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This Book Is

DEDICATED

To the Memories of Our Shipmates of the Thirty-First United States SOUG Naval Construction Battalion

> Whose Fellowship With Us Was Terminated by Death Or by Illness Resulting in Death.

EVERT MARKUS GLENDENING

WYMAN JOSEPH GIRARD

JAMES NESBITT

LEROY ROBERT SANE

ROMER GILSON DICK

CLYDE VICTOR REAVES

THOMAS MULLIGAN GROVE

LARRY BENEDICT SCHUELER

ALBERT LEROY MEEKER

LLOYD ARNOLD KNERR

GEORGE HUDSON ELMS

FOREWORD

THIS, THE THIRTY-FIRST Naval Construction Battalion Cruise Book, has been prepared in the hope that it will bring back to all men who have been attached to the battalion recollections of interesting and important events. The Thirty-First is one of the very few construction battalions to have seen service in both the Atlantic and Pacific Theatres of War and all of us who have served with it should be justly proud of its fine record.

In a period of over three years of active service the battalion has naturally suffered many changes in both officer and enlisted personnel but the Thirty-First has always succeeded in doing a commendable job. The battalion in its work from Bermuda to Iwo and then to Japan has carried through the "can do" spirit in the best construction battalion tradition.

It is recognized that all of us attached to the Thirty-First have-as have all other personnel of the Armed Forces serving overseas-experienced certain hardships which cannot be avoided in the prosecution and wake of a war: long hours of work, poor food and housing for periods which were sometimes longer than we like to remember, tropical heat without benefit of electric fans, northern cold without sufficient winter clothing immediately available, and, worst of all, long separation from our homes and those we love has been the lot of us all. These and other disadvantages, some large and some trivial, have been borne willingly and for the most part cheerfully in order that each of us could have and hold the satisfaction of knowing that he himself and the Thirty-First as an outfit was doing all possible to assist in the winning of the war. On the other hand, I know that many rewards have come to each of us: new friendships, broader horizons, interesting-even though in some cases dangerous-experiences and strange adventure. Though we might never want to do it again, most of us would not trade our tour of duty in the Thirty-First for anything. The price paid has been high but the rewards have been great as well and we have helped to win the war.

I would like to take this opportunity to extend to "all hands" congratulations on the fine work done by the battalion in completing the job which the original Thirty-Firsters set out to do on October 9, 1942. Most of you when you receive your copy of the Cruise Book will be back in civilian life and home again with your families. To you and to them the Navy owes and gives many thanks and wishes you all the best of luck and happiness in the days ahead.

WELL DONE ! !

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You have earned it.

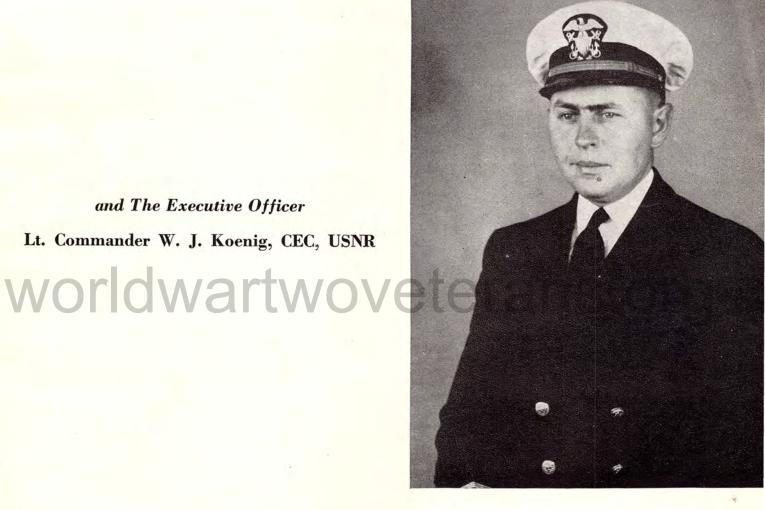


The Skipper

Commander W. C. G. Church, CEC, USN

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and The Executive Officer Lt. Commander W. J. Koenig, CEC, USNR



FORMER OFFICERS IN CHARGE

WORDWartvCommander H. H. Micou, CEC, USNR OFO

Lt. Commander R. C. Greer, CEC, USNR

Commander D. J. Ermilio, CEC, USNR

FORMER EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Lt. Commander R. A. Smith, CEC, USNR

Lieutenant E. J. McGinnis, CEC, USNR

Lieutenant M. B. Kite, CEC, USNR

The Spearhead

Naval Construction

Rattalion

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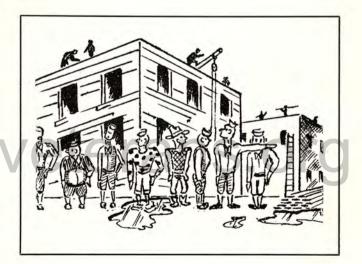
BOOT TRAINING

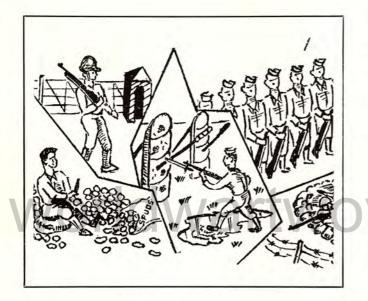
Y LATE SUMMER OF 1942 practically every run on the N. Y. N. H. and Hartford stopped long enough at Providence to disgorge a swarm of train-weary, summer-clad civilians who were shepherded with a 'hup-right, hup' to waiting busses bound for Camp Endicott. Their arrival was somewhat in advance of the GI clothing which is the bane and blessing of every serviceman. So the indoctrination of Endicott's first 'boots' into the mysteries of a 'military manner' began with polite disregard of the blue jeans, corduroy pants, plaid knickers, and colored shirts which shivered, suh, at early morning muster. This leaning to nondescript garb has persisted with the old 31st'ers lo, until now. Camp Endicott has given the last polish to the majority of Construction Battalions with its Advance Military Training program. But training the men of the 31st was its first experiment with raw recruits.

Endicott at this time was not much more than a mudhole, complicated by yawning excavations and pipe ditching. It was an obstacle course all its own. From barracks to shower room, especially at night, was a neat problem. Many a man made part of the trip with a triumphant leap, and turning to laugh at his less fortunate buddy, fell up to his ears in the next gully.

Boot is like nothing you have ever gone through before, and you hope never will again. It is a turning point in your life, and quite abrupt. Take from Socrates his ability to orate, confine him to a guarded yard with a Samson—from whom you have already shorn the hair that guaranteed him strength. Then tell them both that they no longer have names, that from here on in they will be known as numbers, that their thinking will be done for them—and you have an idea of the first impact of boot camp on the average patriotic American. Their entry into the ways of a disciplined Navy kept them speechless and powerless for a solid month. The record in this book will show that they recovered their power. And, take it from us, their speech came back as well.

Boot was a continuous orgy of drilling, bayonet practice, KP and guard duty, inspections and vaccinations, during which their hopes receded daily into ethereal space. Through it all ran the theme a devilish thing with the sting of a thousand pitchforks and a terrible finality from which there is no





appeal—"ours not to question why, ours but to do or die." Slowly we fit the mold. Slowly we caught on that there are three ways to do a job—the right way, the wrong way, and the Navy way.

We were not ordinary boots. Those in command recognized this, and for the first time in the history of our Navy (we tell ourselves) men in boot camp were placed on Regimental Guard duty (an honor and a privilege). This was unquestionably something—dangerously like turning a yeoman loose on a bulldozer, if you get what we mean. But picked men of the 31st (they learned early to volunteer for nothing) stood these posts and stood them well, and Camp Endicott remained unsullied, amply protected from any enemy saboteur. One conscientious Texan was put on post twelve and forgotten. Forty-eight hours later the post was rediscovered, and the guard, still challenging would-be liberty hounds, finally relieved. This devotion to duty, sir, is typical of our fine American manhood not alone in Texas, sir, but all over these United States.

Toward the end of the training, a series of three realistic air-raids, courtesy of Quonset airmen, aroused the camp. Flares, explosions, dive-bombing, and screaming whistles gave you no time to wonder if —! And the helmet became a popular headdress. More realism was added as the idea of a mock invasion was developed to go with the next outburst. The 31st battalion was designated to invade. When the time and the hour arrived, the commandos of the outfit had, within thirty minutes, disarmed all the Marine Guards, cut their Colonel's telephone wires, routed out of his home and arrested Captain Fred Rogers, commanding officer of Endicott. The supply yard two miles away at West Davisville was also taken without trouble. There were no casual-



ties—but plenty of signal mortars lit the skies, and dynamite explosions were heard for miles. Perhaps it was then we were tagged for the Iwo job.

The month which had done so much to initiate many of us to a new way of life ended up on a typical note as it introduced us to the art and headache of moving. Lock, stock and barrel we packed ourselves clear across the drillfield to H. Unit. A more spectacular event was the dress review. Usually this is the kind of affair which makes the civilian want to get in the Navy, and the Seabee want to get out. But on 9 October 1942 it was different. This was the commissioning ceremony of the ThirtyFirst United States Naval Construction Battalion. Boys in blue, a right good crew, passed in review. Captain Rogers presented the colors to our first commanding officer, Commander H. H. Micou. In Navy terms we were now a "ship" all set for the "shakedown cruise" of advance training, and then the long voyage.

Before that trip, though, there was another to take—wherever we wanted to go so long as we returned at the end of five days. You can see by the tabulation where most of the boys were from, but, believe it or not, a lot of them made it to Texas and back. Good, *fast* boys!

TEXAS 21.4	NEW YORK	4.5
OKLAHOMA 9.3	WASHINGTON	4.3
CALIFORNIA 9.3	PENNSYLVANIA	4.0
ARKANSAS 7.1	ALABAMA	3.8
LOUISIANA 6.9	OREGON	3.1
TENNESSEE 4.5	FLORIDA	2.9

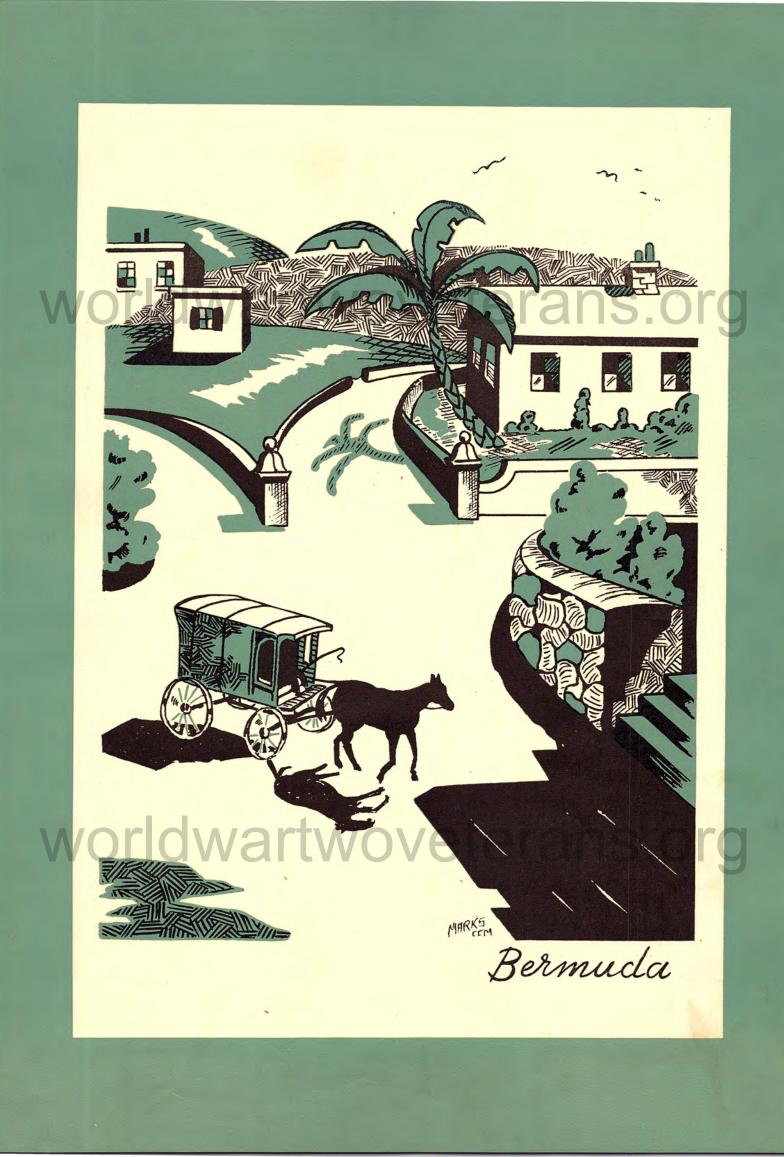
Representing a total of 81.1% from 12 states,

leaving 18.9% from 23 other states. 1 man from

Canal Zone-8 Washington, D. C.

The 31st Spearhead Naval Construction Battalion.

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F, IN SEPTEMBER OF '42 we were boots-the rawest of civilians, by December of that same year we were still boots-the rawest of Seabees. BuDock's baby was as yet more in the idea stage than it was on the pages of current history. We knew from that wise old sage, the recruiting officer, and from press releases of 'things to come,' that the 'Bees were destined to play an important role in the But the record was not yet written. We war. were issued weapons and given uniforms, but eight or ten weeks probably did not transform us into the smoothest of Uncle Sam's military units. Still, we were game, maybe eager, for this venture into the unknown frontiers of the war to perform a vague though highly important task. So, with more enthusiasm than cadence, we marched from the ABD Hut Area in Camp Thomas through a drizzling rain to board day coaches for the first leg of the journey.

Anybody's scuttlebutt was good. For all we knew we might cross country to sail from a west coast port, or board ship at New York to sail in almost any possible direction. Guessing where was one of the games that occupied us on that trip from which we had no guarantee there would be a returning. Other games were played, too. Sure, we thought about leaving home. In a New York tunnel our train was delayed by the very interurban that used to carry one of us to work. In Washington we stood on a siding for a half hour, only five minutes from another guy's home. Then, when we reached Norfolk and had filed through a huge, cold shed to the waiting ship from which we waved a bleak good-bye to an empty dock, as our vessel slid out of the bay a mate pointed out the white house on the shore that was his home. That, and thinking about the five-day leave that did not let some of us get home, made you feel odd to say the least.

But now, at least, we knew where we were going. Civilians workers aboard, headed there, too, were able to tell us that. Bermuda, eh? A hell of a ways from the war that was! Oh, well, we'd see. Meanwhile, the rough waters of the Middle Atlantic, and the drills, and the blackouts at night, and the talk

BERMUDA

about submarines gave you something else to think about.

Sighting land after even a two day voyage has its thrill. Slowly the speck on the horizon took on size and shape and color. The green hills, the colored gardens, the dazzling whiteness of the beaches and buildings of this near, yet foreign, land, and the harbors of clear, opal tinted water was our introduction to a place of slow tempo and strange customs. 'A bit of old world,' or 'horse and buggy'—depending on how you looked at it.

The narrow roads accommodated their buggies and bicycles; only the doctor had an automobile. Every house had its own water catchment, for its only source of the precious liquid was the rain. A scattering of coral islands with many people, much fishing, garden truck, the famous onions, potatoes, lilies, but neither snake nor apple, the smallest drawbridge in the world, and four o'clock tea. This was Bermuda which, with our help, was to turn from vacation land into an important frontier base on the road to North Africa and the turn of the Axis.

Our jobs here? Forgetting the gripes and confusion and the kidding we took as "Honeymooners," plenty that we did was important. No list would be complete. But there were the underground fuel tanks—the marginal wharf—the large fleet warehouse, the gun mounts, the ammo dumps, the gunnery schools built; the maintenance work, the painting, the wiring, the ship repairs, the stevedoring (a ship unloaded every five days); the hospital, the golf course, the officers' club, and the Admiral's fish pond.

The closer the connection we could see between the job we did and the winning of the war, the more satisfaction we took in our work. The planes that landed there with bullet holes in their wings, and the ships, in whose holds we shifted cargo so that repairs could be made closer to the battle front than anywhere else, reminded us that even though it was a long way off, the war was still going on and much of our efforts on the island of coral and cedar *did* support the big job. With this we had to be content.



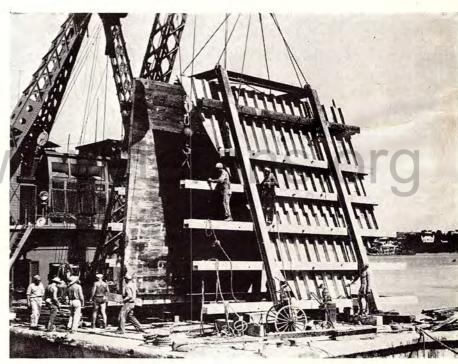
ST. DAVID'S SEAWALL

Construction of the 560 foot seawall at St. David's to replace the obsolete and generally unsatisfactory floating wharf formerly used to dock Navy minesweepers and other small craft is shown here in various stages. Above is the barge from which diving operations were carried out. To the right the photographer has caught the blast of a dynamite charge set deep in the coral sea bottom. Below a welder is cooking up some magic,

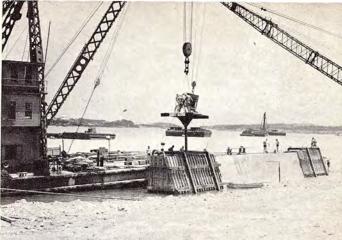


while to his right and on the next page are shown several shots of the huge form from which over 20 sections of the 26 foot high wharf were poured. The form was 25 feet long and 16 feet wide at the bottom. At the lower right, and appearing wide-eyed with astonishment, is none other than Seabeatus Aquatus, coming up for a little breather—and a light lunch.









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COMPLETED SEAWALL AND DEDICATION

Formal commissioning rites for the new wharf included a visit by Rear Admiral Ingram C. Sowell and Brigadier General Alden G. Strong. A small fleet of bedecked Navy ships further attested the importance of the 31st's No. 1 project.

D Company was responsible for the whole job, including construction and operation of a rock-crusher to grind up coral for the entire base. Lt. George L. Wey and Lt. M. B. Kite were the officers in charge of the project, which was completed in four months. Hundreds of cubic feet of assorted materials and several thousand man days were utilized in the operation.

CONCRETE FUEL TANKS

Among the big jobs here were the five concrete fuel tanks, capacity 100,000 barrels, which the 31st constructed. Surveyors, jackhammer artists, carpenters, concrete men, and shipfitters all had a hand in the job. Below they are setting up to pour the pumping station which goes with each tank. Under this shot, the pouring is in progress, while to the right you find the whole unit done except for the last rites. Dozer operators soon had the whole business buried in coral sand. Before this was done, sprayers were turned loose to coat the tanks with liquid rubber which dries to make them moisture proof.



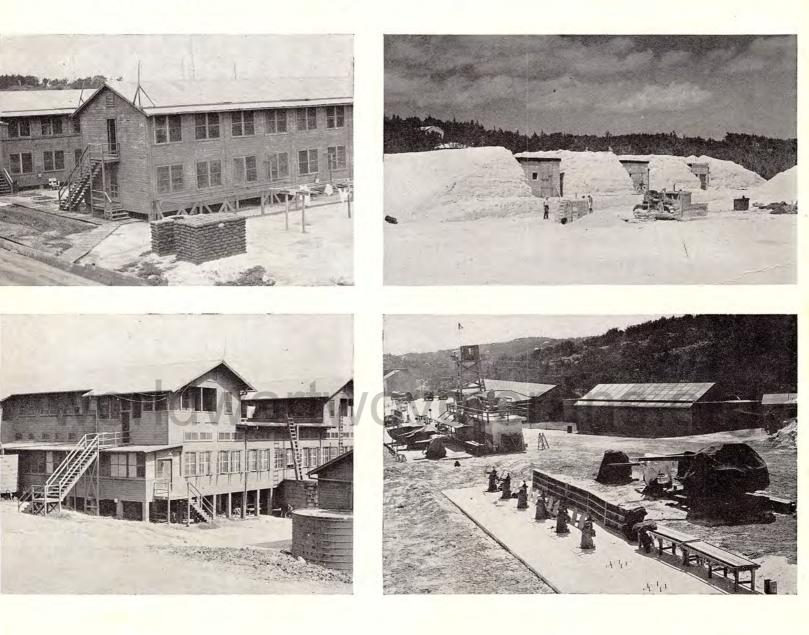








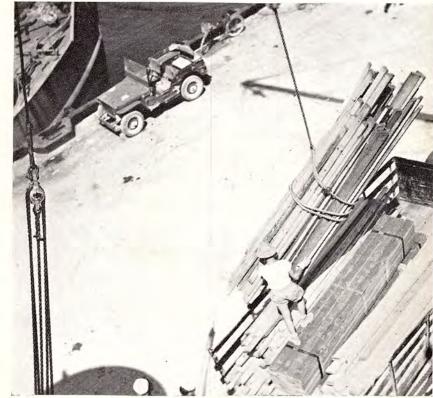
WARTIME BERMUDA became a strange combination of picturesque beauty, mixed with an 'armed-to-the-teeth,' formidable appearance. Next to fields of innocent lilies, powder magazines and anti-aircraft gun installations reminded all who saw that there was a war going on. The rockcrusher above ground up thousands of tons of coral which were used for many military purposes — seawalls, roads, foundations, gun installations, airfields, and warehouses.





BULLDOZERS levelled off hills to create gun ranges, and carpenters built classrooms for instruction in the use of 50 calibres and other anti-Axis devices. Ship loading details worked days and nights cleaning out the holds of countless numbers of vessels paying visits to "Honey-

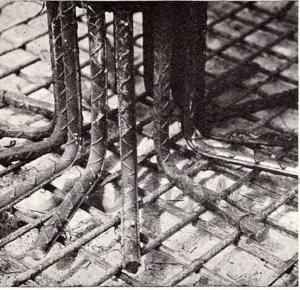






moon Island." Many ships turned up with holes in their sides—following tangles with enemy subs in the dangerous water that was the Atlantic in 1942 and 1943. Cargoes were shifted to make room for quick repairs, and soon, ready for the sea-lanes again, the oncecrippled vessels were returned to service.

WAREHOUSES... NAVAL AIR STATION

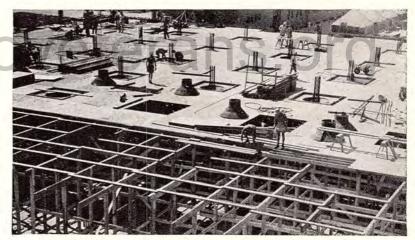




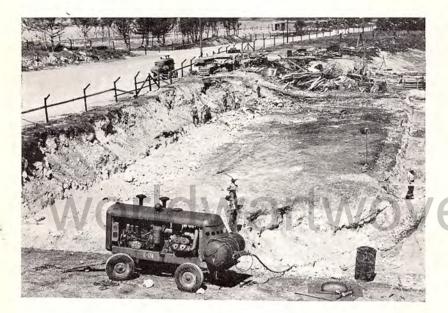


As the importance of Bermuda's Naval Air Station increased, it fell to the 31st to build an addition to the warehouse pictured above. By far the hardest part of the job was to give it a solid base, for the coral reef was full of caves, one of which swallowed over 500 yards of concrete. Reinforced concrete columns at fairly close intervals provided the needed support. That meant just some jack-hammer work, and men are left who swear to this. Then the matting and steel rods (upper left) were put in place for the pouring of the columns (left). Lower right gives an idea of the groundwork that was required. From there on it was simply a building job (below) which was handed over to another outfit when someone said "Back to the States." On the opposite page are three progress pictures of the St. David's warehouse, one of four smaller ones built by the 31st.



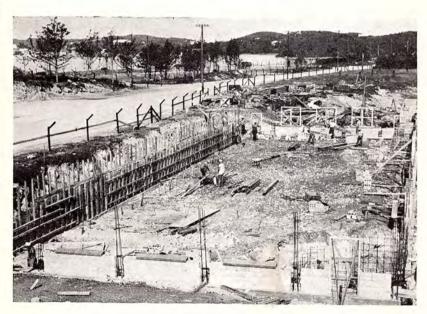


AND ST. DAVID'S





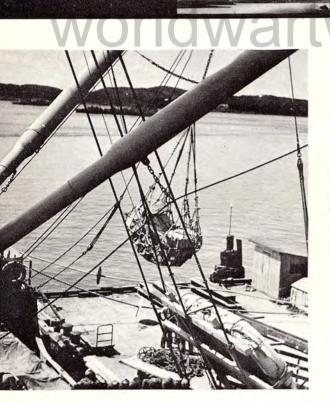
Going—Going—GONE















When you come to the end of a perfect day (upper left), and your work is done in the battalion headquarters (right center) or handling ship's cargo (left center) or working on ships bound for the African invasion (upper right), a beckoning Bermuda sunset sky calls you to visit the nurses' quarters (built by the 31st) or to take a ride in a quaint carriage over the world's smallest drawbridge.





Distinguished Visitor, Rear Admiral J. J. Manning, Bureau of Yards and Docks.



The Color Guard Passes in Review. Before the Admiral and His Staff.



Captain Creighton, Naval Air Station. Commander Nicou, Officer in Charge, 31st. Admiral Sowel, Commandant of the Base.

Military Draft. 31st and 49th Battalions.









Recreation and Entertainment

Bermuda-known as a vacationland in peacetimeprovided recreation galore even to wartime Seabees. The 31st swimming pier, one of four built by the Battalion, proved a popular spot to while away spare time. Movies were held in the camp area, and basketball flourished from the beginning to the very end. Occasional USO dances at the "Flats" or at Somerset were gala affairs, with plenty of rug and cake-cutters. The musical trio above and to the right are pictured playing in the CPO Club-formerly the home of Eugene O'Neill. Not pictured-but thoroughly appreciated-were the golf facilities at Mid Ocean or at Riddles Bay. Kopplin and Burbank managed to win the Bermuda Open Golf Tournament at Mid Ocean. The 31st participated in the first football contest on Bermuda-known as the Lily Bowl Classic-but came off second best, losing to another Navy team in a tight 19 to 18 thriller.





Leaving Bermuda

In October 1943 the 31st boarded two ships for their return to the States. Pictured on this page are several shots taken as the SS Antaeus picked up one group, and at the bottom is a stateside scene taken in Norfolk just after the ship docked. Busses seemed very strange after eleven months of horsedrawn taxis. Although our stay in Bermuda had been a pleasant one everyone was glad to leave. Our service had been of inestimable value, but we were not a rear echelon outfit and no one could deceive us into thinking we were. So we left Bermuda looking forward to rougher and dirtier jobs. *We found them*.

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THE RETURN TO THE STATES in two echelons a week apart brought one group directly to Camp Endicott by ship and the other group to Norfolk for another coach ride. A few days after reassembling, the eagerly awaited overseas leave came through. To all corners of the country, but to the Southwest, mostly, scattered the thousand and more men for a brief month's holiday and a joyful homecoming.

But, the United States then being in a state of war, all good things soon came to an end. The end of November '43 found us back at camp with bets high on how soon we would move out again. The process of rejuvenating the battalion had already begun. Commander Micou had been transferred during his leave to the Pacific to assume command of a regiment. General Service-or the prospect of sea duty-opened up for some rates, a hope which was later frosted for many. But not until almost 400 men of the 31st had transferred out. Their places were taken by drafts of men from Camp Peary, from the 3001 and 3003 detachments, and from other battalions. Only five of the original officers remained. For a brief while Lieut. Cmdr. R. C. Greer, Jr. commanded the outfit, but soon he turned over the reins to his executive officer, Lt. E. J. McGinnis, who carried on for two months until Lieut. Cmdr. D. J. Ermilio appeared on the scene to take over the battalion.

With a full complement again the 31st set out to make the best of their indefinite stay at Endicott. Small detachments went to Nantucket and to Charlestown, R. I. to put in some constructive licks, while those who remained behind found work and military training to keep them busy. Here, also, under Lt. McGinnis, the recreational program of the 31st hit its highest stride. In inter-battalion basketball not a game was lost; in track events we claimed the trophy; our boxers were acknowledged the best in the neighborhood; in archery both Robin Hood and Dan Cupid were found among us; and in Providence Commando tactics, the title was ours.

With the blush of spring came the move to Sun Valley, a five mile hike, for extensive military train-

A NEW 31st

ing and maneuvers in the field. Included was a week spent at the range in rehearsal for the great day of firing "for the record," when daddy became an 'Expert Rifleman,' a 'Sharpshooter,' or a 'Marksman.'

This over, the next stop was Camp Thomas where, shortly, we were confined to camp—more particularly the guest house—at which many a 31st'er bravely comforted his (1) wife—or (2) girl—or (3) somebody else's wife, with a cheery, "Oh, don't worry a bit. It won't be for long." It wasn't. Some of them were on hand to welcome us to the west coast.

To the tune of "California, Here I Come," our three sections began their diverse routes to the west over country that was new to many. In the course of five days there was opened to us the panorama for which we were fighting; America, with all her deserts and plains, her mountains and lakes, her farms and her cities.

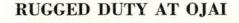
The week's end found us at Port Hueneme—our home for the next four and one-half months. Without delay we began 'sighting-in' our new carbines, and our tears flowed like wine as we learned the hard way to adjust our gas masks. Suddenly combat training was broken off to permit a move to a nearby Camp Bedilion and, then, those coveted preembarkation leaves we had wondered about.

At leave's end the imminence of our departure had faded away. So we settled down to 'left, right, left,' and carpenter details, and liberty! Hollywood, Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Ocean Park—we made them all, and the Ventura USO to boot. We'll mention Ojai later; but as August of '44 rolled around the refrain, "We'll never leave the States," increased as two sizeable detachments were sent to San Clemente and San Nicholas Island for construction duty.

Within a scant month they were all back, and we were confined to an embarkation area at Camp Rousseau where a feverish last-month of preparation, of transfers in and out, of dispatching wives home got under way. Then, it really happened. We left the States.







Not long after our arrival on the west coast we were transferred from Camp Rousseau to the Acorn Assembly and Training Detachment of Camp Bedilion. We remember it for its fog, its midnight fire drills, its early morning PT, and its GI musters and inspection. Some of the more fortunate ones remember it for the duty they served not there, but at the most enviable of its three satellite camps-Camp Oak at Ojai. Pictured here are several views of the officers' club and the golf course (the stable is not shown) which were the main features of the rehabilitation camp for officers-and WAVES. The enlisted men enjoyed it, too, for here were no fences, and liberty was good! Yet in this unfenced paradise there was no AWOL problem. Morning muster found us on the job.









Farewell Dance

One of the final events before leaving Port Hueneme was the battalion dance you see pictured here. The ranks of the wives and sweethearts present were swelled by the onrush of some 500 lovely damsels from USO clubs in the Hollywood area. We had bargained for 300 but, shucks, when the gals heard it was the 31st there was no stopping them. Now right here we want to do our bit to keep peace in the family. At party's start there were many more girls on hand than men, so couriers were sent to persuade the disinclined to dress up and come on over. Some of them consented to help out, and, with added help from station force specialists in that line, the dance turned out to be one of the finest. No, Helen, that's not your husband; there was another guy in the outfit that looked just like him. But you might look for him in the lineup over by that food. There were plenty of them over there all evening, listening to the sweet strains of the 31st Swingsters, and watching the young bucks jitterbug. Her? She really could sing! No, we haven't her telephone number.



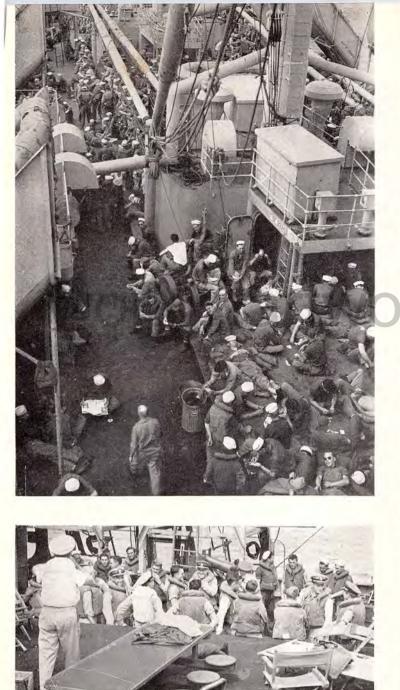


Leaving Port Hueneme

The evening previous to October 2nd we had wound up a Sunday of visiting and picnic lunches and last good-byes by taking in the movie at Theatre A with our loved ones. No one remembers the picture, but we won't forget the three minutes of darkness after it was over, then the lights, the moist eyes, and the ordeal of tearing ourselves away. Now, the separation was real. They left by the side door, and we came out the front for a reluctant march to our guarded area.

There was little sleeping. Cigarettes were lit, puffed twice, and put out. A few of the boys whiled their time with a nervous game of craps in the head. And others thought of Scripture and of folks back home who couldn't be there. Reveille at four. Before ever the eastern mountains had permitted dawn to flush the skies, we had groped our way to our neighboring hosts for a pickme-up breakfast, and returned to police the camp, roll up our bedding, and await the trucks.

With packs, carbines, duffle bags, and ditty bags we were transported to the docks to queue up in proper order for individual mustering onto the ship. Once aboard, the Bedilion band, which we had heard every morning of our stay there, came to give us a concert send-off and to play request numbers. A few wives who worked at the port braved the occasion. One swell girl waved her white handkerchief while a tugboat pulled us through the harbor entrance. As she disappeared into the distance the journey of the 31st on the water of the Pacific was begun.





SS Agwi Prince

After some sharp zig-zagging through the nets, the SS Agwi Prince set sail on a Southwest course, and, as the mainland slowly slipped away at the morning's horizon, some wondering thoughts and maybe some prayers passed through our minds. But soon we settled down to a routine of card playing, boat drills, "breeze batting," band concerts, and chow-line forming. The plan only changed for an occasional target practice by the ship's gun crew at floating barrels or other bobbing objects. At the rail we watched the flying-fish skim out of the way of the bow and kept an eye out for ships—friendly or otherwise. At dusk we could depend on the order barked over the PA, "Darken ship." Thereafter we stumbled and groped in the inky blackness, bumping into a mate or stubbing our toes on some permanent deck fixture. Better judgment and barked shins drove many to the stuffy confines of the compartments with their closelyspaced tiers of bunks and men's packs and seabags on every hook and in every corner. Sleep, at times, was impossible. Sometimes you gave up and sought, again, the cool breeze on deck, and looked over the side at the elegant and mysterious lights in the disturbed waters. Phosphorescence, like flying fish, was no longer a line thrown to the "polywogs" by the "Salts," but a real phenomenon. Boxing bouts and swing sessions on a forward well deck were a daily event offering some diversion from the monotony of life aboard a troop ship. Now and then we glanced to the east and wondered when we might again travel this course in the opposite direction, toward a homeland we had just begun to appreciate.





ND ON THE SIXTH DAY after A we left the States something white broke the horizon on our starboard bow. Slowly a majestic snowcapped mountain peak took shape, becoming more detailed as we plowed into each new wave. That first view of the Island of Hawaii was impressive: from high up in the sky where the volcano Mauna Kea wore her white hat, to the water's edge, the line of the horizon descended along a steady angle, changing only to pick up a new color now here, now there, before it became part of the ocean we sailed. Sugar cane

Above: Railroad Trestle. Upper right: Mission School. Right: Parker's Pasture. Lower right: Shoreline near Hilo. Below: Rainbow Falls, Hilo.









Upper left: Burnt rock becomes a shrine. Lower left: Kona, coffee center. Right: Tree Ferns, National Park.

fields appeared in a crazy patchwork of designs cut at random. Bright reds and greens and yellows screamed from the foliage and the buildings for our attention.

As we approached the breakwater at Hilo harbor our speed gradually slackened until we were barely inching along. What was the holdup? In a few minutes a little, old-fashioned, white pilot boat chugged towards us and as it came alongside our starboard, a wizened, swarthy old man leaped for the chain ladder which had been dropped over the side for him. Cheers broke out in praise of his agility. The harbor pilot aboard, we made our lumbering way to the far corner of the grey, dingy harbor. There were a few Marines and sailors about the wharf who carried on a longdistance conversation with us, answering our questions about liberty, the curfew, and what outfits were around.

A night was spent at dock before unloading the next day. The waterfront experts of D Company were consigned to nearby Camp POW, which they later deserted for their own enviable set-up at Camp Wainaku ---place of barking dogs, rain, and fence freedom.

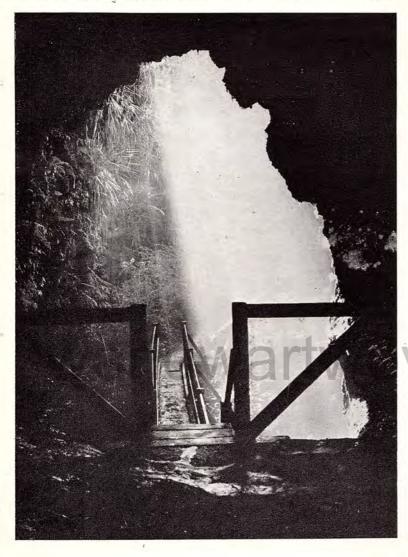
Leaving them to their perpetual supply yard activities, the rest of us boarded a narrow gauge train of flat cars for an unforgettable trip. That ride up the coast combined the best that Coney Island had to offer with all the scenic virtues of a fairyland. Whizzing around flimsy "S" curves that made the engineers among us wonder, we caught our breath only to gasp at the tableau of sheer beauty before us.

Streams dashed down high cliffs into chasms so far below that, as we sped across the narrow trestles that spanned them, we hardly dared look down. But being human we did look down, to delight our eyes with a view of lush, tropical vegetation growing to giant proportions. Here and there we were invited into the darkness of a tunnel, leaving the sunshine behind us, coughing at the smudge we were fed for a minute or two, then emerging into the private cloudburst of a new little valley. Again, a few times we found ourselves faced with a sharp grade; suddenly the engine would cut loose and disappear, leaving us in the middle of a cane patch. In a flash, combat-conscious Seabees with drawn knives were over the side and in the fields, slashing for themselves a length of sweet stalk. Others helped themselves to the tomato-like fruit of the guava bush. At the end of the line we left our flat cars for a 30 mile truck ride inland, climbing by night to the shivering temperatures of



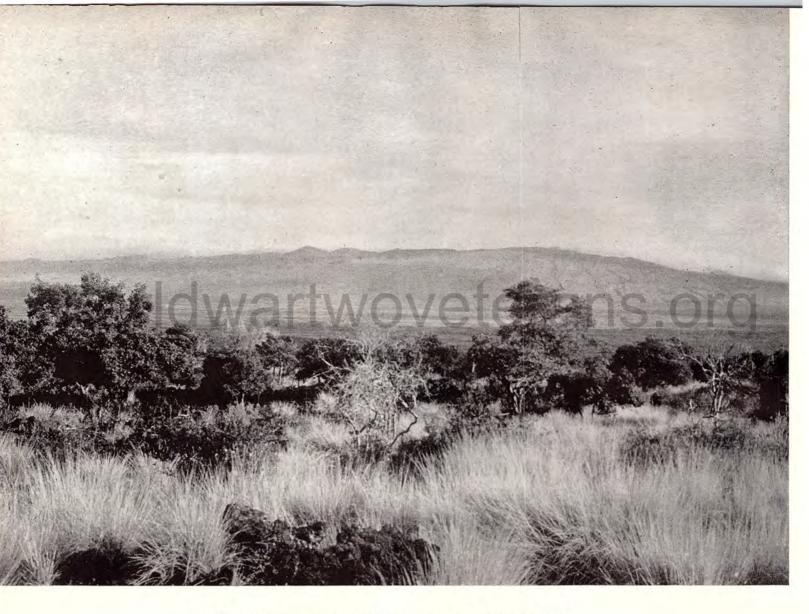
Kamuela, 2,800 feet above sea level, and to Camp Tarawa, home of the Fifth Marine Division and, for three months, our home.

Top: Another view of Rainbow Falls. Right: Volcano House. Lower right: The Cauldron, main crater. Below: Lava Tube.

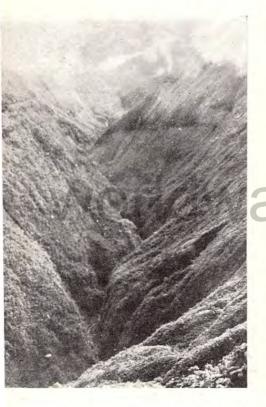








Beautiful—isn't it? . . . do you wish you were back there now ? ?

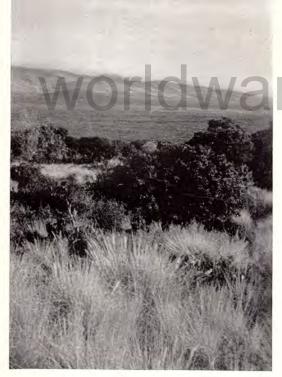








twoveterans.

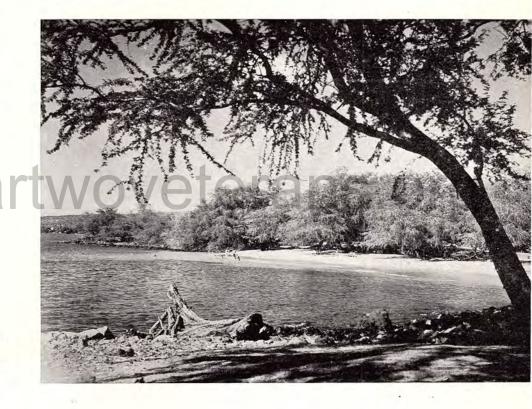


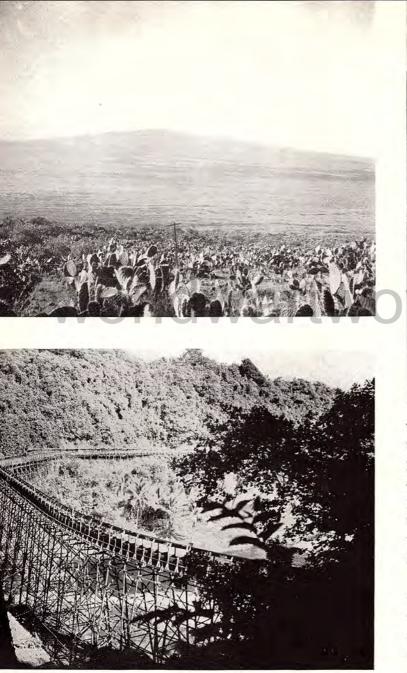
We remember it as a dustbowl, yet in company with its dust and misty rain one often could walk into the very middle of a rainbow. (That malarkey about the pot of gold is a fraud!) Here we began to know the Marines-learned what made them into the fighting machine of the Pacific - made many good friends among them.

Their training seemed tough to us. If they were trained to fight defensively, we did not know it. Their emphasis was strictly offense, and that is why every Marine was feared worse than death by Nippon's armies and her Imperial Marines. Long marches over rugged country, topped with a bivouac, and then more marching; full packs,

Top: Kamuela Country. Lower left: Volcanic Canyon. Lower right: Natural Arch. Upper left: Ferns from a lava tube. Upper right: Waterfall near Camp Tarawa. Above: Native settlement. Right: The Beach.









with canteens, entrenching tools, and rifles added to the load, gave us aching backs and blistered feet, but put us in A-1 condition. Extensive training in firearms, mortars, and the 50 calibre machine gun, was a part of the program, too. An interesting break was the exhibition by the Marines of their method of attack. We saw their rockets, flame throwers, and tanks in play, and were glad these men were on our side.

During this time our demolition squad was formed, comprising a selected group of the younger element who daily performed such feats as walking (ha!) 30 miles—spending their rest periods playing football, or having wrestling matches over a nice, soft bed of sharp lava rock. For technical training they delighted in working all hours of the night dismantling booby









traps and land mines. And the day was good if it was climaxed by blowing up a large hill or a tree or a piece of abandoned (?) road equipment with some new type explosive. At the end of eight weeks they were as ready as they could be for their job on Iwo Jima.

There were lighter moments: liberty was established —a 48 hour pass every three weeks—and during this time one could join the weekly party which toured Big Island in a fleet of Sampans. It was a good trip for those who have a yen for globe-trotting. In the course of a crowded two days we visited the museum

Upper left: Cactus, Camp, and Range Area. Left: Cane Chute. Lower left: Scene near Hilo. Below: Water Flume. Above: Crater, about 8,000 feet deep. Right and Upper right: Mortar Practice. Below and Lower right: Road Construction.











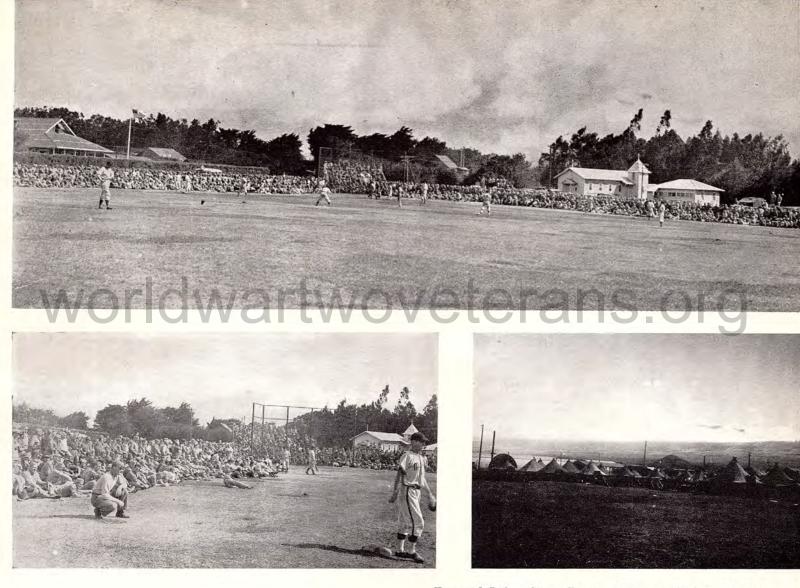


which was once the palace of old Hawaiian royalty, where the Kings Kamehameha and their hefty wives frolicked the summers away. We deserted the sugar cane country

Above: Hawaiian Dancer. Upper left: Hawaiian Dance. Left: Hawaiian Dance. Lower left: The stewards fraternize. Below: Grass ants.







of the east, and the cattle ranges of the north, to travel through Kona's coffee plantations on the west, and to watch them process the berry at one of their mills. We learned that there is a little grass shack in (you spell it), Hawaii. Then, as we resumed our journey toward the National park, we learned what we could of the musical Hawaiian language from our native driver, even to pronounce such difficult words as pi-peli-ne. We had driven through lava fields, seen the formations, the tubes, the canyons, and the hardened, rolling ash-rock which were the marks of an angry volcano. But at the Park we saw the huge, gaping craters of Kilauea-trembling "pits of eternal fire." On a lower level we walked through one of the cold lava tubes into the bowels of the fury-spent mountain, coming out into a place of tropical fern and wideleafed palmettos. It was a trip we will not soon forget.

Meanwhile the men of Company D (they called themselves the CBMU) were having a time in the vicinity of Hilo. For a while they existed in bleak, muddy Camp POW with the Fifth MarDiv Pioneers. Within a few weeks they took over their own camp at Wainaku, where they were joined by part of a war Dog Platoon. These well-trained hounds were fascinating

Top and Left: Camp Tarawa Ballgame, 31st vs. Marines. Right: View from camp, Low clouds and snow on Mauna Kea.

by day and tuneful by night, but it paid to keep your distance. Stevedoring with a vengeance was the lot of Company D, especially in the supply yard where all the boxes and equipment had to be marked and remarked, moved and removed, piled and repiled, until everything was in order for combat loading. They had the advantage of a fair-sized city close at hand for their liberty. But some of them had more fun climbing up the hill to pick clusters of bananas, then sail them down the obliging stream flowing through a cane chute to the camp below. Others used up their energies taking all comers in the local basketball tournament.

Training, work, and pleasure halted abruptly just after Christmas as detachments of our men began loading on the several vessels congregated for the Big Move. Most 31st men were assigned as ship's platoons to load and unload cargo. The Marines with whom we travelled would one day depend upon our doing that job as right as they were to do theirs. Again we pulled around the breakwater of Hilo harbor, this time setting a course for an unfriendly, unnamed rock in the western sea. It was a different kind of thrill we felt as we ventured toward a strange land and into the unknown.

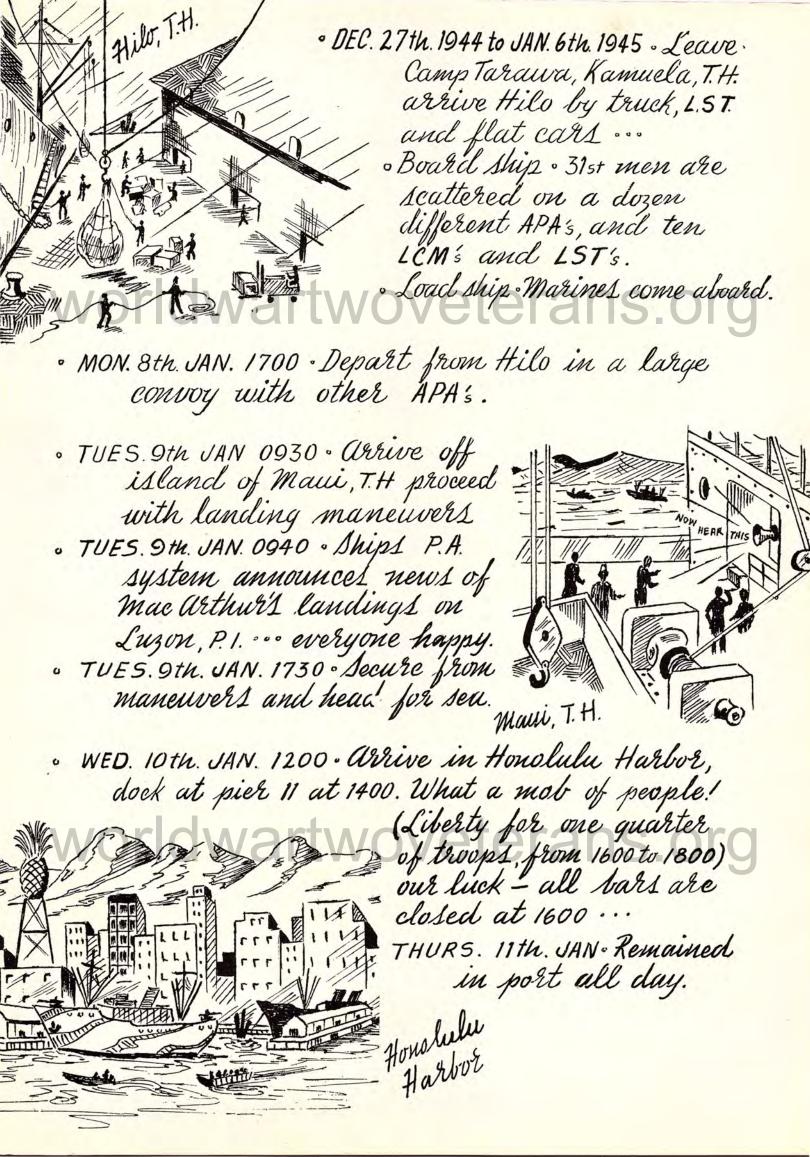
FROM THE ANNALS OF A DIARIST ABOARD APA-197 (SSLUBBOCK)

veteransi

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Wartwoveterans.org

worldwartwo



· FRI. 11th. JAN. 0800 · Leave Honolulu, target practice and maneuvers at sea, enroute to Mani for second practice landing. · SAT. thru. WED. 12 JAN to 17th Joined with 39 other APA's and AKA's, 8 cans, 50 to 60 LST's and LCI's for practice landings on Maui, during the day and formation Your maneuvers all night at sea. Honolulus Secure from war games - set out for Peaul and Honolulu. THURS. 18th. JAN. . Return to Honolulu - Liberty & recheation parties at havy park. Visited the famous sites, while on liberty - Waikiki Beach, the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, etc. TUES. 25 th. JAN. · Loaded stores on ship. SAT. 27th. JAN. 1100 . Depart from p secret Honolulu, join convoy at sea, 20 APA's & AKA's, 6 cans and 6 DE's. · TUES. 30th. JAN. · at sea · we are told first time, our destination is sur Jima, - plans, maps & briefings - going to be some show ! · FRI. 2ND. FEB · Crossed the International date line. · MON. 5th. FEB. · Whive at Eniwetok - anchor inside the atoll, with approx, 5 to 6 hundred other ships - an unbelievable sight! Repueling at Eniwetok WED. 7th. FEB. 1000 - Depart for Saipan, thru sub infested waters.

· SAT. 10 FEB. · 1930 · Passed Guam at dusk, too dark to see. · SUN. 11 FEB. 0615 · Passed near Tinian to enter unchorage at Saipan. Hundreds of ships are here ready for the final push - battlewagous to LCS's. We watch flights of B-29's , taking off and returning from raids on Tokyo and our goal - Two fima. × Spland of Saysan Jas - ----· MON. 12 FEB · hight maneuvers at sea. . TUES. 13 FEB. Debarkation maneuvers off Tinian, this is the final dress repersal for the big show. Everything runs like clockwork, sea is very choppy, some men hurt on nearby ships while going up & down nets. Battlewagons reported to be giving two her warm-up. XX 111111 Saland of Tinian · WED. 14 FEB · Back to unchorage at Saipan. . THURS. 15 FEB . Several crippled ships limp in - a liberty with a gapping hole at her water line and a destroyer with low stove in ashore, heavy artillery raked hills, directly in back of american installations to eliminate a number of Japs, still holed up on this island Most memorable thing about Saipan was the fact that it remained lit up like a Christma tree all night long, while the rest of the world was completely blacked out. · FRI. 16 FEB. 1100 . D minus 3, leave Saipan in large conn including subs and carriers in our group.

We received K rations, ammunitron, SAT. 17 FEB. Battle bast Breakfast grenades, bottle of brandy and last minute briefings - P.A. system announced carrier based planes raid Tokyo - units of the Pacific fleet shelling Iwo Jima ! Mimitz invites Jap fleet to come out and fight, all of this is part of the plan for Iwo invasion. twovetera · SUN. 18 FEB · D minus 1 - At sea everyone apparently calm last minute instructions. We really had some dinner to night, turkey, pie, ice cream, candy and nuts - Just like Thanksgiving - everybody packed and ready to jump in the morning. Over the side Some won't come back in. 19 FEB. . D-DAY. This is it !! Up at 0200 - Battle breakfast at 0330. First shellfire visible - too dark to see island . It is getting lighter - we can now see the other 199 ships with us. We move in closer to disembark our twoops, - O-day Jima 11-Hell is really popping all over Iwo - 0700, the boys go over the side, everyones quiet, no shouting - everyone has a job to do and goes about it. It's been a thesome this but we are all refreshed with the spirit of the jab at hand.



IWO INVASION

W HEN THE BATTLE BREAKS OUT you no longer ask questions, you do not indulge in petty griping. You simply do your job for all you are worth. You are scared to death, and, at the same time, you think you ought to be on the front lines along with those other guys who are doing more than their share. Yet you know that somebody has to work behind the lines, and that they cannot carry on without you.

Most of us never really saw the front lines, though they were not very far away. Those who did would like to forget some things about it. With some exceptions we have no brags to make. All we did during the beginning stages of the invasion was to get supplies off the ships so they could be used where they would do the most good, and so those ships could take wounded aboard and get out of there.

Hundreds of thousands of tons were in the holds of those ships: munitions, food, water, gasoline, medical supplies, ambulances, tanks, trucks, jeeps, heavy equipment, all manner of stuff vital to the invasion. From the thirteen APA's and AKA's which carried the Fifth Division, and the countless LSM's and LST's this stuff had to be put ashore. 31st Seabees, working with Pioneers and replacements of the Fifth Division and small boat crews of the ships themselves, did it. LSM's and LST's unloaded directly on the beaches. The cargo from larger vessels had to be hoisted from the holds and placed in small boats, to begin with, to be sped under fire to the shore. Later LST's were used to ferry this stuff in, after they had unloaded their original cargo. Whether in the holds jockeying cumbersome equipment from far corners, securing slings, or on deck running winches, or holding 'steady' lines to prevent disastrous swinging of the load as it went over the side into small boats, or riding the boats themselves to help unload ammunition or gasoline-each of us did his job. Some of it was done under dangerous conditions, but it was not front line stuff. It was damned important work, upon which the assault depended. Knowing that, we gave it the best we had. That's all we did.

More was required of some than of others. Part of the demolition crew was ashore with the fifth wave at 0922. The photographer and Lt. Williams joined them soon after. Farther up the beach, shortly after noon some of our heavy equipment men drove onto the beach from LSM's with wonderful targets: bulldozers, cranes, caterpillar tractors. Almost immediately Ben Massey was wounded. The others, oblivious to danger, made themselves useful cutting down an embankment, making a road, dozing a trench for a temporary first-aid station, pulling heavy cargo and wheeled vehicles to designated spots, serving as inspiration to Marines and Seabees. Later on, one man was decorated, another forgotten. Jobe was wounded.

The following afternoon brought Ensign Pierce and his 42 commandos, with CWO Dreher and Dr. Neal ashore. It was too early to work on the strip. They made themselves as useful as possible, especially the medics. Each day more men from our outfit hit the beach. Bill DeRamus was wounded. On D plus 4 a detail was clearing shrapnel from No. 1 strip under fire. Steed was wounded. A few nights later the ammunition dump was hit, injuring Bobbitt. Not everyone who deserved it or who was recommended was decorated. Medals are nice, but more important is the personal satisfaction and the esteem of those who know.

Against the background of this experience, of being tied in with an invasion, of seeing the great cost in life, the work to which we turned took on a significance to us which men arriving later on the scene could never hope to understand. We had to make good the purchase in blood and life of Iwo Jima. In the pages that follow this story is toldat least in part. Not every job is covered. Not everyone is given the credit he has coming. Not everyone's picture is to be found here. Five of our men lost their lives here! Reaves, Grove, Schueler, Meeker, Knerr. Others were wounded by explosives long after the battle was over. The work was long gruelling and tedious. There were lighter and moments, too, later on. Before ever we left the island our common effort had its crown of success: Germany's surrender in May, Japan's in August. Now, most of us are home. This that follows is the story of how our passage back was earned.





world

No ritual service repeated throughout time will ever bring them back. The tears we shed, our whispered prayers, the words we speak are not enough. We owe to them a debt of gratitude that never can be paid. An annual holiday of dreams and promises cannot repay the interest on that debt. Their death has not made safe the world for our democracy or utterly erased the tryants' hopes. What they have done at cost of life is stall for time, and leave that job for us. And still no treaty and no super-state is quite enough to guarantee the end of war, surcease from want, or freedom from our fears. Man's folly can and will make of his instruments for peace a kind of boomerang which shall disturb his peace. While battles raged these men lived close to hell and God. No less do we. And while they have been summoned from out our world of time, it is for us to summon God within it—or live alone in hell. We honor most who know our need and call on God for help to cleanse our souls, to guide, direct, and goad us into doing right, and tinge our human benediction on this place with something of His own.





Bronze Plaque and Memorial to Fifth Marine Division . . .

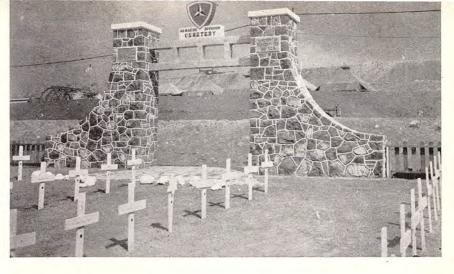
Old Mount Suribachi in the distance now stands sentinel over the resting places of many who, subduing her, taught her to wave proudly the flag of the United States. More than two thousand men now lie buried in the cemetery of the Fifth Marine Division, which is laid out in the

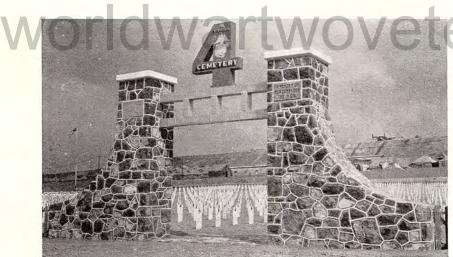


shape of a cross. Among them are Clyde Victor Reaves and Thomas Grove. Men are usually inarticulate when their sentiments are deep. They can only try to show how they feel by fashioning some memorial symbol. Our effort is shown here on either side of the flagpole. Salvaging the necessary materials from wrecked Japanese planes and other sources, the tribute on page 46 and the bas-relief of the Suribachi flagraising were cast in bronze and mounted on the memorial stone.



THIRD MARINE DIVISION CEMETERY ENTRANCE . . .





FOURTH MARINE DIVISION CEMETERY ENTRANCE... Resting place of Albert Meeker, Larry Schueler, and Lloyd Knerr.

THIRD AND FOURTH MARINE DIVISION CEMETERIES SIDE BY SIDE . . .







The Invasion

From Saipan to Iwo Jima a kind of nervous silence descended on the convoy. Last minute briefings were held, but you knew the best laid plans would still require no little give and take to meet the changing conditions of the battle. Each man somehow knew that he was personally responsible for how the matter went, especially the veterans of previous invasions who were most grave. Sure, there was an attempt to be jovial and gay, but it did not fool anybody nor did it cheer anyone. Whether it would be a pushover or a tough fight, there was still a battle ahead.













Reveille did not need to sound on D-Day morning. Men were up early for their breakfast of steak or ham and eggs, a concession to the misery that lay ahead. The approaching job began to take on reality when we heard the distant blasts of ship's guns, and looked out to see the inky blackness of the early hours punctured with balls of red and yellow billowing fire. As dawn stole in unnoticed amid the noise, she let us see the outline of the island ahead-Suribachi on our left. At a safe distance from the counter-fire of shore installations, coveys of small boats were lowered over the side, and went into their merry-go-round act near the mother ship, as they waited for their loads.

The designated time approached; invasion parties were called up from their compartments below, and lined up ready to climb the ladders and cargo nets.

Above: 31st'ers start toward No. 1 airstrip to clear it of shrapnel (upper left) while it is still under fire. Left: Shell hole in the airfield. Lower left: Remnants of a "Betty." Below: Direct hit on a Duck.













Hour after hour, day after day, the ships disgorged their men and supplies. Hour after hour the first several days, Jap installations poured fire and lead down upon them on the beaches, until they were really cluttered. While Marine infantry and artillery were laying it on up ahead, Seabees, and Marine pioneers ran the battle of the supply lines from ship to front.

Cranes, shovels, trucks, bulldozers, amphibious ducks, LST's, barges, boats, and sheer

Upper and lower left: The beach relatively secure and full on D plus 4. Contrast with the beach D plus 3, upper right. D plus 6 finds Brigade Hdq. flaunting a sign, and the slope of the beach dotted with sanddwellers. Lower left of picture above: Evacuation and aid station, Red Beach. Below: Blitzed tank,



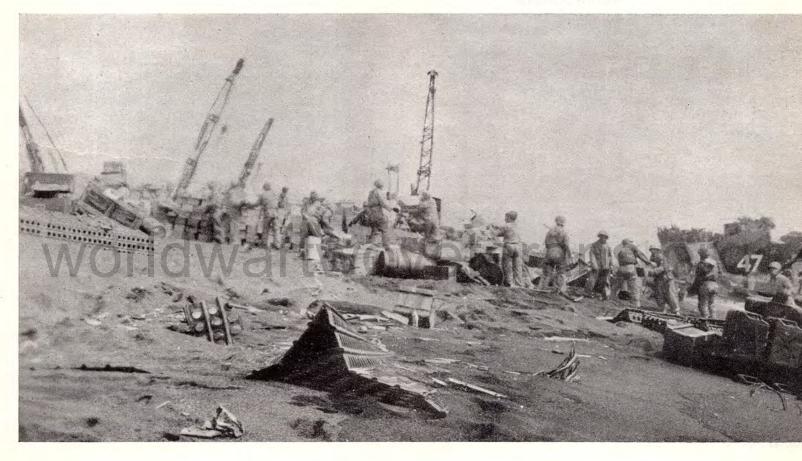






brawn all were utilized in passing supplies. The combination of sand and slope put quite a strain on wheeled vehicles when loaded. Matting laid along the "road" helped a lot, but it soon curled up and as a road bed became a pretty good foxhole roof. Spare minutes were used to garner dunnage and other salvage with which to make the rest of the foxhole. Eating was à la hobo; grab on to a box of C rations or, if lucky, 10 in one's, and a 5 gallon can of water.

All pictures taken on the beach on D plus 6. Upper left: The better residential part of town. Idle equipment (left) soon at work (below). Above: In the center of the picture, popular Warrant Officer Dreher and buddies who shared the same apartment.









MT. SURIBACHI

During The Invasion

As seen from the troop ships east of the island, and as seen by the troops themselves at her foot, "Hot Rocks" loomed as the most formidable obstacle to Iwo's capture. You cannot describe the thrill that ran through every man in the operation when Old Glory (*left*) was seen to fly from her summit. While this did not bring the early fall of the whole island, as we had hoped, rugged, ragged Suribachi (*above*) commanded a deadly control of the invasion beaches (*upper left*) until her cave-placed artillery was silenced. Once taken, the old volcano, was found to be as hollow at the center (*below*) as the whole Japanese cause.

Opposite page: Pictures taken at random. Site of our crushed rock dump besides No. 2 airstrip, Jap gun in center. Clipped wings, grounded "Betty's." Cliff on north end of island. Just rough country. View of wreck-laden beach and Suribachi from the ridge which held the Fourth Division so long. Jap sulphur mine—Phew! Tank headed for front line duty.

















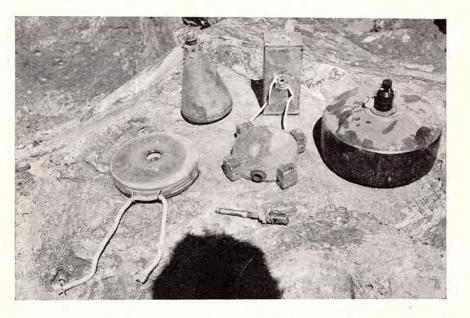




Except when duty carried them there, no Thirty-Firster had any business at the front. Some went, had their fill, came back. Others went, got put on report by MP's as stragglers. Those who got by with it had a preview of the place, saw such sights as these. The Jap heavy mortar which hurled its "screaming boxcars" at us on the ashend of the island. Hard against one of its towering and costly cliffs the remnants of a Jap village. Below the mortar, with a fuel dump burning in the background, are the remnants of a Jap water distillery. There was no well on Iwo. The Japs simply concocted a weird metal shield over some of the steam vents in the sulfurous ground, and let the steam condense, and drip into containers. Above and to the left are just some more samples of the terrain up front.







Demolition Work of the Thirty-First

Earlier we told a little about the training of the demolition squad in Hawaii. Remember that the members of this squad were all volunteers. It was recognized that both work and training would be as dangerous as it was rigorous. But that it was necessary work for the safety of other men was also recognized. On this basis the demolition men saw the opportunity as a challenge, and entered upon their training with an esprit de corps that was unexcelled.

Early D-Day four of the men on one ship volunteered with the fifth wave to work with Marine Pioneers clearing the beaches of Japanese explosives. For three weeks they continued to work with the Pioneers, making command posts, supply dump areas, and bivouac areas safe. Finishing this job, they rejoined the others to spend several weeks clearing living and working areas for island personnel. Their



Pictured above: The squad—Holliday, Thompson, Savage, R. E. Hall, Fredrickson, Boles, Chramosta, R. L. McNeill, Steketee, Price. Standing: Paris, Halbert, Koleno, Kamarchik, H. C. Bowers, Watkins, A. J. Johnson. A fair sampling of enemy explosives: upper left, 25 mm. shell, large mortar projectile, deadly Jap knee mortar, and type of small detonator which injured Boles. Lower left: Tape measure mine, shape charge, magnetic mine, terra cotta mine, and "potato masher" hand grenade. Lower right: Anti-tank yardstick mine in back, mallet head explosive charge, anti-personnel bomb dropped on camp edge during air raid, incendiary grenades, "Molotov cocktail," and hand grenades in front flanking war head and timing fuse device.

work the first half of our Iwo Jima stay was mainly such demolition work. Later the main task was rock quarry blasting and cave clearing. It is estimated that this squad moved 300 tons of Jap explosives, booby traps, and mines, and 100 tons of our own duds. They also closed at least 100 cave openings in our camp site and the one next to us. Their work and casualty record is outstanding in demo circles.





ALL IN THE COURSE



During the intervening years between wars Japan had plenty of time to prepare for her part in World War II. The more clearly defined her plans became the more her mandated islands were readied for their part in these plans. We found on Iwo Jima two small and not especially well-kept airfields, and an interrupted or abandoned attempt to build a third strip. A sulphur refinery, and a couple of sugar cane mills had once operated there as well. Perhaps with these surely not too profitable industries as a front, the main work went on. In the lower left is pictured a sign, dated 1937, which in Japanese and in English forbids "Trespassing, surveying, photography, sketching" as a violation of "Military Secrets Protection." Their Ministry of the Navy promises punishment for offenders. It was just such warnings as these whose deeper import we were willing to ignore prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor.







OF AN INVASION

At any rate, besides these remnants of "industry" we found an island superbly underlined with a cave system which laced underground into a wonderful setup for defense—or holding out—its main lack, water. There were not only caves underground, but there were also caves in the sides of the ridges and mounts, and pillboxes of thick, reinforced concrete walls, to house their deadly artillery. The island was a natural for defense. That is why its taking was so costly.

Upper left: One of many Jap pillboxes. Shellfire and clams have removed the protection into which it was sunk, like the pillbox above. Left: Jap heavy mortar somewhat protected in a hillside cave. Below: The black sands, too, concealed their smaller shelters for sniper fire and smaller artillery.

ceated their smaller shellers for shiper fire and smaller artillery. Above: On the edge of their second airstrip, this Jap administration building caught the brunt of Naval, air, and artillery bombardments. Upper right: Jap tank, rendered immobile, retains its firepower. Right: First we got their guns, then (lower right) we dug some of them out and (below) put our prisoners to work.











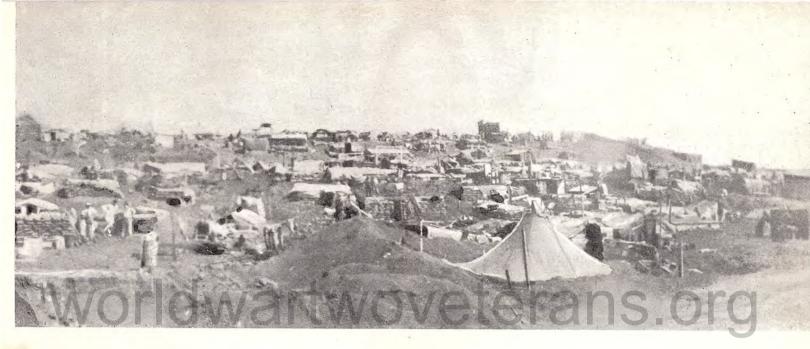


FOX-HOLE VIEW OF THE OLD 31st AREA

To begin with, our outfit holed in mostly on the slope above Red Beach No. 1 after coming ashore, although some of the earlier arrivals were down the line in Red No. 2 area. But with the securing of the southern end of the island jobs aplenty were coming up. That meant we had to set up in a temporary bivouac area where we could establish our shops and get to work. On D plus 7 or 8 all but Company D, which stayed behind to unload ships, moved over the ridge to the west side of

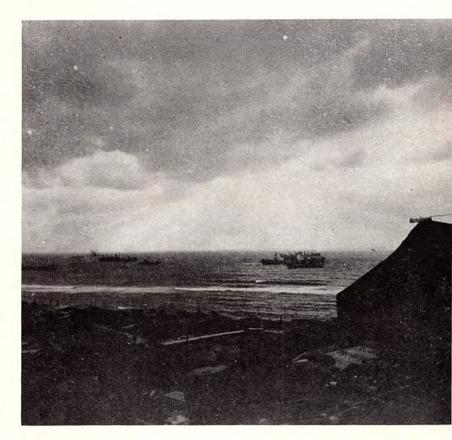






the island. In short order foxholes were dug on the slope, and equipment was put to work. No one whose work took him outside the area came back without a bit of lumber, shell cases or ammunition boxes, tarpaulins, sand bags, or salvaged metal to make his home as comfortable as possible.

What was our camp for seven weeks is shown above in panoramic view. Ladies, don't wince. Some of those foxholes were just plain fancy. Just below it on the left is the battalion command post with company offices on either side. We had hot showers, too, tapping a hot spring (lower left) down on the beach. Next to it are a view of the main street, and the carpenter shop which doubled as a chapel on Sunday. Just below and to the right above are samples of the area at the beginning, while in the lower left the sun sets over the bivouac area we were soon to leave.









First Fresh Water Well on Iwo



First Post Office on Iwo. Wicks, Lemanow.



First Officer's Mess on Iwo.



First Water Purifying Unit on Iwo.



First Galley on Iwo.

A FEW "FIRSTS"

With the move to our bivouac area on the west side of the island, the days of "every man his own cook" came to a close. There was too much else for us to do. So, in short order, the first galley on Iwo was set up to feed not only our own men but any number of Marines who came back from the front lines to rest a few hours. Nor was it long until a mess hall, small but a help, was in operation. Other facilities, contributing to morale, followed: fresh water, post office—and every now and then mail, and services depending on electricity. For a while, at least, we were the aristocrats of Iwo.



First Electric Shop on Iwo.



THE ROAD THAT COULDN'T BE BUILT

Wherever Iwo Jima is remembered, there will be remembered also Mount Suribachi. And with it there will be remembered the men of the 28th Marine Regiment who took that hill, and our own men who built the road up its side. Contrary to reports appearing in some unreliable stateside papers, this road was strictly a Seabee job, to be more precise a 31st job. This was our start in turning what had been taken by our Marines at a dear price into a military advantage. The purpose of taking the island in the first place was not only to silence their harassing air attacks on the Marianas but even more to secure a closer base to the mainland of Japan for our own air activity as well as a haven for the emergency landing of returning bombers. Coupled with the successful operation of any airfield is the need for the best possible weather intelligence. Suribachi

would serve our offense as the place to locate our weather observation post. It would serve our defense as the place to locate our main radar station. To get this equipment to the top of Suribachi and to keep it serviced required the building of the road. The construction was assigned to Lt. DeWitt's dirt pushers of Company C, and came under the supervision of capable CWO Purcell. The building of this road has had publicity because, as far as the Japs were concerned it was a road that couldn't be built, and because it was built in a relatively short time. The lower part of it required dynamiting to get huge boulders out of the way before the dozers could work it. The blasting crews drilled and planted their dynamite at night while the rest of the gang, working their equipment up over the solid rock, used every minute of daylight to whip the







upper part of the road into shape first. On the third day after work began the pioneering dozers were atop the mountain. Then followed quickly the widening, grading for drainage, fine grading of the steep, winding highway. Can do. Will do. Did.





The pictures on these three pages give you some idea of how 556 foot Suribachi looked at close hand before, during, and after the road was built. Plenty of Japs were holed up in crevasses and cases, interested in stealing water and food at night rather than in giving further trouble. More worrisome were the booby-traps, duds, grenades, laying around in abundance, and the fear of dropping suddenly into some unsuspected, ample-sized cave. Luckily, the only casualty was a dozer which took a sudden notion to slide 50 or 60 feet down the sheer side of the hill.

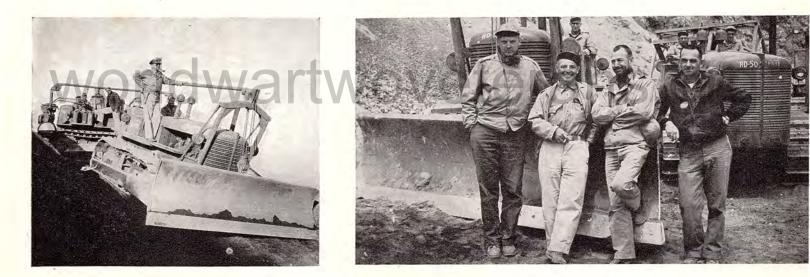




Upper left: Admiral Nimitz, Major General Chaney (third and fourth from left), and party on top of Suribachi on tour of inspection in March 1945. Above: Suribachi has a road; compare with the picture on page 63 to note the changed appearance.



These are the men who built the Suribachi highway. Sitting: Izzarelli, Cmdr. Ermilio, W. H. DeRamus, Kammer, Horne, G. L. Kennedy, Ballard, W. R. Stephens, Hogg, Stafford, Bass, Stripling, Lambert, H. A. Miller, Guin, Holman, Wilkinson, Bradshaw, Brake, DeBerry, Dickerson, J. W. Bowman, Purcell, Sheeks. Standing: Goats, A. L. Patterson, C. W. Peterson, Gearhead, DePaola, Armstrong, Mathes, A. P. Hill, N. E. Pope, Ireland, Reedy, Sackman, R. L. Thomason, R. C. Carroll, Luther. Top: Cagle, Higginbotham, Gentry, D. V. Davis, Gilliam. Lower left: Rear Admiral Cotter, CEC Director Western Pacific Division of the SeaBees, poses with the most famous of SeaBee tools. Below:: Proud of the work their men have done—Captain Henderson, OinC of our 41st Regiment, Commander Ermilio, Lieut. DeWitt, Lt. (jg) Purcell.





THE NORTH AIRSTRIP

Nature did not intend for Iwo Jima to be much of an air base. It has been variously described as looking like a pork chop from the air, like the crescent moon, and like an Egyptian mummy. The latter description, though a bit far-fetched, took into account the contour of the island in general, labelling Suribachi the head of the mummy and other hills the knees, fists, arms and toes. Well, from the assault beaches, and those on the opposite side, the island does rise to a kind of ridge or backbone which widens and rises higher as it extends toward the northern and wider part of the island. The ridge becomes more of a plateau. But it was a plateau which Nature left interrupted by peaks of varying heights and a series of eroded valleys, deepening as they reached toward the ocean.

Given years of control, equipment and methods none too modern, and a supply of Korean slave labor, the former tenants of the bleak territory had been able to construct two small airstrips and to attempt a third which was abandoned. We concurred with the Japanese in one thing: we, too, wanted a third airstrip. The difference was that we got it. This is the story of its getting. The terrain over which it was to be built resembled nothing more than the pictures you see of the archaeological remains of a partly unearthed, ruined city. It was crevassed, full of rock, marked with frequent walls which only Nature built. The picture above, and the top four on the opposite page, show the place in the rough.

A deadline of thirty days was given. A week later the course of the strip was altered a few degrees. At the end of the month, the strip was ready for its asphalt topping. During that time the surveyors were kept busy tramping over dangerous, boobytrapped ground to stake out the course; then, retrac-





Abandoned Attempt of Japs at a Third Airstrip Over Hot, Sulphur Soil. Another View of the Same Area. Note Jap Planes, Wet Road, Distant Suribachi.



Scouting for Jap Ammo and maybe Japs. Center Horizon reveals Radar Station, Beginning of Our Third Airstrip, and Sentinel Over Whitey's Death Place.



All Pictures Require Study With a Magnifying Glass. Jap Long Guns, Gun Mounts. Combat Communications Used Telephone Wire Left of Center.



Portable Job Office and Lighting System Moved to Scene of Airstrip Extension.



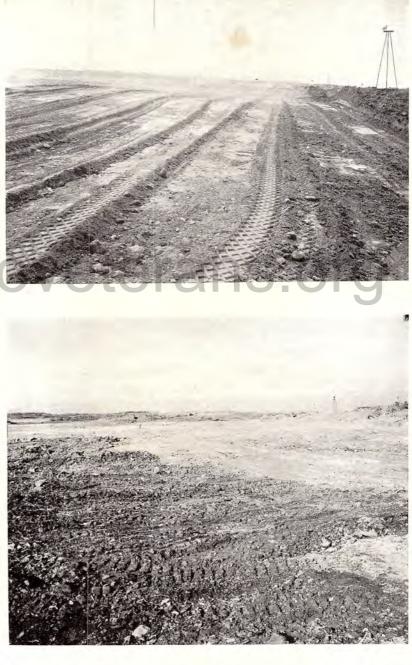
A Dent is Made in the Airstrip Site by Dozers, Tournapulls, Carryalls, Trucks, Men.





ing their steps, they set the needed markers to bring the strip down to a fine grade. Bulldozer operators working on day and night shifts, as did everyone, battled sandstone-like rocks and walls and hills, while carry-alls followed at a great clip, to scoop up their loads where there was too much dirt and to carry them to the considerable stretches of the 6,800 foot strip where fill was needed.

Demolition men were not alone in keeping their eyes open for land mines, duds, boobytraps, and the nests of Japanese aerial bombs or other ammunition such as you see at the right. That no one was killed or seriously injured in this construction is a tribute to the sober alertness of men who knew that their lives depended upon this alertness, for there were plenty of deadly missles laying around. The night crews had the doubtful entertainment of sniper activity which was harassing but not effective.









For some distance the edge of the strip ran onto hot, steam spitting sulphur ground, with its rotten egg smell. Jap planes, disabled tanks, Japanese gun mounts, and other junk had to be hauled away. Dynamiters were called in to blast away a stubborn hill. When the deadline came, the beautifully levelled strip was ready to turn over to the Army Engineers for the job of topping, allowing us to move on to more of the same kind of territory, only more sulfurous, to build taxiways and heart stands. But we had the satisfaction of seeing a squadron of P-51's land on our new airstrip before we gave it up.

P-51 Squadron Landed In 30 Days.





Blasted From Here.



Picked Up Here.



The closer a job actually is to an airstrip, the more glory there is in it. The connection is obvious even to the casual observer between heavy equipment preparing an airstrip and the operation of that airstrip. It is the same old story everywhere: the bouquets go to Mother who is on the scene, while the torment and mental anguish of Father, pacing the floor below, invites good-natured ribbing. If Company C mothered the airstrip, Company D fathered it. Here we want to give "father" the credit he has coming.

But you must be prepared to hear that "father" had some other not





Goes In Here.



Travels Through Here.

so noted progeny along the way, also. To keep the story as clean as a Company D story can be, we'll stick to facts.

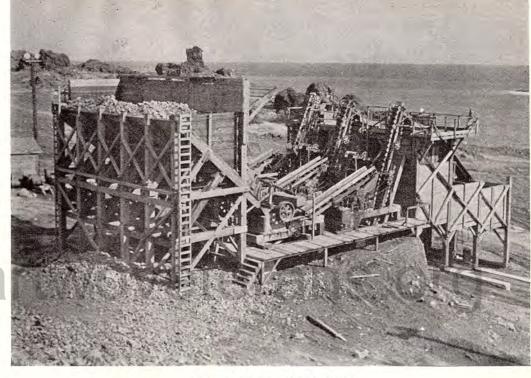
To have the kind of airstrips we needed for constant use and heavy hombers, it was necessary to pave them. Neither the sandy ash of the 1st strip, nor the clay-like sandstone of the other two could hold up under the load without constant maintenance. The plan called for asphalt paving over a crushed rock base.

The first available source of the rock was the foot of Suribachi but crush it yourself! So, the site was chosen on the west beach and the job began. The first problem was to get the doggoned equipment erected and running right. Like a new bride in the kitchen,

the plant was erected with a book in hand—a recipe was followed. That was about the sum of all that any of the men knew about the infernal machine.

But recipes, cookbooks, and plans have something to them, so before too many days the rock crusher was operating. The lower part—or two intermediate crushers—were first put up. These were fed by hand with smaller rock while the strong-jawed primary crusher was mounted in its place, butted against a big pillbox. Finally, after headaches, loss of sleep, blood, sweat, tears, and a few cuss words had been expended on it, she was a-runnin', by cracky!

And through her tandem jaws and insatiable gullet travelled more than two hundred thousand tons of rock, graded into four sizes. Primarily, this went



New Crusher at North End.

to the stockpiles for the airstrips. Road construction also called for no little crushed rock. Now and then, strictly off the record, busy concrete mixers or a suddenly-dry camp site hinted that a midnight visit had borne results. While it did seem to those who worked around it (few visitors came often or stayed long) that all of the by-product of rock dust was for their own exclusive consumption, a considerable amount of their miserable stuff went to the asphalt plant operated by another battalion to be mixed in with their paving product. From first to last this assignment was rugged duty. The first night of assembling the crusher, enemy shells were directed their way. During the first week of its operation Japs were flushed out of caves all around there.



... And It Comes Out Here.



To Be Piled Up Here.







Became

And every now and then a dud would turn up in the hopper with the rock. No one knows why it or any of the other duds did not go off. Demolition crews and jackhammer boys were kept busy chipping the mountain away, while the shovels loaded the dump trucks, and other dumps hauled the graded gravel away. On one of these early hauls to the stockpile on the second airstrip a sniper's bullet went through a windshield. It was a good shot at night, but Tojo forgot our trucks had a left hand drive. Frequently the toggle plates broke down, and the job stopped for 12 to 24 hours while they were taken out and welded.

Eventually, all the suitable rock at Suribachi was crushed, and a new location was found toward the north end of the island. But it did not rate as much importance or interest.

Blasters: Albin, A. Davis, Gotcher, E. B. Hill, Halbert Brawner, Stark, Savage, Cheairs, Holiday, Steketee, Chramosta, Paris, LeVar, Hartley, Fredrickson, Rhodes.







AIRFIELD NO. 1

It has already been mentioned that a detail of 31st'ers was at work clearing shrapnel from the first airstrip while it was still under fire. As the progress of battle permitted, more extensive work was undertaken by another battalion to make that strip usable. Within a couple of weeks, though, we were back at this strip again, to widen, lengthen, and pave it. Much of the Jap asphalt had to be ripped out. To meet specifications set forth, both cutting and filling were required. This field was in the ash-end of the island. Clay had to be hauled to give a solid base to the topping. Much of the more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ million cubic yards of earth moved by the 31st was in connection with the work







on No. 1 airstrip. Crews under CWO Wolfe and CWO Dreher worked 7 days a week on 12 hour day and night shifts to accomplish a rapid completion of an up-to-standard strip. The strip was in use while work was underway.

Occasional crack-ups had to be hauled off the field, and when much rain came dozers were begged to pull good planes out of the clay mud. Otherwise it was a merry race of dozers, motor patrols, trucks, shovels, rollers, graders day in and day out. The ditchdigger was called on for drainage work and for laying electric cable.

War's end found a 6,400 foot strip complete, several parking areas, and considerable progress made on a second strip V-ing to the south end of No. 1 field.





. . . And Longer



Widening Half at a Time.



Parking Area Under Construction



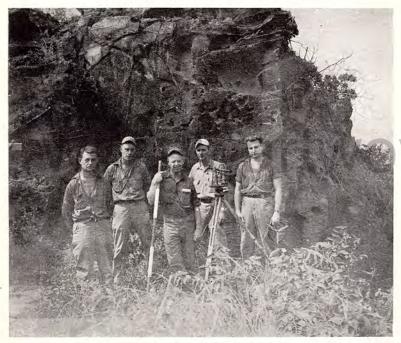
Pontoon Water Tanks.



Tracks in the Sand—Parking Area.



Lazy Jeep and Laboring Equipment.

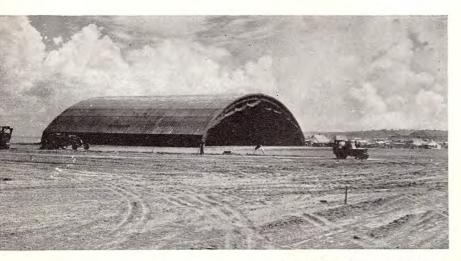


Surveyors of Number One Field.



Bailing-Out No. 1, SeaBee Style.





Top: View of No. 1 field from the tower looking north, strip in background. Opposite page, the view is toward south end. Above: Lone hangar. Left: Closeup of field light. Below: Power plant for No. 1 field. Right: Site of new tower on No. 1. Next page, Lower Left: Completed tower. Top to bottom on extreme right: Sheep's foot rollers on No. 1 strip widening project. Parking area near hangar. Emergency runway on south strip, under construction at war's end. Carpenter and maintenance companies did much of their work around the camp area, but a number of jobs on the outside required their talent as well. In many cases the job belonged to another outfit—all we did was the work. However, two projects closely allied with the airfields fell to them: the building of operational control towers and installation of lighting systems on No. 1 and No. 2 fields. Galloway's gang on No. 1 and Duffe's on No. 2 erected the sturdy 50 foot sentinels which served as traffic cops of the air strips. Able electricians under CWO Kerlin's





LIGHTING ridwartwoveterans.org

direction were told to "get those airstrips lighted." They did. Upwards of 59,000 feet of underground cable was laid at No. 2 strip alone, with perhaps half that much at No. 1. This installation was done after the main work of paving was completed, which meant crews had to dig up asphalt patches to install the lights. Cement gangs had to pour many underground wells for flush lights, servicing controls, as well as the many lights on either side of the strips. On desolate Iwo's strips were set the same type lights as used on LaGuardia Field.



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A State of the second









New 31st Area

Doubtful gift was this crevassed, cave-ridden, shot-up piece of property next-door to "Bloody Gulch." Sanitation details had to bury Jap dead; demolition squads to clear area of ammo and close caves; earth-movers to break it up into a series of fairly smooth levels for a sudden move to this outpost in early April.

























Tent Frames and Concrete Decks for Co. B.



Installing a Jap Generator.



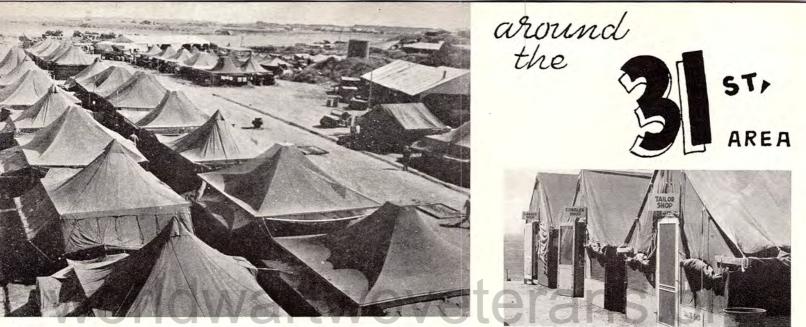
Supply Yard in New Area.



Long hours and hard work, complicated with outside jobs calling for a high priority, left little time to make ourselves comfortable—but you can depend on it the 31st used their men and minutes to advantage. Bryer's gang put up the best chow hall on the island in a week. William's waterworks, Gatlin's garage, and Fielder's framers were operating just as quickly. Gradually we acquired cement decks and frames for all tents. Electricians were on the ball. Movies for the night crews showed in the chapel. Spearhead theatre drew good USO shows. Hell, man, why gripe?







A Company Street—Garage in Background.

Shopping District.



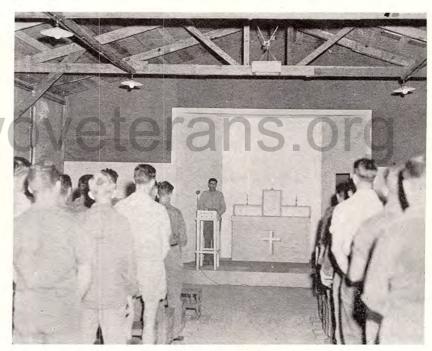
Paint Shop, I. W. Smith, Theatre Seats.



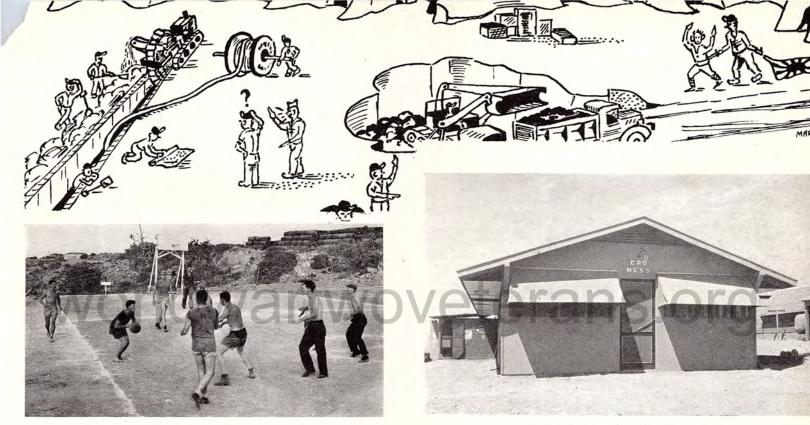
First Regular Chapel on Iwo Jima—Ours.



Food for the Body.



—And for the Soul.

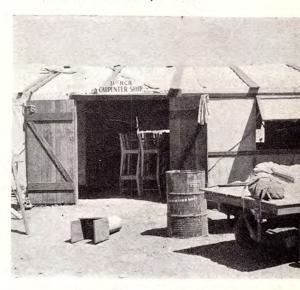


B Company vs. Officers.

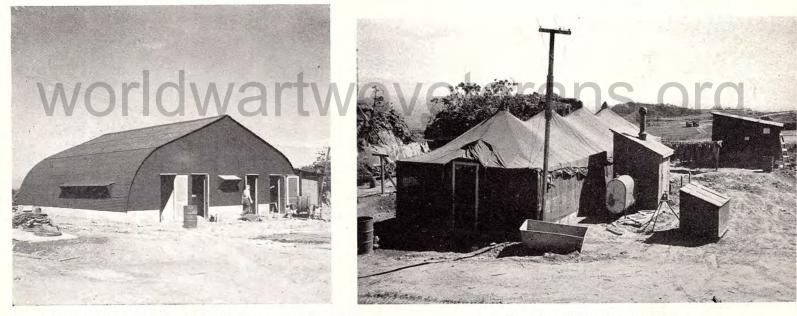
Late Arrival—Chief's Club.



Headquarters Company Street.



Well, Where Are All the Carpenters?



Ship's Service Store-Meeting Place at Noon and After 1600.

Laundry—Photo Lab in Rear.



Command Post and Company D

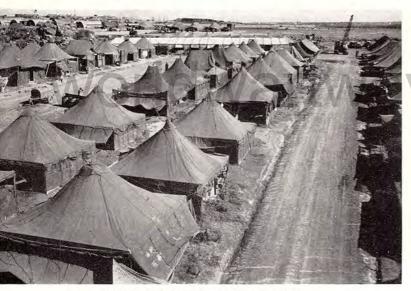


Drs. Joseph, Kelleher, Neal

Officers' Mess

From the standpoint of those who went on to Japan for even part of the winter, life at Iwo Jima was not too bad after all—after all the work was done, that is. Granted there were first the Japs and then the Army, with a few air raids thrown in, that just kept life from getting too monotonous. Storm warnings often caused us to batten down the tents, and, while torrents of rain dropped, typhoon proportions were never quite reached. The terrific heat of a summer sun beating down on the tents where night crews were trying to sleep was more of a problem, licked in part by those who were able to toggle up some kind of tent flys or false roofs.

Individual initiative, which suffers a lot in time of war, found its outlet, though. Inside, no two tents were alike. The taste in pin-ups varied from the Varga creations to the more meaningful pictures from home. Chairs, benches, tables, lockers for clothes or personal items were different, ingenious, useful.



Company C Street, Carpenter Shop in Rear.



Medical Department Setup.

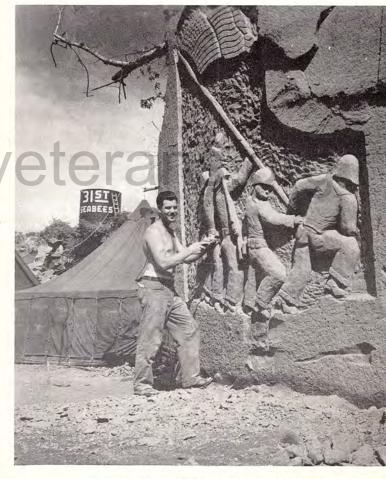




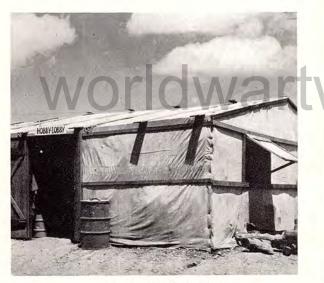
Company B Street.



Madison Square Garden—Iwo.



Iwo Flag-Raising Scene Reproduced [|| by Sculptor W. T. Rich on Side of a Cliff.

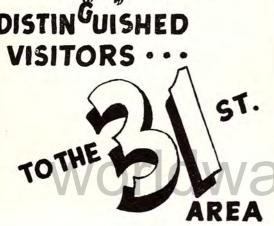


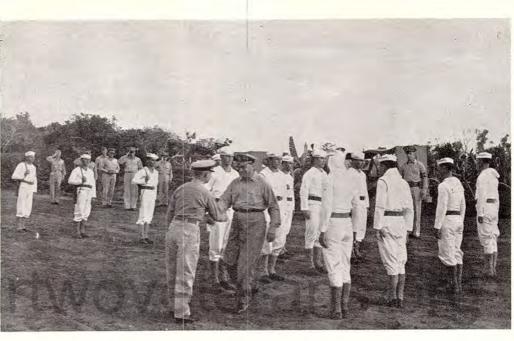
Souvenirs Made Here.



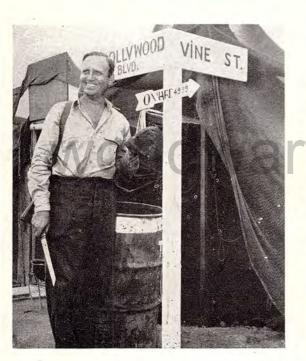
Brig's Eye View of Hash House Alley.











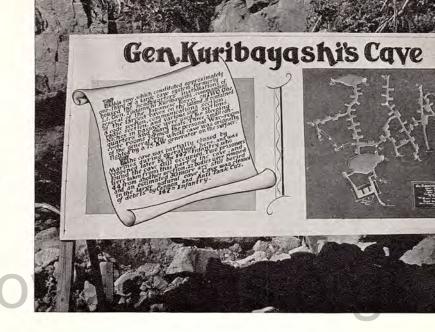
Most noted visitor on the USO circuit was Gene Autry and his star entertainer, R u f e Davis, No, Autry's beautiful h o r s e did not come. 4-F. The beauty he did bring was very nice, though. Yet, the Okies took the show easily. Pigsquealing, whistling, s n o r t i n g, Rufe Davis, imitator, was season's best.

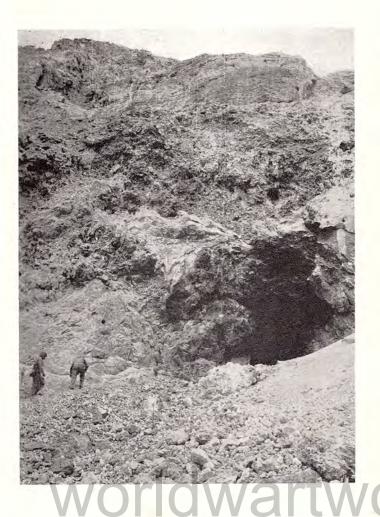


Top-ranking social event in official circles was the visit of Boss Scabee, Vice Admiral Moreell, Rear Admirals Cotter, Manning and Captain Needham on tour of Iwo. Entertained at our camp were all island CEC officers, and top Army and Navy braid, who saw the Admiral piped aboard with complete formal ceremony. After banqueting, Admiral Moreell in brief general remarks expressed satisfaction and pride in the quality and extent of Seabee work on Iwo, and guessed the future aloud. Within two hours Japan offered peace.

CAVES—CAVES AND MORE CAVES

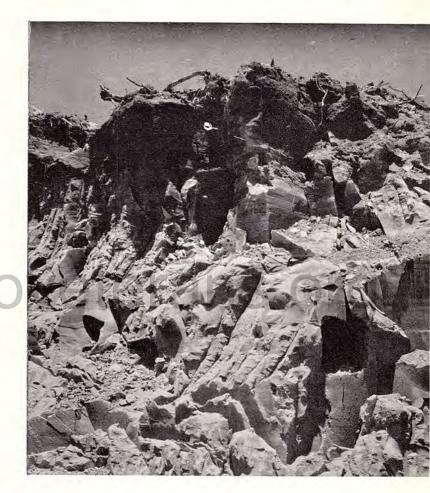
There was a fad a few years ago in the States of buying ant colonies housed in boxes with glass sides. Where Japs in the jungled South Pacific reminded our troops of tree-swinging monkeys, they appeared to us much like these exhibition ants. All of Iwo was their hill, and it was as full of subterranean passages and caves and stored supplies as any other ant hill. Some of these were enlarged from natural openings, but most were hand-hewn with crude instruments. The result was a tremendous system of interconnecting hideaways, or rather many such

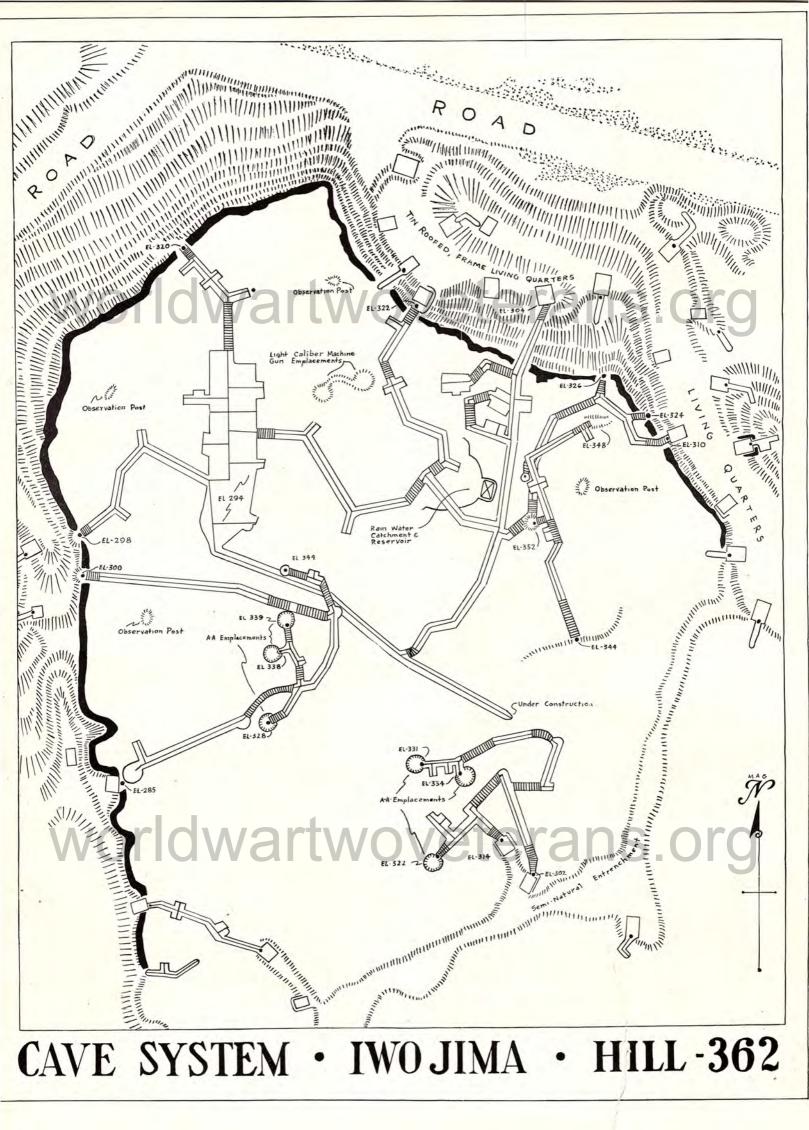




systems as the map shows. Many entrances and most vents were cleverly camouflaged, and small niches served harassing snipers well. General's Cave was close to camp, in "Bloody Gulch," the scene of the last costly resistance. Later we learned our chow hall was built directly over a huge cave of no-longer-accessible Jap medical stores. Smoke grenades, blasting, persuasion were employed to clear caves of Japs. Failing that, they were closed, later reopened.



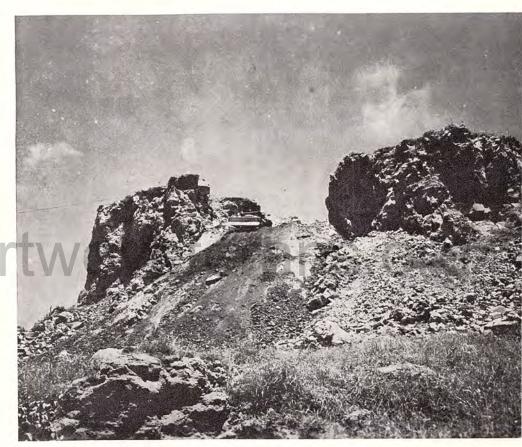






Hill No. 362 was the high point of the broad part of the island. Located at the south end of what is now the third airstrip, it was a deadly Marine objective. When taken, it served as a radar site. Its jutting promontory housed a great cave system which is mapped on the opposite page. It was here that "Whitey" Kneer gave up his life. Found in a cave under which this dozer is working, he was buried in the cemetery of the Fourth Marines.

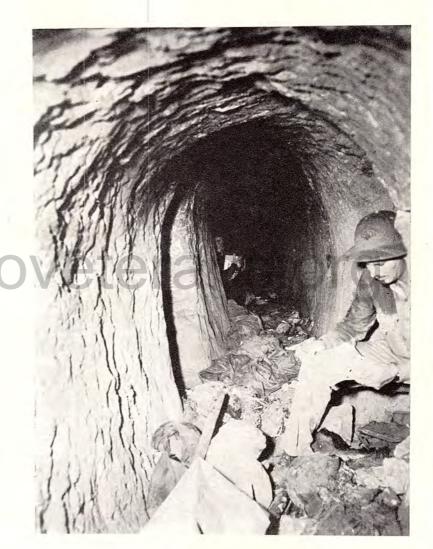


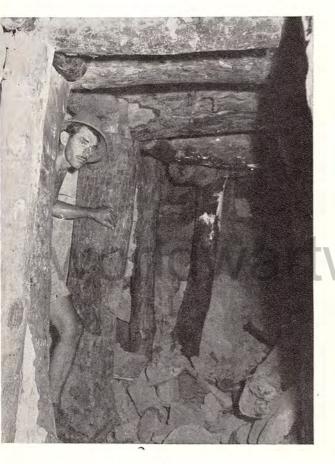


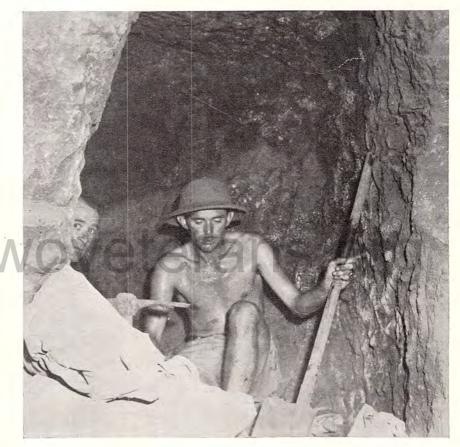
Low-vaulted passageways with niches, intersecting aisles, and rooms leading off them remind one of stories he has heard of Roman catacombs. AG Anderson at work mapping the system.

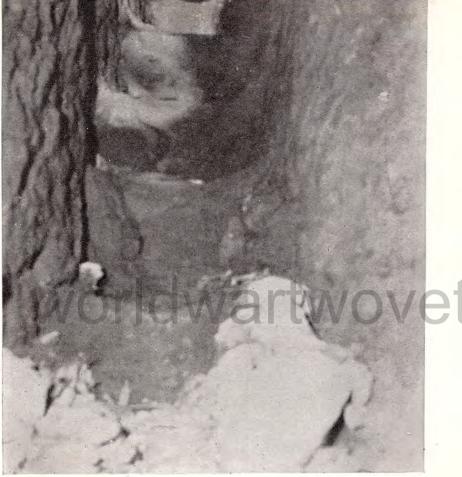
Now and then cave parts were trussed with timbers to keep loose rock from giving their refugees an honorable konk on the head. The mess here was probably caused by our blasting.

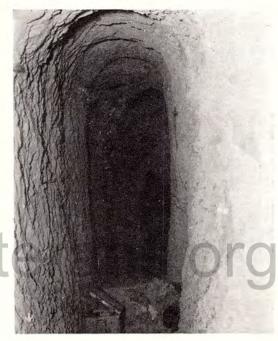
Subterranean temperatures on the volcanic island were enough to make one sweat. Candidates for the miner's job was L. A. Dent who, with several others, acquired their knowledge of caves at first hand.





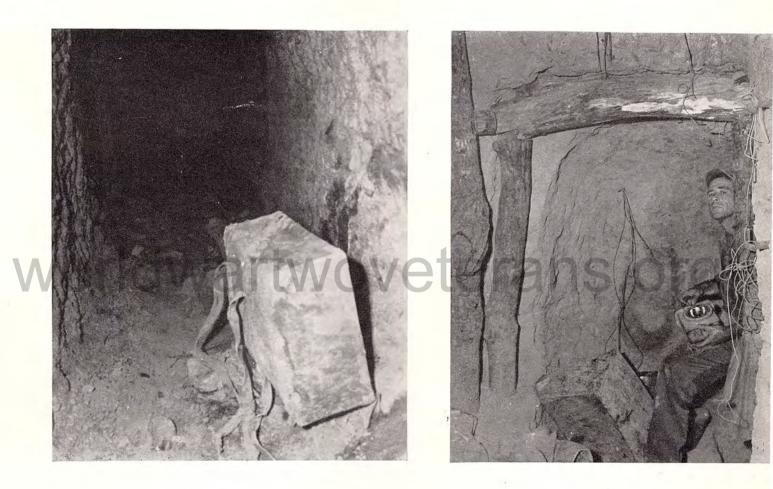






Above: Hand-hewn walls and vaulted ceilings invited a kind of pinch-nostrilled admiration. Below: Demolition Chief Price worked ahead of the Mapping detail to make the way safe.

Above: Daylight creeps through one of many entrances to cast its light on the steps leading up to the top of the hill. Below: A deep tunnel leads past Jap supplies into an inky mystery to be explored.





Airfield No. 2 and Taxiways Between Nos. 2 and 3

The ten thousand foot airstrip which Seabees of the 41st Naval Construction Regiment left as their mark on the center of Iwo Jima is the longest in all of the Pacific—some say the longest military airstrip in the world. In contrast to the second airstrip which the Japs had there, and which formed but a small part of our own, one wonders how in the world they ever expected to win their war—so pitifully inadequate were their tools to do so.

Those who surrendered after weeks of ant-hill life were speechlessly amazed at what had been wrought. The hills had been levelled and the ravines had been filled for more than a four mile stretch to permit the laying of two parallel strips, only one of which was paved, to comprise the second airfield. Except for "farming out" equipment and operators this job was not primarily ours. We just helped, crushed rock for it, and lit it. But we did do the same kind of work in building the taxiways and airstrips between No. 2 and No. 3 strips. This job put us right in the middle of the hot sulphur sections of the island, witness the picture to the right. We have already told the story of our work on the first and third airstrips. It is enough to say "third verse, same as the first."—Same old story!

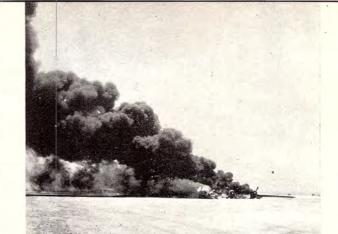












Early Stages of No. 2—22 March 1945.



Dragline Digging Drainage Ditch.



Results of Our Labors: Hundreds of Many Types of Planes Found Home or Haven on the Parkways Between No. 2 and 3 Strips.



Completion of Drainage Project.



Progress on Our Parkways.



This is a story I have wanted to tell. After the banquet for Vice Admiral Moreell, I rode with CWO Kerlin to see the newly completed lighting job on No. 2 strip. From the ground and from the tower it was a beautiful sight to see the long rows of lights placed just so. To a plane coming in at night it must have been even more beautiful. Lights flush with the surface at either end of the strip, and red and green lights all had a meaning for the night pilot. As I crept along the whole job was explained to me. Electricians, cement workers, laborers, engineering department, all had a hand in it. Distances between lights was exact, as was the height of each one. The power plant or "regulator" shown here was visited and its operation explained in terms I

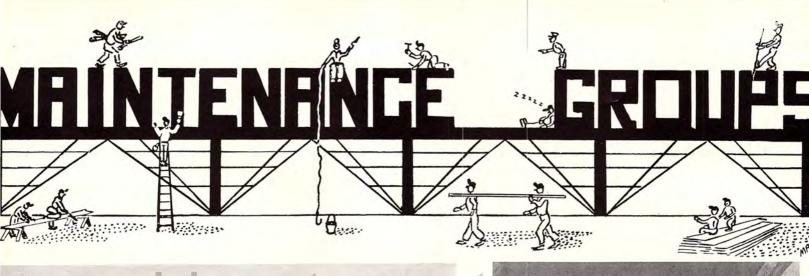




DANCER HIGH VOLTAGE

did not grasp. Then we went up into the tower. Here we learned that the Japs were talking peace in earnest. The unexpected news overbalanced my emotions. Mr. Kerlin showed pleasure, hoped something would come of it, and then turned to his business checking whether the several light controls exercised by the tower were in order. The example is extreme. But it was such single-minded attention of servicemen to the jobs for which they were responsible, all down the line, that made possible our winning of the war.







ABOVE: ELECTRICIANS: Row 1: E. A. Reed, D. C. Hoffman, Lamb, Przebeszwski, H. D. Mitchell, J. R. Wood, Pearson, Cartwright, A. L. Duncan, M. Martin, Dumestre, Scroggins. Row 2: E. C. Matthews, D. F. Duncan, Bruhl, Crandall, Rothermich, Daggett, Hamner, Donovan, Mann, Reeves, Quinn, Haring, Nash, H. F. Johnson, E. W. Anthony, Kirby, Barnes, E. H. Anderson, Norris, Shine, Cowen, Jensen, Adamson, Lindquist, Kerlin, Mosely. Row 3: J. A. Williams, Drake, Rary, E. C. Banks, Stortini, Swayne, R. L. Thomason, Salage, Raedel, Compton, Laubenstein, F. C. Clark, M. H. Goodwin, Langley, H. C. Ellis.



ABOVE: COBBLERS: T. V. Jones, Panioto.

LOWER LEFT: BARBERS: T. C. Smith, LaRue and "victims." Fields must be in the sack. LOWER RIGHT: ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT: Row 1: Branch, Carlisle, J. E. G. Miller, Webb, George, Yates. Row 2: Loofs, W. J. Long, R. B. Smith, J. W. Robinson, Peters, R. E. Harrison, Tanco, Lalk, Steketee. Row 3: R. E. Hall, Hanlon, C. M. Cooke, A. G. Anderson, F. M. Griffin, Bender, DeRossett.





RIGHT: HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATORS: Row 1: Harrington, R. A. McMullin, J. W. Pierce, J. J. Kennedy, Abbe, Kennemer, Cagle. Row 2: Udelhoffen, Ballard, Dowdy, Grimes, Selhorst, R. E. Dorsey, Yarberry, W. A. Brown, J. M. Brown, McLaughlin, Briggs. Row 3: Hogg, Blanchard, W. A. McCombs, L. L. Rhinehart, Townsend, C. S. Buckley, Gilliam, Erkenbrack, D. W. Bass, H. E. Matthews, Viehmann, McArthur. Row 4: Higginbotham, Vice, D. C. Lewis, Spaulding, Strang, A. J. Clawson, O. B. Clark, Barrett. Row 5: W. H. DeRamus, A. L. Patterson, Kanitz, Hvezda, C. S. Ruiz, Koleno, R. C. Garner, C. G. Johnson, R. Brown, T. B. Brown, C. W. Carpenter, Hallman.

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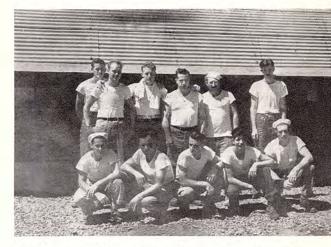


BELOW: TRANSPORTATION: Warnberg, P. T. James, Barley, Burton, Hamner, Pickle, Kuebler, Vincent.



BELOW: CARPENTER SHOP CREW: Mc-Cormick, Krohn, H. P. Miller, C. E. Griffin, Hough, Bravard, Hammel, Ramsey, Kidwell, G. T. Morgan.





ABOVE: COOKS AND STRIKERS: Row 1: Michelbrink, Downs, F. D. Campbell, Genello, Lockley. Row 2: A. L. Davis, Oliver, R. T. Allen, Stauffer, Wagner, Spencer.



ABOVE: MOVIE OPERATORS: Adamson, E. A. Reed, Bartimus.



ABOVE: ARMORERS: W. J. Long, Caldwell, H. A. Morris, Pucilowski.



ABOVE: Battalion Assembled for Service of Prayer and Thanksgiving on Night of V-J Day.



ABOVE: MAA FORCE: D. W. Stanley, Quint, D. L. Carroll, Kammerzell.



ABOVE: PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT: Fraker, Menkes, Penn, Taft, Laessle, Greer.



ABOVE: SUPPLY YARD STOREKEEPERS: Sontag, Andrus, W. C. Moore, R. W. Murray, Barnum, Kemp, Kennerly.



ABOVE: AMERICANS BY CHOICE, from China and Canada to Austria: Row 1: Bojko, Panioto, Gilham, DiFrancesco, Sundeen, Blondheim. Row 2: P. A. Christensen, Torresan, G. T. Morgan, Koerner, D. T. Anderson, Majhrovicz, H. Mann. Row 3: Paris, Sarnau, Brearley.



ABOVE: DISBURSING DEPARTMENT: Sep er. Standing: MacDonald, Wetzstein, Vivian, Snyder.



ABOVE: MEDICAL DEPARTMENT: Row 1: W. W. Kieffer, Stumpf, Noll, J. F. Ryan, Staus, DeWinter, Latham, E. W. Walker. Row 2: Lukens, M. L. Peterson, Dr. Joseph, Dr. Kelleher, Dr. Neal, Battles, Rumney, Snyder.



WELFARE AND RECREATION DEPART-MENT: ABOVE, Row 1: G. E. Young, Viau, Griffith. Row 2: Kanelopoulos, P. L. Mitchell, Hair, Anderson, Bartimus. BELOW: Bartimus, Bill Elliott. BELOW: MACHINE SHOP, GARAGE, METALSMITH GANGS: Front row: Gatlin, C. M. Brown, Rinkel, Seward, D. C. Lewis, Nacucchio, C. T. Peterson. Sitting: Krause, Mediros, L. D. Thomason, C. J. Webber, Turney, Cockrell, B. W. Allen, Posey, L. W. Bush, Warnken, Bott, S. J. Price, Kezios. Standing: H. K. Johnson, Dace, H. P. Hartman, Minner, R. C. Cole, F. L. Alexander, McDougal, O'Quinn, Stangland, Critzer, L. E. Taylor, Dollar, R. B. Allen, Courtney, Izzarelli, E. J. Wood, Badowski. Third tier: Bonner, LaSalle, Folden, Wasicek, Rolfe, Ekhoff, Newman, Jentho, P. A. Crawford, B. T. Smith, Schafer, Boruff, J. D. Wilson, Schlatter, L. H. Hill. Top: C. H. Alexander, H J. Morris, Bell, Ziff, W. R. Stevens, Christie, Crosby, Sheeks, Mixon, R. L. Carpenter, Mueller, Gilbert, J. W. Copper, Fennessey, E. G. Collins, Kesby, G. H. Henrikson, Newland.







ABOVE: STEWARDS: Row 1: R. Jordan, Marlow, J. R. Green, Stephens. Row 2: Bassette, J. P. Lewis, Washington, R. Moore, E. Jordan.



ABOVE: HOBBY SHOP: Tripp (in charge), Amrhein, Marchand, Paris, Morris



LEFT: TAILORS: Hanavan, B. J. Robbins.

> RIGHT: LAUNDRY-MEN: Row 1: Sirdinia. H. L. King, Viau. Row 2: H. P. Cooper, G. H. Hoffman, R. Murphy, Swindle, Carver, Easterly, H. A. Miller.





LEFT: DRIVERS AND DISPATCH-ERS: Row 1: R. S. Howard, Squillacote, J. D. McNamara, Golightly, Gann, Majhrovicz, Doman, Warnberg, Hargreaves, L. I. Hill, Carrington, Gutierrez. Row 2: Barboni, Mazner, D. L. May, J. H. McNamara, Paxton, Bowen, West, Wolstenholme, Gladden, E. W. Robbins, Cassidy, Higgins, N. E. Pope, Waugh, D. J. Edwards, P. T. James, Kirschhoch, Bosenberg, H. C. Bowers, Key, R. J. Alexander, J. W. Pierce. Row 3: Gunnin, A. L. Allen, Bernard, Garrett, Kammer, Grigsby, Dolle, Arledge, Pester, S. Wilson, S. C. Clark, Grosjean, Henkensiefken, Loftus, McAnally, Drobny, Bartlett, A. F. Stanley, Carnes, Chisholm, Duer, Grubb, Mashburn, Herstad, Ives, Parham.



ABOVE: WATERTENDERS: Row 1: N. F. Gilham, R. E. Martin, G. B. Wadkins, Johnston, H. H. Barker, W. F. Martin, Poulin, Steele, F. F. Smith, C. S. Watkins, Joe King, Kiah. Row 2: Barlow, Boling, Mullins, R. G. Jones, Kee, McElvaney, J. H. Williams.



LEFT: DISPATCHERS: Warnberg, Vincent.

RIGHT: BAKERS: Row 1: Richee, Rowlett, Molles, Juarez, Lukehart. Row 2: Locatelli, Chirco, R. G. Lewis, Toppin, Zaniisch, Margetta.



ABOVE: SANITATION SQUAD: Row 1: Dycus, Swedin. Row 2: Nation, F. S. Hill.





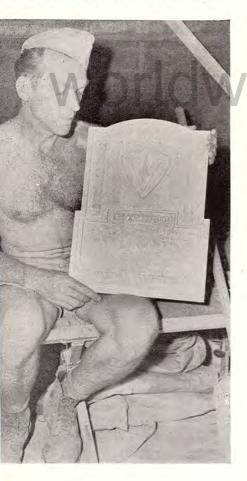
LEFT: GALLEY SUP-PLY: Busby. Standing: A. T. Jordan, Blondheim, F. A. Dick, Cracciolo.

RIGHT: COMMUNI-CATIONS: Row 1: E. A. Reed, H. D. Mitchell, Daggett, E. W. Anthony. Row 2: J. R. Wood, Dumestre, Haring, Pearson.



asting the Plaque

was fitting that we should begin the ection on Iwo Jima with a tribute to ne men of the Fifth Marine Division, or all our work on that little island as in a way an effort to make good neir purchase. But besides the monutent of works we wished to leave a more



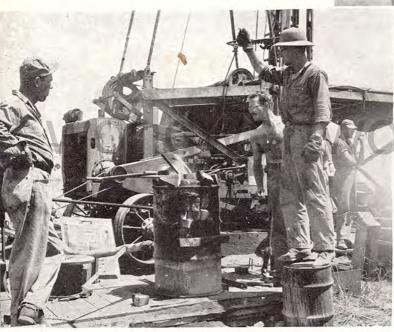


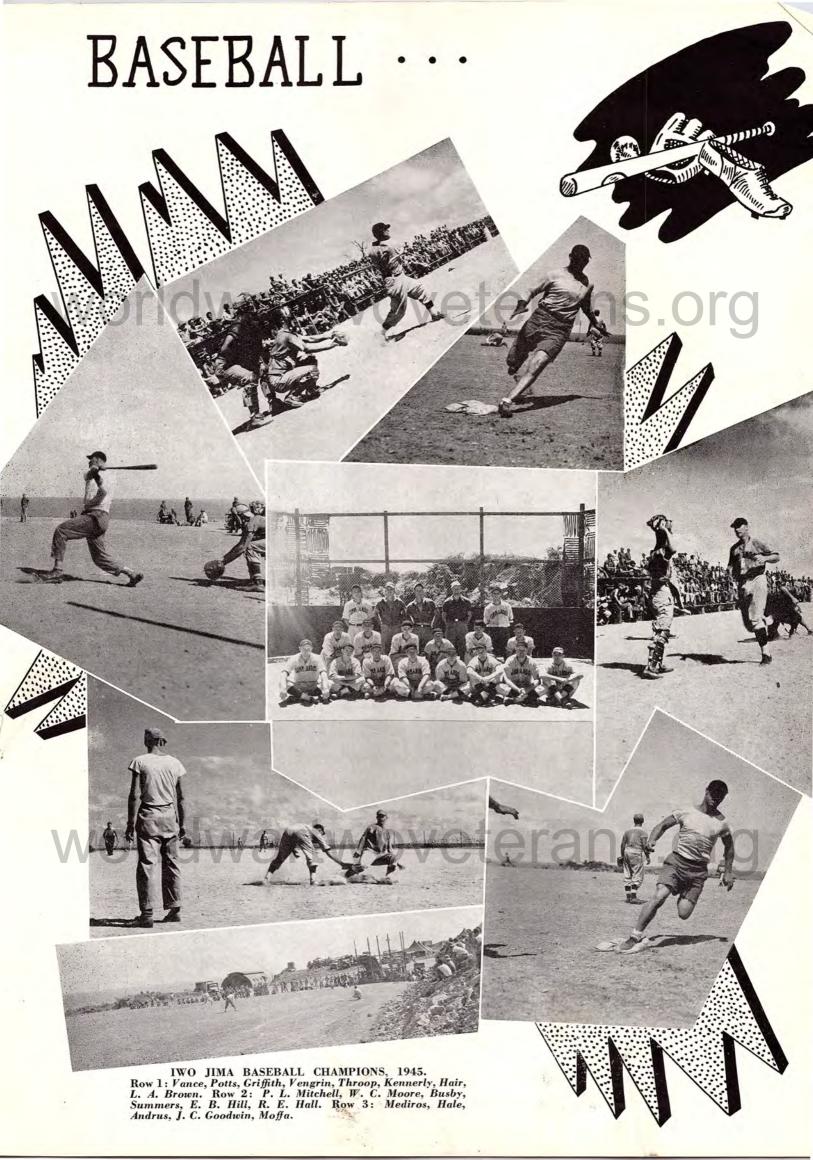
formal sign in token of our regard for them. The memorial was designed by J. B. Fraser. On either side of the flagpole in the cemetery are three cement circular benches set in a circle. In the center of the right circle stands the stone, of polished cement. It is like a pyramid with the top cut off to leave the surface an inclined plane. In this is set the bronze tablet of tribute. On three sides are bronze Marine Corps emblems, while into the front side is set a reproduction of the famous Suribachi flag-raising scene. Silently it carries our sentiments.

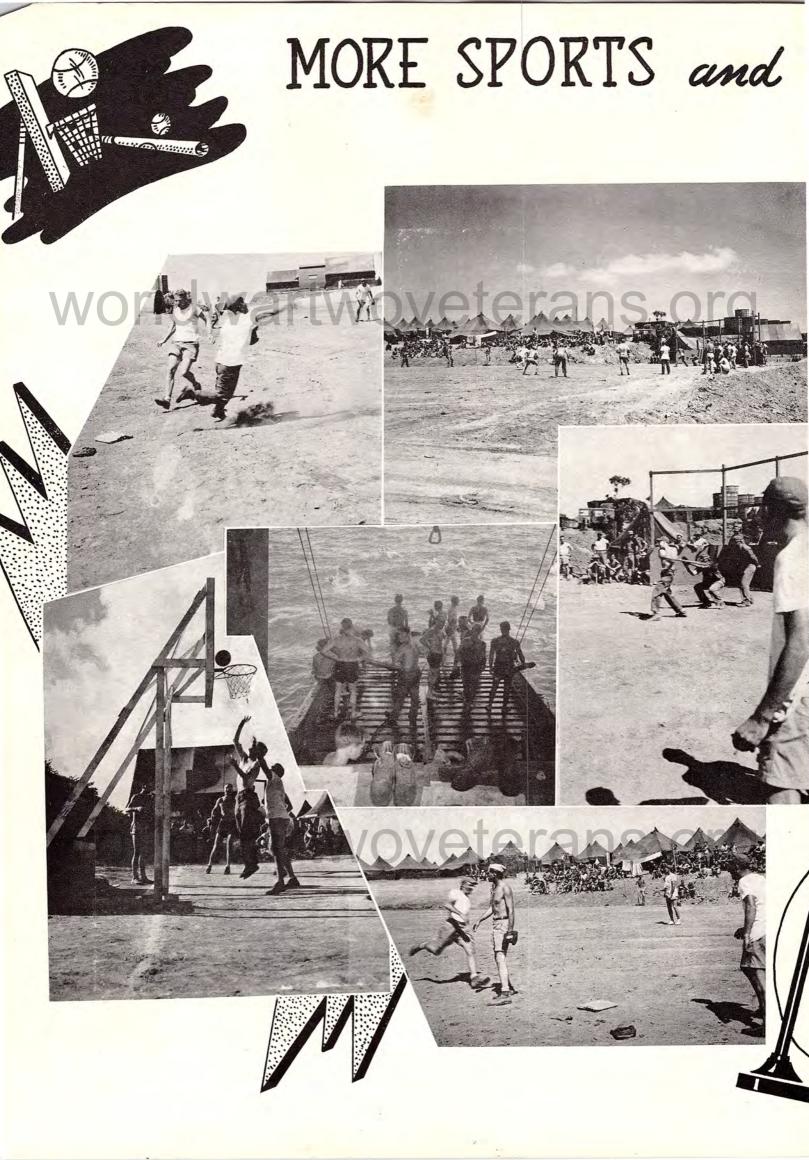


Assisting Fraser (upper left) in the building of the monument are these men above: W. H. Murray, Barr, J. C. Goodwin, Hughey, R. Frieden.

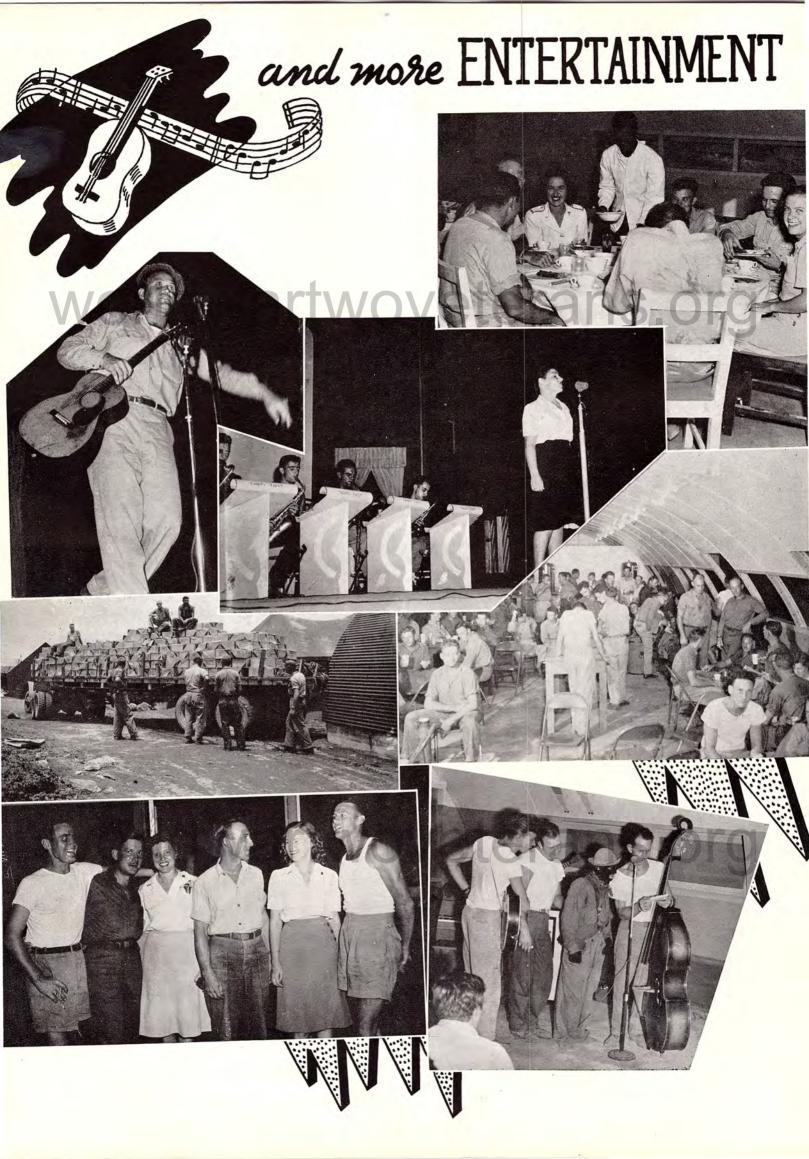
The bronze plaques and emblems were cast out of salvaged metal left in Iwo's wreckage, using a home-made forge. Duplicate plaques were shipped to Major-General Kellar Rockey, who commanded the Fifth Division at Iwo Jima.











There's a New Flag on Iwo Jima

Moments of great dramatic intensity are seldom recorded and yet, now and then such a scene is captured and becomes the common property of the citizenry-a thing of power and appeal to tug at heartstrings and to fire imaginations. This happened on Iwo Jima. When our Stars and Stripes were first planted on top of old Mt. Suribachi a photographer, Rosenthal, set that moment down on film and soon that scene was known all over our nation. But even as the Treasury made it the touchstone of its bond drive, and the Postoffice brought out a commemorative stamp of the occasion, the flag had left Suribachi for the Island Command Post below. Then, late in summer, Brigadier General Hopkins, upon assuming command of the island, took steps to restore the flag to the pinnacle of its first success on Iwo.





Inscribed on either side of the bronze plaque depicting the original flag-raising are these words:

"Among the Americans who served on Iwo Jima, uncommon valor was a common virtue."— Nimitz. Dedicated to those who fought here by the Island Command AGF. Erected by the 31st USNCB. 23 February, 1945 Old Glory was raised on this site by members of the 2nd Bn. 28th Reg't. Fifth Marine Division.



Headquarters company

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Lt. (jg) Jack N. Steketee Company Commander.

TI



PLATOON ONE: Stanley: Row 1: Lane, Quint, Pucilowski, Dycus, Viau, W. H. Murray, Wicks, Bloom. Row 2: Feldman, Carver, Carter, Newman, H. A. Morris, A. T. Jordan, Ricci, Serzo, Rimberg. Row 3: Senne, Kammerzell, D. L. Carroll, Mixon, Fielding, Ryall, Di Lisio, F. S. Hill, Skarda. PLATOON TWO: Row 1: Hanlon, George, J. E. G. Miller, E. M. Yates, Webb, W. J. Long, Lalk, Carlisle, J. W. Johnson. Row 2: Kuehn, Dail, Raulston, R. B. Smith, McDermott, C. M. Cooke, J. W. Robinson, R. E. Hall, Tanco. Row 3: Loofs, Peters, Branch, R. E. Harrison, Bender, F. M. Griffin, A. G. Anderson, DeRossett, Batchelor.



It is regretted that we have not a better offering either in platoon pictures or in pictures of maintenance groups. By the time these were taken a considerable change in personnel had taken place, so the faces of many old-timers are sadly lacking. Some are not as clear as they might be. They were not taken over simply because a large number of men began their journey home for discharge shortly after these were taken.





PLATOON THREE: Row 1: Pannella, R. Murphy, Yeglin, H. P. Cooper, Panioto, Taft, O'Brasky, Goode, Easterly, Vivian, Septer. Row 2: Kemp, Garrecht, Andrus, T. C. Smith, J. E. Turner, Sirdinia, Hanavan, Kunkel, W. C. Moore, Greer. Row 3: R. W. Murray, McDowell, Fraker, Wetzstein, B. J. Robbins, Penn, T. V. Jones, Menkes, Kennerly, Lake, MacDonald.

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PLATOON FOUR: Row 1: Lukens, J. F. Ryan, Staus, DeWinter, Noll. Row 2: M. L. Peterson, Rumney, E. W. Walker, Battles, Stumpf, Latham, Snyder.





PLATOON FIVE: Row 1: Rowlett, Richee, Genello, Chirco, F. A. Dick, Oliver, Stoeber, Teal, Zanitsch, Molles. Row 2: Locatelli, Funk, Juarez, Margetta, Lukehart, F. D. Campbell, J. O. Ross, Michelbrink, Lockley, W. B. Matthews. Row 3: R. G. Lewis, Stauffer, Haines, Toppin, St. Henry, Wagner, J. R. Linton, Drew, Gardell, Tsirigotis, Boatwright.

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PLATOON SIX: Row 1: Sledge, Marlow E. Jordan, W. R. Daniels, J. R. Green, Stephens, C. Taylor. Row 2: Washington, Tolbert, R. Moore, Bassette, Borney, J. P. Lewis, R. Jordan.







Ensign S. P. Kezios, Lieut. John H. Williams Lt. (jg) Roy E. Gatlin, CWO George L. Kerlin.

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PLATOON ONE: D. C. Lewis. Row 1: Scroggins, Littleton, Sheeks, Abbott, W. D. Moore, Lindquist, Clements, Coyle, H. K. Johnson, Minner, Hahn. Row 2: McDougal, Gruin, Dace, Mueller, E. G. Collins, J. Wilson, G. E. Carlson, Bumpus, Henrikson. Row 3: Rolfe, Crosby, Botts, H. P. Hartman, Jensen, Ziff, Conover, L. H. Hill, R. L. James, Courtney, Dollar.



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PLATOON TWO: Rotholtz. Row 1: M. H. Goodwin, Przebeszwski, Swayne, Riley, Bolick, L. J. Meyer. Row 2: F. Clark, Cartwright, Norris, Thatcher, E. H. Anderson, H. F. Johnson. Row 3: Adamson, V. H. Miller, E. C. Banks, Barnes, D. F. Duncan, Kirby.



PLATOON THREE: Hughey. Row 1: Holden, S. R. Jones, S. D. Fisher, Nacucchio. Row 2: Matazik, Posey, B. W. Allen, Lombardi, Boyd, G. H. Buckley, F. L. Alexander, J. B. Dennis, Krause, Mediros, R. F. Lee. Row 3: Eachus, H. H. Barker, Schafer, State-ham, Hull, Guarnery, T. Ball, Kanduk, Johnson, T. R. Marshall, F. W. Brown, Guillote, E. C. Kieffer. Row 4: Christie, Hicks, Critzer, Adams, W. F. Martin, E. B. Martin, D. T. Anderson, Pelland.

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PLATOON FOUR: Bravard, A. T. Ellis, C. H. Alex-ander. Row 1: DePascal, Vance, Thomsen, M. H. McCoy, Wysong, Niederhause, Swedin, O. G. William-son, S. M. Baron. Row 2: Thornton, R. C. Taylor, S. J. Price, Bonner, Blair, Folden, Svejkovsky, Pool, W. L. Wilson. Row 3: Poulin, Medina, R. E. Martin, D. W. Donovan, Sarnau, Roth, Cardwell, L. P. Christenson Christensen.



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PLATOON FIVE: Daggett, Barlow, F. F. Smith. Row 1: H. F. Knight, Beutler, R. D. Lee, Pearson, J. R. Wood. Row 2: L. F. Martin, Barnd, Younger, L. A. Davis, Bryce, H. D. Mitchell. Row 3: Hale, Chambers, R. T. Mullins, Jacky, Yospa, Steele, Kamarchik.



PLATOON ONE: Johansen, Smalley, A. A. Henrikson. Row 1: Minor, Risling, Kidwell, Littlefield, Lomonaco, D. J. Edwards, D. Ross, F. G. Crandall, A. E. Dorsey, H. D. Hall, Waterfield, Tompkins. Row 2: Riggs, V. R. Dent, B. M. Daniels, Hepler, Frazier, Keener, Crowe, Hearld, Wichterman, Zaczkiewicz, Kroll. Row 3: Kuder, Dayton, Feingold, Moffa, Cotton. C. E. Griffin, Fraim, A. L. Allen, Sundeen, Hollar, Terwilliger, Tripp.

B COMPANY

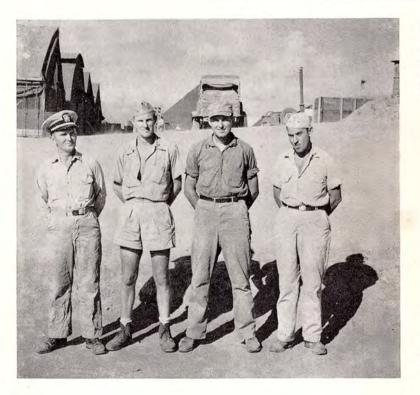


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PLATOON TWO: S. P. Gray, Helweg. Row 1: Click, H. L. Carroll, O. E. Carpenter, Brawley, Bradley, Birk, Bartimus, F. W. Baker, J. M. Anderson. Row 2: Rich, Monday, Mickelson, Metzger, J. H. McNamara, Marchand, M. C. Long, Kirk, Hudgins. Row 3: Yaffe, Woznicki, J. R. Wolfe, T. C. White, Wellin, G. Weber, Warrick, Velkoborsky. Row 4: Zamorek, Ungaro, England, Schwartz, Gonzales, Fredrickson.



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PLATOON THREE: Riiska, Barr, D. C. Hoffman. Row 1: Bosenberg, Sespico, Stangland, Squillacote, Voss, W. C. Richardson, Gotcher, Hoard, J. C. Goodwin, P. Crawford, Carnes, Rhodes. Row 2: Lenz, H. C. Bowers, J. Bush, Carden, Schlatter, L. W. Bush, Ekhoff, J. Evans, Duer, Scritchfield. Row 3: Runions, Zincoff, A. J. Johnson, Kratky, D. V. James, B. Parmer, Hair, D. G. Parmer, Savage, L. D. Miller.

CWO Loren E. Fielder, CWO Roger S. Bryer, Lieut. Bernard H. Duffe, Carp. John H. Donaldson.

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PLATOON FOUR: Row 1: Cockrell, Kanelopoulos, Gies, Brawdy, Elfer, V. E. Dixon, Golightly, Troendle, Dodgen. Row 2: Bardin, C. B. Clawson, Ives, Haggard, Buchholz, Henkensiefken, M. McCool, H. L. Dodson. Row 3: Babcock, Hargreaves, Rooke, Windham, Koerner, Rothermich, DeVries.



PLATOON ONE: L. L. Gardner. Row 1: Grimes, Majhrovicz, McArthur, J. D. Mc-Namara, Rivolo, Waugh, W. C. Whitten, Wolstenholme, E. W. Robbins, Pickle. Row 2: Fuchsen, Hallman, Higgins, Holman, Kammer, C. G. Johnson, Kanitz, Kuebler, Herrin, Jentho, R. S. Howard. Row 3: R. E. Dorsey, O. B. Clark, Dickenson, Dowdy, Erkenbrack, W. C. Fowler, Parham.

PLATOON TWO. J. J. Kennedy. Row 1: T. B. Brown, Higginbotham, Brawner, Baldwin, Seiberlich, Burton, Bruce, Mafia, J. O. Campbell. Row 2: Helms, H. L. Hendricks, Salage, A. G. Hendricks, D. L. Miller, Joralemon, Udelhoffen. Row 3: J. E. Walker, C. O. Williamson, A. J. Claveson, Browning, Blackford, Wilcockson, Weaver, Wallace, W. W. Keiffer, Hvezda.

Lt. (jg) James R. Laessle, Ensign James E. Amrhein. CWO Ruben A. McMullin.

PLATOON THREE: Sullivan. Row 1: O'Quinn, N. E. Pope, Brady, H. C. Garner, Barrett, Stark, Koleno, Swatek, Hanshew, Vice, H. J. Morris. Row 2: McLaughlin, Grigsby, D. C. Lewis, Benton, Chramosta, Schumacher, DePaola, Gilbert, Gladden, West. Row 3: Sackman, Flippo, W. M. Robinson, Strang, R. Stephenson, Cash, Mashburn, Loftus, Regner, Scovil, Hrabal.



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PLATOON FOUR: Abbe. Row 1: F. H. Edwards, German, Gentry, Bullock, Arledge, DeBerry, J. M. Brown, L. A. Brown. Row 2: Hogg, Grosjean, Pester, Ulrich, Holliday, Blosser, L. E. Taylor, Guin, S. C. Clark, Garrett. Row 3: Spaulding, Viehmann, C. W. Petersen, R. C. Garner, Stull, McFalls, Wightman, Mc-Anally, Lockett, Wilkinson, W. C. Wood.

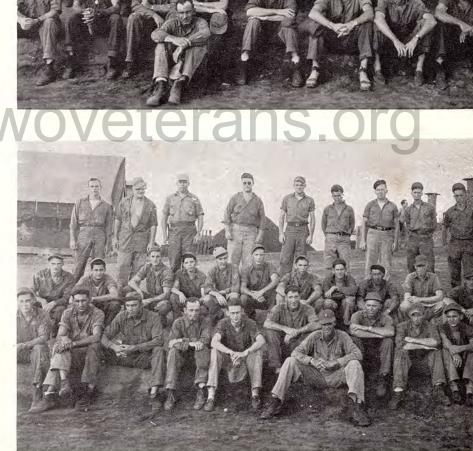


PLATOON FIVE: Cagle. Row 1: Drobny, Bartlett, Carrington, J. W. Bowman, Armstrong, Doman, H. E. Matthews, Townsend, D. V. Davis, J. W. Cooper. Row 2: Izzarelli, Petty, W. E. Taylor, Gutierrez, Buck, C. L. Scott, R. L. Carpenter, J. P. Linton, Fairchild, H. A. Miller, Barley. Row 3: Key, P. M. Woods, S. Wilson, Wingard, C. R. Young, Miears, Warnberg, Wright, Yarberry.



Lieut. Daniel C. Harrington, CWO James D. Wolfe, Lt. (ig) Jack W. Pierce.

PLATOON SIX: Kennemer. Row 1: W. H. DeRamus, Cassidy, Cheairs, Reedy, Cohen, Gearheard, Hooker, R. L. McNeill. Row 2: W. A. Brown, Backeberg, Badowski, Ballard, Bechard, Bernard, Briggs, C. W. Carpenter. Row 3: A. L. Patterson, C. S. Ruiz, Scanlon, Stripling, V. L. Whitten, Selhorst, Wojciechowcez, R. Brown.







D COMPANY

Carp. John L. Sinner, Ensign William J. Anderson, Lt. Comdr. Virgil A. Wallace, Lt. (jg) Jule Kaufman Jr., CWO Curtis L. Johnson.



PLATOON ONE: Dooley. Row 1: Benner, Bradshaw, L. A. Carter, Moreland, J. T. Smith, Pitt, Kirschhoch, V. A. Adams, Trummell, R. H. Patterson. Row 2: Elwin, McClure, Craig, Sheehan, C. L. Harrison, C. J. Donovan, Krohn, Bowen, Gheen. Row 3: Layton, Beaty, Barboni, Hunsicker, Bruhl, A. Davis, Schirmer, E. E. Anderson, Lockard, C. A. Lee.



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PLATOON TWO: Works. Row 1: Hood, Strakes, Parker, Bartkowicz, Swindle, Seabrease, Feroldi, Spacek. Row 2: Dolle, Raedel, W. H. Perry, Hargett, Heard, Sanchez, Miles, Reljac. Row 3: Laurich, Morey, Feirfeil, Greenlaw, H. W. Davis, Reinhart. Brotherton, Partain. PLATOON THREE: H. Mann. Row 1: Keranen, Vetters, Wicker, Vaccarino, Mazner, J. H. High, Zorda. Row 2: Holder, McGuire, McMahon, P. J. Smith, N. T. Perry, C. F. Nelson, Reeves, Harmon, G. T. Morgan. Row 3: O. C. Grant, W. H. Barker, Paxton, DeBerg, Albano, W J. Pope.

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PLATOON FOUR: Kirksey. Row 1: R. W. Young, J. H. McIntyre, Broomhall, Weiss, DiFrancesco, Caldwell, G. J. Davidson, Torresan. Row 2: Rheinehart, Berry, Grubb, E. B. Bailey, R. X. Richards, S. Wheeler, N. J. McNeill, Zepp. Row 3: J. B. DeRamus, Laughlin, Chrystal, G. Burns.

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PLATOON FIVE: Mundell. Row 1: Welch, Rodriguez, Hough, J. D. Lee, H. H. Hammond, Maguire, Hopson, Branen, D. L. May, McLeod. Row 2: L. Hickman, C. S. Buckley, Wm. Perry, Lambert, H. L. Cormicle, Temple, G. E. Young, Boger, Owens. Row 3: Simmons, Mills, Jolicoeur, Gunnin, LeGalley, Osborne, D. L. Edwards, O. A. Harris.





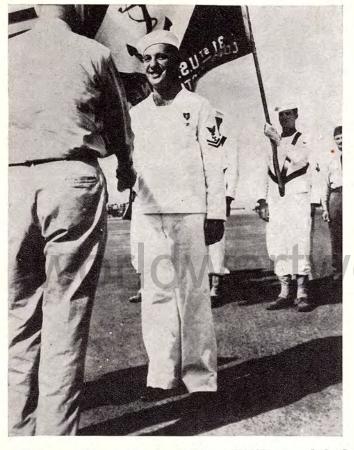
Chief Carpenter's Mate James L. Price, USNR awarded the *Bronze Star Medal* for Demolition Activities During the Invasion.



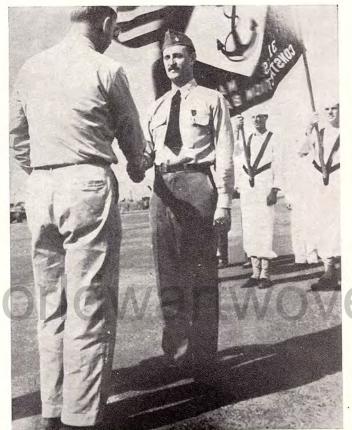
Commander Dominick J. Ermilio, CEC, USNR awarded the *Bronze Star Medal* for Direction of Battalion in Support of Marines.



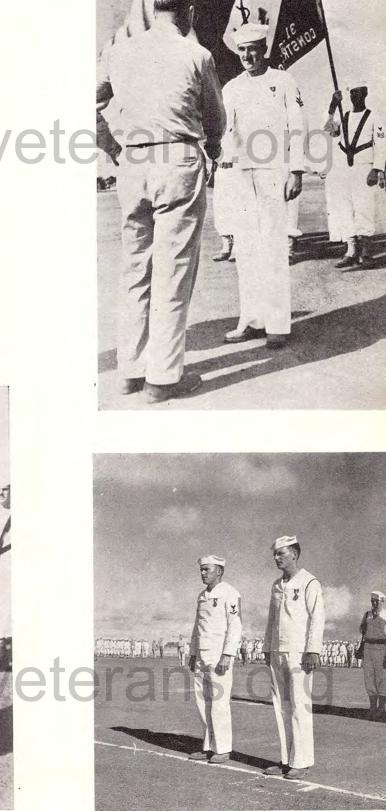
Chief Gunner's Mate Pete A. Paris, USNR awarded the *Bronze Star Medal* for Demolition Activities During the Invasion.



Walter Anthony Stark, MMS1c, USNR awarded the *Bronze Star Medal* for Activities with the Demolition Squad under Fire.



Edward A. Higginbotham, MM1c, USNR awarded the *Bronze Star Medal* for Outstanding Work on the Beach D-Day and After.



Chief Carpenter's Mate Walter O. Lathrop, USNR awarded the *Purple Heart* Having Been Injured by Enemy Explosives.

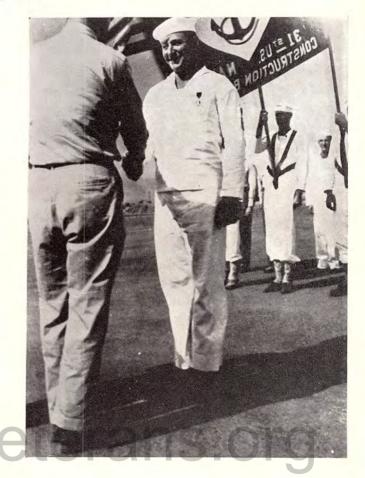
Samuel T. Mathews, MM3c, and Harold E. Matthews, MM2c awarded Soldier's Medals for Valor in Rescuing an Army Pilot from a Burning Plane.



Bertram James Robbins, SSMT3c, USNR awarded the *Purple Heart* Having Been Injured by an Enemy Explosive.

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Justin Aubrey McGraw, MoMMlc, USNR awarded the *Purple Heart* Having Been Injured by an Enemy Explosive.





William H. De Ramus, Jr., MM1c, USNR awarded the *Purple Heart* Having Been Injured by Enemy Mortar Fire D plus 5.



THE RANKS OF THE ORIGINAL BERMUDA MEN who began their duty with the 31st Battalion in September of 1942, or shortly after, were thinned by transfers, discharges, illness, injury, death, and finally demobilization. Not more than 150 completed the cycle from Bermuda to Japan. Here are most of them. Some didn't get the word.

Left: From left to right, and bottom to top. T. R. Marshall, H. D. Cockrell, F. R. Folden, K. W. Karr, J. B. Dennis, D. E. Carter, F. G. Crandall, A. J. Murray, H. C. Vivian, R. E. Hall, G. E. Young, C. E. Griffin, H. C. Wetzstein, J. H. Cotton, B. J. Fraker, H. M. McLeod, R. Stephenson, N. T. Perry, G. R. Lake, H. E. MacDonald.

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Right: From left to right, and bottom to top. J. H. High, H. H. Hammond, R. L. Welch, W. C. Richardson, E. B. Hill, H. G. Henkensiefken, L. W. Bush, J. Evans, P. Brawdy, R. T. Mullins, P. T. James, R. E. Johnson, J. L. E. Gilbert, L. E. Taylor, F. B. LeVar, H. D. Hall, W. L. Gunnin, C. L. Moats, L. F. Kirby, J. M. Woodfin, J. T. Smith.

Right: From left to right, and bottom to top. F. H. Daggett, D. C. Barboni, D. Monday, R. S. Viehmann, W. C. Fowler, V. E. Fredrickson, W. W. Bardin, M. K. Bosenberg, L. B. Grimes, W M. Dowdy, R. J. Blanchard, G. S. Higgins, K. L. Gearhard, E. R. Simmons, J. M. Anderson, M. J. Chisholm, R. H. Spaulding, W. D. Grigsby, J. Stangland, F. Niederhause, B. J. Strakos, R. C. Garner, J. R. Wood, D. P. Locatelli, J. J. Korpics.







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Left: From left to right, and bottom to top. C. G. Dollar, D. Ross, S. T. Mathews, J. L. King, B. J. Branen, T. B. Pitt, S. Wheeler, V. L. Whitten, N. A. Conover, N. Barley, H. F. Johnson, C. P. Riley, D. F. Buchholz, W. N. Mc-Hughes, C. Hartley, J. D. Lee, B. J. Dean, T. A. Wilcockson, W. L. Fraim, W. A. McCombs, W. W. McClure, J. S. Partain, B. L. Marchand, E. E. Cormicle, H. M. Udelhofen, J. E. Walker, R. J. Petty, L. W. Weaver, O. W. Vetters, F. L. Spacek, R. K. Davis, H. L. Hudgins.





V. A. WALLACE, Lt. Comdr., CEC—USNR Company Commander



J. H. WILLIAMS, Lt., CEC—USNR Company Commander



D. C. HARRINGTON, Lt., CEC—USNR Company Commander

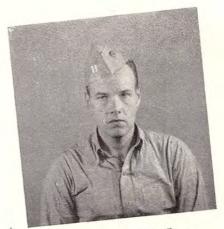


G. W. HUNTLEY, Lt., CEC—USNR Company Commander

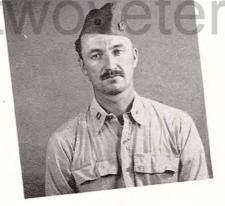


B. H. DUFFE, Lt. CEC—USNR Company Commander

J. P. ACTON, Lt., CEC—USNR Staff Officer



R. L. JOSEPH, Lt., DC-USNR Dental Officer



OF THE thirty-first



K. C. GREGORY, Lt., ChC—USNR Chaplain



J. N. STEKETEE, Lt., (jg) CEC—USNR Company Commander



J. H. SNYDER, Lt. (jg) SC–USNR Disbursing Officer



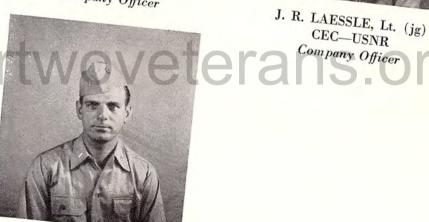
J. H. NEAL Jr., Lt. (jg) MC—USNR Medical Officer



B. S. SONTAG, Lt. (jg) SC–USNR Supply Officer

J. KAUFMANN, Lt. (jg) CEC—USNR Company Officer







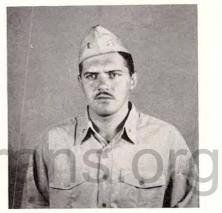
V. D. PRIESTER, Lt. (jg) CEC—USNR Staff Officer



J. W. PIERCE, Lt. (jg) CEC-USNR Company Officer



J. E. AMRHEIN, Ens., CEC—USNR Company Officer



W. J. ANDERSON, Ens., CEC—USNR Company Officer



M. A. BAILEY, Ens., CEC–USNR Personnel Officer



F. C. SCHNEIDER, Carp., CEC—USNR Company Officer



E. W. BUSH, Ens., CEC—USNR Company Officer



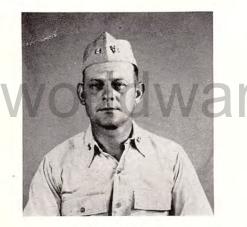
S. P. KEZIOS, Ens., CEC—USNR Company Officer



J. D. WOLFE, CWO—CEC—USNR Company Officer



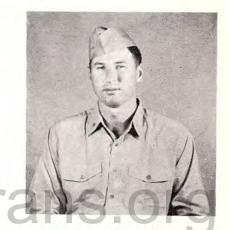
C. L. JOHNSON, CWO—CEC—USNR Company Officer



G. L. KERLIN, CWO—CEC—USNR Company Officer

These officers, with the 31st Battalion during its second tour over-seas, were detached before portraits were made: BRYER, R. S., CWO-CEC-USNR CAMPBELL, J., CWO-CEC-USNR CANTRELL, T. B., Lt. (jg) CEC-USNR DEMAKES, W., Lt., DC-USNR DEWITT, H. H., Lt. (jg) CEC-USNR DREHER, H. L., CWO-CEC-USNR DUNBAR, W. A., CWO-CEC-USNR ERMILIO, D. J., Cmdr., CEC-USNR FIELDER, L. E., CWO-CEC-USNR GALLOWAY, D. E., Ens., CEC-USNR GATLIN, R. E., Lt. (jg) CEC-USNR KELLEHER, J. H., Lt., MC-USNR KITE, M. B., Lt., CEC-USNR MALONEY, C. G., Lt., CEC-USNR McCAUGHEY, E. H., Lt. Cmdr., MC-USNR McMULLIN, R. A., CWO-CEC-USNR PURCELL, J. M., Lt. (jg) CEC-USNR SCULLY, A. M., CWO-CEC-USNR

And these officers, joining the 31st shortly before our deadline, are not pictured either: O'DONNELL, P. R., Lt. Cmdr., CEC-USNR ULRICH, H. E., Lt. (jg) CEC-USNR HARD, S., Lt. (jg) CEC-USNR BOWKER, D. N., Ens., SC-USNR THOMAS, R. E., Ens., CEC-USNR



J. H. DONALDSON, Carp., CEC—USNR Company Officer



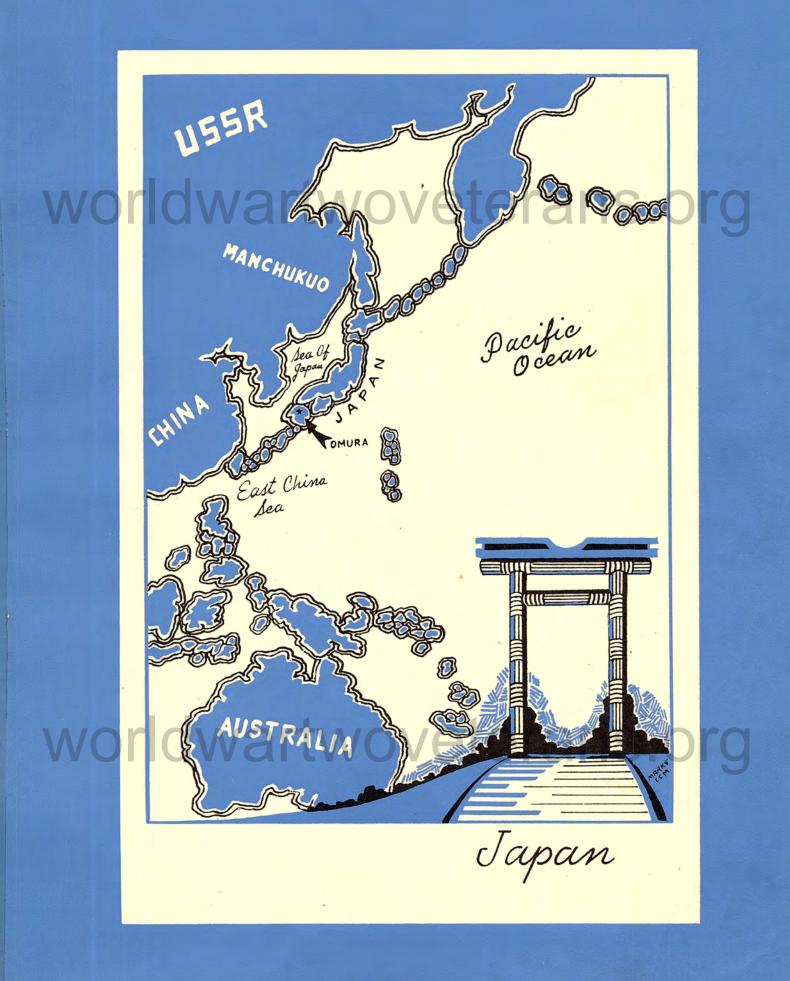
H. J. FISHER, Carp., CEC—USNR Company Officer



J. L. SINNER, Carp., CEC—USNR Company Officer

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A S IT HAPPENS this page is being written on December the seventh, four years after Pearl Harbor was treacherously attacked by the Japanese. It is being written in Japan, in every important corner of which are to be found the occupational forces of the U. S. A small indication of the work and the cost that was required to bring this event to pass is exhibited in the pages of this book.

In the wake of this war, there are now going on trials in Manila and Tokyo and Nurenberg to determine the war guilt of the many military and civil leaders of Axis forces, and to mete out punishment which cannot hope to be in proportion to the consequences of their acts. In Washington, Congressional investigations are in progress to assess the degree of reponsibility of our own military and governmental leaders for the unpreparedness which greeted the Pearl Harbor attack. Particular men will likely be judged for their individual errors of judgment, command, and diplomacy. But the sense of the share of responsibility which rightfully belongs to all of our American people may have been forgotten in the flush of victory. Four years ago we believed we could live apart from the rest of the world, relying upon our vast economic resources. Believing this, we were not ourselves prepared for Pearl Harbor. We were like a man living in a cyclone belt but refusing to build himself the protection of a cellar or to plan ahead for the possibility of his own destitution.

Now, there is going on in the councils of all Allied and friendly nations not only an earnest planning for that possibility but also a great effort so to reconstruct our international relationships that such a destitution may be averted. There are two rocks with which this effort must contend and upon which it may founder: the pressure of national and economic self-interests, and our own indifference. So long as we refuse to consider what is good for mankind, just so long do we condemn our next generations to die in the civil warfare of mankind divided.

It can be told now that this Battalion was definitely scheduled for the invasion of Japan. It is often the reward of doing a good job that you are expected to do another just as well. Knowing this, you may be sure the only tears shed on V-J Day among us were tears of joy. We had been through one invasion. It ranked with the toughest. And, as a unit, we had been doggoned lucky. The loss or the injury of the men to whom this book is dedicated can never be recompensed. We can only be thankful there

JAPAN

were not many more from our numbers to join them. Had we been obliged to share in the original plan, it is certain according to the law of averages that some of you would have joined Reaves and Grove and Schueler and Meeker and Knerr. And to others would have fallen the lot of Jobe, Steed, Roddy, Bobbitt, Massey, Fry, Boles, Massa, and Lynn. Remember this whenever you see a "Gold Star" home, and whenever a wounded veteran requires the hand and the understanding of a brother.

As it was, we did not have to judge the terrain of these islands with a military eye: whether it would be hard to take, where to set up command posts, how best to transport supplies, what natural defense and foxhole facilities there were.

Except that it was not home, we could lift up our eyes unto the hills and delight them with the view of magnificent mountains. We could give more than a speculative fisherman's glance at the bays and inlets and rivers. We could see nature's incessant effort to lend beauty to squalor in the roses and little chrysanthemums that still bloomed when we arrived. And we could declare field day for our repressed, human curiosity about strange people, strange places, strange customs.

In the pages that follow we have tried to show you a little bit of what we saw. We found ourselves in a land that was densely crowded, among a people whose living standards could hardly come up even to the worst America has to offer. There seemed to be few if any middle class. A few were well-off. The rest we would call destitute. Wherever there were servicemen, curious children gathered in droves to beg chocolate, cigarettos, chewing gum when they needed more than anything stockings for their bare feet and handkerchiefs for their running noses. It did not appear that Japan was bothered with a declining birth rate so much as with the problem of keeping alive and healthy the people they had. Their effort to conquer must have intensified this problem no end. But the grizzled, weatherbeaten farmers and their crones and kids worked at it with the crudest of implements, laboriously. And the shopkeepers did their best to garner the spending money of willing, souvenir-hunting Americanos. And the populace in general, who may very well have wanted no war and who certainly wanted no defeat, bowed liked bobbing dolls and smilingly offered the ingratiating cup of ceremonial tea (or sake) to the occupational forces of a people whom, four years earlier, they had hoped to defeat.



THE HUNDRED DAY JOB on Iwo Jima ran to almost eight months. But moving day finally came, and, even as frosty gales emanating from the V-J pressure area were blowing other battalions into history, we made one of the quickest exits from that place it has ever seen. Most of our gear had been loaded on the "Benjamin Waterhouse," and a detail was left to finish the job and to accompany it on its meanderings until it should join us again.

The rest of us mustered the morning of 16 October 1945 to be carried by truck to White Beach where LCT's stood by to taxi us to the waiting USS Guilford. In the bottom picture it is "Goodbye, Iwo, we're going to Japan."

BOVE AND BELOW it is "End of the line. Transfer ere for the Kyushu express." With their usual milirry gear on their backs, 31st'ers leisurely clamber up nain ladders to board the Guilford. Using a magnifyng glass how many of your old buddies can you recogize? Well, we are not surprised. Some 400 had eaded stateside from Iwo. Their places were taken y men from the 133rd, 162nd, 95th, and 106th CB's, 078 CBD, and drafts from Pearl Harbor.



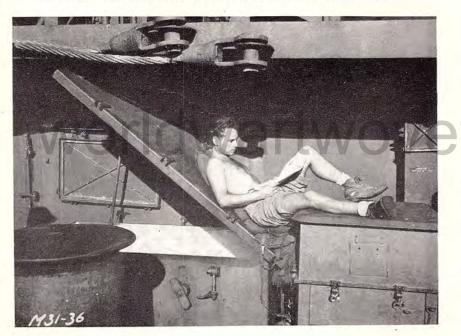


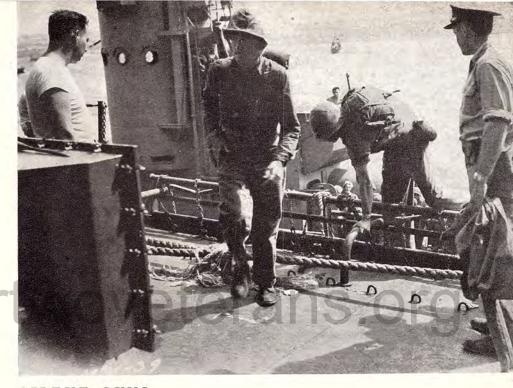


EAGER BEAVER was the photographer who hurried to get a picture of the first Iwo Bee aboard the APA. Guess he did not count himself. It was much the same as any other Navy transport. Previous troop passengers had walked off with the library, so there was nothing to read. The chow was not bad, and the ventilation in the holds where bunks tiered four and five high was better than usual. A welcome change from wartime travel was the absence of dusk's "Darken Ship," the reduced number of drills, and the evening movies.



JUST PASSING TIME was a major occupation of the troops aboard, the whole of the trip. Here and there you could find a game of checkers or chess in progress. Now and then a man fortunate enough to have a magazine made himself comfortable in some awkward spot and lost himself in reading. But most popular were bull sessions and card games—almost any kind which were interrupted only by the twice-daily "swab down" on deck. The voyage was so smooth that some veterans in the art of seasickness were surprised to find time on their hands, too.

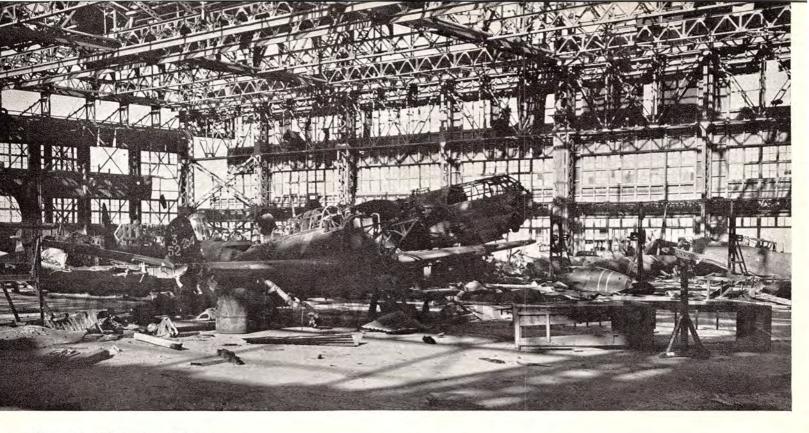




SILENT GUNS aboard ship were nevertheless k e p t ready as part of routine Navy prac tice. Their main function on a peacetime trip was to provide a bit of shade and a vantage post for listless staring at the sea.



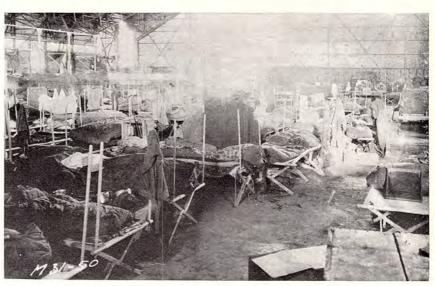




Omura Was Our Home . . .

And what a reception! Upon arrival in Sasebo Harbor we proceeded to spend a day and a half of uncertainty before disembarking began. The Guilford crew, anxious to join the "Magic Carpet" shuttle service to the States, gladdened to see its load of 'Bees spewed out by the LCT loads. And the 'Bees, too, were anxious to get ashore to the Promised Land, and to those cement barracks. But at the other end of that brief cruise through Omura Bay and its whirlpool entrance there awaited a couple of cavernous, well-strafed hangars—and lots of work.









W R E C K A G E GALORE drew many volunteer parties over the rambling base to inspect the ruins. Omura had been not only an air base but also the largest plane-assembly plant in Japan.

Naked steel framework and shot-up Jap planes of many types remained to tell the story. One of their new torpedo b o m b e r s, "Grace," never used in combat, was among them (*below*). The job of policing hangars soon began.

MEN ARRIVED in advance of sleeping bags or field ranges, and in greater numbers than there were cots available. The more fortunate of the cotless found supply racks on which to shelve their sacks. Others spent a night or two on the floor until the situation unsnarled. A sizeable draft of ill-equipped "boots" arrived in the dead of night without so much as mess gear in their possession. But so long as the chow was "C" and "K" rations, cold, without coffee, that made little difference. When the ranges were broken out, the food got hot. Later on it got better. As more men appeared, usually after dark, we outgrew the one hangar and spread into our Marine hosts' movie area.





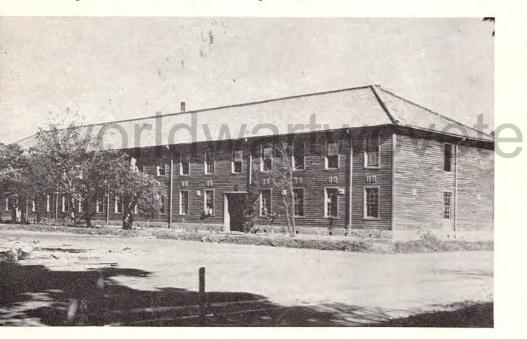




THE WORK OF PREPARING the new camp site for occupancy was soon under way. The buildings were as spacious as college dormitories. They were all frame structures; some were simply made a little warmer by a cement-plaster on the outside. Inside on the top deck most of the barracks had no ceiling. Rafter ventilation was very effective, helped by the absence of windows until they were repaired.



CAMP HAD ONCE BEEN a Jap Army Training Center. The former occupants had left behind their bedding platforms and lots of fleas and lice. These barracks were divided into rooms about 18×20 feet separated from the center aisle only by partitions extending a third of the way up. Each room had a center aisle with platforms 18 inches high on either side. The Jap soldier just threw his pad down on the shelf and slept there.





Old Glory Was Raised Over Camp for the First Time, 5 November 1945.



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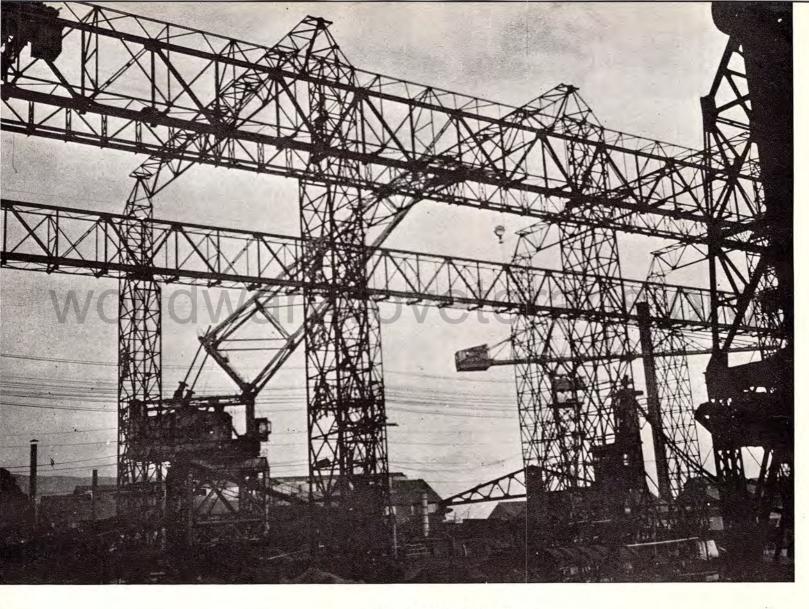


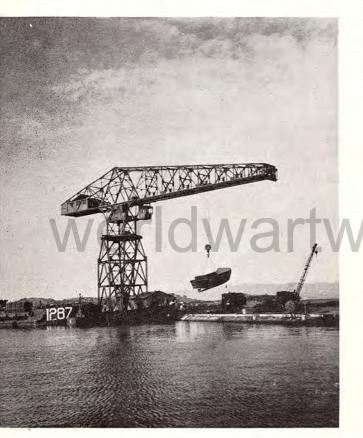
A PASSION FOR SANITATION possessed us along with some fleas. Jeep trailers full of soapy water were hauled to whatever building was under attack for a thorough swabbing. The sanitation crew (*below*) followed with their penetrating DDT spray to spell certain death to the vermin. Omitted are the pictures of the flea-bitten clean-up crews who fled the barracks and stripped naked for an insectpowder job of their own.



SOME OF THE OUTSIDE WORK was done by Jap labor. Those under the charge of W/O Sinner and "Mo" Hair (*below*) believed in giants. The dismantling of the unsavory Jap "heads" was carried on by native labor, along with other similar jobs. By the time the chow hall and galley were set up, and laundry and showers put in, the place began to show a promise of being as good as the next camp on Kyushu.







Sasebo Was Our Port ...

There we unloaded. Through it our supplies trickled in. From it our high point men left for that far off foreign land—Amereeko. To Japan it was one of her most important Naval Bases, especially for submarine activity. The target of repeated bombings, the Sub Base (*above*) was badly crippled. Dockside cranes (below)





escaped damage, fortunately for us, and were used at our Navy's boat basin, and for unloading supplies.

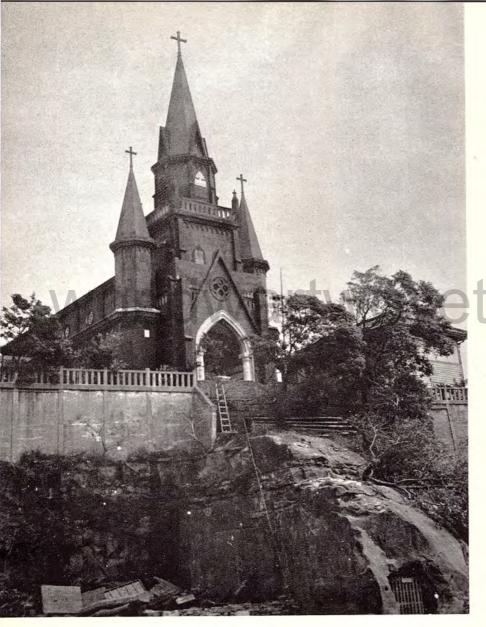
Bombing made shambles, also, of central portions of the town near the Jap Base, (*lower left*), levelling much of the area, gutting sturdier-built public buildings as the theatre below. Occupying forces based there cleared much of the rubble to set up various supply dumps (*left*).

Communication lines—rail and wire represented in the lower right picture were operating as though nothing had ever hit them by the time we got there. Railroads were interesting, old-fashioned, narrowgauge affairs, which did a better job than some we've known of keeping on schedule. A visit at the depot convinced you that all of Japan was going somewhere. Actually the fewness of cars forced crowding to equal New York's subways at 5 P.M.











Churches and Shrines . . .

From our ship in the harbor we could see a church steeple of familiar architecture crowned with a Cross towering over downtown Sasebo. It reminded you that Christianity had once been here, and made you wonder what had happened to it. Christian communities still remained, but the old problem which has plagued all Christians



of reconciling the calls of Church and the demands of the State were with them. As in America, this war produced not many martyrs among the Christians of Japan.

Bombs respected neither man or creed. The places of worship were as apt as not to be demolished. Some narrowly escaped it, as did this Catholic Church whose cross we had seen from the ship.

Kyushu is said to be the stronghold of Catholicism in Japan, but there are no few Protestant groups too.





C H R I S T I A N I T Y remains in a decided minority among the Japanese, with Buddhism and Shintoism claiming about equal strength, each fifty times stronger than Christianity.

Gateways such as you see above and in the abandoned village pictured below are typical entrances to the Shinto shrines where the Imperial ancestors or some of the 8,000,000 Nature gods are reverenced.

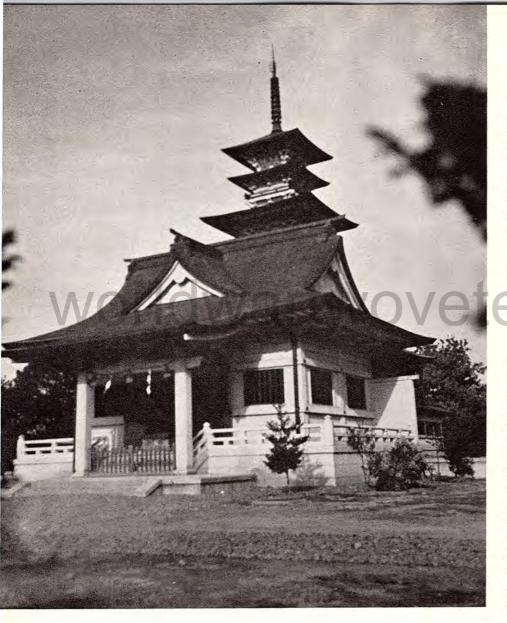


INSIDE THE ENTRANCE one may expect to find statues of their gods. Of central importance in the religious scheme of a land whose main diet is rice, is the god of cereals—Inari who is in the center of the altar shown above.

To the left is the god of war, while above and to the right is the god of air. At least that is what we were told.

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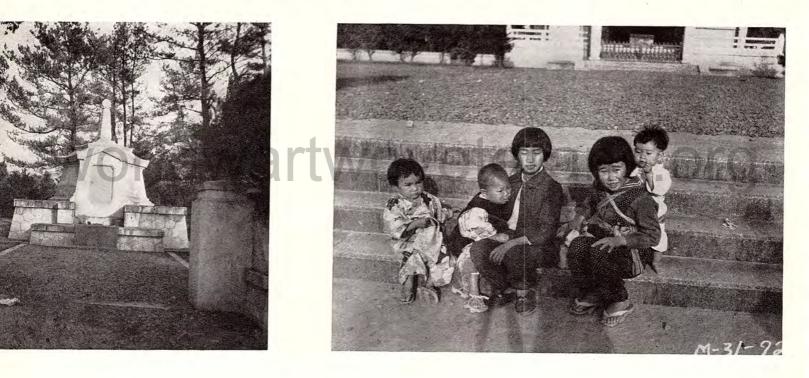




BUDDHISM CONTRASTS with Shintoism. Where the latter is simple in its architecture and worship, it inclines to ornate temples and more complicated philosophical thought. While more conservative Shintoism presents a pull toward the past, Buddhism, on the other hand, is more apt to encourage progress among its followers. Strangely there are many who go both to temple and shrine to worship. What seems to us to be contradictory does not bother the Japanese.

BETTER DRESSED than most of the Japanese children around camp are these youngsters sitting on the steps in front of the temple. It is quite ordinary to find babies strapped on the backs of sisters or brothers not much bigger than they. Mothers at work in home or field carry their youngest in the same way. The birth rate being what it is, this often represents a double burden. American mamas would have a fit to see the head of a sleeping babe lopped over at right angles to his upright body.

This Well-Kept Buddhist Temple Was Found on a Hill Overlooking Omura. Below: Most Cemeteries Are Crowded. This Private One Gets Better Care.



Town and Country . . .

We are told that they had an occasional modern city. We know that they had some good public buildings, and excellent factories. But their average man benefitted little from this.

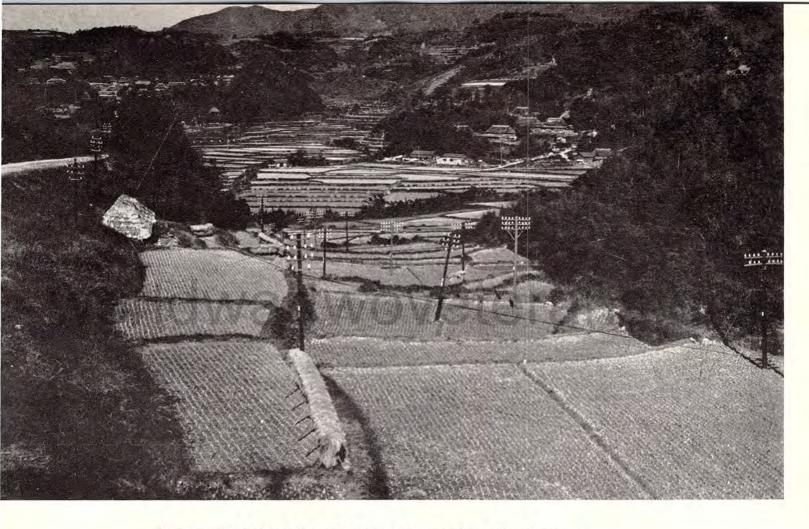
Or the woman either; witness the plowing scene to the right. Woman's place, in Japan, is in the field. Rickety carts such as the one shown were as useful as chopsticks and twice as modern. The seamen below have passed by the squat stonecutter to look for other sights, and souvenirs.







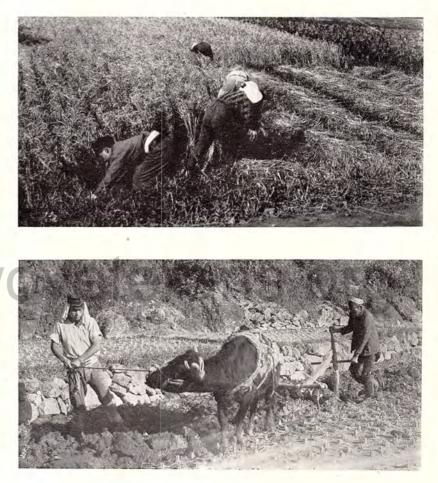


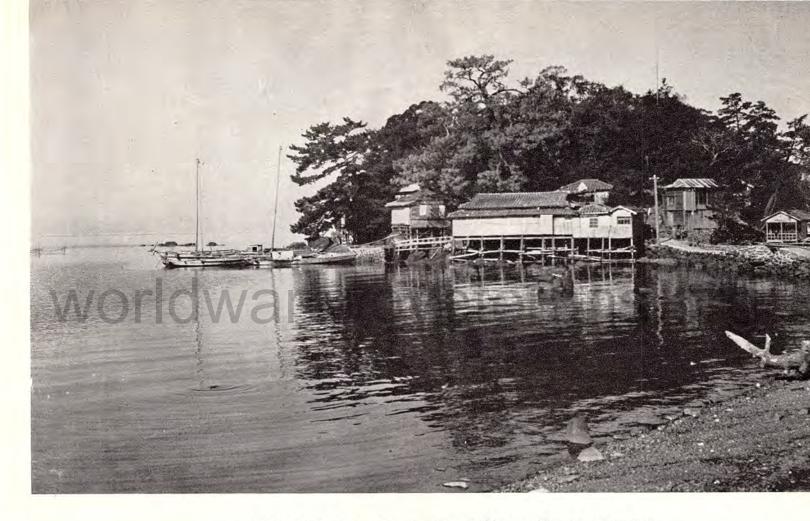


The Terraced Paddies of Vale and Hill Yield Precious Rice to Feed Japan....



THE STORY OF RICE is the story of Japan. Rice is the basic article of diet. From its straw are made thatched roofs, floor mats, sandals, baskets, rope. From its grain come cereal, flour, and potent sake. More than half her people wrest their living from Japan's soil. More than half her crops are harvests of rice. These scenes are common wherever it may be grown: the crude plowing of the stubbled land. the back-breaking gathering of the crop, the rows of hand-tied sheaves drying on their bamboo horses.





... While Fish Are Gathered in from River and Sea to Add to Her Simple Fare.

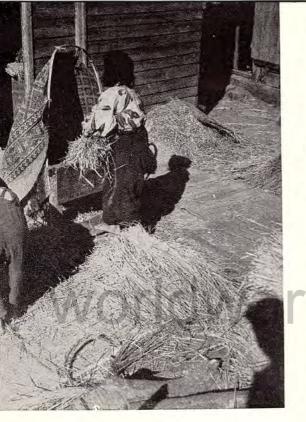


Above, the ox, loaded with rice bundles, is driven from the field to the threshing mill. Below, no ox, the woman brings them in. And, right, no ox, no woman—





SO THE OLD MAN WORKS





ANOTHER INDICATION OF PROSPERITY is the possession of an ox and a plow to turn the clods for next year's crop instead of doing it by hand. The rice is threshed either by flailing it or by a treadle-operated beater (left); then the chaff is gleaned and the grain is dried on mats laid in the sun.

STATESIDE FARMERS who consider forty acres and a mule a pretty modest request certainly would have had their eyes opened here. He who has more than a couple of acres in Japan is indeed well-fixed. The evidence of security is subtly advertised by the appearance of black tile roofs on his sheds and house instead of the thatching.





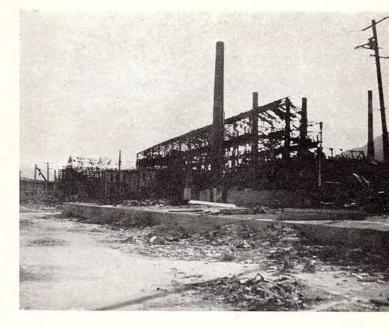


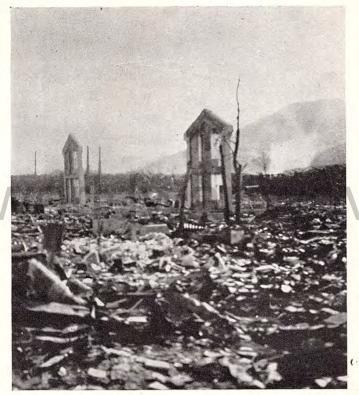


They Who Wanted a Scrap Got Scrap-The Hard Way.

Nagasaki Was . . .

Or, say the Japanese with gesticulation and facial pantomine to match, "Nagasaki—Poof!" That is all you *can* say about the extensive area of the once-important port and center of industry which was levelled by the atomic bomb. While the zone of damage is great enough in itself, and is appalling, it is almost impossible to grasp the idea that this is the work of one small bomb exploded hundreds of feet in the air. On the edges of the zone a few structures stood in a half-hearted way, badly broken and twisted. In the center of the damage a few freakish exceptions (*below*), for some unex-

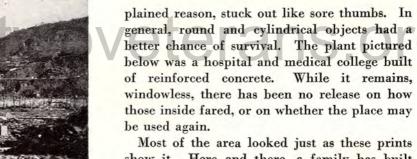












Most of the area looked just as these prints show it. Here and there, a family has built itself a humble shack in the midst of the rubble (above). Mankind has, indeed, found a way to destroy itself. Now must it find the spirit which is the condition of its survival.



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MILITARY BAND... For the dances at Ventura and Hawaii, for morning colors in Bedilion and Kyushu, with time out on Iwo Jima for guard, sanitation, and other details, and for the Admiral's visit, the music makers of the 31st have been strictly on the beat. From front to back, beginning on the left: Jimmie Dycus, Bandmaster. Row 1: Carver, Murray, Wieczorek, New-man, Hill. Row 2: Mixon, Barnes, Sachman, Feingold, Croft. Row 3: Viau, E. H. Anderson, Bosenberg, Serzo, Bloom. Row 4: Hudgins, Karr, Pearson, May, Rothermich. Row 5: DiLisio, Barrett, Lane, Jordan, Feldman, Rimberg. Absent when the picture was taken: Carter, Nation, Faga, Skarda, Cohen. During the almost two years of the band's existence men have been transferred to other duty or to civilian life, and new men have taken their places. Those not pictured include: Ranellone, Day, Walker, McDermott, Kelley, Williams, H. S. Ander-son, Wilson, Thomas, Pfister, Minor, McNeill, Davis, Hahn, Lewis, Kuehn, Wild.

SWING BAND .

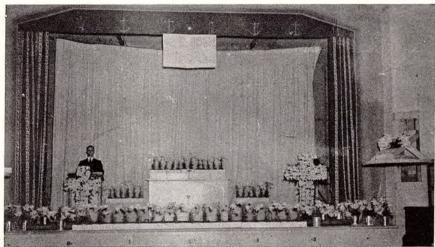
From left to right, front row: Bloom, Jordan, Serzo, Newman, Barnes. Row 2: Rimberg, Lane, Pearson, Murray, May, Mixon. Back row: Dycus, DiLisio, Carver.



Church Services



The Chaplain Sees His Men in His Office as Well as at Church. Above: Chaplain Gregory with assistants who have worked with him at one time or another. Left to right: Wheeler, Chaplain Gregory, Taft, Davis, Di Rienz.



Each of the Navy's Construction Battalions, on the basis of its strength of almost eleven hundred men, was allotted one chaplain. With the 31st battalion on its Bermuda tour of duty was Chaplain O. G. Dasher who is pictured above conducting Easter Sunday Service, 1943.

Upon returning to the States, Chaplain Dasher was detached. A few weeks later—December 30, 1943—Chaplain Kermit Gregory joined the 31st for a tour of duty which, almost two years later, continues.

The battalion has always been situated where the services of a Catholic chaplain have been available. Jewish men have sometimes been near a Jewish chaplain, and other times they have met to conduct their own services.

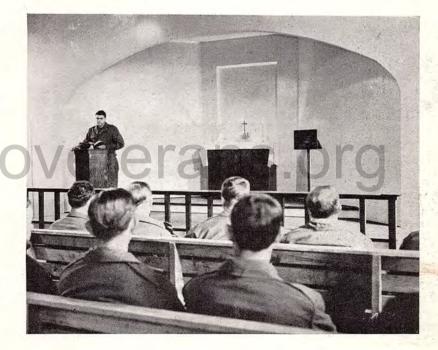
31st'ers have worshiped in open air and inside theatres, in mess halls, in a carpenter shop, in a chapel built of salvage materials, and before the altar shown at the right at their Omura camp.

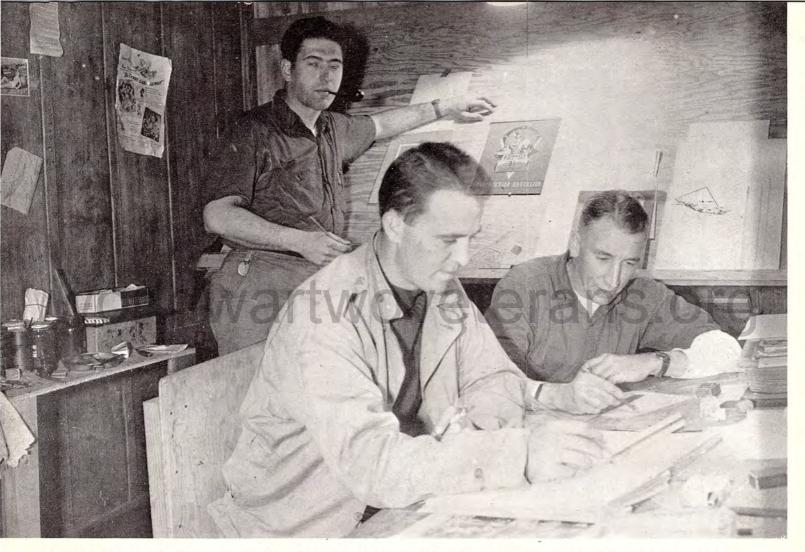


The Church Pennant Alone Flies Over the Flag of the United States, Reminding Us that Church Services Are in Progress.

In the castle of my soul there is a little postern gate, whereat, when I enter, I am in the presence of God. In a moment, in the turning of a thought, I am where God is. This is a fact.

-Walter Rauschenbusch





Preparing this graphic history of the 31st Naval Construction Battalion has been a lot of fun. It has also been a lot of work. While the idea for it came earlier, work on it in earnest did not begin until after Commander Church took over the battalion. Pictured above are the staff of editors at work: Sid Marks, Bill Denney, and Herb Miller.



DIRECTORY

Alphabetical Muster of Men in the 31st U. S. N. Construction Battalion

VOII OVA OFFICERS

ERMILIO, Dominick J82	North 6th St., Newark, N. J. OinC March '44 to Sept. '45
CHURCH, William C. G.	DirWestPac Docks, Pearl Harbor, T. H. OinC Sept. '45 to Feb. '46
DECEMP W/ 1 DF 100	

Serving With Us Between 2 Oct. '44 and 19 Feb. '45 *Denotes Service with Original Outfit.

*BRYER, Roger S
CAMPBELL, Jack 1434 Greenfield Ave.,
West Los Angeles, Calif.
CANTRELL, Terry B
DE MAKES, Dr. William735 Kansas St., San Francisco, Calif.
DE WITT, Horace H
*DREHER, Horace L
*DUFFE, Bernard HWilton Junction, Iowa
DUNBAR, William A
FIELDER, Loren E
GALLOWAY, David E
GATLIN, Roy E
GREGORY, Kermit C
JOHNSON, Curtis L. P. O. Box 82, Panama City, Fla.
JOSEPH, Dr. Robert L
KAUFMANN, Jule Jr. 2320 Belote Place, Jacksonville, Fla.
KELLEHER, Dr. James H
KERLIN, George L
*KITE, Maurice B Lone Mountain, Tenn.
*KOENIG, William J
LAESSLE, James R
MALONEY, Cornelius G
McCAUGHEY, Dr. Edward H
D . I. D T
Pawincket, R. I. NEAL, Dr. James Hal
PIERCE, Jack W
PURCELL, Jack M
Santa Barbara, Calif. SCULLY, Albert M
SCULLY, Albert M
SNYDER, James H
SONTAG, Benjamin SLakefield, Minn.
STEKETEE, Jack N
WALLACE, Virgil A
*WILLIAMS, John HBurch Ijams; Allendale, Terre Haute, Ind.
WOLFE, James D

MEN WHO LEFT THE STATES WITH THE 31st ON ITS SECOND TOUR OVERSEAS

(*Denotes members of the original battalion as shown by battalion records of 11 November 1942.)

 AARON, Alvin G
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 ABBE, George D
 1608 Fulton St., San Francisco

 ABBOTT, Frank D
 18 Randolph St., Arlington, Mass.

 ACKER, Ernest D
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 *ADAMS, Avery A.
 % Gulf States Utilities, Jennings, Louisiana

 ADAMS, Charles E.
 181 Young St., Marseilles, Ill.

 ADAMS, Charles E.
 181 Young St., Marseilles, Ill.

 ADAMS, Victor A.
 Rayville, Louisiana, Box 521

 ADAMSON, Marvin C.
 211 Hudson Ave., Nampa, Idaho

 ALBANO, Peter P.
 103 George St., Crystal City, Mo.

 *ALEXANDER, Corben H.
 Whitewright, Texas, Box 155

 ALEXANDER, Frank L.
 Strasburg, Mo.

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 ALLEN, Robert B.
 Ingleside, Texas, Box 933

 ALLEN, Robert T.
 1629 Berwick St., Indianapolis, Ind.

 *ANCELL, Kenneth R.
 Clarksburg, W. V., R No. 2, Box 118A

 ANDERSON, Dagfin T.
 2516 19th St., Everett, Wash.

 ANDERSON, Dagfin T.
 2516 19th St., Everett, Wash.

 ANDERSON, Erick E.
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 *ANDERSON, Edward H. Jr.
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 *ANDERSON, John M.
 612 Li DeFuniak Springs, Fla.

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 ARMSTRONG, Thomas R. Jr.
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 *AUTEN, James H.
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 BADOWSKI, Felix J. Jr.
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 *BALEY, Edgar B. Jr.
 205 Roger Williams Ave., Providence, 7, R. I.

 *BAILEY, Edgar B. Jr.
 205 Roger Williams Ave., Providence, 7, R. I.

 *BALEY, William E.
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 *BALETKA, Alois Z.
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 Austin, Ark.

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 *BARDNI, Dante C.
 Petaluma, Calif, R No. 2, Box 310

 *BARKER, Henry H.
 5024 4th Ave., South Parkersburg, W. Va.

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 6402 Nictor St., St. Joseph, Mo.

 *BARNES, Nonale M.
 1909 Union St., St. Joseph, Mo.

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 BOATWRIGHT, Francis M.
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 *BRANCH, William D.
 410 No. Main St., Baxley, Georgia

 *BRANCH, Basil J.
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 BRAVEY, Robert A. Jr.
 Buffalo, S. C., B BOATWRIGHT, Francis M. Chowchilla, Calif., R No. 1, Box 244 *BOBBITT, Bernard P. Littleton, N. C.

 *BROWN, Walter L, Jr.
 Los Angeles, 25, Cal.

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 Fayette, Miss.

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 Baxter, Tenn.

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 639 10th St., San Bernardino, Calif.

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 *BUSH, Oscar A.

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*FISHER, Frank L. 1202 Fisher, Houston, Texas
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*FOWLER, Willis C. 830 Tryon, Columbia, S. C.
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*FRASER, Jack B. 2012 Homan, Waco, Texas
*FRAZIER, Clarence L. RFD No. 2, Dickson, Tenn.
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*FRIEDEN, Ray S. 615 W. Shawnee St., Nowata, Okla.
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 GANN, Floyd S.
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 Oklahoma City, Okla.

 *GARDNER, Lesine L.
 1. O. Dox 327, Junu, J. Hand, M. B. B. Dover, N. J.

 GARNER, Hubert C.
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 *CARNER, Roscoe C.
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 GARRIGAN, Raymond W.
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 *GEARHEARD, Kenneth L.
 Kremlin, Okla.

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 *GEYER, Frank L.
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 RFD No. 5, Abilene, Texas

 *GOAD, Irvin G.
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 *GODT, Voodrow R.
 126 East Chestnut, Lancaster, Ohio

 *GODT, Woodrow R.
 126 East Chestnut, Lancaster, Ohio

 *GODE, Robert P.
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 Weaubleau, Mo.

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 *HALL, Harlan D.
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 *HALL, Rodney E.
 1908 Caroline St., Houston, Texas

 *HALL, Rodney E.
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 *HILL, Arthur P.
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 *HILL, Louis I.
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 *HOFFMAN, Duane C.
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 *HOFFMAN, George H.
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 HOGG, Calvin F.
 219 E. 3rd St., Frederick, Md.

 *HOLDER, W. C.
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 HOLLAR, Larry D.
 RFD No. 4, Box 457, Hickory, N. C.

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 Addy, Wash.

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 *HOUGH, Walter L.
 1636 E. 10th St., Tulsa, Okla.

 *HOUGH, Scottie
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 *HOWARD, Coleman
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 *HUDGINS, Horace L.
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 HULL, John M.
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 IZZARELLI, Ralph
 RFD No. 3, Box 212, Fremont *IVES, Floyd W. 468 N. Church St., Tupelo, Miss. IZZARELLI, Ralph RFD No. 3, Box 212, Fremont, Rd., Sunnyvale, Calif.
*JAMES, Donald V. Ovando, Montana
*JAMES, Paul T. Hartman, Ark.
*JAMES, Robert L. 44 Wall St., New York City JEFFERIES, Bert S. 134 Hamilton Rd., Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.
*JENKINS, Jessie H. Channing, Texas JENSEN, Donald D. 602 S. Curryer, Santa Maria, Calif.
*JENTHO, Curtis H. Box 124, Winchester, Texas
*JOBE, Carl 1428 Idaho Ave., Chickasha, Okla. JOHNSON, Alfred J. Box 462 RFD No. 2, Box 780, Battle Creek, Mich.
*JOHNSON, Carl A. Box 462 RFD No. 2, Astoria, Ore.
*JOHNSON, Carlis G. 602 E. 10th St., Cisco, Texas
*JOHNSON, Daniel A. 1118 6th St., West Salem, Ore.
*JOHNSON, John H. 2309 S. W. Binkley, Oklahoma City, Okla.
*JOHNSON, John W. 2213 S. Valentine St., Little Rock, Ark.
*JOHNSON, John W. 2213 S. Valentine St., Santa Rosa, Calif.
*JOHNSON, John W. 2213 S. Valentine St., Santa Rosa, Calif.
*JOHNSON, Patrick J. P. O. Box 187, North Miami, Fla.
*JOLICOEUR, Maurice E. 3321/2 araJor Ave., Alameda, Calif.
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*JONES, Raymond G. Bastledraw, Kanasa City, Mo.
*JONES, Raymond G. 97 Newkirk St., Jersey City, N. J.
*JONES, Raymond Y. P7 Newkirk St., Jersey City, N. J.
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 JACOBS, Frank R.
 Cuylerville, N. Y.

 JACQUES, William L.
 669 Main St., Vandling, Pa.

 JARZABEK, Felix J.
 Meriden Rd., Middletown, Com.

 JEBOS, Edward J.
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 421 12th St., Windom, Minn.

 JORGENSON, Keith L.
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 JOSLIN, Woodruff T.
 Star Route No. 1, Salem, N. J.

 KAMAN, Kenneth M.
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 KANDUK, Steve Jr.
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 KARELS, Norbert G.
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 KEEL, Rastus D.
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 Box 223, Lockhart, Texas

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 KERN, Clayton G.
 224 East Prospect St., Hamburg, N. Y.

 KERN, Francis K.
 1394 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

 KERSHNER, Paul L.
 638

PENN, C. M.61Wavely Ave., Garrett Park, Md.
P. O. Box 47, Wytheville, Ya,
Wytheville, Ya,
New Salem, Mi,
New Salem, New Salem, Mi,
New Salem, New S

OTHER DECEASED 31ST MEN

Lindsay, Okla.

*GLENDENING, Evert M., Wife, Mrs. E. M., 7544 Druerwood Ave., Bell Gardens, Calif. *NESBITT, James, Brother, Donald......Snow Flake, Ariz. *SANE, LeRoy R., Aunt, Minnie O. Bishop.....Landrum, S. C. *GIRARD, Wyman J. BENNETT, Clyde W., Parents, Mr. and Mrs. K. W., 138 E. Main St., Waterloo, N. Y.

OTHER OFFICERS SERVING WITH THE 31st AT VARIOUS TIMES MARCH, 1944 AND BETWEEN DECEMBER, 1945

ACTON, Joseph P	
AIKEN, Winton J	
AMRHEIN, James E 1870 Greene Ave., Ridgewood, Queens,	
Long Island, N. Y.	
ANDERSON, William J 174 Franklin St., Paterson, N. J.	
BAILEY, Miles A	
BOWKER, Don N	
Santa Paula, Calif.	
BUSH, Edward W	
DONALDSON, John H	
FISHER, Harold J., Jury-Rowe Company Battle Creek, Mich.	
GILL, Melville K	
HARD, Straiton	
HARRINGTON, Dan C	
HUNTLEY, George W	
KEZIOS, Stothe P	
McGINNIS, Edward J	
Babylon, L. I., N. Y.	
McLAUGHLIN, Warren J	
Upper Darby, Pa.	
Opper Darby, 1a.	

McMULLIN, Ruben AP. O. Box 132, Falfurrias, Texas
O'DONNELL, Paul R
PRIESTER, Virgil D
SCHNEIDER, Frank C
SINNER, John L
THOMAS, Russell E
ULRICH, Harold E

OTHER OLD 31st'ers WHOSE ADDRESSES WE HAVE

<section-header>

*JONES, Lester O. 1822 6th St., Sanger, Calif. *JORDAN, Clyde C. 509 So. Central Ave., Titton, Ga. KAREL, George H. 1920 S. Fairfield Ave., Chicago, Ill. KETCH, Kenneth D. 440 W. 15th St., Concordia, Kans. *KOPPLIN, Carl O. 8580 Burton Way, Los Angeles, Calif. LANDRESS, Jack 803 E. Baltimore, Ft. Worth, Texas LIGHTSEY, Horace H. 5412 Sherman St., Apt. 4, HOUSTON, Texas *LILLEY, Ceorge H. Selving Fla.

 *LILLEY, George H.
 Sebring, Fla.

 LONG, Wm. F.
 Nevada, Wellsville, Ohio

 *LOTT, Paul E.
 Lloyd, Fla.

 LOWREY, Lawrence T.
 204 Lincoln Park Dr., Syracuse, N. Y.

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 *MARSHALL, Robert A.
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 1117 Milton St., Cretna, La.

 *MOBLEY, Delbert R.
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 *MOSK, Wayne M.
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 *PETERMAN, Robert L.
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 QUINLAN, Lawrence V.
 385 Hollis St., Framingham, Mass.

 QUINN, Harry L.
 247 S. Main St., Wallingford, Conn.

 RASMUSSEN, Louis A.
 South San Francisco, Cal.

 REIDY, Howard A.
 2928 El Cameneto, La Crescenta, Calif.

 *RIDDLESPURGER, Walter K. ______General Delivery, Amarillo, Texas *SANSING, Paul J. ______RFD No. 1, Woodstock, Ala. *SAYRES, Charles ______328 So. Pine, Bridgeton, N. J. *SCARPINITO, Sam S. _____1490 Pine, San Francisco, Calif. *SCOTT, William E. ______3213 B. West 7th Ave., Amarillo, Texas *SELL, Walter S. L. ______813 S. Martin, Little Rock, Ark. *SEWELL, Roy D. ________Keota, Okla. SHIER, Samuel _______3711 Webb, Detroit, Mich. *SCHOCKEY, Albert R. ______637 E. Broadway, Fort Worth, Texas *SHORT, Edwin R. _______1810 "P" St. Sacramento, Calif. *SIMS, George C. _______Cotton Plant, Ark. *SNOW, Walter R. ______2501 So. First, Austin, Texas SOLOMON, Meyer ______250 Dover St., Brooklyn, N. Y. *SPARKS, Dennis E. ______668½ Griffin St., Atlanta, Ga. *STANLEY, Edward D. ______6012 Brady St., Houston, Texas *STONER, John H. ______648 N. President St., Jackson, Miss. *STREBECK, Charles F. _______Garyson, La. *TARANGO, Louis Jr. ______3528½ Garnet St., Los Angeles, Calif. *THOMAS, Herbert B. ________Box 302, Sixes, Ore. VAN FOSSAN, Myron L. _______101 So. Adella, Ottumwa, Iowa *WAITES, L. B. _________Lake Como, Miss. *WALLACE, Joseph B. ________Mountain City, Tenn. WILLON, Howard G. ________General Delivery, Leedey, Okla. *WILSON, John N. _____P. O. Box 183, Galen Park, Houston, Texas Amarillo, Texas

will expire by 1 July 1946. It did not quite make it to its fourth birthday, but it came close enough.

world wat this writing the doctor has decided the 31st

Please do not send flowers. Kind words while it lived would have been better. But even though we all had a share in cussing it now and then, we did have a kind of hidden affection for the old gal. Rest in peace, 31st.

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This book has been set in Bodoni—the text in Bodoni, the captions in Bodoni Bold Italic, and the heads in Bodoni Bold Roman. The cover is a special processed cover. The inside stock is Cumberland Gloss; the endpapers and inserts are Navajo White Antique; the Sketch Book insert is Case Tan Cover. The entire edition has been produced at the plant of The Comet Press.

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