

**NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION**



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In the hope that the years reflected in this book shall not have been in vain; and that it will serve to recall, in the peaceful future, the poignant memories of ourselves and comrades during the war, this book is dedicated . . .

COMMANDER A. J. MACKAY

COMMANDER SERVICE FORCE  
SEVENTH FLEET  
Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

جوزة/لواء

700

JUN 18 1945

From: Commander Construction Forces,  
SEVENTH Fleet  
Officer-in-Charge, 105th U.S.  
Naval Construction Battalion.

To: Commemoration.

Subject: The Commander Construction Forces, SEVENTH Fleet, upon his impending detachment, wishes to commend the 105th U.S. Naval Construction Battalion for its fine spirit of cooperation and the excellent record it has established in the field.

1. Both in New Guinea and in the Philippines the Battalion has rendered conspicuous and outstanding service in the construction of assigned projects. Even when such odds as weather conditions, terrain conditions and lack of equipment were most unfavorable, the job was carried on in the true "Seabee" fashion.

2. To the officers and men of the Battalion, Commander Construction Forces, SEVENTH Fleet, extends the signal "Well Done."

*W. Mac Angus*  
W. MAC ANGUS

NINETEENTH U.S. NAVAL CONSTRUCTION REGIMENT

23 April 1945.

IN REPLY ADDRESS  
OFFICER-IN-CHARGE  
NINETEENTH U.S. NAVAL  
CONSTRUCTION REGIMENT  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
C & FLEET POST OFFICE

PI6/CO  
Serial (166)  
ETR/cs

From: Officer-in-Charge,  
Officer-in-Charge, 105th U.S. Naval Construction Battalion.

To: Tolosa Detachment 105th CB's - Construction at Macaracas -  
Osama, Fleet Recreation Center - by.

- Subj: Tolosa Detachment 105th CB's - Construction at Macaracas -  
Osama, Fleet Recreation Center - by.
1. Upon the detachment of the 19th U.S. Naval Construction Regiment from the operational control of the Fleet Recreation Center at Macaracas-Osama, the Officer-in-Charge, 19th U.S. Naval Construction Regiment commends this detachment upon the excellent work performed.
  2. In the face of unusually difficult arrangements, in regard to operation, maintenance and a extremely difficult transportation problem, involving the delivery of all materials at a site accessible only by water, Lieut. Griffith and Warrant Officer Herzog have expended every effort and have been unceasing in their vigilance in keeping the flow of materials uninterrupted.
  3. Skillful planning of the work and working for long uninterrupted hours has made possible the construction of this project in the limited time available for its construction.
  4. The men have worked long hours, willingly, to provide the necessary facilities for the opening of this club and in every instance workmanship has been of the finest.
  5. It is requested that copies of this letter be enclosed in the jackets of all men serving with this detachment of the 105th CB's.

*E. F. Reiden*  
E. F. REIDEN,  
By direction.



ASIATIC - PACIFIC  
RIBBON  
One Bronze Star



PHILIPPINES  
LIBERATION  
RIBBON  
Two Bronze Stars



GOOD CONDUCT  
RIBBON

The following men, while serving with the 105th Naval Construction Battalion, became eligible for the Good Conduct Ribbon:

Harry M. Biondi  
Robert O. Stout  
F. M. Slimko  
Melvin G. Riggs  
Kenneth J. Wixson

Kenneth R. White  
Robert A. Nevins  
Weldon B. Morpew  
Rene J. Pelanne  
John A. Nannariello

Geno M. Seganfredo  
Hamilton M. Fair  
Thomas R. Jenkins  
James H. Hall  
Aubrey L. Mounce



**T**HIS is the story of a Naval Construction Battalion.

The story has as its characters the skipper, the officers, the chiefs and the enlisted men. The plot is simply the record of the achievements of the battalion in fulfilling its assignments.

While it has been impossible to enumerate each job in detail, or to recall the myriad personal incidents, it is hoped that sufficient information of this nature has been included to enable each man to recall these incidents and scenes as he saw them and lived them.

The 105th is a battalion distinguished only by its normalcy; it has known calm days and dangerous ones; it has worked hard, it has had periods of comparative ease. Its record is no better or worse than scores of other battalions. No attempt has been made to inflate its achievements, to temper its weaknesses.

It is the story of a thousand men living and working together in the insecurity of war in strange and distant countries; weaving mutual memories through the often difficult months over seas, and endowing the battalion as a whole with the sum total of these experiences and memories.

It is this, and no more, which is the story of the 105th UNITED STATES NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION.

## THIS IS THE STORY OF THE 105<sup>TH</sup> SEABEES





**THIS IS THE SKIPPER**



**EXECUTIVE OFFICER**



**THESE ARE HIS OFFICERS**





**THESE ARE THE CHIEFS**



**AND THESE THE MEN**



**T**HE SUN has changed from the hot red wafer climbing over the Virginia hills to the white hot promise of a July day.

Along the company streets in Area A-8 of Camp Peary, the platoon chiefs call morning muster. Khaki clad company officers, themselves as fresh from officers' indoctrination courses as the men are from "boot training," observe the ritual with eyes as speciously experienced as they will become actually so later on.

"Hup—tup—three—four, areep for your left. . ."

Down the company street, along the hot dusty road which skirts the warehouse, a few stray dogs following at the heels of the men as dogs always will follow a body of marching men, down past Area A-10 and into the Armory for rifles, for rifles to be used in the business of training men for warfare, march a thousand men.

For this is "advanced training" for the 105th Seabees in Camp Peary in the summer of 1943. This is the advanced training for which our instructors in boot led us through the rudiments of military training, for which we sat during endless lectures in the grateful shade of spreading sycamores, for which we fought with wooden machetes, drilled with dummy rifles, marched in close order drill, filed through the gas chamber. . . Advanced training for a thousand men who are to be welded, or hammered, or trained into a unit of a thousand men.

This is the 105th Battalion marching down the road, a certain pride and swing in its step, marching down to the firing range to use actual firearms and live ammunition for the first time.

The men are strangers still to each other, despite their easy, familiar conversation. Their ties of comradeship, and hardship, are still to come. Commander Mackay, in the first issue of the battalion paper, "CREW BLASTS," writes that "We are each of us his brother's keeper, bound together by a common tie—members of the 105th Construction Battalion."

Strangers still, but each day brings with it something new to imprint its stamp indelibly in the mind of every man—little incidents which are the beginnings of mutual memories, sad memories even, to be recalled at some future time when the mind is hot with thoughts of home.

For now are the first tetanus shots, the men lining up in front of Sick Bay in companies, the trucks waiting to take them to Small Stores for a clothing issue immediately after their shots.

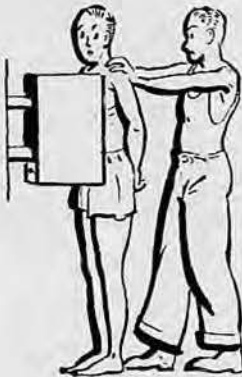
The days that tumble after one another are filled with a series of "firsts." Here is the first smoker, the first issue of the battalion newspaper, the first drill with the marines and the unforgettable obstacle course, the first beer at Topside, the first real scuttlebutt.

"Scuttlebutt," which is the soul and breath of the enlisted man's exchange of information without fact, and which can be likened only vaguely to civilian "rumor," enters our every day. And now it is Alaska or the Aleutians to which battalion scuttlebutt has us going. An issue of warm clothes at Small Stores, a surmise here, a casual word there, and soon the scuttlebutt is accepted: we are going north.

The days which pass are filled to the brim with activity. Home, and the dimly remembered routine of civilian days, lie in the distant past. The past has receded in a welter of strange details in the forming of a new life. Yet it is but a few brief weeks since the men were civilians pursuing their familiar civilian jobs. It is in looking backward that one is able to grasp how quickly time is passing: the future stretches into an unpredictable infinity.

With the men scarcely aware of its significance, the commissioning of the battalion on 24 July 1943, has come and gone almost as quickly as the brief appearance that Captain Ware made at the exercises. Blues and whites are worn in liberties in Williamsburg and in Richmond. These first liberties are exuberant—pent up releases of the emotions of men who have just gone through the greatest periods of change in their lives in the briefest possible time.

Our eagerly awaited ten day pre-embarkation leave begins on Friday the 13th, in August, but the men are unmindful of the superstitious connotations of the day. All are eager to return to their homes, to swagger, with a certain degree of pardonable pride, in their new blues or whites before their



wives, mothers and sweethearts for the first time.

In this, the pre-embarkation leave which marks the official ending of advanced training, Michigan calls to Indiana, New York bids a cheerful goodbye to Kentucky, while Westport, Vermont, and Rome, Texas, loom with just as much importance in the eager memories of the men as do those of the larger cities. For the one thing it spells for all alike, regardless of city, creed or background, is—HOME.

Home. We are to spend many hours thinking of home in days to come. We are to think more about it with a quiet poignancy, with a dull ache, in the stillness of strange and distant nights.

But time enough to think of that later, NOW we are going home, to our cities and towns, to our wives and mothers, to good times, and beer, and steaks the way we like them. We enjoy them while we can. There is much that lies ahead.

The crisp, cool morning air bites into the men as they stand at attention. This is muster again, but this time it is in California. In California, Camp Parks, in September. This is California with its promise of warmth and sun and perpetual spring.

The men shiver slightly as they stand at attention in the crisp of the early morning, Mt. Diablo piercing the low overhanging clouds to the north.

Behind us lies the first great memory of the men as a battalion: pre-embarkation leave. Stories, tales, and escapades are told and retold while waiting in chow lines, or in the mess halls. The men have begun to refer to their wives by name in the telling of stories concerning home. This is another indication of the growing exchange of confidence.

Then, too, many wives have come west to join their husbands, setting up a semblance of housekeeping in nearby Hayward, Stockton, or Livermore. The single men take their fun in Oakland and San Francisco on liberty nights.

In camp the battalion is developing a smoothness and cooperation built on long hours of practice. Close order drill has become more precise, obedience to orders noticeably quicker and easier. The obstacle course does not take as much out of the men as it did at Peary.

Many west coast men who did not take their leave from Peary do so now from Camp Parks. They are missed by their intimates, their absence scarcely noted by the battalion. Perhaps at some future date life will be like that for us; one company to be detached from the battalion for a special job, its absence taken for granted by the remainder of the battalion. The 105th, as a unit, has already begun to achieve an individuality of its own, divorced from, and larger than, any one man, yet a composite of all the men.

In the evenings here there are shows, movies, ping-pong—and liberty. The men are finding out that they have a good use for their pea coats for the first time. We do not know it now, but this is the coldest weather we will encounter for the next two years.

Perhaps it is just as well that we do not hold the key to what the future holds in store for us. The only thing of which we are reasonably certain is that soon—no one knows when—we must leave Camp Parks for our last Stateside base before shipping out of the States—Port Hueneme, in lower California.

The weeks drag by with a paradoxical swiftness. More memories have been manufactured here. Already the mock battle—but very real fight—for the flag on the hill lies behind us. Also a matter of record now is the first real construction job the battalion has had assigned to it: the erecting of the first quonset huts in Camp Parks for the quartering of incoming personnel. Some have had special liberties out of their working day and night; still others have been disappointed.

In the past, too, lies our memory of that grim gigantic devil—aptly named Mt. Diablo. It was here that we climbed hour after hour, full packs slung across our backs, and tasted of C-rations, and had our grateful smokes during "breaks." It was here on a gentle slope of the mountain that we erected our first tents, set up our own temporary camp, replete with guards and passwords. It was here, too, that we staged our mock warfare, slinking through the undergrowth, squirming through dank, slimy conduits to escape from the "enemy."



The notice to secure at Camp Parks comes suddenly. To some of the men it comes while they are at Mt. Diablo. To all it means having one final liberty.

We feel very much the veteran these days. We have seen new cities and strange towns; we have been at two camps. We have had our first taste of 'round the clock work and have successfully met the first target date. We have traveled across the country by railroad. And there is griping, too. There is much open griping in being merely a member of the 105th, but secretly the men take a deep pride in being in the battalion. You can see it in their eyes on liberty when a stranger mentions the 105th in an unexpected manner; or on their faces when they meet another man in the 105th. The seeds of solidity, fraternity, unity, are taking hold.

It is late of a Sunday evening in early October when we leave Parks. At the station a few women weep. It is always the women who weep. Some of them wave tiny handkerchiefs. A few sailors, going out on liberty, stop and pause a moment, then continue down the road. In the distant blue of the gathering evening Mt. Diablo sits . . . and watches . . . like a great cat sitting on its haunches.

But the men know nothing of this. They are busy scrambling for seats, setting themselves up with as much comfort as they can for the overnight trip to Hueneme, to one step nearer whatever it is that the powers that be have seen fit to call into existence the 105th Seabees.

And on the station the women weep.

The eternal morning muster is still with us. Everything about it is the same—except that this is Port Hueneme now, the last advanced base depot before shipping out of the States. There is a reality and urgency about this base which was noticeably lacking at previous camps. It exists in the trucks carrying equipment to the nearby docks; in the civilian workers employed by a base construction company; in war stocks piled row on row in great warehouses.

The battalion occupies one area in the camp, which is to be our home for the duration of our stay here. For once we have our own mess hall, our own recreation hut, our own quonsets in which to live (will Island X be like this, we wonder?). Topside there is a large beer hall. And at night and over week ends there is liberty to Ventura, Santa Barbara, Hollywood, Los Angeles.

Daily the war creeps closer. Hard-bitten Marines are still our military mentors, sending us through the paces of close order drill, instructing us in the use of '03s, or in camouflage school. There are lectures, too, and hikes have become almost a daily occurrence. We learn to roll infantry packs, set up shelter halves.

At the same time the battalion begins acquiring equipment, some to be issued to the men at once, some to be issued overseas. We are issued gas masks, mess gear, bayonets. Shoes are checked and rechecked, replacements issued for those too badly worn.

No one is quite certain yet what our destination is to be, though by this time it is fairly obvious that it will be somewhere in the South Pacific. Each day brings its own

scuttlebutt that the battalion will secure, that we are ready to ship out in a few days. The recurrent scuttlebutt, and the waiting, sets the nerves of the men on edge. They are eager to get going, to get going on the job for which they enlisted.

And still the war presses closer daily: in the little things we do not say to each other, in the final papers we sign for safekeeping in the personnel office, in instructions for the not too pleasant notification of the next of kin . . . Gruesome information, but necessary information.

Not all is grim, however. Life still has its lighter side, and Hollywood and neighboring towns provide most of it. The Hollywood Canteen. Moving picture stars. Private families who welcome many of the Seabees into their homes. Wives who have followed their husbands here—some of them with children—and who are now living in Oxnard. Life continues in this uncertain world of a nation at war—but the strings are pulled by the 105th, and the men feel and respond. The umbilical cord which binds their destiny to the battalion has become strong and tight, and has come to mean more than merely the cold dry print of Navy Regulations.

Here also we are given the opportunity of proving that we are builders, endless wooden barracks to be erected, a city to be built and as always be our lot—a target date to be met. Here we for the first of many times, sent men away from the main unit to do construction work miles distant. This time it was the construction of a radar station on San Clemente, done in record time by the men of "C" company. Yes, we were now learning to work together as a unit and a company as well as to live and play.

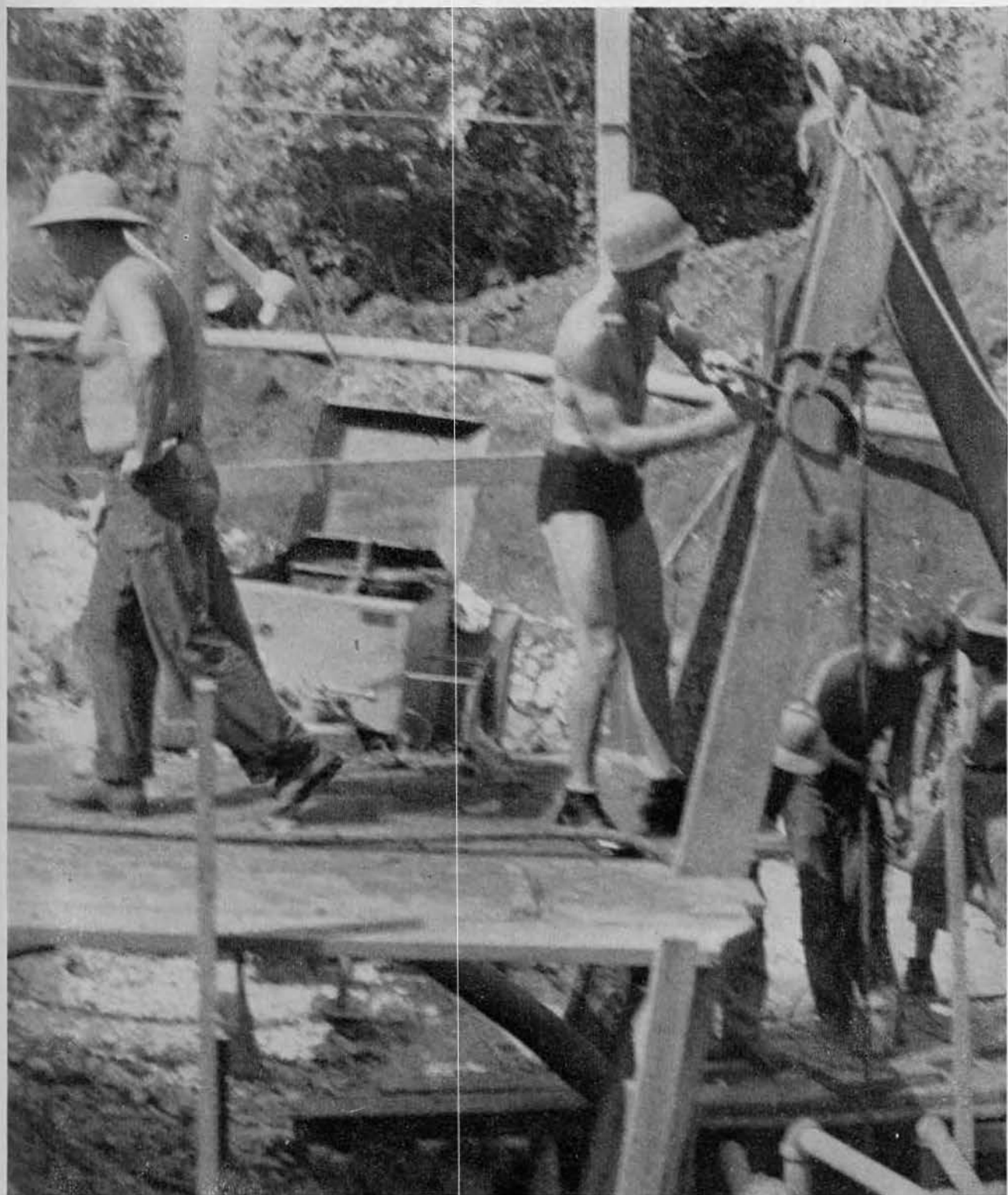
There is something else we do here. We act. The battalion "goes Hollywood" and acts in a moving picture. "The Fighting Seabees," a Republic picture starring Susan Hayward and Dennis O'Keefe, decides to make use of the 105th Battalion for its battle scenes and other shots. So it is that the cameras record for all time the 105th as it makes a "beachhead"; getting on and off trucks in full battle regalia; standing at attention while Dennis O'Keefe, as a commander, receives a "citation." The men go through boot scenes again for the benefit of the camera, and it is fun. But it is work, too, and one day it must end.

It does so one day when, with startling suddenness, the Commander summons the battalion to a meeting in the large Recreation Quonset Hall. It is more than seven weeks since the battalion arrived at Hueneme. "I can assure you," the Commander tells us that night, "that you will be seeing white caps for Christmas."

This is good news, very good news indeed, for this is already the first week in December.

The Commander is as good as his word. We have already had our last bivouac, some seven miles from the camp, on a beach fronting the Pacific, under simulated battle conditions. In camp, too, we are given, at Small Stores, the priority of a battalion about to ship out. We buy razor blades, shaving cream, tooth paste, handkerchiefs, socks. "Buy enough for at least forty days,"





**AT WORK**



Commander MacKay in conference with his officers

## ADMINISTRATION



Lt. Griffith, executive officer, at his desk



Chief Sturzenacker, the Commander's yeoman

company commanders have urged. Forty days, we repeat significantly . . . Forty days. Where will that take us? India? China? The Indies?

December the fifteenth is our big day. Two days previous the battalion is officially secured. Liberties are cancelled, men confined to the immediate area. These are our last days in the States for many months, perhaps, for some of us, even years. The men think about that, but distantly, away back in the corner of the mind. There is not a one of us who is not eager to ship out, to get done with this waiting, to be a part, finally, of the big adventure. Time enough to want to be back in the States after we have served our time overseas, after we have been away from home long enough to have really missed it.

On Monday and Tuesday the battalion finishes packing its gear. Records are checked and rechecked. There is a final inspection of gas masks, rifles, sundry equipment. A bustle of excitement pervades the air, last letters are written to loved ones at home.

Wednesday is our big day. It is a pleasant day in Southern California, with warmth in the air, and a promise of winter to come. In the early morning trucks pull into the area to transport the men to the ship which many of them have not even seen. Chow is served early. The men toy with the food, manage to get it down somehow. Swiftly the long months of waiting, of preparation, is nearing its end.

The trucks take on their initial load of men and transport them to the dock where the 105th Band gives them a melodious welcome. Tied up at the pier is the U.S.A.T. Sea Devil, grim in her battle dress of grey, awaiting her human cargo. A few civilian workers pause in their work to wave at the men as they line up on the dock. Some girls—stenographers from nearby offices—appear as if from nowhere and stand off to one side. They wave tiny handkerchiefs as the first few men ascend the gangplank, staggering under their load of equipment, then disappear suddenly into the bowels of the ship as they seek their quarters. Each man has his name checked off before he begins the slow ascent up the gangplank. Each man carries the same load of assorted personal and issued gear: mattress and bedding, a small handbag with personal articles, infantry pack, gas mask, rifle, belt, canteen . . .

Once on deck there is no time to catch your breath. The strains of the band float faintly up to you, but the sound is weak and far away in the welter of voices and excitement about you.

"Follow your bag!" a voice calls sharply. "Follow your bag!" No time to look back now, no time for inventory of your past life or your present surroundings, as your bag is suddenly whisked from your hand and peremptorily flung into the yawning blackness of what ap-



Personnel Office, crew at work



Service jackets, folders in which individual records are kept on conduct, service, enlistment, etc.

pears to be an almost perpendicular drop into one of the holds.

Down—down—down, you go, following your bag as you go, nerveless fingers clutching the handrail... down, and still further down...

Slowly your eyes become accustomed to the dimness, you begin to make out forms, to attach voices to dungaree clad figures. You are now one, two decks below the weather deck. You follow your bag desperately, suddenly find it thrust back into your hand. In the dimness the close-packed bunks begin to emerge into some semblance of form. The bunks are one, two, three, four, God knows how many tiers high. You drop your bag on the first empty bunk and a sigh heaves itself from your constricted chest almost without your being aware of it.

You try to think of something. Something has been struggling to make itself felt in your mind, and you wonder desperately what it was... Ah, yes, now you remember: that first step from the gangplank onto the deck. The thought that tried to rise to the surface then, that made you want to stop and look back, in a void that was timelessness itself. The desire you had then to pause for one solitary moment, to look back at the land, to wonder when it would be again that you would see it. This was the thought that was in your mind, that



Ens. John C. Wise,  
Personnel Officer

# PERSONNEL



Notices of change of work assignment are posted here



Mr. McGoohan, personnel officer, handled the balloting in the presidential election





The payline; everybody turns out for this



Lt. Arnold Stamps,  
former disbursing officer



Ens. Jacques V. Pement,  
present disbursing officer

# DISBURSING



Disbursing office and crew at work



Paying natives who have worked for the 105th

was struggling to make itself felt. But there was no turning back then, no time for idle thoughts, no time for anything but following your bag down and down until you now find yourself in the dimness of the bowels of the ship.

Unceremoniously you divest yourself of your gear and pile it haphazardly on your bunk, while your eyes and mind try to bring some order to the confusion and chaos about you. The feeling hits you that you are hemmed in by mountains of bunks, frail bunks rising ceilingward as far as the eye can see. A babel of voices rises in the air and their echoes rebound in your ears.

You have begun to sweat now and your waist and your armpits are sticky as you get the odor of other bodies

close by. Suddenly the hold becomes stifling and you would give anything for a breath of fresh air. The heat has become oppressive and the babel of voices around you merges into one cacophonous muffle of excitement, the very bulkheads seeming to come together to press in on you.

Hurriedly you make a mental note of the location of your bunk, then head for the companionway to make your way to the deck. A guard bars your way. He informs you in no uncertain terms that no one is permitted on deck until all men have come aboard and have been assigned quarters. Vaguely you realize that the battalion is still coming aboard, that others have still to be assigned

to their places. You and others about you cluster about the foot of the companionway waiting for the order, for the grateful order to be permitted to go up on deck. You'd give anything for a cigarette, for a breath of fresh air, for a chance to merely glimpse the sky.

Finally, after what appears to be a wait of several hours, the guard steps to one side and the men hurriedly begin the ascent to the deck, reaching for cigarettes and lighting them before they are even halfway up. A moment more and they emerge into the cool of the California afternoon.

You are surprised to find that the world hasn't changed during your brief subterranean interlude. The sun still shines, the few girls still stand on the dock and wave,

deck hands scurry about performing last-minute chores. Nonchalantly you saunter over to the rail to look down on the mighty little tug that will guide this ship on the first few steps of its journey.

Not only is the whole 105th aboard ship now, but there are also several units of a Cub outfit and one battalion maintenance unit. Altogether there are some 2,000 troops aboard the U.S.A.T. Sea Devil. Destination—unknown.

However, we are still in the United States, the ship is still tied up at the slip. It is mid-afternoon and the wind has turned chill. Alongside, the tiny tug manoeuvres into position to push and nudge the Sea Devil through the narrow channel and into the open sea.



Ship's service crew, these men work for the battalion



## SHIP'S SERVICE



These functions are free to everyone in the battalion so business is always good



Ship's store normally carries a 30,000 dollar stock



The supply crew under Chiefs Phillips and Littleton

# SUPPLY



Lt. Riley P. Smith



Ens. Ralph E. Zilly

Original and present supply officers



Supply dump at Gamadodo



Supply office, records are kept of all supplies on hand



Drawing meat from the reefers for the galley

The public address system suddenly comes to life. This is the first time we hear it, but it is certainly not to be the last. Its message concerns instructions for the donning of life jackets—Mae Wests—which are piled neatly on the hatches. At the conclusion of the speech each man grabs a jacket and slips into it. These jackets will be our constant companions from this moment until we disembark at our destination. We are told to have them with us at all times, even to sleep with them. It is a novelty, at first, wearing them; and it is sobering. All at once the danger of possible enemy action looms closer than it ever has before. We look closely at our Mae Wests. This may save our lives some day. . . . Forgotten is the make-believe hitting the deck and skirmishing at Peary, Parks and Hueneme; forgotten is the never-never idea that "it can't happen to me"; forgotten is the idea that war is anything but a grim business, the grimmest business that men can know.

Lines are cast off and slowly the tug at our side nudges the big ship out into the channel, guiding her carefully toward the open sea. All at once we feel the unfamiliar throb of the ship's engines, that throb which is to be with us day and night and is to become as much and vital a part of us as our own heartbeats.

It is late afternoon. The crepuscle of dusk begins to loom over the low-lying California hills to our port side. The ship picks up speed and heads southward, along the California coast, but edging ever farther out to sea.

# EXPEDITERS



Lt. (jg) Serby, in charge of the expediting of materials



Chief Mayes' crew



Materiel on the beach to build NSD



Quonset pieces being unloaded by cranes



Loading barge with pipe for tank farm



Cooks, bakers and butchers, these men run the galley



Crew of the officers' mess



Bakery shop, cutting pies for supper

## GALLEY

We have a moment now when each of us is alone with himself, an undefinable moment of seriousness and earnestness as the men stand quietly on deck and watch the California coast as it softly disappears into the distance, into the evening. A chill is in the air. Unconsciously jackets are drawn tighter, as if for comfort from our thoughts. The unspoken thought is in every man's mind, wordless, half-formed, but real. "When will we return to this, our native land?" It is a sobering thought, more sobering than anything we have experienced so far, and it crystallizes for us in our mind's eye all that is home and is dear to us.

And ahead of us lies—what? None who is aboard may foretell the future unless in meaningless generalities. Perhaps some who are here now, gazing at the barely discernible coast, will not be among those to return. . . . None of us knows, and it is better so. . . .

The spell is broken when the last vestige of the coast fades into the distance even beyond the recall of all but memory. A feeling as of a tremendous sigh seems to be released from the spirits of the men, though no word has been spoken. Now the men speak again, and chatter, though more soberly.

Wherever it is we are going there is work to be done, and we are on our way at last.

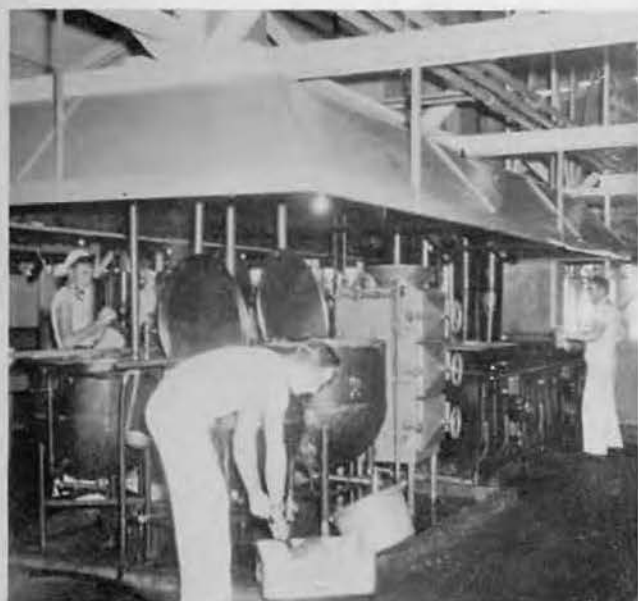
The ship plows steadily, relentlessly on into the gloom of the gathering night, alone on an empty sea. . . .

★ ★ ★

"I've never seen such a bunch of guys!" Such, not without a sort of begrudging admiration, is the manner in which the troop commander aboard the Sea Devil is reported to have summed up the 105th. And, with a shake of the head, "Even if we were to be torpedoed, I don't think they'd look up from their card games long enough to fasten their life jackets!"

Whether that is quite the truth or not, certainly the men seemed to have learned their way about the ship in record-breaking time. They deport themselves with an attitude which bespeaks years of sea-going experience, a devil-may-care-ness about them which is hard-bitten and uncultivated.

Not during the first two days, though. They were pretty rough indeed. Even some of the hardest sailors were some-



Making soup in the galley



All meat is prepared in the butcher shop

what shaken at the roughness of the sea that characterized those first forty-eight hours. And to those who succumbed to the pangs of seasickness the matter was far from funny. Even those whose stomachs managed to weather the storm could only stand by, helpless to aid their more unfortunate comrades.

But the worst is over now and the experience is as though it has never occurred. Life has settled down into the routine business of covering distance and passing time.

Time passes in a variety of ways. Chow, of course, consumes much of the day. Although we have chow but twice a day—due to the number of troops aboard—it seems as if the chow lines are as eternal as the sea itself.

Games of "chance"—both cubical and with the pasteboards—also kill much time. Darkness puts an end to the limited activities of daylight, and the men gather in the darkness telling their endless stories, or harmonizing softly.

Considering the circumstances, the food aboard ship is good. With only two meals a day being served, the men have to try and make what they have do. Comfort in the mess hall is a civilian luxury which we can ill afford to have. Here expediency alone counts. The mess hall is designed to feed men, not to make them comfortable. It is hot, oppressively so, both from the steam tables and scullery, and from the heat of the engine room close by. The sweat rolls down the faces of the men in great streams, and they are eager to escape to the coolness of the weather deck after each meal.

"Stand to . . . Stand to . . ."

The p. a. system blares forth the command twice



The meat is roasted in these oil stoves



The ice cream room

# MEDICAL



Medical officers, Dr. Laberee and Dr. Samuels



These Pharmacist Mates work under Chief Stout



Dr. Samuels making an examination



The interior of sickbay



Exterior of sickbay



Eight births, two stillborn  
Dr. Smith and the medical jeep



An extraction during an air raid, by Dr. Orgel



Our sickbay became a community project



Dr. Weems and Mr. Griffith inspect the galley



Sickbay's laboratory



Camp sanitation is the work of these men







## MALARIA CONTROL



Natives were employed in field work in both New Guinea and the Philippines



daily, at morning and at night; during those periods between dawn and sunup, between sunset and darkness. These are the times when enemy subs are most apt to strike with a minimum danger to themselves; this is the period when the utmost caution must be observed. The armed guards are alert at their battle stations, over-size helmets enveloping their heads and making them look like men from another world. The ship is blacked out, yet still too perfectly silhouetted against a horizon not yet dark with night. Cigarettes and lights are absolutely forbidden. Blackout curtains conceal the lights from the midship house where the life of the ship continues in an enclosed world of necessary illumination.

"Stand to . . ."

Moments of tense silence straining themselves into passing minutes as the distant clouds change, chameleon-like, from golden-pink to vermilion to deep purple, then slide with startling yet imperceptible suddenness into the safety of the blackness of night.

"Re-lax . . . Re-lax . . ."

The cheering words coming over the p. a. release a great simultaneous sigh from the men, like the rustling of the leaves in a forest. They rise, stir, release the straps of their life jackets which have been tied ready for instant use if the occasion should make it necessary. Their voices rise from whispers, assume a conversational tone once more. Slowly they make their way through the confusing blackness of the weather deck, carefully stepping over reclining forms sprawled on deck.

Some of the men go below, ducking like wraiths behind the blackout curtains to prevent even a ray of light from shining out to sea. Others remain on deck, drifting like ghosts to the rail, occupying the same spots that they did throughout the day. Below, in the water, the almost supernatural phosphorescent gleam along the ship's side, skipping from tiny wave to tiny wave, fascinates the men by the hour.

As if by common consent, the men have broken up into little groups, talking nostalgically of home, gazing at the black limitless sea, watching the swaying masts of the ship as they gesture toward the heavens under the gentle swaying of the ship.

Little things create furors on shipboard: the glimpse of flying fish sends all hands scurrying to the rail; the tiny bit of land rising from the sea in the distance and breaking the vast monotony of the sea; the few birds which appear from nowhere and follow the ship in search of scraps of food.

Little things . . . But it is a big thing indeed, when, on the third the p. a. announces with dramatic suddenness that our first port of call will be—Townsville, Australia.

A great cheer goes up. At least we know something which is not scuttlebutt. Why, we



The armory crew maintains the battalion's weapons

# ARMORY



Inspecting carbines is a regular job



Infantry pack, remember?

are as rich as Croesus in the possession of this new-found information. Maps are whipped out of nowhere, Townsville located, our probable course charted on them. Below deck, just outside the mess hall, hangs a large wall map. By the end of the week the paper will be worn through from the hundreds of fingers that have traced our course on it, trying to estimate our position.

But life soon resolves itself again into the accustomed series of blackouts, stand-to's, and relax's. In between there are chow, sleeping at night in the hold, card games and reading on deck during the day, and the eternal talk of little things back home.

It has become difficult to distinguish where one day ends and the other begins. There is a sameness about them that cancels calendars, and activities, and realities. The Sea Devil is that "painted ship upon that painted ocean," plowing its way through the ageless sea.

But now there is something new. There is life and gaiety aboard. We are only pollywogs now, but when we cross the equator we will be shellbacks. Elaborate ceremonies are planned to signify our entering the ancient order of shellbacks. Some of us will have our hair shorn, walk the plank, and in general pay humorous homage to a fun-loving and ridiculous Neptune on his soapbox throne before taking our enforced ducking in the water tank.

As we approach the equator it becomes noticeably hotter. Orders are issued to remain fully clothed during the strong heat of the mid-day sun. The few who disregard the order soon regret it when they wind up with uncomfortable cases of sunburn.

On the morning of December the 22nd we are all, with the exception of a tiny minority who have crossed the equator prior to this, pollywogs, than which there is none lower in the order of the deep. By evening we have all been graduated into that ancient and respected order of shellbacks; we have crossed the equator and become bona fide citizens of the deep.

These are all aids to the passing of time on shipboard. Morning still greets us with the by now familiar greeting of "stand to..." and finally, "Re-lax..." The hours and days float by in a timeless phantasmagoria of monotony. This is good in a way. The monotony of it magnifies little things in our eyes and we take an inordinate joy in watching the flying fish skim over the waves, or in watching the phosphorescent glow from the sides of the ship at night.

Now we all look forward to—and dread within ourselves—the coming of Christmas. Christmas aboard a troopship somewhere in the Pacific. Peace on earth, good will toward men (and the men wearing Mae Wests)...The open hearth remembered in a white swirl of New England snowflakes (and the armed guards at their battle stations)...The gaily decorated



Shore Patrol and Junior O.O.D.'s

# PROVOST MARSHAL



C.W.O. Cowan, present, and  
C.W.O. Rose, former,  
provost marshal



The S.P. patrols the neighboring villages

Christmas tree, a softly sung carol, the family gathered about a cheery room (and blackout on a dark, forbidding sea)...

But it is Christmas, nevertheless. No matter where, there is always time for the observance of this day, for the temporary surcease from thoughts of war and killing. Our chaplain conducts the services on the open deck. Later on the p. a. temporarily abandons its warning "Now hear there," for the playing of a few Christmas carols... and a recording of "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" which does more harm to our spirits than good.



Colors, Philippine camp



Office of the Master-at-Arms



The M.A.A.'s are the cops of the battalion



The camp maintenance crew work under direction of the M.A.A.'s



The M.A.A. are responsible for the cleanliness of the galley

# M.A.A.



The Fire Department

For chow there is turkey with all the trimmings: it is as much the traditional celebration of the day—minus home and family—as shipboard conditions will permit. But it is a heavy-hearted observance nevertheless. Our thoughts are of home and our loved ones and toward the end of the day we stop pretending and openly admit our thoughts.

The passing of Christmas Day is accompanied by a feeling of some relief. It is a bogie which has followed us every day of this last week, clouding our every thought and dream during those last hours before December 25th. But now it is over and we are not ungrateful.

Once more ardent speculation turns to our probable arrival at Townsville, and scuttlebutt runs wild . . . "One of the crew told me . . ." "I hear we're making better time than they expected . . ." "I heard the officers talking and they said . . ." "Some guy in C Company used to know the captain and he said . . ."

But no one really knows. Vainly we scan the horizon for signs of land. Now and again we spot a tiny island jutting up in the distance. The men line the rail and watch the tiny

# WELFARE



Crew of recreation operates its facilities



Former Chaplain Sullenberger



Chaplain Mitchell tries to be of assistance to all



Editor of CREW BLASTS, the battalion newspaper

# CREW 105 BLASTS



35 mm. projectors give two shows a night



The library, open 17 hours a day



Rec hut; always open, usually crowded

# RECREATION



105th band functioned under Joe Spurlock



spot of land for an hour and more until it disappears regretfully behind us.

And still we sail on . . . with flying fish for company by day, and the tiny phosphorescent gleams by night . . . and the sea changing from green to the deepest of blues . . . tropical sunrises and sunsets entralling even the most prosaic of us as the softly riotous colors splash across the sky at morning and evening.

And then finally after what seems years since we left the States—Australia! Our first glimpse of a strange country. It is with a feeling of slight disappointment that we gaze across the Great Barrier Reef and toward the mainland. There is not much here that is vastly different from the California coast line that



The censors read all mail and examined all packages



Our friends and families kept the mail crew busy

## POST OFFICE

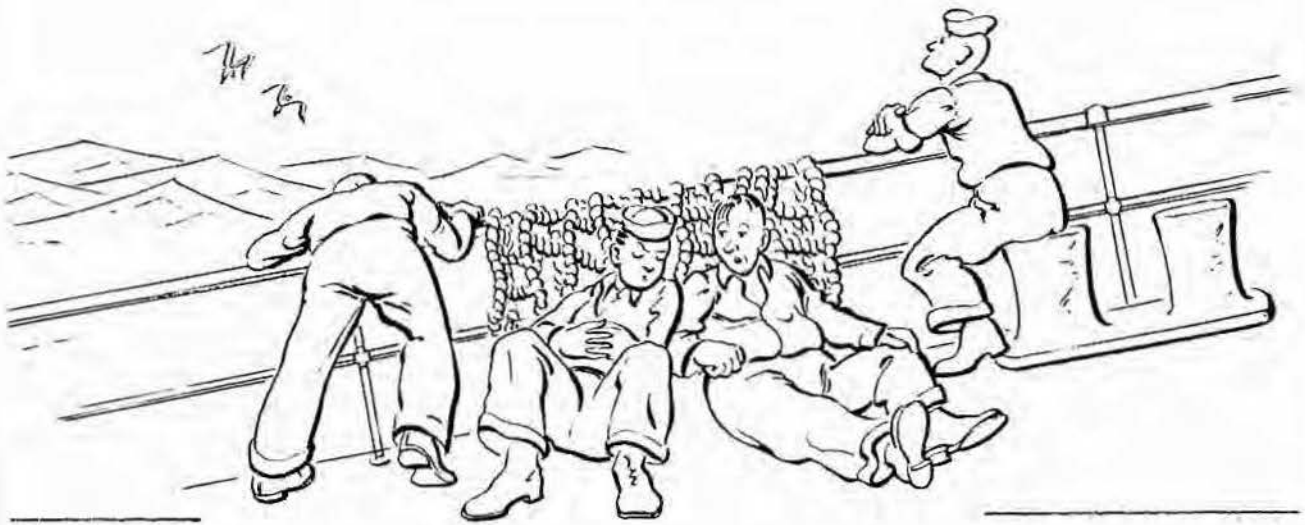


Sorting outgoing mail



Battalion photographer and his assistant in the darkroom

## PHOTOGRAPHERS



dropped over the horizon seventeen days ago (is it only seventeen days?) Except that this is Australia. The land of Down Under, and upside down seasons, and the ridiculous, laughing kookaburra.

We drop anchor and await the Australian officials who will check our papers and provide us with a pilot to guide us through the treacherous reef to Townsville, which is still more than a day's journey.

The big ship seems strangely quiet as she rolls at anchor, the silence of her engines creating a void in our ears and our minds after the incessant throbbing of nearly three weeks.

It is not long until the official launch appears in the distance and heads for us. Soon it draws up alongside, flying the Union Jack, and the men whistle at the pretty Australian lass who has come along for the ride. They whistle and pay compliments and throw cigarettes over the side and eye her appraisingly. She is an attractive girl, and no different from the average American girl.

But there is still a war to be gotten on with, our pilot is aboard and next morning, early, finds us threading our way slowly inside the Great Barrier Reef north to Townsville.

And now we are confronted with a phenomenon strange to us. The farther north we go the hotter it is. Our own remembered warmth of the southern United States has given way to a warmth which the Australian people know in their northern regions.

We are still ignorant of our final destination. The excitement of being in Australian waters has temporarily thrust this question from our minds. But at Townsville scuttlebutt rears its head again and we are deluged with fact and fancy which suggests that our assignment will keep us in Australia indefinitely, and then again that we are going to New Guinea. This is the first we hear of going to New Guinea with any degree of certainty, but it isn't the last.

We anchor in Townsville for a full week, just one more ship in a harbor which, to our inexperienced eyes appears to be filled with more ships than we have ever seen at one time. But these are the days before Milne Bay, and Hollandia, and Leyte.

A holiday spirit pervades the air during the week we

spend in the harbor at Townsville. Although we are not permitted ashore—we have nothing but dungarees available for change of clothes and our blues are packed away where we cannot get at them—we get live entertainment aboard the Sea Devil, and movies are shown on the deck at night. Provisions are also made to take liberty parties ashore to nearby Magnetic Island, a well-known island resort near Townsville.

It is on Magnetic Island that we meet our first Diggers—Australian soldiers—and see and talk with Australian girls. We go swimming or lie on the beach, walk about and watch some Diggers playing cricket. This is something, this is more than just things to do; it is a form of release for the men after almost three weeks spent aboard ship. Our minds and our spirits expand visibly under the stimulus of seeing and talking with these friendly people of a strange land; of walking on solid land once more; of smelling the good earth smell; of lying peacefully under a tree.

It is hard to say when we know that New Guinea is to be our destination. Like a slow thing, the conviction seems to have grown on us without any official certainty. At any rate, we are not at all surprised when, a week after our arrival at Townsville harbor, the Sea Devil raised anchor and we get quietly under way. It is late, close to midnight, but the evening is hot and most of us have stayed awake, watching the lights at Townsville. Those who have gone to sleep have done so on deck, to escape the heat in the hold, curling up wherever they can find deck space, or in improvised hammocks. As the throbbing of the ship's engines tells us we are under way, we line the rail and watch the night lights of Townsville fade off into the distance, twinkling like so many tiny cigarette ends in the darkness, and then going out suddenly leaving us in the blackness of a star sprinkled sea.

The following morning breaks grim and misty. This run from Australia to New Guinea is comparatively short, but short as it is, it is the most dangerous part of our journey to date. It is a rare ship indeed which dares leave Australia for the run to New Guinea alone. These are "hot" waters. It is the first week of January, in 1944. The Japanese still hold most of New Guinea, with the exception of the southern tip of the island. Enemy sub-



# ENGINEERING



Engineering officers:  
Lt. Bieber and Ensigns Hodge and Bass



Surveyors work under Chief Fagan

Chief Schmauch and his drafting crew



NSD, project of Heavy Equipment and  
Construction under the direction of  
Engineering





## TANK FARM

An excellent view of the precision with which both camp and project are laid out under the watchful eye of the engineering department



marines prowl these waters, and he still has a strong and sufficient enough air force to attack us from the air. The war has lunged precipitately nearer to us these last twenty-four hours. Armed guards are on the alert now always. The ship bears a certain tenseness about her that communicates itself to the troops, and even the grayness of the day carries its own foreboding message.

By mid-afternoon we sight our first ship. Every ship in these waters is suspect at first glance. But we soon discover that there are more ships, that they spread out over more miles than the eye can take in at one sweep over the grey sea.

This is the rendezvous, this is where we are scheduled to take up our position within the convoy. Convoy. A magic word of danger and safety curiously intermingled. This is the first convoy we have been in (but not our last), and in it we will travel to New Guinea. It is not large, as convoys go; but large enough to bring home to us the fact that danger lurks in these waters, that this is the area where action from the enemy is most likely to occur.

But none does. On the third day—the skies have cleared and the day is bright and clear—we sight the first of the tiny islands off the southern tip of New Guinea. It is almost like a scene from a Hollywood set. The tiny islands, thick with foliage and coconut trees, are only a few hundred yards distant on both the port and starboard sides. Neat white beaches run down to meet the bay, like well-laid out borders rimming each tiny island. The least that can be said of these islands is that they seem so real that one half expects to see a Dorothy Lamour, sarong and all, on each beach waving to the men.

As our eyes become accustomed to the islands we pick out small native huts snuggling back under the trees. But the only Dorothy Lamours we can see are a few natives now and again as they stand on their tiny white beaches and observe our vessel curiously as it threads its way carefully through the shallow and treacherous waters.

The hills of New Guinea itself, as we see them for the first time, are lush and green in the early afternoon sun. Heavy mists sit on the hilltops, recede slowly down the slopes. This is the New Guinea of Lae, and Buna, and Salamua; the New Guinea of press dispatches in State-side newspapers; the New Guinea of strange and picturesque names where Americans have fallen in battle in defense of their country.

And even now, the enemy cannot be too distant. Not as distance is measured in terms of global war, in terms of speed of war planes poised for attack. Perhaps several hundred miles separates us from the enemy, perhaps it is even somewhat less than that.

This brings up the question of how we will disembark from the ship. Will it be the much talked of "beach-head?" Will we go over the side, loaded with battle gear, and into small landing boats for a landing? Will it be "hot" if and when we hit the beach?

These are questions, questions not yet clearly defined

in our minds, questions to which answers will be supplied very soon. But now there is still much to see in our eager eyes. This is the feared and fabulous jungle-infested island of New Guinea, where it is said no white man can live more than a year without ill effects. This is the land of insects, and birds, malaria and tropical rains and impassable undergrowth; the land which few white men, until the war, have even seen, much less lived in. This is the land to which the 105th has been transported over nearly ten thousand miles.

The ship has cut her speed, she seems barely to be moving in the lazy tropic afternoon as she glides farther and farther up the Bay, up Milne Bay, toward the cove where she can move no farther. Here she finally drops anchor ("Let go the anchor, Mr. Gregory!"), swings gently around in the breeze.

Milne Bay. Our destination at last. Milne Bay. It has a certain magic of far-off places in the sound of it, though until recently none of us had even dreamed of the name. Milne Bay—the name which we are to find indelibly burned into the memory of our lives months from now, the name which will one day carry with it those hundreds of memories, individual and battalion, which have still not been made, but which are in process of being, here, now, with our arrival on its shores on the 13th day of January, 1944.

The first night aboard the ship in the Bay—none save a few of the officers have disembarked—we are amazed to find the shore line pin-pointed with lights and the other ships in the harbor brightly lighted. Our amazement consists in the fact that in the United States which we have just left behind us blackouts existed on both the east and west coasts; while here, in a war area itself, ships ride at anchor fully lighted and the shore line twinkles with myriad lights.

(We are to learn later, much later, that work must continue regardless of the proximity of the enemy, that lights will burn until the very last moment and will only be extinguished during actual enemy air raids or alerts.)

But we are in New Guinea finally, in the harbor at Milne Bay, and the 105th is ready to assume its burden of the war effort.

★ ★ ★

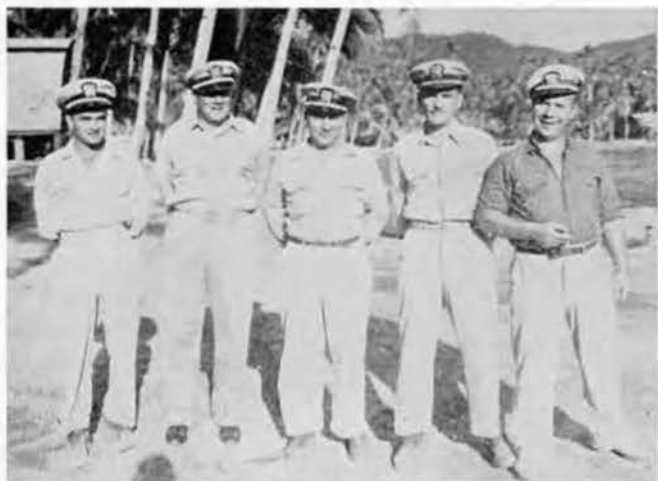
A week has passed since the Sea Devil dropped anchor. Some of the men were taken ashore the day following our arrival. There they were immediately set to work clearing the area, unloading supplies, erecting tents. In twos and in threes they sneak off to the nearby stream, strip and bathe themselves in the cool fresh water. The water barely covers their thighs as they sit in the bed of the stream, but it is cool and it is the first fresh water bath the men have had in a month and they are grateful.

As the days go by the work and unloading details are enlarged and more and more men are taken off the ship, until, after a week, all the 105th is ashore.

At our camp site the key note appears to be confusion. The area has



# GENERAL CONSTRUCTION



Officers in charge of General Construction



Chief Hanson's carpenter crew



Chief Mitchell's carpenters



Chief Anderson's carpenter shop crew



Painters, under Chief Wotysiak



All trades are represented in this crew under Chief Parks



Chief Lubecke's crew



Chief Lundgren's crew

The tank job required many hands . . .



Chief Lambing's crew



Chief Chagnon's crew

. . . entire details were transferred to this job . . .



Chief Pierson's crew



E. L. Smith's crew

. . . the result being a cross section of the skilled workers on this particular job . . .



Chief Champagne's crew

Carpenters . . . cement finishers . . . drivers . . . cat operators . . .



Archer's crew



Chief Shafer's crew



Chief Douglas' crew

. . . electricians . . . pipe fitters . . . welders and plumbers . . .



Chief Quimby's crew



Chief Ross' crew

. . . all engaged in bolting tanks together . . .



Signal tower built for ship-shore communications



Laying floor for tents to house personnel



Receiving barracks to house casualties



The chapel, built from "material on hand"



One of the many boats that were built or repaired

recently been cleared of thick jungle undergrowth and is barren of everything save a few scattered tents. Some trucks bravely carve their way through the area, making their own roads as they go and dropping supplies in the rear of what will be the camp area. It is all work, back-breaking work, and the sweat rolls down the men's faces and arms in merciless streams.

The discovery of things new makes these early days interesting. We have heard much about the natives—"fuzzies," we call them later and have our first experiences with them early. One morning as one of the Seabees is walking along the road, two natives, friendly brown-skinned fellows with large bushy heads of hair and covered only with loin cloths, approach from the opposite direction. As the natives come abreast of the Seabee the latter hesitates momentarily, uncertain as to his course of action. He manages a feeble smile as the natives glance hopefully his way. As soon as the Seabee smiles one of the natives breaks into a wide grin and says distinctly, "Good morning." The Seabee mutters, "Good morning," and walks on, amazed at the erudition of these "fuzzies" who had been so often described as head-hunting savages.

Chow time is in the nature of an adventure. Long before dawn the men pile out of their sacks and into the waiting trucks that will transport them to the only battalion in the area with a galley set up. It is several miles to Ladava, and the road is rough, a washboard, winding its way through swollen streams, bouncing and jouncing the men unmercifully in the dump trucks.

The ordeal doesn't last more than a few mornings, however. By that time our battalion has a temporary galley set up and the men can be fed right in camp. This is an improvement, but it also has its disadvantages. Although we have a temporary galley, there is nothing even vaguely resembling a mess hall, and New Guinea lives up to its reputation of being a land for rain, if nothing else. This is the dry season, but the elements know nothing of that. It is January, in the middle of the dry season, and the rainy season is still some months distant, but daily showers—invariably at chow time—do their best to make liars out of the meteorologists.

These rains are of short duration, usually less than a half hour. We can hear them coming almost before we see them. Far up on the mountainside comes the clatter as of a thousand hooves tearing madly down the slopes. That is the rain hurrying down upon us with anything but refreshing force. There is no place to escape from its fury. We stand in line in the rain, our mess gear outstretched, waiting for our portions to be ladled out to us. Chow in hand, the men huddle miserably



Floating galley built for a stevedore battalion



Enlisted men's recreation hut built for the fleet

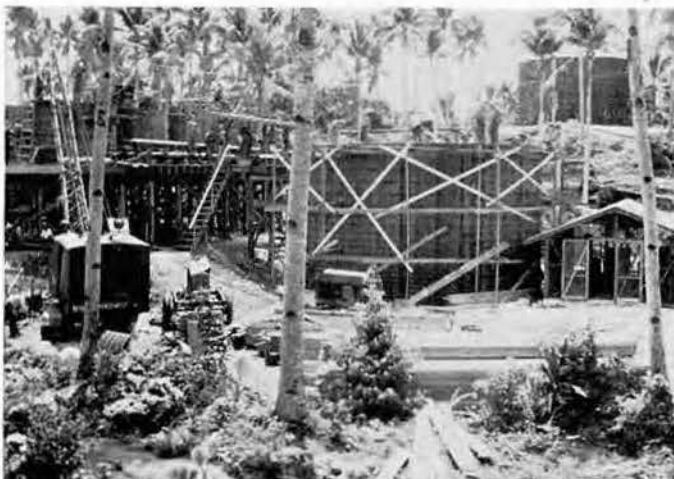


Fine carpentry and cabinet making went into the Admirals' Club





Three stages in the construction of a filtration plant designed to serve all Navy shore activities in the area. Also a closeup showing concentric construction of the wooden tanks, and covering the top



under palm trees or in the shelter of trucks or just squat down at the side of the road to eat their food, rainwater and all.

Island X. That fabulous Island X of Camp Peary. Only New Guinea is not quite like Camp Peary. There are no dry barracks here, no lights in the tents yet. Nothing but muddy pools and ditches which serve as roads around the camp area.

At night the men are healthily tired and take their baths in the little stream bordering their camp. Across the stream are soldiers—elements of the famed 32nd Division. They have already been through several bitter campaigns and are veterans in our eyes, but in the future which lies ahead of them they are destined to engage in more bitter fighting still.



Lowbed on which logs are hauled from jungle



The sawmill in Gamadodo and a barge load of lumber being hauled to the job

# SAWMILL



"Cherry picker" or Hy-Lift is used to load the logs



The spirit of fraternity is quick to assert itself between the 105th and these soldiers across the stream. This is the first time we make ready friends with men in other forces, but it is not the last.

The first few evenings Seabees stream across the narrow footbridge into the Army camp to purchase candles at their PX. The men, in tiny thrills of excitement, receive their change in Australian coins. This, to us, is novel stuff: strange, wondrous. In our letters home that night we all make mention of the Australian coins which we have received.

Seabee ingenuity is not long in asserting itself with these coins. Where the idea started no one rightly knows; but soon every man who can lay



The saw mill and logging crew



Filipinos and Seabees combine their efforts here . . .



and working with native materials in a native fashion . . .



produce this rustic Philippine chapel



hands on an Australian coin is busy pounding it into shape to fashion a ring like the ones we have seen. The sound of hammers pounding on florins continues almost day and night for several weeks. Some of the rings are simple wedding bands, with the inscription of the coin on the inside of the band; others, more artistically wrought, are tiny works of art; tiny baby rings, lockets, small picture frames, charm bracelets, fancy wedding rings, pendants.

Gradually the confusion in the camp area begins to resolve itself into something resembling order. Company streets have been laid out, and tents erected in even rows. A galley and mess hall have been erected; heads and showers increase our conveniences. Soon the Army lads from across the stream begin coming over to our camp, and friendship really begins.

And now a theatre even begins to take shape against a hill behind the camp. Recreation in New Guinea is a luxury indeed—but it is also a necessity for the welfare of the men.

When the shows finally begin we have formed many friendships with the Army. We walk about their area and visit with them, and observe the fox holes which are dug close by each cot. (We are to learn more about fox holes ourselves at some future date, but for the present they only serve to remind us that the war is not far distant in its grim reality.)

It is not long before we have our first beer issue, and the men are grateful indeed. It is not much, this beer, it is a small thing in fact, but to men away from home, in surroundings replete with everything but modern conveniences, to men just beginning to realize how wide now is their gap from civilization, the beer is ambrosia. The soldiers stand by and watch, envious, quiet. Many of our own men, despite their fondness for the amber beverage, share their beer with the soldiers. The latter are grateful. The gesture of friendship and good will is not forgotten; but comradeship needs no written testimonial to prove its existence; its place in the heart is all that matters.

Soon a small tent is set aside for recreation, and here men drop in at night to write letters, to play chess or checkers, or to find out the war news from one of the base newspapers which are kept on file. We have lights now and paper bound books are unpacked for the men to read while they are off duty. It is crude, this Island X of ours—but it is home.

We do not remain quiet for long, because, as the camp begins to assume form, scuttlebutt makes its appearance again. "We are not staying here," is the main theme. "We are moving out in six weeks." We have hardly got to know the place, yet we are all convinced that we are "moving up."

But even in this short period of time we have learned much. We have learned that this tiny drop of jungle which we call "home" is known as Stringer Bay. On this beach—the muddy strip of land on which we first set foot a few weeks ago—was fought one of the bloody campaigns of the New Guinea war—the battle of Milne Bay. Only two hundred miles distant the battle for New Guinea still rages, and men are still dying, planes still killing. Save for the crudest of roads, the Army camp across the stream from us, and a warehouse down on the beach, the immediate area is virtually deserted and barren of everything but jungle.

With the installation of lights, men have dug out the little radios which they brought with them from the States. Most of the sets are too weak to pick up Australia, but this is compensated for by an excellent GI station in the area, which provides news and first rate entertainment in the evenings. The station unashamedly refers to itself as "The Jungle Network" ("Have you tried our jungle juice in the handy family ten gallon size?"), and the staff gives us many a belly laugh with its zany "commercials."

The theatre is barely completed when we have our first shows and movies. GI movies are like nothing back in the States and beggar decent description. The "theatre" has been literally carved out of a hillside. The stage itself is well-planned, with wings and dressing room, and has a native thatched covering, giving it a rustic appearance.

The movies usually begin as soon as it is dark, but the men start streaming toward the theatre as early as six or six-thirty, right after evening chow. Each man brings his own seat, and his raincoat or poncho. We do not trust

# CONCRETE



The cement gang. There's not much to show for all this gang has done as the fruit of this labor is immediately covered by another detail's project



Concrete tennis courts built for the fleet



the elements in the South Pacific and never know when it is going to rain. Above, when it grows dark, the tropic stars twinkle frostily in a black sky. Behind us the lush jungle hills lie quiet, like a great sleeping beast. The fronds of the coconut trees sway gently in the breeze which comes in from across the Bay; while on the screen it is not at all strange to us that amidst this primordial beauty the scene might well be that of a well-appointed drawing room back in the States, or a night club scene.

Shots of women, of course, draw great howls from the men. It is now three months since any of us have seen a white woman, and to see a close-up of one on the screen gracefully wearing a sheer negligee or a gown which adorns an already lovely figure, induces nothing but the most uninhibited catcalls and whistles from the men.

This is good, though, there is nothing but good in this. It is a relief, a safety valve for the emotions of the men. They are frank and unashamed in their declarations of yearning for home, their desire for their wives, their determination to get their part of the job over with as soon and as thoroughly as possible so that they can return to their families.

We are not alone in these feelings. Pleasant as the movies are to us, they are even more so to the Army lads across the stream. They have been in battle, they have seen their comrades fall beside them in mortal wound, they have struggled and fought their way through all the miserable days and nights—and they have been away from home for fifteen months. For them life here is more than a release for a few hours; it is forgetfulness.

Many of the Army men also eat with us. They have been accustomed to a diet consisting largely of C rations. Despite numerous difficulties, the 105th Supply Department has been able to see to it that the battalion has the best food obtainable in the area. We have meat, vegetables, fresh baked bread and cakes daily, fruit juices. To the Army this is little short of heaven, as several Seabees invite the soldiers to share their meals with them on many occasions.

But this is war and one day the Army receives word that it is moving up. The day before they leave, a notice appears on our battalion bulletin board. It is from the officers and enlisted men of the 80th Field Artillery. The letter reads:

"We wish to express our appreciation and thanks for all the favors shown us during our stay in your vicinity. The Battery as a whole wishes there were some way in which we could make a return for the kindness shown to us, but with our limited resources we can only give our thanks. Some day we hope to be in a position to return all the favors. We are leaving now, but with God's speed we hope to see all of you back in the States soon."

The letter is signed by the officers and men of the Service Battery. A warm tribute from fine men.

Across the Bay lies Gamadodo, an unglorified mudhole. One detachment of the battalion, upon debarkation from the Sea Devil, was immediately

# QUONSETS



Cement pad on which quonset is to be erected



Quonset ribs in packages, just as they are shipped



Ribs of this warehouse are in place and the roof is being rapidly completed



Applying roof to insulated hut in B.O.Q.



Uncompleted quonset viewed from the end





Amphibious Training Center, New Guinea, built by 105th



Quonset warehouses at Fleet Post Office

sent to Gamadodo, where it set up and began operating a sawmill. They have been here for several weeks, and bad as the rains are at Stringer Bay, they are infinitely worse at Gamadodo. The rains have quagmired the entire area and the men spend every minute of their days in the constant company of mud. The going is treacherous for the men, but even more so for the "cats" and trucks which frequently sink almost out of sight in the thick, soupy mud. The roads are scarcely that, and both men and equipment suffer.

We are "veterans" of some three months overseas duty now, and speculation as to the nature of our "real" assignment runs rampant. Everyone speaks with the greatest assurance. There are some who are positive we are going to the Admiralties to participate in an invasion which we hear is due. Some others are equally certain that we are headed for Finschaven, right around the corner from the front lines. A third group holds out staunchly for Brisbane. Scuttlebutt has it that a large hospital is to be erected there, and these latter insist the 105th has been chosen for the job.

But all such scuttlebutt is scuttled when, during the final week in March, all hands except a small maintenance crew are ordered to report at the mudhole across the Bay—Gamadodo. Personal gear is packed once more—including home made furniture—and loaded on pontoon barges; men and equipment go, too, and within a few

weeks most of the camp finds itself ensconced in the mud at Gamadodo: this is the second place which the 105th is to know as "home."

Home . . . the 105th Battalion. An infant battalion, as battalions go, a "boot" outfit. But there is a comradeship among the men, traditions are in the formative period, the individuality of the battalion, which was only hinted at several months back, is beginning to emerge with a clear cut and definite outline. A few men have had to be returned to the States or sent to Australia during these early months for various reasons of health: to replace them, the 105th has received its first casual draft. But the battalion still remains the 105th. This is its spirit, its nature, its very innards making itself evident. From now on nothing can change what the 105th is, nor job, nor location, nor change-over in men, nor living conditions. The men will live and gripe and praise and sweat and work—this will be now and for always, the 105th Battalion, and this is the way it is, and this is the way it should be.

We did not leave Stringer Bay without leaving something of the 105th behind us, however. Wherever we go we will leave something behind us, something of the sweat, the toil and the ingenuity of these men whose job it is to work. Behind us are some good roads for those who come after. There are warehouses along the beach where before there existed only mud and miserable

Quonsets make comfortable quarters in this B.O.Q. area



Ammunition storage hut, Nissen type



# TANKS



The tank farm—fuel and oil storage tanks—was our last job when the Japs threw up the sponge. On Monday the area looked like this



Tuesday . . . Work went on day and night. Japan had not yet surrendered



C.W.O. Arthur H. Lambert  
Technical adviser on temporary  
duty with the 105th



. . The intense heat, reflected from the metal, was almost unbearable



Wednesday . . . the tanks begin to take shape



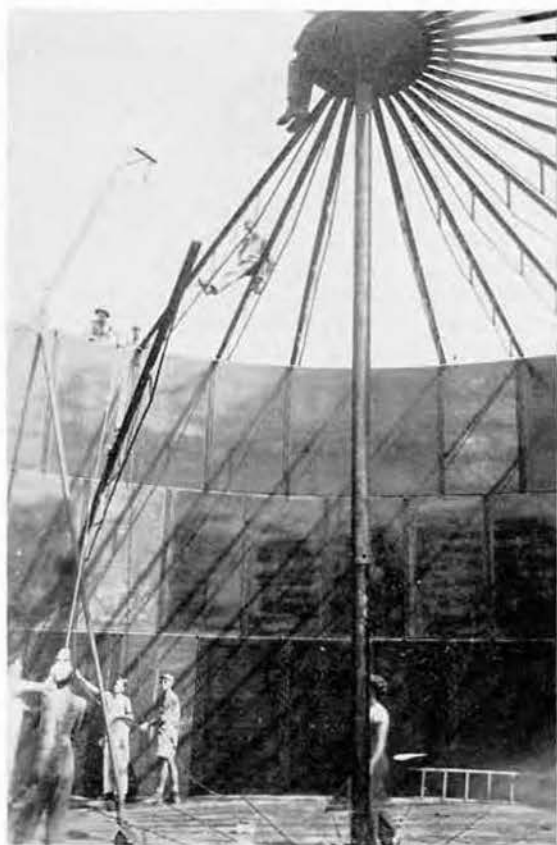
Friday . . . crews worked round the clock to get the tanks up



Saturday . . . these tanks, filled with oil, would have brought the war immeasurably closer to the Nippon homeland



Tuesday . . . the tanks begin to look impressive



This is the way it looked from the interior.  
The heat was man-killing



Friday . . . finishing touches are put on the tanks—  
and the Japs decided to call it a day too



View of a portion of the completed tank farm



patches of silt. Several hundred yards back from the beach there is an amphibious training base—quarters for officers and men, mess halls, working facilities, training areas. Some of the men who will occupy these buildings are still back in the United States. They will be out here one day—soon—and they will live, and train, and work—and they will invade. They are the amphibious forces who will pave the way by sea and land for our heart-breaking drive back across the wastes of the Pacific to the doors of the enemy.

For the 105th, we have done—and we move on.

Gamadodo is, if anything, worse than our original landing at Stringer Bay. Here there seems to be nothing but mud. The men are steeped in it, it permeates their souls and sickens them. Clothes are always damp, matches never light, some of the tents leak—and it is not yet the rainy season, as New Guinea knows it. Tents are erected on stilts to keep them as far away as possible from the omnipresent and odoriferous mud.

But the men make the best of it and once again they set about the task of making their quarters as livable and homey as they can. Home-made chairs and tables are arranged with a view to comfort and convenience; photographs of home and pictures of pin-up girls appear side by side in the tents; shelves are installed in the tents and the men arrange their clothing and personal articles along them.

But work must continue. Nowhere we go do we spend time exclusively in building conveniences or beautifying our various camps. These things must be accomplished while the battalion goes about its business of doing project work. Although most of the area in Gamadodo is virtually deserted, it is soon apparent that this particular mud hole is to be a great ABD for forward areas. Along the Bay front details of the 105th are assigned to back-breaking work of constructing one of the first docks. Other details of men begin work on provision and storage warehouses along roads which exist as yet mostly on paper. And still the rains come, stronger, oftener.

Back at camp the roads have begun to assume a semblance of solidity. Truckload after truckload of coral fill makes the difference, and in a way it is fun watching the roads fill in. For with each load of coral dumped, a band of Seabee scavengers always appears suddenly to scratch and scrounge for the souvenir piece de resistance of New Guinea—the cat eye.

And the 105th, being a perfectly normal, healthy Seabee organization, has this in common with other Seabees; its inordinate love for souvenirs and souvenir hunting.

Thousands of these cat eyes are salvaged from the coral fill. They are not much to look at at first, but when the men get through cleaning, shaping and polishing them they are works of art, and the men send them home, not without some pride, to wide-eyed and appreciative wives and mothers.

Although the men work hard, they must have relaxation too. It is a poor place for organized battalion recreation, but the men do the next best thing. They use their spare time as a sort of busman's holiday, and turn to manufacturing miniature P38s, metal ash trays, pic-

ture frames. The material they use is either scrap metal or pieces salvaged from downed Japanese planes. Each tent has its artisans, and at night P38s, bracelets and picture frames are turned out, with whatever tools are at hand, with almost assembly line precision. So clever and so perfectly finished are some of the products, so ingenious much of the workmanship involved, that it is decided to hold a "Hobby Contest" at some future date for all the battalion to see what their comrades have done.

With the first Easter away from the States approaching, the thoughts of the men turn toward home. To observe the day, a picturesque hill behind the camp is selected as the site for the first battalion chapel, and work is begun almost immediately on the little Chapel on the Hill. The men work willingly and others volunteer their services in off-time periods; all are anxious to have the Chapel completed in time for Easter Sunday services.

The self-imposed deadline is met and the first sunrise services are conducted in the new chapel on Easter Sunday morning.

These next few months consist of little else but hard work—and rain. The period is one of hardening for the battalion. Men on various details have long since learned to work together as units. Detachments of the battalion are detailed to various places for spot jobs, to nearby villages with romantic sounding native names: Ladava, Hillimo, Gili Gili, Waga Waga, Ahioa. Some details are assigned to work with the Army for short periods. Others are assigned to other units of the Navy. On one or two occasions, specialized details, such as divers in salvaging operations, are sent several hundred miles up the New Guinea coast on urgent assignments.

The men, too, even though they might deny it, have begun to show an interest in their work over and above that required purely in the line of duty. The climate is far from being one in which to keep parts and equipment in perfect condition, or even, on occasion, in any running condition at all. Parts wear out, corrode, become useless. Equipment might become tied up for weeks. But not for the men in the 105th, if they can help it. They develop an uncanny knack in procuring the parts and equipment required for the continuation of the operation of their equipment. This is often referred to as procurement by means of a "moonlight requisition." It is not long before the 105th becomes known as somewhat of a master in this field, and the fact gives rise to several descriptive sobriquets foisted on us by other outfits—some of them far from flattering. But the men do not mind; they are good and skilled workmen, men who have grown up with machinery and equipment; it pains them to see otherwise usable equipment lying idle—while down the road a bit are perhaps the very parts required to keep their own equipment in operation. The parts might very well be intended eventually for the 105th, but these men would rather keep their equipment moving now, while they can, rather than to wait for the paper work to release the parts. After all, "moonlight requisitions" are so easy.





Never is there a thought of personal gain in this perhaps unorthodox method of procuring needed parts. Perhaps the battalion is earning a reputation for itself, but it is getting the work done, and that is all that matters to the men.

Not only is the 105th's reputation spreading throughout the base in New Guinea, but it even reaches as far down as Australia, where it is reported that other outfits down there have become aware of our activities. It is a rather begrudging and backhanded sort of admiration which they direct at us, but admiration it is nevertheless.

With the American invasion of Hollandia at this time—the first definite step of our forces driving back toward the heart of Japan—scuttlebutt flows freely once more. This time it is Palau Island to which the scuttlebutt artists have us going, or Yap, or even Saipan, while a few hold out for the Philippines. We discuss this latter in the tents at night, but our chances of going there seem remote to most of us. For one thing, the Philippines have not even suffered their first bombing at the hands of the Americans yet; and for another the road back still seems too long and hard. But the wise ones shake their heads and repeat, unshaken, "It's the Philippines."

Several men who have been sent to Australia for additional medical treatment now return from the Land Down Under, and they bring additional scuttlebutt with them. They, too, place us somewhere in the Central Pacific as the site of our next Island X.

But first, they say, we are scheduled for a leave in Australia.

But nothing compares with the fury and insistence of the rain we know during the next three months.

\* \* \*

We will talk about the rains in New Guinea until the final vestige of memory itself fades from us. The torrential downpours will be perpetuated in our minds, in the minds of our wives and our children, and in our children's children, before we are done.

But not without some justification. Rain in New Guinea is an instrument of the Devil himself. There is no end during the rainy season: it either rains more or less, and without end. It has been said that during this period of the rainy season one changes from his dirty wet clothes into his clean wet clothes. There is no such thing as being dry. The mess hall, solid and strong enough to withstand ordinary rains, springs leaks. The rain drips onto mess gear. Rain gear is always the uniform of the day. Our world has become full of mud and rain.

In the tents the constant downpour weakens the fabric of the tents and sends leaks over our personal gear, onto our cots, on tables, on the deck. Patching of the tents is a continual process and the men try to outguess where the next leak might spring and place their gear in places least likely to get wet. Holes are drilled in the decks to take care of the drainage, else the decks become muddy pools.

Cigarettes are always damp and mould quickly and

the pleasure of smoking for those who do not possess a cigarette lighter becomes almost impossible.

Our very souls become permeated with the sound, the smell, the feel of the rain. Night time seems to be the worst. Then the elements gather for new and heavier onslaughts, the rain pounds on tent roofs with ever-increasing intensity, while wave after wave of wetness beats down in a miserable staccato tattoo of nature on the loose.

Tiny streams have become swollen to river size. The anemic little stream in which we bathed when we first landed in Stringer Bay, the water of which barely covered our flanks as we sat in it, becomes a roaring river. In one night, during a heavy storm, the tiny stream swells to a raging, turbulent river almost a hundred and fifty feet wide, and angry with the anger of the elements. Its fury bowls over two large cranes high on the bank, a heavy concrete mixer, sweeps away the bridge where the river empties into the Bay, and floods warehouses along the beach.

In the camp area guards awaken the men in the middle of the night and alert them in the event the uncontrollable river should inundate the camp. Emergency details are called out to hold electric lines and communications intact across the maddened stream, and they work all through the night.

This is perhaps the worst night we encounter in fury, but the dogged insistence of the daily downpours matches it in the pitch to which it draws our nerves taut over a period of time.

This is our life during the summer of 1944 in the world's second greatest island, the green hell of New Guinea. This is our life and our existence, and we must live within the scope imposed upon us by the exigencies of war.

(And in the world away from us, in the world of newspapers and automobiles and warm parlors, in the world of guns and battle where rage those struggles which have brought us here and which will one day take us to another island in the Pacific, the struggle goes on. In New Guinea itself the Japanese have begun surrendering at Hollandia. On June 6th our camp is electrified with the news of the Allied landings in Normandy. The battalion newspaper appears with a special invasion issue within three hours after the news breaks over the radio. At home the people are at once joyous over the news and fearful for the safety of their loved ones in the operation. For this is the greatest military undertaking in all history: in the success or failure of this undertaking hangs the fate of the entire civilized world, both now and of the future... In the Pacific, the Japanese homeland is bombed for the first time by American Super Fortresses on June 15th... Truk receives the heaviest bombing of the war a few days later, while the Japanese-held island of Yap is hit by our fliers for the first time... In Chicago, in June, Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, on the first ballot cast by the Republican National Convention, is nominated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in the forthcoming elections, with John W. Bricker, Ohio's governor, as his running mate. One vote is cast for General Douglas MacArthur by a committeeman from Wisconsin... In Italy, American and

# HEAVY EQUIPMENT



Heavy Equipment Officers: Lt. Jones,  
Lt. (jg) Rittenhouse, and Lt. (jg) Woods



Chief Gallagher's crew



Chief Hollenberg's crew



Chief Skinner's crew



Chief Leining's crew

# OPERATIONS



Carving roads through jungle, swamps and hills is an important and rugged job, requiring skill and knowledge



A bulldozer pushes over a couple of coconut trees in clearing operations



This dozer literally pushes the jungle in front of it



Often a "cat" gets stuck in the treacherous jungle swamp



A clearing finally emerges, and the road is ready to be laid down



When the going is too tough, drillers and dynamiters are called in



The blast eliminates a tough spot in the road to come



But sometimes the going is too boggy, and a log bed is used as a base for fill



French forces occupy the city of Siena, 31 miles from Florence. This is the state of the world during the summer of 1944, as the 105th Battalion sweats out its first six months overseas.)

Under the continual rains, the steady work, the monotony of the evenings, the spirits of the men begin to droop. One man has been killed in line of duty; several others have been returned to the States for medical reasons; the remainder plod on day by day, doing their jobs, hoping, hoping for they know not what.

And, as if in answer to their hoping, something does happen to relieve the monotony, to raise the damper from their spirits. That something is in the nature of news that the battalion is to be given a recuperation leave in Australia. The whole battalion is to have the leave, but will depart in three groups, the second and third groups not to depart until the preceding one returns.

This news is exciting to the men; it is something they can get their teeth into, to talk about, to write home about, to plan for. The leave is to consist of ten days free time in Australia to do nothing but what a man's pocketbook and disposition dictate.

It is decided to draw the first group of men to depart by lot. At the drawing, two platoons are picked from each company and the notices go up on the bulletin board. The lucky platoons are joyous, while the others register their frank disappointment but console themselves with the thought that they will have their turn next time.

The trip to Australia takes five days and for the men on board it is a break indeed from their eight months stay in Guinea. It is for them a time filled with reading on board ship, lying in the sun and their remembering of the New

Guinea coast as it first appeared to their eyes so many months back. The men are "veterans" now, they know what the score is on that once mythical Island X, and their lot has been none too easy.

In little less than a week from the time of their departure the men are ensconced in their own area in Camp Seabee in Brisbane. "Civilization" delights them. They have already seen their first white woman since landing on these shores, dressed in feminine frills, and the remembering of it is pleasurable.

In the camp itself the men express their amazement at the manner in which more fortunate Seabees have spent most of their overseas time; and are impressed with the lack of conveniences and rugged existence the 105th has had to lead in New Guinea. For here on the table in this mess hall in Australia is fresh milk, green vegetables, fruit, ice cream and real butter. The men eat with a gusto and an appetite far divorced from the one they knew at New Guinea with its diet of powdered eggs, spam, canned vegetables, and dehydrated potatoes.

The men are processed for their leaves almost as quickly as they were processed—now more than a year ago—from civilians into Seabees. This is Spring in Brisbane, and the men shiver in their pea coats and sweaters. They are unused to the cold weather, after the muggy heat of New Guinea, and most of them are anxious to be on their way to Sydney, where it is warmer, or to one of the rest camps in which they will spend their leave.

The men are granted a liberty in Brisbane before breaking camp and they head for the theatres, restaurants, pubs, or just walk along the main streets, feeling the good pavement underfoot, eagerly watching the civilians, the men, women and girls, glad once again to be a living, breathing part of a social world. They wish, too, their comrades in New Guinea could be along with them. This is a matter of sincere regret for all: that these men, with whom we have all lived so long under so many adverse conditions, could not be here now, this minute, with them, enjoying the simple pleasures of being almost a civilian again, if only for a brief time.



Shovels scoop out fill for the roads from coral pits, such as this one



A dump truck is loaded with fill under a hot sun



Draglines, too, scoop fill out of the sea



A high pressure hose washes the mud and silt from the coral



The road begins to take shape. A push cat loads a turnapull



A "sheep's foot" roller packs and smooths the road



Often bridges and culverts are built to gap the frequent streams



A pan grading fill as a road nears completion

Sydney in 1944 is the Paris of 1918. The men are welcomed with open arms by the friendly people of this nation, taken into their homes, stopped on street corners or in department stores to receive a friendly or curious question from one of these people, who, by and large, have developed a great affection for the "Yanks." And the men, their restraints cast to the wind after their emotional and social confinement of the previous months, enjoy this new freedom to the utmost and waste not a moment of it.

At the various rest camps to which others of the 105th have decided to spend their time, the men enjoy themselves too: they go horseback riding, play tennis, eat good food, sleep in decent quarters, drink beer. Life is theirs to enjoy as they will during these all too short days.

Meanwhile, back at Milne Bay, life continues on its even way. Those who have been left behind enviously discuss the imagined activities of those who were for-



From the jungle emerges the completed road



A road job in the Philippines

fortunate enough to have gone to Australia, and a drawing is held to select the next two platoons from each company who will go to Australia when the first group returns.

And even while this is going on, orders are issued for the abandonment of the camp at Gamadodo and for all men to return to Stringer Bay. The task of moving men and equipment back across the Bay commences and the stretch of water between the two camps becomes almost a 105th lake, so often do our barges and boats make the trips from one to another of the camps. But this is one of the last series of trips the boats will make.

By the time the men on leave return from Australia Gamadodo is nearly deserted. Some forty days have elapsed, and those men who left Gamadodo return to find that their new home is once more back at the original camp at Stringer Bay.

To those who have not seen Stringer Bay for many months the change is a startling one. The beach area has become a humming amphibious base, with LCTs



During construction



The completed road



Before and after scenes of another road job in the Philippines







Areas like this are cleared for air strips



A turnapull working on a taxi way for an air strip in New Guinea



Although not assigned many air strip jobs, we did well with what we had



Marston matting has built strips from Guinea to the fringes of Tokyo. Here the 105th lays down part of its share

drawn up along the beach, and various other small craft. There are paint shops, and rigging lofts, offices and warehouses. Back across the road are mess halls, water tanks, large quonsets for the men, officers' country, communications, a theatre, sick bay, a motor pool for the Army. The roads are good, smooth, no longer wash-board. The Shore Patrol patrols them daily.

This is the contribution of the 105th to New Guinea. Come what may, we have left an indelible stamp of our presence on this spot for as long as the last white man shall remain. Nevermore will this area be the lush, thick jungle and swampland that existed but a few short weeks before the 105th took over. This was our answer to nature.

Where our contribution to the war effort fits into the

picture it is difficult to say. In the over-all war effort our task must appear small, pitifully small; but where it fits into the mechanism and logistics of total war against the enemy is not for us to say. It may be that those who have passed through here, drawing supplies, or training, or forming, will have a major share in a future operation against the enemy, an operation in which we, therefore, will have played, however indirectly, our part. We do not know. The jobs were here; we did them. Beyond that we cannot go.

On the night preceding the return of the men from Australia, the men receive bad news—and good: the battalion is alerted. The battalion is alerted for movement to another base. This is bad news for it means the cancellation of leave for the remainder of the battalion,

and those who are scheduled for the second group are keenly disappointed. But it is good news, too. It means we will move. We have had our fill of New Guinea, with its jungle, and mud, and rain, and insects, and malaria. We are anxious to get away from it, to leave the stench and the smell and the thickness of the country to others.

There is much to be done, and once again the excitement of leaving pervades the battalion. Although we have not been informed, most of us are morally certain that our next destination is to be the Philippines. Target ranges have been erected and the men test their carbines for the first time in many months. Hikes are in order, and one company in the battalion is sent to nearby Canacopa for more intensive military training. Bulletins are posted, giving each man his position in the battalion, his company, his platoon: riflemen, scouts, mortar men, squad leaders. It is obvious that the battalion is making preparations for something of a big nature in which the 105th is scheduled to participate. The men talk of beachheads, and of invasion. There is an intermingling of excitement, anticipation, doubt, in their talk. They laugh and quip about it but underneath there is a feeling of the seriousness of it all. There is not a man, however, who does not wish to go, who does not wish to be in on it. The predominant underlying feeling is that this is what we have trained and waited for, this is action against the enemy, this is the 105th doing something under combat conditions, whether it be actual fighting, resisting the enemy, or building under combat conditions. But this is it . . .

Preparations continue almost daily. Lectures are held in the mess hall at night, the men are cautioned about booby traps, how to take care of themselves in action, offensive tactics, defensive tactics . . .

Daily musters, which were so much a part of our lives at Peary and Parks and Hueneme, have been virtually forgotten during these last several months. The men have taken good care of themselves: they have worked, eaten, slept, passed their time and shown up for work again, and they have been treated as men, without the necessity for daily company musters to check up on them. Musters on the work details are sufficient.

But now it is different. Musters are held frequently to insure each man being present to hear new orders or instructions. Equipment is checked and rechecked: gas masks, helmets, carbines, canteens, mess gear, knives. A man's life may depend on the condition of his gear; nothing must be left to chance.

The inner excitement grows daily, and the men spend more time writing home to their wives and families, warning them that mail will stop for a while, but cautioning them, too, not to worry.

There is a lighter side to the picture, too. These are the free beer issues which we receive several times as we go through the chow line. The rainy season is just about ending and the men spend more time in fraternizing in the evenings, in going to the movies at the Amphib Base.

And one day the LSTs are in. The men walk down to the beach to inspect these craft which will carry them to their destina-

tion, inspect them as curiously as they would if they were viewing the ship with an eye to purchase, with a critical and careful eye.

Further lectures are held, last minute checks of equipment, final shots in Sick Bay, and orders are suddenly issued to begin the loading of the LSTs. All possible supplies and equipment are poured aboard the ships as details from each company bend back and strain muscle to get the job done. Loaded aboard are cranes, 'dozers, trucks, jeeps, weapon carriers, supplies, provisions—all that will be needed to sustain the men for an approximate 90-day period until the supply ship arrives. One company is to remain behind, together with a specialized detail, to tear down the camp at Stringer Bay and to load the Liberty Ship with all supplies to bring up the rear.

This is close to the middle of October. Daily the radio blares news of new American air attacks in the Philippines, against Mindanao, against Manila, Cebu. But not a word is said about American forces making landings on the islands . . .

On October 11th the three companies line up for muster for the last time in New Guinea. Their work here is finished. From now on it will be . . .? The answer is anybody's guess.

The LSTs are as loaded as is safe. The men march down to the beach and there is festivity in the air. The Red Cross has assembled and the nurses pass out coffee and buns and from somewhere music comes and the men dance with the Red Cross nurses and it is a gala occasion. The men who are to be left behind wish their comrades good luck and Godspeed as the men in the three departing companies begin to file into their respective LSTs.

It is late afternoon when the last of the LSTs pulls away from the shore and joins the others. The little group of ships heads down the bay, down the same bay over which the men first saw New Guinea ten long months ago.

The saga of New Guinea, with its rain, and mud, and lonely nights, with its development from thick jungle into a teeming advanced base depot, is something to be remembered only in the days which are to follow. The actuality of it lies as definitely in the past as is the wake made by the LSTs as they churn their way down the bay. New Guinea is done . . .

★ ★ ★

But not for all the battalion. As though unwilling to sever for all time the ties of the past ten months, one company of the 105th still holds tight the strand of memory as it continues to work in Stringer Bay. For them things are not easy. There is much work to be done and all men are assigned to the job regardless of rate or previous type of work done. It is some miles down the road to where the Liberty Ship is docked, waiting, and as equipment is dismantled it is loaded upon trucks and taken to the ship where stevedores take over the job of loading it aboard ship.

There is last minute equipment, too, which must be procured if possible. "Urgently Required for Extreme Forward Area." So say the





Heavy equipment was also responsible for building docks and waterfront facilities. This refueling dock at Hilimoi was one of our jobs



Seabee-devised pontoon docks and causeways have played major parts in most invasions. Here the 105th shows how

requisition forms we use now. The message is terse, stark, concise: "Urgently Required . . ." It bears an insistence which is not to be denied.

Daily the men turn to their radios for news of American landings in the Philippines. None is reported. The days speed on and it begins to appear as though the 105th Battalion might even be part of the invasion forces which will go in on D-Day.

Meanwhile, the LSTs are threading their way along the New Guinea coast, heading north. Men have been assigned three to a bunk, with one man held responsible for the gear of the other two on it as well as his own. Cots are erected in every available place, and where no

space exists, it is made: on trucks, beneath equipment, in every corner and turn.

This is war, this is discomfort, but the men do not mind greatly. For one thing, the food is very good, and the men are grateful for the first Stateside coffee they have had in a long time. Their appetites are sharp—though this may be due to the sea air—and they eat well.

Then, too, there are often hot water showers to be had, and hot water is always available for shaving. This is war with conveniences attached.

As the LSTs follow where the New Guinea coastline winds in and out, the men can only guess as to their progress and location. This point off here might be



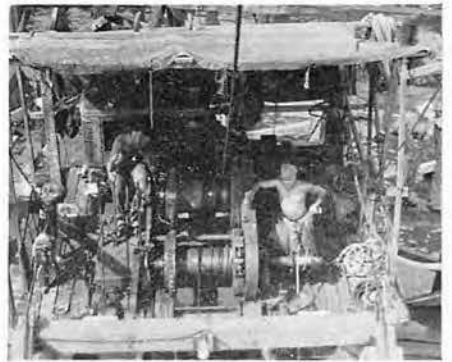
Where heavier docking facilities are required, the 105th tackles a job like this one in New Guinea



The dock stretches long wooden fingers into the Bay



Bolting braces to piling under water is done by the diving crew



The hoist machinery for the pile driver packs a terrific wallop



Pile driving, as speed and more speed is called for



All for this. Two Liberty ships unload their cargoes, then pull out as others take their place



Day and night crews of heavy equipment repair shop

# MAINTENANCE



Heavy equipment yard and shops in the Philippines



Finschaven, this next one Wewak, that one—well, anybody's guess is as good as the next. At one point the men are informed that the ship is believed to be but 23 miles from Japanese-held points along the coast. This is the closest yet our men have been to contact with the enemy.

The crews aboard the LSTs are friendly and co-operative. They are fresh from the States and to them it is a novelty to carry troops. This is what they have been trained for and they are doing their job, and we like the way they do it.

The days roll by with an exciting sameness: monotonous, the excitement subdued and checked with a certain tenseness of the unknown future. There is much reading aboard, some card playing, a few dice games here and there. This is always the way of life aboard a troop ship. There is some kidding, too, about the final destination, the chances of making a beachhead, how things will be. The kidding is good, it relieves a man's mind, but it is also a reflection of the below the surface fact that the men are thinking about the future.

And still the Americans have not landed in the Philippines...

As yet, no one is quite positive where we are going. The destination is, actually, still in the realm of scuttlebutt. There are even a few who are willing to wager that we will not go to the Philippines at all, that we are heading straight for China; although the majority of us have no doubt within our own minds. And considering the fact that the Philippines are, as yet, wholly Jap-held, and we are heading that way, it begins to appear more and more as though the 105th will be right in near or at the actual invasion. This is something to think about, something to make a man proud.

The LSTs reach Hollandia in a little less than a week from the time they left Milne Bay. Here, in the harbor at Hollandia, the men see even more ships than when we first landed in Milne Bay, when that harbor appeared to be choked with ships of all types, from tiny landing craft to large fleet units.



Interior of the machine shop



Ditcher undergoing repairs

The LSTs lie off here for a couple of days and the men take it easy. Throughout the Pacific, wherever our forces are, great concentrations of troops and materiel are being formed for the gigantic undertaking against the Philippines. But no one save ranking officers know the exact details of the forthcoming operations.

And still no word of an American landing in the Philippines . . .

Two days later, at dawn, the LSTs pull out of the harbor at Hollandia. No ship will make this next leg of the voyage—wherever it is to be—alone. The convoy forms as the ships begin maneuvering for prearranged positions. Almost to where the sea meets the sky on the dawn-bathed horizon, there are ships: LSTs, transports, destroyers, escorts. Each must take his position in the convoy, each must be but a single unit acting in unison with other units to make up one convoy for the safety of all.

Convoy . . . It is usually in the late afternoon that the ships get up steam. Transports. Tankers. Destroyers. Escorts. LSTs. Slowly the ships lumber into position, maneuvering here, there, ships' signals blinking rapidly at each other. Finally there is position—set—go! The convoy heads out to sea, to meet the night. "Tin cans" hover on the horizon momentarily, are swallowed in the blue-black dusk. Sunset the shade of red dust hangs reluctantly in the west, transforms itself quickly into a mottled, dirty grey.

Convoy . . . Sailors. Soldiers. Merchant marine. Seabees. Many of them in convoy for the first time. Speculations. Scuttlebutt. "We're headed north." "No, we changed course an hour ago." "We'll arrive Sunday." "Monday." The ships lunge forward on great swells. Nervous stomachs react violently. In the evening: Blackout again. Stand to. No smoking. Grimness, tense, compelling. The last cigarettes go out, flicker in the dusk. The eternal aboard-ship-small-talk accelerates. A few voices raise themselves in soft nostalgic song. A guitar, lonely in the night, raises its startling strains. Stories, tales, anecdotes, small talk (and all the while the night, black, grim, draws closer, the surrounding ships are swallowed where black sea and sky no



Equipment is fueled and greased in the field, by these mobile units



Crane overturned in Bay



Crew of the welding shop



Carry-all overturned



Welder at work on a jeep

longer trouble to meet, the engines throbbing their throb of forward movement, forward movement into enemy waters). Stories of home. Forty-eighth Street. El Paso. The girl in Oxnard. The letter to your wife. Your little girl's birthday. The day your kid sister blackmailed your brother, when they were kids together, because—never mind that now. It's all so long ago. Talk. More talk. And still more talk.

Convoy... Daylight once more. A new day. Ships still in formation, emerging out of the mystery of the night. A pennant is flown up on a distant LST. What is it? What does it signify? The scuttlebutt goes round... Man overboard... Man overboard... No! How did it happen? Was he picked up? Where is he? (And the ships move inexorably on, the day warm now, hot, the engines throbbing still, throbbing as each ship moves along the very line of the equator, north, north and deeper still into enemy waters: "There should be some action." "We should all get through all right." "They

won't try to stop us till we're near the coast." "I hope we have some air support." And the ships move on.)

Small talk, small talk still, of Davy Jones' locker, life belts, bantering talk, insurance to the wife. Small nervous fragments of talk, but the small talk conceals what they are all thinking, what each man is thinking and feeling down and under and inside him. It is just as well.

Convoy... Sleeping on cots. Improvised hammocks. Trucks. On the deck. Card games. Books: mystery stories and biographies. Discussions. In the dark of night. Eating. Life draws itself on in the quickly assimilated routine of days and nights. There's nothing else to do, the sea is too vast, the sky, the magnitude of life itself, nothing to interrupt the steady throbbing of the ships' engines as they steadily, unhurriedly drive each ship forward, insistently forward to... to... something...

Convoy...

This is the 19th of October—on D minus one.

# TRANSPORTATION



Transportation shop day crew



The shop's night crew



Transportation Officers:  
Lt. (jg) R. C. Jean  
Ensign C. B. Newbury



Day drivers



Night drivers



Back at Stringer Bay the battalion has all but completed the heaviest part of the task of loading the supply ship. The camp itself begins to wear a deserted and neglected appearance, as if resentful of the departure of its former occupants. Reefers have been ripped out from their positions near the galley, the ice machine is gone, the drinking water warm. The men have worked hard and they are tired. In a few days these men, too, will be boarding the Liberty to follow the path of those who went in the "first wave."

But now there is time for some relaxation in the evening, in drinking beer in one of the tents, in the show at the Amphib Base. The men wonder how their comrades on the LSTs are faring. Word is expected daily, though none knows how, which will give some indication of their whereabouts, something that will provide a clue as to their safety or . . .

And word does break finally, in the late evening of October 20th.

General MacArthur's first communique of the operations announces that American forces have effected a landing on Leyte Island, in the Central Philippines.

Leyte . . . The name is strange, we have never heard of the place before; we do not even know how the name is spelled, or where the island is.

Eagerly we crowd around the radio to listen to the news. Our fleet is there, landings have been effected, American troops are pouring ashore. The radio announcer says something about "the 105th," but it is garbled, swallowed in a blur of static and interference. Word passes swiftly from mouth to mouth that the 105th was in on the original invasion. But we are not sure . . . the static . . . we dare not be sure . . . it could be some other outfit . . . there are other 105th's.

Although we are safe here, thousands of miles behind the line of action, our thoughts are of our comrades who are "up there." We have been told that our job in remaining behind is just as important as is the job of those who have gone on ahead. We wonder . . . and we hope . . . and some of us even say little wordless prayers within ourselves for our comrades up ahead . . .

A few days after the loading is completed at Stringer Bay, the final remnants of the battalion file down the company street for the last time. The camp is a deserted village. The tents are empty: on their decks lie old newspapers, magazines, a torn pair of socks: mute testimony to the life that had been here a few short weeks back. The company streets are still well kept, and hard-packed from the thousands of times the men have traversed them. A few chairs here and there in front of some of the tents seem lonely without their owners. A battered canteen lies forgotten in a ditch. Tonight this camp will be totally dark, lost, forgotten . . . This is the end of New Guinea for all time for the 105th Battalion. Here memories have been cradled, men have toiled, and griped



Mud, a condition prevailing during first months of occupation



Transportation repair shop and yard



Trucks supplying fill on road project



Work in the tire shop



Repair shop; anything can be fixed here



This truck bed was manufactured by 105th

and slogged through mud and rain, have eaten and slept and worried about their families and smiled happily over mail from home. This is where the 105th Battalion lived.

That afternoon the men board the Liberty and at dawn the following morning the big grey ship slides through the early morning out to meet the sea.

Behind it, fading into the mists which half cover the mountains, lies Milne Bay, now gone forever from all save memory.

★ ★ ★

It is on the 20th of October, 1944, that the forces of General Douglas MacArthur make their initial landings in strength on the shores of Leyte.

It is three days later, on D plus three, when the LSTs carrying the three companies of the 105th nudge their way through the waters of Leyte Gulf. In the early morning greyness of D plus four the men can dimly see the shores of neighboring Samar and Leyte. Throughout the night they have heard the intermittent boom of artillery on shore. Now smoke swirls in eddying gusts over the landscape and drifts out over the gulf, laying gentle fingers of grey mist over the various craft, each one of which seems earnestly intent upon going about its business.

It is quiet here, too quiet almost. In this sense it is almost the same quietness as that which greeted the men upon their arrival at Milne Bay. Surely this cannot be an active combat zone? Surely this cannot be the location of battle, about which words by the millions were being poured to millions of Americans back home as they sat around the breakfast table? This cannot be the scene of war, of guns and planes and sudden death? In the distance the boom of the artillery is heard now and again, but beyond that all is quiet.

The LSTs nose their way experimentally through the waters, turning sudden angles, changing course precipitately. Opposite Red Beach the LSTs churn to a halt. And now, suddenly and at once, the war comes into focus, develops into being. For there on the shore, which is distantly though clearly discernible, American carrier based planes are bombing and strafing enemy held positions on the shores of Leyte. It is like watching a scene in a moving picture. This is war, but the sensation, the knowledge and the nearness of it, does not penetrate at once.

Is it for this that the 105th Battalion was formed in those never-never (and never to be forgotten) days back at Camp Peary? That it climbed Mt. Diablo, trained at Hueneme, worked in Milne Bay? Is this to be the high point, the career and history of the 105th, beginning here, now, sitting on LSTs and watching our planes bombing and strafing enemy positions? This is war, this is war now, and we are in it.

The fact is slow in coming to realization. Un-

afraid, unmindful of possible damage which can result from enemy action, most of the men remain on deck, trying with straining and eager eyes to cut through the confusion which conceals what is happening on the shore at Red Beach. Planes soar and zoom, come in diving. Enemy anti-aircraft fire try to bring our planes down as they scream over the enemy lines, trying to prepare landing for the troops who are to follow. Bombs explode and there is a terrible admixture of smoke and flame and belching guns and screaming planes. And this is where the LSTs are supposed to go in.

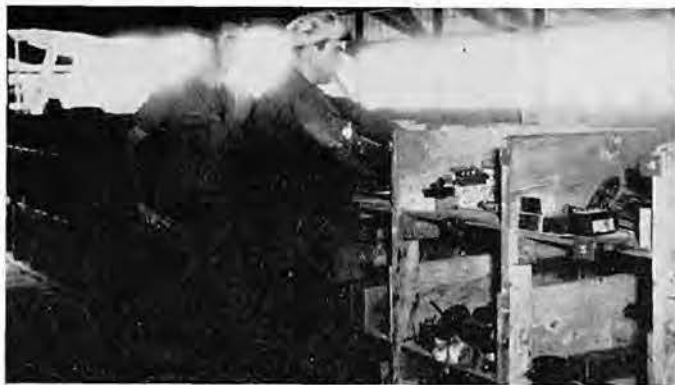
All at once the generators aboard the LSTs begin laying down a smoke screen. The smoke rises and spreads over the ships, then seems to descend again, shrouding the ships in mystery. The men do not grasp the significance of the smoke screen, but it is nothing for them to be concerned about, there is no danger here, the danger is there, on shore.

General quarters! It comes suddenly, without warning. The alarm of battle which sends all hands scrambling to their battle stations. The enemy is at hand all at once, and the terrific fire power of the LSTs open up in a cacophonous orchestration of spitting guns. Jap planes appear overhead, swoop low, zoom off again in a withering hail of lead. One enemy plane dives, crashes into a small craft. The men watch, fascinated at this display of enemy suicide tactics. Still they do not take cover. It hardly seems possible that the enemy can be after these insignificant LSTs, to the troops which are aboard them, not when there are other ships, larger ships . . .

But the truth is, that the enemy is after anything now, after anything that will do harm to our forces. to abort our bridgeheads, prevent landings, knock out any type of craft, inflict casualties. This is war, and war is destruction, and the destruction of human lives is part of the grisly business.

The screws of the LSTs begin to turn again, the water kicks up white at the sterns. The ships swing around, head further north up the coast to where the action is less intense.

At Tacloban the LSTs put in for shore. Four days have elapsed since American forces landed on Leyte, barely forty-eight have gone by since the last of the Japs fled from this city, the capital of the island. Almost the first thing the men see is the yellow-white capitol building itself, squatting regally a few hundred yards inland. Each man has been issued a hundred rounds of ammunition, for no one is quite sure what will be encountered once the men are put ashore. For this reason a hand-picked security guard is selected as the first party to go ashore. They will make the initial contact with the enemy if any of the enemy remain. Behind them will come the others, other details of men, carrying with them whatever gear they can, personal and otherwise. Operators of various pieces of equipment are at the controls of their machines. The equipment will be run on to shore almost



Spare parts are kept in order here



All equipment is greased regularly here

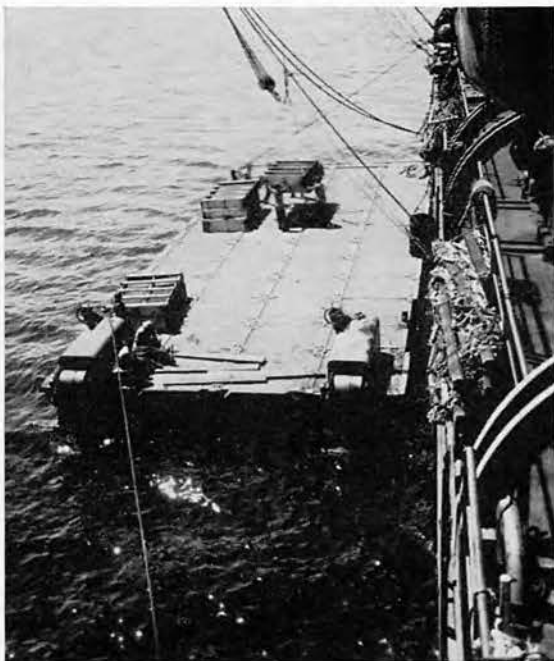


Gassing up a jeep from pontoon storage tanks



These men operate the many barges and boats

# WATER TRANSPORT



Pontoon barges are used to carry heavy materials



All sorts of boat repairs are made here



Loading fuel truck for transport to a job



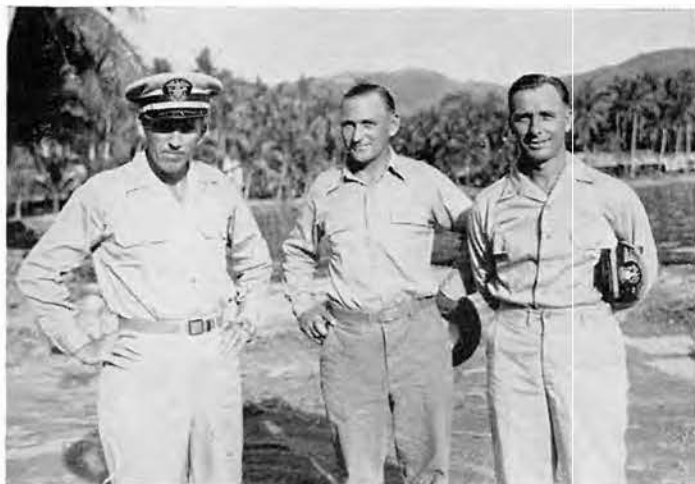
LCMs are used to transport trucks



Small boat landing—Philippines



LCVPs are used for personnel



C.W.O.s Harding, Graham and Poston, in charge of utilities

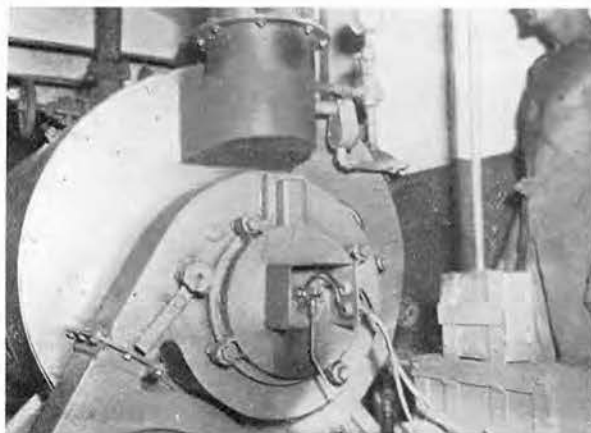


The boiler watch, under Chief Nack

# UTILITIES



Fuel tanks serving the galley ranges

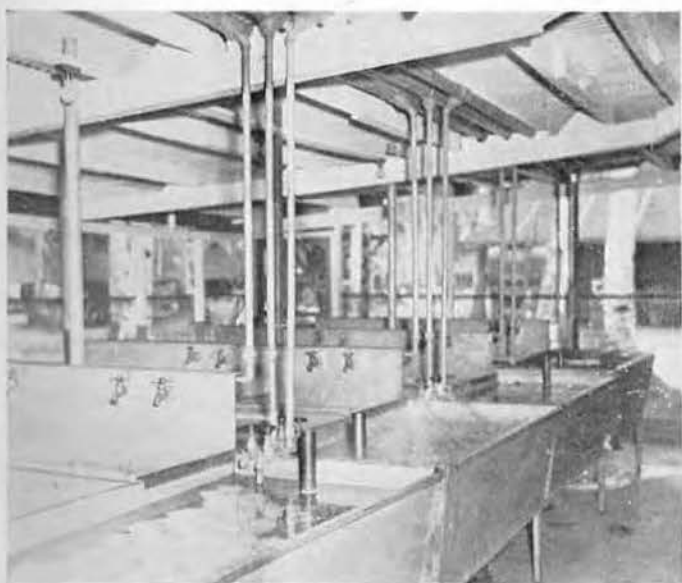


The steam units at the galley and heads



The plumbing and pipefitting crews

# PLUMBING



The scullery. Hot and cold water as well as steam is used here



Fueling lines from the tank farm



Welding pipe connecting the tanks



Oleszkiewicz' pipefitting crew



Completed fuel lines and pumping station



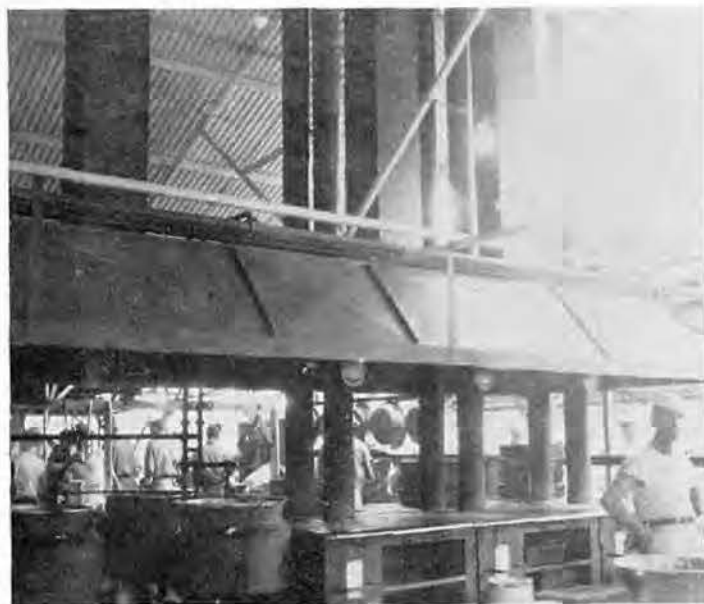
The pipe shop



## SHEET METAL



Sheet metal crew working with a captured Jap sheet metal brake



Hood over galley range, an example of their work

immediately as the ramps are lowered.

The men are alert, prepared, unafraid. The danger of war has still not penetrated into their consciousness . . .

The initial group is ashore now . . . advancing up the beach, inland . . . and all is quiet . . . The rest of the men hit the water, begin wading ashore, lug their gear with them . . . Trucks roll off the LSTs . . . pistons begin their insistent, rhythmic clatters within the cylinders of the machines on board, setting up their own bedlam of sound . . .

There is much work to be done—hard, almost frantic work. Some of our supplies get stranded in the water and the men form a human chain, passing them along from one man to the next. Gasoline, fuel, supplies must be unloaded as quickly as possible. The LSTs must be cleared so they can pull away. Supplies must be drawn up on the beach for use, separated to minimize the danger from enemy air attack.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, in an anachronism of space and time, a few Filipinos with youngsters dragging at their heels make their appearance. These are the first natives the men see, and they observe their tattered clothes, their eager, yet timid, approach. It is all at once novel, thrilling, exciting. But it is not so for long. There is another sight that meets the eyes of the men, and this one is not so pleasant. It is the body of a native woman, dead and mutilated, lying on the beach. This is the first direct result of Japanese murder the men see, and it is not pleasant to look at.

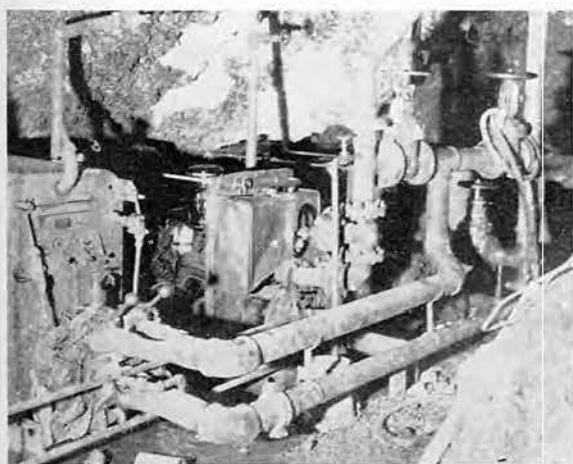
It is late afternoon and the unloading continues throughout the day and far into the night. Surprisingly enough, there is little interference from the enemy; a few planes which draw the fire of the beached LSTs and cause the men to momentarily shrink within themselves, but the LSTs must be unloaded and the work goes on. It is two or three o'clock in the morning when the last of the LSTs is finally unloaded, and the men, weary, grimy and dirty, are told by their just as weary chiefs to secure for the night. Guards are set over the equipment, to watch the ammunition, gas and oil. The other men scatter gratefully to find a place to sleep out the remainder of the night. The road is lined with supplies, but here and there one of the men finds a niche at the side of the road and flops into it, exhausted. Others sleep in fox holes filled with mud and rainwater.

Still others straggle into the town itself, where it is reported that enemy snipers are still lurking. So far as is known, the 105th is the first battalion of the few who have come ashore this same day. Small detachments of other battalions have arrived earlier, but as a battalion the 105th appears to have won for itself the distinction of being the first Seabee battalion to land in the Philippines.

But the immediate problem is that of finding



The well; the natives washed clothes here not long ago



Diesel pumps installed to draw the water



The underground river from which many units were supplied with fresh chlorinated water

# PURIFICATION



Water supply tanks and lines in Philippines



Water supply at Gamadodo



# ELECTRICIANS



The electrical gang under Chiefs Crotzer and McCarthy



Linemen at work



Generators which provide our light and power



Generator repair in the yard



Rewinding motor in shop



# COMMUNICATIONS

Radio Repeater Station, a communication project



Chief Haglund in communications shop



The switchboard for intercamp communication

a place to sleep. In town some of the chiefs and their men band together, try to stick close. Some fall almost where they are and sleep the sleep of full exhaustion. Others crawl into doorways, or stretch out on the sidewalks, or sleep in warehouses, for wherever they can drop their tired and aching bodies for this night is home...

This is the 105th Battalion during its first day and night in the Philippine Islands, on the island of Leyte...

During the balance of the night enemy action remains strangely, disquietingly absent. Sniper action is reported on one or two occasions, but there is not the slightest

semblance of an air raid. With the coming of morning, however, the horror of war is brought with sickening proximity to the men. It is during this morning that the battalion suffers its first casualty due to enemy action. It happens around the dock area—a prime objective which the Japs, with fanatic desperation, are intent upon destroying. Air attacks on this target begin in earnest as the morning is drawing to a close.

When the first planes come over some of the men are in a warehouse close by, others are on the dock itself. The whine of the bombs is heard and seconds later they explode with a rumbling carr-rr-ump! as the men



Cooling tank, used in manufacture of flake ice



# REFRIGERATION



View of refrigeration units

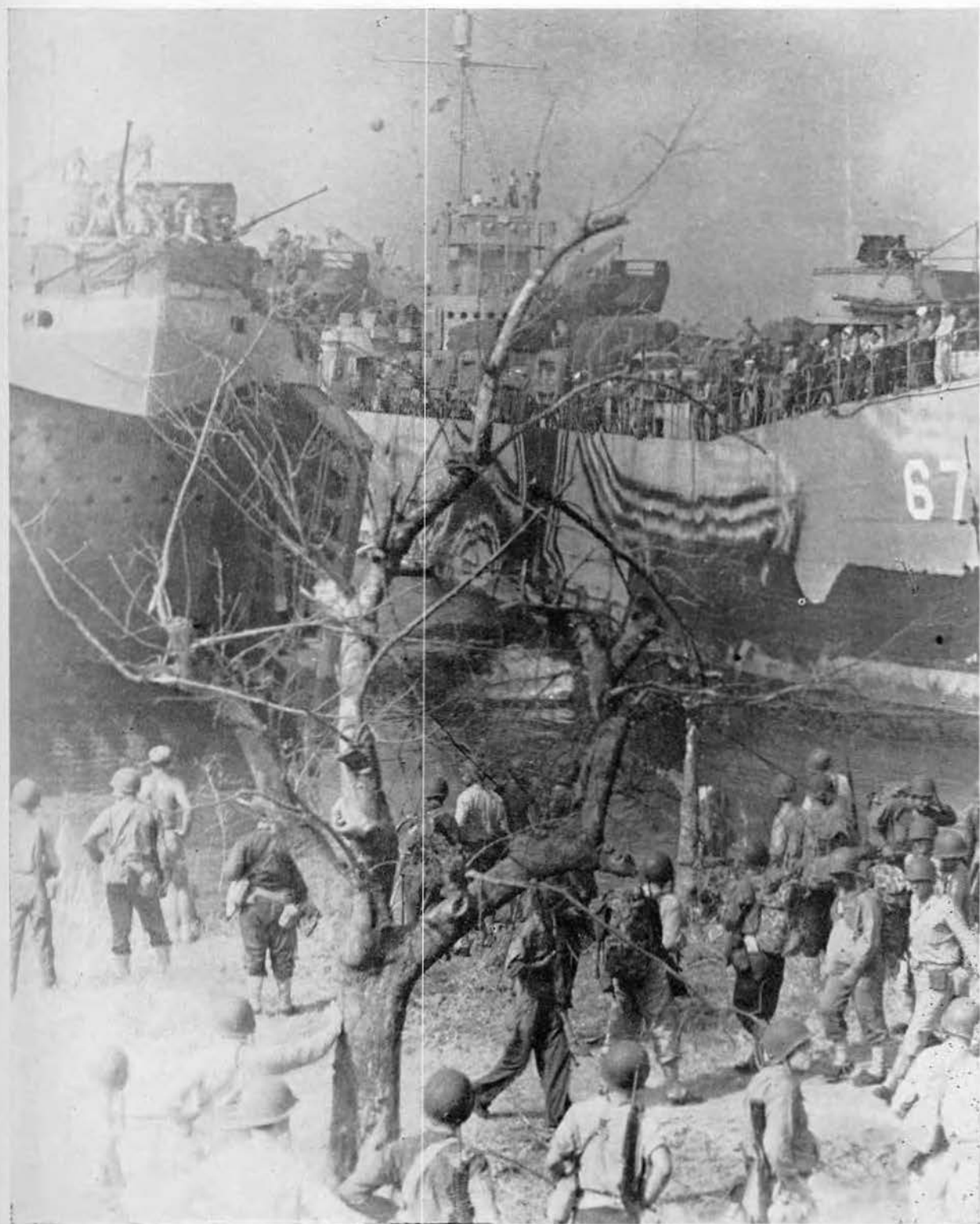


Reefers are assembled on a cement pad . . .  
. . . directly behind the galley



scramble for cover. These are the first bombs to drop, bombs that bring the reality of the war home to the men in a rush of finality. Another bomb screams down from above, scores a direct hit on the warehouse. The building shudders and totters under the impact of the bomb, but it remains standing.

Within the warehouse a civilian is killed in sudden death. Some soldiers miraculously escape, as do some Seabees. Plaster crashes down from above, but the only casualty inflicted is from the bomb itself. There is a lull and outside in the open men get up and scramble for better cover. They dart along the dirty street, along the dock, heads bent low. Suddenly there is the whine of another bomb, the carr-rr-ump! of its explosion. Men hug the ground or try to dig closer against the wall. But there is one man who will not rise when they do. He is Richard Agnew, of Maynard, Massachusetts, killed instantly



# INVASION



• We train for beachheads in New Guinea in preparation for the Big Day



"All present and accounted for."  
Daily musters become a necessity



The LCMs are packed with men going to the training area



We get the familiar feel of carbines on the firing range



Empty LSTs pull up to the beach  
at Stringer Bay



Supplies and equipment are loaded first and will be packed to the rafters



The Red Cross adds a festive note as the loading is completed, but the festive air is for what we're leaving, not for where we are going.  
(Below) A Red Cross worker dances with the men



Red Cross girls serve refreshments to the men



by a bomb fragment as he sped for cover.

As suddenly as it began, the raid ends. The men are shaken: one of their comrades lies dead. From this moment on the men will not have to be told to take cover, they will not be without their helmets, nor will they be without that flutter of excitement and the nearness of personal danger whenever enemy planes appear in the future. A fox hole becomes something more than just a word—it becomes a place in which to live. Mud, rainwater and discomfort are as nothing when it comes to the simple fact of living, of just being alive when each raid has passed. When enemy planes appear from now on the men will dive precipitately—officers and men alike—under trucks, into fox holes, face down into the mud and dirt or wherever it is to escape from the bombing or strafing by the enemy.

And now the raids come more often—more than is good for a man to live under and not show the strain somehow. Some few of the men, with temperaments and minds a little less strong than those of their comrades, cannot take it too well. These cling to their foxholes in desperation, refusing to leave them even to come out for food, even during the "all clears." These men are only a handful, but they live through a thousand times hell during these bitter days.

They do not last long, however. As soon as it is humanly possible these men are evacuated to a rear area, and some of them are even returned to the States.

With the town and its dock area apparently a selected target of the enemy, it is deemed wiser to withdraw the battalion from this area and to quarter them at the "Point." The Point is a bit of land a few miles from town jutting into a small bay. Here the battalion's first camp is hurriedly thrown up: tents are pitched, a galley is erected, a site selected for Sick Bay—and a 20 mm. anti-aircraft gun set up on the hill near by.

The gun crew does not have to wait long to get into action, for dusk brings the beginning of the nightly air raids again. It is not until about 0200 however, during a night raid, when a Japanese seaplane suddenly appears out of the protecting blackness of the night, heading for the searchlight on the hill and strafing the camp area as it dives on its target. The bullets come close, too close, as the gun crew goes into action, the gun spitting deadly orange lead into the night. Suddenly there is a burst of flame from the plane as the tail curls up in a quick blaze . . . The plane reels on crazily for a hundred or so yards, then noses down into the bay.

Subsequently the battalion receives credit for one plane shot down, and later on there is another, giving the 105th a score of two enemy aircraft downed in the Leyte operations.

The daily enemy raids have become a pattern of steadiness; and almost as dangerous as the enemy itself is the falling flak from our own anti-aircraft. Helmets have become a necessity, and those who do not wear them constantly keep them close at hand ready for instant use.

Each plane over the area means but one thing: enemy attack. There is no American air cover here during these days, no worry about the identification of the planes overhead: they are all enemy.

But one day it must change, and the change occurs



Commander MacKay (right foreground) supervises as the last of the men board the LST



Under way at last, and Chief Powder initiates Ensign Wise into the mysteries of the deep



More fun as King Neptune holds sway



Hollandia, and we pause to join the convoy



We're off! In convoy . . .



Night settles as we plow into enemy waters

while the men line up for chow one noon. Whether it is accident or design no one knows, but it seems that raids always manage to occur when the men line up for chow, necessitating a sudden dispersal of the chow line and a dive for shelter.

On this day—the fourth since the 105th's arrival—as the chow line is forming, a plane is spotted above, then another, and yet another. The chow line hesitates momentarily, then begins to disperse. Some one yells, "Air raid!"

But some keener-eyed Seabee says, "No, wait! They are P-38s. They are American planes! Ours!"

Dozens of hopeful eyes strain skyward, trying to make out the shapes, verify the identification. Then—then—it is so! They are American planes! A tremendous shout goes up. The men gather and cheer, waving hysterically to the pilots who cannot even see them from their height. But no matter. These are our planes, here at last! The men slap each other on the back, grateful for the beautiful sight of American airplanes in that wonderful sky, where until now there had lurked nothing but Japs.

With the coming of American planes one phase of these early days in the Philippines comes to an end. No longer will enemy planes be able to come over at will, select their targets at their leisure and drop their deadly eggs with nothing but anti-aircraft fire to annoy them. From here on in they will have the American air force to contend with, and raids become progressively more difficult for the Japs to accomplish, much to no one's regret.

Although it has rained much during these early days—torrential rains which quagmire the entire area—nothing is quite like the first of two typhoons which hit Leyte during the beginning of November.

It cannot be said that the typhoon did not hit without warning. The day has been grey and nasty with uncomfortable rains. The wind has been growing in intensity as the day wears on, but it is not until around midnight that the typhoon hits in all its tropical fury. Tents are blown over, pegs wrenched loose from the sodden ground, and the tide floods out some of the men who have bedded down on the beach for the night. Stoves are kept burning in the galley throughout the night where the men gather and try to sleep fitfully. In the open, sturdy attempts are made to keep the tents from blowing away: tent poles are tied to equipment, men hold the tent poles down with sheer force under the lashing fury of the wind and driving rain. This is a night the misery of which will not be plumbed, all hands hope, for the duration of their remaining time overseas. Personal gear, equipment, hopes and spirits are drenched and bedraggled in this, the first typhoon the battalion has experienced in the Philippines.





The Philippines. LSTs lay down a smoke screen



Gun crews scan the skies for enemy planes



But a ship is hit in the distance



Maws of the LST open on the beach



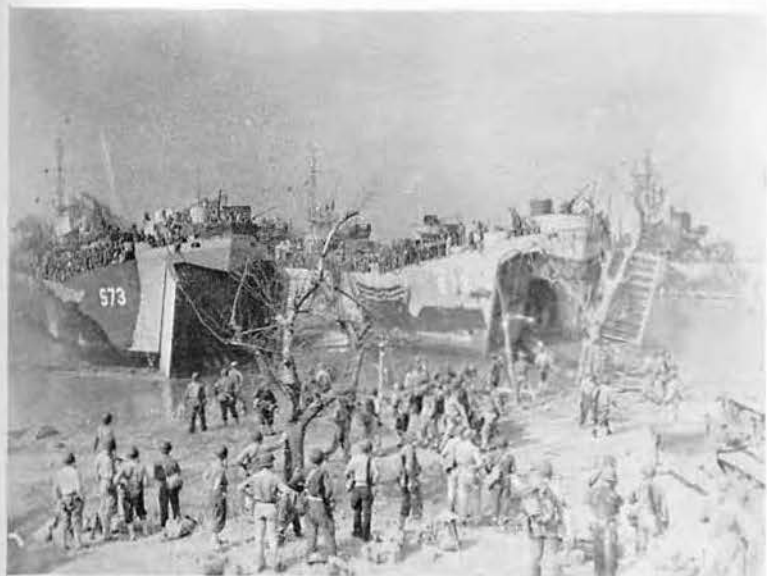
As a bulldozer rolls down the ramp



The men begin pouring ashore on Leyte Island



And begin exploring the area



The LSTs disgorge men . . .



. . . and equipment



A human chain carries supplies to the shore



"The secret weapon of the war"—a bulldozer—hits the beach



This truck is really loaded



Naval shelling did this—and shows why we landed further up the beach instead of here



Military activity converged around the capitol building in Tacloban. Note 105th equipment



Except for a few snipers reported, the streets in the town were deserted



Thousands of drums of gasoline litter the landing area



This downed enemy plane won't give any more trouble

It is a few days later when the sun finally decides that it is safe to put in its appearance again; and it is welcome, though the rainy season is fast approaching and the sun will stay away more and more frequently from now on as the rains get heavier and heavier.

And in the waters between New Guinea and the Philippines the Liberty supply ship with the remainder of the battalion ploughs its sure, steady way onward, traversing the same earlier path of the LSTs.

The voyage is largely uneventful, with the exception that toward the latter part of the journey the air hangs heavy with the threat of imminent enemy attack. Tokyo Rose, broadcasting from the Japanese capital, warns that the convoy has been spotted and will never reach the Philippines intact. This news is greeted in various ways, none of them very flattering to Miss Rose. Nothing materializes from this threat, however, until the final morning, when an enemy plane is spotted astern of the convoy, apparently on a mission of reconnaissance.

The convoy enters the gulf and the ships are assigned their various anchorages. Natives in dugouts and outriggers paddle out to the ships to trade Japanese invasion money for clothing or food or cigarettes. The gulf is peaceful and calm, and dotted with ships to the limits of the horizon. But, though we are unaware of it, this calm but serves to conceal the enemy preparations for attack.

As with the first attack in town, the initial raid on the ships comes suddenly and without warning, and the men have their first unpleasant view of the Kamikaze, or suicide planes, crash-diving into our ships. This initial attack is short, intense, exciting, and some of our ships are damaged by the fanatical Japanese pilots.

With the end of this raid comes a respite, but it is of



This captured Japanese gun overlooking our camp was powerless to defend the capitol building against the Americans



Chow! We eat in the shadow of the capitol building.  
Not fancy, but good

short duration, and soon the enemy returns, apparently from many directions at once. The fire power from the ships is terrific, literally enveloping the enemy in ack-ack, but still he comes, determined to destroy as much shipping as he can in the gulf. Targets on land are temporarily forgotten as the enemy masses his strength for the most powerful and damaging blows he can muster at the ships sitting out in the gulf like so many ducks.

The raids continue throughout the afternoon and into evening. The "all clears" merely serve as respites until the next sounding of "General Quarters," as punctuation between these periods of excitement. We have no accurate idea of how many planes have been above us during the day, nor of how many have been shot down by our anti-aircraft. Once our own ship, apparently selected by an enemy pilot for his crash dive, brings down the Japanese plane virtually at our stern before its pilot can make good his crash into us. This is close stuff for us, uncomfortably close, and there is not a man aboard who does not wish he is on shore where he can at least scurry for the comparative safety of a fox hole during a raid. It is tough trying to dig a fox hole into the deck of a ship.

Within the next couple of days the first of the men begin to go ashore. They are transported by pontoon barge to a new camp which has just been begun across the bay from Leyte. Some men are still quartered at the Point; much of the battalion has been moved back to town, to the island's capitol; others, quartered at White Beach, work on the air strip; while still another detachment has been sent further up the island to work on Navy installations; while this latest of our camps is to quarter the men who are working on a near-by PT base.

From this time forward the 105th is not to be brought together as a single unit for more than six



Some of the men quartered themselves in this schoolhouse



The warehouse near the dock area



W. Warren pops out of his fox hole for a smoke between raids



Chaplain Mitchell conducts services for Richard Agnew who was killed during an air raid the second day



A few days after the Americans landed the natives began returning to their homes in these boats



Outside the town, we set up camp at Anabong Point



Some of the natives are shy at first



Our guncrew looks determined. Two enemy planes downed is their score before they are through



Native dress is anything but fancy in these early days



Enemy paratroopers in the area keep everyone on the alert. Here Chief Wilson's constant companion is his carbine



Tents aren't fancy, and most of them manage to withstand the typhoon which strikes in early November



We share our water and some of our rations with the natives



A galley! Chow at Anabong Point



I. Moore dashes off a letter home between air raids



A transportation shed is thrown up for truck repair



General MacArthur is in the neighborhood. Everybody tries to get a look at him



The Japs would dearly love to drop a few bombs on these gasoline drums scattered near the capitol building. (See opposite page for continuation of panoramic view.)



Air raids continue daily. This bomb crater looks like the ole swimming hole



Pedestrian traffic detours around rain-filled bomb craters



"The longest chow line and the best chow." The chow line at Tacloban

months. Its activities literally eagle spread the island in their scope. Wherever there is work, there equipment with the great "105" on it may be seen. Roads, barracks, camps, water tanks, air strips, earthmoving—all bear the imprint of the 105th in some manner or form.

In addition to our own men at the various camps, our galleys also feed personnel of other outfits. Fliers are the most frequent guests. They are officers, but there are many, and they eat with the men in the enlisted men's mess hall. There are Marines, and soldiers, sailors off ships, and later on we even feed WACs. All are fed with whatever we have, and the reputation of the 105th as a battalion generous with what it has, spreads.

Once, in the camp in town, two Army lads, hungry, and on the way to rejoin their unit, stop and are fed. Afterwards they are lavish in their praise of the outfit, and of the food. The following day their words appear in the battalion newspaper. After having had a fairly steady diet of C rations in the Army, they exclaim ecstatically, "What more could a guy ask than ice in his chocolate drink, and steak, and ice cream?" But the gratefulness in their eyes is more eloquent than their spoken words.



Continued from opposite page, this panoramic view shows the camp area in Tacloban, and the docks at extreme right, a prime target of enemy raids for almost two months



Almost as bad as the daily raids was the rain and mud

No danger of speeding on this highway

This was a road before the rains came

Some of these men return again and again for this "good chow," and for the easy camaraderie of the Seabees they have come to look upon with admiration and friendliness. And there are a few, stationed nearby, who make the 105th camp their second home.

It is November now and the rainy season is on in full blast. The men live a daily diet of mud, awake and asleep. Decks are absent from the tents, and often mud and rain six and eight inches deep form pockets within the tents themselves. Due to the sogginess of the terrain, it is almost impossible to ditch some of the tents, and these muddy pockets within them become daily companions. The mud is everywhere. Even more, if that is possible, than in New Guinea. There is no escape from it. It appears as though the battalion is to be enslaved in mud wherever it goes. This is part of the discomfort of war, and we live in this muddy hell for more weeks than we care to remember. We eat in mud, we sleep in mud, we work in mud, the mud climbs over our shoe tops and into our shoes, and we dream of mud. During this period a world without mud seems inconceivable; a dream without attainment; a luxury with which we associate the civilian life of private bathrooms, clean linen, dry beds.

And as though the rain and mud itself were not sufficient, the daily enemy raids continue. Day raids are no longer frequent, due to our growing fighter opposition. But each day when the sun sets the expected enemy twilight raids begin, lasting sometimes for several hours. These raids are as regular as the coming of nightfall itself, and it is a rare night indeed that does not have at



Gravel from this hill, near the point of our original landing, supplies fill for soupy roads





They may not be dressed in the height of fashion, but these two native "belles" pose with smiling Seabees

least one alert and concomitant blackout, Thanksgiving night being greeted with 37 alerts and air raids.

The raids continue into December, and although they still occur nightly, they diminish in strength. A count has been kept and the last alert was number 392, not all being actual raids but—expected ones. The weeks slide by in their daily routine of mud and raids and the thoughts of the men turn to another Christmas spent overseas. This Christmas differs from last year's. Then we were aboard a troop ship somewhere in the Pacific. Now there are people here—poor, and ragged-looking, true, but still people. It is three years since these natives have had access to any adequate supplies, to clothes, and food, and milk for the babies. We share with them what we can. Nearly all of them speak some sort of pidgin English; and some of them are well-spoken indeed. And there are even a few who are well-educated in every sense of the word: Filipino school teachers, lawyers, writers. Many of these have joined with the guerrilla forces and are truly grateful for the coming of the Americans. The rest of the natives—the workers, the peasants—see in the coming of the Americans a chance to get more food, clothes, milk.

We give them what we can: old clothes, shoes, and cans of powdered milk for the babies. Mothers are grateful and will do much to get the precious milk for their children.

It is not altogether charity which we give to the natives. They work for us. The native women do our laundry, while the men work around the camp in details under Seabees. At the beginning the payment of money is refused. Money is useless to these people who have nothing to buy with the money they earn. They prefer instead the gift of an old mattress cover to cover the nakedness of themselves and their children, to discard their burlap bag



Gls patrol the streets



Street scene, Tacloban style



"'O'lo, Joe!" Youngsters are eager to put their heads to use in serving the Seabees



Getting around town on foot poses a problem



The old jail across the street from our camp held Jap prisoners and native collaborationists



A GI escorts a captured Jap officer to the jail



This smiling collaborationist doesn't appear too unhappy at being exposed



Two former governors of Leyte obligingly pose with E. O. Rayburn (center)

pants and dresses for the clean feel of linen next to their skins. And they want food to eat, milk for their children . . .

Most of the natives are deeply religious and they observe the Christmas holidays with sincere fervor. Many days in advance of Christmas the native youngsters crowd around the camp with their sing-song cry of "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! You got Merry Christmas!" They repeat this chant with childish grins, hands outstretched in expectation of a gift; and are disappointed as only children can be when, on some occasions, the expected gift is not forthcoming.

Despite the handicap of rain and mud, work around the camp's area has progressed well, and now each of our camps has a good galley and mess hall. The food we have is good, and we have an adequate supply of it on hand. To celebrate this second Christmas away from home and our loved ones, the mess halls in each of the camps is decorated with crepe paper bunting to provide whatever holiday spirit we can under the conditions.

For this Christmas dinner the battalion goes all out. There is turkey on the menu, cranberry sauce, pie, nuts, ice cream, coffee and pie, and the commissary department outdoes itself in providing us with the finest dinner we have had in several months.

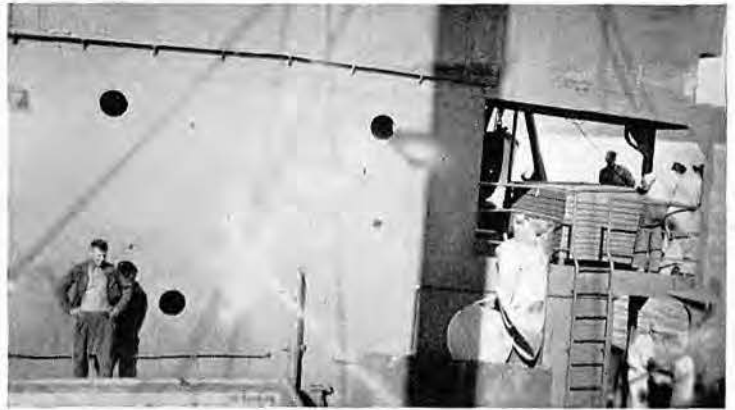
To celebrate Christmas Eve, the Chaplain has arranged a party for the men and the natives to be held in the mess hall. Instruments are dug up from somewhere, and an impromptu band is formed with both Americans and Filipinos. Native men, women and children from the area show



Left behind as the Japs withdrew from the town, these Jap prisoners stand stiffly at attention



Mud may be all right for pigs, but to us it presented a major task during these early days



A Kamikaze-crazy Jap suicide dive was responsible for this damage to our supply Liberty ship

up that night and the Seabees dance American dances with the native girls.

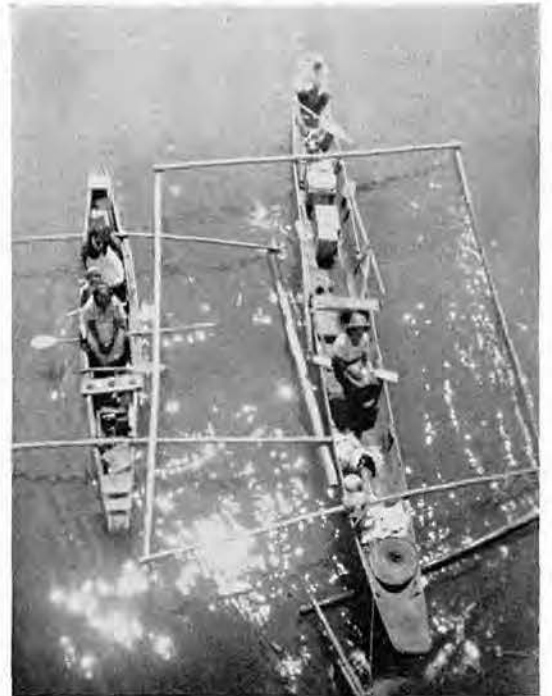
It is this night which the Japanese select for their last strong air attack. The festivities of the evening are in full swing, when suddenly the boom! boom! of the guns gives the warning of air attack. The lights go out in the mess hall and the party continues in the darkness, the band still playing and the men singing. Soon enemy planes, with the familiar sound of their "washing machine" motors, are heard almost directly overhead. Our anti-aircraft shatters the outside silence of the night with a terrific din, and the night sky blazes in a phantasmagoria of yellow tracers criss-crossing overhead. Flak descends on the metal roof of the mess hall in a shower of steel, tinkling off into the night. The women and children scream as the fury of the attack sends them scattering from the mess hall. The men rush outside, too, to see the action, huddling close behind trees or near quick cover. Some of the native women cling to the Seabees for protection. Several of them even attempt to climb into the muddy ditches under the tents—any place, any place that might afford protection, no matter how small.

Soon the attack is over, but not for long, and the planned Christmas Eve party disintegrates as the natives scatter to their homes. It is apparent that the Japs have planned this night as one in which to unleash as powerful attacks of which they are capable, hoping to catch the Americans off guard in their traditional observance of Christmas. Throughout the night the air attacks continue, with few interruptions, and there is not much sleep for anyone.

Although the attacks are not weak ones, this is the last night the Japs are capable of mustering sufficient strength to menace the area. From now on the raids will occur less and less often, until finally they disappear altogether, several weeks later.

At the turn of the year the battalion is ordered moved to a new camp area, some fifty miles distant. Here most of the battalion will be quartered in one camp, with the exception of those few detachments still assigned to other projects.

It is a long, slow process, this moving. It takes several weeks, and the new camp is not ready for us. Once again



A few minutes after this peaceful scene was shot alongside the Liberty ship, the Japs let loose with one of their heaviest raids



In town the natives gather around a distribution center for food



The Filipinos are much better dressed now . . .



. . . the streets more populated



The American flag and Philippine flag appropriately side by side over H. Iden



The Japs left this barge behind. Seabee ingenuity converted it to our use



The barge draws up to the beach for supplies

it must be built from the ground up. But work goes ahead doggedly on it and after a time this new camp emerges as a finished product. And now we come into our reward. This camp, when finished, is the best the 105th has had in all its time overseas. The galley is one of the finest in the Philippines, and officers come from all over the island to inspect and admire it. Later on, other battalions will have galleys and facilities as good as our own; but theirs will be constructed under conditions far more favorable; many of which conditions the 105th itself has made possible. These later battalions will have docking facilities to unload and receive materials. Good roads over which to transport them. Water supplies and pipes laid throughout the area. This is work the 105th has done at the same time it was laying out and constructing the camp. The basis, the groundwork for the area, has been laid; other battalions need only to move in and take advantage of the facilities already provided for them.

This phase of life at our new camp approaches the most luxurious we have known during our time overseas. The men enjoy nightly movies in our own theatre. Beer and cigarettes are frequent. There is a beautiful chapel. Stage shows appear at the 105 Theatre at least once a week. There is a library and recreation hut. For once the men have the good things which they have often read other Seabee battalions have known much or even most of the time.

The 105th has been overseas eighteen months now, and thoughts turn more and more toward going home. Technically, we have become eligible for return to the States, but other battalions have been out longer than we, and they are still here. The principle of "rotation" is published and the men discuss their chances of going home, day and night. Much of what they say is scuttlebutt, but when, during the early part of July, the first few men actually do leave for the States, the spirits of the remainder of the battalion soar. The feeling is prevalent that it will not be long until all the rest of us see home again. We hope, and we wait . . .

The island itself is peaceful, the sounds of war absent. The island has grown from a thick, lush jungle, with no roads, into a great base with an intricate road network, with airfields, and warehouses, and docking facilities. The pressure is off us now; other battalions—many of them from Hawaii—have moved into the area, and our battalion has become one of many.



Thanksgiving in the Philippines means air raids—and turkey!



Newly arrived WACs welcome a chance to share Thanksgiving dinner with us



No fancy stuff here. They wash their own mess gear

Most of us have the feeling that we are not to remain at this camp for very long. The 105th is a nomad battalion apparently: building camps and facilities moving on to new fields. We are not disappointed in our intuition, and once again the battalion receives orders to move to another camp site. This new camp is still barely laid out, but it, too, gives promise of being the best camp of all: bigger and better galley and mess hall, with theatre, chapel, recreation, and for the piece de resistance, flush toilets and hot water showers in the heads.

The new camp lives up to its promise. It is the best camp we have ever had. We are quite isolated, with water transportation being the only way to get in or out of camp. There are no other units near us, but all this has its compensations. The chow lines are never swelled out of proportion to the men we have, seats at the theatre are plentiful, and we are not crowded.

We have plenty of work to keep us busy. Two large projects are assigned to us, both necessary parts of the

huge naval base this is to be. One, a tank farm to store the vital oil to refuel the fleet; and two, a Naval Supply Depot, with warehouses and living quarters. Home looks far away with so much work facing us.

Life in the battalion goes along as usual as we enter the month of August. Work on the tank farm is being pushed, since it is a "rush" project, and scuttlebutt is rearing its ugly head about the battalion going to Japan—or China—or Korea. But there is a new note being added. From Tacloban comes news that the betting is heavy in favor of the war being over in thirty days. It sounds good; too bad it can't be believed.

The feature picture at the movie tonight, 10 August, 1945, is the old classic, "Mutiny on The Bounty." It's a beautiful night. The famous tropical moon is absent, but countless brilliant stars take its place. Soon we have even more illumination. As Clark Gable woos the lovely South Sea maiden (the likes of which we've never seen!), our attention is distracted by searchlights piercing the sky,



Well! Souvenir hunting. R. Dockstader didn't strip this plane by himself. He had plenty of help



The air strip wasn't a very pretty place but we all wanted to see it



It's a good thing D. Shaeffer and P. Manuel aren't taking these as souvenirs



Leyte is secure now and the town returns to normalcy



When we first arrived here Japs were reported in the hills in the background. Now the natives use the galley we left to them in peaceful surroundings

and weaving back and forth in weird patterns. An air raid? But no, the ships in the bay never shot off flares of all colors during a raid before, nor did their blinker lights ever start sending messages when they should have been blacked out. Something bigger and more important than an air raid is taking place. Above the sound from the silver screen, we hear the tinkle of the telephone in the projection booth, and in a moment the sound track is cut off, the public address system comes on, and we hear the familiar voice of Willie Yates, the operator: "Japan has asked the Swiss government to convey to the United States her desire to surrender . . ." There is more to the announcement, but it is drowned in a single roar from a thousand throats, combining joy, relief, thanksgiving, and pride. In spite of details which remain to be ironed out, for us the war is OVER, and all our prayers, hopes, and longings have been fulfilled.

In a moment the theatre is deserted. Many climb the hill where the tanks are being constructed to find that

the men on the job there have been secured for the night by order of the skipper, and are staring in amazement at the splendor in the bay. Rockets, flares, and lights of all colors intermingle in the sky, and now we can see what the message is that the blinkers are sending: "V-J, V-J, V-J . . ." over and over again. It is a night to be remembered, a night of mixed emotions, a night for rejoicing, for thanksgiving and prayer.

Now it is 2300, and in the midst of the rejoicing we hear a few quiet strokes on the chapel bell. There has been no previous announcement, but we all know what it means. We are being called and we go. Men of all faiths—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish—gather in the Chapel By The Sea to offer their thanks for the end of hostilities and a peaceful world to come. The chapel is large but not large enough tonight. Fully as many men are standing outside as are seated within, but there is perfect silence, the chaplain's voice is clear, and all can hear.



Good roads honeycomb the island



Many air strips take the war away from us and closer to the enemy



It is year's end and these carabao at the edge of camp symbolize the peace and serenity which have returned to the island



New Guinea, with the low-lying clouds draped over the hills, looked like this when the Sea Devil entered Milne Bay

# NEW GUINEA



The jungle is an unpleasant place in which to get lost



Two Seabees pause at the roots of one of the giant native trees



Vines as thick as a man's waist dwarf these two Seabees

The service is very simple. We sing the old familiar hymns of Praise and Thanksgiving, Chaplain Mitchell reads from the Psalms and leads us in prayer. The men pray, too, some aloud, some silently, but all with a sincerity and knowledge that their prayers are being heard. A few more hymns and the meeting is over, the Catholics remaining to complete their worship with a Rosary Service. For those of us who can now sleep, the night is ended.

In the morning, work resumes as usual, but events are happening quickly. In a few days the Navy announces its point system for discharges, and 26 men who have the required 44 points are on their way home almost before we know it. More men soon leave, not for home, but for other battalions and smaller units. These are the "casuals," men who were not of the original battalion, but who joined us several months after we came overseas. But they have been with us long enough to form close, lasting friendships, and we are sorry to see them go. With them go others, men who have been with the battalion since its organization, but who wish to see more of the world and are volunteering for duty in China or Japan.

Soon there will be more, many more leaving. Points are now being given for service overseas, and on the basis of 21 months on duty outside the United States,



New Guinea's lush jungles are watered by many picturesque waterfalls and streams. The shallow stream, center, ran behind our camp at Stringer Bay

277 men are eligible for discharge, and are awaiting passage home. The battalion is rapidly being depleted, and is soon to be inactivated. Then, except for records in Washington, memories in the minds of its crew, and the story presented in these pages, the battalion will cease to exist. Our work is over.

The 105th has done its job—or jobs—well and surely. Where these jobs merge, in their small way, into the overall pattern of global war, none of us is prepared to say. Greater and more informed minds than ours can judge whether what we have accomplished has been useful, or has failed of its purpose. We have, simply, performed what we have been called on to do.

But we have done more, too. We have forged memories and experiences in unison. The years which lie ahead cannot fail to bring an inner warmth, a momentary resurgence of memory, at the mention of the 105th, at anything remotely connected with the 105th. This is a bond and a memory which every member of the battalion will carry with him through life as long as memory shall serve him, whether he wills it or not.

It is this bond, forged and welded in sweat and toil, and, yes, in tears, hammered together in the face of enemy air attacks, shared by all alike in mud, in hunger and fatigue, for each man alike but differing only in the degree of personal intensity, differing only in length of time of assignment in the battalion—it is this bond which will exist for always in the name of THE 105TH UNITED STATES NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION.



Nature on the rampage accounted for this scene of overturned equipment and debris after a storm. Below, the swollen stream, with a jeep nearly buried under the turbulent waters







A rustic foot bridge built by natives



Weaving thatched roofs is a native specialty



A native police force patrols a road



This native family poses near a large native building constructed under the white man's supervision



Villages, housing the aborigines, were not far away from camp



The influence of missionaries is seen in the cross and medallion these brown-skinned men wear



Natives on a road at Hilimoi



A dusky mother works while her infant sleeps



The natives dress half GI and the Seabee goes half native



Natives make quick work of a ripe coconut



A group of fuzzy wuzzies dig a ditch for Malaria Control



This youngster scales a tree for a coconut



The natives—better known as "fuzzy wuzzies"—were industrious workers



A proud mother and father beam over their offspring



Head hunters are to be found in New Guinea, but this fellow dresses up for fun



A happy bridal couple



A Seabee plays dad to a Filipino family

# PHILIPPINES



The girls smile and pose in their American dresses



The Filipino women love their finery, as seen at this native wedding



Family units are close knit, and often as many as the above lived in a single house



A native mother takes her young daughter "shopping"



The Filipinos love to dance and attend parties. These occasions brought out party dresses and high heels



The youngsters' clothes seldom reached below the navel



These children were camera shy



A young lass bathes herself in a stream



This one poses daintily



Carrying a heavy load is no trick for this youngster



Chief occupation after the invasion was the washing of GI clothes. Soap had to be supplied for a good job. Price?—  
"You hab mattress cover?"



Undeniably picturesque, homes and villages bred filth and disease after three years of Japanese domination



The houses are built on stilts along streams



Even in the villages the houses are built off the ground



The natives put their heads to use in their pickup and delivery service of GI laundry. There is no ceiling price



No \$65 question here. Fraternization was the rule





A teen-aged native smiles prettily



The "main drag" in a typical Filipino town



This street in town ran right down to the bay



Moving meant taking all their worldly goods with them



This village on the bay was next to our camp



Several of the houses were back in the jungle





Natives preparing palm fronds for thatching



The work horse of the Philippines is the carabao



Commander Mackay swings a deal



Native cart, crude but useful

Filipino women pound rice for food, a main item in their diet



This covered bridge looks out of place on a Filipino highway



Lightning silhouettes the palm fronds during one of many electrical storms



"Everybody loves a Gook!" These natives were the first to paddle out to our Liberty ship



Native boats—dugouts—are the chief mode of transportation due to the lack of roads and irregularities of the coastline. Coral jetties are the only docks in rural areas. The "rock" jutting up in the bay was a landmark at our last camp



# AT HOME



Open air showers are the rule and the water is warmed by the sun, if at all



Washing clothes at Stringer Bay



If the barber's busy we cut each other's hair



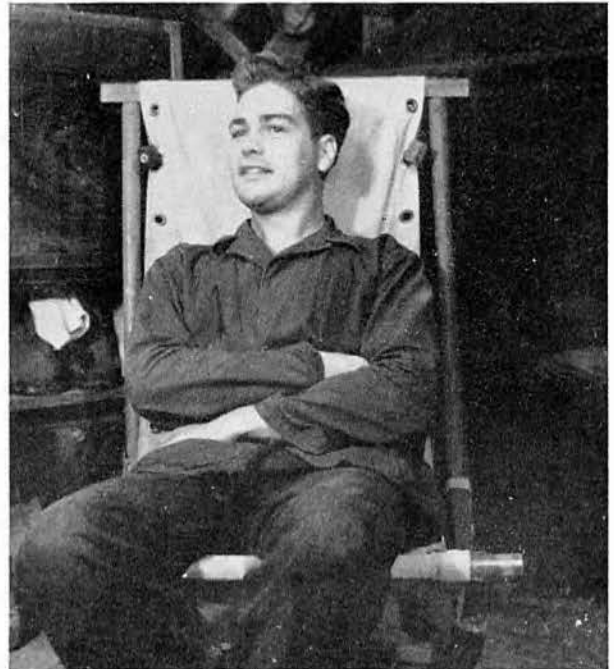
First beer line at Stringer Bay



Party in the Philippines



Interior of one of the many tent workshops



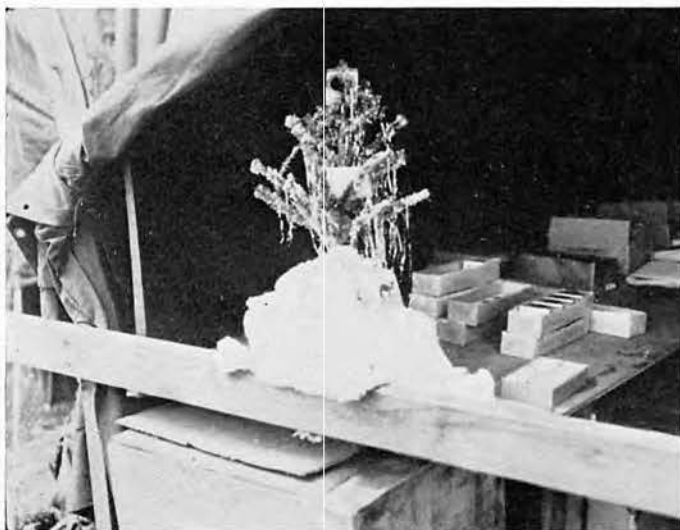
All furniture is Seabee style



Many tense hours are spent at poker



Favorite occupation is letter writing



One of the few manifestations of Christmas



A "hot" game of checkers between experts



A congenial "Seabee family" group



Tent workshop; the watch repairman



The "sack"



"Rotation!" These men hit the jackpot in the first drawing for rehabilitation leave in the States. From left to right: (kneeling) H. R. Doscher, Pete Meget, D. D. Peacock, S. A. Failla, A. V. Casola, G. M. Filo, C. T. Pruitt, O. C. Hawkinson, S. Mikulski; (standing) H. R. Hecker, H. V. Stahlhuth, P. Fox, W. W. Bowles, S. H. Davis, E. R. Robert, C. Miller, E. V. Decker.



First Group of 42ers to leave the battalion. Commander Mackay poses with the first group of men to be sent to the States for discharge under the 42-year-old provision. From left to right: (kneeling) Paul R. Frew, Charles Teresi, Chief George M. Austin, Frank J. Corrigan, Commander Mackay, Thomas H. McAleny, Walter W. Johnson, Chief Wilson; (standing) Edward G. Dachel, Paul Sinderson, Chief Lawrence R. Murphy, Charles M. Frazier, Vernon J. Ahman, Chief Elmer P. Dryden, Chief Walter D. Covington, Chief Royce B. Stevens



This is the second group of 42-year-old men returning to the States for discharge: Left to right: Chief Whitton, Chief McKenzie, E. A. Stowell, W. J. Hammond, Chief Roberts, C. Blackmer, Chief Perkins, C. E. Stanley, O. Rose, Chief De Cosin, E. Hanrahan, F. M. Fish, W. M. Switzer, W. E. Smith



# IN MEMORY

OF OUR FALLEN COMRADES

*Rank 1, fresh tree at work - "Cat"  
breaks accident*

**Arney L. Holloway**

**Herman Varnell Long**

**Robert Glick**

**John Henry Gidlund**

**Richard J. Agnew**

**Albert G. Cote**

*natural death*

*Jap fire*

*drowning*







Officer in Charge, 105th Naval Construction Battalion



Lt. Comdr. F. W. Samuels, MC



Lt. T. G. Mitchell, ChC

**COMMANDER  
A. J. MACKAY  
AND HIS  
STAFF**



Lt. E. J. Laberee, DC



Ensign R. E. Zilly, SC



Ensign J. V. Pement, SC



**EXECUTIVE OFFICER  
Lt. H. T. GRIFFITH, CEC**



Left to right (sitting): Lt. Jones, Lt. Incerti, Lt. Stamps, Lt. Sullenberger, Lt. Gullo, Lt. (jg) Jean, Lt. (jg) Rittenhouse; (kneeling) Lt. (jg) Martin, Lt. (jg) McGoohan, Lt. Comdr. Neal, Comdr. Mackay, Lt. Griffith, C.W.O. Poston, Lt. (jg) Herzog, Lt. (jg) Serby, C.W.O. Muncy, Lt. (jg) Taylor, Lt. (jg) Siems; (standing) C.W.O. Murphy, Lt. (jg) Woods, C.W.O. Rose, Lt. Smith, Lt. Thimsen, Lt. (jg) Brown, Lt. (jg) Helfinger, C.W.O. Goad, C.W.O. Harding



Lt. Comdr. R. Pierce, CEC



Lt. (jg) S. W. Smith, MC

# HEADQUARTERS COMPANY



Lt. (jg) Robert C. Jean CEC  
Company Commander



Lt. (jg) D. K. Serby, CEC

Ensign John C. Wise, CEC



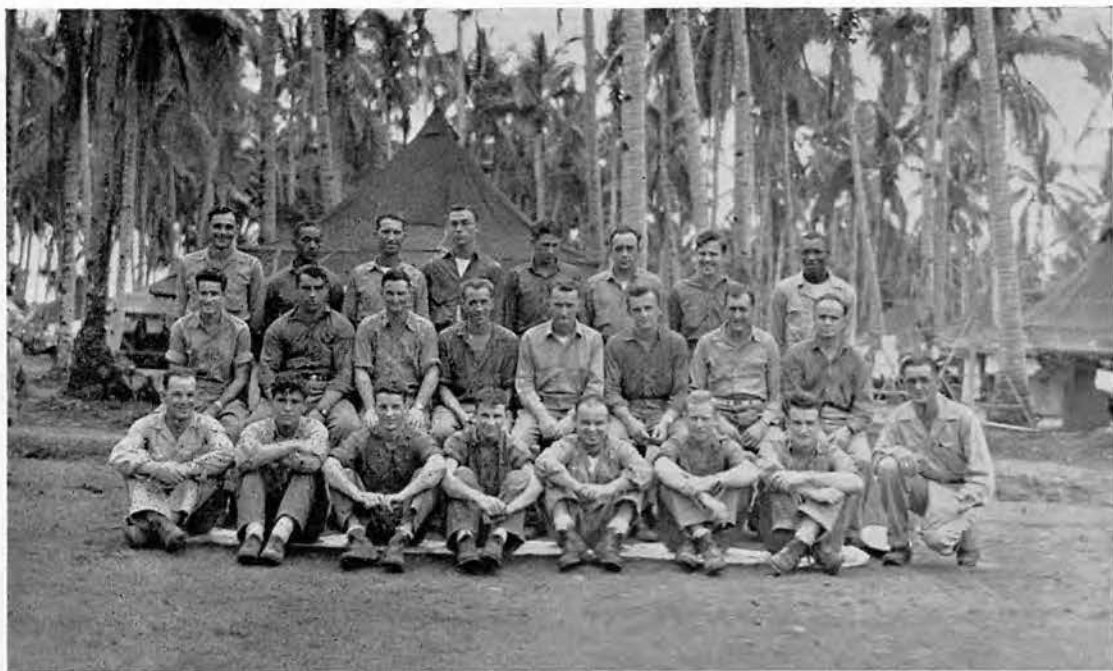
# H · CHIEFS



Left to right: (front row) Wilmont Edwards, Sam E. Emory, Louis A. Ferrari, Kenneth B. Larimer, Leon R. Goble, Hilario Vialpando, Paul H. Gross; (middle row) Dale W. Kagamaster, Willard L. Eberhard, William Davis, George E. Gregory, Phil Karp, Walter B. Berg, Theodore R. Haefeli, Johnnie J. Gothberg, Chief Charles Brown; (back row) Russell B. Blacka, Earl Jones, Arthur W. Lehmann, John G. Anderson, Ernest A. Stittiam, Lowell O. Hill, Samuel Steen, Thomas L. Gould, Toney Ingram, Jack H. General

# H1





# H1

Left to right: (front row) Chief Daniel M. Walthers, Edgar L. Willard, Grover B. Kile, Harry R. Michael, Frank Wilatoski, George N. Meyer, Kenneth Jones, Chief Edmund F. Waide; (middle row) Arthur J. Nobs, Paul I. Tackett, Edward W. Rayburn, Albert M. Johnson, Matthew H. Manns, George J. Svetz, Paul J. Maier, Charles B. Mortimer; (back row) Ignazio J. Picone, Elbert S. Embry, Earl O. Rayburn, Eddie J. Nix, B. F. Webb, Carl A. Rocco, P. M. Stanton, Joseph L. Porter



Left to right: (bottom row) David E. Elsey, James M. Mayes, John R. Taliuaga, Gerard G. Neary, Vincent A. Maurelli, Clifford E. Dunbrack, Jack M. Burke, Wm. Oliver Gordon; (middle row) James E. Showalter, Lester Colin, Joseph E. Jursak, Elliott L. Wilson, Raymond A. Paolozzi, Stanley E. Smith, Fred G. Heflich, Thomas J. Briggs; (top row) Chief Marion Loder, Chief Charles E. Littleton, William A. Orton, Julius C. Jones, Oscar M. Corbett, Cecil H. Preece, Clayton C. Inskeep, Lindell R. Drake, Chief William H. Phillips, Chief Fred Sturzenacker, Chief John T. Selb

# H2

# H3

Left to right: (front row) Eldon Bernard, David A. Aylward, Jr., Charles E. Byram, Jr., William Waggoner, Julius A. Antonelli, Nicholas J. Birmingham, Thomas B. Finneran; (second row) John O. Blevins, Justin T. Freeley, Edward E. Helpman, Lawson Langenheim, John Narduzzo, Frederick H. Serff, Harry Cook, Charles L. Tuckey; (back row) Hubert F. Schmauch, Fred Morse, Jr., Anton J. Balsis, Steven J. Ratkov, Roy W. Bartlett, Ralph L. Jamieson, Alfred J. Furtado, Duane W. Wendle, Robert O. Stout



Left to right: (front row) James P. Pelley, Kenneth R. White, Arthur T. Bodsberg, Joseph Forlani, Andrew Benza, John Boychuk, Adolph J. Jacques, Juan M. Aguilar, Robert A. Nevins; (second row) R. C. Knight, Weldon B. Morphew, Charles R. Eastman, Dale R. Hastay, Eugene C. Dettmering, W. B. Hrydziusko, Frank J. Callan, Clifford Armour, Lawrence M. Jurin; (back row) Chief Charles W. Fagan, Royal P. Southwick, Marvin E. Jefferson, Louis K. Ford, Joseph McGowan, Maurice J. Bearer, Charles S. Arnett, John H. Adams, Melvin G. Riggs, Chief Daniel D. Cottingham

# H4





Ensign A. S. Bass, CEC



Lt. Harvey C. Jones, CEC  
Company Commander



C.W.O. Ernest R. Graham

# 'A' COMPANY





**A5**

Left to right: (bottom row) Elvin E. Bonnin, Leon M. Butler, Leon E. La France, John C. Black, Russell K. White, George L. Ilg, Berton J. Watts, Ray F. Mannon, Luciano J. Cordova; (middle row) Donald C. Akey, Harold J. McCoy, Thomas E. Horner, John E. Belcher, William Syrylo, James K. Irwin, Robert G. Fawcett, Stanley J. Graybeal, Jack Feldon, Chief Joseph L. Sireno; (top row) Roy V. Thompson, Walter M. Hmiel, David Estes, Charles A. Abbott, Clifford L. Brandt, Arthur E. Brehmer, Legrand W. Freeman, Frank A. Lempicki, Theodore Bromley, George B. Rathnau, Alex Hall



Left to right: (bottom row) George J. Constas, George N. Borrner, Charles E. Jalbert, Evo F. Fanucchi, John Ingolia, Russell J. Farranto, Fred J. Lawson, Albert W. Bocko, Harvey A. Whiteaker, Charles R. Watson; (middle row) William D. Fleming, Millard Warner, Thomas F. Wilson, Russell A. Ivanhoe, Hoyd W. Thompson, Charles N. Knox, William F. Brooks, Frank W. Gay, Jerry F. Foster; (top row) John R. Petersen, Arthur V. Lisk, John R. Long, Edward R. Mickelsen, Marvin Houlihan, Charles L. Eck, Thomas E. McDonald, Albert G. Cote, Charlie Hedge, Sherman C. Hulett, Chief Warren B. Mertz

**A6**



Lt. Harry P. Bieber, CEC  
Company Commander



Ens. R. J. Hodge, CEC



C.W.O. R. A. Herzog, CEC



C.W.O. R. C. Poston, CEC

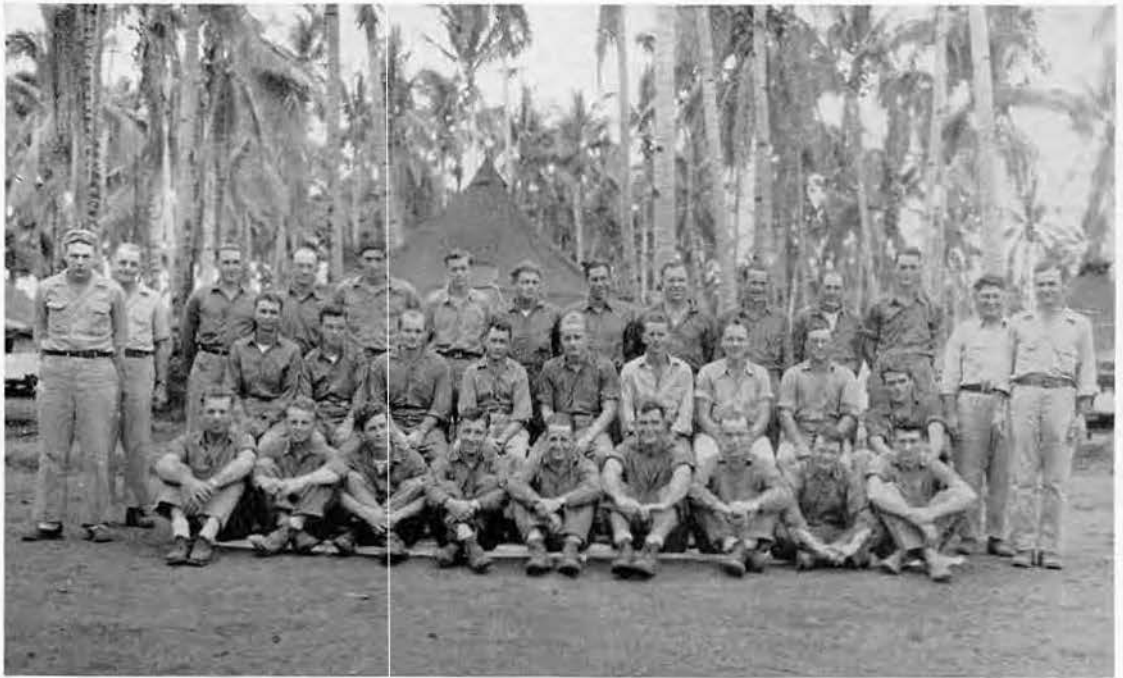
# 'B' COMPANY





# A1

Left to right: (bottom row) Victor W. Curtis, William O. Roper, Johney C. Solomon, Edmund C. Lucas, W. C. Felscher, James N. Hutchinson, Robert W. Keith, Victor Ciardello, Raymond G. Jensen; (middle row) Chief James R. Bauguss, Joseph Krofchik, Garland E. Watkins, Joe H. Spurlock, William N. Bennett, Chester A. Cieslak, Devier H. White, Charles E. Gossage, Maurice A. Cable, Robert W. Hoydell, Chief Ernest C. Campbell; (top row) Chief Frank W. Makinson, John A. Cunniff, George A. Creacy, Glenn R. Speedy, Donald O. So'omon, Ralph Seiler, Frank D. Andrews, Harold T. Bennett, Philip S. Bennett, Moir E. Hines, Milton I. Thompson, Chief J. D. Dobbins



Left to right: (front row) B. J. Pidinkowski, James B. Jones, V. H. Brightbill, Warren E. Porter, Raymond C. Bielik, Reynaldo A. Ochoa, John P. Pignone, Arnold D. Ball, Robert R. Decker; (second row) Chief John J. Gallagher, Alfred M. Foster, Louis Lazarowitz, John J. Kane, Francis E. Corcoran, George A. Beckett, Harry C. Goodan, Richard W. Neal, Quest B. Wood, Harry W. Rennirt, Albert H. Cowsar, Chief George E. Massey; (back row) Chief Donald E. Champagne, Chief Phillip R. Spencer, Howard L. Derbaum, Robert D. Bahr, Carmine Marotta, Clifford C. Peterson, LeRoy D. Frattarola, Lofton H. Barham, Richard B. Marshall, Harlen G. Shaw, Edwin A. Behrens, Chief Carl P. Anderson

# A2



# A 3

Left to right: (front row) James F. Cotton, James Allen, R. I. Dockstader, Albert B. Binder, Louis A. Pavon, Earl W. Whipple, Antone F. Souza, Robert J. Budlow; (second row) Harry M. Bourget, Frank N. Smith, Earl B. Deese, Gregory E. Fazio, Marcuss T. Bauch, Edward J. Call, John P. Foerster, William J. Giebink, Aubrey L. Mounce; (back row) Chief Donald R. Miller, Walter L. Clendenin, Joseph E. Gum, King E. Goldsmith, Robert L. Brawner, Edward J. Hannigan, Adrian A. Yeats, Frank C. Bleyenbergh, Edward A. Gibbs, William R. Hardy, Joseph G. Bokowski, George B. Fieldsend, Chief Birge A. Quimby



Left to right: (bottom row) Melvin O. Plymale, Alfred L. Crockett, G. C. Chiacchiaretti, John F. Helber, Francis G. Donovan, Thomas V. Olive, John G. Tsourianis, Jack Snith, Lloyd B. Curtis; (middle row) Alfred R. Carter, Mac A. Fiebert, James G. Slusher, Max A. Weber, Arthur J. Rourke, Alberton W. Bacon, Tadeusz G. Grabowski, Rose H. Gillen, William Greb; (top row) Calvin S. Bowker, Sherman Chas. Calver, Norbert B. Hahn, L. B. Williamson, Wilford E. Bushman, Herbert Goldman, Claude O. Dotson, Terrence K. Gilseth, Philip R. Heckman, Patrick F. McBride, Chief Francis B. Starr

# A 4



**B1**

Left to right: (front row) Michael V. Molina, John C. Core, Peter Manuel, Sherwood L. Warfel, Joe L. Williamson, Edward C. Fogle, Jack D. Eidson, Ramon F. Burns, Clarence Gates; (second row) Thomas E. Hawkins, Oran W. Stephenson, Melvin L. Luttrell, Leonel Garcia, Walter C. Kraber, Joseph L. Cummings, Isidore Jacobson, Charles W. Crossman, Johnny Hays, Stephen Bagdasarian; (back row) Chief C. E. Chamberlain, Chief Erik E. Haglund, Luther B. Bell, Leland L. McCann, Larry R. Dean, Noble W. Seaman, James H. Stock, Robert L. Huebner, William A. Warren, Emul W. Leftwich, Robert E. Henderson, Herbert S. Broussard, Andrew P. Clifford, Chief Hugo R. Nelson, Chief James W. Shepherd



Left to right: (front row) Raymond Gilliam, Charles H. Johnson, Harry S. Walther, Alfred O. Savage, William T. Beaver, Floyd L. Coyle, Hoyt L. McGee, Lonnie Carter, Henry R. Ferguson; (middle row) Chief Gareld Lubecke, Claude L. Bates, Leroy P. Cote, Chester W. Proppe, Wayne W. Linton, Juan Malpica, Murray Kipnis, Shirl V. Daniel, Rene J. Pelanne; (back row) Chief Nels R. Kjellin, S. J. Oleskiewicz, Henry H. Lewis, George Douglas, Joseph R. Anderson, James K. Neagley, Chief Wilbur Crawford, Chief Mack G. Wade, Chief Wallace N. Lambing

**B2**

Left to right: (front row)-Jacob Harms, Eli Kurzband, Armand Morency, Ellwood C. Wilson, William W. McGloin, Francis May, Lucian W. Marek, Harold S. Sthare, Myron J. Varn; (second row) Louis L. Hebert, Olaf T. Hogg, Angelo A. Amodio, Matthew F. Grassinger, Harold R. Foisy, Joseph A. Veroneau, Lee R. Owens, Paul C. Konicki, John P. Damo, John Kitzmark; (back row) Nathan Miller, Walter L. Bennett, Donald F. Metzler, Clinton D. Haddaway, Charles J. Kaylor, Charles M. Crane, Robert A. Crowell, Charles E. Freeland, Trond O. Fiveland, Robert N. Brundage, Herbert O. Fowler, Ralph E. Garvin, Chief George S. Maugans

**B3**



**B4**

Left to right: (bottom row) Edward H. Wind, John Comperatore, Stanford J. Orsted, George S. Coggeshall, H. G. Williams, Walter J. Kocan, Donald E. Martin, Iver C. Moore, James F. O'Donnell, George F. Osborne; (middle row) Irving C. Ellerman, James A. Maness, Robert F. Rambo, Charles F. Mitchell, Charles E. Holt, Albert W. Mueller, Eugene J. Tranchell, George F. Johnson, Burton D. Nayman; (top row) Chief Elmer J. Hollenberg, Ralph N. Anderson, William H. Files, Roy E. Buttolph, Eugene P. Rolston, Charles W. Havice, Charles H. Ward, Eugene M. Frank, Frank Slimko, Chief Patrick Parks





Left to right: (bottom row) Myron A. Caborn, L. J. Bernier, Wm. Eric Buchanan, Donald F. Spang, A'bert N. Henry, George W. Herndon, Lester C. Kain, Alois J. Essig; (middle row) Chief Alvin E. Pfister, James L. McHugh, Thomas E. Butler, Donald E. Conaway, Herschel J. Amey, Joseph M. Hourihan, Duncan Cameron, Douglas C. Rodgers, Howard L. Sherman, Julian H. Johnson; (top row) Peter L. Lawrence, John W. Gorrell, James A. Raybould, John Long, Joseph Laino, Alfred A. Adams, Arthur J. Conner, Linn A. Pickett, Chief Forrest W. Burns, Lester R. Martin, Chief Ray John Maki

**B5**



Left to right: (front row) Charles G. Bosch, Willis G. Black, Daniel Michalski, Roy E. Canada, Charles D. Cox, Walter H. Lambrecht, Augustus B. Govoni, Irvin G. Martin, Cecil A. Kinney; (middle row) H. H. Ashford, Stanley V. Gall, Marvin C. Davis, Edward A. Henley, Robert F. Krieg, Joseph T. Hauser, William H. Horne, Joseph W. De Tie, James L. Eckhardt; (top row) Chief Rolin S. Oyer, George F. Strager, Joseph A. McKeon, John M. Thornton, Dominic Carlucci, Kasmier Olszewski, Albert Blankenship, Joseph Capan, Richard H. Haralson, Kenneth J. Wixson, Howard F. Hayner, Cecil E. Sutton, Chief Dale O. Ross

**B6**



Lt. (jg) W. M. Martin, CEC



Lt. Joseph M. Incerti, CEC  
Company Commander



C.W.O. L. H. Harding, CEC

# 'C' COMPANY



Left to right: (front row) Richard H. Campbell, Deane R. Hahn, James A. Reid, Earl W. Sando, Thomas J. Rogers, Harold R. McCollister, Ciron V. Lotito, Bernard A. Bieneman; (second row) Peter H. Wilkozek, Paul G. Preach, Joseph Broska, Kara King, Emmett E. Cannon, Delmond B. Hamner, Floyd L. Dent, Charles E. Lennon, Frank Romano, Fred Ledger, Jess V. Branch; (back row) Arthur P. Callahan, Juan V. Buentello, Andy Cantrell, Ernest C. Begent, Robert L. Robinson, Francis G. Moser, Jean D. Johnson, Robert E. Ruddock, Eden F. Nelson, Francis L. Laurich, James H. Whelihan.

C1



C2

Left to right: (front row) C. P. Armstrong, Anthony J. Amato, Alfred Monticelli, James H. Cantrell, Patrick M. Harris, Glispie D. Henson, Milo G. Karr, F. Di Benedetto, John P. Gethin; (second row) Everett E. Miller, Harry A. Metzger, Alfred L. Carreau, George L. Charles, Bert A. Lucas, Guerney Petty, Willard Saxton, Leland L. Robbins, Joseph A. McMahan, Philip D. Chickering, Samuel D. Miller; (back row) Lyndall L. Collins, Harry C. Archer, William P. Wills, Lester F. Sullivan, Alvin J. Wilson, John P. McGuinness, Frank Maynard, Douglas E. Butler, Kindred W. Thomas, Daniel M. Caulder, Chief D. Hanson





**C3**

Left to right: (front row) David C. Irwin, Albert St. Pierre, Price C. Barrett, Charles P. Baletsa, Alford W. Chester, Amedee J. Asselin, Bernard C. Ethridge, John H. Cullinane, Harold H. Dominick; (second row) Louis Ornstein, Howard C. Schwenn, Peter C. Assetta, Ira F. Snyder, Louy H. Glass, George E. Hunt, Henry Iden, Earl H. Littlefield, Frank H. Maloney; (back row) Herman J. Powers, James R. Eaton, Howard S. Henry, Elmer D. Hurlbut, Benjamin F. Boyd, Robert W. Blice, William C. Poston, Voitto W. Jarvi, Elmer C. Shaw, Claude S. Thompson, Edward L. Smith, Chief Joseph O. Belanger



Left to right: (bottom row) Kenneth M. Mathison, Willard Ray Barton, Gordon A. Bergerson, Giles V. Snowden, Roger P. Linder, Delmar M. Israel, William B. Vannett, Ernest L. Meador, Clayton L. Wiles; (middle row) Floyd T. Boyd, R. A. Polakowski, Henry J. Bertram, George A. Bennett, Anthony B. Rusche, E. S. Williamson, Bruno T. Niemasz, Charles F. Welte, John H. Welch; (top row) Chief Matthew J. White, Billy C. Blow, Joseph P. Pucok, Abraham A. Ruffini, Joseph C. Strawitch, Henry Krasnoff, Richard H. Hollinger, Donald E. Nordstrom, Waymon F. Cook, Alva O. Allen, H. St. C. Thompson, Lawrence H. Dever, Langdon H. Bidwell, Chief Wallace L. Skinner

**C4**



# C5

Left to right: (bottom row) Edward J. Mettner, Joseph Bryan, Paul E. Langford, Herbert L. Davis, Richard R. Reising, Alexander Milosh, Harold C. Wellman, Bert E. Stevens, Harland D. Drinan; (middle row) Raymond B. Cowan, Richard H. Blight, Walter F. Schultz, John A. Blasienz, Charles W. Gaines, Marshal A. Faulkner, Charles F. Gantner



Left to right: (front row) Chester V. Jessup, Levi S. Wimberly, Charles E. Wilson, Richard J. Volpe, Roland O. Martineau, Richard A. Simmons, Jerome B. Staubach, John W. Sinclair, George E. Denman; (second row) Morris Klein, Philip E. Weber, Samuel H. Wesley, Linwood E. White, Joseph R. Perkins, John R. Connolly, James T. Boyle, Gordon E. Oglesby, Eugene C. Burt, Amos Boysel, Chief Guy H. Olson; (back row) Chief James F. Hafner, William F. Symons, Peter C. Ward, Edward A. Petrow, Melvin A. Zwicke, John V. Petker, Warren W. Baird, Emmett L. Carter, Edwin S. Bostwick, Theron L. Booth, Fred T. Geddes, Richard H. Devlin, Chief Oscar E. Pearson

# C6





Lt. (jg) T. L. Rittenhouse, CEC



Lt. Arthur von Keller, CEC  
Company Commander



Ens. Charles B. Newbury, CEC



C.W.O. Fred Murphy Jr., CEC



C.W.O. Joseph D. Cowan, CEC

# 'D' COMPANY





Left to right: (front row) Albert H. Robinson, Kenneth A. McGrann, George B. Peterson, Joseph H. Brettbacher, E. H. Braunstein, George G. Brennan, Edward Borges, Samuel L. Knowlton; (second row) Emil J. De Wolf, T. F. Fredenberger, Byron J. Thurston, Vernal K. Kimball, Harold E. Johnston, M. J. Zwiezynski, David B. Shaeffer, Henry J. Lendall; (back row) George J. Van Putten, James R. Crofzer, Stanley E. Sabin, Robert F. Fasbender, K. B. Richardson, James R. Pierce, Theodore Powers, Alfred H. Fluss, William T. Bain, Chief Romeo V. Chagnon

**D1**



Left to right: (front row) Harold J. Becker, Salvatore F. Cancilla, Duane V. Taylor, Robert W. Brown, Joseph A. Hamel, Richmond J. Briggs, Gerald O. Thompson, John R. Cody; (second row) Hamilton M. Fair, David Smith Jr., Ivan S. Root, George S. Wolfe, Walter J. Robinson, Louis Adimare, Edward F. Toland, Hugo Hayenga Jr., Joseph P. Chiavetta, Stanley W. Strand; (back row) Harvey E. Bolton, Elmer W. Combs, Arlo G. Arnett, Willard L. Roaf, Harold J. Thompson, John L. Clayton, Arthur R. Romig, Russell F. Morton, George R. Rausch, Chief W. F. Nack

**D2**

# D 3

Left to right: (front row) Julius Bruck, Robert W. Rockafellow, F. L. McMahon, George R. Summerfield, Rosario G. Contreras, Keith I. Ferguson, Leon S. Anderson, Melvin Price, Samuel M. Pickett, Jesse Comer, Horace G. MacGillivray, Blaine Spicher; (second row) Chief Leonard H. Shafer, Walter P. Furyk, Willie F. Conner, Vernon A. Piper, Joseph F. Frederick, Herman A. Hi'debrand, Thomas M. Hill, Henri R. Proulx, Richard A. Heckman, Vito A. Calianno, Carl H. Greeneberg; Warren P. Chance, Stephen Andruchow, Norman M. Hunt, Richard L. Bradley, Howard E. Foran, John W. Carroll, David R. Gurd, Lawrence P. Linn, William T. Ziegler, Jack S. Belardi, John B. Woodsmall, Chief Louie R. McCarthy



Left to right: (front row) Frank Stecz, Charles F. Hennessey, Godfrey A. Bernier, R. F. Castonguay, Oscar E. Christopher, Hendrix E. Crabtree, Stephen Choma, Richard F. McInerney, Thomas J. Michienzi; (second row) Willis I. Hicks, T. R. Vanderslice, Charles G. Chipman, Francis R. Engle, William A. Blake, Sefton B. Earl, Elija J. Shaw, Charles B. Wood, John D. De Stefano; (back row) Edward R. Casey, Grady K. Hazlewood, Orton H. Fuller, Harland F. Gottbreht, George L. Harvey, Frank E. Rice, Vernon A. Odell, John J. Starnes, Howard A. Prew, Michael A. Pish, Chief Walter E. Bishop

# D 4





**D5**

Left to right: (front row) Richard H. Witt, Eugene M. Sullivan, Arthur G. Klien, John B. Stribling, Armand J. Sabourin, B. F. Randall, Lawrence J. Royea, James W. Robison, John V. Cori, Armand J. Cohodes; (second row) Samuel E. Burns, George Greenberg, John S. Burk, James H. Hall, Earl J. La Coste, James E. Murphy, John G. Laver, John J. Dacey, Steve P. Pastir; (back row) Walter J. Rodrigues, Patrick G. Stock, Joseph G. Sztary, George L. De Hainaut, John E. Atkins, Roland G. Woelfel, William Maunder, Michael D. Madasz, Howard Swineheart, Cecil E. Splawn, Charles C. Herbert, Wesley H. Towle, Chief Robert W. Mitchell



Left to right: (front row) Adam J. Piersal, Henry F. Williams, Raymond Lope, John B. Williams, Joseph R. Doherty, Joseph R. Marsicano, Henry C. McMillin, Orville F. Winagart; (middle row) Ralph S. Zenoski, John E. Courtney, Edward F. Archer, Albert H. Crisci, Joseph G. Utities, Percy Williams, Jim H. Bergner, Jack R. Stanley, Frederick W. Elliott, Chief Frank J. Wotysiak; (back row) George C. Jex, Herman O. Bush, James A. Parsons, Joseph J. Flynn, Melvin F. Beitz, Richard F. Corrigan, David J. Wall, Eugene C. Fletcher, Harold E. Wheeler, Robert R. Varnadore, John Costa

**D6**

# ADDRESSES BY STATES

## OFFICERS

Name	Rank	Corps	Address
ALFRED J. MACKAY . . . . .	Comdr.	CEC	1015 East Fifth Street, Ocala, Florida
ROBERT PIERCE . . . . .	Lieut.-Comdr.	CEC	64 East End Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.
FRANK W. SAMUELS . . . . .	Lieut.-Comdr.	MC	443 Roberts Street, Reno, Nevada
HERBERT T. GRIFFITH . . . . .	Lieut.	CEC	1909 - 3rd Avenue, W., Seattle, Wash.
PHILIP D. WEEMS . . . . .	Lieut.	MC	1556 - 7th Street, Portsmouth, Ohio
THOMAS G. MITCHELL . . . . .	Lieut.	ChC	Homeland, Florida
ARTHUR W. KELLER . . . . .	Lieut.	CEC	1136 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
HARRY P. BIEBER . . . . .	Lieut.	CEC	2400 No. Cherokee, Tulsa, Oklahoma
HARVEY C. JONES . . . . .	Lieut.	CEC	Albuquerque, New Mexico
JOSEPH M. INCERTI . . . . .	Lieut.	CEC	858 Clayton Street, San Francisco, Cal.
EDWIN J. LABEREE . . . . .	Lieut.	DC	319 W. 7th Street, Winona, Minnesota
ARNOLD STAMPS . . . . .	Lieut.	SC	1274 Monterey, Berkeley 6, California
RILEY P. SMITH . . . . .	Lieut.	SC	Lawrenceville, Georgia
JEROME J. ORGEL . . . . .	Lieut.	DC	428 Mineola Blvd., Williston Park, N. Y.
UDELL S. THIMSEN . . . . .	Lieut.	MC	1215 Fisher Avenue, East St. Louis, Ill.
ROBERT C. JEAN . . . . .	Lieut. (ig)	CEC	Anna, Illinois
WILLIAM M. MARTIN . . . . .	Lieut. (ig)	CEC	548 - 4th Avenue, So. Clinton, Iowa
THOMAS L. RITTENHOUSE . . . . .	Lieut. (ig)	CEC	Williams, Arizona
JOHN L. SIEMS . . . . .	Lieut. (ig)	CEC	2819 Goodwood Road, Baltimore, Md.
E. C. BROWN . . . . .	Lieut. (ig)	CEC	1514 Caledonia St., La Crosse, Wisconsin
WILLIAM M. McGOOHAN . . . . .	Lieut. (ig)	CEC	38 Marginal Street, Lowell, Massachusetts
DAVID K. SERBY . . . . .	Lieut. (ig)	CEC	64 Kensington Road, Bronxville, N. Y.
STEDMAN W. SMITH . . . . .	Lieut. (ig)	MC	Mead Point Drive, Greenwich, Conn.
RAY G. WOODS . . . . .	Lieut. (ig)	CEC	278 N. 3rd Street, Memphis, Tennessee
AUBREY S. BASS . . . . .	Ensign	CEC	5308 Caledonia Road, Richmond, Va.
RAYMOND J. HODGE . . . . .	Ensign	CEC	45-39 - 194th Street, Flushing, N. Y.
CHARLES B. NEWBURY . . . . .	Ensign	CEC	1533 - 16th Street, San Pedro, California
JACQUES V. PEMENT . . . . .	Ensign	SC	Manteno, Illinois
JOHN C. WISE . . . . .	Ensign	CEC	Everson, Pennsylvania
RALPH E. ZILLY . . . . .	Ensign	SC	Aurora, Illinois
JOSEPH D. COWAN . . . . .	Ch. Carp.	CEC	3372 Seminole, Southgate, California
ERNEST R. GRAHAM . . . . .	Ch. Carp.	CEC	75 Ledgelawn Avenue, Bar Harbor, Maine
LEWIS H. HARDING . . . . .	Ch. Carp.	CEC	Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania
FRED MURPHY, JR. . . . .	Ch. Carp.	CEC	336 Prairie Avenue, Providence, R. I.
RUFUS C. POSTON . . . . .	Ch. Carp.	CEC	36 Columbia Avenue, Ballston Spa, N. Y.
RUDOLPH A. HERZOG . . . . .	Ch. Carp.	CEC	15946 South Halldale Ave., Gardena, Cal.
HENRY L. ROSE . . . . .	Ch. Carp.	CEC	Box 275, Alto, Texas
DEWEY LITTLEJOHN . . . . .	Carp.	CEC	831 Rosalind Avenue, Yuba City, Cal.

## ALABAMA

BLACK, Willis T. G., 570 Houston Street, Alexander City  
 BOYD, Floyd Thomas, 902 Pine Avenue, Huntsville  
 CARROLL, John W., 302 Royal Avenue, Florence  
 CHRISTOPHER, Oscar Elmore, Butler  
 COALSON, Ordway O., Birmingham  
 DENMAN, George Emmett, Route 4, Birmingham

DOBBINS, J. D., 1004 South Hull Street, Montgomery  
 GLASS, Louy Howard, Route 2, Owens Crossroads, Florence  
 GRAHAM, Charles F., Florence  
 HENSON, Glispie Dalton, 510 North Pine St., Florence  
 McDONALD, Thomas Edwin, York  
 WILLIAMSON, Joe K. L., Route 4, Box 111, Anniston

## ARIZONA

GAINES, Charles Walton, 432 East 30th Street, Tucson  
 HINES, M. E., Route 5, Box 177, Tucson  
 MOIR, Walter David, 1080 East Oak Street, Globe

MOLINA, M. V., R. D. Box 166, Somerton  
 OCHOA, Reynaldo A., 1012 - 7th Avenue, Tucson  
 SMITH, Walter Ernest, 931 - 9th Street, Douglas

## ARKANSAS

BARHAM, Lofton H., 1912 Rice Street, Little Rock  
 CLAYTON, John Lafayette, Route 1, Dover  
 CRABTREE, Hendrix Earl, Eudora  
 ETHRIDGE, B. C., 420 Spring Street, Little Rock  
 HANSHEW, Hoyt D., Harmony

HENDERSON, Robert E., 623 Warner Avenue, Jonesboro  
 PHILLIPS, Claude C., Damascus  
 ROBINSON, Robert L., 412 North College Street, Stuttgart  
 SHANKS, Riley H., Blytheville  
 THOMPSON, Hoyt W., Moorefield

## CALIFORNIA

BAHR, Robert D., 3111 North "E" Street, Stockton  
BALL, Arnold D., 2322 "E" Street, San Diego  
BARTLETT, Roy Wilson, Box 73, Leevining  
BEAVER, William T., Laguna Beach  
BEGENT, Ernest Catten, 189 Precita Avenue, San Francisco  
BELARDI, Jack S., 577 Haight Street, San Francisco  
BLEDSOE, Maynard, 1621 Malcolm Avenue, Los Angeles  
BLEVINS, John O., 1320 "F" Street, Marysville  
BRANCH, Jess Virgil, 905 West 1st Street, Santa Ana  
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## NEW YORK

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NEUMAN, Ernest O., 210 South Gael Street, Centralia  
PERKINS, Laurence, Oroville  
PETERSEN, John Richard, 1216 South State, Tacoma  
POSTON, William C., 2338 South Sprague, Tacoma  
SUTTON, Cecil Everett, Porter  
WHEELER, Harold E., P. O. Box 72, Leavenworth  
WILLIAMS, John Berton, 4102 California Avenue, Seattle  
WORLEY, Wayne, 5547 - 30th Street, Seattle

## WEST VIRGINIA

- ANDERSON, Joseph R., 150 Bruce Street, Bluefield  
BROWN, Charles, Mount Hope  
CLEDENIN, W. L., Charleston  
GUM, Joseph E., 607 Ohio Avenue, Park  
MASSEY, George Elbert, 1545 1/2 East Washington Street, Charleston  
MAYES, James M., 1004 Hunt Avenue, Charleston  
PLYMALE, Melvin O., 524 West 27th Street, Huntington  
RIGGS, Melvin G., R. F. D. 2, Prichard  
SPAULDING, Theodore R., 1814 Walnut Street, Kenova  
STOUT, Robert O., 7514 Plum Street, Parkersburg  
SYRYLO, William, 3911 Wetsel Street, Wheeling

## WISCONSIN

- BRANDT, Clifford Leon, Lost Land Lake Lodge, Hayward  
BROWN, Raymond Neal, 1810 Center Street, Racine  
BUDLOW, Robert Jack, Route 3, Box 49, Blair  
DACHEL, Edward George, 224 Bellinger Street, Eau Claire  
FURYK, Walter P., Hurley  
GORELL, John William, c/o Mrs. Kelley,  
1315 Hodgeboom Avenue, Eau Claire  
GOTTBREHT, Harland Fred, Spooner  
HELGERSON, Harry L., 106 N. Monroe Avenue, Green Bay  
JOHNSON, J. D., De Forest  
LAMBRECHT, Walter Harry, 1375-A N. 72nd Street, Wauwatosa  
McGARRY, Harold Joseph, 3759 S. Kansas Avenue, Milwaukee  
MATHISON, Kenneth Martin, 2930 Union Street, Madison  
NIMSGER, Wayne A., 828 - 1st Avenue, Eau Claire  
SCHWENN, Howard Charles, 11 N. Franklin Street, Madison  
WATTS, Berton J., 949 1/2 Main Street, Eau Claire

## WYOMING

- COLLINS, Lyndall L., Riverton  
CREACY, George A., 107 Jackson Avenue, Riverton  
ROSS, Dale O., c/o R. Hurley, Midwest  
SPENCER, Phillip R., Riverton

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

- HUNT, George E., 7 Brandeywine Street, S. E.  
SANFORD, Frank Peter, 1424 R Street, N. W.

## CANADA

- GILLIAM, Raymond, 39 Rodman Street, St. Catherines, Ontario



# BATTALION ROSTER and INDEX

	CO.	PROJECT	STATE		CO.	PROJECT	STATE
ABBOTT, Charles A.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	New Hampshire	BECKNER, Emory D.	A-6	Transferred	Virginia
ACKENBRACK, Charles M.	B-1	Gen'l Const.	New York	BEELER, Carl E.	C-4	Transferred	Kentucky
ADAMS, Alfred A.	B-5	Electrical	New Jersey	BEERS, Robert E.	C-4	Malaria Control	Pennsylvania
ADAMS, John H.	H-4	Heavy Equip.		BEGENT, Ernest C.	C-1	Heavy Equip.	California
ADIMARE, Louis	D-2	Gen'l Const.	Ohio	BEHRENS, Edwin A.	A-2	Gen'l Const.	Texas
AGNEW, Richard J.	A-3	Deceased	Massachusetts	BEITZ, Melvin F.	D-6	Gen'l Const.	Maryland
AGUILAR, Juan M.	H-4	Cement	New Mexico	BELANGER, Joseph O.	C-3	Water Purific't'n	New Hampshire
AHMAN, Vernon J.	B-4	Heavy Equip.		BELARDI, Jack S.	D-3	Plumbing	California
AKEY, Donald C.	A-5	Gen'l Equip	New York	BELCHER, John E.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Virginia
ALEXANDER, John E.	C-3	OOD's Office	Texas	BELL, Luther B.	B-1	Transportation	Florida
ALLEN, Alva O.	C-4	Galley	Missouri	BENNETT, George A.	C-4	Water Transp.	
ALLEN, Hubert A.			Texas	BENNETT, Harold T.	A-1	Refrigeration	Ill'inois
ALLEN, James Jr.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania	BENNETT, Marshal O.	A-4	Transferred	Illinois
AMATO, Anthony J.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	New York	BENNETT, Philip S.	A-1	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
AMEY, Herschel J.	B-5	Transportation	Pennsylvania	BENNETT, Walter L.	B-3	Plumbing	Missouri
AMODIO, Angelo A.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	New York	BENNETT, William N.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	Illinois
ANDERSON, Carl P.	A-2	Carpenter Shop	Nebraska	BENZA, Andrew Jr.	H-4	Ship's Service	Pennsylvania
ANDERSON, John G.	H-1	Steward	Illinois	BERARDINO, Silvio A.	B-5	Saw Mill	Massachusetts
ANDERSON, Jos. R.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	West Virginia	BERG, Robert L.	B-2	Transferred	
ANDERSON, Leon S.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Oklahoma	BERG, Walter B.	H-1	Galley	Illinois
ANDERSON, Leonard S.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Minnesota	BERGERSON, Gordon A.	C-4	Gen'l Const.	North Dakota
ANDERSON, Ralph N.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	Rhode Island	BERGLOFF, Lawrence	D-5	Transferred	
ANDREWS, Frank D.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	New York	BERGNER, Jim H.	D-6	Welding	Illinois
ANDRUCHOW, Stephen	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Rhode Island	BERNARD, Eldon	H-3	Ship's Service	Ohio
ANTONELLI, Julius A.	H-3	Censor	New York	BERNIER, Godfrey A.	D-4	Heavy Equip.	Illinois
ARCHER, Edward F.	D-6	Plumbing		BERNIER, Lucien J.	B-5	Gen'l Const.	Rhode Island
ARCHER, Harry C.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	New York	BERTRAM, Henry J.	C-4	Gen'l Const.	Illinois
ARMOUR, Clifford	H-2	Medical	Illinois	BIDWELL, Langdon H.	C-4	Gen'l Const.	
ARMSTRONG, Clarence P.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	Ohio	BIELIK, Raymond C.	A-2	Transportation	Missouri
ARNETT, Arlo G.	D-2	Communications	Indiana	BIENEMAN, Bernard A.	C-1	Photography	Illinois
ARNETT, Charles S.	H-4	Transportation		BINDER, Albert B.	A-3	Cement	New York
ASHFORD, Hollis H.	B-6	Plumbing	Texas	BIONDI, Harry M.	D-2	Transferred	
ASSELIN, Amedee Jr.	C-3	Water Transp.	Massachusetts	BIRMINGHAM, Nicholas J.	H-3	Engineering	New York
ASSETTA, Peter C.	C-3	Gen'l Const.	New York	BISHOP, Walter E.	D-1	Transportation	Illinois
ATKINS, John E.	D-5	Heavy Equip.	Washington	BLACK, John C.	A-5	Transportation	Utah
AUSTIN, George M.	D-4	Transferred	Virginia	BLACK, Willis G.	B-6	Rigging	Alabama
AYLWARD, David A. Jr.	H-3	Laundry	Massachusetts	BLACKA, Russell B.	H-1	Galley	
				BLACKMER, Carl A.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Michigan
BACON, Alberton W.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts	BLAKE, William A.	D-4	Transportation	Pennsylvania
BAGDASARIAN, Stephen	B-1	Rigging	Massachusetts	BLANCHARD, William H.	C-4	Armory	Massachusetts
BAHR, Robert D.	A-2	Transportation	California	BLANKENSHIP, Albert	B-6	Plumbing	North Carolina
BAIN, William T.	D-1	Electrical	Pennsylvania	BLASIENZ, John A.	C-5	Gen'l Const.	Texas
BAIRD, Warren W.	C-6	Heavy Equip.		BLEDSE, Maynard	H-3	Transferred	California
BALESA, Chas. P.	C-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	BLEVINS, John O.	H-3	Engineering	California
BALL, Arnold D.	A-2	Heavy Equip.	California	BLEYENBERG, Frank C.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Missouri
BALSIS, Anton J.	H-3	Ship's Service	Illinois	BLICE, Robert W.	C-3	Galley	Ohio
BARHAM, Lofton H.	A-2	Welding	Arkansas	BLIGHT, Richard H.	C-5	Gen'l Const.	
BARRETT, Price C.	C-3	Transportation	Texas	BLOW, Billy C.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	Tennessee
BARTLETT, Roy W.	H-3	Transportation	California	BOCKO, Albert W.	A-6	Cement	Pennsylvania
BARTON, Willard R.	C-4	Malaria Control	Virginia	BODSBERG, Arthur T.	H-4	Heavy Equip.	Minnesota
BASILONE, John	A-2		Ohio	BOGGS, Edward	B-	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
BATES, Claude L.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Oklahoma	BOKOWSKI, Joseph G.	A-3	Heavy Equip.	Illinois
BAUCH, Marcus T.	A-3	Heavy Equip.	Washington	BOLTON, Harvey E.	D-2	Plumbing	
BAUGHER, Irwin L.	B-2	Transferred	Missouri	BONNIN, Elvin E.	A-5	Heavy Equip.	Texas
BAUGUSS, James R.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	North Carolina	BOOTH, Theron L.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Michigan
BAUSERMAN, Fred A.	C-6	Guard	Iowa	BORGES, Edward	D-1	Heavy Equip.	
BEARER, Maurice J.	H-4	Transportation	Pennsylvania	BORRNER, George N.	A-6	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
BEAVER, William T.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	California	BOSCH, Charles G.	B-6	Transportation	Pennsylvania
BECKER, Harold J.	D-2	Heavy Equip.		BOSTWICK, Edwin S.	C-6	Galley	
BECKETT, George A.	A-2	Heavy Equip.	Connecticut	BOURGET, Harry M.	A-3	Cement	Oregon

	CO.	PROJECT	STATE		CO.	PROJECT	STATE
BOWERS, Adrian S.	B-3	Galley Main.	Pennsylvania	CANTRELL, James H.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	South Carolina
BOWKER, Calvin S.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts	CAPAN, Joseph	B-6	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
BOWLES, William W.	C-6	Galley	Virginia	CARLIN, Meyer R.	D-6	Guard	California
BOYCHUK, John	H-4	Ship's Service	Pennsylvania	CARLUCCI, Dominic	B-6	Heavy Equip.	California
BOYD, Benjamin F.	C-3	Ship's Service	Ohio	CARRAWAY, Thomas	H-3	Transferred	
BOYD, Floyd T.	C-4	Ship's Service	Alabama	CARREAU, Alfred L.	C-2	Cement	New Hampshire
BOYLE, James T.	C-6	Transportation	Pennsylvania	CARROLL, John W.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Alabama
BOYSEL, Amos	C-6	Plumbing	Ohio	CARTER, Alfred R.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Oklahoma
BRADLEY, Richard L.	D-3	Guard	Texas	CARTER, Emmett L.	C-6	Plumbing	
BRANCH, Jess V.	H-4	M.A.A.	California	CARTER, Lonnie	B-2	Plumbing	Missouri
BRANDT, Clifford L.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Wisconsin	CARTER, Norman D.	D-5	Transferred	New York
BRAUNSTEIN, Emanuel	D-1	Gen'l Const.	New York	CASEY, Edward R.	D-4	Cement	New York
BRAWNER, Robert L.	A-3	Plumbing	Tennessee	CASOLA, Anthony V.	A-2	Heavy Equip.	New York
BREHMER, Arthur E.	A-5	Carpenter Shop	Minnesota	CASTLE, Frederick V.	C-1	Electrical	Illinois
BRENNAN, George G.	D-1	Gen'l Const.	New York	CASTO, Basil O.	D-2	Transferred	
BRESNAHAN, Henry J.	B-3	Transferred	Michigan	CASTONGUAY, Richard F.	D-4	Transportation	Massachusetts
BRETTNACHER, Joseph H.	D-1	Gen'l Const.	Indiana	CATLETTE, Russell W.	A-6	Heavy Equip.	North Carolina
BREWSTER, Donald M.	B-6	Transportation		CAULDER, Daniel M.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	South Carolina
BRIGGS, Richmond J.	D-2	Transportation		CENCI, Anthony V.			New York
BRIGGS, Thomas J.	H-2	Disbursing	South Dakota	CHAGNON, Romeo V.	D-1	Gen'l Const.	New Hampshire
BRIGHTBILL, Verling H.	A-2	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania	CHAMBERLAIN, C. E., Jr.	B-1	Transportation	Oregon
BROMLEY, Theodore	A-5	Transportation	New York	CHAMBERS, Olen N.	A-4	Galley Main.	Texas
BROOKS, William F. Jr.	A-6	Welding	Massachusetts	CHAMPAGNE, Donald E.	A-2	Gen'l Const.	New York
BROSKA, Joseph	C-1	Electrical	Massachusetts	CHANCE, Warren P.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Minnesota
BROUSSARD, Herbert St. J.	B-1	Transportation	Louisiana	CHAPMAN, William G.	A-4	Transferred	Michigan
BROWN, Andrew F.	D-2	Saw Mill	Ohio	CHAPPLE, Kenneth E.	D-4	Transportation	Tennessee
BROWN, Charles	H-1	Commissary	West Virginia	CHARLES, George L.	C-2	Rigging	North Carolina
BROWN, Henry B.	C-5	Gen'l Const.		CHEATWOOD, Y. W.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	Louisiana
BROWN, Raymond N.	C-5	Transferred	Wisconsin	CHESTER, Alford W.	C-3	Gen'l Const.	
BROWN, Robert W.	D-2	Cement		CHIACCHIARETTI, Guy C.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	New York
BRUCK, Julius	D-3	Gen'l Const.	California	CHIAVETTA, Joseph P.	D-2	Cement	Pennsylvania
BRUNDAGE, Robert N.	A-4	Malaria Control	New Jersey	CHICKERING, Philip D.	C-2	Cement	Massachusetts
BRYAN, Joseph	C-5	Transportation	Texas	CHIPMAN, Charles G.	D-4	Heavy Equip.	Oregon
BUCHANAN, William E.	B-5	Heavy Equip.	New York	CHOMA, Stephen	D-4	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
BUDLOW, Robert J.	A-3	Heavy Equip.	Wisconsin	CHRISTOPHER, Oscar E.	D-4	Gen'l Const.	Alabama
BUENTELLO, Juan V.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	Texas	CIARDELLO, Victor	A-1	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts
BUERKETT, Emmett R.	C-5	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	CIESLAK, Chester A.	A-1	Welding	Missouri
BUNNELL, Frank E.	B-5	Gen'l Const.		CLAYTON, John L.	D-2	Guard	Arkansas
BURK, John S.	D-5	Heavy Equip.	Nebraska	CLENDENIN, Walter L.	A-3	Plumbing	West Virginia
BURKE, Jack M.	H-2	Personnel	Oregon	CLIFFORD, Andrew P.	B-1	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
BURKE, William H.	A-1	Transferred	New York	CLOUGH, Homer A.	B-1	Heavy Equip.	Illinois
BURNETT, Henry H.	A-6	Transferred	Massachusetts	COALSON, Ordway C.			Alabama
BURNS, Forrest Wm.	B-5	Water Purific't'n	Massachusetts	CODY, John R.	D-2	Transportation	North Carolina
BURNS, Ramon F.	B-1	Communications	Illinois	COGGESHALL, George S.	B-4	Recreation	Illinois
BURNS, Samuel E. Sr.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	Mississippi	COHODES, Armand J.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	Illinois
BURT, Eugene C.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	California	COLE, Russell H.	D-1	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts
BUSH, Herman O.	D-6	Welding	Indiana	COLEMAN, Gerald T.	A-2	Transferred	
BUSHMAN, Wilford E.	A-4	Supply	Illinois	COLIN, Lester	H-2	Recreation	California
BUTLER, Douglas E.	C-2	Transportation		COLLINS, Lyndall L.	C-2	Plumbing	Wyoming
BUTLER, Leon M.	A-5	Heavy Equip.	Kansas	COLLINS, William P.	D-2	Guard	
BUTLER, Thomas E., Jr.	B-5	Communications	Illinois	COMBS, Elmer W.	D-2	Gen'l Const.	Kentucky
BUTTOLPH, Roy E.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	Ohio	COMER, Jesse Jr.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	
BYRAM, Charles E. Jr.	H-3	Engineering	Massachusetts	COMPERATORE, John	B-4	Transportation	Pennsylvania
BYRD, Floyd	C-4	Saw Mill	Tennessee	COMRIE, Francis W.	B-1	Transferred	New York
				CONAWAY, Donald E.	B-5	Transportation	Iowa
CABLE, Maurice A.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	Ohio	CONDON, John B.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	New York
CABORN, Myron A.	B-5	Water Purific't'n	Ohio	CONNER, Arthur J.	B-5	Gen'l Const.	Tennessee
CALIANNO, Vito A.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania	CONNER, Willie F.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Virginia
CALL, Edward J.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Indiana	CONNOLLY, John R.	C-6	Transportation	Connecticut
CALLAN, Frank J.	H-4	Transportation	Massachusetts	CONSTAS, George J.	A-6	Heavy Equip.	Ohio
CALLAHAN, Arthur P.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	Tennessee	CONTRERAS, Rosario G.	D-3	Cement	
CALVER, Sherman C.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Connecticut	CONWAY, John M.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	
CALVERT, George			Oregon	COOK, Harry	H-3	Engineering	Mississippi
CAMERON, Duncan A.	B-5	Heavy Equip.	Idaho	COOK, Waymon F.	C-4	Transportation	Georgia
CAMPBELL, Ernest C.	A-1	Welding	Texas	COOK, William E.	A-2	Welding	Texas
CAMPBELL, Richard H.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	Maryland	CORBETT, Oscar M.	H-2	Post Office	North Carolina
CANADA, Roy E.	B-6	Gen'l Const.		CORCORAN, Francis E.	A-2	Gen'l Const.	New York
CANCILLA, Salvatore F.	D-2	Plumbing	Nevada	CORDOVA, Luciano J.	A-5	Plumbing	Massachusetts
CANNON, Emmett E.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	Mississippi	CORE, John C.	B-1	Heavy Equip.	Iowa
CANTRELL, Andy	C-1	Gen'l Const.	Virginia	CORI, John V. Jr.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	New York

	CO.	PROJECT	STATE		CO.	PROJECT	STATE
CORNELIUS, Lawrence A.	H-1	Transferred		DI BENEDETTO, Francesco	C-2	Gen'l Const.	Rhode Island
CORRIGAN, Frank J.	A-5	Transferred	New York	DIEBALL, Rosslyn C.	B-3	Guard	Ohio
CORRIGAN, Richard F.	D-6	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	DILLY, Lawrence A.	B-3	Saw Mill	Minnesota
COSTA, John	D-6	Carpenter Shop	Massachusetts	DINSMORE, Kenneth J.	A-3	Transferred	
COSTANTINO, Dante	C-1	Transferred		DLUZNIIEWSKI, Joseph S.	A-2	Galley	Connecticut
COTE, Albert G.	A-6	Water Transp.		DOBBINS, J. D.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	Alabama
COTE, Leroy P.	B-2	Heavy Equip.	Minnesota	DOCKSTADER, Raymond I.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Illinois
COTTINGHAM, Daniel D.	H-4	Transportation	South Carolina	DOHERTY, Joseph R.	D-6	Transportation	
COTTON, George H.	A-6	Transferred		DOMINICK, Harold H.	C-3	Water Purific't'n	Massachusetts
COTTON, James F.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Texas	DONALDSON, Edward J.	A-1	Transferred	New York
COURTNEY, John E.	D-6	Gen'l Const.	Louisiana	DONOVAN, Francis G.	A-4	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
COVINGTON, Walter D.	B-6	Transferred		DOOLEY, Michael G.	D-1	Gen'l Const.	New York
COWAN, George P.	C-6	Transferred	Montana	DOSCHER, Howard R.	A-6	Transportation	New York
COWAN, Raymond B.	C-5	Heavy Equip.	Tennessee	DOTSON, Claude O.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Virginia
COWSAR, Albert H.	A-2	Heavy Equip.	California	DOUGLAS, George	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Rhode Island
COX, Charles D. Jr.	B-6	Plumbing	Texas	DRAKE, Lindell R.	H-2	Photography	California
COYLE, Floyd L.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Missouri	DRINAN, Harland D.	C-5	Transportation	Massachusetts
CRABTREE, Hendrix E.	D-4	Gen'l Const.		DRYDEN, Elmer P.	B-3	Electrical	Pennsylvania
CRANE, Charles M.	B-3	Saw Mill	Massachusetts	DUNBRACK, Clifford E.	H-2	Supply	Massachusetts
CRAWFORD, Wilbur	B-2	Plumbing	Texas	DYORAK, George R.	B-1	Electrical	Iowa
CREACY, George A.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	Wyoming	DZIEDZIC, John J.	H-3	Transferred	Michigan
CREAM, Charlie C.	H-4	Transportation	Texas				
CRENSHAW, Paul F.	D-6	Transferred	North Carolina	EARL, Sefton B.	D-4	Heavy Equip.	
CRISCI, Albert H.	D-6	Gen'l Const.	New York	EASTMAN, Charles R.	H-4	Transportation	Massachusetts
CROCKETT, Alfred L.	A-4	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania	EATON, James R.	C-3	Electrical	California
CROMBIE, Walter A.	B-5	Saw Mill	California	EBERHARD, Willard L.	H-1	Galley	Illinois
CROSSMAN, Charles W.	B-1	Electrical	Virginia	EBERHARD, T. Mattie J.	B-2		
CROTZER, James R.	D-1	Electrical	Illinois	ECK, Charles L. Sr.	A-6	Guard	Pennsylvania
CROWELL, Robert A.	B-3	Plumbing	Pennsylvania	ECKHARDT, James L.	B-6	Guard	New Jersey
CUELLAR, Ramon Jr.	C-5	Transportation	Texas	EDDLESTON, Clifford	C-2	Transferred	
CULLINANE, John H. Jr.	C-3	Gen'l Const.	New Jersey	EDWARDS, Wilmont	H-1	Steward	California
CUMMINGS, Joseph L.	B-1	Paint Shop	New York	EIDSON, Jack D.	B-1	M.A.A.	South Carolina
CUNNIFF, John A.	A-1	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	ELDER, Maurice C.	H-1	Steward	
CURRY, Chester W.	A-5	Heavy Equip.		ELLERMAN, Irving C.	B-4	Transportation	Iowa
CURTIS, Lloyd B.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Oregon	ELLIOT, Frederick W.	D-6	Gen'l Const.	New York
CURTIS, Victor W.	A-1	Ship's Service	Illinois	ELLIOT, William J.	H-1	Steward	
				ELLIS, Hamilton	H-3	Transportation	New York
DACEY, John J. Jr.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	ELSEY, David E.	H-2	Personnel	Kansas
DACHEL, Edward G.	A-3	Electrical	Wisconsin	EMBRY, Elbert S.	H-1	Steward	Ohio
DAMO, John P.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	EMORY, Sam E.	H-1	Galley	
DANIEL, Shirl V.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Montana	ENGLE, Francis R.	D-4	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
DARLING, Leroy M.	A-2	Transferred		ENTWHISTLE, John E.	H-2	Medical	
DARO, John Jr.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania	ERCHUL, John	D-4	Transferred	
DAVIS, Herbert L.	C-5	Personnel		ERGANG, Charles	C-2	Plumbing	New York
DAVIS, Marvin C.	B-6	Heavy Equip.	California	ERNST, George A.	A-2	Transferred	Pennsylvania
DAVIS, Sherrill H.	H-4	Gen'l Const.	Michigan	ERNST, Richard	C-5	Transportation	Illinois
DAVIS, William C.	H-1	Galley	Texas	ESSIG, Alois J.	B-5	Transportation	New Jersey
DAVISON, George E. Jr.	D-1	Heavy Equip.	New York	ESTES, David	A-5	Heavy Equip.	Illinois
DAVY, William J.	B-3	Carpenter Shop	Ohio	ETHRIDGE, Bernard C.	C-3	Gen'l Const.	Arkansas
DEAN, Larry R.	B-1	Heavy Equip.	New York	EVANS, Dave	C-5	Transferred	Indiana
DECKER, Edwin V.	B-2	Plumbing	New Jersey				
DECKER, Robert R.	A-2	Gen'l Const.	New York	FAGAN, Charles W.	H-4	Engineering	Massachusetts
DE COSIN, John M.	H-1	Commissary	Connecticut	FAILLA, Sebastian A.	A-2	Gen'l Const.	Ohio
DEESE, Earl B.	A-3	Cement	North Carolina	FAIR, Hamilton M.	D-2	Heavy Equip.	Texas
DE HAINAUT, George L.	D-5	Heavy Equip.	New Jersey	FANUCCHI, Evo F.	A-6	Plumbing	California
DEIBLER, Floyd R.	H-2	Transferred		FARRANNTTE, Russell J.	A-6	Transportation	Pennsylvania
DE MERCHANT, Otis C.	B-5	Saw Mill	Rhode Island	FASBENDER, Robert F.	D-1	Electrical	Iowa
DENEGAR, Vernon R.	D-1	Heavy Equip.	New York	FAULKNER, Marshall A.	C-5	Gen'l Const.	Illinois
DENMAN, George E.	C-6	Heavy Equip.	Alabama	FAWCETT, Robert G.	A-5	Heavy Equip.	California
DENT, Floyd L.	C-1	Carpenter Shop	Colorado	FAZIO, Gregory E.	A-3	Engineering	Pennsylvania
DERAGON, Alfred A.	D-4	Transferred	Massachusetts	FECHTER, Harold F.	B-4	Cement	Missouri
DERBAUM, Howard L.	A-2	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania	FELDON, Oscar C.	A-5	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts
DESNOYERS, Eugene A.	A-3	Transferred		FELSCHER, Walter C.	A-1	Water Purific't'n	Texas
DE STEFANO, John D.	D-4	Heavy Equip.	Rhode Island	FERGUSON, Henry R.	B-2	Plumbing	Massachusetts
DE TIE, Joseph W. Sr.	B-6	Paint Shop	Oregon	FERGUSON, Keith I.	H-3	Heavy Equip.	Washington
DETTMERING, Eugene C.	H-4	Heavy Equip.	Georgia	FERGUSON, Thomas G.	D-4	Heavy Equip.	California
DEVER, Lawrence H.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	Ohio	FERGUSON, Walter R.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	New York
DEVLIN, Richard H.	C-6	Gen'l Const.		FERRARI, Louis A.	H-1	Galley	New York
DEWEESE, Sidney T.	D-3	Gen'l Const.		FIEBERT, MacArthur	A-4	Plumbing	New York
DE WOLF, Emil J.	D-1	Electrical	New Jersey	FIELDS, John H.	D-4	Transferred	New York

	CO.	PROJECT	STATE		CO.	PROJECT	STATE
FIELDSEND, George B.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	New York	GLICK, Robert W.	C-1	Deceased	
FIFIELD, Donald C.	H-4	Electrical	Iowa	GOBLE, Leon R.	H-1	Galley	Oklahoma
FILES, William H.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	Texas	GOHEEN, Lloyd	A-4	Transferred	Oregon
FILO, George M.	C-6	Plumbing		GOLDMAN, Herbert	A-4	Gen'l Const.	New York
FINNERAN, Thomas B.	H-4	Engineering		GOLDSMITH, King E.	A-3	Rigging	Washington
FISH, Fred M.	H-4	Plumbing	California	GOODAN, Harry C.	A-2	Heavy Equip.	Ohio
FITZPATRICK, Don J.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Nebraska	GOODHEAD, Harold P.	A-5	Guard	
FIVELAND, Trond O.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	New Jersey	GORDON, Henry B.	C-6	Transferred	Colorado
FLEISCHMAN, Arthur	B-6	Gen'l Const.	New York	GORDON, William O.	H-2	Disbursing	
FLEMING, James C.	B-6	Saw Mill	Texas	GORRELL, John W.	B-5	Transportation	Wisconsin
FLEMING, William D.	A-6	Plumbing	Maine	GOSSAGE, Charles E.	A-1	Ship's Service	Ohio
FLETCHER, Eugene C.	D-6	Gen'l Const.		GOTHBERG, Johnnie Jr.	H-1	Galley	
FLETCHER, Roy H.	C-1	Paint Shop		GOTTBREHT, Harland F.	D-4	Heavy Equip.	Wisconsin
FLUSS, Alfred H.	D-1	Electrical	Pennsylvania	GOULD, Thomas L.	H-1	Steward	Pennsylvania
FLYNN, Joseph J.	D-6	Transportation	New Jersey	GOVONI, Augustus B.	B-6	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts
FOERSTER, John P.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	GRABOWSKI, Tadeusz G.	A-4	Transportation	Michigan
FOGLE, Edward C.	B-1	Refrigeration	Pennsylvania	GRAHAM, Charles F.	A-3	Transferred	Alabama
FOISY, Harold R.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	New Hampshire	GRAHAM, George	H-2	Transferred	
FORAN, Howard E.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	North Dakota	GRASSINGER, Matthew F.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	New York
FORBES, Alexander	C-2	Transferred		GRAYBEAL, Stanley J.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Virginia
FORD, Louis K.	H-4	Engineering		GREB, William Jr.	A-4	Gen'l Const.	Nebraska
FORLANI, Joseph	H-4	Ship's Service	Pennsylvania	GREEN, Edgar L.	B-1	Transferred	
FOSTER, Alfred M.	A-2	Transportation	Nebraska	GREENBERG, George	D-5	Gen'l Const.	Illinois
FOSTER, Jerry F.	A-6	Gen'l Const.	California	GREENBERG, Carl H.	D-3	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania
FOWLER, Herbert O.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Rhode Island	GREGORY, George E.	H-1	Galley	Missouri
FOX, Philip	D-6	Ship's Service	New York	GRIFFITH, Lynn E.	H-3	Engineering	Texas
FRANCESCHINI, William	D-2	Cement	California	GRIMES, Cecil E.	A-1	Saw Mill	Iowa
FRANCIS, Walter W.	H-2	Personnel	Texas	GRIMES, William M.	B-6	Gen'l Const.	Georgia
FRANK, Eugene M.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	California	GRINDLE, Frederick M. Jr.	A-5	Heavy Equip.	Maine
FRANKLIN, Claud C.	B-5	Guard		GROSS, Paul H.	H-1	Supply	New York
FRATTAROLA, LeRoy D.	A-2	Transportation	Pennsylvania	GRUMMEL, Bernard J.	H-4	Transportation	California
FRAZIER, Chas. M. Sr.	A-5	Guard	Tennessee	GUM, Joseph E.	A-3	Refrigeration	West Virginia
FREDENBERGER, Theo. F.	D-1	Heavy Equip.	Kentucky	GURD, David R.	D-3	Heavy Equip.	Ohio
FREDERICK, Joseph F.	D-3	Transportation					
FREELAND, Charles E. Jr.	B-3	Transportation	California	HADDAWAY, Clinton D.	B-3	Armory	Kentucky
FREELEY, Justin T.	H-3	Censor	Massachusetts	HADDOX, Thomas E.	D-1	Electrical	
FREEMAN, Legrand W.	A-5	Heavy Equip.		HAEFELI, Theodore R.	H-1	Galley	New York
FREW, Paul R.	A-6	Transferred		HAFNER, James F.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
FRISSELL, Sidney S.	C-1	Transferred		HAGLUND, Erik E.	B-1	Communications	Colorado
FROID, Carl	H-3	Transferred	California	HAHN, Deane R.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	
FULLER, Orton M. Jr.	D-4	Refrigeration	Washington	HAHN, Norbert B.	A-4	Ship's Service	Iowa
FURTADO, Alfred J.	H-3	Cement	Massachusetts	HALL, Alex Jr.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Indiana
FURYK, Walter P.	D-3	Heavy Equip.	Wisconsin	HALL, James H.	D-5	Transportation	California
				HALLER, Carl J.	A-5	Transferred	Idaho
GAINES, Charles W.	C-5	Heavy Equip.	Arkansas	HAMEL, Joseph A.	D-2	Transportation	New Hampshire
GALINDRE, Frank	H-2	Medical	New Mexico	HAMER, Lacy	H-1	Transferred	
GALL, Stanley V.	B-6	Heavy Equip.	Illinois	HAMMOND, Walter J.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Nevada
GALLAGHER, John J.	A-2	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania	HAMNER, Delmond B.	C-1	Electrical	Texas
GAMZA, Isadore	D-4	Transportation	New York	HANNIGAN, Edward J.	A-3	Transportation	New York
GANTNER, Charles F.	C-5	Gen'l Const.		HANRAHAN, Earl J.	H-2	Supply	Colorado
GARCIA, Edward P.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	New Mexico	HANSEHW, Hoyt D.	H-3	Transferred	Arkansas
GARCIA, Leonel	B-1	Gen'l Const.	Texas	HANSON, Gilbert D.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	Washington
GARNER, Fred T.	H-2	Medical	California	HARALSON, Richard H.	B-6	Gen'l Const.	Ohio
GARTLAND, John P.	B-2	Transferred	Massachusetts	HARDY, William R.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Ohio
GARVIN, Ralph E.	B-3	Water Purific't'n	Pennsylvania	HARMS, Jacob	B-3	Gen'l Const.	North Dakota
GARZA, Joe M.	H-4	Ship's Service	Texas	HARRIS, Patrick M.	C-2	Water Purific't'n	Montana
GASSON, Joseph J.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	HARVEY, George L.	D-4	Heavy Equip.	Indiana
GATES, Clarence R.	B-1	Saw Mill	Texas	HASSELBRINK, Arthur R. Jr.	B-2	Ship's Service	Illinois
GAY, Frank W.	A-6	Gen'l Const.	New Hampshire	HASTAY, Dale R.	H-4	Gen'l Const.	Oregon
GEDDES, Fred T.	C-6	Carpenter Shop	New York	HAUSER, Joseph T.	B-6	Cement	New York
GENERAL, Jack H.	H-1	Steward		HAVICE, Charles W.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	Virginia
GETHIN, John P.	C-2	Plumbing	Massachusetts	HAWKINS, Thomas E.	B-1	Cement	Texas
GIBBS, Edward A.	A-3	Transportation	Pennsylvania	HAWKINSON, Orville C.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Illinois
GIDLUND, John H.	C-4	Deceased	Washington	HAYENGA, Hugo Jr.	D-2	Gen'l Const.	Idaho
GIEBINK, William J.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	South Dakota	HAYNER, Howard F.	B-6	Rigging	New York
GILLEN, Ross H. Jr.	A-4	Guard	Missouri	HAYNIE, Elmer F.	H-2	Personnel	
GILLIAM, Raymond	B-2	Heavy Equip.	Canada	HAYS, Johnny	B-1	Heavy Equip.	Indiana
GILSETH, Terrence K.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Washington	HAZLEWOOD, Grady K.	D-4	Heavy Equip.	
GLASS, Louy H.	C-3	Transportation	Alabama	HEBERT, Louis L.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Rhode Island
GLEASON, Lyle W.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	New York	HECKER, Howard R.	D-5	Transportation	Nebraska

	CO.	PROJECT	STATE		CO.	PROJECT	STATE
HECKMAN, Philip R.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania	JOCHETS, Logan S.	C-4	Transferred	
HECKMAN, Richard	D-3	Water Purific't'n	Pennsylvania	JOHNSON, Albert M.	H-1	Galley	New York
HEDGE, Charlie T.	A-6	Ship's Service	Virginia	JOHNSON, A'llie	H-2	Medical	
HEFLICH, Fred G.	H-2	Disbursing	New York	JOHNSON, Charles H.	B-2	Malaria Control	Ohio
HELBER, John F.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Ohio	JOHNSON, George F.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	California
HELFRICK, Herman			Pennsylvania	JOHNSON, Jean D.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	Wisconsin
HELGERSON, Harry L.			Wisconsin	JOHNSON, Julian H.	B-5	Heavy Equip.	
HELPMAN, Edward E.	H-3	Censor	Ohio	JOHNSON, Paul A.	A-2	Transferred	Illinois
HENDERSON, Robert E.	B-1	Transportation	Arkansas	JOHNSON, Walter W.	D-6	Water Trans.	Connecticut
HENLEY, Edward A.	B-6	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	JOHNSTON, Harold E.	D-1	Heavy Equip.	California
HENNESSEY, Charles F.	D-4	Paint Shop	Ohio	JOLLY, Raymond L.	B-6	Gen'l Const.	
HENRY, Albert N.	B-5	Heavy Equip.	Kentucky	JONES, Allan L.	H-2	Supply	Massachusetts
HENRY, Howard S.	C-3	Electrical	Colorado	JONES, Earl	H-1	Steward	
HENSLEY, J. D.	A-6	Saw Mill		JONES, James B.	A-2	Gen'l Const.	Kentucky
HENSON, Glispie D.	C-2	Heavy Equip.	Alabama	JONES, Julius C.	H-2	Personnel	Georgia
HERBERT, Charles C.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	Indiana	JONES, Kenneth F.	H-1	Galley	Ohio
HERNDON, George W.	B-5	Gen'l Const.	South Carolina	JONES, Woodie	B-2	Transportation	
HEROUX, Gerard R.	A-4	Transferred	Rhode Island	JURIN, Lawrence M.	H-2	Medical	
HERWIG, Henry M.	C-1	Saw Mill	Mississippi	JURSAK, Joseph Edw.	H-2	Ship's Service	New York
HICKS, William R.	H-3	Gen'l Const.	Texas				
HICKS, Willis I.	D-4	Transportation		KAGAMASTER, Dale W.	H-1	Galley	
HILDEBRAND, Herman A.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania	KAIN, Lester C.	B-5	Guard	California
HILL, Lawrence K.	B-2	Transferred	Illinois	KANE, John J.	A-2	Carpenter Shop	Massachusetts
HILL, Lowell O.	H-1	Steward	Missouri	KARP, Phil	H-1	Galley	New York
HILL, Thomas M.	D-3	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania	KARPODINIS, Nicholas	H-1	Galley	
HINES, Moir E.	A-1	Recreation	Arizona	KARR, Milo G.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	Michigan
HMIEL, Walter M.	A-5	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania	KAYLOR, Charles J.	B-3	Sheet Metal	Ohio
HODGE, Billy J.	B-3	Heavy Equip.	Texas	KEITH, Robert W.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	California
HOFFMAN, Raymond	H-1	Transferred		KELLEY, Jack D.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Georgia
HOGG, Olaf T.	B-3	M.A.A.	Ohio	KELLY, Edward J.	A-1	Gen'l Const.	Maryland
HOHNSBEHN, John W.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	KILE, Grover B.	H-1	Galley	
HOLLENBERG, Elmer J.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	Missouri	KIMBALL, Vernal K.	D-1	Electrical	Iowa
HOLLINGER, Richard H.	C-4	Cement	Pennsylvania	KINDRED, Thomas W.			Oregon
HOLT, Charles E.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	New Hampshire	KING, Hubert D.	A-2	Transferred	
HORNE, William H.	B-6	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts	KING, Kara	C-1	Transportation	Florida
HORNER, Thomas E.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania	KINGTON, John A.	B-5	Transferred	Kansas
HOULIHAN, Marvin L.	A-6	Galley	Kentucky	KINNEY, Cecil A.	B-6	Heavy Equip.	Texas
HOURIHAN, Joseph M.	B-5	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts	KIPNIS, Murray	B-2	Transportation	New Jersey
HOYDELL, Robert W.	A-1	Gen'l Const.	New York	KITZMARK, John	B-3	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania
HRYZDIUSZKO, Walter B.	H-4	Ship's Service	Michigan	KJELLIN, Nels R.	B-2	Plumbing	California
HUEBNER, Robert L.	B-1	Transportation	Ohio	KLEIN, Morris	C-6	Gen'l Const.	New York
HULETT, Sherman C.	A-6	Heavy Equip.	Texas	KLIEN, Arthur G.	D-5	Cement	Pennsylvania
HUNGERFORD, Winton M.	A-1	Electrical	Louisiana	KNIGHT, R. C.	H-4	Ship's Service	Ohio
HUNT, Norman M.	D-3	Plumbing	North Carolina	KNIGHT, Wilbur N.	H-3	Steward	
HUNTT, George E.	C-3	Heavy Equip.	Washington, D. C.	KNOBlauch, Ralph D.	B-2	Transferred	Illinois
HURLBUT, Elmer D.	C-3	Gen'l Const.	California	KNOWLTON, Samuel L.	D-1	Water Purific't'n	Massachusetts
HUTCHINSON, James N.	A-1	Water Transportation	Indiana	KNOX, Charles N.	A-6	Heavy Equip.	Florida
HYLTON, George T.	H-2	Medical	California	KOBY, Glenn A.	C-5	Cement	
				KOCAN, Walter J.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
IDEN, Henry	C-3	Rigging	Pennsylvania	KOGUT, Edmund F.	D-1	Heavy Equip.	
ILG, George L.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	KOHLER, Arthur T.	H-3	Engineering	Nebraska
INGOLIA, John Jr.	A-6	Plumbing	Missouri	KONICKI, Paul C.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
INGRAM, Toney Jr.	H-1	Steward	Pennsylvania	KORMAN, Morris	B-4	Paint Shop	New York
INSKEEP, Clayton C.	H-2	Post Office	Indiana	KRABER, Walter C.	B-1	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
IRWIN, David C.	C-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	KRALJIC, Nicholas	B-1	Transferred	Ohio
IRWIN, James K. Jr.	A-5	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania	KRASNOFF, Henry	C-4	Heavy Equip.	New York
ISRAEL, Delmar M.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	North Carolina	KRIEG, Robert F.	B-6	Plumbing	California
IVANHOE, Russell A.	A-6	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania	KROFCHIK, Joseph	A-1	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania
				KURZBAND, Eli	B-3	Sheet Metal	Illinois
JACKSON, Robert C.	H-1	Galley	Oklahoma				
JACOBSON, Isidore	B-1	Sheet Metal	Ohio	LA COSTE, Earl J. Jr.	D-5	Heavy Equip.	Louisiana
JACQUES, Adolph J.	H-4	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	LA FLEUR, Arthur H.	B-6	Medical	Massachusetts
JALBERT, Charles E.	A-6	Plumbing	Rhode Island	LA FRANCE, Leon E.	A-5	Heavy Equip.	New Hampshire
JAMIESON, Ralph L.	H-3	Engineering	Pennsylvania	LAINO, Joseph A.	B-5	Paint Shop	Massachusetts
JARVI, Voitto W.	C-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	LAMBING, Wallace N.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Texas
JEFFERSON, Marvin E.	H-4	Electrical	Michigan	LAMBRECHT, Walter H.	B-6	Gen'l Const.	Wisconsin
JENKINS, Thomas R.	H-2	Medical	Pennsylvania	LAMPP, Hilton	B-5	Water Trans.	
JENSEN, Raymond G.	A-1	Recreation	Utah	LANG, Marvin L.	D-3	Transferred	Texas
JESSUP, Chester V.	C-6	Heavy Equip.	California	LANGENHEIM, Lawson	H-3	Censor	New Jersey
JEX, George C.	D-6	Saw Mill	Michigan	LANGFORD, Paul E.	C-5	Cement	Pennsylvania

	CO.	PROJECT	STATE		CO.	PROJECT	STATE
LARIMER, Kenneth B.	H-1	Galley		MABRY, Mark B.	B-3	Transferred	
LAURICH, Francis L.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	MacGILLIVRAY, Horace G.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
LAWRENCE, Peter L.	B-5	Heavy Equip.	Washington	MADASZ, Michael D.	D-5	Heavy Equip.	Ohio
LAWSON, Fred J.	A-6	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	MAIER, Paul J.	H-1	Galley	Kentucky
LAYER, John G.	D-5	Galley Main.	New York	MAKI, Ray J.	B-5	Heavy Equip.	Ohio
LAZAROWITZ, Louis	A-2	Gen'l Const.	New York	MAKINSON, Frank W.	A-1	Transportation	Tennessee
LEDGER, Fred	C-1	Heavy Equip.	Connecticut	MALONEY, Frank H.	C-3	Paint Shop	Montana
LEE, Clifford F.	D-1	Transferred	California	MALPICA, Juan	B-2	Carpenter Shop	New York
LEFTWICH, Emul W.	B-1	Gen'l Const.	Virginia	MANESS, James A.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	
LEHMANN, Arthur W.	H-1	Galley	New York	MANN, Frank	B-5	Transferred	Virginia
LEININGER, Ray E.	C-5	Heavy Equip.	Indiana	MANNON, Ray F.	A-5	Transportation	Ohio
LEMPICKI, Frank A.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	New York	MANN'S, Matthew H.	H-1	Galley	Texas
LENDALL, Henry J.	D-1	Transportation	Massachusetts	MANTYLA, Emil W.	H-2	Medical	
LENNON, Charles E.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	Washington	MANUEL, Peter	B-1	Malaria Control	New Jersey
LEWIS, Henry H.	B-2	Transportation	Texas	MAREK, Lucian W.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
LEXNER, William	C-5	Water Purific't'n	Massachusetts	MAREZ, Liberato	C-3	Transportation	New Mexico
LINCOLN, Herbert R.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Michigan	MAROTTA, Carmine	A-2	Cement	New York
LINDER, Roger P.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	Minnesota	MARSHALL, Richard B.	A-2	Electrical	Virginia
LINN, Lawrence P.	D-3	Electrical		MARSICANO, Joseph R.	D-6	Armory	Pennsylvania
LINTON, Wayne W.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	MARTIN, Charles A.	A-4	Transferred	
LIPSEY, Oscar C.	A-3	Transportation		MARTIN, Donald E.	B-4	Transportation	South Dakota
LISK, Arthur V.	A-6	Water Transp.	Ohio	MARTIN, Irvin G.	B-6	Plumbing	Nebraska
LITTLEFIELD, Earl H.	C-3	Guard	Massachusetts	MARTIN, Lester R.	B-5	Transportation	South Carolina
LITTLETON, Charles E.	H-2	Supply	Illinois	MARTINEAU, Roland O.	C-6	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts
LITYAK, Stanley S.	C-2	Heavy Equip.	Ohio	MASSEY, George E.	A-2	Plumbing	West Virginia
LODER, Marion G.	H-2	Disbursing	Pennsylvania	MATHISON, Kenneth M.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	Wisconsin
LONG, John Jr.	B-5	Plumbing	Ohio	MAUGANS, George S.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
LONG, John R.	A-6	Gen'l Const.	New Jersey	MAUNDER, William F.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
LONG, Oscar U.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	Texas	MAURELLI, Vincent A.	H-2	Disbursing	Pennsylvania
LOPE, Raymond	D-6	Heavy Equip.	Texas	MAY, Francis	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Michigan
LOTITO, Ciron V.	C-1	Electrical	Rhode Island	MAYES, Francis M.	A-6	Gen'l Const.	Washington
LOVE, Clarence Bundy			New Mexico	MAYES, James M.	H-2	Personnel	West Virginia
LOWRY, Charles A.	C-1	Electrical	Virginia	MAYNARD, Frank X.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	Rhode Island
LUBECKE, Gareld	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	MEADOR, Ernest L.	C-4	Armory	Montana
LUCAS, Bert A.	C-2	Carpenter Shop	Oregon	MEANS, Lee A.	D-4	Transferred	Idaho
LUCAS, Edmund C.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	Illinois	MEEK, O. D.	C-6	Transferred	Texas
LUNGREN, Lawrence J.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	New York	MEGET, Pete	B-1	Transportation	Oklahoma
LUTTRELL, Melvin L.	B-1	M.A.A.	Oregon	MENARD, Archille A.	H-3	Gen'l Const.	
LYONS, Elliot N.	B-4	Transferred		MERNER, Walter J.	B-3	Transferred	
McALENY, Thomas H.	B-1	Transferred	Massachusetts	MERTZ, Warren B.	A-6	Plumbing	California
McBRIDE, Patrick F.	A-4	Heavy Equip.		METTNER, Edward J.	C-5	Heavy Equip.	Minnesota
McCABE, Joseph M. Jr.	H-3	Transferred		METZGER, Harry A.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
McCANN, Leland L.	B-1	Gen'l Const.	Oregon	METZLER, Donald F.	B-3	M.A.A.	Pennsylvania
McCARTHY, Louis R.	D-3	Electrical	Ohio	MEYER, George N.	H-1	Galley	Kentucky
McCOLLISTER, Harold R.	C-1	Cement	Oregon	MICHAEL, Harry R.	H-1	Galley	Florida
McCORMICK, Arthur N.	C-5	Transportation	Pennsylvania	MICHALSKI, Daniel	B-6	Plumbing	Ohio
McCOY, Harold J.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Minnesota	MICHALSKI, Walter B.	C-5	Transportation	Pennsylvania
McCREA, George T.	C-5	Transferred		MICHIENZI, Thomas J.	D-4	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
McDANIEL, Jack O.	B-4	Transferred		MICKELSON, Edward R.	A-6	Gen'l Const.	Illinois
McDONALD, Thomas E.	A-6	Heavy Equip.	Alabama	MIKULSKI, Stanley	B-5	Gen'l Const.	Ohio
McDONNELL, Mark J.	C-2	Transferred	Colorado	MILLER, Clifford W.	C-3	Heavy Equip.	Illinois
McELROY, James F.	D-2	Transferred		MILLER, Donald R.	A-3	Plumbing	Oregon
McELROY, Zenas, Jr.	D-4	Guard		MILLER, Everett E.	C-2	Water Purific't'n	California
McGARRY, Harold J.	A-1	Transferred	Wisconsin	MILLER, Harold A.	A-4	Transferred	California
McGAVIC, Melvin C.	B-6	Transferred		MILLER, Louis	D-2	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts
McGEE, Hoyt L.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Texas	MILLER, Nathan	B-3	Gen'l Const.	New York
McGLOIN, William W.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	New York	MILLER, Richard J.	H-3	Gen'l Const.	
McGOWAN, Joseph	H-4	M.A.A.	New York	MILLER, Samuel D.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	Texas
McGRANN, Kenneth A.	D-1	Heavy Equip.	Michigan	MILOSH, Alexander	C-5	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
McGUINNESS, John P.	C-2	Plumbing	Ohio	MITCHELL, Charles F.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	Michigan
McGUIRE, Harry A.	A-4	Transferred	New York	MITCHELL, John P.	C-4	Transferred	
McHUGH, James L.	B-5	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	MITCHELL, Robert W.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	
McINERNEY, Richard F.	D-4	Galley	Massachusetts	MOCHAL, Wayne			Iowa
McKENZIE, Gordon S.	D-1	Electrical	Nebraska	MOHR, Carl	C-5	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts
McKEON, Joseph A.	B-6	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	MOIR, Walter D.	H-2	Post Office	Arizona
McLAUGHLIN, William L.	D-5	Transferred		MOLINA, Michael V. Jr.	B-1	Heavy Equip.	Arizona
McMAHON, Frederick L.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	MONAHAN, Patrick J.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
McMAHON, Joseph A.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	Rhode Island	MONTICELLI, Alfred	C-2	Gen'l Const.	California
McMILLIN, Henry C.	D-6	Transportation	Michigan	MOORE, Iver C.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	Montana
				MORAN, John G.	A-1	Electrical	New York

	CO.	PROJECT	STATE		CO.	PROJECT	STATE
MORENCY, Armand	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	PETRIW, Walter	H-2	Transferred	New York
MORPHEW, Weldon B.	H-4	Gen'l Const.		PETROW, Edward A.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
MORSE, Fred I. Jr.	H-3	Engineering		PETTY, Guernsey R.	C-2	Transportation	Kansas
MORTIMER, Charles B.	H-1	Galley	Pennsylvania	PFISTER, Alvin E.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	Louisiana
MORTON, Russell F.	D-2	Plumbing	Connecticut	PHILLIPS, Claude C.	C-3	Guard	Arkansas
MOSER, Francis G.	C-1	Gen'l Const.		PHILLIPS, Ira B.	A-4	Transferred	Texas
MOSER, Reginald M.	B-5	Transportation	Pennsylvania	PHILLIPS, William H.	H-2	Supply	Tennessee
MOUNCE, Aubrey Lee	A-3	Heavy Equip.	Texas	PICKETT, Linn A.	B-5	Recreation	Colorado
MUELLER, Albert W.	B-4	Transportation	Illinois	PICKETT, Samuel M.	D-3	Transportation	North Carolina
MULCAHY, Cornelius	H-3	Transferred		PICONE, Ignazio J.	H-1	Galley	New York
MURPHY, James E.	D-5	Galley Main.		PIDINKOWSKI, Bennie J.	A-2	Galley Main.	Massachusetts
MURPHY, Lawrence R.	H-3	Transportation	Colorado	PIERCE, James Ray E.	D-1	Heavy Equip.	Kansas
				PIERSAL, Adam J.	D-6	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
NACK, Walter F.	D-2	Galley Main.	Missouri	PIGNONE, John P.	A-2	Heavy Equip.	California
NAIL, Lawrence E.	C-5	Gen'l Const.		PIPER, Vernon A.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Texas
NANNARIELLO, John A.	A-2	Paint Shop	New York	PISH, Michael A.	D-4	Transportation	Pennsylvania
NARDUZZO, John	H-3	Ship's Service	New York	PLYMALE, Melvin O.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	West Virginia
NAYMAN, Burton D.	B-4	Transportation	Pennsylvania	POLAKOWSKI, Raymond A.	C-4	Gen'l Const.	Michigan
NEAGLEY, James K.	B-2	Cement	New Jersey	PORTER, George	D-3	Transferred	Massachusetts
NEAL, Richard W.	A-2	Heavy Equip.	Iowa	PORTER, Jack H.	B-2	Electrical	
NEARY, Gerard G.	H-2	Personnel	New York	PORTER, Joseph L.	H-1	Steward	Louisiana
NELSON, Eden F.	C-1	Gen'l Const.		PORTER, Warren E.	A-2	Plumbing	Colorado
NELSON, Hugo R.	B-1	Electrical	Rhode Island	POSTON, William C.	C-3	Heavy Equip.	Washington
NEUMAN, Ernest O.	H-2	Medical	Washington	POWDER, Anthony W.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	California
NEVINS, Robert A.	H-2	Medical	California	POWERS, Daniel J.	H-2	Transferred	
NICHOLAS, Maurice C.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	Ohio	POWERS, Herman J.	C-3	Plumbing	Virginia
NICKERSON, Hollis D.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Maine	POWERS, Theodore	D-1	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
NICKOLDS, Henry C.	C-5	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	PREACH, Paul G.	C-1	Transportation	Pennsylvania
NIEMASZ, Bruno T.	C-4	Guard	Michigan	PREECE, Cecil H.	H-2	Ship's Service	Kentucky
NIMSGER, Wayne A.	B-2	Electrical		PREW, Howard A.	D-4	Gen'l Const.	Rhode Island
NIX, Eddie J.	H-1	Galley		PRICE, Melvin Jr.	D-3	Transportation	Texas
NOBS, Arthur J.	H-1	Galley	Pennsylvania	PROPPE, Chester W.	B-2	Plumbing	Ohio
NORDSTROM, Donald E.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	Montana	PROULX, Henri R.	D-3	Plumbing	Rhode Island
NUNN, Frederick O.	C-2	Transferred	Texas	PRUITT, Carrel T.	D-6	Heavy Equip.	Texas
				PUCSOK, Joseph P.	C-4	Gen'l Const.	Ohio
OCHOA, Reynaldo A.	A-2	Plumbing	Arizona				
ODELL, Vernon A.	D-4	Transportation	Texas	QUACKENBUSH, James S.	C-1	Gen'l Const.	New York
O'DONNELL, James F.	B-4	Cement	New York	QUIMBY, Birge A.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	South Dakota
OGLESBY, Gordon E.	C-6	Plumbing	Texas	QUISENBERRY, T. R.	C-3	Saw Mill	Texas
OLESZKIEWICZ, Stanley J.	B-2	Plumbing	Illinois				
OLIVE, Thomas V.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania	RADLOFF, Emil J.	A-2	Plumbing	New York
OLIVER, Troy F.	H-4	M.A.A.	Texas	RAMBO, Robert F.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	Illinois
OLSON, Guy H.	C-6	Heavy Equip.	Montana	RANDALL, Benjamin F.	D-5	Heavy Equip.	Nebraska
OLSZEWSKI, Kasmier	B-6	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania	RATHNAU, George B.	A-5	Rigging	
ORNSTEIN, Louis	C-3	Gen'l Const.	New York	RATKOV, Steven J.	H-2	Personnel	Michigan
ORR, Raymond William	D-2	Transferred		RAUSCH, George R.	D-2	Galley Main.	Kentucky
ORSTED, Stanford J.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	New York	RAYBOULD, James A.	B-5	Gen'l Const.	Illinois
ORTON, William A.	C-3	Personnel	South Dakota	RAYBURN, Earl O.	H-1	Galley	Texas
OSBORNE, George F.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	Illinois	RAYBURN, Edward W.	H-1	Galley	New York
OWENS, Lee Roy	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Tennessee	REID, James A.	C-1	Heavy Equip.	Oregon
OYER, Rolin S.	B-6	Plumbing	Louisiana	REISING, Richard R.	C-5	Transportation	Ohio
				RENNIRT, Harry W.	A-2	Guard	Kentucky
PAGE, Myron W.	C-3	Transferred	California	RICE, Frank E.	D-4	Heavy Equip.	Illinois
PAOLOZZI, Raymond A.	H-2	Supply	Rhode Island	RICHARDSON, Kenneth B.	D-1	Transportation	Maryland
PARKER, Theodore W.	D-1	Transferred		RIGGS, Melvin G.	H-2	Medical	West Virginia
PARKS, Cecil P.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	California	ROAF, Willard L.	D-2	Paint Shop	Massachusetts
PARSONS, James A.	D-6	M.A.A.	Ohio	ROBBINS, Leland L.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	South Dakota
PASTIR, Steve P.	D-5	Gen'l Const.		ROBERT, Edmond R.	B-4	Transportation	Massachusetts
PAVON, Louis A.	A-3	Heavy Equip.	New York	ROBERTS, John D.	D-2	Gen'l Const.	New York
PEACOCK, Darrel D.	A-6	Heavy Equip.	Oklahoma	ROBINSON, Albert H.	D-1	Gen'l Const.	South Dakota
PEARSON, Oscar E.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	South Dakota	ROBINSON, Robert L.	C-1	Transportation	Arkansas
PELANNE, Rene J.	B-2	Gen'l Const.		ROBINSON, Walter J.	D-2	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
PELLEY, James P.	H-2	Medical		ROBISON, James W.	D-5	Refrigeration	Ohio
PERKINS, Joseph R.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Maryland	ROCCO, Carl A.	H-1	Galley	Pennsylvania
PERKINS, Laurence	D-5	Water Transp.	Washington	ROCKAFELLOW, Robert W.	D-3	Paint Shop	New York
PETERSEN, John R.	A-6	Water Transp.	Washington	RODGERS, Douglas C.	B-5	Transportation	Iowa
PETERSEN, Warren J.	C-3	Transferred		RODRIGUES, Walter J.	D-5	M.A.A.	
PETERSON, Clifford C.	A-2	Electrical	Illinois	ROGERS, Bernard J.	H-2	Medical	New York
PETERSON, George B.	D-1	Gen'l Const.		ROGERS, Thomas J.	C-1	Water Purific't'n	New York
PETKER, John V.	C-6	Heavy Equip.	California	ROLSTON, Eugene P.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	New York

	CO.	PROJECT	STATE		CO.	PROJECT	STATE
ROMANO, Frank	C-1	Transportation	Rhode Island	SOUTHWICK, Royal P.	H-4	Engineering	
ROMIG, Arthur R.	D-2	Gen'l Const.		SOUZA, Antone F.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
ROOT, Ivan Stanley	D-2	Gen'l Const.		SPANG, Donald F.	B-5	Guard	Pennsylvania
ROPER, William O.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	North Carolina	SPAULDING, Theodore R.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	West Virginia
ROSE, Omer	C-5	Gen'l Const.		SPEEDY, Glenn R.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	Indiana
ROSS, Dale O.	B-6	Heavy Equip.	Wyoming	SPENCER, Phillip R.	A-2	Gen'l Const.	Wyoming
ROSS, Frederick M.	D-4	Transferred	Mississippi	SPICHER, Blaine	D-3	Heavy Equip.	
ROSS, John H.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts	SPIVEY, Leslie W.	A-4	Transportation	Pennsylvania
ROTH, George L.			Montana	SPLAWN, Cecil E.	D-5	Transportation	South Carolina
ROURKE, Arthur J.	A-4	Saw Mill	Rhode Island	SPRATLING, Henry V.	C-5	Gen'l Const.	Georgia
ROYEA, Lawrence J.	D-5	M.A.A.	Massachusetts	SPURLOCK, Joe H.	A-1	Recreation	Indiana
RUDDOCK, Robert E.	C-1	Water Transp.	Colorado	STAATS, Harold L.	H-3	Heavy Equip.	
RUFFINI, Abraham A.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts	STAHLHUTH, Harold V.	H-4	Engineering	Missouri
RUSCHE, Anthony B.	C-4	Plumbing		STANFORD, Gerald A.	D-6	Stanford	Mississippi
RUSSELL, John M.	C-5	Gen'l Const.	New York	STANLEY, Clifford E.	H-1	Galley	Oklahoma
RUSSELL, Pearl B.	D-2	Transferred	Tennessee	STANLEY, Jack Ray	D-6	Gen'l Const.	
				STANTON, Phillip M.	H-1	Galley	Missouri
SABIN, Stanley E.	D-1	Gen'l Const.	Oregon	STARNE, John J.	D-4	Gen'l Const.	
SABOURIN, Armand J.	D-5	Gen'l Const.		STARR, Francis B.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Nebraska
SANDO, Earl W.	C-1	Plumbing	Illinois	STAUBACH, Jerome B.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Kentucky
SANFORD, Frank P.	C-3	Transferred	Washington	STECZ, Frank Jr.	D-4	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
SARDELLA, Joseph P.	D-1	Electrical	Massachusetts	STEEN, Samuel	H-1	Steward	Indiana
SAVAGE, Alford O.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Oklahoma	STEPHESNON, Oran W.	B-1	Heavy Equip.	California
SAWTELLE, Ashton A.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Maine	STEVENS, Bert E.	C-5	Transportation	
SAXTON, Willard W.	C-2	Heavy Equip.	California	STEVENS, Royce B.	C-2	Transferred	Indiana
SCENNA, N.	H-2	Medical	Massachusetts	STHARE, Harold S.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
SCHMAUCH, Hubert F.	H-3	Engineering	Pennsylvania	STITTIAM, Ernest A.	H-1	Steward	
SCHMITT, George J.	H-3	Engineering	Illinois	STOCK, James H.	B-1	Communications	New Hampshire
SCHULTZ, Walter F.	C-5	Heavy Equip.	Illinois	STOCK, Patrick G.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	
SCHWENN, Howard C.	C-3	Heavy Equip.	Wisconsin	STOCKTON, Roscoe L.	C-5	Gen'l Const.	
SCIPIONE, Vincent A.	D-2			STOUT, Orville L.	D-4	Galley Main.	Illinois
SEAMAN, Noble W.	B-1	Gen'l Const.	Texas	STOUT, Robert O.	H-2	Medical	West Virginia
SEGANFREDO, Geno M.	H-4	Saw Mill		STOWELL, Edward A.	D-2	Transportation	Maryland
SEILER, Ralph	A-1	Water Transp.	Florida	ST. PIERRE, Albert	C-3	Carpenter Shop	New York
SELB, John T.	H-2	Ship's Service	California	STRAGER, George F.	B-6	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
SERFF, Frederick H.	H-3	Censor	Pennsylvania	STRAMA, John R.	H-3	Engineering	
SHAEPFER, David B.	D-1	Malaria Control	New York	STRAND, Stanley W.	D-2	Q.O.D.'s Office	Illinois
SHAFER, Leonard H.	D-3	Gen'l Const.	Minnesota	STRAWITCH, Jos. C.	C-4	Saw Mill	New York
SHANKS, Riley H.	D-6	Transportation	Arkansas	STREICHER, Ralph J.	C-5	M.A.A.	Oregon
SHAW, Eliza J.	D-4	Plumbing	Georgia	STRIBLING, John B.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	
SHAW, Elmer C.	C-3	Transportation	Pennsylvania	STURZENACKER, Fred	H-2	Personnel	New York
SHAW, Harlen G.	A-2	Gen'l Const.	Kentucky	SULLIVAN, Eugene M.	D-5	Paint Shop	New York
SHAW, Iko	D-4	Transportation		SULLIVAN, Lester F.	C-2	Refrigeration	Rhode Island
SHEEGOG, William E.	C-1	Heavy Equip.		SUMMERFIELD, George R.	D-3	Electrical	Maine
SHEPHERD, James W.	B-1	Refrigeration	North Carolina	SUTTON, Cecil E.	B-6	Gen'l Const.	Washington
SHERMAN, Howard L.	B-5	Heavy Equip.	Illinois	SVETZ, George J.	H-1	Galley	
SHOWALTER, James E.	H-2	Ship's Service	Virginia	SWINEHART, Howard	D-5	Gen'l Const.	Ohio
SICILIANO, Michael A.	B-5	Transportation	Massachusetts	SWITZER, William M.	A-6	Plumbing	California
SIMMONS, Richard A.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Michigan	SYMONS, William F.	C-6	Transportation	California
SIMMONS, Russell C.			Michigan	SYRYLO, William	A-5	Transportation	West Virginia
SINCLAIR, John Wm.	C-6	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania	SZTARY, Joseph G.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	
SINDERSON, Paul	D-3	Transferred	Minnesota				
SIRENO, Joseph L.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Connecticut	TACKETT, Paul I.	H-1	Galley	Virginia
SKINNER, Wallace L.	C-4	Heavy Equip.		TALIUAGA, John R.	H-2	Personnel	New York
SLAVIN, William J.	A-4	Transferred	Ohio	TAYLOR, Duane V.	D-2	Plumbing	Colorado
SLIMKO, Frank M.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	TAYLOR, Howard E.	H-1	Supply	Ohio
SLUSHER, James G.	A-4	Refrigeration	Ohio	TERESI, Charles	C-5	Transferred	
SMITH, David	D-2	Transportation	Florida	THIEBAUD, Fredrick L.	B-6	Transferred	
SMITH, Edward L.	C-3	Gen'l Const.	New York	THOMAS, Kindred W.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	
SMITH, Frank N.	A-3	Heavy Equip.	Texas	THOMPSON, Claude S.	C-3	Electrical	Kentucky
SMITH, Jack S.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	California	THOMPSON, Gerald O.	D-2	Guard	
SMITH, James E.	H-1	Galley		THOMPSON, Harold J.	D-2	Gen'l Const.	Missouri
SMITH, Paul W.	C-3	Transferred		THOMPSON, Harry St. C.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	Missouri
SMITH, Stanley E.	H-2	Supply	New York	THOMPSON, Hoyd W.	A-6	Heavy Equip.	Arkansas
SMITH, Walter E.	C-2	Electrical	Arizona	THOMPSON, Milton I.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	California
SMITH, Wright K.	H-2	Medical	Texas	THOMPSON, Roy V.	A-5	Carpenter Shop	Oklahoma
SNOWDEN, Giles V.	C-4	Transportation	Texas	THOMPSON, Thomas I.	B-6	Transferred	
SNYDER, Ira F.	C-3	Transportation	Maryland	THOMSON, Charles M.	A-3	Saw Mill	Missouri
SOLOMON, Donald O.	A-1	Gen'l Const.	North Carolina	THORNTON, John M.	B-6	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts
SOLOMON, Johny C.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	Texas	THURSTON, Byron J.	D-1	Refrigeration	Michigan



	CO.	PROJECT	STATE		CO.	PROJECT	STATE
TINGLER, Harley L.			Missouri	WHITE, Devier H.	A-1	Heavy Equip.	Oklahoma
TOLAND, Edward F.	D-2	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	WHITE, Kenneth R.	H-4	Gen'l Const.	New Jersey
TOWLE, Wesley H.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	WHITE, Linwood E. Jr.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Virginia
TRANCHELL, Eugene J.	B-4	Refrigeration	Oregon	WHITE, Matthew J.	C-4	Malaria Control	Maryland
TSOURIANIS, John G.	A-4	Refrigeration	Massachusetts	WHITE, Russell K.	A-5	Transportation	Pennsylvania
TUCKEY, Charles L.	H-3	Censor	Pennsylvania	WHITEAKER, Harvey A.	A-6	Plumbing	Montana
UTITIES, Joseph G.	D-6	Galley Maint.		WHITTON, Diamond P.	C-3	Rigging	Louisiana
VANDERMEER, Robert J.	D-6	Transferred		WILATOSKI, Frank S.	H-1	Galley	Pennsylvania
VANDERSLICE, Theodore R.	D-4	Transportation	Pennsylvania	WILES, Clayton L.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts
VAN METER, Fred C.	D-1	Heavy Equip.	Colorado	WILKOZEK, Peter H.	C-1	Water Purific't'n	Illinois
VANNETT, William B.	C-4	Transportation	Massachusetts	WILLARD, Edgar L.	H-1	Galley	Oklahoma
VAN PUTTEN, George J.	D-1	O.O.D.'s Office	Ohio	WILLIAMS, Henry F.	D-6	Transportation	Mississippi
VARN, Myron J.	B-3	Communications	Nebraska	WILLIAMS, Henry G.	B-4	Heavy Equip.	Tennessee
VARNADORE, Robert R.	D-6	Gen'l Const.	South Carolina	WILLIAMS, Jesse D.	B-5	Paint Shop	
VERONEAU, Joseph A.	B-3	Armory	Massachusetts	WILLIAMS, John B.	D-6	Gen'l Const.	Washington
VIALPANDO, Hilario M.	H-1	Supply	New Mexico	WILLIAMS, Percy J.	D-6	Gen'l Const.	
VINES, Charles A.	A-1	Recreation		WILLIAMS, Robert R.	A-3	Transportation	
VOLPE, Richard J.	C-6	Rigging	Massachusetts	WILLIAMSON, Earl S.	C-4	Gen'l Const.	Maine
VORIS, Robert W.	C-4	Transferred		WILLIAMSON, Joe Lark	B-1	Heavy Equip.	Alabama
WADE, Mack G.	B-2	Electrical	Michigan	WILLIAMSON, Lee R. B.	A-4	Heavy Equip.	Kansas
WAGGONER, William C.	H-3	M.A.A.	Texas	WILLS, William P.	C-2	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
WAIDE, Edmund F.	H-1	Commissary	Oregon	WILSON, Alvin J.	C-2	Ship's Service	Pennsylvania
WALDMIRE, John R.	H-1	Transferred		WILSON, Charles E.	C-6	Heavy Equip.	New York
WALKER, Fred H.	A-3	Transferred		WILSON, Elliott L.	H-2	Supply	Oklahoma
WALL, David J.	D-6	Carpenter Shop	North Carolina	WILSON, Ellwood C.	B-3	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania
WALTHER, Harry S.	B-2	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	WILSON, Gerald	H-1	Transferred	New York
WALTHERS, Daniel M.	H-1	Commissary	Texas	WILSON, James H.	D-1	Transferred	Texas
WARD, Charles H.	B-4	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	WILSON, James R.	H-2	Transferred	
WARD, Peter C.	C-6	Cement	Minnesota	WILSON, Thomas F.	A-6	Heavy Equip.	Massachusetts
WARD, William J.	H-2	Personnel		WILSON, Woodrow J.	H-1	Transferred	
WARFEL, Sherwood L.	B-1	Ship's Service	Pennsylvania	WIMBERLY, Levi S.	C-6	Rigging	South Carolina
WARNER, Millard L.	A-6	Guard	Indiana	WIND, Edward Horace	B-4	Heavy Equip.	Pennsylvania
WARREN, William A.	B-1	Heavy Equip.	Indiana	WINEGART, Orville F.	D-6	Transportation	Indiana
WATKINS, Garland E.	A-1	Transportation	North Carolina	WITT, Richard H.	D-5	Heavy Equip.	New York
WATSON, Charles R.	A-6	Cement	Connecticut	WIXSON, Kenneth J.	B-6	Rigging	New York
WATTS, Berton J.	A-5	Heavy Equip.	Wisconsin	WOELFEL, Roland G.	D-5	Gen'l Const.	California
WEBB, B. F.	H-1	Transportation		WOLFE, George S.	D-2	Gen'l Const.	Illinois
WEBER, Max A.	A-4	Gen'l Const.	Massachusetts	WOOD, Charles B.	D-4	Cement	Maine
WEBER, Philip E.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Pennsylvania	WOOD, Quest P.	A-2	Transportation	Oklahoma
WEIMAN, George J.	A-5	Gen'l Const.	Ohio	WOODSMALL, John B.	D-3	Electrical	Indiana
WEIR, Melvin B.	B-4	Saw Mill	California	WORLEY, Wayne	A-4	Transferred	Washington
WELCH, John H.	C-4	Heavy Equip.	New York	WOTYSIAK, Frank J.	D-6	Paint Shop	Illinois
WELLMAN, Harold C.	C-5	Heavy Equip.		WRIGHT, Gordon M.	D-1	Gen'l Const.	
WELTE, Charles F.	C-4	Saw Mill	Iowa	YATES, William F.	A-1	Recreation	Pennsylvania
WENDLE, Duane W.	H-3	Engineering	Iowa	YEATS, Adrian A.	A-3	Heavy Equip.	Ohio
WESLEY, Samuel H.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	YOUNG, John R.	C-3	Transportation	
WEST, Dennis B.	D-2	Transferred		ZENOSKI, Ralph S.	D-6	Transportation	
WHEELER, Harold E.	D-6	Water Transp.	Washington	ZIEGLER, William T.	D-3	Transportation	Pennsylvania
WHELIHAN, James H.	C-1	Transportation	Massachusetts	ZWICKE, Melvin A.	C-6	Gen'l Const.	Louisiana
WHIPPLE, Earl W.	A-3	Gen'l Const.	Illinois	ZWIEZYNSKI, Mitchell J.	D-1	Transportation	Michigan



Lester Colin and George Coggeshall, co-editors of this review



To Colin and Coggeshall belong the credit for the composition and art work of this "Historic Record" of the 105th N. C. B. They have been untiring in their efforts since its inception in New Guinea. As the Officer in Charge of the 105th, it is a pleasure for me to commend these two "shipmates" in behalf of every officer, chief and enlisted man, for thus making it possible for each of us to have a lasting memory of the battalion's activities. The battalion salutes you both, Well Done.

A. J. MACKAY  
Comdr., CEC, USNR



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## 105th NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

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