—"I've got to go back to Maracas and rest up."
 RADCLIFFE—"I got some straight dope."
 SMITH—"Lets go to town."
 EPPINK—"Me and My Meyer."
 PERRAULT—"Now, up my way—"
 ZEISLOFT—"When do I get off of Guard Duty?"
 HARDEN—"I'll build it for a first class rating."

CAMPBELL—"I'm only a Seaman."
 MANNIX—"Play you a game of Pinochle."
 CANTRELL—"I'm not a carpenter."
 DABUNDO—"I teach you all I know and you still don't know anything."
 BRYER—"You can't grow hair and brains in the same place."
 HALL—"Damn if thats so."
 PAQUETTE—"Wanna play it out?"
 TEDFORD—"I want to go home!"
 LE BLANC—"I wanna be witchu all."
 HARKINS—"Better go count my beer bottles."

Ain't So?

You've heard a lotta talk about the moving picture law
 Which operates when boxers poke each other on the jaw.
 They want to show the fillums of the gallant pugilists
 Who waltz around the canvas floor
 And wave their padded fists.
 But—after seeing James assault a score of husky foes
 Or Gene, the Cowboy slam a dozen villains on the nose.
 Eke other wild and rampant stars of moving picture fame,
 The picture of a boxing match is lady-like and tame.

* * * * *
CLAM UP, MAC

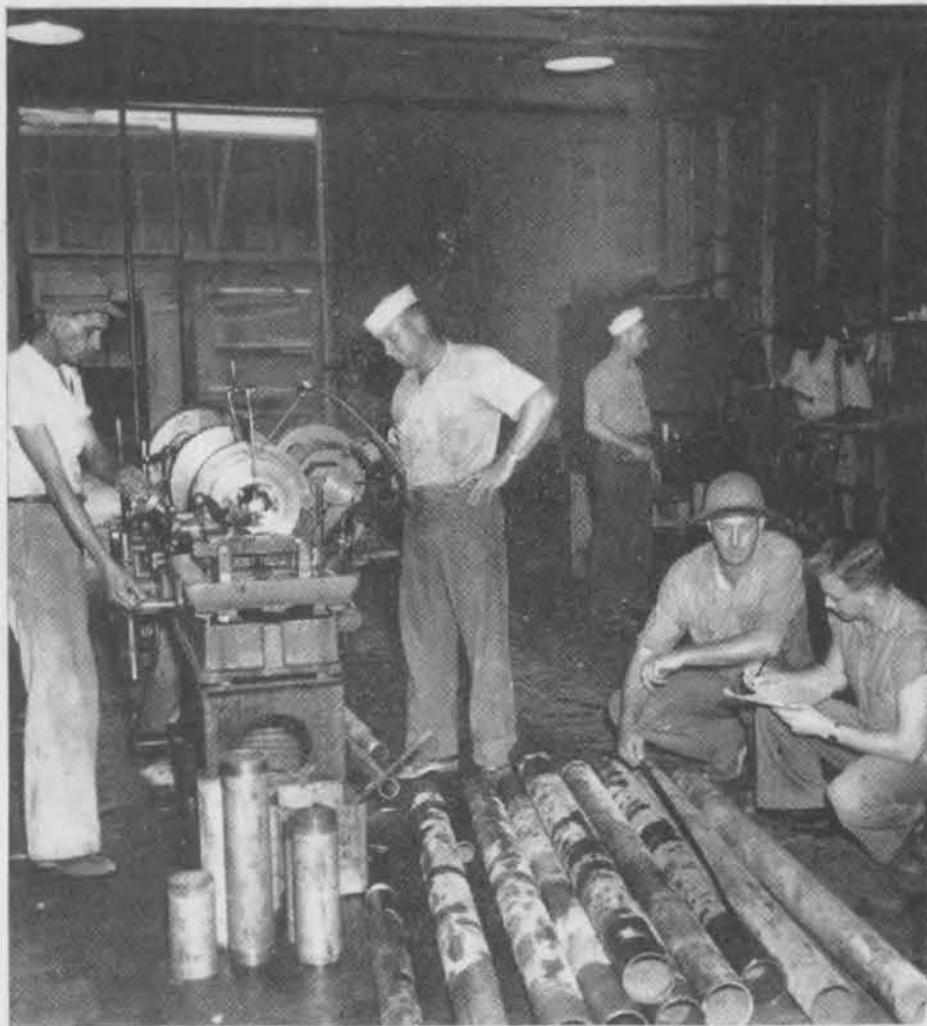
If you have news of our munitions,
 Keep it dark!
 Ships or planes or troop positions
 Keep it dark.

Lives are lost through conversation
 So here's a tip for the duration,
 When you have private information—
 Keep it dark!

* * * * *
WHATTA WORLD

Strange, isn't it, to think that at the present time in this world of ours, all the civilized people are at war and all the savages are at peace.

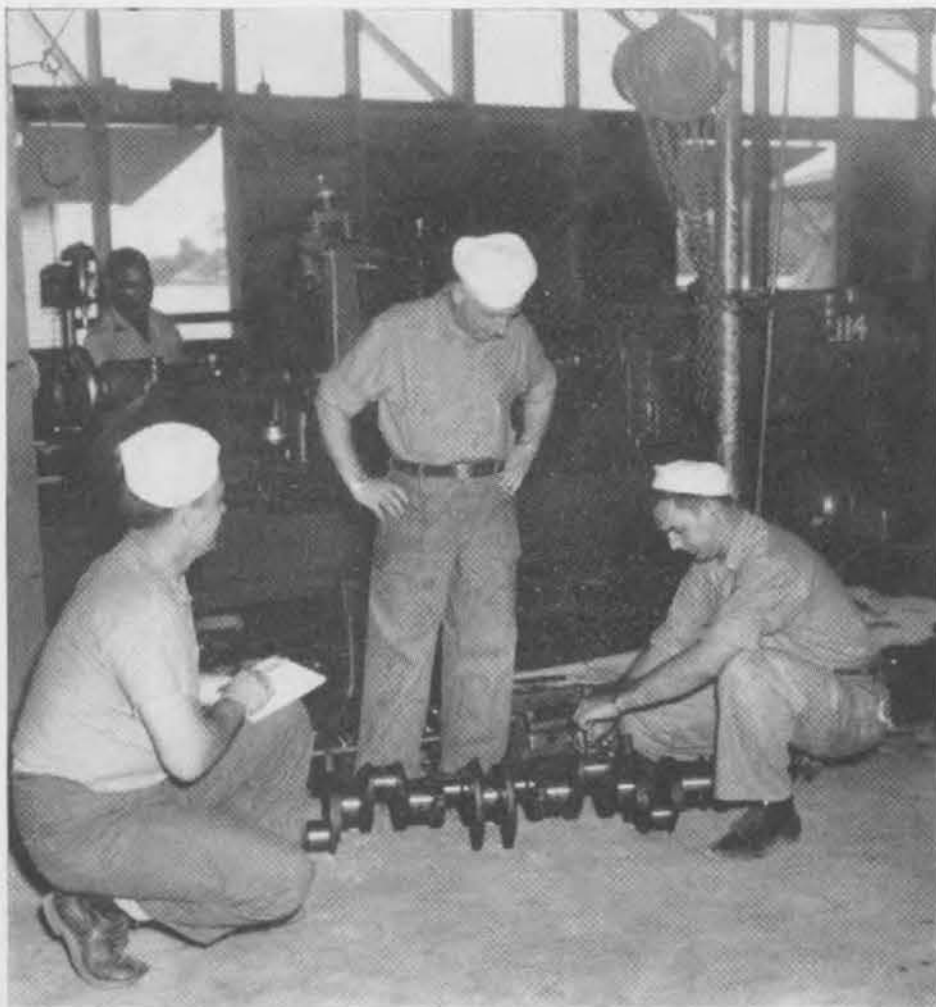
* * * * *
 NATIVE BOY: "Shine your shoes, Joe, so you can see your face in them?"
 SEABEE: "Naw—scram kid."
 NATIVE BOY: "Coward."



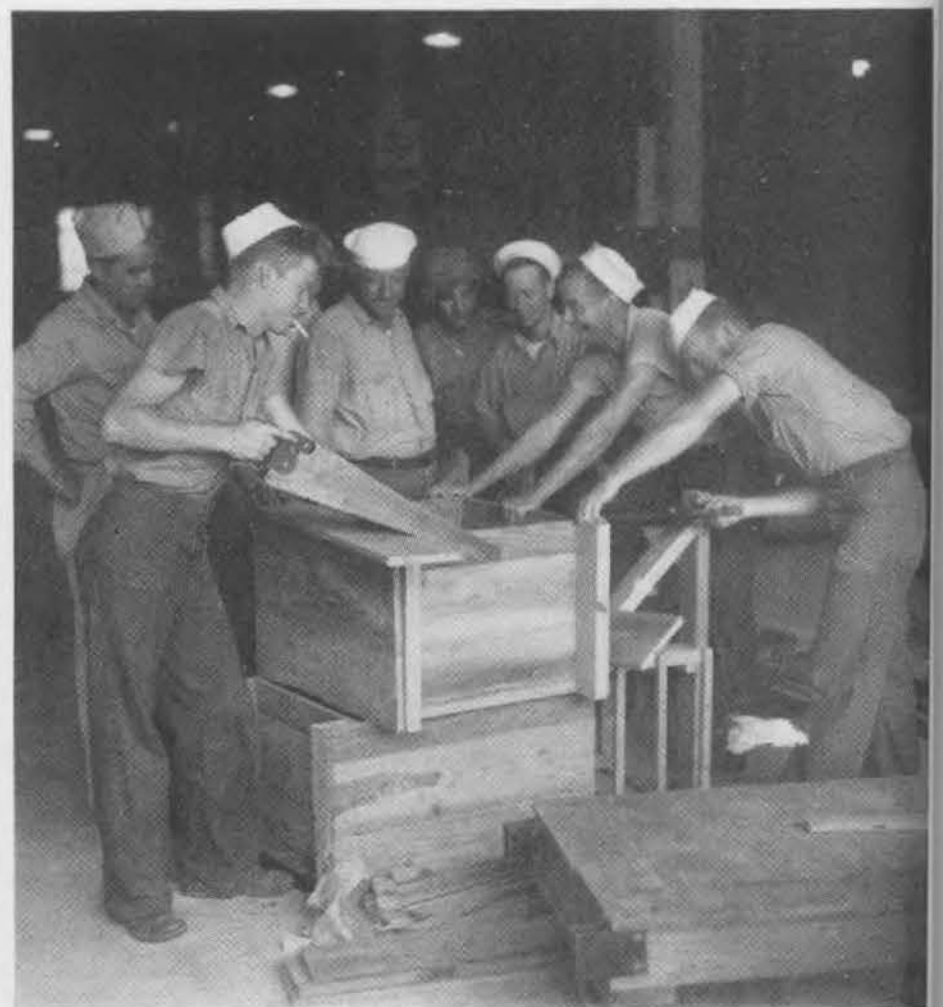
THE PIPE SHOP. There are miles of pipelines on Island X, and all of them must be maintained. Here pictured are the men who could and did furnish the pipelayers, shipfitters and plumbers with any given length of tubing.



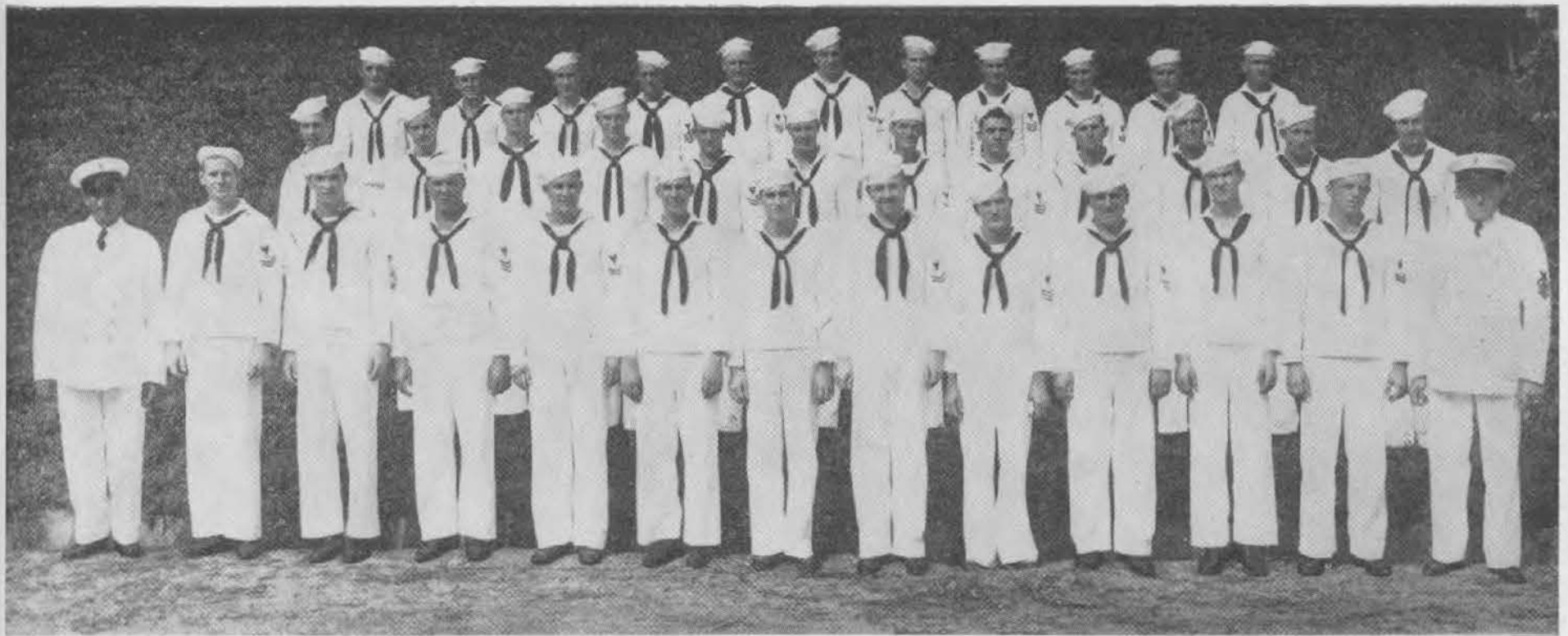
THE ELECTRICAL SHOP. Everyone knows how the electrical gadgets at home used to go "Bloody!" at certain times. They still do in here but our expert repairmen who can fix anything from a giant generator to a juke box, are always on the job.



THE MACHINE SHOP. We had no lack of proficient machinists and they had no lack of work. In a great fleet of mechanized equipment, working around the clock, casualties must be expected. If no ready made parts were in stock, these men could make them and the job went on.



THE CARPENTER SHOP. The carpenter's services are always in demand. In addition to the heavy construction work, odds and ends such as boxes, chests, shelves, bins, crates and furniture are needed. The motto of this jolly crew of wood-butchers was "Show us something we can't build."



COMPANY D, PLATOON 3

Front Row, Left to Right:

- Signature _____
 R. J. (Pappy) DUNLAP, CEM, c/o E. E. Scott, Palmyra, Nebraska.
- Signature _____
 R. F. (Tornado) GARDNER, SF2c, 1272 Fell St., San Francisco, California.
- Signature _____
 A. L. (Art) PEABODY, Sic, 1400 W. 26th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- Signature _____
 G. E. (Pop) LEICK, CM1c, 103 E. Wilson St., Batavia, Illinois.
- Signature _____
 O. L. (Killer) KESTERSON, SF2c, Box 1182, Kilgore, Texas.
- Signature _____
 R. K. (Duke) MANES, GM3c, 2027 Cleveland Ave., Baxter Springs, Kansas.
- Signature _____
 J. H. (Snoose) PRICE, Sic, 939 1st St., Webster City, Iowa.
- Signature _____
 C. R. (Chuck) MOULIN, PTR2c, 425 So. McKinley, Alliance, Ohio.
- Signature _____
 T. M. (Uncle Tom) CURRIE, CM3c, Wingate, Texas.
- Signature _____
 M. (Col. . . . age) KRESHOCK, SF1c, 334 River St., Plains, Pennsylvania.
- Signature _____
 J. S. (The Kid) DAVIS, Sic, 2537 Bomar, Fort Worth, Texas.
- Signature _____
 M. L. (Stinky) SMITH, CM2c, Buda, Illinois.
- Signature _____
 J. B. (On The Ball) WALSH, CEM, 5242 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.

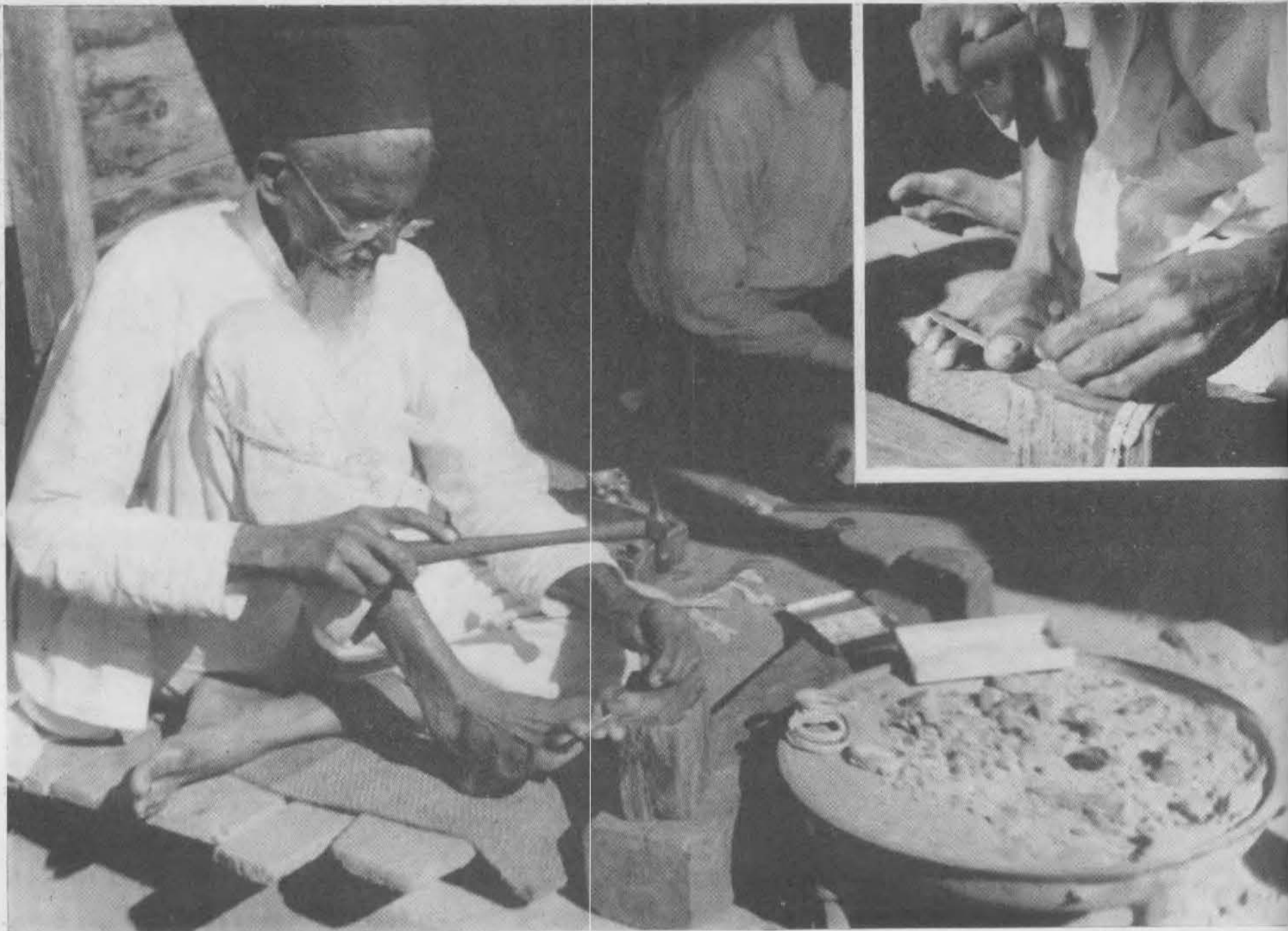
Second Row, Left to Right:

- Signature _____
 V. W. (Pat) PATRIS, CM3c, 3239 Eastwood Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
- Signature _____
 E. R. (Skeeter) PATRICK, Sic, 1612 Montgomery Ave., Ashland Kentucky.
- Signature _____
 B. W. (Igloo) FLETCHER, CM1c, 205 Tunnel Blvd., Chattanooga, Tenn.
- Signature _____
 R. L. (Blondie) MAIN, CM2c, Jane, Missouri.
- Signature _____
 B. F. (Checker) MATLOCK, CM2c, Boyds, Washington.
- Signature _____
 D. (Drag-Line) HALL, MM1c, 4065 So. Delaware St., Englewood, Colorado.
- Signature _____
 A. L. (Smitty) SMITH, PTR3c, Black Oak, Arkansas.
- Signature _____
 G. L. (Polack) SADOWSKI, MM1c, 7124 Pennsylvania Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
- Signature _____
 J. P. (Hoppy) KOZEL, CM3c, 12878 Downing St., Detroit, Michigan.
- Signature _____
 G. T. (Swabby) CLARK, F1c, Detroit, Michigan.
- Signature _____
 T. W. (Lucky) MILLER, CM1c, Liberty, Indiana.
- Signature _____
 R. G. (Jinx) ZIEG, EM1c, 108 W. Oak St., Somerset, Kentucky.
- Third Row, Left to Right:**
- Signature _____
 J. L. (Bones) NOWAK, SF2c, 5142 So. Loomis St., Chicago, Illinois.

- Signature _____
 D. J. (Shorty) LANDRY, SF3c, 8723 Hilton St., Houston, Texas.
- Signature _____
 A. J. (Al) DARRELL, Sic, 2609 So. 62nd St., Philadelphia, Penn.
- Signature _____
 C. W. (Skillet) BALLINGER, EM1c, 419 Delmar Place, Covington, Kentucky.
- Signature _____
 W. J. (Uncle Bill) WALKER, CM1c, East 2nd St. Norborne, Mo.
- Signature _____
 A. D. (Troubles) GOODMAN, SF2c, Rt. No. 1, Box 275, Beaumont, Texas.
- Signature _____
 W. J. (Bill) DARLING, COX, 274 Girard Ave., East Aurora, New York.
- Signature _____
 M. H. (Boss-Man) FIANT, CM1c, 176 Benton Place, Marion, Ohio.
- Signature _____
 L. A. (Red) POWERS, MM2c, 2113 N. St., Sacramento, California.
- Signature _____
 N. W. (Smokey) ROEPKE, MM1c, 2817 Hilldale, St. Louis, Mo.
- Signature _____
 J. O. (Jack Rabbit) FLYNN, SF3c, 2310 Hazel St., Beaumont, Texas.
- Platoon Members not pictured:**
- Signature _____
 F. E. (Ribber) ROBERTS, SF3c, 419 E. 4th St., No. Newton, Iowa.
- Signature _____
 O. D. (Ollie) KOONTZ, CM3c, Los Angeles, California.

PLATOON QUIPS

- DUNLAP—"They will be my downfall yet."
- GARDNER—"Lets get a Beer, Cactus."
- PEABODY—"Holy cow!"
- LEICH—"If I don't get my mail to-nite!"
- KESTERSON—"My gal did me dirt."
- MANES—"When I make chief——"
- PRICE—"Hear the latest Ship Service dope?"
- MOULIN—"I like it here."
- CURRIE—"I'm an important guy."
- KRESHOCK—"What's the latest?"
- DAVIS—"I'll bet you."
- SMITH—"I never worked anyplace before without improving."
- WALSH—"Check-at ease!"
- PATRIS—"Oh blow it."
- PATRICK—"I got me a new mopsy."
- FLETCHER—"Want to play a little cards?"
- MAIN—"I'm going to re-enlist!"
- MATLOCK—"What's the correct time?"
- HALL—"Is that so?"
- SMITH—"Shoot you a shilling."
- SADOWSKI—"Tell you what I'll do—"
- KOZEL—"I'm a whiz."
- CLARK—"Where is my mail?"
- MILLER—"Lets do it-one time so——"
- ZIEG—"Ain't that a Sad Sack?"
- NOWAK—"Hit the deck, Mac!"
- LANDRY—"O'le Shorty can do it."
- DARRELL—"See my newest ones?"
- BALLINGER—"Rub my head for luck."
- WALKER—"Old lucky dog."
- GOODMAN—"Lissin heah, boy!"
- DARLING—"Come on, lets go."
- FIANT—"I'm the M.A.A., you know!"
- POWERS—"You guys bother me."
- ROEPKE—"No kidding, I read it."
- FLYNN—"Hello, bully."



INDIAN JEWELLER. Rahamadeen, making an intricate bracelet which is soon to adorn some lady's wrist. Working with rather crude tools, compared to the equipment used by American jewellers, this craftsman fashions exquisite pieces that bring "Oh's" and "Ah's" from the lips of the gentler sex. Inset shows closeup of the manner in which the native puts a foot and toes to use thus freeing both hands for added efficiency.

The Wonder Builders When The War Is Over

Bronzed builders work faithfully today
In an island paradise far away.
They cut down wild growth and giant
trees
Preparing the way for victories.
The navy's right arm, the brave Seabees
Are blasters of rock in far lagoons,
Pile drivers and dredgers. Jungle moons
Are golden when Seabees ride the wave,
With dreams of a world they're pledged
to save.

Because of their toil, great docks rise up,
And hangars beneath the azure cup
Receive the new planes. They ride the
breeze
To futures rebuilt by the Seabees.

Because of the hammers their hard
hands seize,
Hospital units stand white in the sun.
Machine shops and bridges follow the
gun
Emplacements. Roads wind and airports
form
Because of the navy's fighting arm!

—Anne Campbell.

Submitted by Ralph Vincent.

When the war is over, folks,
And peace is here once more,
We'll be coming home a-smiling
To kiss America's shore.

The bands will play so gaily,
The folks will cheer us, too,
When loved ones smile around us
Just as they used to do.

Some day the clouds will pass away,
And the sun will shine again.
Upon this earth all drenched in blood,
Our world that went insane.

When it will all be over folks,
We can forget about it, all,
Yet never forget our buddies
Who answered the Leader's call

They died that we might stay alive
When they answered our Master's call,
And to keep alive America's rights
Of freedom and justice for all.

C. E. Sager.

DOCTOR: (To inductee) "Have you any
serious physical defects?"

DEAFTEE: "Yessir, no guts."

Sailors Daze

It's gonna be tough again to be
A dyed-in-the-wool civilian,
It's gonna be hard to believe I'm free
I'll make mistakes by the million.

I'll bet when I'm wearing my blue serge
suit,
I'll press it from the habit,
And the first uniformed street cleaner
I'll see,
I'll salute him or run like a rabbit.

Then my wife will take advantage
Of my absent-minded ways,
And I may peel her a pot of spuds
Before I snap out of my daze.

And I'll hop out of bed in the morning
Dress up in a hurry—so neat,
Rush out of the house like a whirlwind
To stand reveille in the street.

It's gonna be tough, yes, I know
I'll be kidded aplenty and how!
Meanwhile, my friends I sure, am glad
To be in the Navy now.

—Submitted by M. F. Warfield.

Tropical Moonlight Dream

Dedicated to Gladys, my wife.

'Twas through silvery gleam of moonlight
On lacy wings the angel came
Struck the golden chord across my heart
Sweetest music of your name.

The first clear note so beautiful
With my listening spirit pled
I followed blindly the musician
All other thoughts had fled.

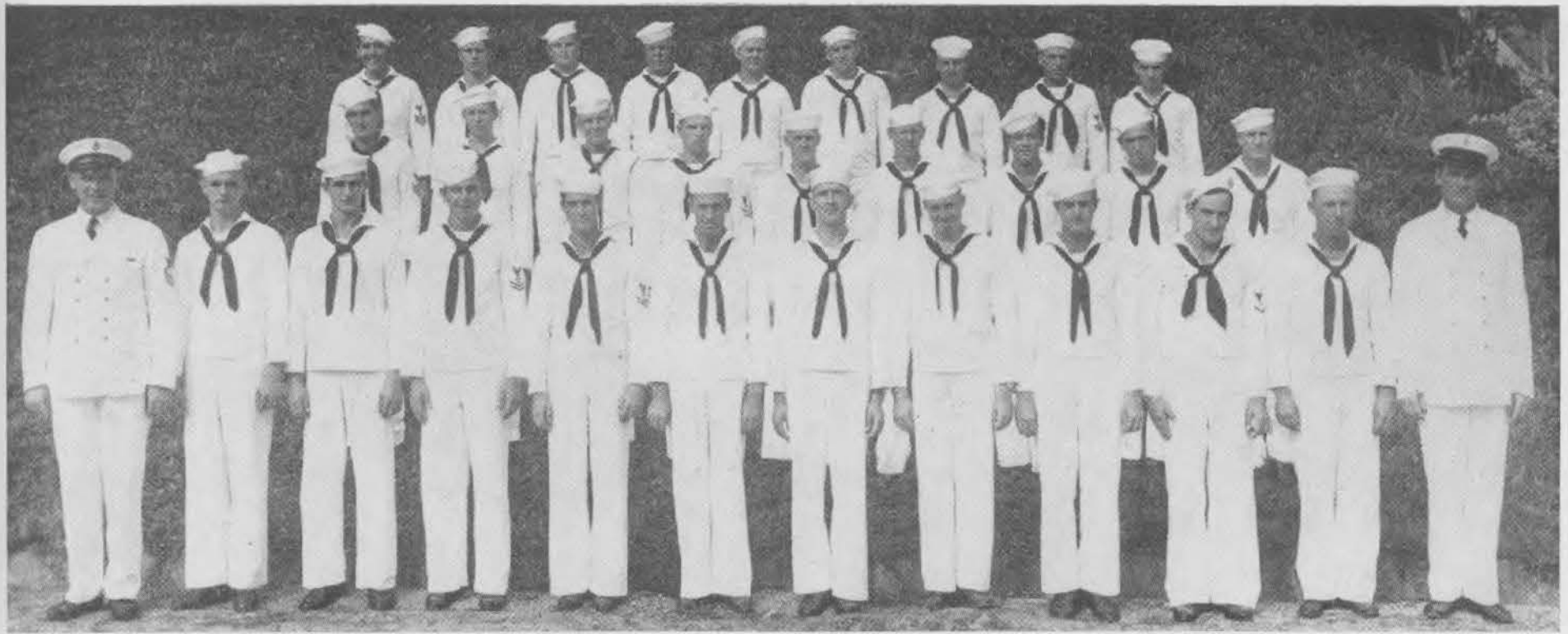
He played of your soft lips so young
And the glory of your hair.
My poor heart leapt in sheer delight
To behold such beauty fair.

The music rose to a soft, sweet climax
Entranced was I and thrilled.
Your soft lovely body pressed close to
mine

My eyes with mist were filled
Clung lingeringly, by love impelled
Then the music stopped, the angel left

Flew back through moonlight gleam
And I thanked God for memory sweet
Although 'twas but a dream.

—J. W. Dupuis.



COMPANY D, PLATOON 4

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 V. L. (Speed) Gammill, CCM, 2930 5th Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

Signature _____
 R. H. (Norman) Winters, S1c, 226 W. 102nd St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Signature _____
 L. W. (Stinky) Hutchins, S1c, 1121 Rosewood, Ferndale, Mich.

Signature _____
 J. L. (Rebel) Waits, MM1c, 951 Main St., Biloxi, Miss.

Signature _____
 E. L. (Mac) McDaniels, MM2c, 1750 Grand Blvd. Hamilton, Ohio.

Signature _____
 E. L. ("VC") Johnson, MM3c, 320 Avenue I, Dallas 16, Texas.

Signature _____
 W. H. (Needle ask me) Vernick, CM3c, Hubbard Road, Madison, Ohio.

Signature _____
 D. L. (Cornbilly) Cook, S1c, Route No. 2, Atwood, Tennessee.

Signature _____
 R. H. (Speed) Cox, EM3c, 415 E. State St., New Comerstown, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. L. S. (Indian) Brower, CM3c, Box 236 Lilbourn, Mo.

Signature _____
 W. J. (Tuck) Tucker, BM1c, 2201 Pease Ave., Houston, 3, Texas.

Signature _____
 L. P. (Tex) Legate, CCM, Route No. 1, La Port, Texas.

Second Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 M. L. (Pat) Patterson, MM1c, P.O. Box No. 1, Opelika, Alabama.

Signature _____
 W. H. (English) Irwin, S1c, 702 3rd St., N.W. Minot, N. Dakota

Signature _____
 W. N. (Curly) Tolf, MM3c, 422 So. 11th St., De Kalb, Ill.

Signature _____
 H. M. (Flat Top) Moen, MM1c, Norwich, North Dakota.

Signature _____
 L. A. (Doughboy) Daugherty, MME3c, 1893 Ford Ave., Akron, Ohio.

Signature _____
 M. C. (Swede) Johnson, CM3c, c/o Mrs. Elta Johnson, Plaza Hotel, Waukegan, Illinois.

Signature _____
 S. F. (Sol) Contento, S1c, Vineland, New Jersey.

Signature _____
 J. J. (Boston) Connolly, S1c, 474 Mass. Ave., Boston, Mass.

Signature _____
 E. O. (Conscientious) Coon, SF3c, 411 S. Bluff St. Anthony, Kansas.

Third Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 L. J. (Tubby) Schumacher, MM1c, 410 N. Oakland Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Signature _____
 W. J. (Polack) Ciach, S1c, 3891 Cosstock St., Hamtramck, Mich.

Signature _____
 E. (Butterball) Sliz, MM1c, 7010 E. Warren, Detroit, Mich.

Signature _____
 T. G. (Terrible Tommy) Tucker, MM1c, Waldorf Hotel, Seattle, Washington.

Signature _____
 W. J. (Willie Wizzer) Williams, MM3c, 1819 Division St., Port Huron, Mich.

Signature _____
 O. D. (Jug Head) Huddleston, S1c, Burlington, Kansas.

Signature _____
 J. H. (Overweight) Scurlock, PTR3c, Route 5, Jackson, Miss.

Signature _____
 B. (Moody) Combest, MM2c, P.O. Box 182, Moody, Texas.

Signature _____
 H. R. (Woody) Woods, S1c, Berryman, Mo.

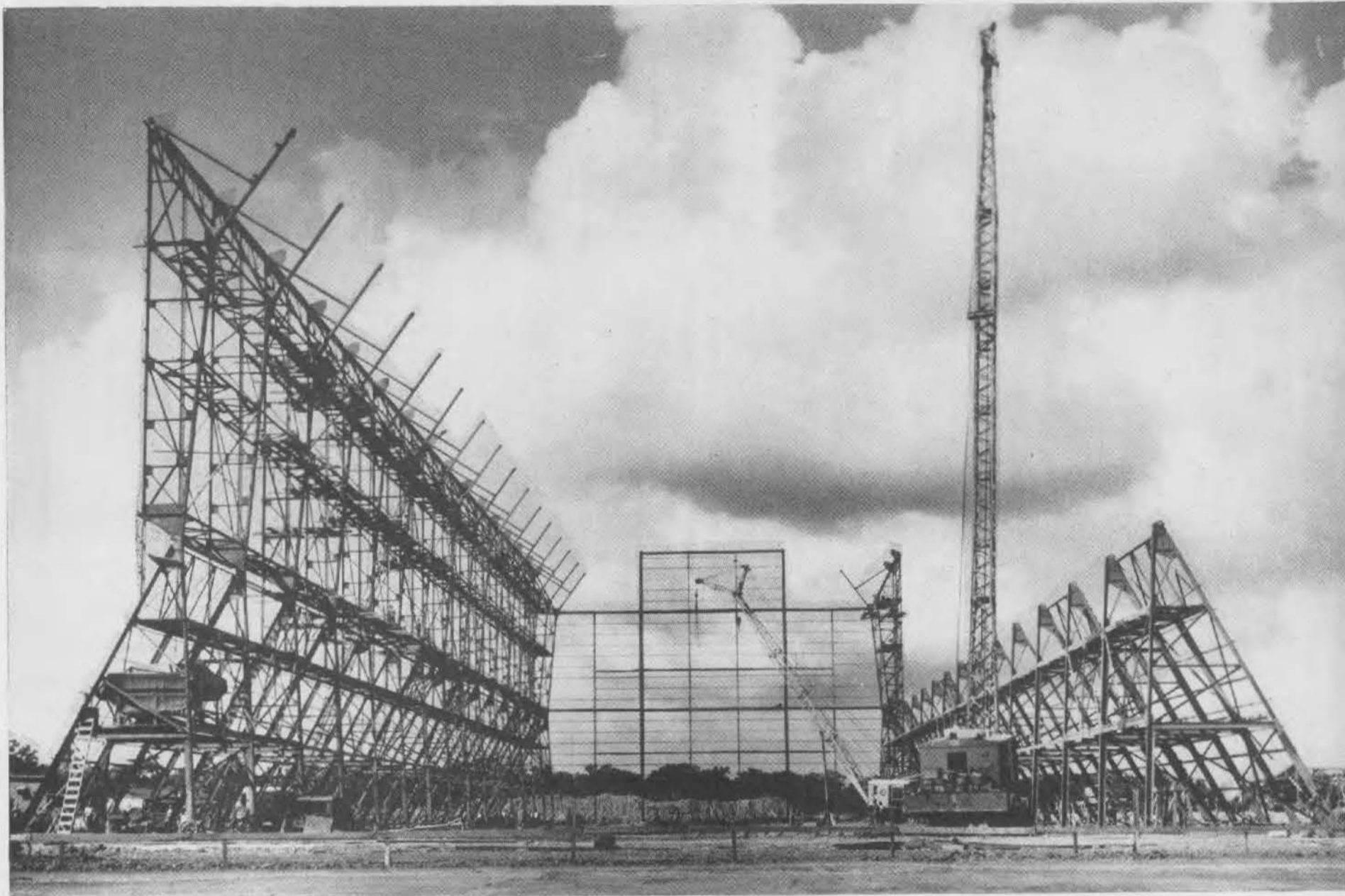
Platoon Members not pictured :

Signature _____
 A. G. (Robby) Robinson, MM3c, Rt. No. 1, Box 31x, Medford, Oregon.

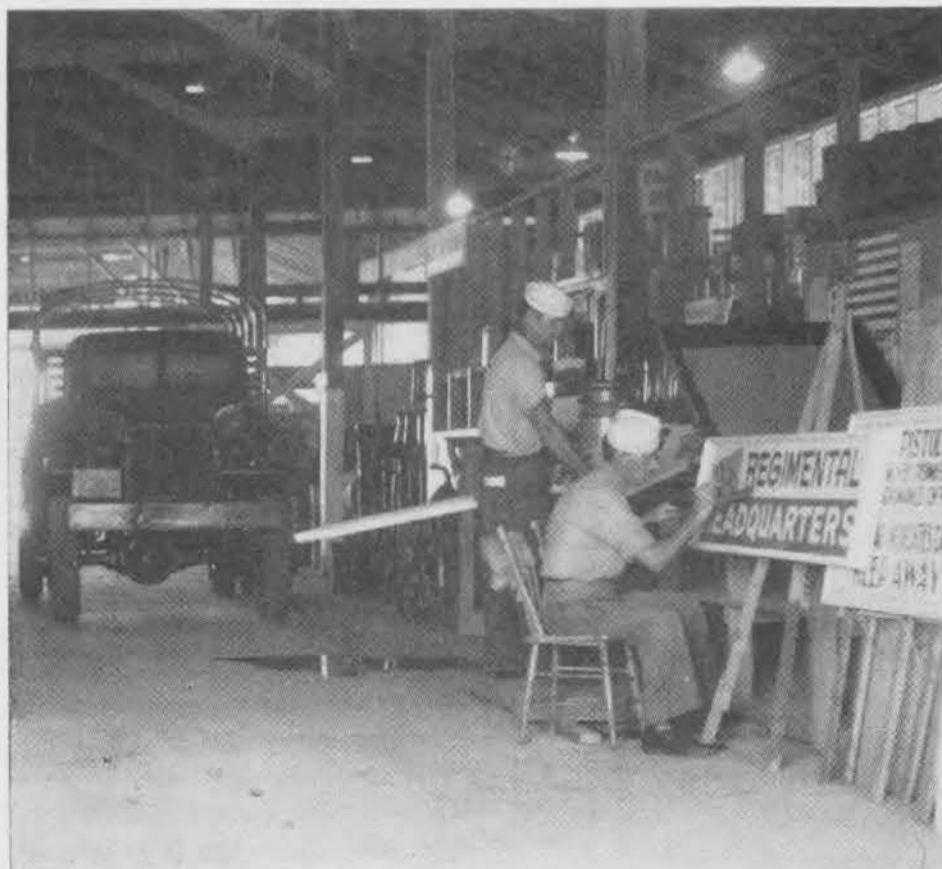
Signature _____
 R. R. (Hunter) Thater, S1c, E. 7th St., Washington, Mo.

PLATOON QUIPS

- Gammill—"On the ball, fellows!"
- Winters—"You tell me."
- Hutchins—"Did I get a letter from my girl?"
- Waits—"Always on the ball."
- McDaniels—"I reckon."
- Johnson (V.C.)—"I want my mommie."
- Vernick—"Who's using suction now?"
- Cook—"Why my mules can so."
- Cox—"How much you want?"
- Brower—"Let's forget it."
- Tucker (W. J.)—"Hey Doughboy, tell 'em about it."
- Legate—"Good evening."
- Patterson—"You guys have me all wrong."
- Irwin—"I'll get my Gestapo on it."
- Tolf—"Now in Clinton County, we, we,—"
- Moen—"Let's go, Waits."
- Daugherty—"Now wait a minute."
- Johnson (M.C.)—"Oh! I don't know."
- Contento—"Harry James sins me."
- Connolly—"I wasn't at the tea party."
- Coon—"What's cooking?"
- Schumacher—"The latest scuttle is—"
- Ciach—"I'm too crafty for the dogs."
- Sliz—"Now let's get this straight."
- Tucker (T.C.)—"Now let me tell you how it was, understand, see."
- Williams—"I must save this Trepence."
- Huddleston—"Oh, you don't say."
- Scurlock—"I'll go have another look in the mirror."
- Combest—"I'll bet you."
- Woods—"I am scars all over."
- Robinson—"What's the latest Scuttle-but?"
- Thater—"Oh, is that true?"



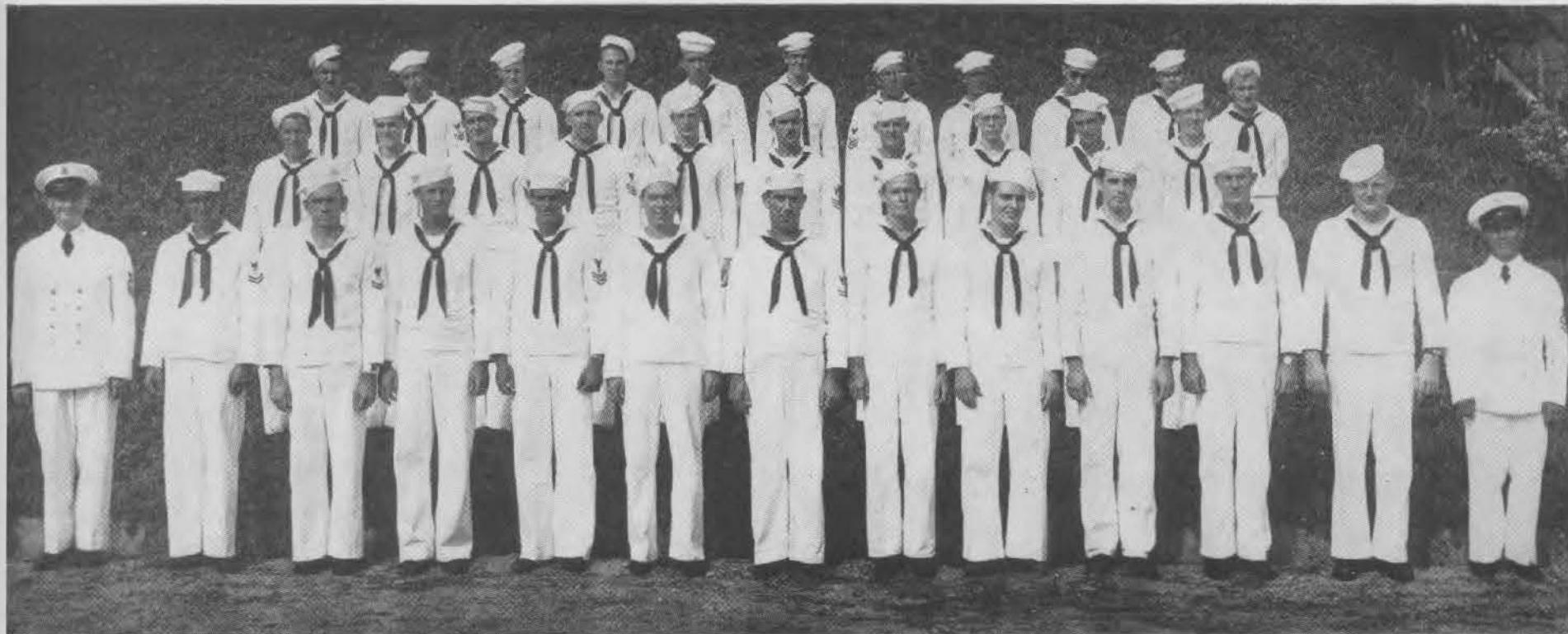
ERECTION OF STEEL HANGAR. One of the most momentous projects ever tackled by Seabees on this Island. The picture shows the process of erecting the walls of this structure. Work of this type calls for the services of experienced structural steel workers and first class riggers. Then, of course, there is always the chance for inexperienced hands to learn a skilled trade while laboring on such a project.



PUBLIC WORKS SIGN SHOP. There was a great demand for painted signs on the Base. As usual the work had to be done immediately, if not sooner. The skilled Seabees in this shop filled every order in a minimum of time.



LINEMEN IN THE FIELD. Former Bell Telephone and hot-wire linemen now do the same type of work for the Navy. Miles of telephone wire and power cables were strung by these busy crews who seemed to revel in their work.



COMPANY D, PLATOON 5

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 C. P. (Clem) GOHRING, CSF, 2232 Barrington Road, University Heights, Ohio.

Signature _____
 S. S. (Shack) SMITH, CM2c, Winchester, Ohio.

Signature _____
 O. E. (Odi) THARP, CM2c, Route No. 1, San Angelo, Texas.

Signature _____
 L. I. (Admiral) DEWEY, S1c, Phillips, Texas.

Signature _____
 T. R. (Piler) SMITH, MM1c, 305 E. 4th St., Crowley, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 R. (Doc) REES, MM2c, Route No. 1, Corbin, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 C. (Ole Man's Son) TURNER, CM1c, 767 Brent St., Louisville, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 F. W. (Red) DERBY, MM3c, 3430 Sunset Ave., Lake Charles, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 C. D. (Plow Jockey) SPARKS, CM3c, R.R. No. 2, New Market, Iowa.

Signature _____
 H. J. (Bud) AUSTIN, S1c, 9403 So. E. Reedway, Portland, Oregon.

Signature _____
 J. W. (Spinner) BRATTON, EM3c, 919 Virginia St., Martins Ferry, Ohio.

Signature _____
 C. F. (Hopalong) CASADAY, S1c, Route No. 1, Milstead, Alabama.

Signature _____
 H. (Pop) DINOFFRI, CSF, 216 No. Joliet St., Joliet, Illinois.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 C. W. (Clara) CARTER, CM1c, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Signature _____
 W. L. (Preacher) BROWN, S1c, R.F.D. Waxahatchie, Texas.

Signature _____
 M. J. (Rigger) GLOGER, CM1c, 116 Kandali St., Houston, Texas.

Signature _____
 L. D. (Chief) INMAN, CM1c, R.F.D. No. 8, Jackson, Michigan.

Signature _____
 W. H. (Boy Wonder) BAINTON, S1c, 111 Cambridge Ave., Stewart Manor, Long Island, N.Y.

Signature _____
 F. E. (Mr. Brown) LOUREY, CM1c, 3036 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Signature _____
 J. M. (Skipper) WHITE, PTR1c, 41 Park Ave., Arlington, Mass.

Signature _____
 A. M. (Al) SCHOENING, MM1c, Appleton, Minn.

Signature _____
 J. J. (Bad Man) CLABAUGH, CM3c, R.R. No. 3, Boone, Iowa.

Signature _____
 R. W. (Brad) BRADBURY, S1c, 43 So. Kimball St., Danville, Illinois.

Signature _____
 L. A. (Foreign Born) RUSSO, CM3c, 2256 Rankin Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Signature _____
 G. B. (Bud) JOHNSON, MM2c, Dugger, Indiana.

Signature _____
 G. B. (Bud) JOHNSON, MM2c, Dugger, Indiana.

Signature _____
 G. B. (Bud) JOHNSON, MM2c, Dugger, Indiana.

Signature _____
 J. S. (Jess) BAKER, S1c, Grandview, Texas.

Signature _____
 J. A. (Bink) BINKER, S1c, 877 Johnson Pkwy., St. Paul, Minn.

Signature _____
 E. (Denny) DENSON, S1c, R.R. 2, Canton, Texas.

Signature _____
 T. C. (Tom) AYLWARD, S1c, 200 Broadway, Rockland, Maine.

Signature _____
 G. P. (Hard Rock) SCHETTLER, GM1c, 4600 Ferntop Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Signature _____
 T. W. (Tom) GRADY, CM3c, 3 E. 43rd St., Latonia, Kentucky.

Signature _____
 L. A. (Del) DELAFLAIN, MM3c, Arroyo Grande, California.

Signature _____
 J. L. (Jim) BAKER, S1c, Wyandote, Oklahoma.

Signature _____
 E. C. (Whitey) DELL, CM3c, 5164 E. 128th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 D. A. (Don) KING, MM1c, R.F.D. No. 2 Bethany, Mo.

Signature _____
 C. L. (Jack) ROE, S1c, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Signature _____
 C. L. (Jack) ROE, S1c, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Signature _____
 C. L. (Jack) ROE, S1c, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Signature _____
 C. L. (Jack) ROE, S1c, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

PLATOON QUIPS

- GOHRING—"The dress is, Right!"
- SMITH—"Beautiful Ohio."
- THARP—"Hey Preacher!"
- DEWEY—"Turn the lights out men."
- SMITH—"I never say anything."
- REES—"Boy, she was Spanish."
- TURNER—"If I ever get back to Pee Wee valley—"
- DERBY—"Take me back to my little French gal."
- SPARKS—"Could I ask you a question?"
- AUSTIN—"I should have been an Electrician."
- BRATTON—"I just hit a home-run with four men on base"
- CASADAY—"Denson robbed the bank"
- DINOFFRI—"Come on Coony, let's play ling Pong."
- CARTER—"If I just keep up with Russo."
- BROWN—"Just ask Mollie who's boss."
- GLOGER—"Here comes Googenheimer."
- INMAN—"What's the matter with the Marines?"
- BAINTON—"Just wait 'till I get that gold."
- LOUREY—"I had a picnic."
- WHITE—"Let's get on the ball men."
- SCHOENING—"I can't be a gopher and a Republican too."
- CLABAUGH—"What's new?"
- BRADBURY—"I beat him anyway."
- RUSSO—"My Dago Irish Rose."
- JOHNSON—"Maracas finally got me."
- BAKER—"Take me back to my boots and saddle."
- BINKER—"Bratton, you are full of bull."
- DENSON—"Where is Casaday?"
- AYLWARD—"I'm tired."
- SCHETTLER—"Gotta blow up a stump."
- GRADY—"I took them in with a laugh."
- DELAFLAIN—"I want to stay in Trinidad."
- BAKER—"Hurry up, Lourey."
- DELL—"Get me on Mess Cook, Please!"

Platoon Members not pictured :

Signature _____
 D. A. (Don) KING, MM1c, R.F.D. No. 2 Bethany, Mo.

Signature _____
 C. L. (Jack) ROE, S1c, Fayetteville, Arkansas.



83RD ARMORY. This small crew of four capable gunners' mates repaired and maintained all the battalion arms including rifles, side arms, machine guns, mortars and anti-aircraft weapons.

Origin Of The Seabees

If you looked in Noah Webster, you would find he'd never heard
Of the thing that's called a SEABEE; it's just a fairly modern word,
But just ask the German soldiers, or the sailors of Japan,
And you'll find the meaning of the word, is known to every man.
When the Army had some heavy work, it used to use the mules,
The Navy had to use Marines, but they were slow with tools.

So the White House called a meeting—(F. D. R.'s a Navy man)
And the brass hats all assembled, to devise a better plan.
'My friends,' began the President, I think we'll all agree,
We've an awful lot of work to do, before the world is free.
Now as I understand it, and I think you'll see I'm right,
We need a breed of sailors, who can work as well as fight.'

The brass hats nodded sagely—Mr. Knox began to speak—
'I was thinking of those very lines,' he said, 'the other week,
With sailors smarter than Marines, and strong as Army mules,
We could make the Axis nations, look like a pack of fools.'

The President sat back and thought, and puffed his cigarette;
'I'd rather think,' he said at length, 'There's one thing you forget,
Men smarter than Marines, you say, and strong as Army mules,
But what we really need is men, experienced with tools.'
'They'll have to build an airfield, on shifting desert sands;
A drydock in the Solomons, a base in Arctic lands.

They'll have to dredge the channels, where submarines can go,
To rest between their trips along the coast of Tokyo.'

Then Knox said; 'Surely man so skilled, might prove to be too old,
To stand the tropic's burning heat, or Arctic's biting cold.'

The President smiled and answered, as he took a thoughtful puff,
'The years don't make a Seabee old—they only make him tough.

'A Seabee? What's a SEABEE?', they all desired to know,
'A Seabee' said the President, and his words were deep and slow,

'A SEABEE is a fighting man, who gets big jobs done;
He can make a gun emplacement, as well as shoot the gun.

He can build a hangar, pave a road, repair a wrecked machine;
There are some whose first enlistment, was back in 'seventeen';

He can sink a well construct a dam, do anything you like;
He can work while shells are bursting, and he never goes on strike.

That, gentlemen, is roughly, the thought I had in mind,
Now get your men to look around, and see what they can find.

A crew of skilled Americans, to work as well as fight,
Will solve the country's problems; Thank you, gentlemen, and 'Good-night!'

—85th Sea Breeze.

So You Are Sick Of The Padre Speaks The War

(Written by an American Soldier
Overseas)

"So you're sick of the way the country
is run
And you're sick of the way rationing
is done.
And you're sick of standing around in
line
You're sick, you say—well, that's just
fine.

"Yes, I'm sick of the sun and the heat
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching
feet
And I'm sick of the mud and the jungle
flies
And I'm sick of the stench when the
night mists rise
And I'm sick of the siren's wailing
shriek
And I'm sick of the groans of the
wounded and weak
And I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's
dive.
And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive
And I'm sick of the roar and noise and
din
And I'm sick of the taste of food from
a tin
And I'm sick of slaughter—I'm sick to
my soul.
I'm sick of playing a killer's role,
And I'm sick of blood and death and
smell
And I'm even sick of myself as well.

But I'm sicker still of a tyrant's rule
And conquered lands where wild beasts
drool.
And I'm cured damn quick, when I think
of the day
When all this hell will be out of the way,
When none of this mess will have been
in vain
And the lights of the world will blaze
again;
And things will be as they were before,
And kids will laugh in the streets once
more,
And the Axis flag will be dipped and
furled
And God looks down on a peaceful
world."

(Continued from Page 3)

book that there was never a time when
we were greenhorns and boots and made
mistakes. As men and officers in the
Seabees this year has shown clearly two
things: first, there is a tremendous
amount accomplished by working to-
gether, and second, we never cease to
profit by past experience. It's good to
know both those facts. That makes for
the happy ending.

But there is another part of this
happy ending to be thought of. That
concerns the great day when Mr. Sea-
bee arrives home and hangs up his uni-
form for the last time. Will he be a
better man for all this? Better husband
—better father—better citizen of the
United States? He should be one or all
of these. That's up to him now and also
then. He should be easier to live with,
because he's had considerable getting
along with other people to do this year.

He should be a better husband and
father, because these past months have
shown him how incomplete life is with-
out his family close by. He should be a
better neighbor, because he's learned that
there are a lot of nice guys in this world,
and they all look like the man who lives
next door. Most of all, he should be a
peaceful man, because he knows now, if
he didn't before, in spite of a tour of
duty on a comparative "Island X"
Paradise that war is a dirty business
at best.

So, the end of the picture now remains
to be shot. The scene keeps shaping up
all the time. The principal actor is on
the stage — it lies with him to make
his own ending, either happy or other-
wise. Mr. Seabee, write your own script
from here on in.

—Chaplain R. S. Hutchison.

* * * *

GOAT STEW

Just before the coffee, Mother,
I was eating Navy Stew—
And the way they cooked it, Mother,
Made me think of home and you.
Oh, my dear, my darling Mother,
How you cooked that Irish stew.
I'll ne'er forget it's flavor, Mother—
While on Navy Stew I chew.

The Trip Over

(Continued from Page 25)

a pleasant sight it was. She holds out her
arms to friends and puts up stiff
barriers to enemies.

As we came down the gangplank in
blue woollens, with packs and our rifles,
to face a broiling sun another outfit of
Seabees greeted us. "Where you from,

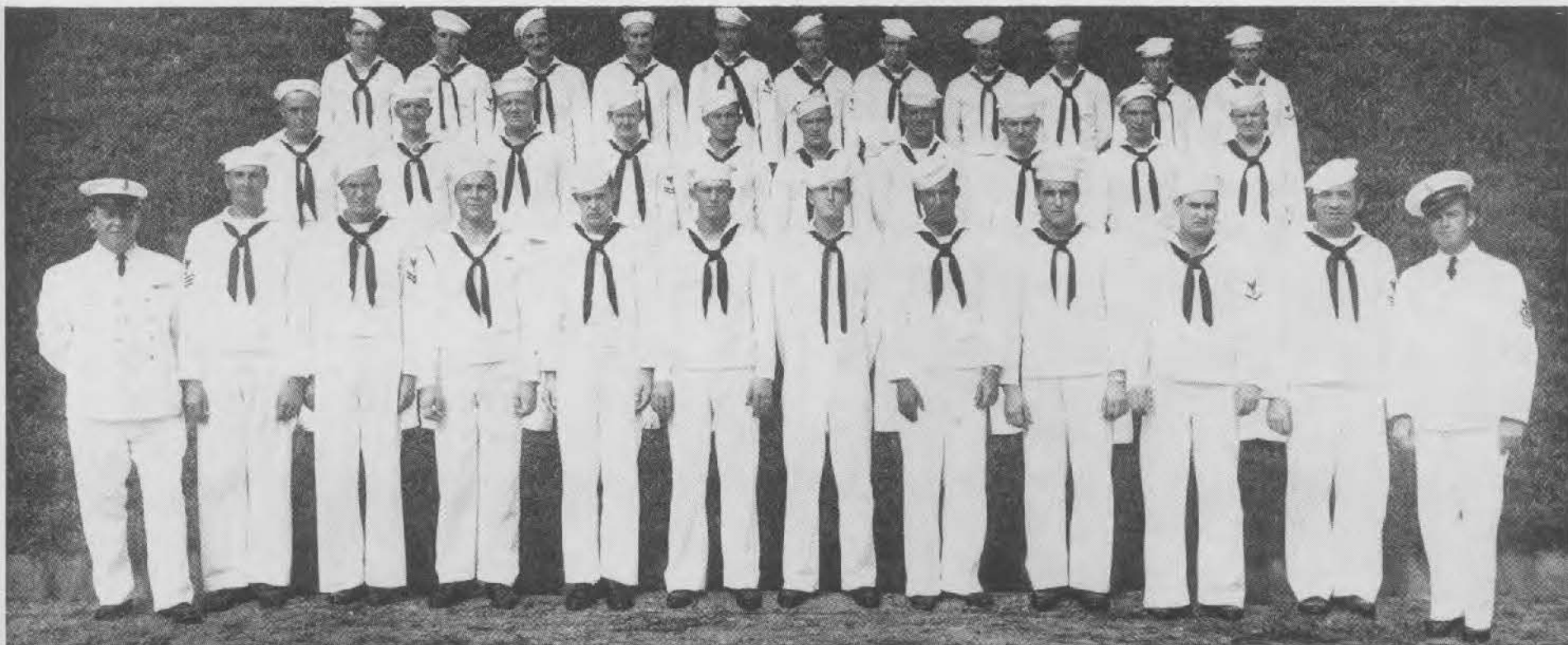
Mate?" "New York City," we said.
"Good for you, so am I," he shot back.
And so the boys from Ohio, Indiana, Illi-
nois, Texas, etc., had new mates from
the same states, with mutual friends in
nearby places. We were among friends.

We went to a Navy chow hall and
had our first real meal of good food in
a long while. Boy, it was great. We had
landed on Island X and from what we
could see, it looked good to us.

—Allan F. Dodson.



B.O.Q. GALLEY. These stewards of the Officers' Mess are busy preparing one of their famous meals in this bright, clean and well-equipped galley, (kitchen to you, Mom.)



COMPANY D, PLATOON 6

Front Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 P. F. (Mac) McEWEN, CSF, 6600 So. State St., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 W. H. (Bill) GUYER, QM1c, 213 Locust Ave., Andalusia, Pennsylvania.

Signature _____
 J. W. (Roll Em) EVANS, SF2c, Ravenswood, West Virginia.

Signature _____
 R. F. (Big Bear) ERUHN, S1c, 5808 S.E. Hawthorne Blvd., Portland, Oregon.

Signature _____
 W. E. (Bill) SNOW, S1c, 22 Bundy Apts., Middletown, Ohio.

Signature _____
 H. J. (Cat) ZAHN, SF2c, Route No. 1, Kilgore, Texas.

Signature _____
 M. H. (Dix) DIXON, S1c, 1214 So. Charles Ave., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 B. P. (Barney) CAMPELL, CM3c, Route No. 1, Madisonville, Texas.

Signature _____
 D. A. (Romero) CISCO, S1c, 23 E. 9th Street, Marcus Hook, Penn.

Signature _____
 O. C. (Stew) STEWART, SF2c, 722 E. 7th St., No. 6, Dallas, Texas.

Signature _____
 F. F. (Fred) TERLE, SF1c, Peters Blvd., Central Islip, Long Island, N.Y.

Signature _____
 D. W. F. (Danny) PECKHAM, CEM, 3839 Gladys Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Second Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 C. F. (Chuck) SENKLER, SF2c, 1028 Burns Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Signature _____
 T. T. (Ted) GRAHAM, SF1c, Route No. 2, McHenry, Illinois.

Signature _____
 L. J. (Red) GAUL, S1c, 17312 Oxford, Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 J. A. (Jim) SEERY, PTR2c, 2416 South Union, Des Moines, Iowa.

Signature _____
 E. J. (Ed) SOPKO, S1c, 575 East 99th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 A. B. (Whiz) CANNON, S1c, Galvez, Louisiana.

Signature _____
 N. (Nickle) VUICICH SF2c, R.D. No. 3, Box 632, W. 5th St., Santa Ana, California.

Signature _____
 H. J. (Hank) WITKOWSKI, EM2c, 7 North Water St., East Port Chester, Conn.

Signature _____
 R. S. (Buss) BRADLEY, S1c, 5004 Blair St., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Signature _____
 L. A. (Sonny) MACAULAY, S1c, 4109 Helena St., Youngstown, Ohio.

Third Row, Left to Right :

Signature _____
 A. D. (Al) SHULTZ, SF3c, 301 N. Town St., Fostoria, Ohio.

Signature _____
 E. J. (Ed) PRATT, SF3c, 817 So. Seventh St., Kansas City, Kansas.

Signature _____
 J. J. (Jack) INTRIBUS, SF3c, 2016 Broadway St., Blue Island, Illinois.

Signature _____
 R. E. (Bob) KOGER, SF2c, Route No. 7, Box 421, Houston, Texas.

Signature _____
 F. (Frank) LEONARDO, SF3c, 2136 So. Homan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 C. F. (Chuck) PHILLIPS, SF3c, 1859 Hayden Ave., E. Cleveland, Ohio.

Signature _____
 L. J. (Bob) RIEDLE, SF2c, 3019 S. Troy St., Chicago, Illinois.

Signature _____
 C. P. (Dick) DICKINSON, S1c, 1424 No. Hollywood St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Signature _____
 C. T. (Bo) SCHENK, SF3c, 2616 W. Virginia St., Evansville, Indiana.

Signature _____
 E. A. (Wa) DI FERDINANDO, S1c, 854 Woodlawn Ave., Gtn., Philadelphia, Penn.

Signature _____
 L. (Lew) TOMERLIN, SF2c, Box 340, Mineral Wells, Texas.

Platoon Members not pictured :

Signature _____
 W. L. (Wes) DAGGETT, BM2c, Grand Glaise, Arkansas.

Signature _____
 C. (Mex) MUNOZ, SF3c, 721 W. 16th Street, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Signature _____
 W. E. (Smitty) SMITH, S1c, R.R. No. 1, Clinton, Indiana.

Signature _____
 L. (Len) THOMPSON, SF2c, Box 121, Coalinga, California.

PLATOON QUIPS

McEWEN—"Top of the morning!"
 GUYER—"How about going swimming tomorrow?"
 EVANS—"What's the latest scuttlebutt?"
 BRUHN—"Guard, K.P., what next?"
 SNOW—"No mail today, mate."
 ZAHN—"I want my honey."
 DIXON—"I won't go home."
 CAMPBELL—"I don't know what happened."
 CISCO—"Take me off of K.P."
 STEWART—"When do we eat?"
 TERLE—"Let's go fellows!"
 PECKHAM—"It's a good deal."
 SENKLER—"Save your money."
 GRAHAM—"Bag inspection every Tuesday."
 GAUL—"Very good chow today fellows."
 SEERY—"What's actually happening?"
 SOPKO—"It's not her looks but the way she can cook."
 CANNON—"What do we care?"
 VUICICH—"Say, have you heard the latest?"
 WITKOWSKI—"Hi yah, Bud!"
 BRADLEY—"When do we eat?"
 MACAULAY—"No mail today!"
 SHULTZ—"I'm a quiet kid."
 PRATT—"Knock off that stuff."
 INTRIBUS—"Take me back to good old Blue Island."
 KOGER—"It isn't so bad here but show me the way to go home."
 LEONARDO—"I want to go home."
 PHILLIPS—"Where is my re-rate?"
 RIEDLE—"Are you on the ball?"
 DICKINSON—"Blow it out."
 SCHENK—"There is a great day in the making."
 DI FERDINANDO—"Quiet, there's some more music on the radio."
 TOMERLIN—"What's happenin' Mon?"
 DAGGETT—"Back in Arkansas."
 THOMPSON—"If my feet were only good."



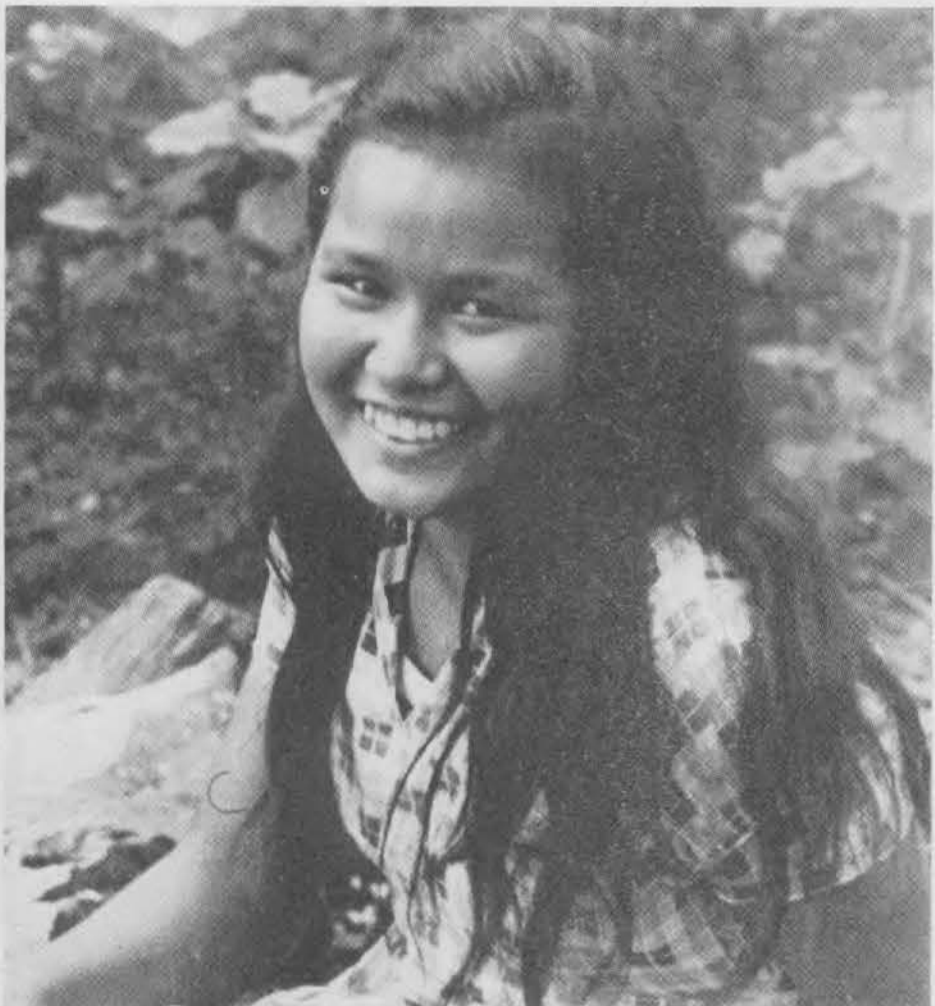
A COUNTRY COTTAGE, constructed with odd twigs, branches, saplings, mud and palm fronds. Affording protection from the sun and rain, this house meets the requirements of its owner without his having had to spend even a modest sum of money. Since the weather is never severe and the temperature varies so little, there is no need for such items as doors or glass windows, thus the people gain a maximum of freedom when moving in and out of doors.



HER NAME MATTERS LITTLE except that you can be sure it is one of Indian descent. Indians of the Isle love and respect jewelry and the veil. Veils mark the true Indian and jewelry indicates position. The pendant earrings were probably made by a local jeweler.



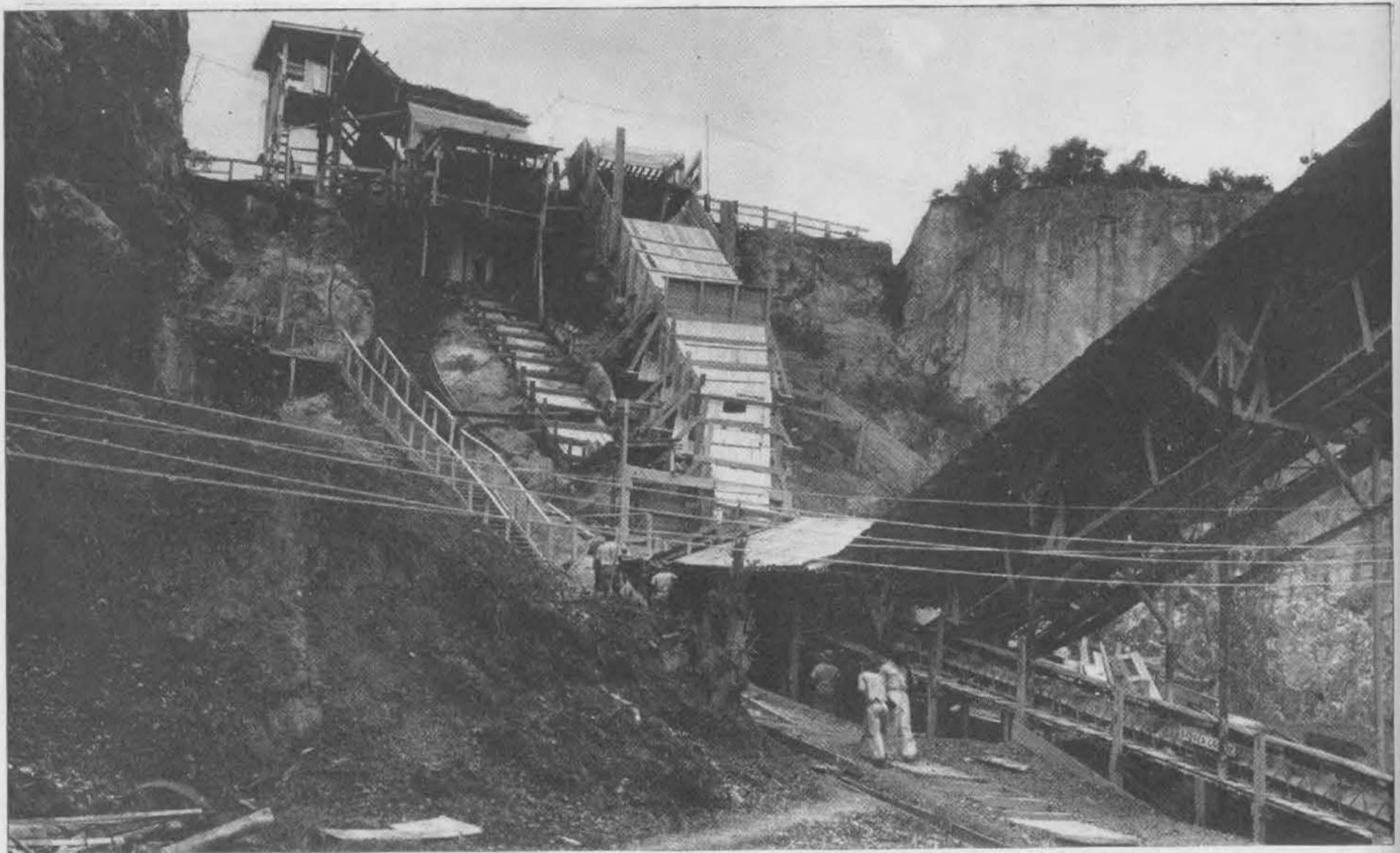
THIS SMILING YOUNG LADY displays another piece of Indian-made jewelry. Most of the jewelry made by the local artisans is intricate and perhaps so because time and labor are not factors of much consideration when a thing of beauty is in the making.



A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL turns on the charm for our cameraman. In great numbers among the Isle's population and perhaps the most progressive of all, the Chinese have brought whatever modernity is in evidence here and are, undoubtedly the best business people. Their children appear as being better cared for and show keen alertness to all that goes on about them.



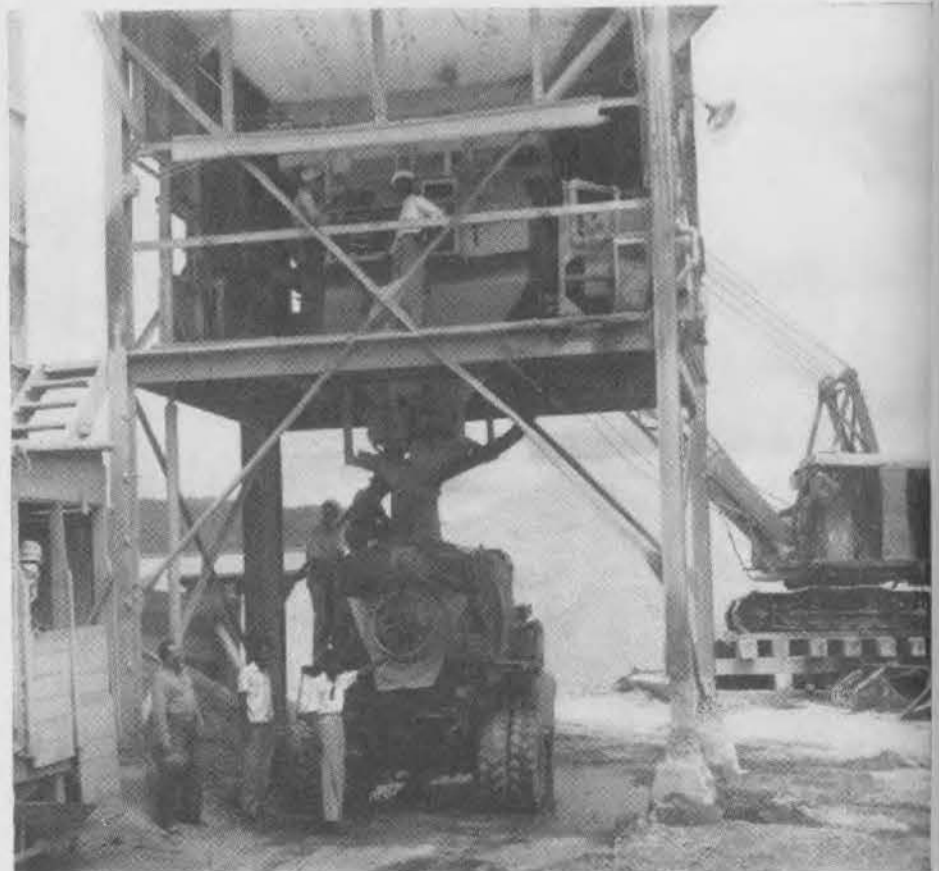
THIS YOUNG INDIAN WOMAN chooses the porch for her sewing room and appears quite comfortable as she pieces together her "Sunday finest." Originally, the machine was probably operated by foot pedal but this girl decides it is easy to operate by turning the wheel with the right hand and guiding the material with the left. Besides, the machine being this small, it is more easily stored away in cramped living quarters.



THE ROCK CRUSHING PLANT. This unit produced all the aggregate used by New Construction Activities for the production of concrete and for the paving of roads. After Seabees had blasted rock from the face of the quarry, the boulders were fed into the jaws of the crusher and rock of the desired size was produced. Aggregate was transported by a chute to the decks of barges.



THE QUARRY. Daily, our drillers and blasters gouged at the obdurate walls of the cliff to obtain the quantities of rock demanded by our New Construction program. Here trucks are being loaded by a power shovel.



THE BATCHING PLANT. From this hopper, sand and aggregate to make various concrete mixes were delivered. This small plant has produced as high as 1100 cubic yards in one day. Transit-mix truck is shown being serviced.



NATIVE FISHERMEN. These hardy souls who struggle mightily to wrest a precarious living from the sea are shown hauling in their nets after a cast. Plying the coastal waters, these mariners have acquired a love for the sea and for their hazardous trade. Without benefit of net-lifting machinery and other labor-saving devices, theirs is a life of drudgery and danger but they can be heard singing at their work and they devoutly believe that they sail under the protection of St. Peter, the patron saint of fishermen.

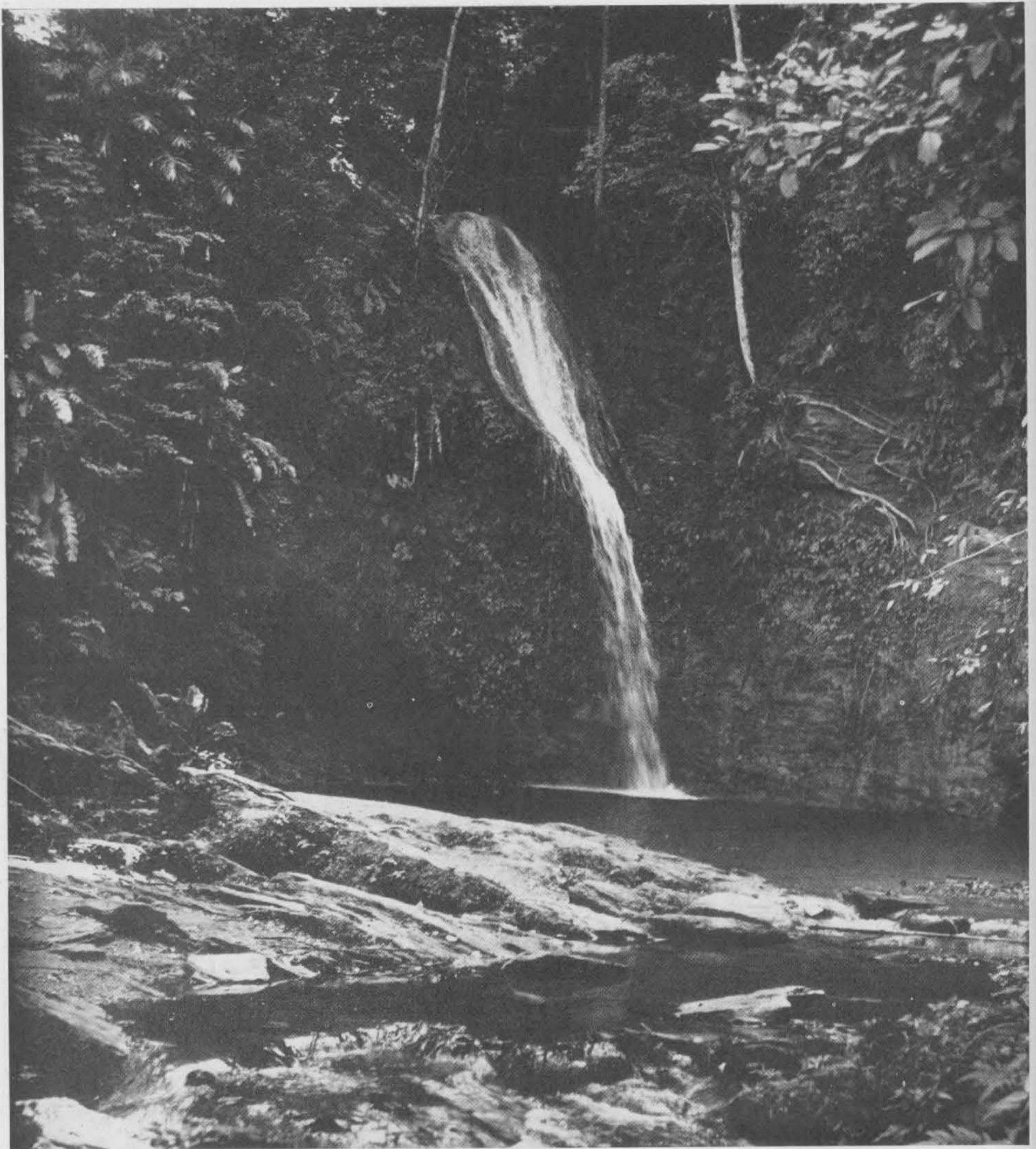


CURB SERVICE "5 AND 10." This native looks over the merchandise offered for sale by one of the street vendors. Anything you wish Lady, from combs and safety pins to talcum powder and photo frames. The busy streets are lined with these native counterparts of Woolworth and Co. and since the advent of servicemen from the States, have added souvenirs to the list of wares.

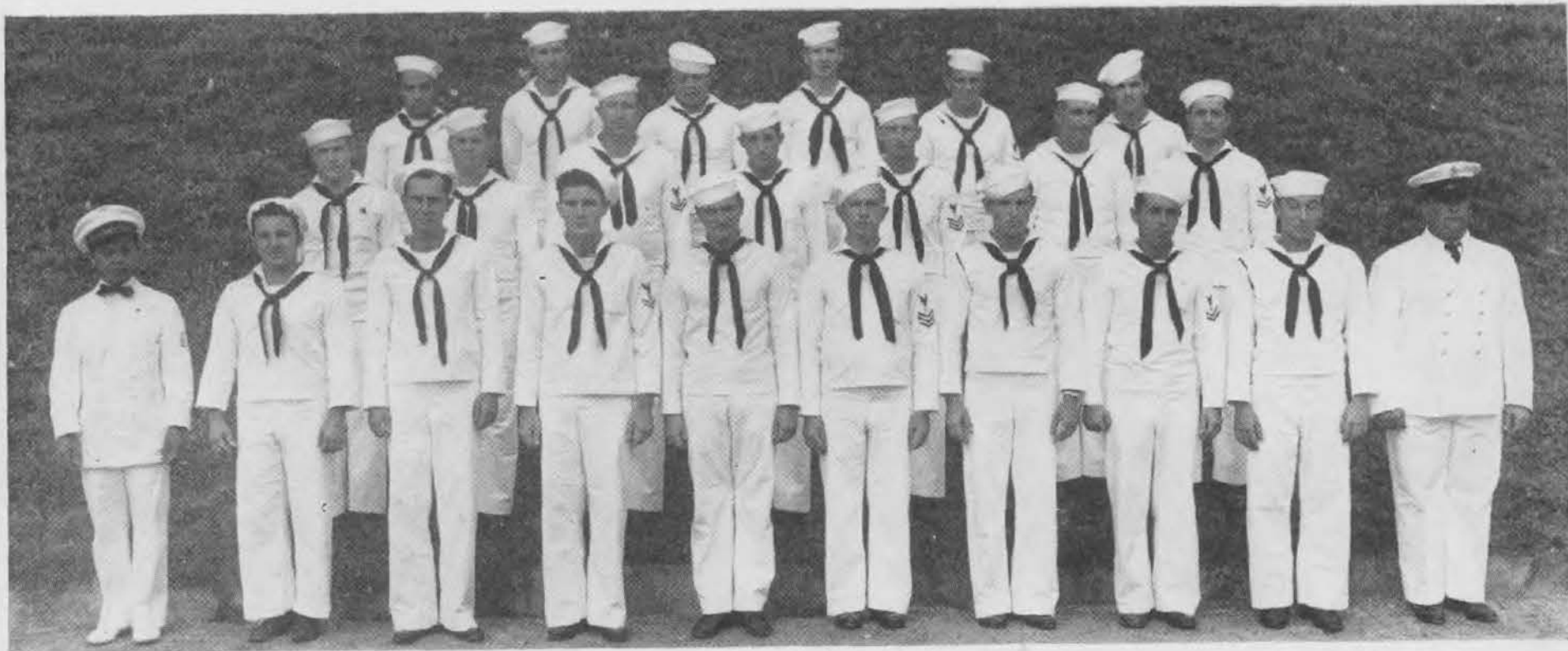


AN OPEN MART in a rural district of the Island. Vendors of native cakes made of grain and honey, sweetmeats and pastries cater to the tastes and appetites of the villagers. Other vendors handle fruits and similar commodities.

Along the roadsides of any small village, any Saturday of the year, as well as near any soccer or cricket match, scenes like this are duplicated throughout the Island.



FALLS AT BLUE BASIN. The name "Blue Basin" is an apt one because the water is so crystal clear that the blue of the sky is reflected in it much as in a mirror and the pool is basin-shaped. Clear, fresh and cold mountain water comes rushing down, first in trickling rivulets, then larger streams, finally all joining the main downward channel and a step in the descending rush is hit when the water tumbles over this fall. From Blue Basin the water continues down and at last branches out into creeks that wind through the countryside. A beautiful and wild spot is this jungeland del.



STRAGGLERS' PLATOON

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 F. S. (Endless) YERE, CK1c, H-6, 922 Barette St., Bronx, N. Y.

Signature _____
 F. S. (Muscles) OLIVERI, S1c, C-3, 723 Josephine St., New Orleans, La.

Signature _____
 C. T. (Dinky) CALDWELL, S1c, C-3, 2223 A California Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Signature _____
 M. G. (7 come 11) NEAL, MM2c, C-2 Fife, Texas.

Signature _____
 M. H. (Tuffy) STEPHENS, S1c, C-6, 453 Elliott Ave., Arlington Heights, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Signature _____
 G. J. (Mac) JOHNSON, SF1c, C-3, 1234 Marlborough, Detroit, Michigan.

Signature _____
 R. H. (Bottleneck) BARFNECHT, S1c, C-5, Coppel, Texas.

Signature _____
 G. T. ("GT") GAYHART, CM2c, D-1, 1011 E. Caldwell St., Louisville, Ky.

Signature _____
 G. J. (Horizontal) ELVEN, S1c, C-3, 7030 N. Karlov Ave., Lincolnwood, Ill.

Signature _____
 H. N. (Mac) McINSTRY, CMM, E-4, Gen. Del., Burlington, Kansas.

Second Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 A. B. (Whiz) CANNON, S1c, D-6, Galves, La.

Signature _____
 D. J. (Rhino) RYAN, S1c, D-4, 1200 Jefferson Ave., Defiance, Ohio.

Signature _____
 O. J. (Tex) RICHARDS, MM2c, C-2, Box No. 303, Bowie, Texas.

Signature _____
 R. M. (Ray) SKILLINGS, MM3c, D-1 672 Cherokee Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Signature _____
 M. E. (Mel) DIRR, CM1c, C-3, Hamilton, Indiana.

Signature _____
 C. L. (Flat Foot) MARTIN, CM3c, C-2 2318 Waverly St., Oakland, California.

Signature _____
 H. A. (S.P.) WEIDENHEIMER, CM2c, C-5, 375 Schuylkill Ave., Reading, Penn.

Third Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 S. (Mac) MORALES, STM2c, H-6, Barrio Rlo Grande, Aguado, Puerto Rico.

Signature _____
 S. C. (Mad Russian) KUPREY, S1c, D-4 8103 Kenney St., Detroit, Mich.

Signature _____
 E. (Polack) ZUK, S1c, D-1, 5155 W. Cornelia St., Chicago, Ill.

Signature _____
 W. H. (Red) ROAN, CM2c, C-3, 2917 W. Market St., Louisville Ky.

Signature _____
 O. F. (Ossie) KLEINDOLPH, CM3c, B-2 703 Orange St., Muscatine, Iowa.

Signature _____
 F. D. (School-boy) ROWE, SF3c, D-6 806 Maury, Memphis, Tenn.

PLATOON QUIPS

YERE—"It said in the letter."
 OLIVERI—"Don't worry about it."
 CALDWELL—"Let's go!"
 NEAL—"Heard any good scuttlebutt?"
 STEPHENS—"When we leaving?"
 JOHNSON—"Always on the ball."
 BARFNECHT—"That is what I heard."
 GAYHART—"When do I get my transfer?"
 ELVEN—"Good old Seabees."
 McINSTRY—"Me son."
 CANNON—"What do we care?"
 RYAN—"I want my school marm!"
 RICHARDS—"Down in Texas——"
 SKILLINGS—"It won't be long now."
 DIRR—"Yes sir, I'm a Hoosier."
 MARTIN—"Let's get out of here."
 WEIDENHEIMER—"Hello, mate!"
 MORALES—"Island X is not so bad."
 KUPREY—"Wow, women!"
 ZUK—"Make out the lights."
 ROAN—"I heard——"
 KLEINDOLPH—"What's happening?"
 ROWE—"But hell, we're still on Island X."

*Take Off
 Thy Shoes*

THERE are approximately twenty-five thousand Mohammedans on the Island, and curiously enough, in Port-of-Spain are a mere thousand of them. As a rule, Mohammedans live on farm lands. Port-of-Spain, the cosmopolis of Island X, does not hold any lure for these people.

Throughout Island X there are fifty-five mosques, each of them under a Priest who is the supreme ruler in his particular church. The Chief Justice is their coordinator, and they are fully responsible to him for any church action which they undertake.

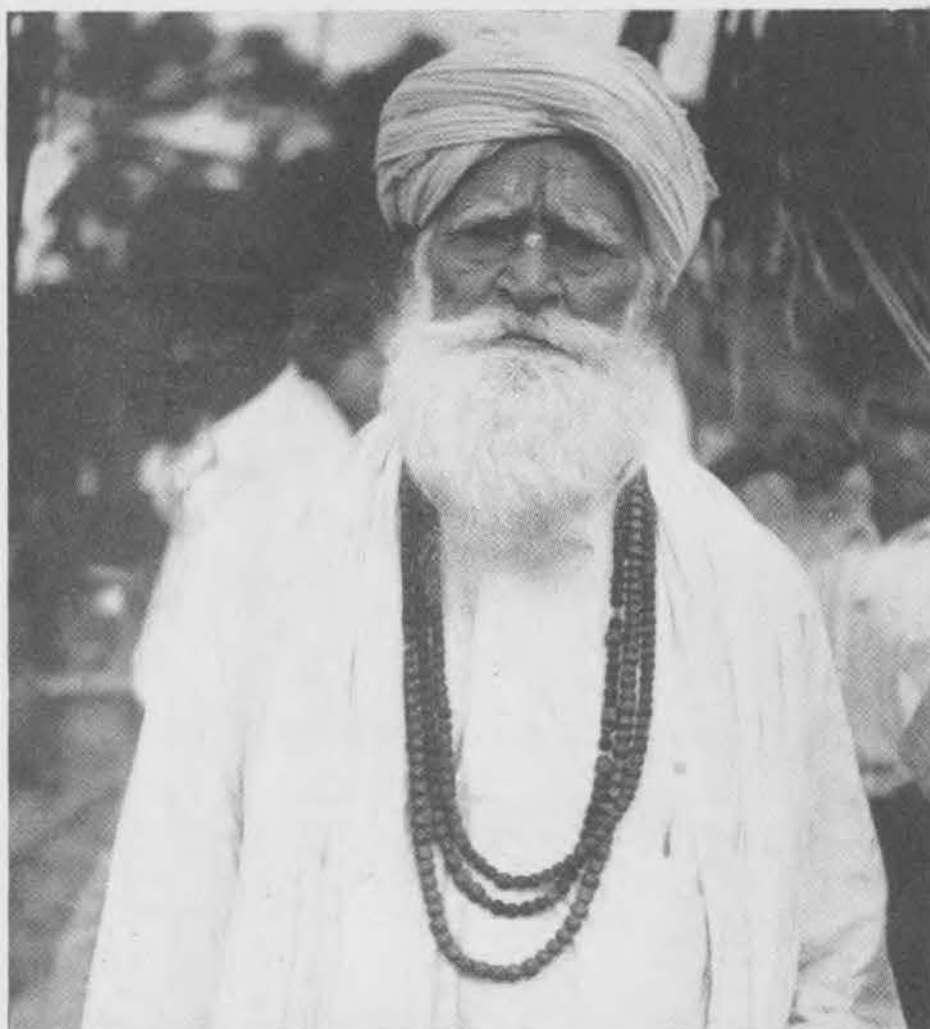
Headquarters for Mohammed's devotees is the Jama Masjid, in Port-of-Spain, (see photo on page 110) which was opened in 1942. The structure is an attractive example of Oriental art, is light, airy, and substantial-looking. It is 64 feet by 174 feet, and is divided into three sections, one being a hall for men, one for ladies, and the third being the Mosque itself.

The main hall is used for meetings and as a school room. There are backless benches throughout the hall, and each afternoon the little children come for their religious instruction here. Many of the children are tiny tots, just beyond the age where they have learned to talk with fluency. Girls predominate among the students.

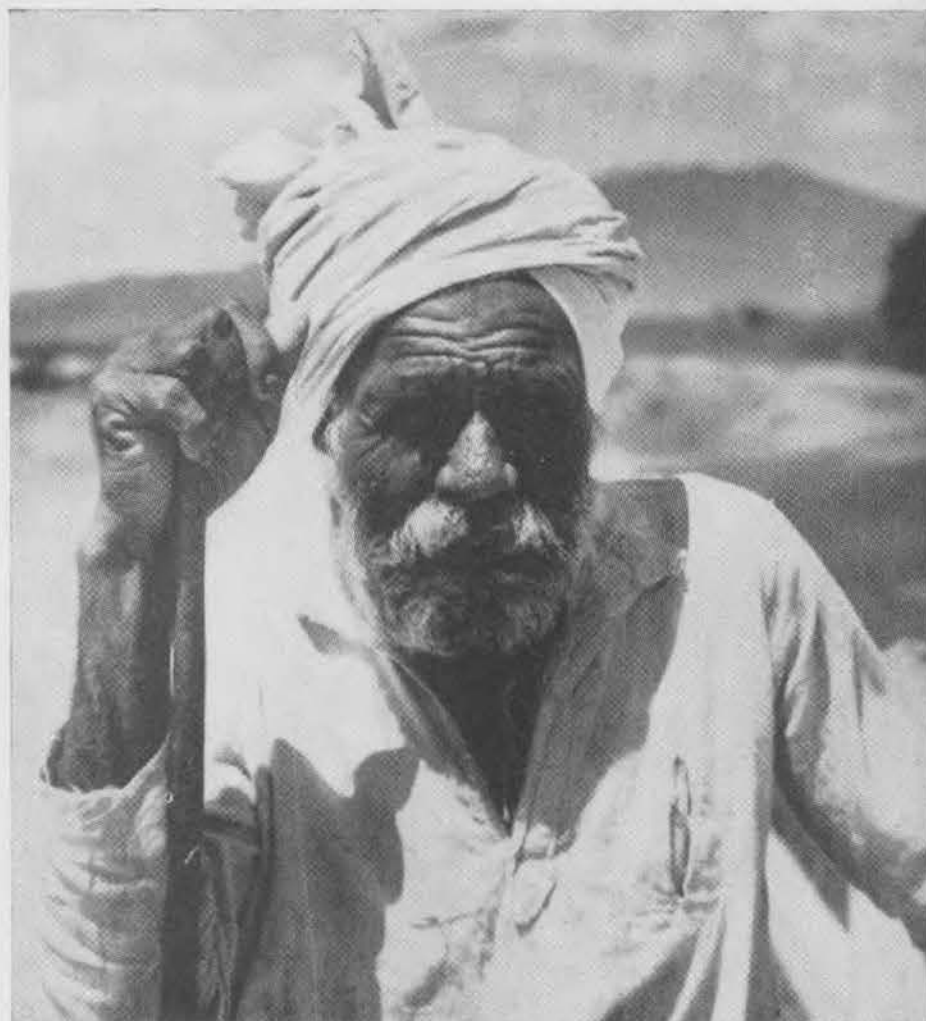
Even while the children chant their studies, in the mosque itself the evening prayers are being said by the old men of the congregation. They are oblivious to their surroundings as they sit on the floor of the mosque, cross-legged, wearing socks but no shoes.... The Mohammedan at his prayers never wears shoes.

At the two entrances to the mosque are small signs, in English, which read, "Take off thy shoes."

(Continued on Page 97)



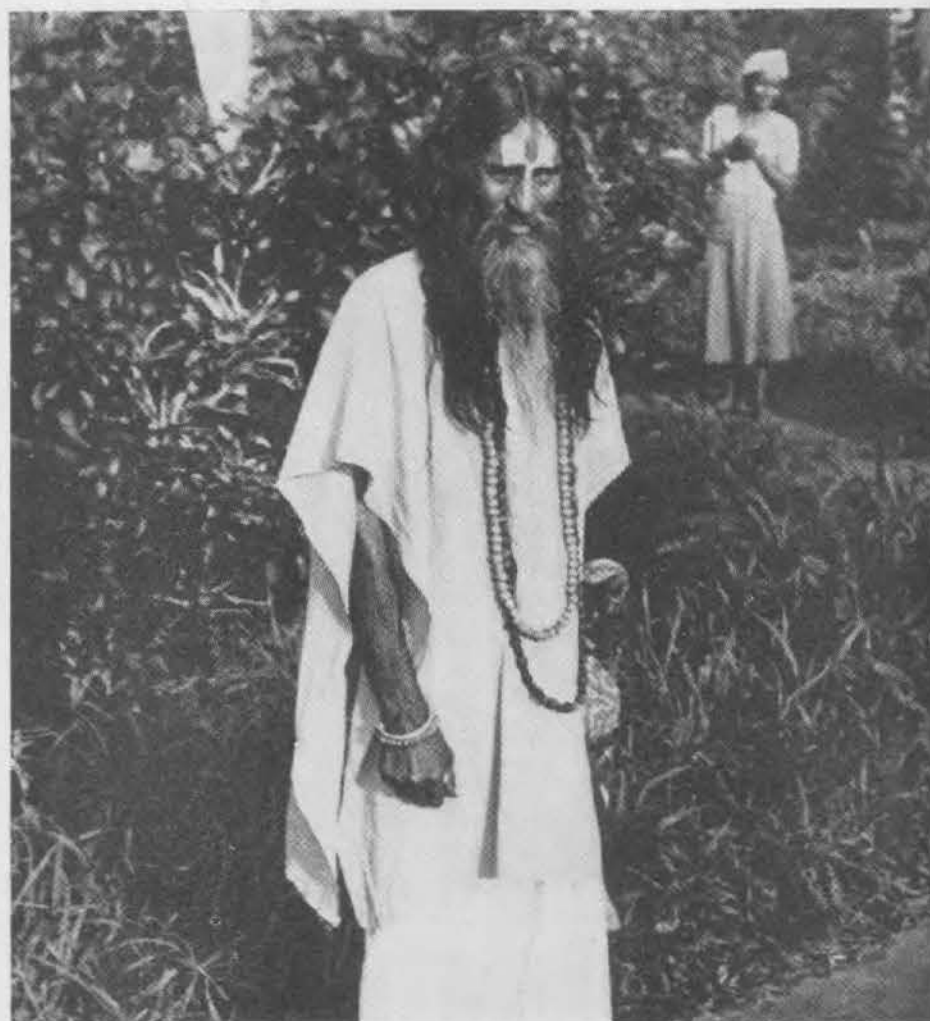
INDIAN PRIEST of the Moselm faith. With knit brows and lips set in a straight line, this Holy Man looks upon his particular world as a place of wickedness and much in need of prayer. His dress is typical, with turban, uncut hair and beard, bead necklace and white robe.



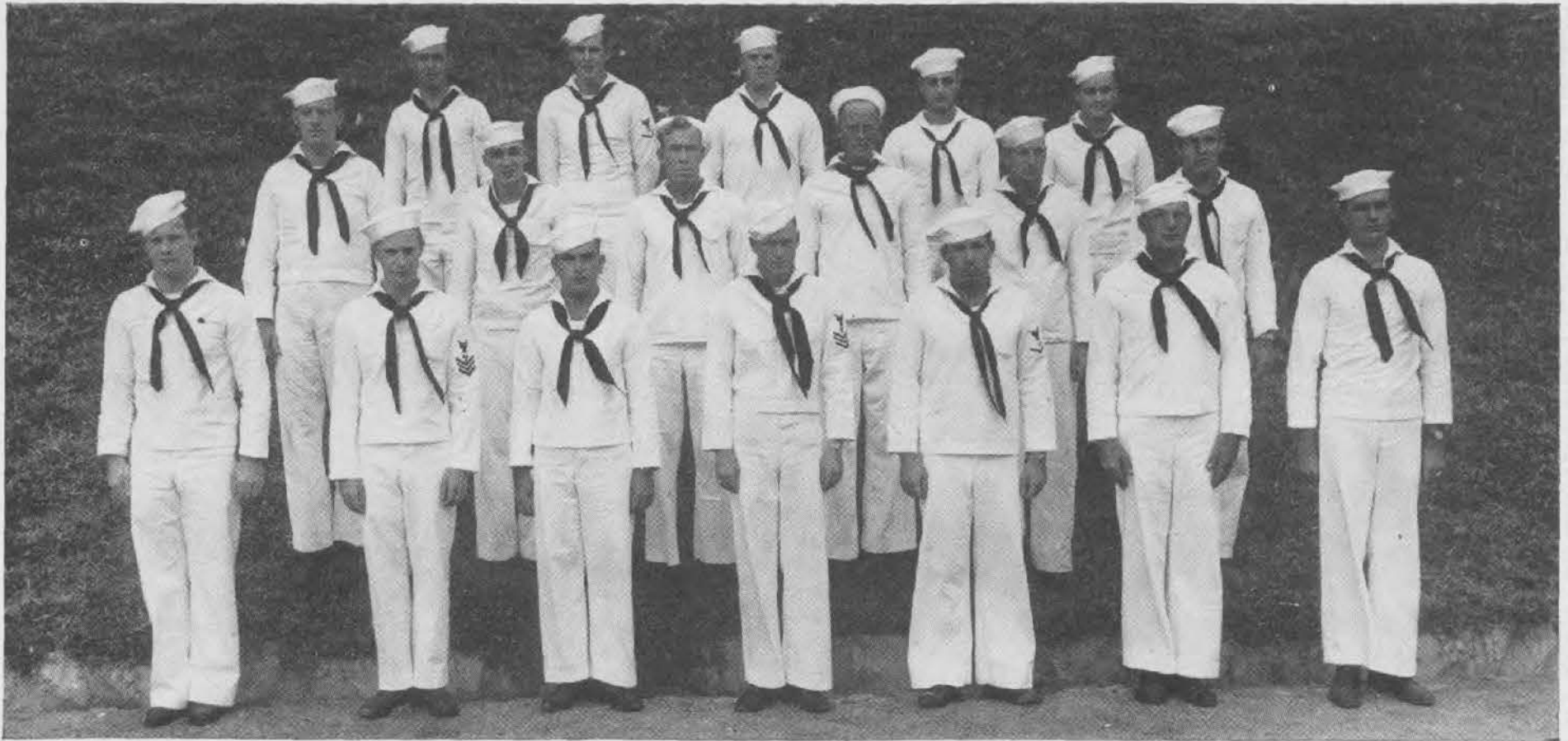
MOSLEM ACOLYTE. A devout follower of The Prophet, this acolyte or assistant priest accompanies the Holy Man on his travels throughout the countryside, taking care of the priest's accomodations and all the other details of the journey.



A NATIVE SIDEWALK MUSICIAN with a crude, homemade musical string-instrument plies his trade on a crowded street corner. A passerby has already donated the large British penny and the troubadour gleefully salutes his benefactor with the ringing of the bell cluster, held in his left hand.



ANOTHER MOHAMMEDAN PRIEST is shown taking his morning walk. With his kerchief (in left hand) filled with talismen and good luck pieces, his forehead marked with the sign of his following and other raiment indicative of his position, he is easily recognized and respected by all West Indians.



STRAGGLERS' PLATOON

Front Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 A. O. (Rebel) EFACH, CM3c, E-5, 298 Grand Ave., Macon, Ga.

Signature _____
 R. C. (Red) DAHLMAN, S1c, A-4, 137 Riverside Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Signature _____
 A. E. (Marine) BROWN, MM1c, B-4 Route 4, Talledaga, Alabama.

Signature _____
 M. F. (Marty) RUHLIG, S1c, E-6, 1810 S. Chilson, Bay City, Mich.

Signature _____
 R. B. (Bob) CHRISTIE, MM1c, B-5, Allen, Texas.

Signature _____
 H. L. (Joe) KREIS, CM3c, E-4, 4848 Labadie, St. Louis, Missouri.

Signature _____
 A. W. (Pop) PAUL, MM1c, D-1, 243 E. Longview Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Signature _____
 T. C. (Tom) HERRING, S1c, E-5, RFD. No. 1, Lincoln, Alabama.

Signature _____
 J. T. (Red) BOYCE, S1c, B-2, 285 Prospect Pl., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Signature _____
 W. R. (Bill) COFFEE, S1c, B-4, 957 S. 17th St., Louisville, Ky.

Signature _____
 J. T. (Jaq) DUNPHY, SF3c, B-1, 1331 N. Central Ave., Duluth, Minn.

Signature _____
 H. L. (Red) SIMMONS, S1c, B-1, 1302 Haines Ave., Gordon Heights, Del.

Signature _____
 M. (Maxie) TOMASI, MM3c, C-2, 767 S. Metcalf St., Lima, Ohio.

Signature _____
 S. E. C. (Sam) BABER, MM3c, C-1, 2269 Shawnee Blvd., Lima, Ohio.

Signature _____
 F. M. (Rum) LONG, MM2c, C-5, R.R. No. 5, Brazil, Indiana.

Signature _____
 I. C. (Ira) RAY, S1c, D-1, 1431 Gary St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Third Row, Left to Right:

Signature _____
 G. R. (Mac) ASPRION, S1c, E-1, 1504 Homer St., New Orleans, La.

Signature _____
 J. T. (Jaq) DUNPHY, SF3c, B-1, 1331 N. Central Ave., Duluth, Minn.

Signature _____
 H. L. (Red) SIMMONS, S1c, B-1, 1302 Haines Ave., Gordon Heights, Del.

Signature _____
 M. (Maxie) TOMASI, MM3c, C-2, 767 S. Metcalf St., Lima, Ohio.

Signature _____
 S. E. C. (Sam) BABER, MM3c, C-1, 2269 Shawnee Blvd., Lima, Ohio.

PLATOON QUIPS

DAHLMAN—"Let's go Joe!"
 BROWN—"I can do anything."
 RUHLIG—"When am I gettin' off of Mess Cook duty?"
 CHRISTIE—"Good old Island X!"
 KREIS—"What's new pal?"
 PAUL—"I don't want to go."
 HERRING—"When do we eat?"
 BOYCE—"I'm gonna hit the sack!"
 COFFEE—"I'll raise you!"
 BEACH—"Good old Georgia."
 JOHNSON—"I've got to write to the little woman."
 LONG—"Any mail for me today?"
 RAY—"Got any news yet?"
 ASPRION—"Has the mail gone yet?"
 DUNPHY—"Square that hat, Mac!"
 SIMMONS—"Let's get on the ball!"
 TOMASI—"On the ball you guys."
 BABER—"This is the latest—"

* * * *

THERE'LL COME A DAY

The girl who never *did* have dates
 Can blame it on the war now;
 And folks who *always* rode the bus
 Just *cannot* find a car now;
 And those who *always* were too Scotch
 To serve it, have a reason;
 And folks who *never* did go South
 Must *miss* this winter season;
 Guys who *never* raised your pay
 Just *cannot* give increases—
 What will their excuses be
 When these all go to peaces?

Louise Randall Lutz.

Take Off Thy Shoes

(Continued from Page 95)

Many of the worshippers say their prayers from memory. They rock to and fro as they sit on the floor, and now and then a voice is raised in sing-song. Prayers are not said in concert by a congregation; each prays alone Prayers are said five times daily.

Al Haj Mohammed Ibrahim is the President of the Jama Masjid. He is more modern in his appearance than are the others. He wears street clothing even at his prayers, the one concession to his religion being a black skull cap. He is a burly six-footer, smiles a lot when he speaks, baring several gold teeth in the front of his mouth. His English is good.

"Al Haj" is a Mohammedan title meaning "One who has performed the pilgrimage (to the Holy Land)."

On Piccadilly and Queen Streets, the temple is one-storey affair. Over the main entrance is a crescent-shaped tablet bearing Arabic letters, and under the legend, the dates of the founding of the church, 1361-1362; and, in bold English letters: Jama Masjid.

Both inside and outside the walls are glazed white tile, with a green border, rising approximately six feet from the foundation. The mosque, itself, is effective in its simplicity. The white walls are entirely bare. The altar has no ornamentation.

The entire building is immaculately clean and fresh-looking

The Mohammedan calendar differs radically from our own. Neither the days, months nor years correspond to ours. There is a 580 year disparity, the Mohammedan conception of the beginning of time arising from the day of the great mass pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

—Cpl Samuel J. Levine,
 in "The Beam."



CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Reflecting great strength and much plain beauty, this magnificent structure stands at the Eastern end of Marine Square as a dynamic example of what the mere minds and hands of men can do when inspired by the love of God. Such a place never grows old, but rather, takes on added beauty with the years, and shows that true beauty is not in actual appearance as seen through mortal eyes but is in what it stands for and what it is.



STAFF OFFICERS



Officer-in-Charge :
Commander J. R. NEALON,
621 Wilson Ave., Columbus, Ohio.



Executive Officer
Lt. Comdr. R. B. ALEXANDER
Midlothian, Texas.



Left Row, Top to Bottom :
Comdr. W. S. CHADWICK, (Senior Medical Officer), 113 Pallock St., Beaufort, North Carolina.
Lt. E. G. BELL (Junior Medical Officer) 512 East 87th St., New York City, New York.
Lt. F. M. WILLIAMS (Dental Officer) 1011 Agnes, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Right Row : Top to Bottom :
Lt. R. S. HUTCHISON (Chaplain) 266 Second Street, Leechburg, Pennsylvania.
Lt. (Jg) D. E. CAMERON (Supply Officer) Route No. Six, Lubbock, Texas.
Lt. (Jg) R. E. LINDER (Personnel Officer) 115 Cornell St., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.





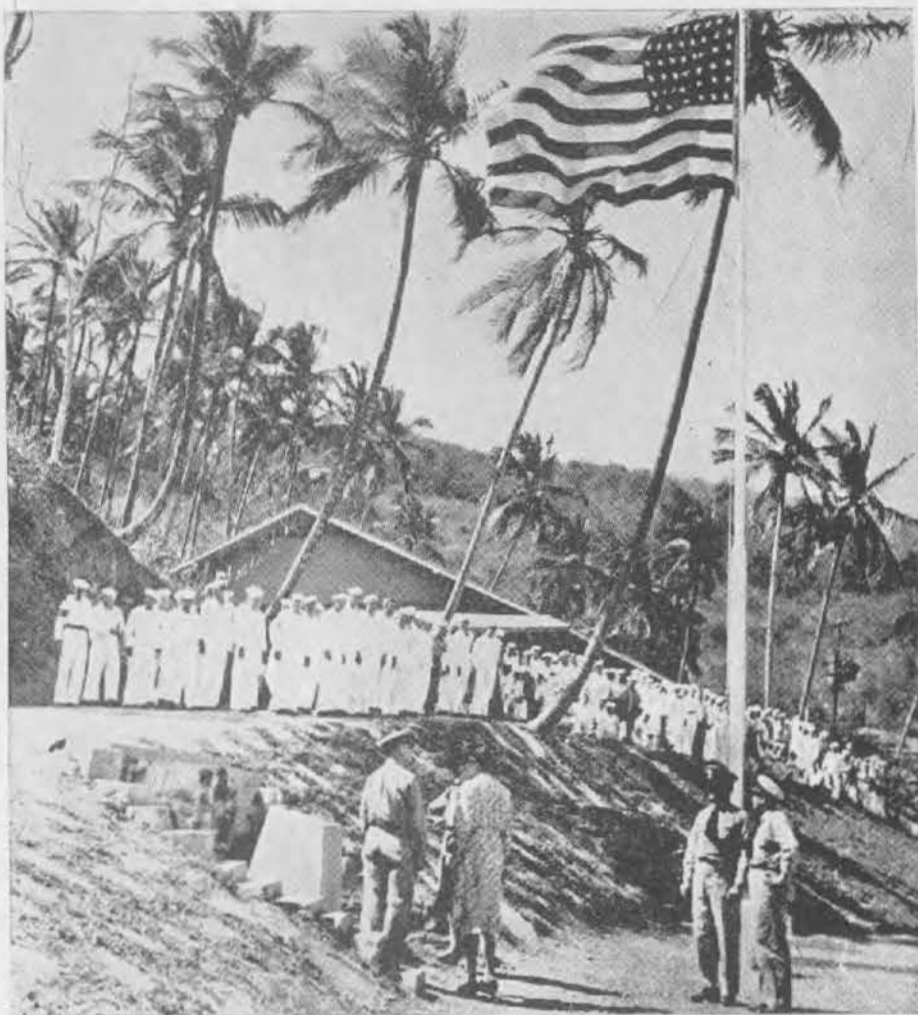
83RD OFFICERS AT GULFPORT. Front row, left to right: Lt. F. M. Williams, Lt. R. B. Alexander, Lt. H. B. Miller, Lt. (jg) R. S. Hutchison, Lt. Comdr. J. R. Nealon, Lt. J. S. Horder, Lt. Comdr. W. S. Chadwick, Lt. H. C. Gridley, and Lt. T. P. Smith. Second row, left to right: Ensign H. L. Smith, Ensign L. W. Hixson, Lt. (jg) W. E. Gladfelter, Lt. (jg) O. V. Van Wageningen, Lt. (jg) E. G. Bell, Lt. (jg) M. H. Davison, Lt. (jg) E. L. Neumann, Ensign R. E. Linder, and Ensign D. E. Cameron. Third row, left to right: Carpenter S. E. Ferebee, Ensign M. Rothstein, Ensign R. H. Pearse, Carpenter J. T. Meyer, Lt. (jg) J. H. F. McCosker, Carpenter S. B. Holdsworth, Carpenter A. F. Johnson, Ensign J. B. Wylie, and Carpenter H. G. Brown.



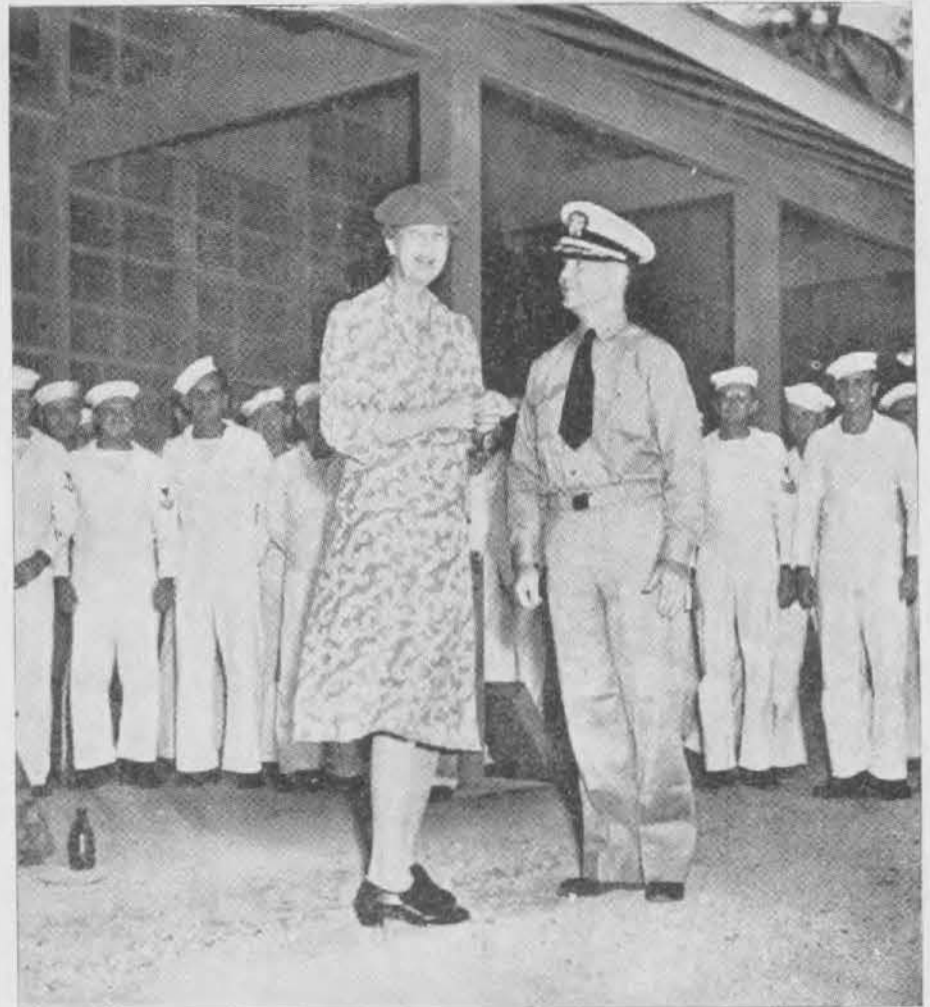
MACQUERIE BEACH. The Macqueripe Officers' Club adjoined this beautiful, well-tended beach which was known far and wide as one of the most picturesque spots on our Island X. The beach was sandy and clean, the water warm, yet invigorating and who could be blamed for taking every opportunity for a refreshing swim and a sun-bath. With the club bar, easily accessible, Monte Carlo and the Riviera had nothing on Macqueripe for solid comfort.



BAR AT THE BACHELOR OFFICERS' QUARTERS. During the wilting heat of tropical days our officers must have thought of their cozy bar as a desert traveller pictures the oasis ahead. That long row of glasses being filled by the bartender and the drink being experimentally sipped by Lt. (jg) Hoffman of the 83rd remind us of the soothing Tom Collinses of a happier era. Yes, Lieutenant, that glass looks cool and frosty from here.



THE FIRST LADY VISITS THE 83RD. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt pauses during her visit to our area to read the words on our prized monument. The marker designates the site where the first American troops landed on our Island X.



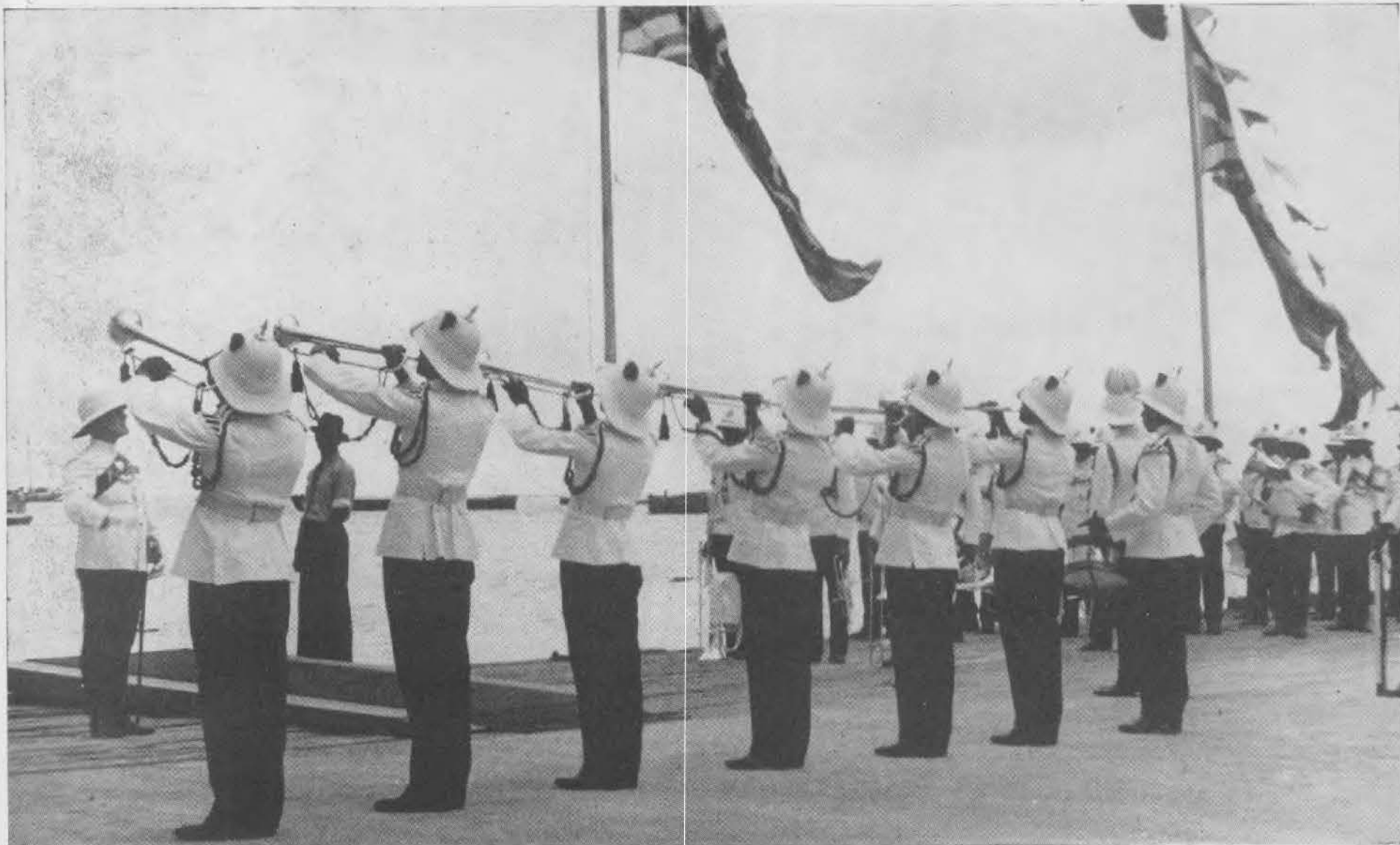
MRS. ROOSEVELT, in a warm and friendly talk, tells the boys that they have done well and that their return home is awaited anxiously by their loved ones while the Seabees listen attentively. She is escorted by Commander Nealon.



THE HEAD MAN SPEAKS. Rear Admiral L. B. Combs, Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks visits our last dance and adds to our pleasure with words of praise. Commander Leonard Miscall, O-in-C of our 11th Regiment stands in the background.



MEET THE BOYS, is just not a phrase from a family reunion. Admiral Combs makes with the spirit of the dance when both he and Commander Miscall circulate among the Seabees and become instant friends with the enlisted men.



TRUMPETERS OF THE ROYAL GUARD herald the arrival of the Governor of the Island as he arrives alongside Queen's Wharf from an ocean liner anchor in the bay. A welcome as colourful as anything that might be accorded to His Majesty the King is tendered to the man who will rule a tiny dot of an Island in the tropics.



RED HOUSE is mindful of the "Gay Nineties" in the U.S. when millionaires bent all efforts to outdo their neighbors in building splendid mansions which would reflect the owner's importance on the world. This home is easily the most imposing one on the whole of Queen's Park Savannah and is owned by Honorable Timothy Roodal.



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION, situated adjacent to the Botanic Gardens, is an imposing structure with lengthy veranda and broad front. Here the Governor dwells amid all the tropic beauty human eyes can see and yet only a few minutes ride from the busiest section of the largest Island city.



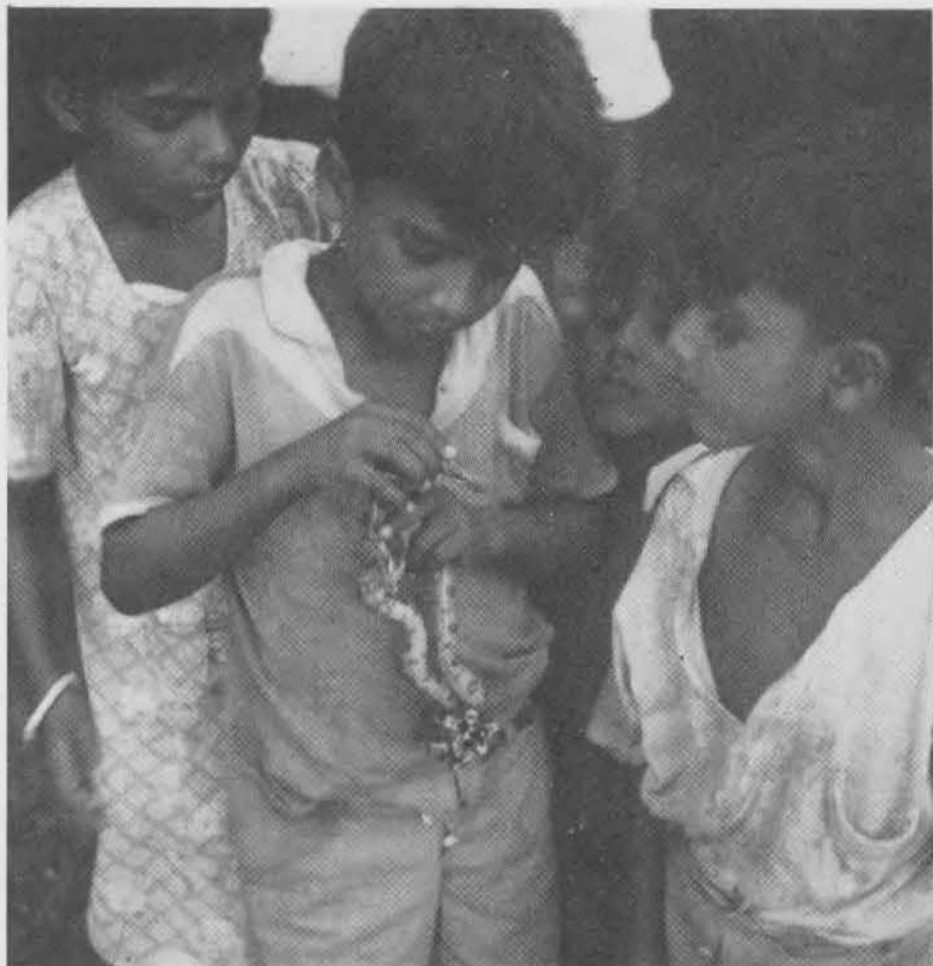
OUTSIDE VIEW OF OUR USO showing its ample size, and wherein servicemen "takeover" for eating, browsing through books, play games, dance or write home. A very worthwhile place and operated on a par with the USO houses in the U.S.A. Thousands of servicemen visit here weekly and many are taken on fishing trips to distant beaches as pictured below.



AT A SPOT ON THE NORTH COAST the sea pounds relentlessly on the jagged rocks presenting another eyeful of Nature's beauty untouched by man. In such spots tropical fish abound and are easy catch for the alert fisherman.



ANOTHER SPOT ON THE NORTH COAST where a tiny mountain stream of fresh water finally meets the salt of sea water. Imagine the twisting, winding trail of the stream through the jungle, over rocks, through green glades, and at last reaching the mighty heaving bosom of the sea.



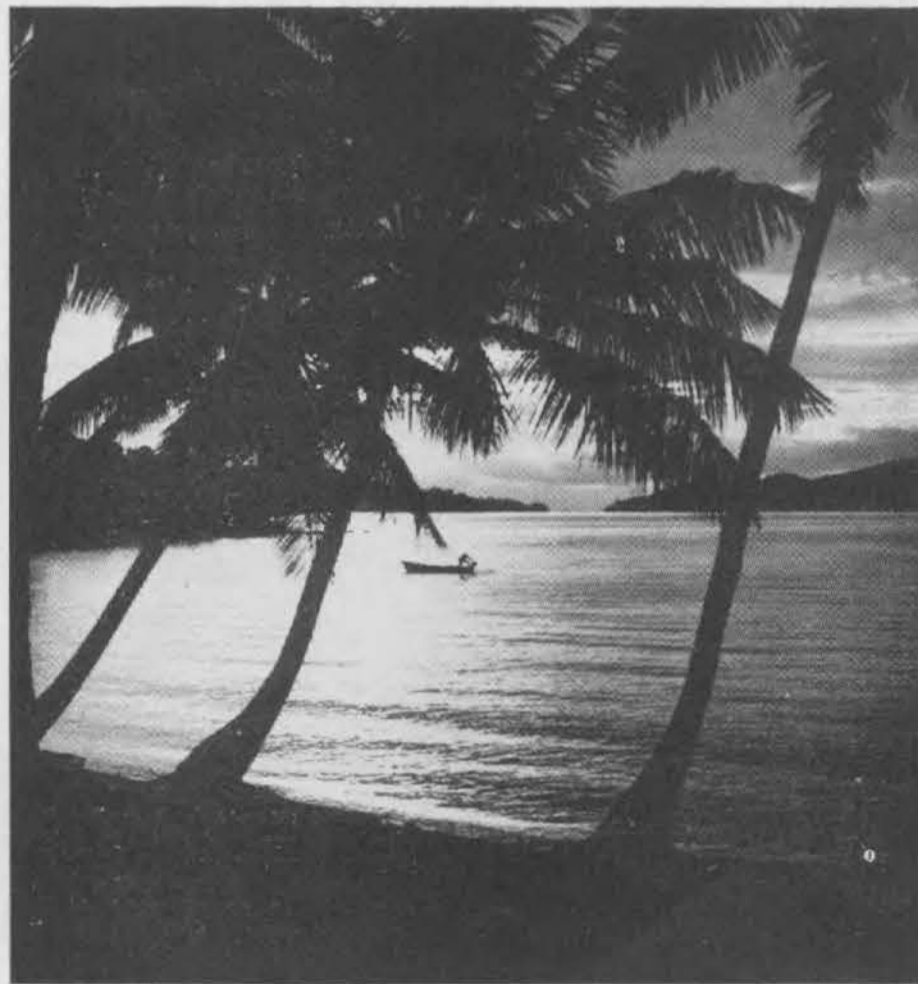
NATIVE URCHINS gather around a comrade who is holding a very young macajuel snake. The owner seems undecided whether he shall feed his captive to a caged mongoose or raise it for a pet.



KIDDIES HELP DADDY. Commercial fishing is a rugged, exhausting way to make a living and the fisherman gladly accepts any and all offers of help. Sea food is in great demand on this Island.



BEAUTY SPOT. If you like Nature's beauty, enhanced by human care and attention, this scene should catch your eye. This view shows a corner of the Queen's Park Savannah on the northwest side.



As a golden sun sinks in the west and the coconut palms gently sway in the evening breeze, day comes to a colorful end in the tropics. Night will follow and one may see the enchantment of soft moonlight filtered through these same silhouetted palms.

RECREATIONAL HI-LITES

In looking back over the entertainment for the 83rd Battalion during its first year, we find ourselves automatically dividing it into four groups or phases. Naturally, the first phase of it would center around that spot that, without a doubt, will live forever in the memories (particularly in the night mares) of all good Seabees—Camp Bradford, Unit H, Norfolk, Virginia. As this is concerned with the more formal or organized types of entertainment, we'll skip the times we slipped over to that barn-like building where we drank beer, ate peanuts; sang and fought off homesickness. Also, those excursions to Norfolk where we made records for the folks back home at the USO and the trips to Virginia Beach for seafood. Even the ham and eggs at "Crossroads" will be overlooked—but not forgotten.

It was in Camp Bradford where we first enjoyed free movies, while our hair grew and we recuperated from "boot" and "cat fever." It was the policy there to have a "Smoker" every week or so and it was for such a "Smoker" that we began a search for talent in the 83rd. And, among these carpenters, cooks, machinists, plumbers, and bull-dozer operators, we found plenty of talent. There was a "Smoker" held during "boot" but the first official 83rd Battalion "Smoker" was held on March 10th, 1943. It was there that we first laughed at the "Boot Act," listened to the 83rd's brand of "GI Jive"; cheered and booed a couple of top-flight slugging matches.

They say that the fun some of us had on that train ride from Norfolk to Gulfport was strictly unofficial so we won't go into details . . . but the writer would like to make that trip again sometime, just to look at the scenery. And those "leaves" we got right after hitting Gulfport. They weren't official entertainment either—but if you didn't have fun that's your fault, Mac. After all, the Welfare Department does have its limitations.

There were movies at Camp Hollyday, ABD, Gulfport, but it was to the local USO that most of the boys went—to be welcomed with true Southern hospitality and soothed by soft Southern accents. The 83rd put on a couple of small shows to entertain themselves and impress the belles at the USO. The "83rd Quintet"

was a result of these shows. And, unofficially, there was the "Silver Moon," "Leo's Place," and "The Embassy Club"—not to mention a little stroll we made to the Rifle Range. The 83rd also bought several of the Gulfport taxis, but they never were delivered to us. This covers the second part of this story.

The third part would be those days spent aboard ship: "Twenty-one daze, decaar, is a my-tee long time." Most of us were so broke by the time we hit the Embarkation Camp at New Orleans and had a few more beers and sat around singing until late at night that when we got aboard the troop ship that was to carry us to our "Island X" we were strictly on our own for entertainment. The American Red Cross supplied us with cards and reading material and the barter system was much in evidence. The card sharks soon had most of the remaining cash cornered. Books and magazines became dog-eared from so much trading around and I'm still wondering if the butler was the murderer in "The Case of Mrs. Jones" . . . the last ten pages came loose and fell overboard.

The "Smokers" organized during the trip over were definitely a high spot. Remember that hunting scene? And we never did figure out who the old man in oil skins was that kept chasing the blonde (?) in the pink dress all through the show. While those may not have been the best shows we ever put on, they were certainly the most appreciated. The crowded, uncomfortable quarters, the "goat stew," the deadly boredom, the homesickness and seasickness—all these were forgotten as we laughed and applauded a show put on by the boys from the 83rd. What the skits lacked in actual talent was more than compensated for by the enthusiasm and spirit with which the actors performed.

And now comes the final part of this chapter. If you live to be one of the last two members of the 83rd Battalion to attend the Annual Convention in 1990, I'll bet my bottom sawbuck (Gook) that you'll talk about your first impressions of "Island X."

We lived in tents for awhile and there was a bigger tent that said "Recreation Hall" where you could play ping-pong or read a pocket book or write a letter to the folks back home to tell them

about the moon coming up over the palm trees. It wasn't long until you could drink beer in the 83rd's own beer garden, but always at the risk of getting knocked on the head with a falling coconut!

By the time that we had visited the local USO (which turned out to be one of the best yet), met "the demon rum," and knew what "mopsy" meant, we were installed in Barracks and had a real Recreation Hall—which was the envy of all the units on the Base. Now we had a fine library, a radio and recording machine, two ping-pong tables with plenty of room and plenty of light, hometown newspapers, and an outdoor beer garden. The latest movies could be enjoyed at open air theaters scattered over the Base and the USO still flew in shows every few weeks that were invaluable as blues-chasers.

When we first heard that the 83rd Battalion was going to sponsor a dance, we thought we were really getting "jungle jolly." Our first dance was held July 13th. A gymnasium was transformed into a tropical garden and although there was a pronounced shortage of dancing partners most of the fellows had a good time.

About this time the Welfare and Recreation Department adopted the policy of a Battalion dance one month and a show the next month, which still continues to be the rule. About the middle of August we put on the "Island X Smoker" in our Recreation Hall. We had a beautiful blonde guest star but she was almost overshadowed by our own exotic "Hula Honeys." The 83rd "Swing Bees" made their first appearance and the 83rd Quintet scored another hit for themselves.

By September, we knew the ropes on these dances and the September and November dances were positive successes. The same old complaints were registered—not enough girls, too many gate-crashers, with all the work and responsibility falling on the shoulders of a few men. However, these complaints were always offset by the number of men who did have a good time and enjoyed themselves.

October evenings were spent rehearsing the 11th Regimental Show, "The Jungle Jolly Follies." This show utilized some of the best talent available in the

11th Regiment and ran for about nine performances, touring the entire island. The 83rd Battalion was well represented and the boys received their full share of applause. It was good entertainment but more than that it proved that the 11th Regiment was not only tops for getting the work done in the best "Can do" tradition but was talented as well. We were seasoned trouper by the end of that run and at the dinner which was given for the performers afterwards you could hear such terms as "cues" "curtain calls," and "audience reaction" banded about with the aplomb that marks the true addicts of grease paint and foot-lights.

The Christmas Holidays were so filled with activity that organized entertainment was unnecessary. The bars, while not altogether down, were certainly lowered for a couple of weeks. Christmas on "Island X" won't be soon forgotten—for one reason or another.

In January, 1944, we had a "Dungaree Dance"—a welcome change from dress whites. So many men sported new dungarees that "The Hummingbird" wrote in the local gossip sheet ". . . all the men were dressed in dungarees with light blue tops." As if they weren't worn all day long by men pounding nails, installing plumbing, and operating cranes!

The New Year also saw the opening of one of the largest and best outdoor theaters on the Base and just at the edge of the 83rd Battalion camp area. No longer is it necessary to thumb a ride or climb a hill to other shows. We now have the essentials (well, officially any way!) to a Seabee's happiness—Movies and a beer garden.

A 30 minutes show was given by the 83rd at this new theater on February 2nd in celebration of our first anniversary. "Mood Indigo" indicated that the "Swing Bees" were on hand to give out with the sweet smooth music they are noted for; singing, both soloists and group, were added attractions; but the appearance of "Confucius Bassford" of ISLAND X-PRESS fame proved that the 83rd still rates with the best of them.

"We can build and we can fight"—and we can laugh like hell if it strikes us funny!

—Jack Handford, Jr.



A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP of the kind ladies of our Island X who make sailors' dances possible. These women graciously accept invitations to a number of servicemen's dances weekly, doing their part to maintain high morale. 'Tis said that they enjoy Seabee dances best of all.



83RD BATTALION'S first dance on Island X. Our Seabees gathered at the Naval Air Station Gymnasium to dance with U.S.O. girls and to partake of a tasty buffet supper. Music for this occasion was furnished by the 30th's Caribbees.



JOHNNY GEARY, vocalist with the 83rd's Swing Bees lifts his voice in song at the first dance given by the battalion, in N.A.S. Gymnasium. Comparable with the topnotch songsters, Johnny is also one swell guy.



DANCERS REST during a brief intermission at the 83rd Battalion's Dungaree Dance. Although the gals in formals raised quizzical brows, the Seabees maintain that dungarees are the only uniform for dances.



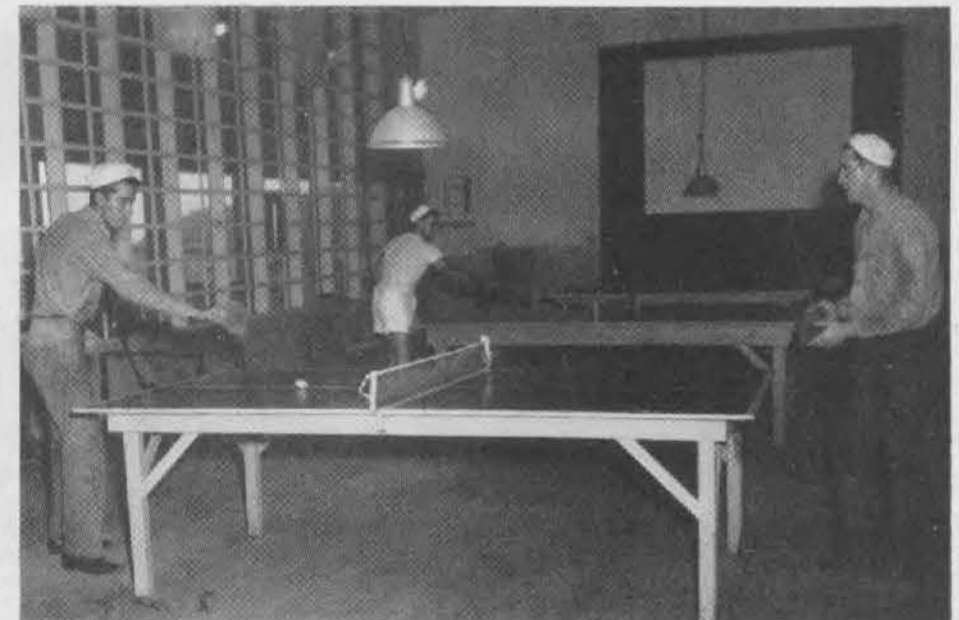
83RD BATTALION SMOKER. At the battalion's first smoker held on July 13, 1943, the officers and men were treated to a song and dance fest, which included the Community Sing, pictured above. It doesn't require any imagination to see that everybody is cutting loose with that old Glee Club vigor.



BARBECUED STEAKS and fried chicken were on the menu at the 11th Regimental Barbecue. Seabee volunteers are shown helping the cooks prepare the savory cuts. Men from the 83rd, the 30th and the 80th Battalions attended the feast.



BATTALION'S BIRTHDAY PARTY. Wednesday, February 2nd, 1944 was the 83rd Battalion's first birthday. We celebrated with a number of vaudeville skits at our local theater and Commanders Miscall and Alexander furnished the customary oratory for the occasion.



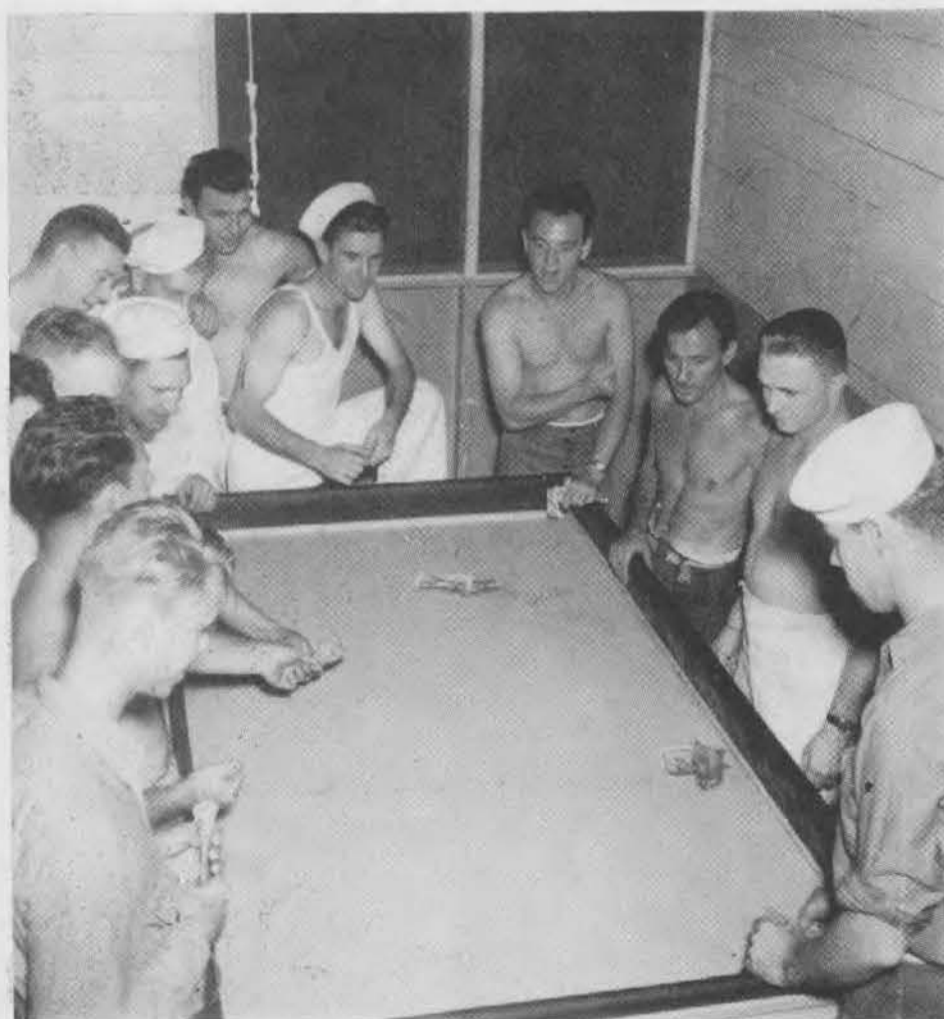
THE RECREATION HALL. This hall which was designated by most of our Seabees as "up on the hill," was always a popular spot with the boys. The beer garden and the library were there and also the ping-pong tables which were given heavy treatment by the adherents of that indoor sport.



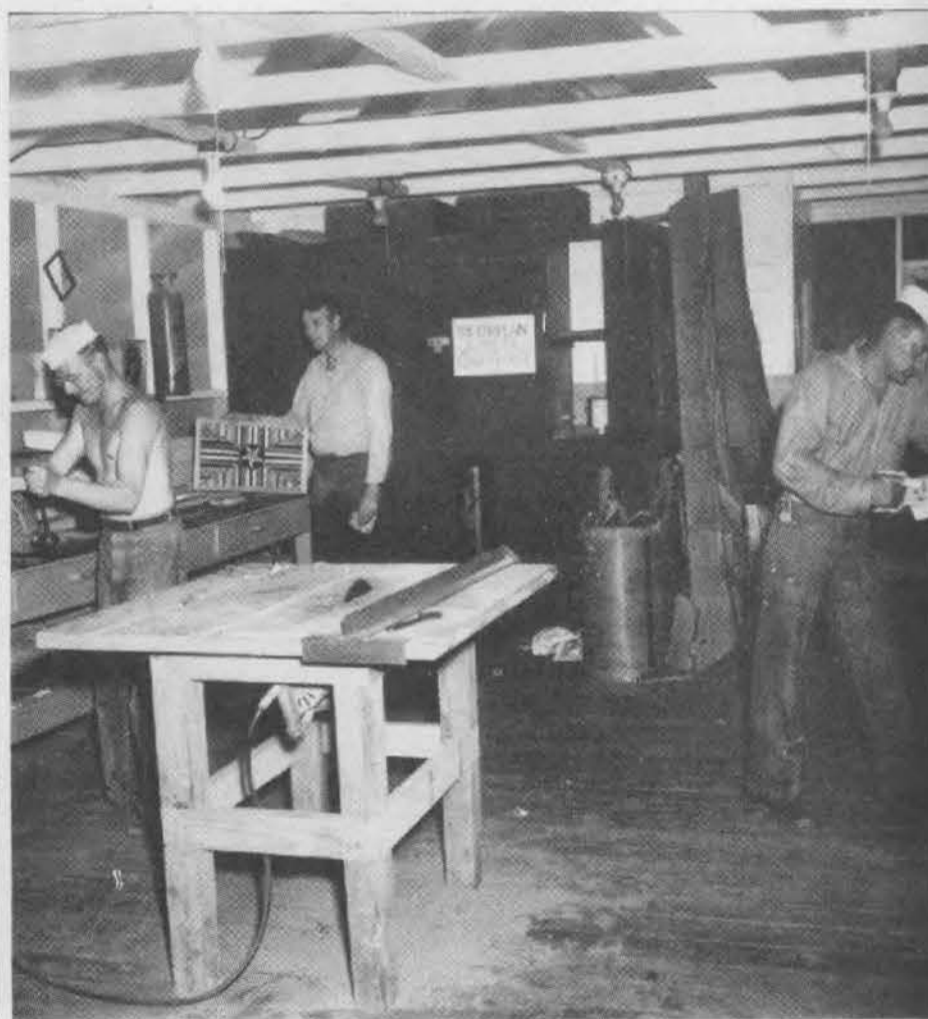
THE LIBERTY BUS. For the men of the 83rd, liberty started at 1300 (1.00 p.m.) on Sundays and on the men's occasional day off. These roomy, comfortable busses kept a half-hour schedule throughout the afternoon and evening. All hands had to be logged in by 2200, (10.00 p.m.).



THE CIVIL WAR—FORGOTTEN. A time-honored barracks pastime is re-hashing the war between the States but Yankee and Rebel alike drop their arguments to gather 'round and chuckle as a youthful Kentucky Colonel, Suh, strums the guitar and sings—"She's way up thar—Ah'm way down hyar."



PAYDAY NIGHT on Island X. "How many days in a week, Baby?" chants the shooter at the head of the table. His mates follow the cubes with interested eyes. Sorry to disappoint you, folks, but this was a posed picture.



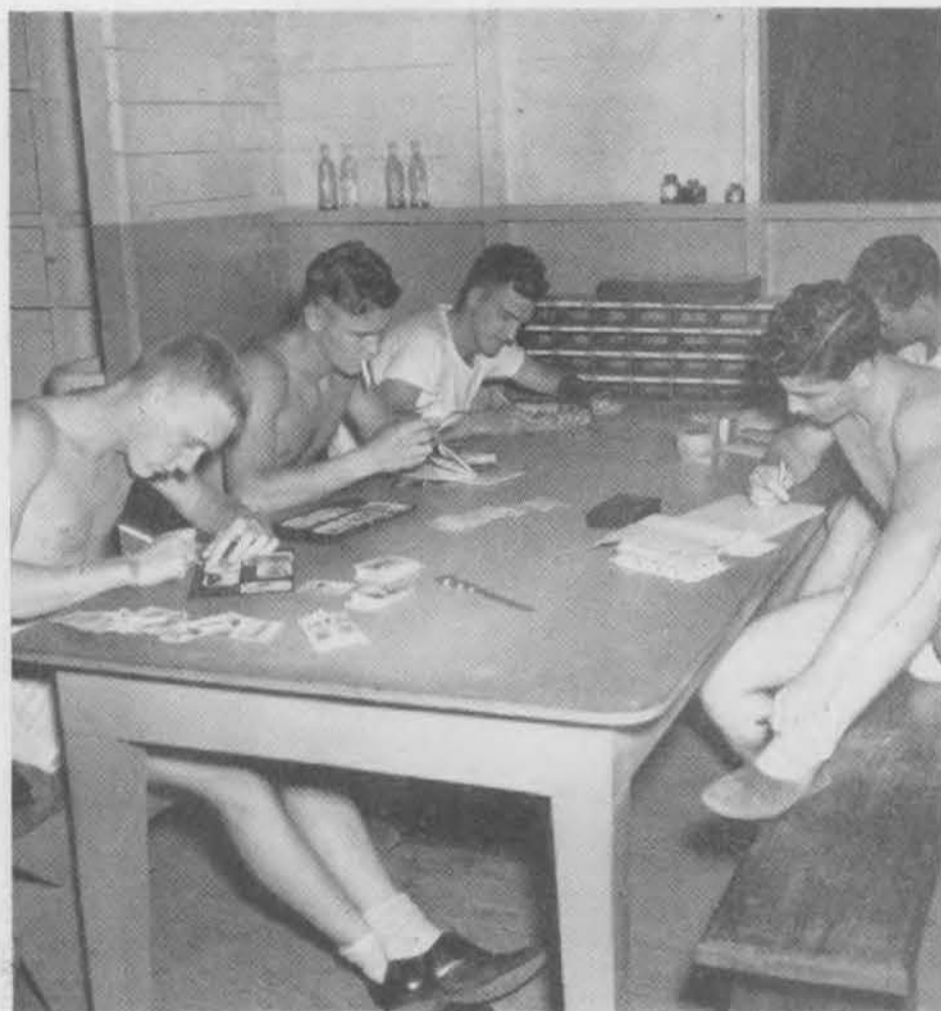
THE HOBBY SHOP. We were fortunate in having, a shop wherein the men could work during their leisure hours to make souvenirs for the folks at home. Trays, jewel boxes, lamp stands, chests and picture frames were among the many articles manufactured here.



A READING ROOM was located in every barracks building. Here we see the boys taking advantage of the table before "lights out." Two are having a feud in dominoes, one writes that all-important letter while others are reading the comic sections from month-old local papers sent from the States.



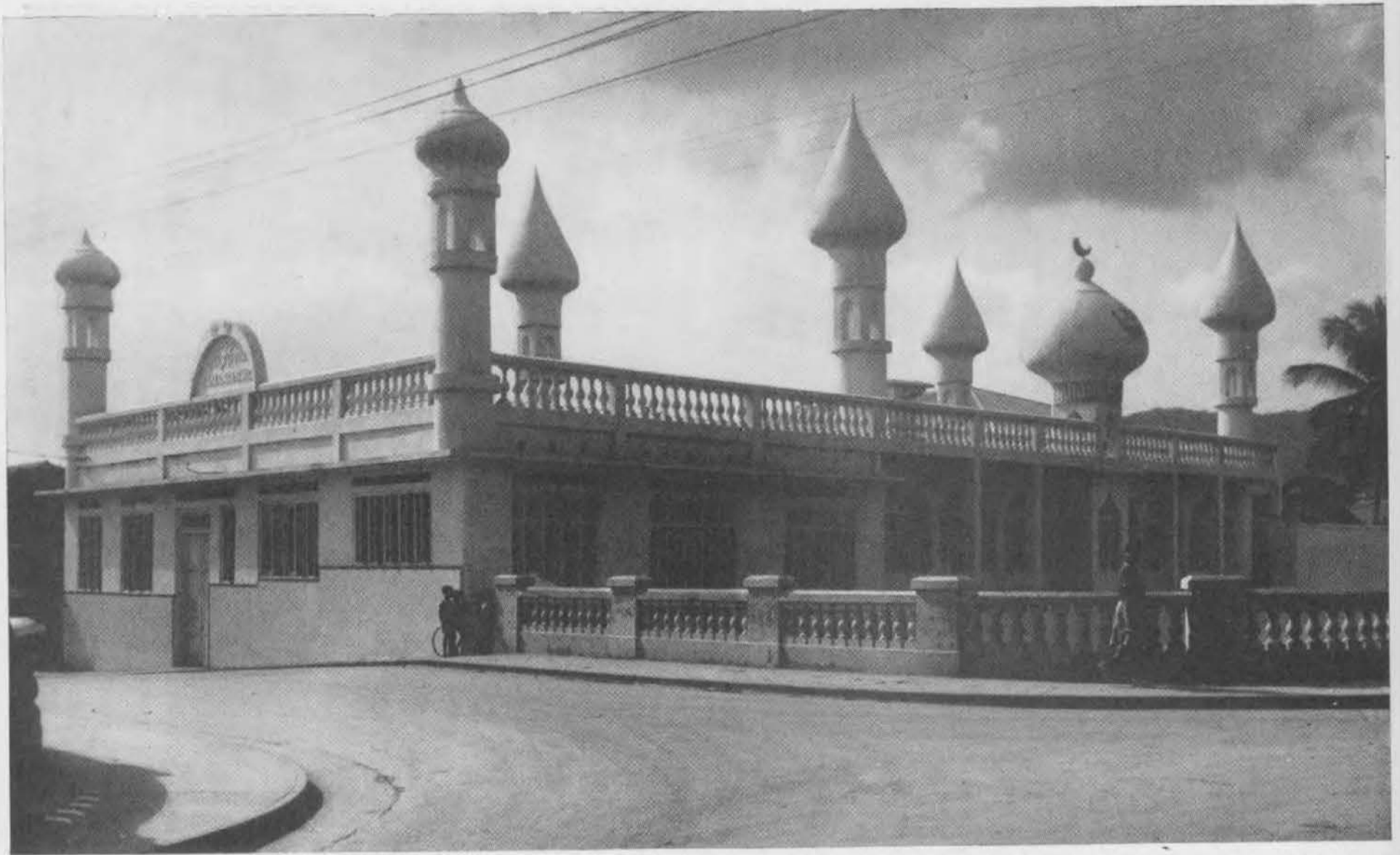
CARD GAMES serve to pass the time wherever men are grouped together. Seems like a sure cure for melancholia is to have somebody sing out "How about a game?" Anything goes—rummy, euchre, smear, pinochle, cribbage, black jack and of course, poker seem to be the favorites.



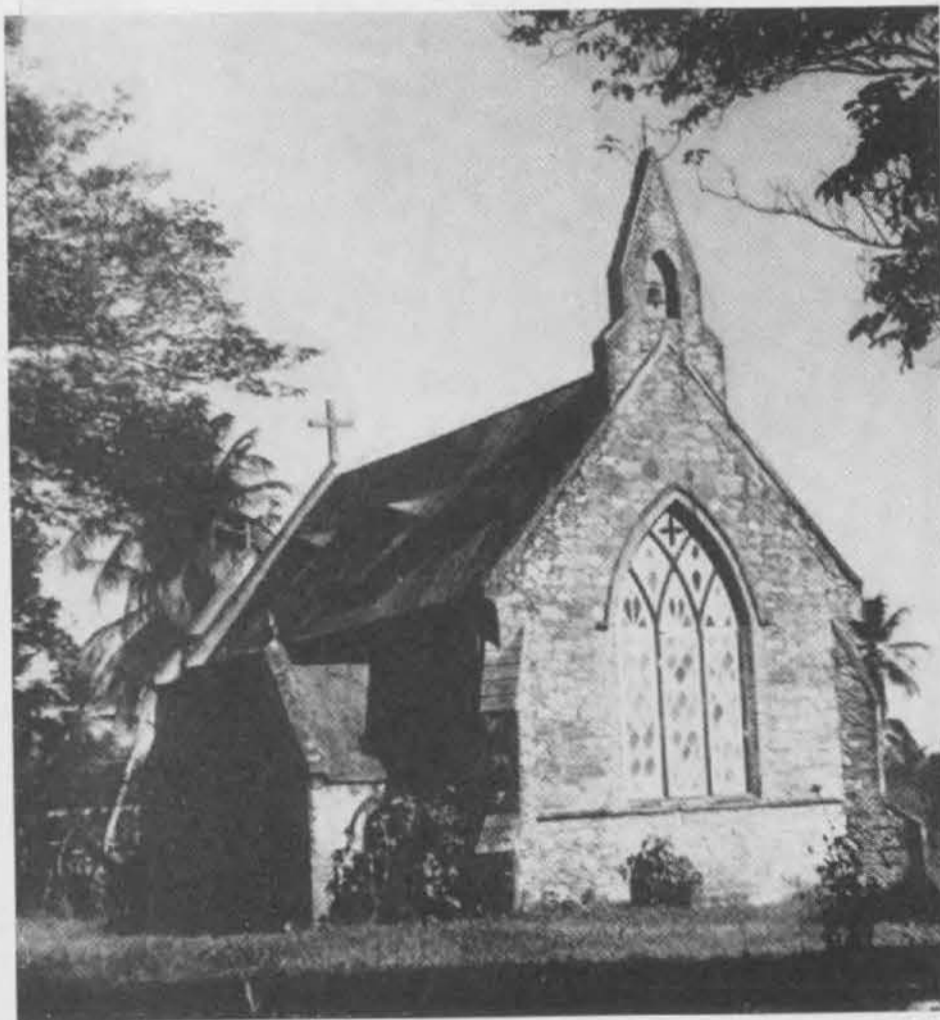
IN ANY BARRACKS, shortly after evening chow this scene is repeated. According to statistics, every man in this battalion sent home approximately forty-five letters per month. Here the boys are busy writing—to Mom and Dad—to the Heart Throb and to friends. Every Seabee is quite religious about these letters home.



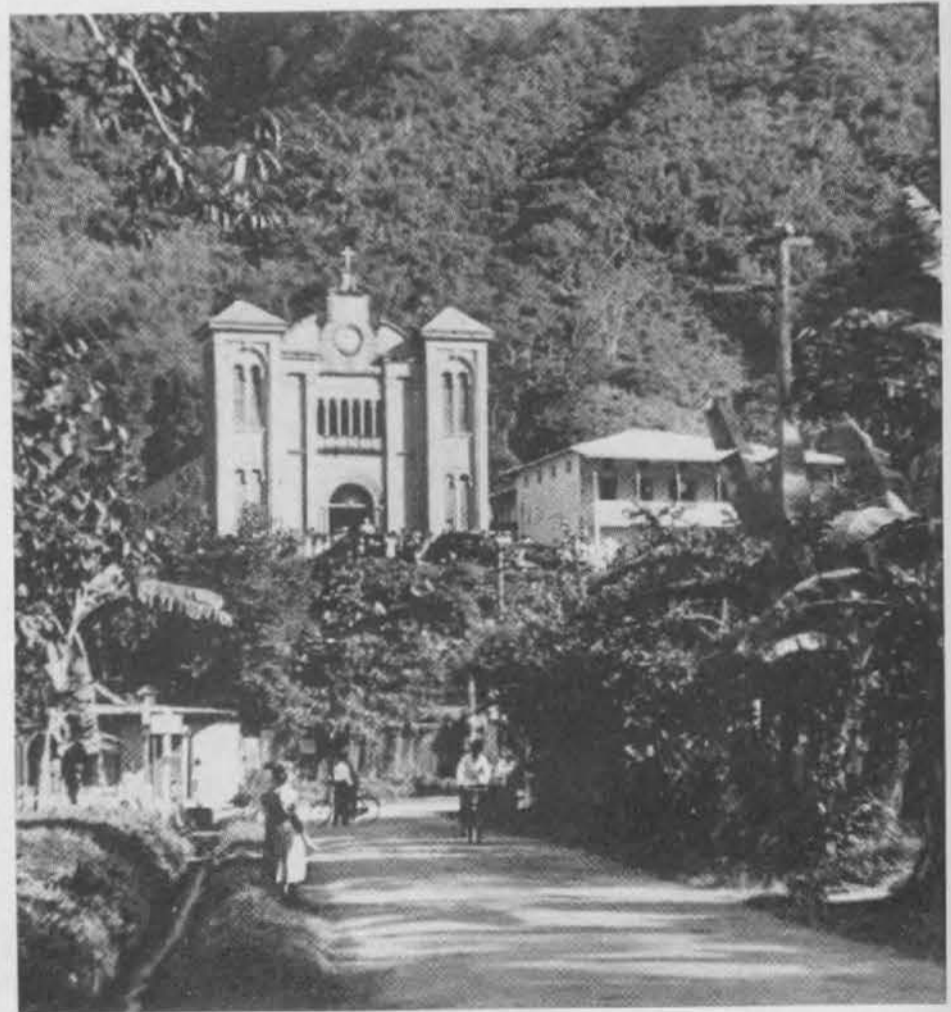
WHAT' CHA PLAYIN' FELLOWS? One picture is worth a thousand words, so say the Chinese. Not so in this case for it took thirty minutes to scrape up enough money to make this picture look real. The reason? We needed one more picture to complete this page.



THE JAMA MASJID. A Mohammedan Mosque of rich and oriental design with turrets and minarets pointing heavenward presents a dazzling white exterior for all to see. This edifice, opened in 1942, is the most beautiful and modern of the many places of worship on this Island. Both inside and outside, the walls are of glazed tile with a green border. Many of the tens of thousands of white Indian inhabitants of Island X adhere to the Mohammedan faith.



THIS LITTLE CHURCH in a rural district stands time-honored and sturdy as a result of the work done by loving hands that realized they were creating something which was to bring them closer to God.



IN A NEIGHBORING CITY, on a hill overlooking the town, another house of Our Lord stands as a high symbol; emblematic of all that is fine and good. The townsfolk are ever reminded of its noble presence when looking up.

SPORTS

We came to Island X for military purposes and it is now a matter of history that we lived up to expectations and did a workman-like job in record time. It is, however, a well-known fact that "All work and no play tend to make Jack a dull boy." The same axiom holds true in the case of Joe Seabee—he needs a bit of recreation to balance his hours of heavy toil and responsibility.

Chaplain Hutchison, our Welfare Officer, himself an athlete of repute, made early preparations to see that the men of the 83rd Battalion were supplied with a full program of athletic activities and that they had the necessary equipment and time to play.

Before we left Gulfport, we had a pretty fair baseball team, a few softball clubs and a representation of boxers. Most of the competition was against other units at the Advance Base Depot; such as the Armed Guard, the Station Force and teams from other resident battalions.

Upon arrival at Island X, we first took stock of the various projects which we were to work on and our early weeks were spent in lining up the right men for the right jobs and in getting accustomed to our new surroundings.

Once the work schedule was in hand and progress a matter of time and routine, the boys began to cast around for something to do in the line of athletic endeavor. Chaplain Hutchison was all set for them and in a very short time, we had a first rate baseball team in the field representing the battalion and doing a mighty fine job of it. A team of sluggers entered the lists at the various Boxing Shows held on the Base. A softball league was initiated and after a bit, our athletic field was rigged up for night games. This sport was popular with the fans and created a great deal of interest. We had our own bowling league and we produced a basketball club that compared favorably with the others in the circuit. For followers of these sports, we had a badminton court, ping pong tables and horseshoe pitching courts, all of which came in for their share of attention.

Swimming could hardly be classed as an organized sport but hundreds of men took every opportunity to bathe in the sea at Manzanilla Beach and Scotland Bay where regular beach facilities existed.

Our teams competed against clubs representing other activities on the Island and in general, acquitted themselves with honor. Also on the program were the intra-mural activities, with various Company and unit teams competing against their shipmates within the battalion. Rip-roaring action developed here as there is no battle so intense as a family row.

There was plenty of opportunity for everyone to have a workout of some sort and nearly all hands took advantage of the chance afforded. Assisting Chaplain Hutchison in the athletic field were Bill Boot and A. L. Mix, both of whom were athletes; interested in promoting a worthwhile sports program for their mates.

Volunteers were always ready and willing to put on a show for such occasions as our Battalion Barbecues and the Christmas Day Program. Flashy mitt slingers appeared in speedy boxing exhibitions and the cream of our softball talent fought it out on the diamond while exuberant fans vociferously cheered their favorites.

Now that our first cruise is just about completed and our stay on Island X is about to become a thing of the past, we

surely will be able to indulge in happy memories of pleasant hours spent in the realm of sports. There was variety enough to please the most exacting athletes and fans and seldom in civilian life did we ever see such a wide range of seasonal sports, all being promoted at the same time. There certainly was nothing wrong with the fun we had on the diamond, in the ring, on the basketball court or on the bowling alleys. If we can do half as well in this line on our next cruise, we shall count ourselves fortunate, indeed.

Boxing

There was plenty of opportunity for the lad who loved the ring game. Our gear locker held sparring gloves and striking bag mitts. Mounted under a shelter were both heavy and light punching bags. A regulation ring with a padded deck stood ready for the use of any gladiators who felt like going a few rounds. A goodly number of our shipmates took the age-old expedient of road work for conditioning.

Boxing shows were held at some unit on the Base nearly every week. Saturday evening was always light night. Ringmen from various commands fought it out under the Marquis of Queensbury Rules with competent supervision and officiating. No contestant was maimed or hurt because a referee didn't know his job. Attendance at these boxing cards was stupendous—seemingly everyone turned out to see the beak-busters perform.

At one time we had a number of fighters from the 83rd who sought fame and glory in open competition. Foremost of these was Ross Shortnacy, a welter-weight out of Headquarters Company. During our residence here, he went to the post 22 times and won sixteen of his matches. Other rugged and willing mixers who carried the 83rd's colors to battle were, "Little Giant" Blanchard, (150), J. Di Gangi (175), Johnny Geary (145), and Johnny Cassol (160).

These boys deserve credit for their showings, they fought merely for the sport of it and competition was plenty tough. It takes a hardy spirit to crawl through those ropes to meet an antagonist of unknown ability, especially when there is no purse; little glory if you win and lumps and derision if you lose. These lads of ours had what is known to the ringster as "Moxie."

Basketball

Another 83rd winner was our basketball team, coached by Lt. H. B. Miller. With Barnes, Romani, Capt. Webber, Wets, Lingle, Leckenby, Simmons, Miller, Bradbury, Macaulay, Bianchi, Lake and Ridings all capable of playing a fast brand of ball, our lads won 15 out of 21 games played, bowling over some of the fastest quints in the Recreation League. Going through a successful season at such a fast pace led to the inevitable led-down and the boys dropped their play-off game, being eliminated by a powerful 30th NCR club in the first round. The 83rd had previously defeated the 30th during the season. Basketball, we Northerners conceive to be a winter sport but the speedy type of game that our boys played in the tropics equalled that witnessed in many a good college gymnasium.

Softball

Everybody played softball, or so it seemed and to list all players by name would require another full page. This sport, however, seemed to have the greatest appeal to the fans of the 83rd, possibly because of the friendly but close inter-company rivalry. Those who witnessed the nightly combats saw fire-ball pitching, clean hitting and snappy fielding fit to compare with the best tournament play in the larger American cities. Besides our battalion league, picked clubs played all-star lineups from other commands and added glory to their records. The league was composed of eight teams and at the time this article was written, C Company's fighting crew seemed to be the cream of the crop with 7 victories without a defeat. Standings as of mid-March follow: C Company, Dredge Crew, Seamen, Headquarters, B Company, Avengers, Destroyers, Officers, A Company, Cooks.

Baseball

Something would be radically wrong if Yankee troops, even when in foreign service, forgot their national pastime, baseball. Nor was it forgotten on our Island X. Every command, whether Army, Navy or Marines had its nine and competition was rife.

The 83rd Battalion could take fierce pride in the prowess of the aggregation which bore its colors. They could take care of themselves in pretty fast company and their list of victories far exceeded the losses which they suffered. (At this time of writing, our team is leading their League with seven wins to a single loss and have sanguine hopes of coming through, a pennant winner.) (Ed's Note: "We did!")

At the first call for players, the following men responded with a will: Millay, Sinnard, Nowak, Smetana, Bratton, Roberts, McAfee, Hammitt, Florom, Kapoun, Smith, Jernigan, Schryver, Simmons, Bietka, Fletcher, Harden, Hambrick, Van Hee, Shank, Cottrill, Hoard, DaBundo, McDermott, Di Ferdinando, Kouse, Savoie, Leckenby, Horstmann, Sommer, Kolb, Kennedy, Anastasia, De Christie, Peabody, Zerwig, Schimmel, Kurfis, McCabe, Lamb, Mix, Barnes, Burke, Cole, and Thompson.

Chaplain Hutchison was the Manager while L. C. Brown and Lou Lembke acted as coaches. A starting lineup and suitable reserves were selected and the campaign was on. No league existed at this time, so exhibition games were scheduled with teams from other units. These games were played on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Our team got off to a good start, acquired the winning habit and were considered tough opposition.

As the club shook down and became an integrated unit many of the aspirants for positions forsook baseball in favor of softball which was beginning to get organized in the 83rd Area. Most of the regulars remained with their first love although there were cases where some men participated in both sports.

Somebody got the idea of organizing a league and an eight team circuit was formed. At this time, "Solly" Bietka, the regular catcher took over the reins of management and he controlled the destiny of the club from his position back of the plate. The heavy bats and speed-ball pitching of our team served well to win most of our games generally offsetting certain defensive weaknesses in the infield.

Our club boasted no major league talent in its ranks but the more mature players were seasoned by years of campaigning in semi-pro ball while the younger men seemed to be good prospects for high school and college nines. Our boys loved the game and always showed up for a scheduled encounter. Win or lose, they gave their best and proved to be magnanimous winners and graceful losers. After all, the game is the thing and though we strive to win each time, victory cannot forever perch on our banners. Not in baseball.

Bowling

Considered strictly a winter sport at home, bowling surprised us by turning up at Island X as a year round activity. Six beautiful alleys had been installed at N.A.S. before our arrival and we marveled to find such a layout waiting for us. Native boys set the pins by hand but they were adept at their calling and no time was wasted in waiting for set-ups.

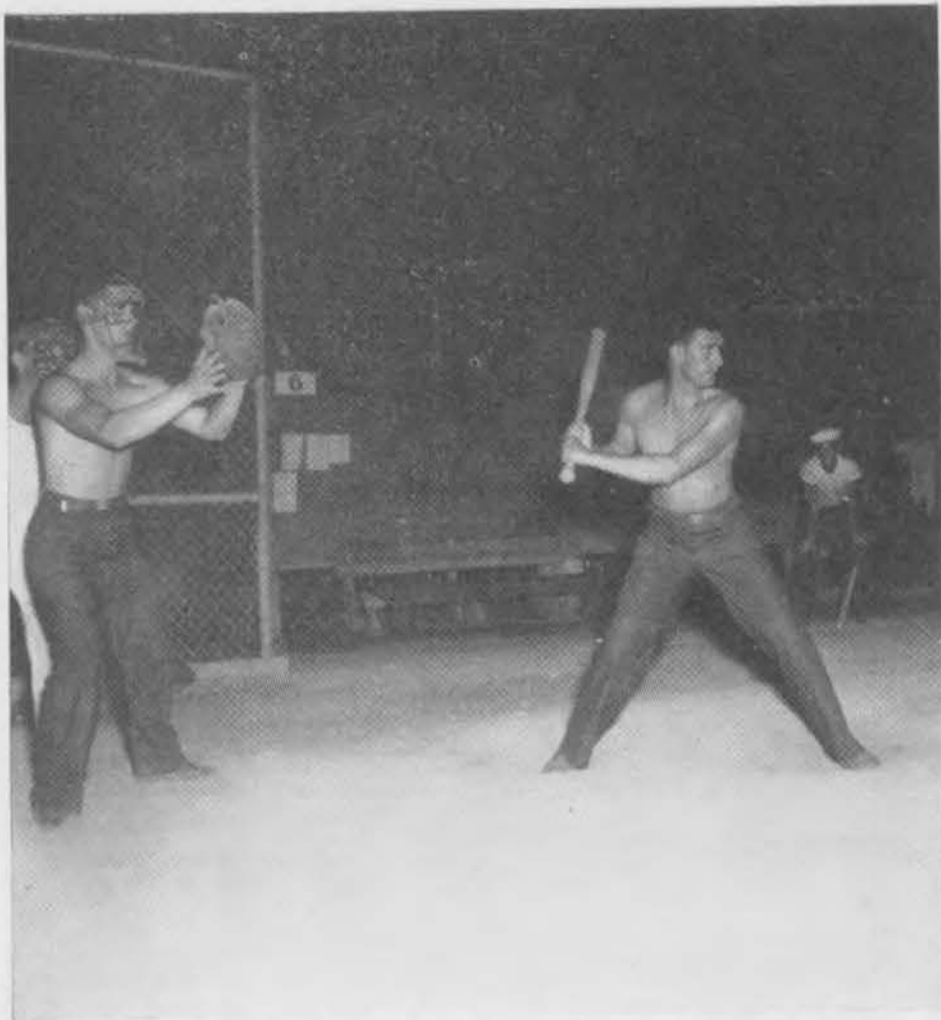
The house had a fair collection of balls for the customers' use and many of our kegling enthusiasts sent home for their bowling shoes, of which there was a marked scarcity here.

The alleys were open every day from 1300 until 2100. Open bowling was allowed in the afternoons and on evenings when there was no league competition. One of our shipmates, Joe Millay was assigned to work as one of the "House Men" at the alleys where he acted as instructor and secretary of the league. Joe had been a topnotch bowler in the States, having bowled exhibitions with such kegglers as Ned Day, Joe Falcaro, Andy Varipapa and many others of like fame. Joe had the reputation of never having finished out of the money in all his years of ABC Tournament competition. To prove that his stay in the tropics had neither dulled his eye nor taken the punishing power from his "hook" Joe set an alley record that the rest of us will be shooting to match for many seasons to come. On March 19, 1944, he blasted the maples for scores of 259, 246 and a perfect 300 to total 805 for a three game series. Try that on your trombones, mates. It was the fourth perfect game that Millay had bowled during his career.

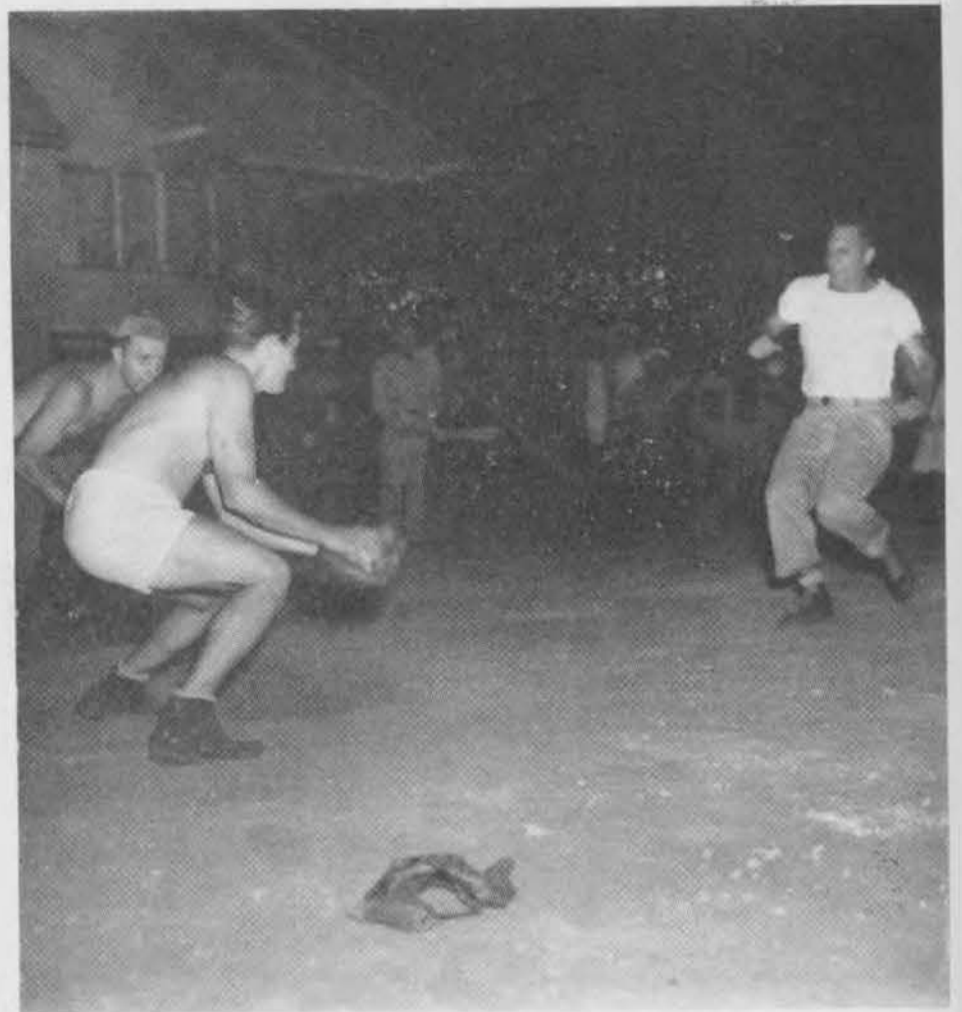
In the Navy League there were 85 teams. Our lads had their battalion circuit of six clubs, The Wildcats, Tigers, Hornets, Ramblers, Trojans and Wolves and as this story went to press, the Wildcats had a very precarious lead, closely pressed by the Tigers and Hornets.

Bowling is good clean sport, for young and old alike and one does not have to be in perfect physical condition in order to be a stellar performer. It has a lure for the addict similar to that of golf and although one may be considered a dub at the game, improvement comes with frequent and steady practice and every bowler has his big moments.

Following the kegling lure on Island X and pegging away for that 300 game were the following devotees: Meyer, Leyden, Eys, Mansker, Dodge, Wilson, Swisher, Hushour, Lanfersiek, Batdorff, Gehringer, Bennett, Roberts, Frank, Nelson, Kapoun, Stlemert, Cottrill, Cole, Smith, Porter, Joiner, Flink, Below, Klieman, Plew, Thiele, Hiller and Lambert. Not a man in the crowd but what would vouch that they had the time of their lives on each night that the 83rd League had priority on the N.A.S. alleys.



READY FOR THE PITCH. At the plate, C Company's Bob Baumhardt brandishes a menacing bat at the pitcher. Catcher Wally Cole, (he can pitch, too) signals to his battery mate. After the smoke had cleared, C Company had blanked the Seamen 5-0.



HE'S OUT by nearly a mile, or so it seems, Johnny Geary, catching for Headquarters Company blocks the plate and awaits the slide of Lt. (jg) Rothstein who apparently realizes the score. Umps Dietz calmly surveys the play.



TOO LATE. Lieutenant (jg) Linder is thrown out at first during a game between the Officers and Headquarters Company. Jim Arterburn at first, takes the infielder's throw. The battalion softball league created a great deal of interest.



IT'S GONNA BE CLOSE. Tircuit of A Company dashes in from third base while Catcher Mix of the Avengers turns the ball into a punching bag. A moment later, Umpire Dietz called Tircuit safe and another run was added to the score.



GRAB IT, SOMEBODY! A feverish scramble for the elusive ball is underway beneath the 83rd's goal. Webber and a foe (from the 30th NCB) are up in the air—reaching. Our winning streak came to an end in this game which was won by the Thirtieth (playing without shirts) 43-32.



WATCH THAT BALL! Bradbury (background), lanky star forward of the 83rd's team, launches a long one-handed toss for the basket. The ball is in the air. Webber (left) and Leckenby have headed in under the basket. 83rd players are wearing shirts.



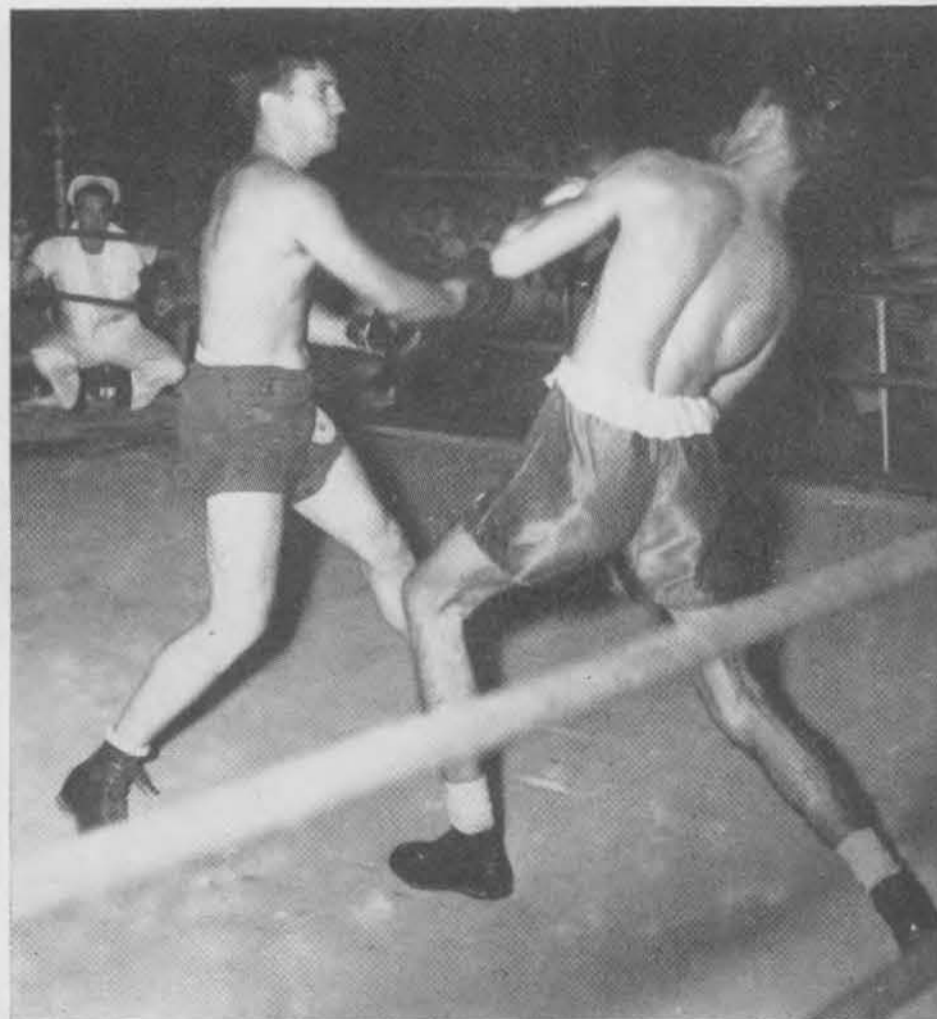
83RD BASKETBALL TEAM. The following men under the guidance of Lt. H. B. Miller gave much of their time in order to give our battalion a successful basketball team. Front row, left to right: Barnes, Romani, Webber, Weis, Lingle. Second row: Leckenby, Simmons, Lt. Miller, Bradbury, Macaulay. Men absent from picture were Bianchi, Lake and Ridings.



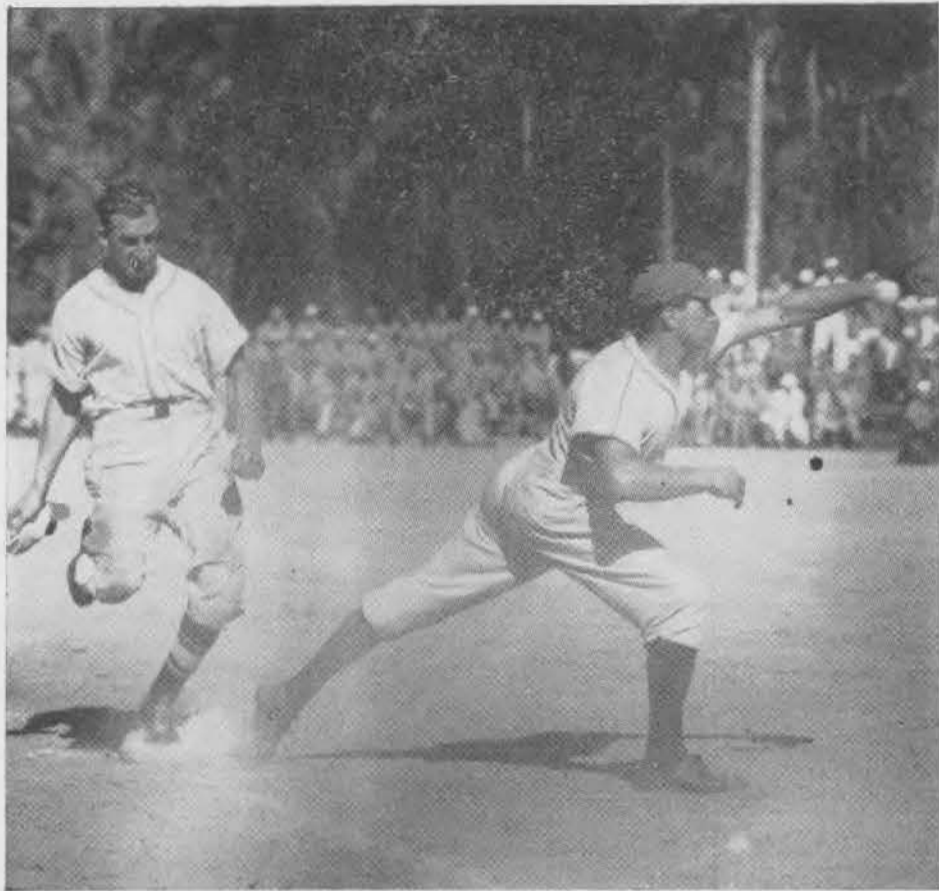
83RD BATTALION BOWLERS. This picture was taken just a few moments before the six teams went into action—and when the first ball goes rolling down the alley, that's when friendship ceases. Our six teams bowled all winter at a pretty fair clip and the issue of who won league honors is still undecided. N.A.S. boasted six new alleys and the keggers were pitching at good, selected wood. Joe Millay knocked off 259-246 and 300 for 805 to set two alley records here.



ROSS SHORTNACY, 83rd welterweight (right) crashes a left hook to the chin of Olenski from the Receiving Station in one of the N.A.S. ring shows. The Seabee won a three round decision.



JOHNNY GEARY, another 83rd pug, (left) gamely falls away at redoubtable Roland Lee, from E.R.E. Lee, who has never lost a fight in the Navy was pushed to the limit to win this battle.



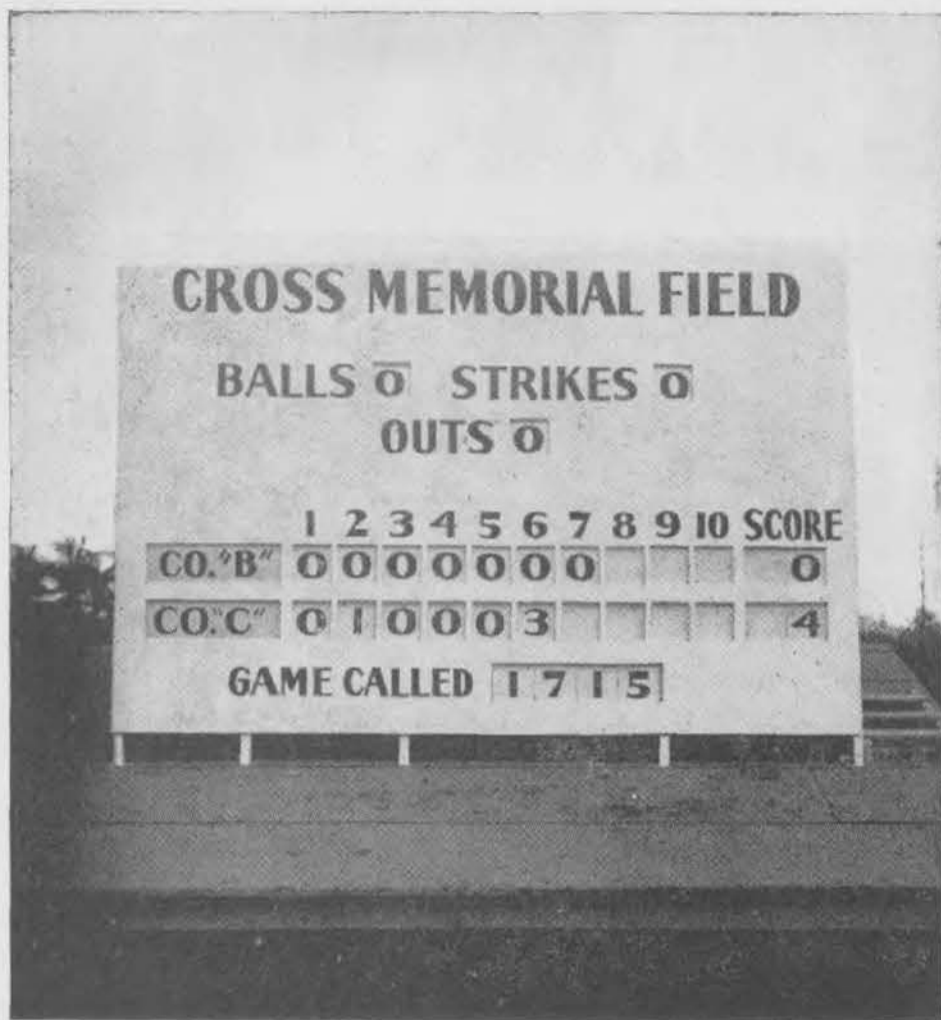
THE UMP SAYS SAFE. This bit of action during the All star Army and Navy game caused many arguments. The Army's first base man not only fails to catch the ball, but also failed to have his foot on the bag. This was one of the few breaks Dame Fortune gave us in this game for the final score was Army 12 - Navy 6.



'TIS A HIT. Chief Solly Beitka sends one for a ride to deep center field. Beitka plus four other 83rd men were chosen for the All Star Navy team which met an All Star Army team late in the spring of 1944. The new recreational sports field at Scotland Bay was the scene of combat.



NAVY LEAGUE BASEBALL CHAMPIONS of Island X. These stalwarts of the diamond carried the colors of the 83rd Battalion through a long and exciting baseball campaign. They captured the pennant in the Navy League and at the time we went to press, were engaged in a series of playoff games with the winner of the Eastern League. None of these lads are fugitives from the major leagues but you are looking at some mighty capable and seasoned talent, including steady pitchers, heavy clouters and snappy fielders. They didn't win all their games but lost very few of them.



CROSS MEMORIAL FIELD. At evening Colors on the 27th February, 1944, Commander Nealon formally dedicated our Athletic Field, in commemoration of Seth Alvin Cross, our shipmate, who lost his life in the performance of his duty. To Seth, our loyal and companionable shipmate, we pledge our continued efforts toward the goal he sought: Freedom for the world.

To My Pal



I stood beside the bed of my best friend
 And heard the Doctor say, "No Hope,"
 Before the tragic end.
 I saw him there, unconscious, never
 Knowing what took place
 The laws and rules of God, I'm sure
 Never meant such pace.

If everyone could meet his parents,
 left behind
 And step into the darkened home,
 where once sunlight shined,
 And look upon the vacant chair where
 Seth used to sit,
 I'm sure, deep in our minds, we'd
 think a bit.

(In memory of Seth Alvin Cross.)

—C. L. ROE.



A Sergeant's Prayer

Almighty and all present Power,
 Short is the prayer I make to Thee,
 I do not ask in battle's hour
 For any shield to cover me.

The vast unalterable way,
 From which the stars do not depart
 May not be turned aside to stay
 The bullet flying to my heart.

I ask no help to strike my foe,
 I seek no petty victory here,
 The enemy I hate, I know,
 To thee is also dear.

But this I pray, be at my side
 When death is drawing through the
 sky.
 Almighty God, Who also died,
 Teach me the way that I should die.

Sergeant Hugh Brodie,
 Royal Australian Air Force,
 "Missing in Action."

★ ★ ★ *Personal Snapshots* ★ ★ ★



