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EIGHTH
UNITED STATES
NAVAL CONSTRUCTION REGIMENT

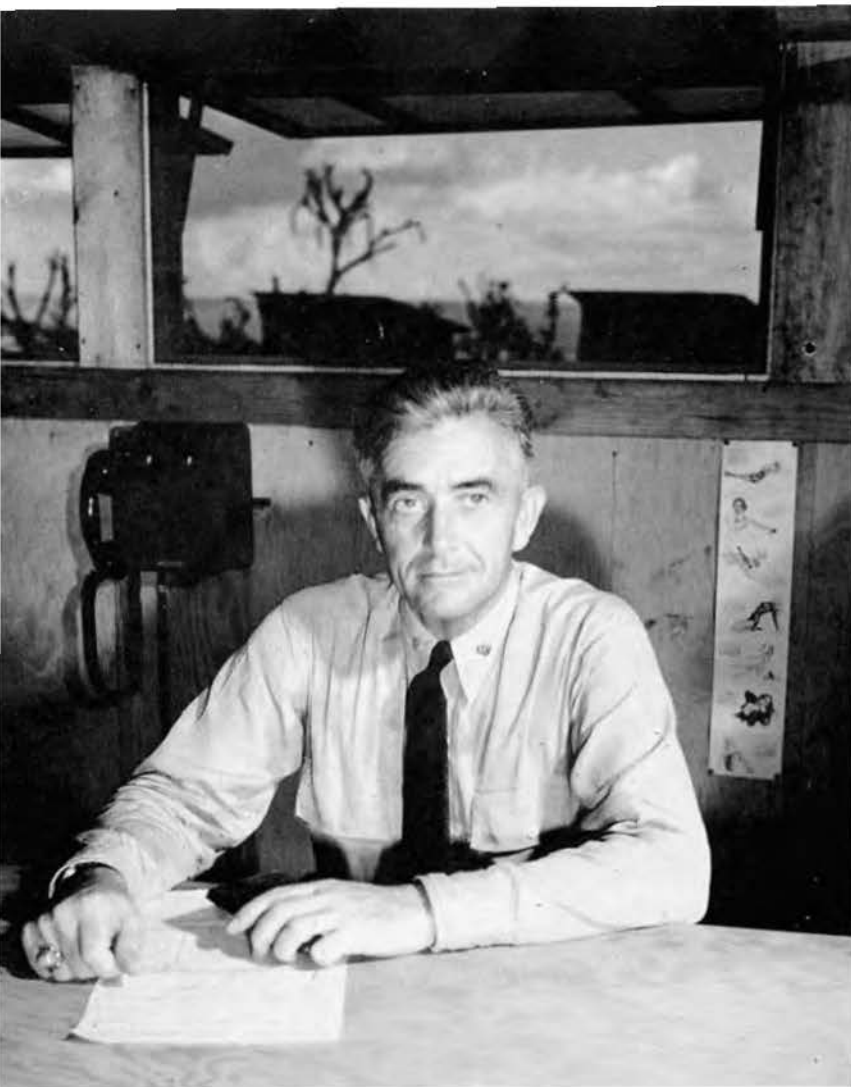
Dedication



ETERNAL REST

GIVE TO THEM.

O LORD.



My twenty-seven months association with the officers and men of the 8th Regiment have been a pleasure and a period of service of which I am proud. You are all to be commended for the excellence of your performance which has been in keeping with the highest traditions of the Navy. Your combined efforts have materially aided the support of the Fleet, substantially furthered the Allied cause, and exemplify true Seabee spirit and determination.

R. J. Saggart

Commander (CEC) U.S.N.R.

It has been a privilege and a pleasure to serve with this splendid organization. All of the men are to be commended for their cheerful and willing performance of all duties. Services such as you have rendered have made possible the completion of the Seabee motto "Can Do."

Best of luck to you all in your future peacetime pursuits.

Carl J. Scheve

Commander (CEC) U.S.N.





TAGGART

Commander Rudolph Y. Taggart (CEC) USNR reported for active service in January, 1943, and was ordered as Officer in Charge of the 62nd Naval Construction Battalion. He remained with that battalion while at Camp Endicott, during the movement across the United States and the Pacific to Pearl Harbor, leaving them in May, 1943, to assume command of the newly organized 8th Naval Construction Regiment.

Commander Taggart guided the activities of the 8th Naval Construction Regiment from 17 May 1943 to 29 July 1945 upon which date he was detached and ordered to the 29th Naval Construction Regiment as its Officer in Charge.

Commander Taggart claims Elkton, Maryland, as home where his son awaits his return. In civilian life, Commander Taggart is the Chief of Operations of the Philadelphia District of the U. S. Engineers.



SCHEVE

Commander Carl J. Scheve (CEC) USN has been on active duty with the Navy since April, 1937. He has seen duty at Pearl Harbor, T. H., Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va., Moffett Field, California, Naval Training Center, Sampson, N. Y., Naval Operating Base, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and with the 8th Naval Construction Regiment on Oahu and Iwo Jima.

Commander Scheve reported aboard in November, 1944, as its Executive Officer and assumed command of the unit upon the detachment of its former Officer in Charge. Upon inactivation of the Regiment, he was ordered to command the 90th Naval Construction Battalion and perform the strengthening and reconstruction of the Yokosuka Naval Air Base, Tokyo, Honshu, Japan.

Commander Scheve is a graduate of the University of Illinois and holds a bachelor's degree in architecture. His home is in Denver, Colorado, but his heart longs for San Jose, California, where his wife is patiently awaiting his return.



GRAD:

Our Personnel Officer came into service in June, 1943, and like most of us, saw his first duty at Camp Peary, after which he was Public Works Officer at the Naval Air Station, Tillamook, Oregon. He came to the 8th Regiment in May of 1945. He attended the University of Pennsylvania and graduated with a BS degree in 1934. Right now, he's anxious to see Mrs. Grad and his two daughters, aged 4 years and 5 months.



FREIDANK:

"Friday's" service to Uncle Sam started in April, 1942. His best-liked duties were at the USNR Air Base, Los Alamitos, Calif., after which he went to midshipman school at New York City, Camp Peary, the 8th Naval District with headquarters at New Orleans, Camp Parks, Pearl Harbor, and the 8th Regiment. He graduated from Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy in 1938 and is still single.



HAGUE:

Since entering the service in July, 1943, our maintenance officer has seen duty with the 11th Super NCB at Camp Peary; the 28th NCB at Camp Endicott, England and France; the 147th at Camp Endicott, and finally the 8th Regiment on Iwo Jima. His wife, a 7-year-old son, and a 3-year-old daughter are waiting in New York. He holds a BS degree from Yale and an EM (Engineer of Mines) degree from Stanford.



FRENCH:

Entering the service as a Chief in latter part of 1943, French saw duty at Peary and Endicott before going overseas. He served with the 90th NCB at Pearl Harbor and later joined the 8th Regiment in May, 1944. He received his Warrant Officer rank in July, 1945. He is married and holds a degree in Engineering from ICS.

CLARKE:

After entering the service in January, 1944, Dr. Clarke was assigned duty at the Naval Training Center, Bainbridge, Maryland. He joined the 8th Regiment at Pearl Harbor in December, 1944. Waiting at home in Pennsylvania are his wife; a daughter, 14; and a son, 13. He is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh and has a Doctor of Dental Surgery degree.



SMITH:

Smitty began his naval career in July, 1943, and saw service with a Special Draft at Camp Peary, the 65th NCB at Camp Endicott, and the 106th NCB at Camp Parks, Hueneme, and Iroquois Point before joining the 8th Regiment. He's mighty proud of an 11-year-old son back in Michigan, and holds a BS degree from Michigan State College.



MORAN:

"Moe" entered the service early in 1943 and had indoctrination at Camp Allen, before taking basic training at Camp Peary. He then joined the 9th NCB at Nicaragua and visited Guatemala, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Honduras, Panama, Ecuador and the Galapagos Islands on this tour of duty. He returned to the states before joining the 28th NCB in Scotland, England, and France, after which he went to Officers' Training School at Endicott. He came to the 8th Regiment in June, 1945. He had eight years of schooling at the University of Virginia and holds BS degrees in Physics and Civil Engineering. He claims to be a "very eligible bachelor."



KEATING:

Our Supply Officer entered the service in the early part of 1943, and attended the Supply School at Harvard before shipping out. He served with the 10th Special NCB at Pearl Harbor and came to the 8th Regiment Christmas 1944. After his 18 months overseas, he left the Regiment in August 1945, to return to the states for his leave; his wife has been waiting in Toledo, Ohio. He holds a BA degree from the University of Toledo.



REGIMENTAL HISTORY

The 8th Naval Construction Regiment was commissioned May 17, 1943, at Pearl Harbor. The original personnel were transferred from the 62nd Battalion on that date. Commander R. Y. Taggart was designated as Officer-in-Charge, and with him went Lts. Paul and Albertson, Lts. (jg) Shaid, Fisher, and Kornrumpf. Tappana and Collogan share the distinction of being the first enlisted personnel of the regiment. The original offices were in the BOQ on Red Hill, while the officers lived in Naval Housing Area. Tap and Speck lived at Camp Catlin and Aiea before moving to quarters on Red Hill in early October, when the Regimental offices moved to Damon Tract. These first few months of function found the regiment co-ordinating the construction activities of the 62nd, 72nd, and 76th Battalions. About the 1st of October, the regiment had grown with the addition of Anderson, Chaney, Russell, Weiss, Cunningham, Cawthorn, Katz, Coleman, Prater, Conklin, Mayne, Adolfson, Huster, Kim, Auerhamer, Baston, Bennett, Burkhead, Hamman, Hinton, Hotopp, Howard, LaVerdure, Skummy, Stephenson, and Turner. Four more officers had joined the staff by this time: Lt. Comdr. Bixby (MC), Lt. Kliese, Lt. (jg) Moyer, and Ens. Mullen.

By Christmas, the 90th and 94th NCBs, had become part of the regiment and more personnel arrived—Hinch, Atkinson, and Vann. Among the officers, Lt. (jg) Lange had replaced Lt. Albertson, who went back to the states. Christmas was celebrated in fine style, in a quiet way. For some, it was a lonely one.

In April, 1944, the regiment saw more changes. The men had moved across the road into quonset quarters, and the number had increased with the arrival of Dickerson, Reed, Tyson, Dugger, Elliott, Feehan, Kane, and Woods. Some had left us too, by this time: Burkhead, Hamman, Howard, and Vann. Additions among the officers included Lt. (jg) Holleran and Ens. Jamison. The 116th, 117th, and 125th NCBs had joined the regiment by this time and an ever-increasing amount of work was keeping everyone busy.

It was Spring in Hawaii and very much like the rest of the year. Saturday afternoons found most of us brushing up on marksmanship at the

Puuloa Rifle Range. Many Saturday nights were featured by entertainment from the "music-makers"—guitars and fiddle and lots of western enthusiasm. Those less enthusiastic climbed the steep hill to the Red Hill Theater, while the liberty hounds had gone for the weekend.

Spring stretched into Summer, and June saw more men coming into the regiment. A large draft had come from the states and most were quartered with the 90th. Those who joined our "family" include Griffin, Hackman, Hansen, Schultz, Sheets, Gretkowski, Guile, Hall, Hamilton, Hand and Tucker. Others who had joined us by this time were Carr, French, Mellenthin, Sazma, and Trenor. We had said goodbye to some of the guys: Adolfson, Bennett, Coleman, Elliott, Hinton, Russell and Stephenson.

Almost every Sunday called forth a swimming party to a more remote part of the island. Occasionally, a big party was arranged and provided everyone with a good time; of course, the refreshments (beer, pop, sandwiches, etc.) helped immeasurably. For some reason, most of the fellows preferred the beaches on the Ewa side of the island Nanakuli and Maile.

Summer found everyone enthusiastic about softball, and there was a game or practice session almost every evening. None of us will forget the big game which pitted the enlisted men against the officers, the officers seeing defeat by a 12-to-1 score.

In September, major changes were made in the organization of Seabees at Hawaii. At this time, the total number of men under cognizance of the regiment totalled 13,653. The number of battalions was cut down from 13 to 4 by the commissioning of new regiments. The 8th Regiment personnel were given extra work in setting up the 7th Brigade and 32nd and 33rd Regiments in addition to our own work. These few weeks found all units short of manpower and confusion reigned. Soon, the activities took on the semblance of functioning and personnel were shifted to various units. In this operation, many of the regiment's personnel were transferred. We lost Anderson, Baston, Carr, Conklin, Dugger, Feehan, Gretkowski, Guile, Hall, Hamilton, Hand, Hotopp, Kane, LaVerdure, Mellen-

thin, Moody, Prater, Sazman, Skummy, Trenor, Tucker, Turner, and Woods. Of the officers, Paul, Bixby, Moyer, and Auerhamer (now a warrant officer) went back to the states. Shaid, Holleran, Van Ryn, Kliese and Kornrumpf were all transferred to different units.

Some new men came into the regiment shortly after this reorganization. By New Year's, we had welcomed Blank, Cordes, Bridges, Krogmann, Martindale, Posner, West and Zeller. We also had a new executive officer by this time—Comdr. Scheve; other new officers included Lt. Comdr. Clarke (DC) and Lt. (jg) Keating (SC). Foster and Hardie had joined us in autumn, but had been transferred by this time.

In December, we decided to put our recreation fund to a good use. Through a welfare agency, we discovered a family with a run of hard luck. There were eight children, their ages ranging from six months to ten years. Almost everyone had a share in buying a complete Christmas for the family. Each child had presents, a fully trimmed tree was furnished, more than enough turkey and all the trimmings made certain that they would be free from want on Christmas.

Competition of the volleyball court was keen, especially against the 7th Brigade personnel. The mad, noisy encounters lasted until too dark to see the ball. In autumn, professional talent was offered almost every weekend at Furlong Field, with many major league ball stars performing for servicemen. About the first of the year, football fans were kept happy by a host of well-known players. Climax of the season was the big Army-Navy, All-Star game which found the Army sadly lacking.

By the first of the year, we were wondering just where we would be going and how long it would be before leaving Hawaii. Plans were being made, ships being loaded, and rumors flying amid the confusion of a major movement. The 8th, 90th, 95th, and one section of the 106th NCB and 23rd Special NCB were under the regiment at this time. Four men—Collogan, Chaney, Cordes, and Reed, along with Lt. Lange and Comdr. Taggart—left in an early echelon. Before leaving, the Commander was presented with a citation from Admiral Nimitz for "outstanding service . . . in organizing, administer-

ing, and supervising construction of various projects. He contributed in a major degree to the successful and expeditious completion of facilities vital to the District's support of the Fleet."

Weiss and Hansen were left with the equipment ship and most of us left Pearl Harbor the middle of February. Bridges went back to the states just before we left. We had an eight-day stopover at Eniwetok and enjoyed the recreation center at Parry Island. We had known Iwo Jima was our destination shortly after leaving Pearl Harbor and we arrived in the middle of March. We were soon more than well acquainted with fox-hole life.

We left our fox-hole "homes" in May and enjoyed spacious (comparatively speaking) pyramidal tents. At this time, we welcomed Bernardo, McEwan, Montgomery, Owens, and Risbrudt to the clan. Some of the men had put in more than two years of overseas service by this time and during June and July, Walker, Atkinson, Tappana and Collogan received orders for leave. Lts. Lange, Fisher, Mullen and Jamison also went home and were replaced by Lts. Smith, Grad, Freidak, and Moran. Comdr. Taggart was detached in July and was succeeded by Comdr. Scheve. It didn't take long for life to get monotonous with nowhere to go and nothing to do. Every event called for a special beer party and was enjoyed by all. French left the regiment the end of August after accepting a warrant officer's rank. Lt. Keating was eligible for rotation and left in August.

The inactivation of the Regiment was completed on the 10th of September. Ten men, Cawthorn, Chaney, Cunningham, Dickerson, Huster, Katz, Mayne, Reed, Tyson, and Weiss, were happily homeward bound, having been overseas 18 months or more. The others were wondering just what part of Japan they would enjoy the most. Comdr. Scheve, Lts. Freidank and Moran went into the 90th NCB, Lts. Grad and Smith into the 41st Regiment.

And thus ended the two and one-half year span of the 8th Regiment—2½ years of activity and accomplishment, a period of friendships and good times shared by all of us that truly made it "our outfit."



BERNARDO:

Always cheerful, whose lengthy tresses belie the fact that he is anything but a "long hair"—definitely a "cat."



CAWTHORN:

"No Mail Ike," who constantly threatened lack of mail to all anti-Cawthorn supporters.



CHANEY:

The wielder of a nostalgic violin, ardent accompanist of our Saturday nite hoe-down, and an adept purveyor of naughty ballads.



COLLOGAN:

A lot has been said about "Speck," but it all adds up to one thing . . . we all wish that we could have his nose full of nickels.



CORDES:

The "intrepid correspondent," forced to set up shop wherever they didn't chase him away.



CUNNINGHAM:

Good ole "Doc," who got along fine with everyone, was happiest in that beer line.



DICKERSON:

Our able mechanic, a hard worker who kept all of our equipment running smoothly in spite of the way we treated it.



GRIFFIN:

Our deal-swinging Texas wrangler who fortunately left his guitar and cowboy songs at home.



HACKMAN:

One of the handy men of the outfit who covered everything from guard duty to collecting beer for our parties.



HANSEN:

Our friend from Amherst, whose one objective was to return there. He didn't seem to mind guiding the USO girls around the isle.



HINCH:

Perhaps our most affable mate, who will always be remembered for his adamant stand on bare feet and as few clothes as possible.



HUSTER:

Sports and jive music kept his attention most of the time—the most able sportsman of our group.



KATZ:

A true son of Brooklyn, always seeming to be going or coming from someplace, and a staunch supporter of the carrots-for-night-blindness theory.



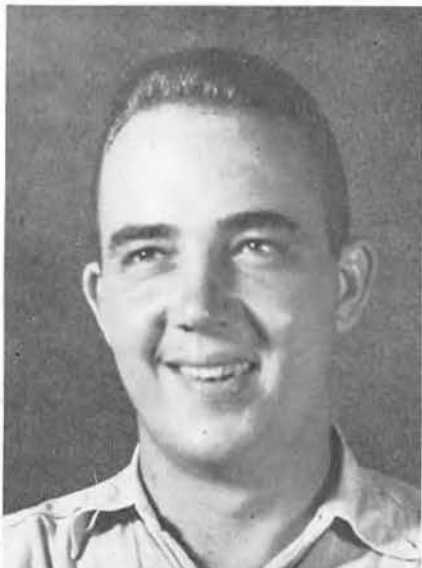
KIM:

Happy-go-lucky "Seabee," who accentuates the fact that dynamite and the best things come in small packages.



KROGMANN:

One of our hard workers who always had a ready, winning smile for everyone.



MARTINDALE:

The venturesome medico, who left his fox-hole and chanced a guard's rifle-fire to have a troublesome appendix removed.



MAYNE:

"Joe" was a liberty-hound—from Red Hill, he roved over Oahu; from Iwo, he left for Japan and wound up at Okinawa.



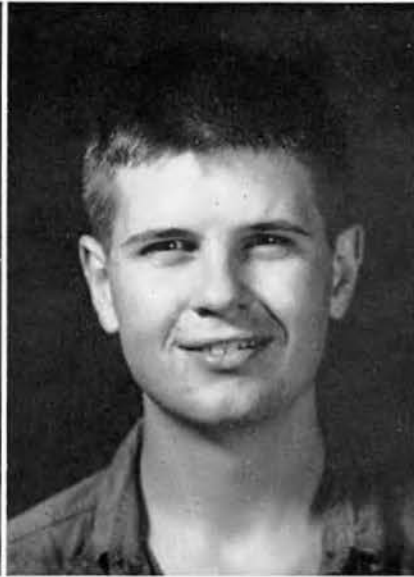
MONTGOMERY:

A friend at the poker table and one of the Navy's leaders of men who could lead and still remain one of our best-liked mates.



OWENS:

"George," "Charlie," "Pee-Wee," or whatever else you wanted to call him, he helped us supplement that "breakfast" we always hoped for and never quite attained.



REED:

The "silver-streak" of the volley ball court, he was always his opponents' best player; he dreams of discharge, Dartmouth, and Jayne.



RISBRUDT:

To be remembered for his uncontrolled laughter and whose professional administrations we hope to delay as long as possible.



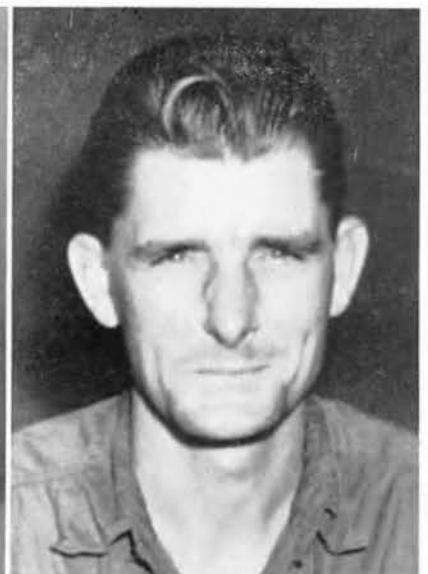
SCHULTZ:

Our blue-eyed, light-headed mate who surpassed all records for prolonged combat in the arms of Morpheus. Unforgettable as the likeable devil-may-care exponent of the fine art of FO.



SHEETS:

Imbued with bustling vitality necessitating a daily siesta and sole owner of a most amazing pair of ear-like flanges protruding from either side of his head.



TYSON:

"The Gunner" never missed a shoot-'em-up movie, never took no for an answer, and never shot the amazing scores he claimed for his marksmanship. A true member of the "Fightin' Eighth."



WEISS:

"The Gremlin" was almost dwarfed by his after-dinner cigar. One of our most unforgettable characters!



WEST:

One of the hardest workers in the outfit. Vic showed plenty of "know-how" with constant improvements to his "home."



ZELLER:

Our denture designer who created a mouthful many will never forget. He deserted us for the Swabie Navy, but a true Seabee nevertheless.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

LIEUTENANT AUSTIN H. LANGE (CEC) USNR—Hard working Operations Officer and the spark plug of the Regimental Ball Team. The highly successful operations of the Regiment in Hawaii and on Iwo Jima are, in a large part, due to his unceasing efforts.

LIEUTENANT DONALD M. FISHER (CEC) USNR—The Regiment's Jack of all Trades and watch dog that all activities were in accordance with Navy Regs. As Adjutant, "The Fish's" duties included those of Personnel, Transportation, Legal and Chaplain.

LIEUTENANT (jg) HAROLD L. JAMISON (CEC) USNR—An Assistant Operations Officer and co-ordinator of the Battalions in the Field. A true Southern Gentleman, "Jamie" was also the Welfare and Recreation Officer.

LIEUTENANT (jg) JOHN I. MULLEN (CEC) USNR—An Assistant Operations Officer and a co-ordinator of the Battalions in the Field. As Ordnance and Military Training Officer, he demonstrated that there was more to the art of shooting than just pointing your piece at a target.

ATKINSON

As full of corn as his home State of Iowa, but undoubtedly, one of the jolliest mates ever to adorn the Regimental Muster.

BLANK

A dental mechanic deluxe who added a lot of mileage with his toothy-retreads. Another Regimental "regular."

POSNER

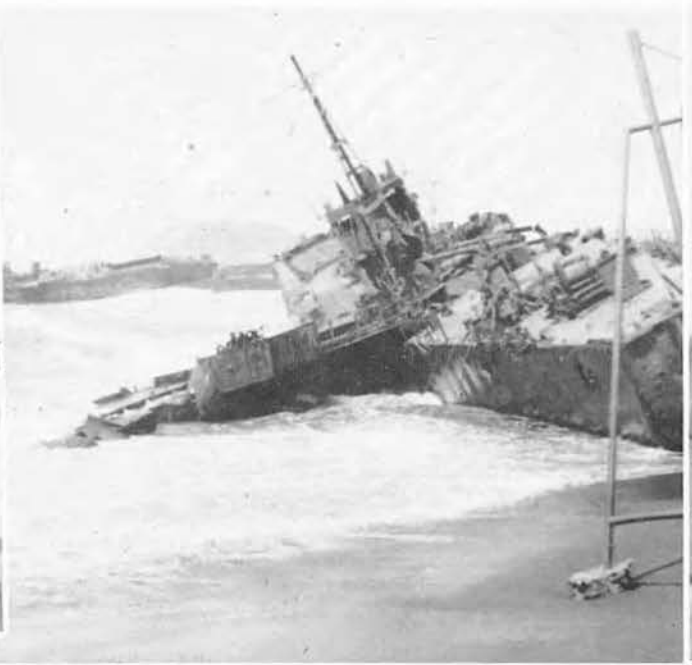
Never silent, he exercises his rights of free speech undaunted and unabashed, and as a credit to the Gumbeaters Society.

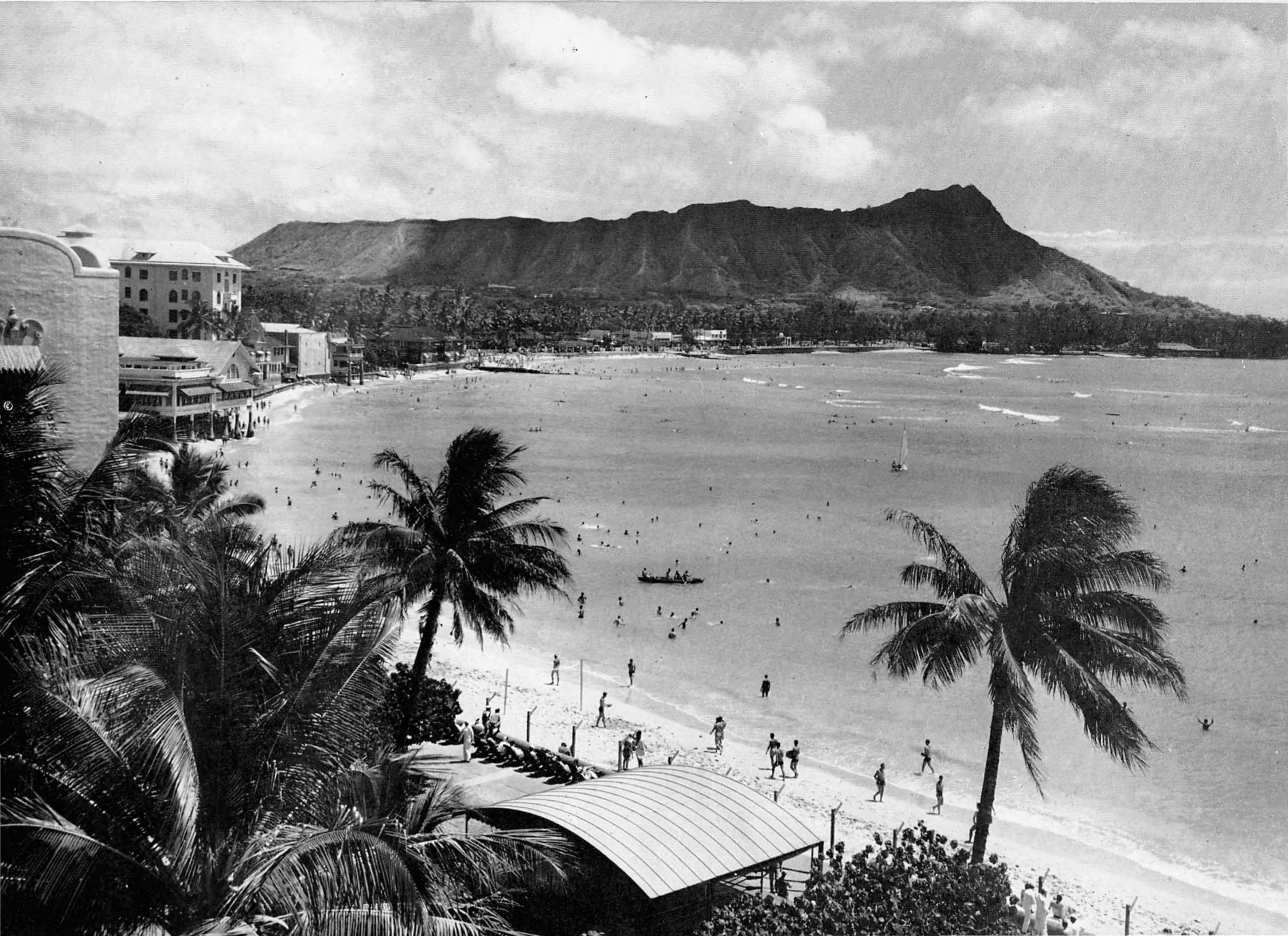
TAPPANA

Always with a cheerful word of advice and a helping hand in any scheme complying with Navy Regs. Security, his keynote for success.

WALKER

God's gift to the fair sex, never to be forgotten for his habitual accouterments of canteen, knife, boots, piece and camera on his Iwo wanderings.





THE RECORD

Some may ask what has been accomplished since the Regiment's conception in May, 1943? Has our existence been justified and have we materially aided the cause of the war? From the Project Files the following paragraphs have been compiled, and from these we may draw our own conclusions.

For a fleet to exist, it must have a base. In 1943, Pearl was that base for our Fleet, and from there our westward operations were launched. By the time the Regiment was formed, the destruction wrought by the Japanese, on December 7th, 1941, had almost disappeared and the expansion of the base was in progress.

A portion of our task, in the overall scheme, was the completion of a barely started Submarine Base, which when finished was to be one of the finest in the world. Plans called for a modern machine shop, pattern shop, galvanizing and tinning shop and shipfitters shop, to list a few of the major buildings. Thousands of feet of electrical duct line had to be laid, bombproof powerhouses and electrical substations built. Quaywalls had to be extended, pumphouses erected, water and fuel services installed. Broad streets had to be laid out and paved, storm drains to carry off excess water had to be put in, in addition to the installation of the regular drainage system. Personnel facilities were added, barracks that could house 250 men a piece were thrown up, a laundry was commissioned and built, a Post Office and Ships' Service Building, which became the finest on the island, was put in service together with all the little things that constitute a small city. All this was combined to help supply the needs of the Navy's "silent service."

The storage of the vast supplies of the Fleet entailed additional construction at the Naval Supply Depot, Kuahua. Warehouses, large enough to literally accommodate a ball game complete with spectators, within their walls, became the major part of the program. Wide, paved aprons surrounded each building with a network of roads knitting it all together. A truck and car loading platform was built, and to meet the needs of the anticipated trucking operations, even a modern service station. For the employees, a cafeteria and bus terminal was needed, so these were also added to the already long list of projects. Then, the entire Kuahua area was tied in with the Sub-Base and Navy Yard to constitute the very heart of the great base planned.

From this nucleus, a myriad of installations sprang up, crowding out cane fields and everything else that stood in their way, until they reached from Honolulu, around the great harbor, and out past Barber's Point. It was our Regiment that was responsible for a large percent-

age of this construction, in addition to the work load already assigned us in the Sub-Base, Kuahua, and Navy Yard Projects.

The 6th Base Marine Storage Depot, the largest Marine Depot west of the Coast, now stands where once cane was harvested and alongside, the great 3,000 bed Moanalua Quonset Hospital where many of the battle casualties are received. Storehouses for submarine parts at Damon Tract, Pacific Fleet Schools at Camp Catlin, with the equipment necessary for the training of radarmen of the Fleet, were built. The 6th Base Ordnance Depot, for the overhauling of Marine equipment after combat, together with the electrical distribution for a greater part of the area, were only a small part of that assigned us. To this was added the 6,000 man addition to Aiea Receiving Station, complete with messing facilities; the major portion of our own camp at Red Hill to include housing for four of our battalions. The erection of the ComSer for Building, to house the Commander Service, Pacific Fleet and his staff, next to CinC-Pac, in the record of thirty days. The construction of the Third Fleet Headquarters from where strikes by Admiral Halsey were to be planned. Additional work in the Navy Yard such as the Personnel Building, Cold Storage Building and still more barracks. The turning of a mire into Halawa Fleet Landing Area which included the Mail Concentration Center, where all mail was sorted and V-Mail photographed, Shore Patrol Headquarters, X-Ray Building, a large Red Cross Station, and the widening of a railroad trestle to connect the area with the Naval Supply Depot, Kuahua. The Naval Housing Area, where civilians employed in the Navy Yard live, was given a new drainage and road system. Fuel tanks were dismantled, and erected in more favorable locations, and a Diesel Drumming Plant put into operation at Halawa. Going Ewa from Aiea, we run into Manana Storage with 300' x 100' storehouses covering the terrain and where over 200,000 man days alone are accounted for. Another Drumming Plant went up at Ewa Junction, along with other facilities for the storage and protection of all important high-test aviation gasoline. Another complete camp at Waipio was ordered, this time for Landing Craft Facilities; work at Intrepid Point for the Pontoon Detachments, and construction at West Loch Ammunition Depot where the Fleet draws its Sunday punch before leaving for action. Next to West Loch lies the boundary of the Iroquois Point base which appeared from nowhere to become the principal Advance Base Reshipment Depot in the Pacific, with facilities for supplying anything from a bottle of ink to a complete 1,000 man camp, with laundry, on a moments notice. One of the minor facts about the base being that it can house and mess a

dozen battalions and at the same moment be loading the equipment of several of them for forward movements all over the Pacific. Barbers Point, a Naval and Marine Air Station, where a battalion was located to supply their needs and those of the immediate area. Lualualei, the site of the main Naval Ammunition Depot, kept another of our battalions busy with the construction of its new facilities. Wahiawa, just out of Schofield Barracks, the location of a strong Naval Radio Station, was the scene of much difficult construction to house the station's equipment and protect it from any possible enemy attack. Then there was Ford Island, the small island right in the middle of Pearl Harbor, famous for its "Battleship Row" and now equally so in regard to carriers. Here another battalion resided and worked to expand the Naval Air Station with paving, construction of barracks, some of which were for the first contingent of WAVES to land on Oahu, ammunition storage huts, additions to the administration building, and recreational facilities. All of these, and countless other projects, that would fill this entire book, were undertaken and for the most part completed. In addition to the work on Oahu, at various times, men under our command were at work on Palmyra Island, over a thousand miles south, on Canton Island, Christmas Island, and French Frigate Shoals, all outposts of Pearl Harbor. It was for the accomplishment of the above work that the Regiment's Officer in Charge, Commander Rudolph Y. TAGGART (CEC) USNR, received a Commendation from Admiral Chester W. NIMITZ, CinCPa and CinCPOA, in January, 1945, and was also a factor in the choosing of this unit for duty on Iwo Jima.

The work that was to be done on Iwo Jima really began in October, 1944, when the initial planning for the construction phase of operations got underway, long before work had stopped on the projects at Pearl Harbor. To the Commander, Lt. Lange, the Operations Officer, and Lt. (jg) Mullen, Assistant Operations Officer, fell most of the construction planning for this unit. When the Regiment moved out for duty on Iwo, as the first Regiment ever to move as a complete unit, our job had been cut out for us and was later to prove one of the most difficult we ever drew.

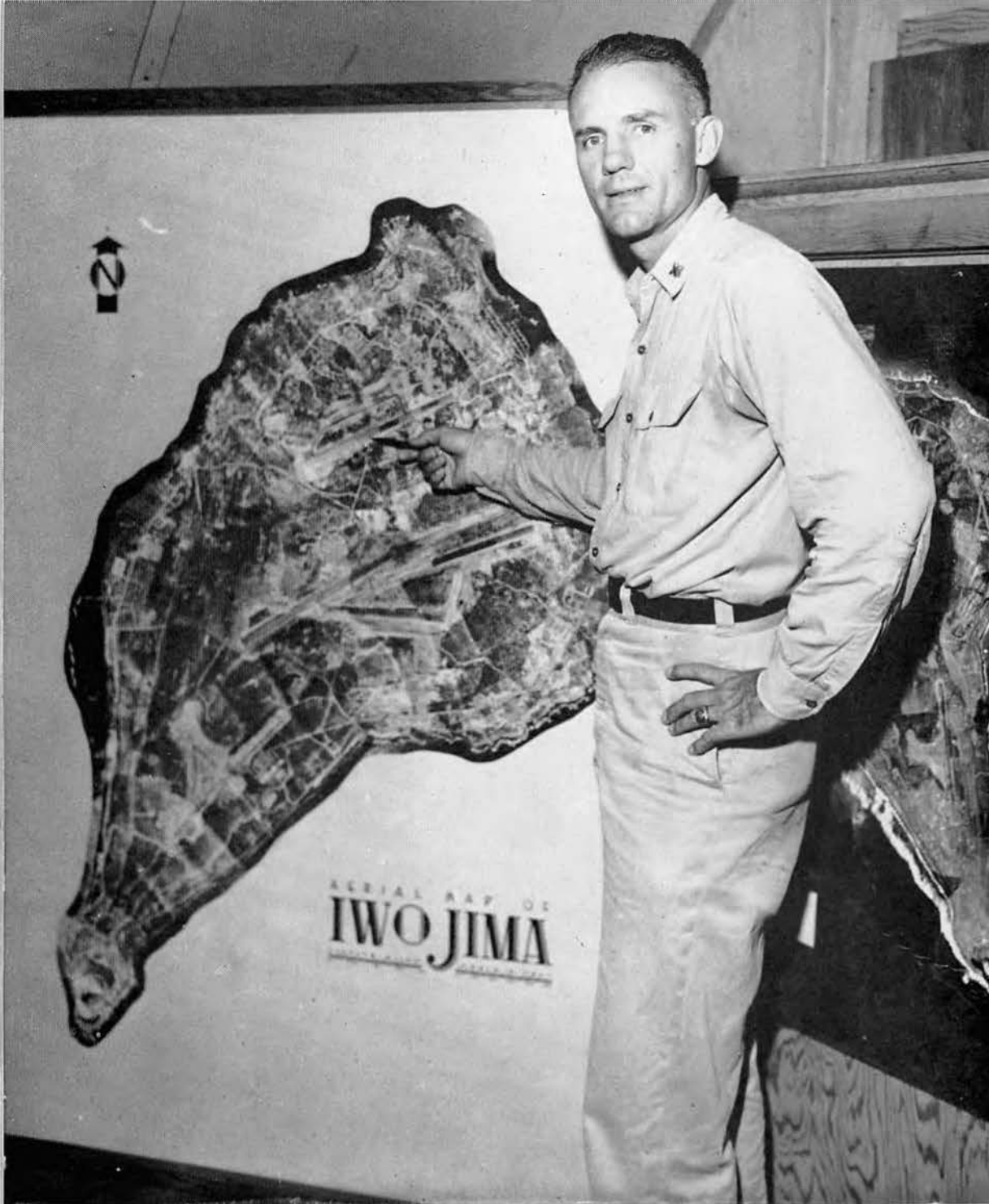
Construction assigned to us before the actual landing on Iwo consisted mainly of all major general construction, all fuel storage facilities and piping layouts, the harbor and beach development, and survey and development of water resources for the Island. After our arrival, much work was added that had not been taken into consideration in the initial planning while, at the same time, effective construction personnel was cut to below half its ordinary strength during the first few months. Guard duty was the major curse that sapped our strength while va-

rious Army details also drew heavily on us. To add to these difficulties, equipment was lost to mines and booby traps, sniper fire caused some casualties and heavy loss of work hours, torrential rains washed out sections of roads and even camps, and the living conditions were such that the men rarely got a good night's rest, and even more rarely, a good meal.

Yet, in spite of it all, even before the Japs had quit, the vast percentage of our work had been successfully completed. Over a quarter of a million barrels of fuel storage has been provided for, a pipeline system extending to all three airfields for the servicing of planes with aviation gasoline, the unloading beaches have been improved and surfaced, a water distribution system planned and developed so that all parts of the Island are reached by the pipeline, over a hundred individual messhalls have been erected for various Army units, along with latrines, showers, grease racks and recreational facilities for each unit. In addition, every battalion has constructed its own camp complete with shops and repair facilities. The day the war ended, three hospitals were under construction with a total capacity of 1,750 beds. A complete Naval Operating Base has been set up which alone called for over a hundred major units. Huge Quonset storehouses are in use, and the Quartermaster Corps now has its warehouses and laundry not to mention the cold storage area that was constructed. Operational buildings for the Air Force have been put up, including nose hangars, ready rooms, briefing rooms, control towers, and crash truck sheds. Most of the ammunition and bomb storage facilities are of our doing, as are the gun installations and radar sites. The Island Command Area has been built and also the CASU camp with all its shops and quarters. The Butler Hangar on South airstrip, a carbon dioxide plant, a weather station, the central concrete mixing plant, and seemingly countless tents, small frame structures, and grading jobs, together with the many other projects, made up our construction schedule on Iwo. To this assigned work, half of the major roads on the Island were added, help given on the construction of the three airfields, and assistance in the maintenance of many of the facilities that we built. In short, although we did not get the glamorous portion of construction, we did get and complete the major part of the construction on Iwo Jima.

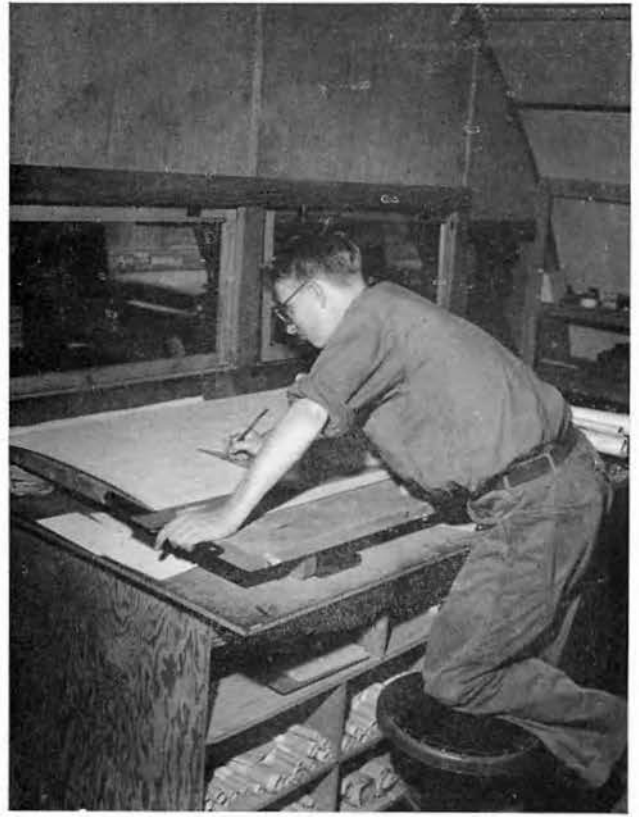
The above is the record, it is not spotless, nor faultless, but it is a record of achievement that we are proud of. Looking back, many of the faults could have been avoided with the knowledge that we now have, but that is always true when all the facts and returns are at one's disposal. Now that the war is over, our work is finished; that we have aided the successful termination of the Pacific War cannot be denied, and that alone is justification for our existence.





W O R K



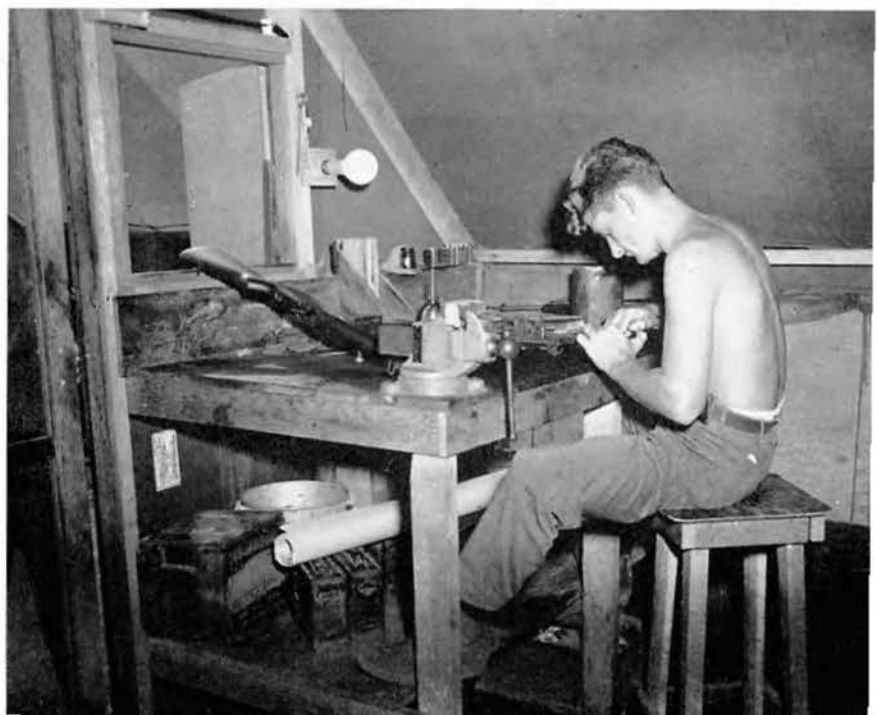
















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IWO DAZE

. . . And as the sun sank over the horizon, we bade a fond farewell to Hawaii . . . not so fond perhaps, but in the days that were to follow, Honolulu Liberty, as mercenary as it was, proved to be something one dreamed of . . . We'll never forget the ATTALA with its long chow lines and how certain mates donned their dungarees so that they could eat with the ship's company, or even tried a little bonafide line chiselling . . . those black jack and poker games on No. Four Hatch, Martindale's screwball friend who had just gotten out of the Brig, and

the liberty at Eniwetok . . . Were four bottles of beer worth it, we'll never know . . . and the call to GQ twice a day with Junior and DMF trying to outquip each other to while away the time . . . Then the day when Iwo hove into sight and the night we lay off shore and watched the flame throwers go to work on the beach . . . just like watching a ball game. . . .

. . . Remember what a helluva time we had getting ashore . . . those bags were heavy enough without having to carry them from the APA to







the VP, to an LCM, back to the VP, to an LST, and then to shore. . . . Remember our first meal on BLUE BEACH when we broke open a K ration box and the flies helped us eat its meager contents . . . then the disappointed look on the boys' faces as we drove over to WHITE BEACH to find that the tents and hot meal French had told the 90th Chiefs about was only a fox-hole and another K ration. . . . Remember the ribbing French took on that meal. . . . So we got to work and started to dig in, and for amusement, a crap game for those that felt up to it . . . then the mountain of mail everyone had been waiting for arrived and we all rushed to get it read before the sun went down . . . then the first night on Iwo and the start of an endless succession of sleepless ones . . . cussing because exploding flares, rockets and artillery shells whizzing by overhead were not inducive to sleep . . . what a night. . . . Then the next day when we



moved to our permanent bivouac area and dug our fox-holes . . . our morale was high in those early days and there was nothing we couldn't take . . . then came the first air raid alert, and the next day we all went in for reconstruction . . . another air raid, and more reconstruction, and so on until we were entrenched so firmly we almost had to be blasted out when moving day came. . . . Odd that we never seemed able to dig in deep enough. . . . Remember the passwords, and the guards, and the ceaseless chatter of the BAR's . . . remember the first movie we went to equipped with full pack and helmet, just in case . . . and the steaming sulfur water showers in which we worked like fiends to make the soap lather, and then worked like two fiends to get the soap off. . . . Remember the rain-storm and the soaking time we all had . . . how tasty those hot meals were at first and the novelty of having to stand up for chow . . . remember the





day our prodigal mates returned from TAD and everyone had a word of advice to give on the proper way to construct a fox-hole . . . seems that the Gremlin wasn't very wide-awake that day because he wielded the shovel while his bunk mate sat and filled sand bags . . . and remember Hansen's face when he dashed for chow to find that the beer his cousin had told him of was non-existent . . . then the night we had to supply a detail to augment the guards . . . and the boys with night blindness . . . and the cold wet seat when it rained . . . and the knock poker games . . . and of course, the work . . . and the air raids that followed in rapid succession with Air Raid Warden DMF's plea "Just throw a rock at me—for God's sake, don't shoot. . . . We were really living during those fifty days we spent below the surface, really living . . .

. . . Then remember when we moved into our permanent camp area and had the luxury of wooden decks and doors one didn't have to stoop to get through . . . and the fresh water





showers even though the water was red when it came out of the pipes . . . and the first night when we asked for volunteers for our improvised guard post and how they kept Tap awake by firing at the shadows . . . and the Japs that the regular guards shot as they tried to steal our water . . . and the nerve-wracking explosions from the machine-guns and flare . . . yes, the island was secured, but you wouldn't have thought so to hear the boys bang away . . . and CB Headquarters, the finest building of its type on the Island . . . the BOQ area and the tantalizing menus we heard of . . . our own rations which would get better, then worse until we got so that we only took the food so that we could throw it away and preclude its being served a second time . . . then the first fresh meat, lamb no less, and again, fresh meat, again lamb, and again, lamb, until we discovered it wasn't lamb but New Zealand goat . . . and how they tried to fool us by fixing it up and calling it mutton . . . and how they really fooled us with three weeks of C and K rations while we heard via the grapevine how the Army was feeding . . .





we guessed it was true that the Army travelled on its stomach and we were just unfortunate enough to be moved along by the impetus imparted through the use of the foot to the posterior . . .



. . . Our morale went down as our life got easier, we were just one big bitching family . . . there were never more than three mates each of us wasn't talking to at any one time . . . and the Rotation Program hit us between the eyes and we were so astounded at the Navy's magnanimity that our morale was surprised into climbing three points . . . and then we lost Tap and Junior, Collogan and Walker, Austin, DMF, John I. and Jamie in rapid succession . . . they could have gotten a carload of right arms and eye teeth if we could only have taken their places on the Coast bound ship . . . and remember the farewell party Speck threw when he got his new choppers and was able to go home for discharge . . . and remember how he auctioned off his excess gear and prized belongings before he left, and the bid he got on the Commander. . . . Ah well, Spec had the nose for it . . .



. . . Then remember when we got the word about the decommissioning of the Regiment and how everyone had a tear in his eye . . . and how that tear quickly disappeared when we heard that the lucky ones would be sent home . . . and how some of us were looney enough to even consider postponing that leave and moving forward to Japan . . . and remember the joy-ride Mayne and Martindale took to Okinawa and the stories they brought back about the trading value of soap, needles and chocolate bars . . .





and remember those swimming parties after work, the belly-tank speedboat and Friday's surfboard . . . and remember how we didn't seem to be able to get rid of Commander Taggart as he kept popping up all the time on those weekend trips from Tinian . . . Iwo, you fascinating Island . . . and remember how we scrimped and scraped, fought and talked to finance our cruise book, and how the Army came to the rescue . . . and the shortages in the coke fund . . . and the trials and tribulations of living and working with the Brigade . . .



. . . And remember those final parties we had with all the beer we could drink, the blending of our golden voices and how we must have kept Beady Eyes awake the night we had the Air Force band over for a drink . . . and then those few last days together and all the deals we tried to pull to get home as fast as possible . . . and how we were stripped of everything we had procured in the two and a half years of our existence . . . almost like reading a man's will before he has passed away. . . . We were a good outfit, rough and tough, and despite all that we may have said about ourselves, there is a warm spot in our hearts and we are proud to have been members of the Regiment . . . the Fightin' Eighth Regiment . . .





THE FIGHTIN' EIGHTH (D Plus 80)

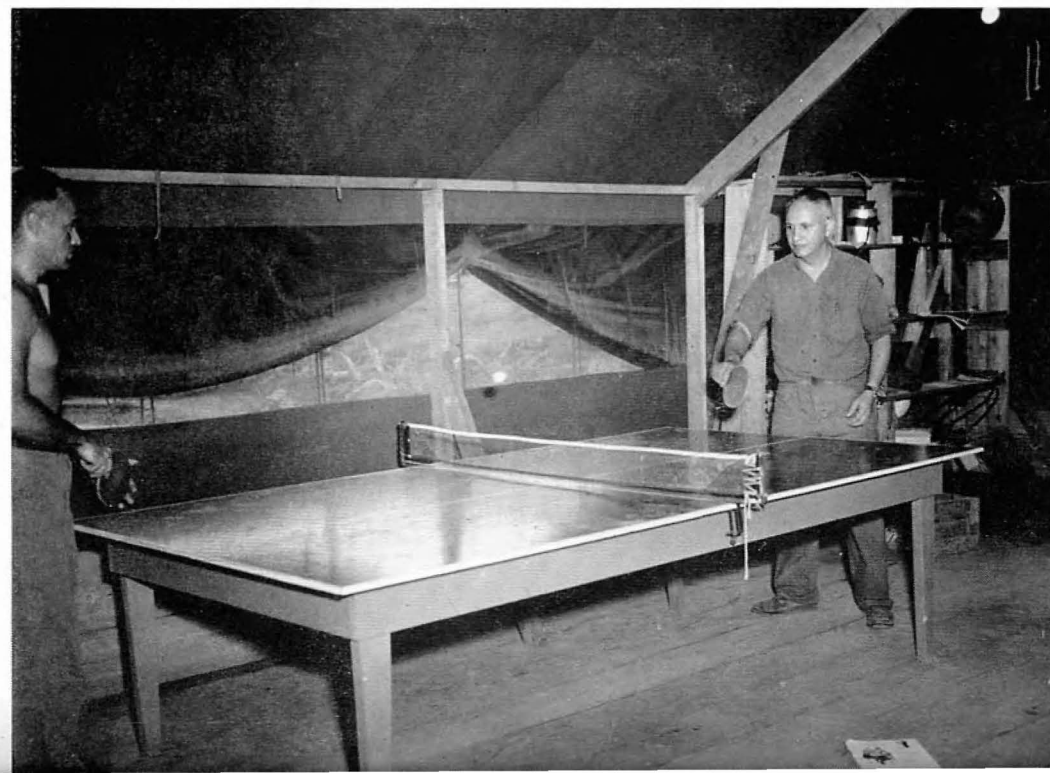
'Twas a sunny morn in the month of May,
When after their usual night of rest,
Out strode those students of S and A,
Krogmann, Risbrudt, McEwan and West.

In obeying the orders of Buster Keating,
McEwan was making some stockpile checks,
When he lifted his head and started bleating,
"There's a Japanese—in Title XI!"

Without fear in his heart, disregarding his life,
Mate Krogmann strode up to the niche,
And waving his arms like a fishmonger's wife,
He bellowed, "Come out, you sunnava—!"

With a BuSandA Manual tucked under his arm,
Keating cried as he entered the fray,
"To this Japanese soldier do no harm,
Till we see what the book has to say."

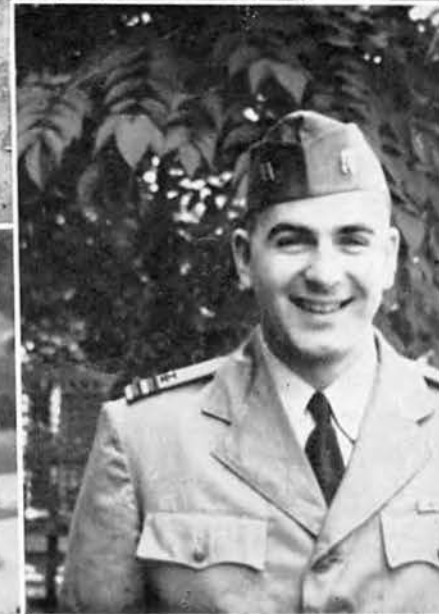
The M.P.'s drove up when the battle was through,
And demanded one slightly used Son of Heaven
But Keating demurred, "We can't give him to you,
Till you've filled out Form S and A 3-0-7."



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