"For outstanding performance in combat during the seizure of the Japanese-held islands of Saipan and Tinian in the Marianas from June 15 to August 1, 1944."
This book chronicles in text and pictures the story of one Seabee Battalion. It shows the men who shared in two great amphibious operations, from the Hawaiian Islands to the Marshall Islands, and from the Marshall Islands to the Marianas, and who at the close of the war were preparing for the greatest jump of all into the Japanese Homeland.

It contains pictures of the building of the great airfields on Tinian and Saipan from which our B-29 bombers battered the islands of Japan.

I hope in the years to come as you look through these pages it will bring close to you again the comrades who with courage, loyalty to each other, and devotion to their duty, played their part in the Pacific War.

M. G. Byrne

The Exec

The Skipper

That the men of this Battalion, the living and the dead, have accomplished their job; that the story set forth here could be written and depicted; that it has been our privilege to be associated with and to serve with such men and with like men of other services; that in a part, however small, through our efforts our enemy has been defeated; shall ever be a deep source of satisfaction to us all.

Thomas V. Hein
FOREWORD

This book probably will do less to immortalize the Seabees than anything which has yet been published. This is the story of ordinary men who did a job while their country was at war. As soon as the war was over, the large majority of them wanted only to go home and forget all about it. There is no flag-waving, no heroics, no claim to military fame intended on the following pages. In the two and one-half years these men were together, they never learned to call coffee "mud" nor sugar "sand". This is the story of the ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIRST Battalion.

When the time came to chronicle our history, we realized that before the war we were unheard of and that after the war we soon would be forgotten. We discovered that none of us had attained national acclaim and that none of us were supermen. We found that few of our accomplishments, which seemed so important to us at the time, ever really merited public recognition and that in the final analysis of all the services, our feats will seem infinitesimal indeed. We found that we occasionally had been tired and disgruntled, often homesick and sometimes scared. Through it all, we laughed and fought and lived — and died — just like the ordinary Americans we were.

If the pictorial account which follows succeeds in bringing a smile, a tear, or a pleasant memory to this stalwart little band of civilians in uniform — then our efforts have been immeasurably rewarded.

THE EDITORS.
SHAPING UP!
A small, listless group of Seabees, gathered before the outdoor bulletin board, waited patiently for the yeoman to finish. The brisk North Carolina breeze tugged at the men's clothing and rippled the typewritten sheet which the headquarters man was thumb-tacking into position. As the yeoman turned and pressed his way through the gathering, a score of eyes converged on the short, compendious notice:

May 10, 1943

MEMORANDUM:

Effective this date, this command will henceforth be known as the 121st Naval Construction Battalion redesignated 3rd Battalion, 20th Regiment, 4th Marine Division.

/s/ W. G. Byrne
Lt. Comdr. CEC USNR

The men were silent for several seconds. Suddenly some raced away to spread the news through the barracks, others turned away with a slow smile and still others stayed to mingle with the group that was fast snowballing into a buzzing, excited mob. This was what these men had waited days and weeks and months for—to be part of an outfit. No more drafts, no more replacement groups—from now on they would live and train and work together as a unit. And whether it was a good unit or bad—well, it would still be their battalion. A lot depended on their officers of course, but a lot more depended on the men.

Immediately they began to take new interest in their bunk-mates and the fellows with whom they had been playing pinochle or poker. Friendships sprang up over dinner and cokes and bottles of beer. They discovered that the men in their platoons were out of the Twenty-first or Nineteenth or Fifty-third battalions. That some were from the Seventy-sixth, the Seventy-ninth, the Forty-ninth and many more. They found buddies from Oklahoma, New Jersey, New York, California and Texas; from Utah, Louisiana, New England; from Washington, Oregon, Florida—even from North Carolina itself. The forty-eight were well represented here. Coined words such as slopchute, scuttlebutt, chowhound and earbanger became common-place in conversations and every man was sure he was grossly misrated. All agreed, however, that Hadnot Point, Camp LeJeune, New River, North Carolina, with its steam-heated brick barracks, its soda fountains, bowling alleys, theaters and beer parlors, its libraries and hospitals, paved streets and tall trees and green grass—Hadnot Point must be the most beautiful training center in the world. They couldn't know then, of course, that two years later Hadnot Point would seem even more desirable—much more.

For the moment, however, the chief topic of speculation was their future with the Marine Corps, for by now it was obvious that the 121st was destined to become a part of the then infant, but later far-famed, 4th Marine Division. Each man was subsequently issued a complete outfit of Marine clothing in addition to the Navy clothing he already possessed. Some could count twenty-six pairs of trousers, six pairs of shoes, eight hats and a corresponding quantity of other apparel in their seabags, duffle bags and foot lockers and old line Marine officers became hard pressed to distinguish their men from Seabees.

Some inkling of the type of work in store for them came when the school and work assignments were
handed out. Men found themselves attending such things as pontoon, diving, and refrigeration schools—classes in malaria control, demolition, and weapons. Others were dispatched to build a model camp on the base, make hinges without metal and construct buildings without nails.

Their spare time was spent on maneuvers, cutting trails through underbrush, building tank barriers, sleeping in the North Carolina swamps. They stood guard duty and took hikes and practiced shooting and dismantling a Springfield rifle until they could do it in their sleep. And through it all they were interviewed, classified, reassigned, then interviewed again.

On May 22, the 121st moved to Tent City—still within the 200-odd square mile limits of Camp LeJeune but nothing like Hadnot Point. Still, the men were getting accustomed to such things now (or at least as accustomed as could be expected) and there were worse things than living in a tent. In fact the day was coming when most of these fellows were going to wish they had a tent to live in.

The training program was being intensified now and there was little time to even think about living quarters, much less use them. Maneuvers in the "boondocks" were running into several days and men were kept busy nursing the bite of a detestable little red bug known as a "chigger". Hikes became longer and more strenuous and artisans were beginning to find their trades and work at them. Companies were dispatched to Norfolk for training periods in loading and unloading of large supplies. And every available moment was devoted to liberty—in overcrowded Jacksonville, nearby Kinston or, for those within traveling distance, brief visits home with friends and families. Somehow the hot, sultry months of May, June and July were put behind. On August 4, 1943, the 121st began the first leg of their western Journey.

Perhaps the most impressive factor about Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California, was its vast size. If it wasn’t larger than Camp LeJeune at least it was more spread out. Here the battalion had barracks again instead of tents, steel bunks instead of cots, girls in the Post Exchange, cool nights and good liberty. Here, too, some of the men saw oranges growing on trees for the first time in their lives.

The training was almost as different as the environment. There were ship-to-shore and desert maneuvers, camouflage training, swimming and ship evacuation. Like New River, the battalion built another tent camp and unlike New River they invaded San Clemente Island, Laguna Beach, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Long Beach, Santa Monica and points in every direction. Enjoyment ran high and the war seemed far away. Opinions were voiced that the war might end before the 121st got a crack at it. Then in November they sat quietly down and read about another Marine outfit that had gone into a place called Tarawa.

In December of 1943 the 121st Seabee-Marines celebrated their first Christmas as a battalion; an occasion which was slightly marred by the fact that they were preparing for another shipboard maneuver. On January 13, 1944, in the stillness of early morning, they slipped out of San Diego harbor.
TRAINING OVER—
LEAVING SAN DIEGO
"THE MARSHALLS"
The January maneuver, which began on the tradition unlucky "Friday the 13th," proved to be the longest to date. It lasted for 17 long days and was not without incident. When the men set foot on land again they ran head-on into some 8,000 Japanese who were holding maneuvers the same day. Further investigation revealed that the Japs had been there nearly 25 years and that the names of the islands were Roi and Namur in the Marshall group. The weather was exceptionally bright and sunny for the first day of February but oddly enough, no one gave it much thought for the moment.

The aloofness which up until now had existed between the Marines and the Seabees, disappeared as if by magic. Both groups were in deadly earnest now and operated together like a well-oiled machine. They had only one goal—kill Japs. The Seabees would get the supplies and ammunition ashore and the Leathernecks would throw it at the Nips. The tremendous respect which each group earned for the other in this, their first operation, proved invaluable throughout their long and successful association. In 72 hours, the Japs were gone.

For the next nine days, Roi and Namur were relatively quiet, tranquil, semi-tropical islands. Pup tents didn't afford the most restful sleep and bathing facilities were far from the best. The weather was hot, the flies and insects were bad—but morale was good. There was work to do unloading ships and repairing airstrips and trying to find some way to let the folks at home know where you were and get it by the censor. There was no liberty because there was nowhere to go, but their was something new now—more important than going to town. There were Jap souvenirs to be collected. Day by day, jealously guarded little stores were locked in sea-bags or carried in pockets. Watches, guns, knives, medals—something to show the folks back home that the Japs had been encountered and defeated. A few hours later they were wondering if they would ever see the folks back home again.

The night of February 12th began much the same as all the rest, except that maybe the moon was a little brighter. A crippled B-24 named "Sugar," the first American plane to land on Jap territory, had come in on the partially completed airstrip that evening, but by darkness a sedentary peacefulness pervaded all but the unloading area.

At midnight the graveyard shift arose, drank some coffee, and went down the beach to work. The moon was intensely bright now. A few yards from the water, huge stock piles of foods, medical supplies, ammunition and explosives were clearly visible in the brilliant yellow light. At 1:50 A. M. the alert sounded.

As usual, work stopped and the men dispersed into small groups. Some grumbled at the interruption, others were thankful for the respite, and all spoke of the invincibility of the American forces. Lights were extinguished half-heartedly and where it was convenient cigarettes burned brightly. This was the fourth or fifth alert the 121st had gone through and they accepted it with all of the nonchalance and disdain that characterized the most battle-hardened movie veteran. After several long minutes the searchlights stabbed their long fingers into the sky, ack-ack guns barked, and the more curious stepped out in the open to get an unobstructed view of anything that might happen. Then as suddenly as they had come on, the searchlights winked
out, the guns fell silent and a loud rustling whisper tore through the night air like an evil spirit. In the next instant it happened.

The first blinding explosion seemed to lift the tiny island high from its coral base, hold it for a breathless moment, then sickeningly back again, shattered and exhausted. Hoarse, pitiful screams rent the air and fear gripped the hearts of even the most intrepid. A hot, stifling wall of concussion knocked some down, picked others up, like pieces of confetti. The first bomb had hit dead center in thousands upon thousands of pounds of American explosives. Then came more bombs and more explosives until it was impossible to distinguish between the two. The island was illuminated as though by a giant sun, and ear-splitting flashes and roars seemed to be growing louder and more numerous each second. Small arms fire, hand grenades, rockets, mines and bombs had scattered over the entire area and were exploding at will. Boats and ships with decks ablaze tried frantically to extricate themselves from the fiery beach, the tent areas had become a holocaust, and all the while men prayed and worked and prayed some more.

When dawn broke on the charred and battered island some four hours later, smoke was still rising from numerous fires, scattered explosions were still audible and men began to emerge from holes and pillboxes like dazed, drunken automatons. The entire area had been levelled off by a giant charcoal hand. Musters were called to determine the wounded, the missing, and the dead. A boy who had swum five miles out to sea was returned by boat and on the far end of the island "Sugar" was still standing. Men were picking through the charred remains of what had once been sea-bags and chests, searching for such items as pictures of wives and sweethearts, safety razors, money—and Jap souvenirs, but the Japs had destroyed most of their souvenirs this night—and many American ones besides. The 121st had received its first serious casualties—two dead, many near death, and several severely wounded. Other outfits weren't so lucky. Now it was Hollywood and New York and Texas that seemed far away—and the worst was still to come.

On February 15, under previously received orders, the battalion sailed from the Marshalls. For many, their sole possessions consisted of a single pair of shorts in which they had been sleeping on the night of the raid. Morale, unfortunately, was almost as low as supplies. But from somewhere in the recesses of their minds, most of them recalled a mental vow they had taken almost a year ago—through thick and thin, for better or for worse—it was still their battalion. Food, clothing, courage and blood were given where it was needed. Nine hungry, miserable days later, they reached Hawaii.

The two and a half months on Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands, proved to be a panacea which no mortal doctor could have administered. Time, the great healer, did double duty. The battalion met their rear echelon and recounted experiences to old friends. There was liberty again in Paia, Wailuku, Lahaina and Kahului. There were beer and steaks and poker and movies, coconuts, pineapples, and bananas. It was far from a holiday, because the 121st never stopped working. They were the engineers of the 4th Marine Division and camp maintenance was a big part of the job. But compared to being on Roi and Namur or stuck in the bowels of a transport—Hawaii was truly a paradise.

All too soon, in early May, they once more received "the word". The 4th Marines were on the march again, to write another chapter in their glorious history. Where? Well, no one knew exactly. But many had a good idea. Somewhere out in this vast Pacific was an island that the United States Army and Navy planes had been showing a good deal of interest in lately. An island called Saipan.
OUR CONVOY MOVING TOWARDS THE MARSHALLS
KWAJALEIN ATOLL, MARSHALL ISLANDS
ROI AND NAMUR, KWAJALEIN ATOLL
COUPLE OF LIBERTIES IN HONOLULU
“THE MARIANAS”
"SAIPAN AND TINIAN INVASIONS"

June 15, 1944 brought the dawn of a day long to be remembered in the lives of those who belonged to the 4th Marine Division and of course the 121st Naval Construction Battalion, for it was on this day that the second large invasion of Japanese territory was to be executed by these units. The experiences that were encountered in the Marshalls and the extra training just undergone had made us realize that the enemy was no push-over.

It was a beautiful morning and no one had thought that the island of Saipan with Mt. Tapotch in the distance could give forth such a "wallop" as was received by the men making a beachhead. The island looked very peaceful from the distance with green hills and fields of sugar cane. The smoke stacks of the sugar mill were to be a landmark and could be seen from our position before disembarking. "H" hour was set at 0830 but everyone was up and above deck long before that time watching the bombardment of the coast by our big battle ships and destroyers. It was apparent that we had air superiority.

As the first waves neared the beach they encountered plenty of fire from shore. After the first wave landed the fire became intense. The following waves of LVT's were hit with many casualties. By 1230 on "D" day most of the battalion had landed on the beach in front of the town of Charan Kanoa. The day was spent in dodging shells and digging fox-holes. Many of the men were posted as guards on enemy wrecked boats and others guarded the stockade with its growing population of men, women and children. That night was one of sleeplessness as shells were still falling and there was also a possibility of an attack from the sea.

By dawn of the next day the shelling had somewhat subsided and plans were being made to bring in badly needed supplies and equipment from floating dumps and ships. At 0900 a report was received that the enemy was attacking through the sugar mill. Defensive positions were taken and every one was on the alert. The 2nd Marine Division had pocketed a group of Japanese in the sugar mill and while running into our machine gun fire they retreated inland and were annihilated by the troops in waiting. To boost our morale just a bit, the 27th Army Division was landed during the night. Now with the 2nd and 4th Marine Division and the 27th Army Division the enemy did have quite a problem on his hands.

The following days were similar to our first ones with such excitement as dog fights, air alerts, sniper fire, sleepless nights caused by the heavy gun fire and last, but not least, the possibility of souvenir hunting. By this time the C and K rations already were getting tiresome and with the help of bananas, Japanese sake and beer, life was having its lighter moments.

The beach work was progressing at great speed and supplies were coming in at an encouraging rate. Our work as beach party ended on D plus 4 and we headed for a new assignment of clearing the Jap Aslito air field and getting it ready for operation. Everyone worked with utmost diligence with what gear was available. With the help of Japanese equipment and improvised brooms made of brush the air field was ready for planes by nightfall. Great joy went through the camp when the first plane landed on the strip. It was a Navy TBF that landed about 1800 five days after "D"
day. Soon after transports, night fighters and B-24’s landed. This gave us a feeling of security for the nightly raiders needed to have something like the P-61 or "Black Widows" to keep them at a distance.

The work of the battalion was not all air strip work but included railroad and road repair, the reconstruction of Jap installations that were to be put in operation. This work was not going on unnoticed by the enemy for snipers were firing on our men while they were working. A roving guard was maintained at all times. The air alerts were getting to be a nightly habit and to our joy planes occasionally would be shot down.

After Saipan was secured, 9 July 1944, the battalion’s major job was to put the railroad in condition and also to get ready for the Tinian invasion. Equipment and supplies had to be procured and gear on hand to be put in good condition. A pier was constructed and a road to a hospital located near the beach. The battalion also built ramps for LVT’s which played an important part on the beach of Tinian. A special detail of picked men were sent to Tinian to set up these ramps on "J" day which was the day that Tinian was invaded. The battalion was alerted on July 24th and moved to the beach above Charan Kanoa for further instructions. Two days later the battalion boarded two LCT’s with all equipment and supplies and headed toward Tinian. It was impossible to land on Tinian this day and it was necessary to spend a sleepless, rainy night and the LCT’s. The invasion of Tinian was not as difficult as that of Saipan and it can be laid to the fact that the enemy on Tinian had an opportunity to see at close range just what the Saipan campaign was like. The following morning about 0800 landings were made on the beach and the march to the air field was begun. Our advance parties had the situation well in hand and it was nice to get a welcome from some of our own men. The men again worked hard to get the strip in readiness for the first planes. This time we had brought with us enough brooms and other equipment and the task of clearing the field progressed very rapidly. The first plane to arrive was a P-47 and from then on planes came in with supplies and evacuated wounded with the utmost speed.

Work on the airfield and roads kept most of the men busy while others were making the camp conditions a bit better. Salvage crews were bringing in supplies and equipment and that could be used in further work of the battalion and also fill in our small stock of supplies.

The shanty town about the administration building was day by day getting to be quite a project as men brought in salvaged material to make their homes a bit more comfortable. The food situation grew acute as the ocean was too rough to unload the necessary cargo for carrying on the assault. For more than four weeks "C" rations were all that could be procured. It was rough for the men but they all realized the situation and very few complained. Surveyors were laying out a new camp site and it was promised that soon our regular galley and camp equipment would arrive with the rear echelon. Living under combat conditions and also trying to do a good construction job was more of a problem than what many of us expected.

Looking back over this period it can be said that the 121st worked as traditional Seabees during the invasion days and with the scarcity of equipment and supplies did a job to be proud of. Living conditions were crude and the time-honored serviceman’s privilege of "griping" was taken full advantage of but the men stuck to their work, did the job and emerged with the self-assurance and pride of a recognized veteran combat-construction crew.
JUNE FIFTEENTH, SIXTEENTH
SAIPAN ISLAND, MARIANAS
CHARAN KANOA
ASLITO AIR STRIP
CHOW DOWN — K. C. B. RATIONS
RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION - SAIPAN
SAIPAN TO TINIAN
USHI POINT AIR STRIP, TINIAN
SHANTY TOWN NO. 1, TINIAN
FIRST WORK SHOP - TINIAN
"THE BUSY BEES"
"AIR STRIPS AND STUFF"

By 1 August 1945 the time had come for the 121st battalion to show just what its men could do along construction lines. Shore party duty for the 4th Marine Division had not disclosed the talents of many for they were more interested in constructing air fields and putting in necessary installations. The first major task under the supervision of the 6th Naval Construction Brigade was the 1000-foot extension of the Jap Ushi Point strip. For this job, equipment had to be borrowed from the neighboring 67th battalion to augment the few machines that were on hand as the battalion's allowance of equipment would not arrive for at least two months.

The strip was under constant repair and much difficulty was encountered because of the heavy rains which washed out the patching material used to fill the holes. The heavy patrol bombers taking off and landing on the field were too much for the lightly constructed Jap strip which was fast disintegrating under the heavy use.

Moving day for the battalion, 30 August, was quite an event and going across the air field and along the road could be seen many types of tin shanties. The new area was far from complete but the possibility of getting into our own camp and having a galley and a few permanent installations made the men more anxious to move.

The rainy season had set in and many a time it was thought the whole year's rain-fall had descended during the night. It was not unusual to see the officers country and G company area completely under water. The road and drainage system were improved to prevent any such reoccurrence. Tents were borrowed from other battalions to improve living conditions as the shanty type of shelter proved unsatisfactory.

The battalion also put in shape the Jap settling basin and filtering plant for the water supply at the north end of the island. Many are still wondering what happened to the millions of frogs that inhabited the basin.

A rock crushing plant was built and put in operation by the battalion, 8 September, to furnish crushed coral for the majority of the concrete aggregate used on the strip. This was a twenty-four hour project and the shakers could be heard continually. After the daily four o'clock blasting it was feared that there would be nothing left of the crusher but after the dust cleared away work resumed as usual.

Until 1 October air raids were few but as the full moon approached special precautions were taken. Several alarms went out and every one headed for the cliffs and the caves. There were several displays of fire works that would have outshone any 4th of July celebration with good results for the spectators.

The West Tank Farm, 6 inch submarine pipe line and salt-water line, was a difficult job for the shipfitters. The submarine pipe line was broken by high seas and damaged against the rough coral shore line making it necessary to rebuild and repair. The battalion shifted its major operations to West Field, 29 September, to help in the construction of the strip for Navy planes.

November 28th saw the arrival of "D" company which brought the battalion to full strength. The men of the newly arrived company were in for quite a few "snow jobs" but were able to set the old 121st fellows back on their heels with a few stories of their own experiences. Many of these men had seen action and had been overseas longer than men of the other companies. They, and others attached later to the company, came to the battalion from the 1st, 5th, 8th, 9th, 21st, 22nd, 43rd, 62nd, 74th, 83rd, 90th, 95th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 108th, 109th, 125th, 133rd and had seen service in Alaska, Iceland, Tongatabu, Efate, Guadalcanal, Apamama, Gilberts, Tarawa, Trinidad, Marshalls, Kwajalein, Roi and Namur, Normandy, Okinawa, Iwo and England. Many of the seamen had seen duty the first time when attached to the battalion and had come from the "Common" navy stationed at Pearl Harbor and the states.

Under the direction of the 6th Brigade the battalion
surveyed and engineered all contemplated bomber strips, taxiways, hard stands and service aprons for the North Field. The perimeter road which offers a scenic trip of the island was also surveyed by the engineering department.

Company commanders had outlined to the men the necessary work and installations needed to bring in a flight of B-29's and what amount of equipment and supplies were necessary to send such a flight over Tokyo. It seemed that such figures would be impossible to meet but with production schedules bettered it was possible to have the first air-strip ready for B-29's five days ahead of the timetable. A half-day holiday was declared, 22nd December, so that personnel could witness the landing of the first B-29 on the world's largest strip. The landing-way was lined with trucks, jeeps and men the whole length. Photographers and would-be photographers were ready to record this important event. The threatening rain made little difference to the men but as time went by the chances of witnessing this first landing seemed to fade. A plane did land but to our disappointment it turned out to be a B-24. From this day on B-29's did land and take off daily on test hops over nearby islands in preparation for the large scale attacks on Japan proper. The battalion was proud to have had a part in making this possible. Many friends were found among the crews of these B-29's and several planes carried the name and colors of the 121st.

Besides the building of the air-strips and hard stands, the battalion was lead battalion in the construction of the two service aprons including warehouses, shops, parachute tower and miscellaneous facilities.

During all this construction it was necessary to move camp during February as the site occupied was needed for additional hard stands. A new camp area was made ready, overlooking the ocean with Saipan in the distance. It turned out to be one of the finest camps on the island with its many permanent buildings and installations. Recreational facilities had improved greatly, including the ever-popular 121st theater. The horticultural efforts of the camp maintenance crew made a great improvement along the road ways and walks, with shrubs and flowers lending a state side atmosphere.

Again on 9 February the battalion was called to West Field to help speed the completion of strips No. 1 and No. 2 with taxiways, hardstands and service aprons, returning to North Field 10 April to widen and otherwise improve strips Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Numerous other tasks were undertaken such as prefabricated barracks, quonset huts, sick bays and galley erection and drilling and operation of Ushi Point well. These were part-time jobs for the battalion as a whole while the major part of the personnel and equipment were assigned to air-strip construction.

Credit must also be given to the men who, while not working directly on the strips and other installations, were keeping the battalion itself in operation. These men worked in the shops, offices, galleys, etc., about the camp to keep the equipment running and procure the necessary supplies, equipment and construction material necessary to carry on this great project. Spare parts were almost impossible to get and had to be milled in the battalion shops. Other emergencies arose with challenging regularity to tax the ingenuity of these men but they came through with an answer every time.

On 25 February 1945 the battalion was presented the Presidential Unit Citation as part of the 4th Marine Division. The ceremonies took place on the service apron on the North Field. The battalion passed in review to the strains of an army band before high Army, Navy and Marine officials.

This construction program lasted until July 1st, 1945, when the battalion moved to Saipan for further construction jobs. The moving was in an orderly manner giving the battalion, as a whole, time to get ready for the move. The battalion moved into a camp formally occupied by a Seabee battalion which had left it fully equipped. This was a new and novel experience for the 121st. The Island Wide Water System was supervised by the battalion and work on camps for flight personnel and a wide variety of construction work was undertaken.

This maintenance work provided a new experience for the battalion while it waited for the anticipated word to move up the line. . . . Then on 15 August 1945 Japan quit.
THE COMING OF THE B-29'S
HARD STANDS, TAXI-WAYS, SERVICE APRONS
Potable Water Procurement – Tinian and Saipan
Steel Construction - Quonset Huts, Butler Warehouses, Control Towers
ENGINEERS

SPARE PARTS

DISBURSING

WAREHOUSE

PERSONNEL

SUPPLY

WHITE COLLAR WORKERS
RELIGIOUS SERVICES - SAIPAN, TINIAN
SPORTSMEN — CHAMPIONS ALL
Tinian Camps. 42 Year Oldsters
Saipan Tinian Entertainment . . .
No. 1, 2 and 3—Presidential Unit Citation ceremony on Tinian.
No. 5—Muriel Woodward, Gene Adkins awarded Navy-Marine Corps medals on Maui.
No. 6—Purple Heart presentation on Tinian.
No. 7—Men and officers decorated with Bronze Stars and Purple Hearts on Tinian.
PERSONNEL

THE OFFICERS
KILLED IN ACTION

AVILA, George Joaquin, Stc, 16 June 1944, on Saipan.
BOWEN, Thomas Houston, EM2c, 12 February 1944, on Roi Island.
EGNER, Joseph Douglass, Stc, 16 June 1944, on Saipan.
FIELDS, Edward, WT1c, 17 June 1944, on Saipan.
GAMMON, Robert Douglas, Stc, 17 June 1944, on Saipan.
GEBHARDT, Henry Anthony, Stc, 15 June 1944, on Saipan.
HACKER, Donald, Stc, 11 July 1944, on Saipan.
HEBERT, Ellis John, Stc, 16 June 1944, on Saipan.
HUNTER, Sam Eugene, Jr., Stc, 15 June 1944, on Saipan.
HUTCHMAN, John Donald, Pvt1c, 26 June 1944, on Saipan.
LUCHS, Tilden LeRoy, MM3c, 15 June 1944, on Saipan.
MONTESI, Marcello Gino, Ftc, 16 June 1944, at sea off Saipan.
PETTYPIECE, William John, CM3c, 12 February 1944, on Roi island.
WILLCUTT, Boyd Bates, MM3c, 15 June 1944, on Saipan.

DIED IN SERVICE OVERSEAS

CLINE, Roy Clark, BM1c, 16 October 1944, on Tinian.
HEMPHILL, Tipton, Stc, 21 March 1945, on Tinian.
LUPTON, Harold Lawson, CEM(AA), 25 March 1944, on Maui, T. H.
MYERS, Hollace Holland, GM1c, 2 August 1944, on Tinian.
STEPHENS, James Little, SF3c, 19 April 1945, on Tinian.
DE C ORAT I ON S

NAVY-MARINE CORPS MEDAL

WOODWARD, Muriel S.  ATKINS, Eugene E.

BRONZE STAR

LT. COMDR. THOMAS H. FLINN
LIEUT. JOHN W. PARTRIDGE
LIEUT. LAWRENCE M. RIST
LT. (jg) WARREN B. WOODRICH
LT. (jg) CHARLES C. FISKE
LT. (jg) NORMAN M. JACKSON
CARPENTER WILLARD S.
HAMMERMAN
BLOCK, John L.
BRUNK, Allen W.
FAUST, Floyd H.
FITZGERALD, Thomas V.
FRASER, Joseph H.
GANS, Donald F.
HAGER, George R.
KING, Clarence G.
KORN, Joseph A.
NILSEN, Harold C.
NOLAN, Thomas W.
PFAPP, Henry W.
PHILLIPSON, Paul L.
PILLSBURY, Stephen F.
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