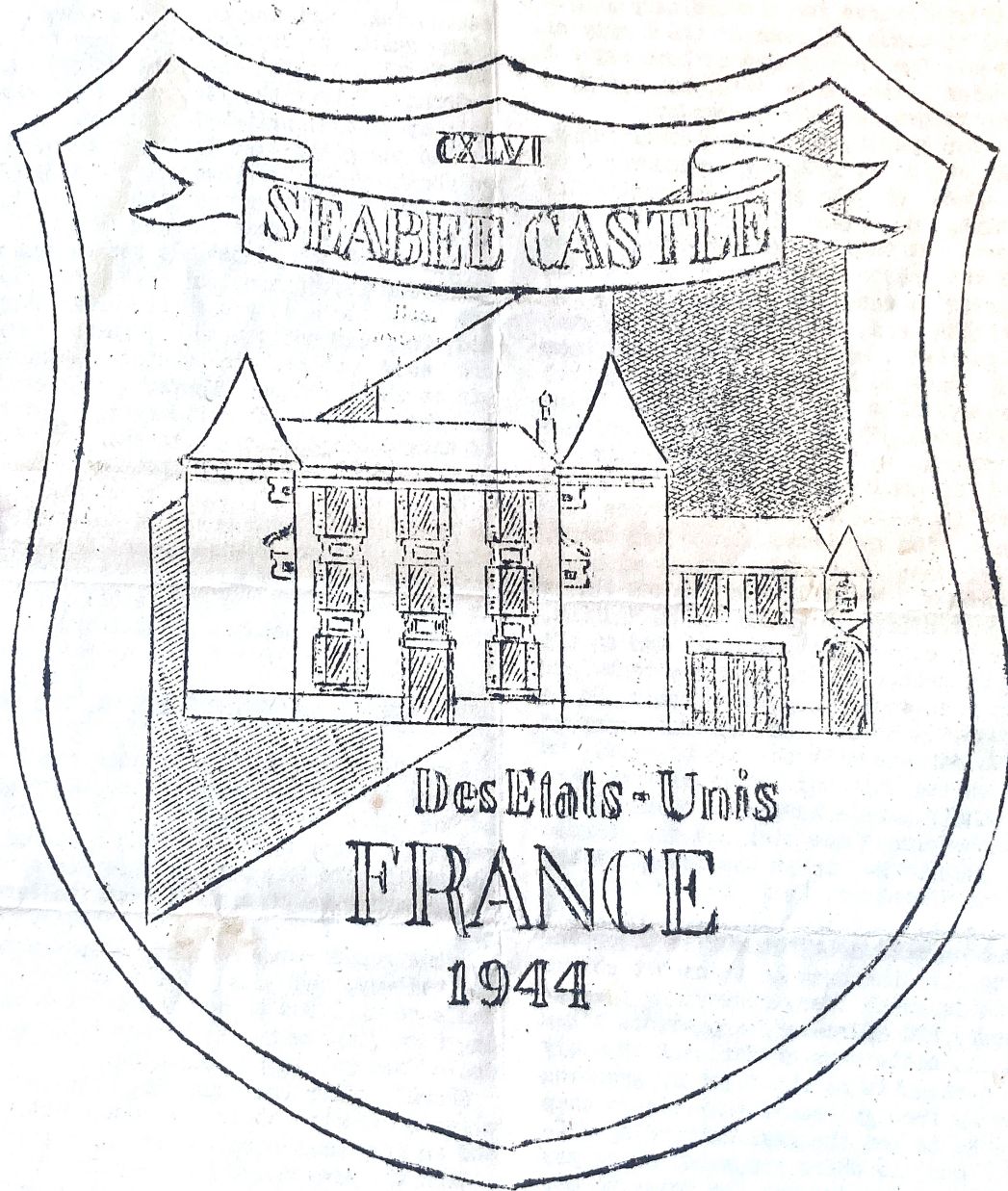


141-6 THE SEABEES
IN LADER
PUBLISHED "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Vol. 1 - No. 17

30 August 1944



"CHATEAU SEABEE" PLAQUE -- The above design, which Martin C. Anderson is placing on a mahogany plaque, will adorn the entrance to a French mansion which Seabees of the 146th Battalion have occupied. For the article concerning this subject, see Page 3.

Chaplain's Corner

"Oh, to be in England, now that Spring has sprung," can go down with other lines as being propaganda put out by some poet who was probably in cahoots with a travel bureau. Anyway, be that as it may, the preponderance of Seabee thought tends to be towards home. It's a remarkable thing, too, when you come to consider it. Home may have been only a sort of refueling station and overnight sleeping stop, but at this distance for the ordinary individual it takes on some of the beauty of heaven. One guy's idea of home may not coincide with the other's, but everyone wants to get back there someday.

As for myself, it seems rather funny. Each of us is in a way a wanderer over the face of the earth, and truthfully speaking, no place is home. We have houses, but they are only houses, and we have but one home, and every day we make progress toward it. Until finally we hear the word, "Welcome". Sure we want to go home, because we associate home with those we love and who love us, but I wonder if we associate the same thing with heaven. "Heaven's our destination," but some are not pushing to get there.

God is not only in heaven. He is all around us - everywhere. God rides the airways with our brave pilots and crews. God scrapes the ocean's floor with our submarines. He is in Iceland and Alaska and Australia, and in the South Pacific. He is on every fighting front and at all lookout posts. He is in every tank and He marches with every infantryman. He is on guard with the anti-aircraft gunners and He patrols with the coast guard. He is with the hale and hearty as they perform their heroic herculean tasks; He is at the bedside of the sick and the wounded and dying. He is in the induction and reception centers; He is in our national cemeteries. He boards the train and rides to our unknown destinations; He accompanies us into the crowded transport ships; He sails with every convoy; He arrives at every FPO address; His presence takes away the bitterness of farewell at every home port and it is the friendly greeting in every foreign base - there is no camp where He is not the real commanding officer. God is where you were, where you are now, and where you are going to be. God is with the war workers crowding our factory lines and assembly plants; He is with the families whom we left; He is with our friends, scattered all over the globe; HE IS WITH US - HE IS GOD.

* * * * *

A conference is a group of men who individually can do nothing, but as a group can decide that nothing can be done.

NAESETH SAYS CAMP EFFORD NOW 'GHOST TOWN'

Typical of what must be happening all over England is the scene at Camp Efford these days as the small maintenance force left there goes about its daily task of preparing more materials for shipment to the 146th Battalion in France.

Before the invasion, the camp was one of the busiest concentration centers for all the types of engineering equipment used by the Seabee battalions in the field, and the same work of assembling weapons and all kinds of stock for the successful carrying out of the invasion plan was being duplicated in Army camps and Naval establishments in all England.

Gerhard B. Naeseth, Y3c, one of the men left at Efford, writes *The Invader*:

"The old place just isn't the same. We go about our daily tasks but the life of the party is gone. No getting around it, we are a bit lonesome for you fellows.

"Our Red Cross clubmobile was up again yesterday afternoon, but the girls did not seem to miss you a bit, or if they did, they did not say so. I guess they are used by now to seeing men move off at short notice. Mowrer volunteered to shoot them with his camera, and two of them did an encircling movement around D. O. McClellan - lovely picture!

"The chow line is very short now and we race through our meals in about five minutes. Risdon, Townsend, and Santucci still are doing a very good job dishing it out, and the menu is still up to its usual good standard of quality."

* * * * *

HERE'S SEQUEL TO 'DEUTSCHE SEE WARTE' YARN

Some few weeks ago *The Invader* carried a story concerning some of the members of the 146th having salvaged three German small boats which they had captured. The craft were in a dock-yard repair shed and in order to properly launch the largest of the three, it was necessary to do some repair work on some of the marine railway, and one of the turntables had to be utilized to get the craft heading toward the water. The turntable was one of several in the building.

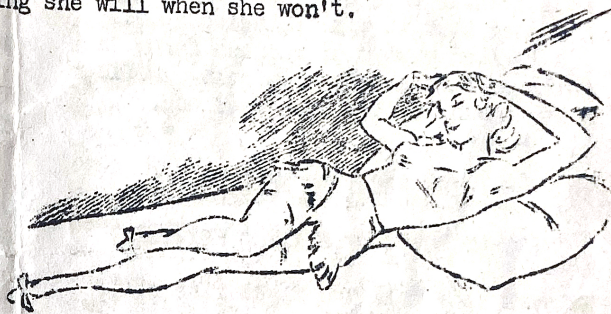
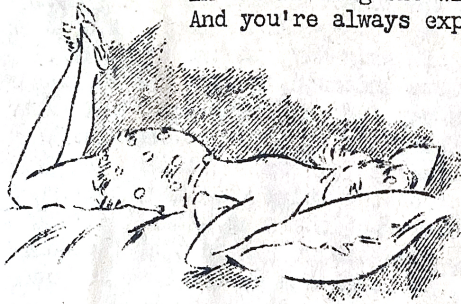
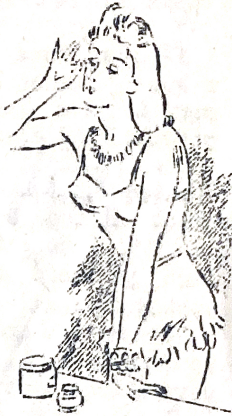
Shortly after the launching, the battalion moved to their present quarters and an Army unit moved to the boat yard.

When the Army moved in, they found all of the turntables had been mined with booby traps, including the one which had been used for the launching of the "See Warte". While the mine had been activated by the moving of the table it had by some miracle failed to go off.

"One dumb Irishman can outsmart any number of Germans any time," said Chief "Rip" Collins, who had led the salvage.



WOMAN - She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction,
 A woman's the greatest of all contradictions;
 She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse,
 But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.
 She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse;
 She'll split his head open, and then be his nurse,
 And when he is well and can get out of bed
 She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.
 She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind.
 She's crafty, she's simple; she's cruel, she's kind.
 She'll lift man up, she'll cast him down;
 She'll make him her hero, her ruler, her clown.
 You fancy she's this, but you find that she's that,
 For she'll play like a kitten and fight like a cat.
 In the morning she will, in the evening she won't -
 And you're always expecting she will when she won't.



CASTLE'S NAME CHANGED TO "CHATEAU SEABEE"

The owners of a fine old French chateau on the invasion coast of Normandy where a detachment of the 146th Seabees have been quartered since they made their first landing in that particular sector, have decided to change the name of their beautiful old castle from Chateau de la Vallee to "Chateau Seabee."

M. and Mme. Rochard, the owners, said that they were very favorably impressed by the courtesy and fine military bearing of the Seabees under the command of Lt. (jg) C.A. King, who shared their home after their arrival with the first American forces.

They have requested the Battalion to make a plaque commemorating their stay which would be suitable for decorating the main gateway of the estate. Such a plaque is being completed by Martin C. Anderson, CM1c, whose sketch of the design he reproduced for the front page of this issue of The Invader.

*** **

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------|
| Donnon O. Russell MM3c | 31 Aug. |
| Frank Toocheck MM1c | 31 Aug. |
| Joseph P. McCarthy SF1c | 3 Sept. |
| Sedgwick H. Watson BM2c | 3 Sept. |
| Francis C. Wheeler SF3c | 3 Sept. |
| James E. Kirby M2c | 5 Sept. |
| Robert L. Porteous CM3c | 5 Sept. |

*** **

SEABEES HANG WASH ON NAZIS' ATLANTIC WALL

A few years back, when members of the 146th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion first heard that song about "hanging the wash on the Siegfried Line," there was no thought in their minds that at some date in the not too far distant future they would be doing just that.

This is approximately what has happened in the case of some members of the Battalion, only instead of its being the Siegfried line it is parts of Hitler's vaunted West Wall, which they have used for the purpose of drying their laundry.

Small units of the outfit were in temporary quarters in the captured German fortifications, whose guns menaced the English Channel from the French coast, and while they were there, their everyday chores of keeping clean and sanitary went on as usual. And in several instances, the men used the now voiceless guns of the master-race as clothes lines on which to dry their socks (white, cotton) and their drawers (white, nainsook) and all of the other clothing etceteras that go into a Seabee field pack.

*** **

The INVADER

Published "Somewhere in France" by the 146th Seabees. We invite exchanges with the publications of other Seabee battalions and are grateful for contributions. Edward H. Gessner, Comdr. (CEC) USNR, Publisher; Erwin S. Hein, Y2c, Editor; Brendan P. Mulready, SF2c, Managing Editor.

THERE'S STILL TIME TO VOTE FOR PRESIDENT

If you have not already mailed your request for an absentee ballot, you may now be too late to vote in the coming presidential election. It all depends:

The general deadline for mailing of the request form was August 15, but different states have their own rules so if you have not already done so, get that postcard request form out of your seabag now, and mail it immediately.

Remember, there is no guarantee that your request will be honored, but so many corrections have been made in the original soldier vote plan that there may be a chance that it will be acted upon.

A limited number of request forms are still available. See Warrant Officer Potts immediately if you need one.

* * * * *

THE FIGHTING SEABEES

(Contributed by William Holliday)

We work like hell and fight like hell,
And then come back for more -
The Navy's advance base engineers
On many a foreign shore.

On half the lousy islands
From here to Timbuctoo,
You'll find a hive of Seabees -
One hell of a fighting crew.

The Admiral just dropped around
To chat the other night.
He said, "Now, boys, I know you work,
"But you've also been trained to fight.

"So, if there's any troubles, don't stop
"To put on your jeans -
"Just drop your tools and grab your gun
"And protect those poor Marines."



"HAVE EITHER OF YOU FELLOWS GIVEN ANY THOUGHT AS TO WHERE WE'RE GOING TO HANG THESE WAR BOND POSTERS?"

BATTALION ENJOYS USO STAGE PRESENTATION

That USO stage presentation, "On the Beam," shown in the Town Hall adjoining the 146th billet Sunday, proved to be a hilarious performance of top quality.

Featured in the show as master of ceremonies was Freddie Lightner of New York City. Mr. Lightner is a brother of Winnie Lightner, comedienne of films and stage fame, but he does not bask in her reflected glory. He is in his own right a first class performer.

Maxine Turner, a pretty miss from Los Angeles, California, did some acrobatic and ballet dancing that was enthusiastically received by the audience of Seabees and their Army-Navy guests from nearby.

Dolores Anderson, a husky-voiced singer all the way from Manhattan, sang a variety of numbers, and by popular demand she sang "Embraceable You" to Commander Gessner, who was on the stage with her, and found out just what the song meant. A little natural shyness on the part of the Commander was overcome by the loud and persistent cheering of the audience.

Jerry Lawton, from Providence, R. I., gave a very excellent performance of comedy juggling, together with a funny monologue, in which he kept under-rating himself. Despite the appearance of fumbling on his part, which was part of his act, he could do things with tennis balls which required absolutely perfect timing and coordination on his part. One trick with a heavy iron ball was fascinating.

Piano accompanist for the troupe was Charlie Burgess of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Don Santoro was stage manager.

The show has been touring the ETO for about six months, having first played in England at various Army camps and Naval bases, and also aboard U.S. ships.

A contingent of Wac's, who had but recently arrived from the States, were the guests of the battalion at the show. For many of the men in the Battalion, these were the first of Uncle Sam's women soldiers with whom they had come in contact, because of the fact that many of the 146th have been overseas for almost two years, most of which time they spent in Iceland.

The show was well advertised in advance and everybody in the Battalion knew about it and had received tickets for it, but the performers had not been notified until about two hours before curtain time. They had planned on an afternoon's relaxation. They had been invited to spend the afternoon swimming and boating with sailors of the "ordinary Navy," but they were very happy to forego this pleasure in order to play to the Seabee audience.

(Continued on Page 6)

Non-sensered

By "PANAMA HATTIE" SMITH

Back in Plymouth, a young doctor was making his morning round in the maternity ward. He stopped at the first bed and said:

"When do you expect your baby?"

"June the eighth, sir."

He went to the next bed and repeated his question.

"June the eighth," was the reply.

He went to the third bed and repeated his question.

"June the eighth," was the reply.

The next patient was asleep, so he turned to the occupant in the bed nearby and asked:

"Do you know when this woman expects her baby?"

"I don't know," said the woman. "You see, she didn't go to the picnic."

* * *

F. M. (Sacktime) Kirtchen sends this contribution from good old Efford:

The horse and mule live 30 years,
 And nothing know of wines and beers.
 The goat and sheep at 20 die,
 And never taste of Scotch and rye.
 The cows drink water by the ton,
 And at 18 are mostly done.
 The dog at 15 cashes in
 Without the aid of rum and gin.
 The cats in milk and water soak,
 And then at 12 short years they croak.
 The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
 Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at 10.
 All animals are strictly dry;
 They sinless live and sinless die -
 But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
 Survive for three score years and 10.

* * *

Kirtchen also asked J.G. McCleskey why he never took his girl friend to the cinema in Plymouth any more.

Said McCleskey: "It rained one night - and we stayed home ----"

* * *

John A. Breedlove steps up with a new slogan for the Seabees: "A gun in one hand and a wench in the other."

* * *

Willie Parker was asked by his draft board physician to bring a specimen when he appeared for his physical. In walked Willie with a large mug, the kind kept under one's bed before modern plumbing. The astonished doctor gasped: "You didn't carry that all the way from your farm, did you?" "Nope," said Willie, "I rode on the bus."

* * *

From "Jackie," who serves with the ATS in Plymouth, comes a poem she dedicates to Ensign W. M. Bellairs. Here it is:

ODE TO A YANK

Dear Old England's not the same;
 We dreaded invasion, and it came,
 For though we haven't seen the Hun,
 That goddam Yankee Navy's come.

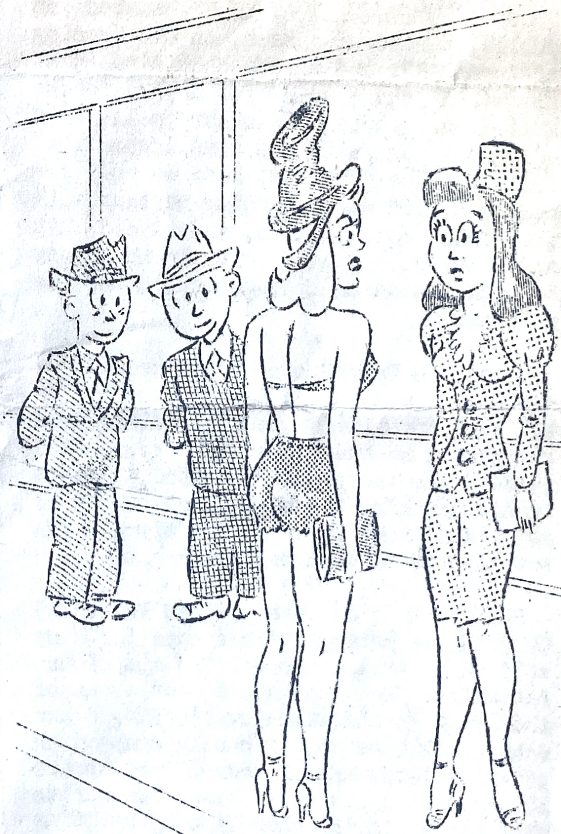
You see them in the tube or bus -
 There's no room for the rest of us.
 We walk because they've taken our seats,
 Then we have to dodge their blinking jeeps.

They moan about our luke-warm beer,
 Say "beer's like water over here."
 But after having two or more
 You'll find them flat out on the floor.

And you should see them try to dance;
 They grab a partner and start to prance.
 When you're half dead they stop and smile
 And say "how's about it, honey chile?"

We watch them as they jitterbug,
 They twist and turn and pull and lug.
 It's enough to make red Indians jealous,
 Yet Yanks are civilized (they tell us).

(Continued on Page 6)



"I COULDN'T DECIDE WHAT TO WEAR TODAY."

BEES WHACKS

"BARNEY" WALSH, of the MAA force, is still learning about the Navy after two years of service. Part of his job now is to ring the ship's bell announcing the time. The other evening at 2000 he walked around to Chief MILLER who was standing close by and said: "What time is it, Chief?"

* * *

J.P. McCARTHY had a few rather anxious moments a few nights ago when the electric light generator shut off just as he was half way through having a haircut. "SOL" HUGHES was wielding the shears and even though MAC has a lot of faith in his ability he did not know if he was going to wind up minus hair or ears - or both. As it finally worked out the lights came back on before any lasting damage could be done -- and now MAC'S faith is stronger than ever.

* * *

Men of the Battalion were a little more than mystified last week, when they found chips of wood all around FREDDY HAMBY'S chair in the barber shop. They were wondering who the block-head in the outfit might be.

* * *

Step up, men! The next drink is on "MONK" BLOOMINGDALE. "MONK" stated in public, before witnesses, on the evening of August 22, and in the chow line, that he would buy a drink for anyone in the Battalion. Maybe his mother-in-law died or Uncle Sam refunded some income tax. Such must be the case, because only recently "MONK" was bemoaning parting with the first penny he made, and he did that under duress. He said he could no longer bear to listen to Lincoln scream for emancipation.

* * *

MOULTON O. THOMAS has heard the old expression "ants in the pants" many times, but the last time he went in swimming he discovered he had a case of "bees in the pants." The insects had started to swarm in his clothing and MOULT had a battle to get rid of them, which he finally did after several of them had stung him.

* * *

HERBERT E. (Old Man of the Mountain) CUMMINGS is making quite a name for himself as an artist amongst the men of the Battalion. He has made a studio out of the vast grandstand overlooking our race track home and is busily engaged in painting landscapes on souvenir cigarette cases during his spare time. He merits his place in the chow line by painting practical signs, remarkable for their artistry and utility.

ODE TO A YANK --- (Continued From Page 5)

The Army officers raise our smiles
With light-colored pants you see for miles.
We wonder if they're mice or men,
Decide they're wolves, and avoid the den.

With admiration at first we'd stare
At all the insignia they wear,
And think of deeds so brave and daring
Which earned the ribbons they were wearing.

Alas, they have not fought the Hun,
No glorious battles have they won -
That pretty ribbon just denotes
They've crossed the pond, brave men, in boats.

We speak to them, they just look hazy;
They think we're nuts, we know they're crazy.
But they're our allies, we must be nice;
They love us - yes, like cats love mice!

They laugh at us for drinking tea,
Yet a funnier sight you'll rarely see
Than a gum-chewing Yank, a dumb-looking face;
He'd raise a laugh in any old place.

They say that they can shoot and fight -
They only fight when they're really tight;
I must admit, their shooting's fine -
Oh boy, they sure can shoot a line!

They'll tell you your teeth are like pearls,
They love your hair and the way it curls,
Your eyes would dim their brightest star,
You're hot competition for Hedy Lamarr.

"You are my love, my life, my all,
"For no other baby could I fall,
"I'll love you 'til death us do part,
"If you should leave me you'd bust my heart."

And then leave you, broken-hearted -
Their camp's been moved, your love's departed.
You wait for mail - it doesn't come,
Then you realize you're pretty dumb.

In a different town, in a different place,
To a different girl with a different face:
"I love you, Honey; say you'll be mine"...
THE SAME OLD YANK WITH THE SAME OLD LINE!

* * * * * * * * *

BATTALION ENJOYS STAGE PRESENTATION BY U.S.O. (Continued from Page 4)

After the show the performers and guests of the Battalion were entertained at the 146th galley, where Chief Carlson and his boys had prepared coffee, lemonade, and a very good chocolate cake. Cigarettes and fruit and candy bars were distributed.

The occasion marked the first time on French soil that the 146th Battalion had observed "holiday routine." All work details had been secured at 1200, in order that as many of the men as could be spared could attend.

Dear Folks -

A ride through the French countryside is a most interesting and educating experience and maybe you would like to hear something about it.

At this time of the year, and with the tremendous number of military vehicles on the highways hereabouts, there is a constant cloud of dust over the countryside, which even the fairly regular rain will not wash away. The Normandy country is well populated, and everywhere we go there are French civilians by the roadside to wave a pleasant greeting and give us a cheery smile. The Normans are definitely a type to be found nowhere else in France except maybe in the closer parts of Brittany. They are sturdy peasant folk with an unmistakable dignity and respectability, and at the same time they are definitely friendly and helpful.

Their homes give an appearance of great age and well they may, for most of them were well lived in before the older generations first saw the light of day.

Some of the world's most beautiful and fertile farming country is here in this part of France, and the land is lovingly tended by thrifty and careful owners.

A common sight here, as all over France, is the wayside shrine. These are often erected by the inhabitants of a village but just as often by a landowner of sufficient means to undertake such a project. Noticed more frequently, until they are taken for granted, are the wooden shoes and berets of the inhabitants. Maybe before the war the people wore leather on their feet more than they do now, but at present wood is the usual material.

Vehicles are driven on the right side of the road here as they are at home, and most of the men are thankful for that after driving on the left in England for so long. There are almost no taxicabs or other mechanized transportation here now and it will be quite a while before they make their appearance again.

The children one meets by the wayside are a particularly friendly lot and they have the usual kid's liking for such articles as gum and candy and the bolder of them will ask for cigarettes "pour mon papa."

French farm livestock appears to be of the very finest quality and we have seen some very fine saddle horses and cattle in the fields.

That is all for now - next week I will try to tell you more about France.

Lots of Love,

LAUNDRY, OTHER SHIP'S SERVICE UNITS OPEN

The new ship's service laundry will be open for business on Wednesday afternoon or Thursday morning of this week. A new plan of paying for work done at the laundry will go into effect at the same time as the laundry opens.

In future chits will be issued for one wash at a time instead of paying for a whole month in advance.

A cashier will be on duty all during the working day and will issue chits for the laundry and all other ship's service operations. For instance, if you want a haircut, he will sell you a ten-franc chit with which to pay the barber, and the same will apply if you wish to have a pair of shoes repaired.

Haircuts at the barber shop will cost 10 francs for enlisted men and 15 francs for officers.

The cobbler shop will charge twenty francs for re-soling a pair of shoes and thirty francs if soles and heels are needed - this price will be the same for officers and men.

Prices at the tailor shop will necessarily vary according to work needed.

The laundry will operate free of charge for a week or two, in order that men in the Battalion, who bought laundry chits for August may be reimbursed.

Carp. W.L.Potts is service officer.

* * * * *

146th BEATS ALL COMERS ON BASEBALL FIELD

Having overcome all opposition, busy baseball Bees of the 146th Battalion are at the crest of their career in France. Even the fast-stepping 28th Battalion went down, 1 to 0, during the past week, and in another thriller the 25th Regiment was defeated 8 to 7.

Ship's Salvage gave in 15 to 2; 114th Battalion dropped a 3-to-1 contest; the visiting Hospital Corpsmen were trimmed 8 to 3; and an Army contingent from the Ordnance corps lost 13 to 5. In another game, Ship's Salvage lost 2 to 0.

Whenever the fickle French weather favors the fans, games are played nightly against teams from neighboring military and Naval units.

Weigand's run in the fourth inning was what beat the 28th Battalion in one of the closest games ever played by the Bee crew of the 146th. The batting order of the locals in this game was as follows:

Matlock, c; Cox, lf; Latimer, sf; Boxberger, 3b; Murray, cf; Weigand, ss; Etherson, lb; Black, rf; Hibbard, 2b; and Stone, p.

JOE SMOLICH'S LETTER MAKES RADIO PROGRAM

A letter which Joe Smolich wrote to The Invader from France in the early days of the invasion was read recently over the air from a Washington station connected with the Mutual network. It was featured on a program written by Miss Kaye Higgins, of Alexandria, Va., according to information received by her friend, Billy G. Moffatt, of the 146th personnel office. The Invader is being used regularly as a material source for her program, Miss Higgins wrote to Moffatt.

* * * * *

Sick bay was full of ailing men,
The air was full of groaning;
The doctor entered, full of fun:
"Good moaning, men - good moaning!"



"I BREENG MY FRIEND YVETTE ALONG, MON CHER. - MAYBE YOU FIND HER A BOY FRIEND, OUI?"