130° Log

JAN 22, 1944
CROSSED INTERNATIONAL DATELINE
JAN 28, 1945
ARRIVED AT ENIWETOK
MARSHALL ISLANDS
FEB 6, 1945
ARRIVED AT SAIPAN
MARSHALL ISLANDS
MAR 15, 1945
BOARDED LST'S 658 & 812
APR. 1, 1945
ARRIVED AT OKINAWA
RIUKU ISLANDS

MAR 2, 1944
ARRIVED AT OAHU
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
JAN. 18, 1945
BOARDED SS PRESIDENT JOHNSON
Lucy L. Friedman 9960 63rd Rd
Kew Park, N.Y. N.Y. 3/27/78

J.R. Welcher 11374
Pomona, N.Y. 3/3/78

Carl O. Christensen
12500 W. Carson St. Hawthorne, Calif. 90250

Harold M. Wilson 12403 E. Benefit St.
Downey, Calif. 90242

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Dale N. Bennett 6901 W. 75th Cleveland Park, N.Y. 3/8/88

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La Vern H. Bass R1-Box 56
Wisner, Neb. 68781
C-3-120th and A-9 125th CB

3-15-95 ALFREDO FRIAS Co.A. ARROYO GRANDE, CA 93420
188 VALLEY VIEW PLACE (805) 449-5087

8115141
ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH
UNITED STATES NAVAL
CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

FORMED
THIRTEENTH OF SEPTEMBER
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY THREE
CAMP PEARY, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

COMMISSIONED
TWENTY-THIRD OF OCTOBER
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY THREE
CAMP ENIDCOTT, DAVISSVILLE, RHODE ISLAND

PUBLISHED
SEPTEMBER
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY FIVE
REMEMBER???

Do you remember, Mate,
The day we reached Peary and how hot it was,
And the way they shoved us 'round and made us wait
In lines to get a haircut; the interviews; the lousy chow?
The Gold Braid and the itch to -sock one
Just to see if he was a Sacred Cow?

Endicott, Sun Valley and the snow,
Martial music and the funny squeak of bag pipes;
The Scuttlebutt about when and where we'd go.

The Atlantic and rough weather off the Cape;
Learning to hang a helmet below your chin;
The Windward Passage and its legends of piracy and rape.

Journey's end—we thought—with Diamond Head rising through the mist;
Remember Honolulu, Fréh! Street and the clip joints,
The homesickness and the girl back home you wished you'd kissed?
Staring at a woman, did that give us a bang?
I bet we looked like two hungry wolves
With moisture dripping from each gleaming fang.

Saipan and the less said, my friend, the better;
Staging and waiting, once more lousy chow;
Finally aboard, more waiting, cherishing that last letter.

D-Day, H-Hour; stomach full of feathers
Quivering like a quaking asp in a high wind.
Sitting like ducks on a pond while the Nip gathers
Planes and courage to come flying in.
As we pitch everything we have at them except the galley sink—
Then the blank wall of silence after the roar and din.

Okinawa, it was there, liquid mud instead of ground;
Pup tents, fox holes and damned little sleep at night
With plain and fancy shrapnel whining all around.
Remember the store where everything was free?
Nothing was too tough for Jake to get or do
If it meant a little comfort for guys like you and me.

Peace at last; discharge for everyone—they said—
As soon as we had points enough—
Provided that by then we weren't all dead.

Yeah, I'm glad it's over and you can tell the mates you see
That they'll all be mighty welcome if they happen out this way,
But their sack is in the guest room—just the Missus bunks with me.
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Men in Motion

- The 130th Naval Construction Battalion was formed in Camp Peary, Virginia, trained in Davisville, Rhode island, Pearl Harbor, T. H., Saipan (Marinmans), and participated in the invasion of Okinawa. This is the story of that battalion.

You will be taken around to every department to see details of organization and accomplishments during the war years. Mainly through photography, and partly through narration, you will be made aware of the things each department did of which they are most proud.

Put a thousand men together for over two years of war and they are certain to come up with stories worth telling.

Before you become immersed in the details, however, there are some facts that you should know.

The United States Naval Construction Battalions were born in World War II. The 130th Naval Construction Battalion was part of the Navy Department's plan to build, to repair, and to defend innumerable bleak coral atolls in the vast liquid desert which is the Pacific Ocean.

- The Rising Sun had thrown its bloody light on one Pacific Island after another until by July, 1942 the Japanese Empire described a great circle bounded by New Guinea, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Wake, and Attu.

The defense of lost American bases within that great circle had sometimes fallen partly upon civilian workers sent from the States to improve our stations. When the Japs hit Wake Island, for example, thousands of defenseless American construction men were captured.

It was unfair to expose untrained, unarmed, civilian workers to modern warfare, and it was hardly good military strategy. Had the construction men at Wake and other Pacific atolls been trained to build and to defend, to repair and to rebuild, under conditions of savage combat, the island-snatching Jap would not have spread so quickly over the Pacific. Naval Construction Battalions were formed to meet this situation. December, 1941, the same month which was scarred with the Pearl Harbor attack, witnessed the birth of the first Naval Construction Battalion. During the following months, the program accelerated until almost 300,000 Seabees were trained to live and to build under fire. The same American genius for organization, which sent ships and planes off assembly lines in an avalanche of mass production, took construction men trained for peace, regimented and trained them for war.

By the summer of 1943, battalions were coming off the Camp Peary assembly line at the rate of one every day and a half. At the height of this fertility, the 130th was born on 9 September, 1943.

- Most of the eleven hundred men in this giant drill hall at Camp Peary, Virginia, were very confused when
this picture was taken. Most of us had had but four
frustrated weeks of boot training in which to make the
transition from civilian to military. Fifteen of us were
under eighteen years of age, but sixty-two were over
thirty-eight, and our average age was twenty-seven
years. Besides this, more than half of us were mar-
rried; with but few exceptions we struggled through to
a more or less suitable adjustment. We started our
trek from homes in large cities, from farms, from
every conceivable walk of life. We were insurance
men, grocers, welders, merchants, accountants, archi-
tects, bakers, butchers, brick masons, matlmen, ma-
chinists, dining car stewards, teachers, salesmen. We
came from the sparsely settled regions of the west,
from the north and from the south, and more than one-
third of us were from the metropolitan areas of Illinois,
New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts.

Four days after gathering in that giant drill hall, the
130th entrained on 1910-model coaches for Davisville,
Rhode Island, where there was set in motion a training
program in diesels, refrigeration, demolition, motor
mechanics, sanitation, mosquito control, first aid, jungle
warfare, and range firing. Instruction was received in
automatic weapons and anti-aircraft; the men who
later manned guns aboard vessels on which we sailed
to war were taken to Newport and naval outposts
around Narragansett for practice with 40mm. defense
guns. One of the most valuable schools in the program
concerned earth moving, where men were trained in
the operation and maintenance of carryalls, cranes,
shovels, bulldozers, hoes, clamshells, ditch-diggers,
patrol graders, and other heavy machines.
Four weeks of intensive training completed, all hands went on a ten-day leave, the last visit home, for the majority, before shipping overseas. The picture above was taken on 23 October, 1943, three days after we returned from this leave. On this day the battalion was put through its commissioning exercises.

• From the naval construction training schools at Camp Endicott, Davisville, battalions went on to advanced training at one of three main points: Camp Lejeune, Gulfport, Miss., Camp Parks, near San Francisco, Calif., or across the fence to Camp Thomas, Davisville. We crossed the fence.

Camp Thomas was designed to create the environment of an overseas base. The camp was bleak; the quonset huts were cold; primitive pot-bellied stoves were the only source of heat. Even after the serving line was enclosed, food lost heat, became cold and unappetizing before it could be devoured.

But Davisville was unique among training camps; you could escape to the arms of surrounding Rhode Island hospitality. Lord knows they should have been as tired of servicemen as were other American communities, but this piece of New England seemed to like us. The feeling was sufficiently mutual that when over-
night liberties became difficult we contrived special ways and means. Some Chiefs were not averse to selling forged green chits to help overcome the liberty problem.

At Camp Thomas the battalion continued some classes begun at Endicott and went into pontoon structures which pioneered formations that later facilitated unloading operations at Normandy in June, 1944. Rhino-ferries, pontoon structures, transported across the English Channel eighty per cent of all supplies landed on the Normandy beaches during the first twenty-four hot hours of the invasion. These rhino-ferries were manned by Seabees. Along with pontoon experiments, military training became a series of hikes, night problems, and operation of new weapons. During the early fall, several trips were made to Sun Valley, a five-mile hike from Camp Thomas.

- Besides the range firing, there were problems of storming and holding vacated cowbarns, extended order drill, our first taste of K-Ration, and scuttlebutt. Scuttlebutt was always with us, but as weeks passed and the training program palled, and the battalion went into public works, flashes came from every stool. We were shipping to Europe; it was Bermuda; we were permanent station force. The men with wives in Providence or East Greenwich grasped the latter straw to their hearts with hooks of steel. Men preparing for a foreign war went on liberty with new appreciation for Stateside peace. A four weeks visit lengthened to four months, each month colder than the last.
Except for one man who brought his girl from Illinois to be married in our Chapel on Christmas Day, few of us remembered for long that Christmas in a drear, military setting. The extravagant party in Camp Thomas’ theater was strained yuletide gaiety, bravely hiding the hankering for Christmas of more dependable years.

Every time we passed through these gates we hoped that next Christmas would be different. Mostly, we avoided the Christmas theme.

When the genuine scoop on shipping out came, we were on maneuvers at Sun Valley, learning security on the march the hard way, in twelve inches of snow. Building shipping crates became a major project. While men hammered, they wondered how many liberties were left, and the liberty became more desperate.

When we marched into Endicott to the stirring music of our military band, people turned to look at us. An outfit ready to ship. Actually, we were not ready at all, not to turn our backs irrevocably upon home. We were not ready when restriction was clamped down in the midst of Endicott’s Winter Carnival. Only one man got to Providence legally after that; he went to increase his stake in the life we were leaving by a quick wedding and four-hour honeymoon.

With the Chaplain’s prayer drifting somewhere around the fringe of our minds, a Red Cross doughnut resting its lead in our stomachs, body all aching and racked with pain under full packs, and a number on our helmet, we boarded the USS Frederick Funston in a four-hour column. On the pier a band blared, then swung, while three girls jitterbugged. We waved and cheered as the
Funston pulled away. Little Rhodie faded in the mist.

The short-lived enthusiasm for a new experience was drowned off Cape Hatteras, drowned in vomit, when 2/3 of passengers and crew puked their seasickness over ladders, passageways, and decks. It was a brave stomach that stayed afloat in the turbulent Cape. The calm Carribbean returned our balance, but compart-ments, below the water line, became stifling, and the only liquid to slake your thirst was water sickened with point from the inside of the tank; showers were ratiioned salt water.

Through the Indies and into the Canal, staring at Balboa and Panama City through glasses handed around, hungry for the parts of the sight which your imagination provided. Jerked away next day, no one allowed ashore.

From the ship's speaker system, the captain called his crew to alert attention as we slipped quietly into the Pacific. "We are now entering Japan's back yard."

Drills were conducted daily for all hands; abandon ship, fire, and boat drills. One alert, "Submarine con-tacted off port side," was the Sonar system's reaction to a mass of fish.

Twenty-three cramped, monotonous days of stale stenches, boredom, and food unfit for a dog. Words cannot convey the joy which the sight of Diamond Head released in us.

- Worming our way ashore and onto waiting trucks,
half of us went to Ewa to begin the squeeze play which ousted the tired 10th Battalion a few months later; the other half of us crawled under pieces of canvas or lumber in the rain of Waikawa Gulch. The halves joined in three weeks. In the meantime, work commenced on the Marine Corps Air Station, Ewa, a two-and-a-half million dollar construction program.

As a long assignment, Hawaii had its difficulties. Too far from the States to go home, even if your mother was dying, too far from Pacific action to find an obvious relation between our work and the war, it became necessary for top-side to issue a statement clarifying that relationship. Not many of us were content to spend our stretch in the service doing post-war construction, not, at any rate, thousands of miles from home where the ratio of men to women, including kanakes, nurses, and WACs, was around 500 to one, and the officers had that one. Fact is, when we left the
States, women became a memory for nearly all except the gold braid. A few casualties from Honolulu’s social life were hauled in for company and anniversary dances at the Ewa school auditorium, but not many men got their dates into bomb shelters on the moonlit lawn. Morale was a lot of little things, and in most of them we were frustrated. War was mainly waiting, wondering where we came in. But there is an end to even sixteen months of boredom, inactivity, waiting, and post-war work. The reviews illustrate the beginning of a new deal.

- Our role in World War II did not begin until we arrived in Saipan to join the Second Marine Division for the invasion of Okinawa. Finally, after five warm, dusty weeks, and a squalid Christmas at Iroquois Point, we shipped to Saipan in two advance echelons aboard the freighters, USS Alexander and USS Japara, and the main body aboard the old luxury liner of the twenties, USS President Johnson. Other branches of the service were aboard, more specifically over a hundred Army nurses, segregated, as usual, to regions above the promenade decks with over a hundred male officers luckwise confined. It was a field trip in democracy. Some of us Congress had declared gentlemen; from others Congress had withheld that privilege, and a nurse’s love, giddy or sedate, panted in the balance.

On Saipan in mid-January, 1945, six months A.M. (after the Marines), Japs still hid in the hills, dumped mortar shells into a crowded Seabee movie across Mt. Topacho from our camp. We dug our first fox-holes, filled them with empty beer cans, for bombings were infrequent and uneventful for us, although the advance echelon had been shaved by shrapnel from a bombed gas tank.

Saipan meant two months more waiting, watching giant B-29s take off loaded for Tokyo, and standing quizzically upon Suicide Cliff trying to imagine Jap women leaving off combing their hair to wade, child in hand, to meet an indoctrinated death in the surf.

- While the docks of Tanapag Harbor commenced piling up with supplies to equip the Second Marine Division for an amphibious operation, we began to catch up with the war. The ten months on Oahu had been ten months of peace-time construction; eight more months had slipped by in training, traveling, and waiting. Now, eighteen months old, the battalion became a community in a new sense. Looming ahead were common dangers drawing the attention of a thousand men into common preparations: shots for bubonic plague, cholera, and typhus; lectures on climate, animal life, snakes, pests, and diseases; clothing impregnated with DDT; gas masks and ordnance gear handled
with new affection; final lectures on mines, mortars, sanitation, and water purification, all heard with new ears.

It was no secret that we were on the threshold of action, the largest amphibious operation yet attempted on Japan’s doorstep. A general court-martial threatened the man who revealed our destination, but the secret was poorly kept. Every private and seaman on Saipan told you that it was Okinawa on April 1, and everyone knew that it would be the first time that land-based Jap planes might give the enemy his first definite air superiority against an American invasion. "Tokyo Rose" punctuated her nightly broadcast with promises of death for the foolhardy Americans whom she, too, knew would attack Okinawa on Easter morning. And while many of us envisioned vicious bombings and strafings, some of us knew the finger of panic tapping on our heart. Men talked about the last letter home, some were certain that their number was up, but gear in excess of marching pack was carefully stored, just in case they did survive.

We sent 320 of our musclemen with Marines aboard transports to perform as shore party teams on Okinawa beaches. Other small details went with Marine combat troops to work on sanitation and mosquito control, and 115 men were left behind as custodians of excess gear. The remainder of men and equipment, about six hundred of us, were loaded aboard two LSTs.

- We had tons of equipment aboard, but everyone had his mind on the fifty tons of explosives, high test gasoline, TNT, and ammunition. During the four day dress rehearsal off the beaches of Tinian, with the entire Second Division and supporting convoy, we had our first brush with disaster. The fear of sailors on night watch in convoy, the fear of collision, became a reality. The convoy lane had become jammed, and the five hundred yard interval between ships narrowed, became impossible to maintain. Watches, fore and aft, called out, "Three hundred yards," "Two hundred yards aft," "One hundred yards aft," and finally the stern ship leaped at us out of the night. There was a crunching thud; lights went out; gas fumes filled the air; everyone jumped or was hurled from his bunk. Narrowly missing the watch on duty in the aft port gun tub, the bow of the offending ship struck and careened along our port beam, buckling the rail and ramming one of our LCVPs. Men asleep on that port deck narrowly escaped death. Two dogs acquired at Saipan barked furiously. But morning light revealed only a few buckled plates and railing, a damaged small boat, and laughter. We laughed with relief against a background of fifty tons of dynamite, ammunition, and high octave gas.

We returned to Saipan, took on and sent the last mail, procured a new LCVP, and in Palm Sunday dawn, 25 March, we hit for the target. We had moved dozens of times in the past eighteen months, had mobility down to a science, but this was our first big league game. While the 320 men in shore party teams quarreled with gyrenes over food and six-hour relays in a 3-in-1 sack aboard the transports, life on the LSTs was comfor-
table, food excellent, bunks strewn all over the decks, in and under mobile cargo. Everyone was more congenial than usual, quietly visiting with a little-known neighbor at general quarters an hour before breakfast and sunrise. We were a community exposed to a common crisis, and we were a team. The crew, members of the Amphibious Command, held themselves aloof from the Common Navy, enjoyed Seabee company.

We had lots of company standing off Okinawa on Easter morning. Hundreds of ships; all over the sea, friendly vessels. Reefs encircled the entire island with few breaks; this coastline presented fewer natural obstacles.

* Long before daybreak action commenced. The fleet laid off-shore pounding beach emplacements with its big guns; cruisers and battlewagons out near the transports, destroyers like bulldogs barking their guns under the nose of Jap shore batteries. Like ducks on a pond, we floated in the middle with about fifty other LSTs. Rocket boats slid up and down the coast, closer in even than the destroyers, pouring fire into the beaches. It was still quite dark when we had our first brush with the same Jap Kamikaze (suicide) planes which we were later to know so well. Amid the noise of spasmodic booming of the Navy’s big guns, suddenly we heard the warning come over the speakers, “Enemy aircraft approaching.” Straining eyes and ears, intensely alert with alarm, most of us saw nothing until 20s and 40s opened up, throwing orange and red spurs across a narrow strip of water. Some saw that bat-shaped splurge of denser blackness hurtle into the dark convoy, but, if the guns which opened up found their mark, they were too late. That Jap pilot dove to meet Honorable Ancestors via two bulkheads of the LST in the lane next to us. Hit just above the water line, gasoline from the Kamikaze spewing flame over decks, the LST lit up the dawn. We stood by to pick up survivors as “Abandon ship” became the order aboard the ill-fated vessel. Everything was unreal to the spectator; only the man in the water appreciated and felt the crisis. Later, we began to feel and appreciate vicariously the experience of burning Marines caught in a flaming compartment, or of one sailor who, both arms shot off, leaped from the burning ship to discover that he needed arms to stay afloat. Some we took aboard were horribly burned.

Weeks before, the hour of invasion had been set at eight o’clock, and promptly on the appointed hour the morning sea was cut into white ribbons by LCVPs streaking for the beaches from outlying transports. Two planes laid a wide smoke screen on the beaches, while guns from the fleet continued to speak their piece. No Jap battery replied; they continued to protect their gun positions with stubborn silence.

It was a successful fake invasion. A few yards before hitting the beach, LCVPs turned around under cover of smoke screen and, like chicks, streamed for their mother transports. We laughed when “Tokyo Rose” reported later in the day that the American had been repulsed off the southeastern coast. We laughed and
relished steak sandwiches and coffee while we stood
battle stations until mid-afternoon. That night we
pulled out. In Lingayen Gulf, the Japs had used small
suicide boats in darkness, had even thrown hand gre-
nades at anchored ships. We pulled out full speed
ahead and circled many miles to the northeast of our
target. The next morning we came back to emphasize
our fake invasion by doing the same thing again.
Weeks later, when that southeastern coast had been
taken by the Seventh Army Division, we learned that
the Jap had been best prepared on that strip of coast-
line, had dozens of inter-connected caves and tunnels
equipped with guns on railway tracks ready to cut
our assault to ribbons. American strategy had pinned
this defense power down, while poorly defended Yon-
tan and Katena airstrips on the western coast fell
quickly under our main assault.
Harrowing as was our part in the fake invasion of the
southeastern beaches, our worst hours came in the
nature of pun nervous tension while we roamed
around and around in the company of other landing ships waiting to be called to the beaches. We grew accustomed to rushing to general quarters morning and evening, and sometimes during the day, over an obstacle course of conduits, vents, bunks, benches, ladders and lockers. We adapted ourselves to being close to the action toward which the eyes of the world were turned, and yet having to tune into an American short-wave broadcast for news of the battle's progress. But the wear and tear of time, fifty tons of high explosives in the hold, and Jap home waters, day in and day out running in great circles, sometimes three hundred, sometimes fifty miles off the invasion coast, without the protecting fleet within sight, ruffled our nerves. We were in the worst spot most of us had known. Had we encountered even the smaller vessels of the enemy fleet, they could have picked us off like ducks on a pond. One small shell in our TNT would have added considerably to the government's list of widows' pensions. One evening we narrowly slid by a mine, and the command sharply called for a more alert watch.

• Happy were we when four short words came over the speaker system, "We're going in!" We wanted to free ourselves from that volatile cargo.

With the liberating message in our ears, we headed for the western beaches of Okinawa, which had fallen easily to our main forces. The mouth of the Bisha Gawa was reached just before noon of the 12th, and we drove that gaping mouth of the LST across the coral reef, opened the passageway, and hurried bulldozers, loaded trucks, and construction equipment across the reef. Small boats came alongside to receive the high test gasoline from cranes.

• Unloading operations continued all afternoon until the Beachmaster ordered us away for the night. That night the Japs came over with their second large air raid since D-Day, and the sky was brilliant with tracers. Some of us, ashore with unloaded equipment, squeezed under chassis and wheels, narrowly escaped the shrapnel which fell like rain. The rest of us rode our dynamite through that night of fireworks. The next day we got it Ashore where we could run away from it. We felt once more in control of our destiny.

Work during the first weeks ashore was hurried and confused; living was rough. A foxhole was something you dug with care; it was not just a hole in the ground. You took into consideration the prevailing winds, the rain and the drainage, and when it was completed you stood off and reviewed it from the viewpoint of a quick approach. But not many of us were prepared for rains which came every day, often at the rate of an inch per hour. Fox-holes seldom dried out, and after slopping around ankle-deep, we put in make-shift floors from packing cases.

Work was pressed through air raids, stopping only when actual firing commenced. Trucks bogged down on the way to supply our Army and two Marine divisions at the fronts with critical materials. Roads had to be raised from the sea of mud. Coral pits hummed with shovels and trucks, and we stayed with our ma-
chines until the flak fell. Yontan airfield grew in spite of harrassing raids; we saw it change from a small gravel field into hard, white, coral strips wide and long, where B-29s could land and get repairs among innumerable shop structures. The roads we built solved genuine difficulties of front line supply; a few thousand yards of coral, a Bailey bridge or two, and thousands of vehicle-hours were saved from long waiting at points of congestion. At a Marine evacuation hospital we built bomb-shelters for wounded veterans. One shelter was completed too late; on the night of a big raid, when shrapnel filled the air, a tent ward full of patients took a direct bomb hit, and fourteen were killed who might have been flown out the next day. We knew the stakes were high and worked around the clock, untiring. Most of us felt new vitality, new energy, in the emergency; we worked harder with less sleep than we ever had before.

- No spot on earth during World War II was subjected to as many air raids per week as we were on Okinawa. The destroyer picket lines sixty miles off shore took ceaseless punishment at considerable cost in ships and lives. In one day 168 Jap planes were shot out of the Okinawa atmosphere. Every day saw Kamikaze planes striking for ship or shore installation; many of the 80-odd ships hit in the Okinawa action were victims
of the Kamikaze. Every day saw a few Japs get through our outer air defenses to harass men and machines at work. By the end of July, we had gone to Condition Red one hundred sixty-six times.

• We got along on surprisingly little sleep; we had to. Danger released undeveloped resources within all of us. One stick of bombs fell in our back yard. Not many could take life easy in those days.

• A man took his life in his hands walking about camp after dark. Everyone was on his toes, ready for anything. It did not matter who you were, show a light during an alert and a hundred voices rose out of the dark. "Turn off that damn light!" One guard was shot by another at two o'clock in the morning, and military prestige was forgotten in raucous calls, "Get the doctor!" "Where's that damn doctor?"

To harassing air raids were added the whistling mortar shells of one shy Jap, Whistling Willie, holed up in a cave, who sent his missiles whining over our heads and onto Kadena airfield during the late evening air raid. After the first week, men stopped bringing hunks of flak to the OOD's office just because the sanctity of their socks had been invaded by an ugly piece of jagged steel. Such things became commonplace, along with the amazing skyful of fireworks. Five degrees of any night's sky would have made a breath-taking Fourth of July back home.

The island was secured on June 21, after eighty-two days of a long, vicious, expensive struggle. The entrenched Jap guns were silenced.

• But our role was not ended with the destruction of the enemy. Men in motion through a twenty-four hour schedule, took no holiday, went to no rest camp, shifted to a shorter, eight instead of twelve-hour work schedule and plunged into the work of reconstructing damaged installations and expanding a base of further operations against the Jap. Tension relaxed, the pace subsided, but construction men remained in motion. Until the shock of two atomic bombs and the tread of Russian troops jarred the Jap into defeat and peace, we built heavy duty roads, air strips, shop facilities on Yontan. We fulfilled our role the best we knew how, pursued our obligations as we saw them, gave the strength of our young manhood down every avenue which opened unto us. While the FBI tracked down half a million draft evasion cases, sentenced over twelve thousand of them to prison terms, we accepted the obligation or privilege to help our nation in a time of crisis.

Toward the end of that summer of 1945, Ingrid Bergman, on a USO tour, stood on a Berlin balcony which Hitler had used, delivered the Gettysberg Address to GIs, Russians, and Berliners in the square below. Hirohito wiped tears with white-gloved hands as he sobbed a message accepting the Potsdam peace terms; on hearing their emperor's words over the radio, one hundred million Japs prostrated themselves and shed bitter tears of self-examination and self-reproach (Domel News Agency report). We felt good, knew a great flood of relief. It was over, and we had played our part.
BATTALION ORGANIZATION
TO ALL HANDS

This is a partial record of our two years together, in the war against Japan.

During these years we saw many places and many strange and wonderful things. We saw the war at the furthest American spearhead toward the Empire. We saw Americans and Japanese die in combat. We accomplished much work toward winning the war and saw our projects used directly in the final phases of the assault on the Empire.

All those who served in the 130th Construction Battalion should feel as proud as I do of the outstanding record of the Battalion.

Let this book serve to remind us of times past and places far away, when we served together on the long and bloody road to Japan.
All orders issued by the Executive Officer were considered as coming direct from the Skipper. He had not one finger on the pulse of the battalion but all ten of them. One moment he might be making a decision regarding the construction of an airstrip; the next, he might be giving a seaman permission to visit in a neighboring outfit.

Mr. Levy was both dynamo and control switch, keeping wheels spinning, directing the flow of power.
Naval red tape is as traditional as saluting the skipper. The Personnel Office was the clearing house for that red-tape. And you, up there in that cat, if you think that a yeoman’s life is a breeze, do you remember trying to decipher AlNav 196, that explained the Navy point system for discharge? Personnel had to make it work. It was the same with thousands of other papers that passed through their hands.

Their functions were important. They received men in and transferred them out; rerated (especially after the war was over) and dis-rated; insured men for the wife and kids; all incoming and outgoing battalion mail, countless reports, letters, and forms were part of the barrage of duties.

At a thankless, seldom-appreciated task, the yeomen worked when the rest of us worked; often they worked while we played. The duty they performed, for which all of us are everlastingly grateful, was the issuance of the papers sending us home.
The men of Supply were the Battalion housekeepers. The ordering and procuring of food, clothing, shelter, medicine, construction and operating equipment, and all other utilities fell to this department, as well as the tremendous amount of bookkeeping involved in the transactions.

Each time we moved, Supply organized and supervised the work. For the Okinawa invasion alone, thousands upon thousands of items, ranging from rubber stamps to a 60-ton Northwest crane had to be listed on a cargo manifest, which, when completed, comprised over 100 pages. Then each item had to be crated, weighed, and assigned to its designated place aboard ship.

Supply's best selling product was toilet paper—35,000 rolls, or over 2,000 miles of it. One of their many clever deals was ordering materials for four 250 and one 100-man camps, instead of for one 1000-man camp, thus gaining a neat ten per cent on battalion gear.
Average monthly cash payments disbursed by this department amounted to $72,000. In addition to this amount, deductions from pay accounts covering allotments to dependents and for saving purposes amounted to $30,000 monthly. Family allowance deductions amounted to $13,000 monthly, for both class A and Class B dependents.

Besides the job of making all hands happy once a month, disbursing duties involved many complex problems. When the Government instituted a new schedule of Family Allowances in November 1943, plenty of midnight oil was consumed by this department changing MAQ (money allowance for quarters for Dependents) to Family Allowance benefits for hundreds of men.

July 1, 1944, the Navy put into effect a new pay system which forced Disbursing to learn some new wrinkles in a three-day refresher course at Pearl Harbor.

Upon arrival at Okinawa a new form of currency (Yen) had to be used. On Sept. 4, 1945 the Yen was devalued from 10 to 15 Yen to the U. S. Dollar, necessitating an adjustment of all outstanding Yen. The job of collecting and reissuing Yen involved Disbursing in more late hour duty.
The men of the 130th learned that the Medical Department was functioning when they lined up for the first inspection in Peary drill hall.

At Camp Endicott the first shot-line was formed with tetanus, yellow fever, smallpox, and typhoid the favored doses. As the battalion prepared to go overseas there were a few cases of embarkitis, but no epidemic developed.

The general health of the battalion remained very good at Ewa; sick calls were average. There was another session of shots. The Department continued its weekly inspections of galley and camp grounds.

There were few seasick cases aboard the USS President Johnson on the road to Saipan—the hundred nurses aboard were only passengers. At Saipan the Medical Department were kept busy preparing their gear for the invasion of Okinawa, giving lectures on sanitation and first aid, and supervising the impregnation of all clothing, blankets and other gear to be taken on the landing. The first of the daily atabrine was passed out.

On Okinawa the Department moved into a group of farm buildings and in two weeks had whipped them into one of the best medical units on the island. There were more flak injuries (not serious) on the false V-J day than during the four months the battalion lived and worked just a few miles from the front lines.

With the end of the war, an epidemic that was incurable on Okinawa spread through the 130th—Statesideitis. A few discharge points, not pills, effected rapid cures.
"At the bottom of a good deal of bravery that appears in the world there lurks a miserable cowardice for the dentist's chair."

The Dental Department was responsible for the oral health of the battalion. Shortly after the 130th was organized, all men were given a dental examination and put into one of four groups depending on the condition of their teeth. They were given appointments according to the urgency of their cases.

The department rendered a real service to the men of the battalion. Many men, who might otherwise have gone unattended, received care that prevented unnecessary loss of teeth; others had bridge work done, and a few had plates made. All received the benefits of preventive and restorative dental treatment.

Before leaving Hawaii for Saipan and Okinawa, all men who had not had recent appointments were examined and the necessary corrective work done, except for the chronic "gum beaters" for whom there was no cure.
Thunder on! stride on, Democracy! strike with vengeful stroke!
And do you rise higher than ever yet, O days, O cities!
I have lived to behold man burst forth, and warlike America rise;
Hence I will seek no more the food of the northern solitary wilds.
No more on the mountains roam, or sail the stormy sea.

—Whitman
YE AULD BENCH WARMERS

NO DUTY GRADUATES

SMILES OF 1944

THREE MUSKETEERS—PATHOS IN MIDDLE

PINEAPPLE AND CORN SQUEEZINS

SWEET JASAMILANI
Peace is declared, an' I return
Stateside, but not the same;
Things 'ave transpired which made me learn
The size and meanin' of the game.
I did no more than others did,
I don't know where the change began;
I started as a average kid,
I finished as a thinkin' man.
SCOOTER "SKIPPER"

QUARTET IN "A" MINOR

PLATOON 3

PLATOON 4

PLATOON 5

PLATOON 6
We make 'em their bridges, their wells, an' their huts,
An' the telegraph-wire the enemy cuts,
We build 'em nice barracks—they swear they are bad,
That our Colonels are Methodist, married or mad,
Now the Line's but a man with a gun in his hand,
An' Cavalry's only what horses can stand,
Artillery moves by the leave o' the ground,
But we are the men that do something all round.

—Kipling
BAKER'S ACT OF CONGRESS

THE COMMANDER, XO, TWO "AIDE DE CAMPS" AND YOUR "BALL-BEARING" WAVE
NAVY MOTHERS

NEW SHARE-CROPPERS

E PLURIBUS UNUM!

A FISHIN' WE DID GO!

BAKER'S JUBILEE
VENI, VIDI, NON VICII

IRREPRESSIBLE LEILANI

UNFORGETTABLE "POP" CHEVINSKY

CLEAN SWEEPDOWN

A CAMERA DOESN'T LIE—MUCH

SLEEPING BEAUTY

INSPECTION

MELLOWING FRIENDS
Came the day when we all became C-bees
Couldn’t believe it to be true
Came the day when we learned all about Can Do
Came the days when we will all remember
- Mustering "C"
FORCED MARCH

COMPANY PICNIC—OAHU

WAR IS HELL

WAR IS STILL HELL

OUR FAVORITE SPORT
They called us Dog Company  
Phonetics, they said  
Stuff mates, Remember?  
Our place in formation, picking up slack.  
Dregs of the GI, the shop-worn stock.  
Servings of chow sometimes cold, maybe short,  
Needles worn dull by the length of the line,  
Last inspected, and last to be paid,  
All because of that damned letter "D".  
But when they had a bridge to build  
Or wanted a leader for men,  
Carpenters, iron workers, plumbers,  
Heavy equipment or rigging,  
Refrigeration, ordnance or highline,  
Surveys, concrete, and PILOT,  
Look on these pages, you'll see the men—  
Dog Company.
THE EAGLE

THE EAGLE AND HIS SCOUTS

PLATOON 3

PLATOON 5

PLATOON 4

PLATOON 6
The long shadow of Dog Company's athletic prestige starts in the battalion's early history and reaches to the end. Having received the first Field Day Award at Camp Endicott, our men continued this tradition with championship performance in softball, boxing, swimming, wrestling, and even horse-shoes.

Dull moments? Thanks to the Dog Company Hillbillies, the rich Irish humor, and the high spirits of the Junior Commandos, our dull moments were few.
CHOW'S DOWN

GUESS WHO?

SANDMAN'S DIRECT HIT

TROPHY

SAINTS AND SINNERS

CHIGGERS, THE TRIGGERS
The O.O.D.'s office was the nerve center of the battalion. In the O.O.D. was vested the jurisdiction and supervision of security for the protection of life. Here disciplinary actions were begun. Here was the seat of law and order, second only to the Officer in Charge and the Executive Officer. In dealing with civil authorities, it protected a man's rights, and aided him when he was in trouble. In addition, the O.O.D. was the battalion historian; every event was chronologically recorded in the Log.

The Fire Department was representative of the battalion's initiative. The fire truck was made from a converted dump truck with a pontoon attached for carrying water. The men who manned the department were specialists in fire prevention as well as in fire fighting.

Shore Patrol was the maintenance of order at social activities and on liberty. They were on hand to straighten out difficulties between servicemen and civilians.

Security Guard were specialists in the use of fire arms. They manned the ten out/posts around the camp on Okinawa, insured a sound sleep for the rest of the battalion. Although we were in a relatively quiet sector, they had their exciting moments. One night one of the guards heard a noise, he challenged; there was no
answer; he challenged again; still no answer. He fired. When the guard approached, the horse was quite dead! The guards also like the story of Mr. Fisher walking around the outskirts of camp shouting, “Don’t shoot! don’t shoot! This is Mr. Fisher!” Another night they returned the fire of someone who dashed through the tall grass and disappeared. The next day a tunnel was found leading to an abandoned farm house. It was too small for anyone but a Jap to get through.

The Guard also TNT’d caves closed, strung barbed wire and trip flares around the outskirts of our area.

*}

SECURITY FORCE, OKINAWA

FIRE STATION, OKINAWA
Potentially important men were the armorer. The maintenance and repair of the small arms, machine guns, BAR's, distribution of ammunition, rifle cleaning gear, field packs, and gas masks was all under their supervision.

On Okinawa they were prepared for a rushing business, but fortunately the battalion's role in the island campaign was limited to construction and dodging into fox-holes.
Mail was foremost among the many things which maintained morale.

The Post Office opened for business when the battalion landed at Camp Endicott. The staff passed out the latest scuttlebutt with the mail.

Peak day: $15,000 in stamps and money orders were issued and two pouches of air mail distributed in addition to 40 sacks of parcels and papers. Even on that banner day came the question, "Is this all the mail today?"
"An army travels on its stomach": trite, but true; and thereby hangs an enormous job. Feeding a thousand men involves much more than their chewing and digesting what is given them. That is just the end. The antecedents to this end are legion, requiring the constant efforts of a large corps of commissary men. They procure, prepare, and serve the food; they maintain the means for doing so: chow hall, utensils, stoves, scullery, Jack O'Dot, bakery, butcher shop, and more; they are chartmen as well as cooks; a great deal of washing and scrubbing comes their way.

Other factors make theirs a tough job. A twenty-four watch starts at 0300. Their task is thankless. Everybody wants good chow, and no one more than they, but chow can be only as good as supplies permit. Given K-rations, or 10-in-1's, they're stuck: no matter how you slice it, it is still Spam. A typical supply issue on Okinawa: 425 cases of Spam, 60 cases each of corned beef and hash, 150 cases of eggs, onions, and potatoes, all dehydrated, 150 sacks of rice, and 150 sacks of Navy beans. Those days were rugged.

We have seen good days, too, days when the battalion, at a single sitting, would polish off 800 pounds of steak, or 600 large chickens, 10 cases of three kinds of vegetables, a dozen cases of fruit, and a hundred quillons of ice cream, plus accessories. No day was better, though, than 1-plus-15 on Okinawa, when the portable galley opened, to serve hot coffee and rolls and 10-in-1's. To men who had been living in mud-filled foxholes, drinking brackish water, and eating soggy crackers and cold beans, that was Heaven!
COOKS

STOREKEEPERS

BAKERS

MESS COOKS, NAVY STYLE

MORE MESS COOKS AND MARINE HELPERS
COOKS PREPARE SECOND ANNIVERSARY DINNER

FOOD PREPARATION IN EWA GALLEY

COOKS PUT ON A BUFFET THAT WOULD BE A CREDIT TO ANY FINE HOTEL

OUR BREAD AND BAKED GOODS WERE TOPS

FRESH MEAT SCARCE, THE BUTCHER (LEFT) HELPS WITH ICE-CREAM
CHOW TRAILER IN OPERATION (LEFT),
THE "MANTLE PIECE" MESS HALL (RIGHT)

OKINAWA MESS HALL. HUNGRY SEABEES WAITING FOR CHOW CALL

SECOND DAY, CHOW TRAILER TAKES ITS PLACE

A GOOD DAY PROCURING LEND-LEASE
Ship's Service had its origin when Raulie set up a tailor shop aboard the USS Frederick Funston. As you may remember, the battalion never wore whites in the States, and with liberties in Pearl Harbor the next big social event, Raulie and Smedley did a landslide business.

Ship's Service started functioning on a big scale when it bought out the Tenth NCB's inventory and facilities. Alterations gave us the beer garden, canteen, tailor shop, cobbler shop, barber shop, and photo shop. In those lush days some of the lads tired of the unlimited supply of beer and welcomed the ice cream and milk shakes sold at the beer garden in the weeks before shoving off. The canteen sold everything from peanuts to diamonds.

Ship's Service closed shop when the battalion left Ewa and didn't reopen until Okinawa was secured, when a tent was set up in back of Jake's Bowl and did a frontier business of essential items, and a few luxuries like cigars. Now it was called Ship's Store since it was operated under the regulations of the Supply Corps. Beer and Coca-Cola came in steadily but in measly quantities. The laundry offered free service. The last golden era of Ship's Service came when it moved into its deluxe quonset hut. But the war was over and no one worried much about what could be purchased with yen on Okinawa. The good old yankee dol-lah and what it could buy had started to become important while waiting transportation home.
HALF-PASTER’S BAR

LAUNDRY, OKINAWA

SAIL SHOP, OKINAWA

TAILORS AND COBBERS, EWA

SMATTER, CAN'T YOU READ THE SIG
Maintaining the morale of Seabees, older than the rank and file of service men, was not the same problem as in other branches of the service.

Any Marine or soldier in the Pacific will tell you how the Seabees lived. The opinion will invariably be, "the best." A newspaper correspondent on Okinawa submitted his opinion to his paper. He wrote, "The Seabee camps resemble dude ranches." Not long after D-day, men from outside units were coming from miles around to take hot showers at the 130th camp. Construction know-how enabled Seabees to transform their camps into cities.

All along the road to Japan we of the 130th saw how other service units lived. When necessary we lived that way ourselves but not for long. When seeing other camps the usual Seabee remark was, "There, how'd you like to live like that?"

And so it was with recreation and welfare. A gang of Marines with a sand lot and a battered football could have a whale of a time. The 130th camps either had the tops in facilities or went without until they could have the best. The available recreational facilities varied in direct proportion to the amount and urgency of the work being done by the battalion. At Oahu we had everything. For a time on Okinawa, we had very little but what we did have was good. On Okinawa the theater, the library, and the lounge were among the best on the island. Later we built the best ball diamond on the rock.

During the rough, early days on Okinawa, three front-line Marines dropped into the lounge for a visit; M-1's slung over their shoulders. They gaped at Jake's Bowl, the library, and the radio and record player. "Hell," exclaimed one, "this is Stateside!"

Our Seabees were not so easily satisfied. "Why don't we have this? Why haven't we got that?" were everyday questions. As previously explained, we were older men, average age 27; the skilled tradesmen were older than that.

We were men who had earned money; in most cases, good money. We had fine homes, clothes, and entertainment. Our lives had become established. We were used to living well. The service involved greater sacrifices for a group of Seabees than for most other groups. When we worked on the islands of the Pacific, we did so for eight or, under battle conditions, twelve or fifteen hours a day. We worked hard. Our labors did not cease when the last gun fired its last round. Therefore, off-duty, we wanted comfort, good entertainment, relaxation under mature conditions, and recreation in an adult manner.

These were some of the morale problems in the 130th Seabees. The Chaplain and his staff, with whatever resources were available, attempted to meet these problems wherever our location.
The department's work began on the day the battalion was formed, to handle receipts, distribution, and filing of classified correspondence and bulletins.

At Ewa the activities of Communication were expanded to include telegram and telephone service to the United States. Forms were available to all hands for the sending of EFM (prefabricated) and SCM (sender's composition) messages. Arrangements were made for trans-Pacific telephone calls.

Before leaving Oahu and later aboard ship, classes were organized in visual signaling.

At Saipan, the department was kept busy with Second Marine Division orders, operational plans, coded messages relative to the coming invasion. Telephone and line crews were organized, and equipment to be used at Okinawa was unpacked, carefully examined, and repacked.

Enroute to Okinawa, the signalmen met the Navy's new blinker equipment which permitted signaling at night from ship to ship without perception by anyone except the operators.

On Okinawa, the first job was to install the camp telephone system with connections to the Regiment and the island system. Various the jobs were done, mainly in moving and rerouting lines which interfered with battalion road construction.
The Legal Office was organized during the early days of the battalion. Its strength rested in the fact that it was guided by men who had a knowledge of civilian and naval law. Its first job was a summary court-martial on 26 September, 1943. From that time on, it had three general court-martial proceedings, five cases of fraudulent enlistment, thirty-one summary courts-martial, and ninety deck courts. Many men worried about their properties, wanted to sell them, but didn't know how. The wrinkles were ironed out by writing a power of attorney, granting to another person the power to act in their interest. Other men wondered about their estates. Wills were made out for them. Circumstances arose when suits were filed against men and their absence from court jeopardized their interests. The Legal Office came to their aid by taking a deposition. Some worried about courts-martial, but were put somewhat at ease when informed of their rights and when defense counsel was given them. Complicated domestic and military problems, the Legal Office handled them all.
The work of this shop was divided into three functions: Official; pictures of project progress, including 16mm movies; Welfare and Recreation, pictures for the PILOT; and Ship's Service. While at Ewa, as many as 7500 prints were ordered from Ship's Service in a single week. Day and night the pot boiled, mysterious brews were concocted, and the cauldron simmered its song of production. Four men worked three shifts around the proverbial sundial to push out the men's personal photographs, while one man was assigned to official and recreational photography.

At Okinawa, official and year-book pictures occupied the entire staff. To take the directory pictures for the year-book, a special jig was constructed which included a canary that guaranteed smiling pictures from all the men. All pictures in this book, with the exceptions mentioned in credits, were taken, processed, and technically reviewed by the Photo Lab personnel.

Toughest assignment: Shooting the companies at Ewa. Heavy equipment was rolled in to grade the site chosen. Each Sunday for five weeks a company grumbled into its whites and "hep, two, three'd" to the spot.

Can-Do Dept.: Made their own 35mm enlarger out of a salvaged Jap aluminum generator housing, with a focusing adjustment fitting made out of the male and female threads from a salvaged Jap valve. It worked for three months, replacing the enlarger lost in the landing.
Wherever we have pitched our tents, our camps have always been just a little better than average. When we left Camp Thomas, it was a much more pleasant and comfortable place than when we arrived. Our outstanding contribution there was the combination covered chow line and subway system.

On Oahu, working mainly with light-duty and band men, our adjutant rebuilt our movie, dressed up the beer garden, put in tennis and basketball courts (a little too late for our use). We even got a lawn started in front of our enlarged library before we shoved off for the Western Pacific.

On Okinawa, though almost all manpower and equipment were needed for combat construction, we gradually dug and drained one of the best camps on the island out of the ruins of the town of Makibaru and the neighboring rice paddies.
MAKIBARU, BEFORE INVASION AND AFTER
MAKI BARU
130th Camp built at the hub of invasion activities between Yontan and Kadena airfields. Camp site approached our first day ashore, April 13, 1945, over narrow Jap roads. The biggest problem was drainage.
OUR CAMP TAKES ON STATESIDE APPEARANCE, STREETS SANDED AGAINST MUD

PUP TENTS GIVE WAY TO PYRAMIDOTS

WE BEAUTIFY PALMS AVAILABLE AT OLD JAP HOMESITES

THE ARMORY DRESSES UP
FIRST SHOWER WITH RUNNING WATER ON OKINAWA. HOT WATER, TOO; BOY, WAS IT HOT!

CANTEEN WATER POINT

SCRUB DECK
WE WERE PROUD OF OUR MESS HALL AND GALLEY AND IT ENCOURAGED VISITORS

WE RIG UP WASH BASINS

THE WATER POINT IS IMPROVED

YOU GUessed IT
SAIPAN
Life with the Marines was rugged. A detachment preceded the Battalion and rigged up our temporary camp.

YOU COULD USUALLY BELIEVE THE BULLETIN BOARD

GOING FOR ICE DOWN THE BACK ROAD

ADMINISTRATION AREA

THE DAILY BUSINESS OF WAITING

GUARDS INSTRUCTED
This camp was a staging area for Battalions. Everything was sand and tsetse.
EWA

Pacific rest camp describes it best. Quonset huts, plenty of recreation and camp conveniences. The only objection was the "Corsair Reveille."
CAMP THOMAS

An advanced base depot camp. Will be remembered as a cold place to live with a warm Liberty town nearby.
True to Navy traditions the officers usually lived well. But they dug their own foxholes and lived in pup tents when we hit Makibaru.
Wardroom and Bar

Makibaru

Early efforts for comfort

Our stewards and cooks
The functions of the sanitation and mosquito control unit were many, and although its efforts and results were usually hidden in the background of a battalion's activity, its contribution was vital. The loss of many man-days, due to bacteria carried and spread by flies and mosquitoes, was prevented by the thoroughness of the unit's work in destroying breeding places. The handling and disposal of garbage and other waste material within the camp area, and keeping the heads and showers clean, were also part of their duties.
In Memoriam

N. A. Descak
F. D. Dunifer
L. Hause

They Gave Their Last Full Measure
AWARDED

"In a free and patriotic country each man has the opportunity of gaining recognition. Let all of us look with respect to the man who wears the Purple Heart. It shows that he has given of his lifesblood in the defense of his homeland."

George Washington

In the name of the President of the United States and by direction of the Secretary of the Navy, the Purple Heart is awarded by the C C T. A P O 331, to:

CHARLIE EDWARD CRANFORD, GM3c, USNR.

For wounds received in action against an enemy of the United States on 20 April, 1945.

Signed
A. G. Bissett
Commodore (CEC) USNR.

RECOMMENDED

Walter R. Corbin, MM2c, won a recommendation for the Navy and Marine Corps Medal.

When three Hellcats at Yontan Airfield were taking off the morning of 30 July, one of them crowded off the strip and crashed into a parked B-24, causing both planes to burst into flames. Walter Corbin, displayed exceptional courage by dashing to the cockpit of the burning Hellicat and extricating the injured pilot.

After cutting the pilot loose from his parachute, Corbin led the injured man from the field. Before they had proceeded a distance of 100 yards, the burning aircraft exploded.

His heroic conduct in the face of great danger saved the pilot from probable death or serious injury.
On 5 May, 1945, Roy E. Ellelt, CM2c, and Quentin A. Carroll, MM2c, did perform meritorious service in connection with military operations against the enemy on Okinawa Shima, Ryukyu Islands. Serious fires were blazing in native structures adjacent to an important supply road. One burning structure collapsed on the road, halting traffic and endangering personnel and military vehicles. Ellelt, without considering his own personal safety, drove his bulldozer into the flaming structure. Despite the intense heat and choking smoke, he cleared the burning debris from the road, permitting military traffic to flow again.

"A strong breeze threatened to set fire an entire block of buildings at an intersection of the utmost importance. Despite the intense heat blown into his face, Carroll, without hesitation and disregarding his own personal safety, drove his bulldozer up over a steep embankment, pushing flaming buildings back to a safe distance and smothering the burning debris with earth. Due to his outstanding service, MM2c Carroll made it possible for the flow of military traffic to be resumed."

So reads the recommendation for the "Bronze Star Medal" signed and attested to by 1st Lt. Leon T. Struble and Sgt. Warren E. Breniman, Headquarters, 1st Engineer Service Battalion, who witnessed the incident and heaped high praise on both Ellelt and Carroll.

During those first two weeks in May, the battle for the Shuri defense zone had reached a deadlock with the Japs holding the 1st and 8th Marine Divisions on their left, the Army's 77th Division on their center and the 96th and 7th Army Divisions on their right.

Two strongly defended points, Chocolate Drop Hill and Conical Hill, had to be taken in order to encircle Shuri and trap a portion of Jap General Ushitono's forces.

It was during this critical stage that the construction and maintenance of roads solved the problem of supply for the five fighting divisions. Carroll and Ellelt, heavy equipment operators, went beyond the call of duty to uphold the Seabee tradition of "Can Do."
Military life began for the 130th the second day at Camp Endicott with close-order drill. Then came dry-firing for hours on concrete decks, obstacle course runs, bayonet drill, extended order, and more close-order drill. Next, the first trip to Sun Valley (Rhode Island) to qualify on the Springfield rifle, plus a taste of life in quonset huts and barbed-wire liberty. Some of us went to mortar and anti-aircraft schools.

Returning from a 10-day pre-embarkation leave, the Battalion moved to Advance Base Depot, Davisville, and life in quonset huts. There were night problems, the obstacle course, more extended-order. The added difficulties of getting to Providence from Gate 2 was part of the advanced training. From ABD, another hike over the hill to ABD Sun Valley, then back to a new area at ABD where we gave ourselves freely to a base public works program.

We were beginning to get comfortable when packs and other equipment were broken out. Came another trek to Sun Valley and two weeks of intensive military training, hikes with full packs in zero weather, extended-order, security on the march, firing on the movable target range, and in the background the tapping of hammers making crates and boxes.

In Hawaii our weapons were forgotten until November when we stormed the Asphalt Plant, and fought the battle of Red Hill.

Iroquois Point will be remembered for the full-pack hikes while waiting for the USS President Johnson to be made seaworthy. Mine detection and bomb disposal schools introduced the Battalion to methods of avoiding hot-foo.

At Saipan the Junior-Seabees got a lasting taste of Marine discipline while the rest of the Battalion listened to lectures on bush typhus, malaria, Japanese weapons, hygiene, snakes and more snakes.

At Okinawa the military effort was passive—digging and living in dugouts. A perimeter guard was set up, and a plan of defense established, but we were lucky. The nearest the Japs got to our camp was their abortive airborne attack on Yontan.
WE LEARN TO MARCH TOGETHER

"Fall in" croaks the topkick and the boys fall into line
"How'd you like to see a show?"—The boys say "That'll be fine"
All the boys were rookies, how were they to know
It wasn't Mae West, Myrna Loy or Greta Garbo
We go to see the pictures, two are all they've found
One is bayonet training, the other, "Don't play around."
We liked the films the first time and we learned our lessons then
But Brass Hats think that we must see the shows again and again
So we have seen the same old films a dozen times or more
And now to us a training film is just a chance to snore.

PHYSICAL TRAINING TO BUILD MUSCLES

C COMPANY PRODUCES CHAMPIONS

OUR PACKS ARE INSPECTED

CLEANLINESS AND NEATNESS ARE CULTIVATED
WE LEARN TO FIRE THE CARBINE

AND HOW TO HOLD A THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUN

AND THROW GRENADES

TO DRAW A BEAD WITH THE BROWNING AUTOMATIC

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WE LEARN TO STRIP AND CLEAN OUR WEAPONS

WE TAKE A GUN WATCH

THE BATTALION LEAVES FOR A COMBAT PROBLEM

WE BREAK DOWN TO FIGHTING UNITS

OUR PLATOON LEADER SIGNALS "SQUAD WEDGE"
WE ARE DEPLOYED FOR THE ADVANCE

TSMG'S TAKE UP POSITIONS IN HASTY FIELD FORTIFICATIONS

FIRST AID IS USED

WE LEARN TO IMPROVISE OUR COOKING
THIS IS HOW TO ERECT A PUP TENT

WE ARE TAUGHT PROTECTION AGAINST GAS

AN UNBELIEVER

WE TEST OUR GAS MASKS

BOMB DISPOSAL UNIT SHOWS TYPES OF MINES

MINED

PROBING FOR MINES

LOOK OUT FOR THESE
The first act of the battalion after its formation and arrival at Camp Endicott was to enter on a long advanced technical training schedule which ran the gamut of figuring stresses in trusses to learning the right way to hold a hammer. Dozens of men were introduced to new skills and nearly all of their skills assumed places of importance in critical work which was later expected of us. Most of this training was packed into four weeks at Endicott, but a portion of our time at Camp Thomas was also given to it. At Ewa, we trained heavy equipment operators, and later, while working at Okinawa, a specific training program was set up while the men were actually working on the air strip.

Short courses were offered in drafting, interpretation of plans, surveying, and structural design. Time was spent in becoming acquainted with advance base equipment furnished to construction battalions: generators for light and power, water purifiers and distillers on which we would depend for water. And we learned the Navy's system of cataloging and furnishing spare parts.

One of the important factors in winning World War II was the prefabricated units that permitted quick installation of fighting facilities right under Jap noses. We learned to use the gear as it was designed to be used, to put together and pull apart the Navy's magic boxes (pontoons) which built piers, drydocks, barges, Rhino-ferries. We built Quonsets until we knew every part of them. We worked on Baily bridges, that adaptation of an Erector-set to a war need; learned to put one together in four hours; tore down diesel and gas engines, adjusted and repaired them. We became an efficient construction team.
VOTING

During the presidential election campaign the following notice was posted about our camp, and men appeared at the voting booth to exercise their American prerogative of self-government. Together with millions of servicemen flung throughout the world in 1943, we held an election in the midst of the national emergency of war.

SERVICEMEN VOTING

On 1 August, 1944, a postcard application for state absentee ballot will be given to each man who will be 21 years old (18 for Georgia citizens) on 7 November.

Those men desiring to vote should fill out the postcard application in the presence of a commissioned officer who will administer and attest the oath.

The postcard should then be mailed to the Secretary of State of the voter's home state.

INSURANCE

A TEN MILLION DOLLAR BATTALION

A survey of the battalion showed that 98% of the men had taken out $10,000 of Government insurance. The policies of the remaining two per cent who had less than $10,000, averaged $4,652. Three of these men were actually insured for more than $10,000 if their civilian policies were included.
To Hawaii:
USS FREDERICK FUNSTON
USS LOWNDES
USS SOUTHAMPTON
USS MIFLIN
SS DOROTHEA DIX
LST 812

To Saipan:
M.E. JAPARA
S.S. EDWARD P. ALEXANDER
S.S. PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Moving day, in both civil and military life, is a disagreeable time. But in military life that discomfort assumes gigantic proportions. Moving a battalion was more than a matter of packing belongings and articles of furniture. Roughly, this is what had to be done each of the four times the 130th moved.

Paper work came first: each of thousands upon thousands of pieces of gear and equipment were listed. A manifest was made, to set up cargo organizations. Thus, galley gear, housing, plumbing, each had its specified location. All gear was packed in waterproof cases and numbered to expedite handling. Then the thousands of cases were loaded on trucks, brought to the embarkation point, unloaded in a storage yard, loaded again and brought to the dock, there hoisted to a specified section aboard ship, transported, unloaded again on a destination dock or beach, loaded on trucks, brought to the new battalion location, and unloaded in a storage lot, to be broken out as needed. That is just the skeleton: the real story is that of the stevedores, truck drivers, guards, and directing officers who worked 50, 60, 70 hours without rest; of nosing to shore LST's with 750 ton load, when their beaching load limit is 500 tons; of fighting a heavy Okinawa surf and losing but one piece of equipment in the fight, an old truck which dropped into a Puka hole while trying to negotiate to a reef.

It was a hectic affair, moving a thousand men and their 7500 tons of equipment.
UNLOADING LST's WAS A TRYING AND TEDIOUS JOB
FAMILIAR SCENES
OASIS IN CORAL—SAIPAN

OUT OF ACTION

NATURE'S FORTRESS SILENCED

MUTE SENTINEL
CAVALCADE

THE MEN RODE

THE WOMEN WALKED

WINNOWING RICE
MILESTONES

FLIGHT FANCIES
The 130th helped to win the battle of Okinawa by running an unofficial lend-lease program. Technical advice and material were given with no strings attached (only army combat boots, field caps, and other gear). A load of coral lost on the wrong road would be dumped conveniently near a dogie camp and several misplaced cases of 10-in-1 would augment the K-rations in local tents.

The motor of an electric typewriter burned out, was needed by the III Amphib Corps for communication work behind the front lines. The electric shop with salvaged Jap wire rewound the motor, put it back in service.

One of the most complex lend-leases concerned an old Jap 2 h.p. motor which we rewound. The Navy civilian hospital at Koza had a spare 2½ KW generator, wanted the gas pump; an Army truck company needed a generator, and were willing to swap a jeep for it. Our electric shop needed the jeep. We got it, and when this circle of lend-lease was completed, the other outfits had the equipment they needed.

During the early and hectic days on Okinawa a detail went to a field hospital to fix up tents and cots for patients who were sinking under inches of mud and water. They found conditions deplorable. Besides doing the required work, our men came back to camp, loaded up with 10-in-1 rations, cigarettes, candy, and jam from Jake's Store and the galley and took them back to the astonished patients. Unofficial, of course, but what a boost to the patients' morale!

Much the same thing happened at Koza civilian hos-
at the entrance to camp. We were being crowded out of our movie (over half of the seats were filled by doggies); our showers were the hottest on the southern part of Okinawa, and the Army seemed to know it. We didn't mind sharing them but we did like to be able to squeeze in.

Two visitors from Red Cross. Much of the stock of Jake's Store came from their bins.

Marines were always attracted by our chow, and Okinawa was no exception. Finally we had so many Marine guests that our commissary steward had them send men down for mess-duty.

An Army Lt. comes over to pick through our scrap pile. Service material kept many pieces of vital equipment running.

The officer on the right facing the camera was from the 11th Airborne (first to land on Tokyo). They were bivouacked near camp with only K-rations for food and no showers. We took them in gladly during their weather-enforced stay on the island.

Officer lend-lease flourished. One day the OIC in charge of Army medical procurement asked for a sheet of plywood. A press officer of the 10th Army stopped at Jake's Store and requested permission to wash his jeep at our wash-rock.
It started at Camp Peary when forty-five of the original group lived in one barracks. The youngest was a mere thirty-nine years old. While awaiting assignment, they organized into the "Rocking Chair Brigade." Twenty-five were assigned to a ship repair unit, and the remainder to the 130th Battalion.

Pictured on this page are sixteen of the group celebrating their first anniversary, 10 August, 1944, at our Ewa camp. The oldest of the group was reputed to be fifty though no one could ever get "Pop" Chevinsky to reveal his age. During two and a half years the Brigade functioned as a social club.

Many had served in World War I. Twice they have served their country in war.
CONSTRUCTION
EWA
OKINAWA
THE ORGANIZATION
CONSTRUCTION AT EWA

For our first job overseas, we took over the construction of the Marine Corps Air Station, Ewa, Oahu, Territory of Hawaii. The high standard of the work done at the Marine Air Station proved that the Battalion could carry out any construction job. To design and construct airstrips, parking aprons, recreational facilities, hospital, and utilities required the ingenuity of all construction trades. The Marine Air Station at Ewa is a monument to the talent of the 130th.

We watched pilots and crewmen arriving at Ewa to rest up from duty on Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Palau, or the Marshalls, tired, nervous, in need of surroundings that did not tremble from flak and gunfire. We saw pilots arriving from the States preparing themselves for their first contact with the enemy. For such, Ewa was the strip where training stopped and combat started. We built facilities to enable the Marine Air Station to serve these two groups. Corsairs seen in the air over MCAS at Ewa were the same ones which later controlled the air over Okinawa and splashed the bogies before they could reach objectives.

The pictures on the following pages give a cross section of the jobs on which the Battalion worked. Besides the projects shown, the 130th installed elaborate electrical and telephone distribution systems, and sewer and water systems. Suitable pictures were not available to show this type of construction.
AIRSTRIPS AND ROADS

If all the roads, aprons, strips, and parkings constructed by the Battalion at Ewa were laid end to end and converted into a two-lane highway, it would stretch out twenty-five miles. All surface grading and paving were precision work done under rigid specifications.

Two of the bigger projects were the construction of the large parking and service area on the west side of the field, and the warm-up apron on the south side. The most comprehensive projects of this type were the general cleanup and grading throughout the base.
ADMINISTRATION

SERVICE


By the time the Battalion left Ewa, most of us realized the magnitude and complexity of facilities required to keep airplanes and air strips in operation.

The old hangar was enlarged with lean-to on each side, doubling the floor space. A complete unit of service buildings was built in connection with the Marine Air Transport Service parking mat which included a nose-hangar, parachute loft, and shops. Other structures not shown are the carbon dioxide and oxygen plant, squadron garage, and two public-works shops.
WAREHOUSING

1. Storage Building Quonset type. 2. Warehouse for Ordnance. 3. Paint and Oil Storage Building.

One building forty feet wide and a half mile long would give less storage space than the warehouses we built on this base. All buildings were permanent structures with concrete floors and the latest fire protection available.
MAGAZINES


Many reinforced concrete and steel structures were erected for the storage of explosives, torpedoes, and rockets. Access roads to these dispersed and revetted magazines were needed so that the explosives could be handled quickly and safely.
HOUSING


"Stateside" living quarters for the Marines at Ewa were constructed with showers, writing rooms, and washing facilities. Double-decker BOO's for the flyers were partitioned into individual rooms complete with closets and lavatories.
MESSING FACILITIES

1. Enlisted Men's Mess. 2. Extension to Officers Mess. 3. Marine
Dispensary Galley. 4. Extension to Enlisted Men's Mess.

If the Marines did not eat well at their own chow hall and were
continually in our chow line, it was not our fault. We provided
them with top notch galleys and mess halls. One of these is a
combination galley and mess which seats 1000 men, with a galley
capacity of 3000. A specially designed diet kitchen for the Dispen-
sary brought the Battalion many words of gratitude from the
Station Medical Department.
SECURITY

1. Fire Station. 2. Guard House. 3. Marine Brig.

Fire station, guard house, and brig. A very few men have a two-fold remembrance of the brig—construction and occupancy. Something like building your own coffin! An attractive, airy, structure.
RECREATION


Officers' Club, Post Exchange, Theater, Athletic Courts, and Swimming Pool—Super facilities for recreation and rehabilitation.
KADENA TRAFFIC CIRCLE
Our second construction assignment was on Okinawa in the Ryukyus Islands supporting the combat forces and building a base for further attack on Japan.

A war correspondent has written about the invasion of Okinawa, and the part the Seabees played in it. "The Seabees came in with the first troops to build roads and bridges, establish communications, repair the enemy's airfields for the use of our support planes, furnish fresh water to the troops, and all the things it takes to support an invasion. All this continues night and day in rain and air raids, until the island is secured. For the fighting men the picture immediately changes. He is returned to a rest or rehabilitation area. Not so with the Seabee. His work is only started. The same roads he built for combat must be converted into four lane highways. He repairs and rebuilds the structures he had hastily constructed when minutes were precious. He rebuilds and constructs new airfields. He builds docks for the unloading of ships. He clears up the island after the invasion, then moulds it into a striking base for the next one."

As soon as our LST's hit the beach we were told that an urgent job was waiting for us. The road going south from the invasion beaches to the front, a few miles away, was in terrible shape, causing badly needed supplies to bog down in the mud. Ambulances, tanks, trucks struggled through a morass that was slowing up the progress of the invasion more than the Japs. Our part of the job had been rehearsed again and again. We went to work.

What had been told of the congestion was an understatement. Big guns, jeeps, trucks loaded with men and munitions, were snarled with ambulances returning with seriously wounded men. The Jap highway was a wide cow path. It ran through small villages where vehicles scraped the buildings in passing. Deep ruts and frail one-way bridges bottlenecked traffic. Roads had to be rebuilt many times. Heavy combat equipment churned them into a reddish chocolate whip.

The evacuation hospital at Yontan needed bomb shelters immediately. Men already wounded were subject to bombings and strafing. The Navy Blood-Bank was having trouble with its refrigerating equipment. A field hospital needed help. A survey party was requested to locate an airfield up north. The Military Government needed an operating room to take care of civilian patients. With ingenuity and improvisation, we did these jobs and many more. The schedule was tough: impossible dates were met.
ROADS AND BRIDGES

These pictures were taken while the fighting was still deadlock on the Southern front.

1. Two Bailey Bridges crossing the Bisha Gawa. The bridge on the left was built one night in eight hours, in spite of torrential rains and two air raids totaling three and a half hours. We got a commendation for this job.

2. Route 16, east from the traffic circle. With sniper fire and strafing always a possibility it wasn't necessary to tell anyone that fighting was going on nearby.

3. Another picture of Route 16 looking east, showing the adjoining air field.

4. Route 16, looking west.
CAMP FACILITIES

1. Water tower for a Seabee Regiment.
2. Mess hall and galley for the Navy Air Corps.
3. Operating room for a civilian hospital area.
5. Okinawa-type "Rest Room."
6. We built "Radio Okinawa," whose slogan was "A stone's throw from Tokyo."
BOMB SHELTERS
1. Steel-arch shelter for Commander Construction Troops.
2. Finished bomb shelter with cover for the USMC 3rd Phib. Corps Evacuation Hospital.
3. Revetted telephone exchange for the Army.

WATERFRONT IMPROVEMENTS
4. Dredging project at the mouth of the Bisha Gwara. The bulldozer is used to unload the barge at sea.
5. USN boat repair area (A Jap landing barge is in the background).
SALVAGE

Tons of valuable material were salvaged from the Owan sugar mill for use on construction projects throughout the island. Navy guns did an excellent job of making the mill good material for salvage. Many other useful ruins were salvaged on the Island.

AIRFIELD BUILDINGS

1. Aerial view of Yontan engineering area showing apron and buildings.
2. Yontan parachute loft.
3. Steel hangar under construction.
4. Yontan control tower and operations buildings.
5. Communications center (note revetments made from shell casings).
AIRSTRIPS AND TAXIWAYS

Yontan, scene of the abortive Jap attempt to land five planes of airborne troops.

1. Ch. Carp Cox directing maintenance on one of the strips.
2. A finished taxiway with hardstands.
3. Another finished taxiway.
4. Engineering apron "B".
5. Engineering apron "A".
Probably no one thing has affected the life and activities of the battalion more than the one seemingly minor decision made in the early days of the battalion, to conduct construction activities in much the same manner as a civilian contractor. To those who have opportunity for comparison this will seem great as a difference; to the rest it will seem the normal thing.

The battalion was organized for construction while we were still in the States. Departments were formed to take care of both special jobs and general construction. Officers and men were assigned specific duties. Reference to the chart will show the manner in which an order was carried out. Lt. J. H. Levy, Executive Officer, was superintendent of all construction.

Three supporting departments were used in launching each project: Engineering, including plans and surveys; Supply; and Labor-control. Service groups established were ready to assist the projects when their type of skill was needed: Carpenter, Electric, Sheet Metal, Plumbing and Refrigeration Shops: concrete, roofing, painting, grading and cleanup crews.

Earth-moving and grading played an important part in construction projects. In this connection were the coal cut, transportation, heavy equipment, demolition, and crusher crews. Various secondary skills of the men were used, such as armature winding, freshmen drawing, body-repairing, railroad construction, tile setting, and linoleum laying.

After the initial organization of a construction crew, few changes were made in manpower distribution until the job was completed.
Here was the nerve-center of battalion manpower. Record cards of all men were kept in pigeon-holes labeled with a particular job or project. Departments reported their needs or surplusage and men were reallocated where necessary. The assignment of men required considerable judgment, the first consideration being that the job should be filled with the best qualified man available. This often required a man to work at his secondary skill, even though he would be working outside his artificer branch and rating.

From daily time sheets a daily report was made to the Regiment showing the distribution of manpower.
Engineering was a busy office, men bending over drawing boards, creating projects, estimating material requirements, plotting field notes. And if you were early enough you might see the field parties leaving with their tools to catalogue one more part of the earth's surface.

The department has tread on unfamiliar grounds many times. Fitting the most equipment and material into an LST was a job to challenge a man. Often we were called upon for architectural, engineering design, mechanical and electrical design.

This book is an example of the diversity required of these men. One job required reproducing a map 40 times larger than the one started with. Then there was a 145-page monthly report showing work progress and statistics. Blueprinting was a big and, at times, important job. The second day on Okinawa the men opened up the printing frame, kept a watch out for the sun, and reproduced drawings made that morning in the first tent erected at Makibaru.

Field engineering did all preliminary survey work and laid out work for field construction crews. First out of the continent, they flew to Martha's Vineyard for secret work there. At Okinawa, they passed up the Marine line at Kim for No Man's Land on original alignment and survey for airfields there. They did hydrographic work on the Bisha Gawa (Rocky Stream) and carried their dinghy back and forth on a trailer.
MATERIALS

Materials were the A B C of construction—the basic elements which, placed in the hands of the 130th workers, became roads, barracks, airstrips, magazines, warehouses, service shops, bridges, offices, water, sewage, and electrical systems, chow halls, railroad spurs; in short, any and all of the hundred and one kinds of construction these workers engaged in.

Though normally a separate department, material procurement was ably taken care of by the Supply Department. Nor was it any sideline affair. Figures were astronomical: a thousand carloads of sand, many hundreds of miles of wire, 25,000 bags of cement, and 8,000,000 feet of lumber were handled at Ewa alone.

Supply took care of much more than construction materials. A special wand of theirs produced an X-Ray machine, and also listed as materials were the white elephant pontoons which the Battalion hauled with them over 9,000 miles but never put in the water.

The procuring of these materials was no dull, clerical job. Often it was adventurous with need of salesmanship and ingenuity. That failing, there remained the old techniques of horse trader and highway robbery.

The barter system reigned supreme during the hectic early days of the Okinawa campaign, and none were sharper than our procurement agents. Torn slips of wrapping paper served as their order forms. Materials of which we had a surplus went for a substantial return in materials of which we were short. Plywood for nails and bolts, scarce in the early days; the use of four battalion trucks for a day, in return for 800 feet of lumber: this was the kind of bargaining that enabled the 130th to complete all its assignments without a hitch, as well as build themselves a camp that had no equals on Okinawa.
EARTH MOVING

This department began to function at Ewa. They produced a half-million square yards of finished sub-grade in parking strips, revetment areas, warehouse areas, and motor pools, as well as 14 miles of primary roads.

Going into production at Okinawa on 13 April 1945, a two-lane road from the beach to the camp area was built in 24 hours. Four hours after landing they saw their first Jap (very dead) while building a by-pass around a Jap railroad grade and gave him a bulldozer burial during the first air-raid alert.

On the third day ashore they were working around the proverbial clock in two twelve hour shifts, stopping for air raids only when ack-ack opened up, pausing briefly twice daily for fueling and greasing. This system worked very well until the night the Jap 'Betty' came in and strafed Kadena without the usual formality of the anti-aircraft batteries going into action. After this incident, they sweated out air raids, sometimes five or six night, under the cats and prayed for cloudy weather. Here they made the acquaintance of Whistlin' Willie, the Jap who specialized in mortars.

After about a week of these ideal conditions, prayers for cloudy weather were answered and there was no dust for several weeks. Clay became a thick gooey
D-8 DOZER AND PAN STRIPPING

SHOVEL DIGGING CORAL FROM PIT

DOZER STRIPPING ON SUB-GRADE

TRUCK DUMPING CORAL FOR SURFACE

"SHEEP'S FOOT" ROLLER

PATROL GRADERS AT WORK
EARTH MOVING

mud which a carryall could load but couldn't dump. Coral turned from solid to liquid. But in spite of the 16 inches of rain that fell in the first part of May, they built the four-lane traffic circle and kept the traffic moving through it at an average of 900 vehicles per hour. On this section Carroll and Ellett picked up commendations from the Army for fighting fire with 'cats'.

The art of moving water in carryalls was acquired. They completed the road to Island Command, pushed route 16 west to Purple Beach, widened the causeway at Yellow Beach so that four LST's could be unloaded simultaneously, and helped the 87th NCB build the landing strip and parking apron at Yontan.

About 1 June, all equipment was moved to Yontan and construction started on taxiways, a project consisting of one and a half miles of 90 foot taxiway with 60 hardstands large enough to accommodate B-29's. These hardstands were the first of this type built on Okinawa. Later rains clearly proved the value of the heavy crown and deep ditches used on these and later taxiways. Each hardstand was occupied by a bomber within minutes after completion, and the completed taxiway greatly facilitated operations on Yontan. Other jobs at Yontan were the engineering apron with adjacent building area, taxiways A and B, and relocation of Marine and Army gun positions. As a sideline they finished the east runway, abandoned by the 71st NCB when nearing completion.
PURPLE BEACH ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION

"CAT" WORKING ON MOLE AT BISHA GAWA

RESCUING D-8 FROM CAVE IN

SHOVEL MAKING CUT FOR ROAD

TAXIWAY UNDER CONSTRUCTION

CLAM SHELL LOADING SAND, YELLOW BEACH
CORAL AND SAND

Coral was used in great quantities throughout the Pacific for hard surfacing and finished grade. It had good binding and drainage properties, and was available for short haulage to airport and road construction.

At Ewa, we took over a pit developed and operated by the 10th Seabees. The coral there was firm, with very little decomposition. It required blasting nearly every yard, but this hard material proved for superior wearing qualities than older deposits encountered later. Loading was done with a yard-and-a-half and two-yard power shovel. From two to three hundred yards were daily diverted to a portable crushing plant where a primary jaw-crusher and a gyratory secondary reduced the pit run to approximately one inch for final surfacing. A stockpile of two thousand yards was maintained for emergencies.

The daily output proved to be insufficient for all needs. Since over one half of the crushed feed was already of the desired fineness, it was decided to rebuild the plant, placing a vibrating screen before the crusher to by-pass the fines. The job was completed with materials on hand. Production was more than doubled, although the product was found to be coarser than before.

Coral deposits on Okinawa were much softer than those on Oahu. Excavation required very little blasting, although the jobs seemed to think there should be more, and provided a few close misses.

Beach sand was used in considerable amounts for tent flooring and camp walks. Composed of coral, it is more porous and drains better than other sand. All concrete work was done with this coral sand, and it proved to be satisfactory.
Coral Pit at Edge of Yontan Airfield, Okinawa

Loading Sand at Yellow Beach, Okinawa
DEMOlITION

Four wagon-drills worked two shifts, seven days a week, drilling and blasting an average of 200 twelve-foot holes a day to produce the coral used on the MCAS air strip at Ewa. The largest shot set off was 783 holes in which 205 50-pound cases of dynamite were used. Wired in a graded series, this was the shot that rained chunks of coral through the roof of the Chapel.

On Okinawa, besides blasting the coral for air strips, the demolition crew cut ¾" plates and angle steel beams, both under water and above, with shape-charges; cut tops out of oil drums with prima-cord, cut a 1200-foot ditch with one shot for draining rice paddies, and closed caves.

The river southeast of camp which was dammed with reinforced concrete from the bombed bridge was cleaned out by putting charges in tin cans and placing them at different intervals down to twenty feet in depth.

One of the more delicate operations was blasting out a bomb shelter for an evacuation hospital within ten feet of patients who could not be moved.
HEAVY CHARGE GOING OFF, EWA

DEMOLITION GANG

WAGON DRILL AT WORK, OKINAWA
TRANSPORTATION

The Transportation Department opened its doors for business on 9 September, 1943, the day the battalion was formed, operating a fleet of two jeeps and two trucks during the four-day stay at Camp Peary, Virginia. The fleet was expanded to include a station-wagon and about a dozen miscellaneous trucks at Camp Thomas, Davisville, Rhode Island, where the dispatcher's office began gathering a brood of drivers and provided the latest scuttlebutt for all hands. It was here that the mechanics, welders, machinists, and grease monkeys tried out their Seabee legs in the Station Shops.

The battalion's first overseas assignment at Ewa found transportation with seventy trucks, twenty-five bulldozers, ten motor patrols, twelve cranes and shovels, seven rollers and numerous other items of heavy equipment to operate and maintain.

A school for heavy equipment operators, held during 80 hours at Ewa paid dividends when the battalion came ashore at Okinawa. The building and maintaining of main roads carrying supplies to the front lines required twenty-four-hour operation of all trucks and equipment on a two shift basis, through rain, mud, bombing, and strafing. The Department expanded in all its subdivisions from approximately two hundred men at Ewa to a peak of four hundred at Okinawa. Since the bulk of the work being done by the Welding and Machine Shop was on Transportation equipment, it became a part of the department at this time. All hands performed miracles of "Can Do": the drivers and operators in their use of equipment; the repair and service crews who kept the machinery in operation; and the procurers of spare parts who, by regular sources and midnight requisition, performed a difficult task, particularly during the combat stage.
Grease is not a glamorous word, but it is essential for getting the nine lives out of the "cats" and other equipment used by the battalion. The department started work at Ewa as soon as the equipment was unloaded. Most of it was done at night to permit uninterrupted operation of all equipment during the day. Three truck crews refueled and serviced the heavy equipment, including shovels, cranes, tractors, graders and compressors, in the field. Mileage records were kept to insure periodic servicing. During the day another crew serviced jeeps and other vehicles, giving them steam baths whenever needed.

Before leaving the Marine Air Station at Ewa, all the equipment was steam cleaned, greased, and checked. The cables on shovels, cats, and other rigs were weather-proofed with grease.

At Saipan the process was repeated, and all equipment rechecked in preparation for the coming invasion. After arriving at Okinawa, men and machines worked day and night, which meant a 24-hour schedule for the grease crews. Operators halted their machines only long enough for an oil change and a transfusion of fresh grease, gas, water, and tire check.

The grease trucks were complete service stations on wheels, but it was often necessary to work in knee-deep mud, trying to avoid falling flak, and diving underneath equipment for protection against strafings or bombings. During the first days on Okinawa, guards rode along as protection against snipers.

The end of the war found the grease-monkeys operating Okinawa's finest Super-Service Station where no ration stamps were required and business was never slow.
GARAGE

The automotive mechanics opened for business on Oahu and were immediately handed the job of maintaining a fleet of thirty hand-me-down trucks from civilian contractors. All makes and models, ranging from two to twenty-yard capacity, these old machines were put in good mechanical condition, given complete body jobs to restore fenders, hoods and tops.

During the ensuing ten months, our fleet of sixty new trucks were carefully serviced. Bugs were ironed out of motors, bodies reinforced. When word came for the battalion to prepare to move to Saipan, a complete change of tires was accomplished overnight.

At Saipan each truck and jeep was carefully inspected for defects, then completely waterproofed. After a final test in which the trucks were driven over the roughest terrain available, through ditches and water, up banks, and over boulders, the equipment was ready for the assault landing. Aboard ship enroute to Okinawa, vehicles were checked daily. The efficiency of the whole job was proved when all trucks except one rolled smoothly through four feet of water from the LST to the beach. The one exception, a cargo truck, missed the coral reef and was completely submerged. However, it was recovered and put back in service.

The Okinawa branch of the 130th Garage was hastily set up under a tarp shelter with spare parts stored in an adjoining native goat stable. Trucks hauled coral through axle-deep mud on a twenty-four hour schedule. Interrupted only by air raids, the mechanics worked in the rain, crawled through the mud under the trucks, and with grim determination kept the fleet on the road. Along with the trucks and jeeps there were pumps, generators, and welding machines to keep in repair. It is to the credit of this crew of forty men that after nineteen months of service only one truck was deadlined, and only for lack of spare parts.
The mechanics of the repair and rigging shops were indoctrinated at Ewa on equipment which we inherited from another battalion, who received the equipment from civilian contractors. It took more than skill to keep these hand-me-downs wired together until our own new "cats," shovels, and compressors could be broken out and put to work. This experience gained in making spare parts and special tools to service obsolete equipment later proved invaluable at Okinawa, when ordering a part meant thousands of miles for delivery. A class in the art of "skinning a cat" produced a gang of operators that any civilian construction boss would have envied.

At Saipan the boys had another workout, waterproofing the equipment for the trip to Okinawa. Each machine was ready for action the moment the ramps of the LSTs were dropped on the beach.

The first shop in Okinawa was a temporary shelter with a small work bench, most of the repairs being done in knee-deep mud in the field. Night work stopped only when bogies were overhead. Later, a new shop was built where repairs could be made with some protection from liquid Okinawa weather.

Maintenance became more difficult as equipment began to show the result of forced operation. The mud was rough on 'dozer and carryall cables; riggers worked long and tedious hours replacing worn-out lines. Typical repair jobs included several crankshaft and main bearing replacements, clutch overhaul, transmission and final drive overhaul, and brake repairs on cats and shovels. In addition, there were the daily check-ups and adjustments on sixty pieces of equipment.

The rigging crew kept the battalion supplied with slings and chokers, and the truck fleet with tandem straps for the rear wheels to prevent rock bruises. At the peak of activity on Okinawa the shop crew totaled thirty-seven men.
While the great god Vulcan beamed approval, these men spat fire and brimstone, pounded furiously on red hot ingots, and generally made with the racket so that Hades itself seemed like a weekend in the country. While no shady chestnut tree cooled the fevered foreheads, these blacksmiths battered out some mighty important stuff. Heavy equipment would have lumbered to a groaning stop had it not been for their continuous maintenance. They repaired the clamshell buckets and shovels and maintained not only the drill steel for the quarry but all general tools as well. All in all, our muscle men handled just about anything that people with tired brains could dig up.

On Okinawa the boys procured the materials for their own shop. Lumber from Jap buildings was used for the frame, and Jap machinery was salvaged to equip it. A Jap hydraulic press and vertical milling machine were powered by a Chrysler marine engine. The line shaft and pulleys were salvaged from a shell-demolished sugar mill. A Jap radial drill, powered by a jeep engine, was repaired, set up and used to rebore cylinder blocks. A small Jap lathe, complete with electric motor, and several bench vices were other useful equipment. Jigs for the press, cutters and adapters for the radial drill, were fashioned from odds and ends found on the junk pile. In eighteen months the crew turned out jobs too numerous to mention, but the reinforcing of all the truck dump beds by the welding shop was something of a record.

Sandwiched in with the blacksmith and welding was the compact, portable machine shop. They performed over whirling lathes, grinding, turning, and machining tolerances to the 1,000th of the inch. Heavy equipment was the best customer. The impossible they did at once; miracles took a little longer.

Besides manufacturing such items as bumpers and grill work, these men played a large part in preventing our heavy equipment from collapsing in groaning heaps.

When we were working on the hangar lean-to, these gents burned out all the metal and steel which had to be moved, then made all the installations. They designed and manufactured the teeth for a back-hoe at 100 lbs. per tooth, made a cute little burning and welding table (a stunning post-war coffee table) weighing a little over a half ton—man-sized jobs, no mistake.
CULVERTS

To entitle a culvert crew "Construction Underwriters" would be to describe them most aptly. Their work provided insurance for all our Okinawa projects, insurance against the incredible torrents of rain which regularly inundate that island. Without an adequate drainage system not one of the many miles of airstrip, taxiway, road, and highway constructed by the 130th would have lasted more than a short while. One bitter experience proved this a fact. During a period of particularly heavy rainfall, when six inches fell in twenty-four hours, a section of Jap-built road washed out. This road served the southern part of the island, where fighting raged at its fiercest, and the problem of supply was already acute. The 130th and two other Seabee battalions had to drop important assignments and devote all their time, trucks, and road building equipment for ninety-six consecutive hours to repair the washout. This time, the culvert crew installed a system that worked.

Making the culverts was an ingenious piece of work. Empty fuel drums were the raw material. A deheading machine like a giant can-opener was designed, built, and put in operation. The open-end drums were now welded together into the finished product, 12 foot culverts.

Installing culverts took less ingenuity, but more courage. The element in which the crews most often worked was mud, oozy, putrid mud that reached past their knees and sucked their shoes off. Ten thousand feet of culverts we installed on Okinawa.
COMMENDATIONS

OFFICE OF THE DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF

MEMORANDUM

For: Chief of Staff

From: Commander, Construction Troops

Date: 31 July 1949

Subject: Commendation

TO: The Chief of Staff, Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff

I am forwarding with pleasure my recommendations for promotion for the following personnel whose contributions and accomplishments have been noted during the course of their duty assignments with the 1st Division. They have shown a marked improvement in performance and are recommended for the next higher grade.

1. Captain J. W. Martin, 1st Division

For his meritorious service as a staff officer, his contributions to the overall success of the 1st Division, and his exceptional leadership, Captain Martin is recommended for promotion to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

2. Captain R. L. Davis, 2nd Division

For his outstanding performance as a field officer and his dedication to the 2nd Division, Captain Davis is recommended for promotion to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

3. Captain J. H. Brown, 3rd Division

For his exceptional service as a tactical officer and his significant contributions to the 3rd Division, Captain Brown is recommended for promotion to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

I hope that you will agree with these recommendations and take the necessary steps to implement them.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Commander, Construction Troops

[Date]

[Division]

[Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff]
CONSTRUCTION
FIELD CREWS

The carpenter crews did all the basic work of timber construction: building forms, framing, finishing, aircraft repair shops, warehouses, barracks, mess halls, and, of course, the Officer's Club on MCAS, Oahu, which just happened to be the best pieces of work they did.

Carpenter work on Okinawa during the early days required a lot of improvisation. Lumber was scarce, and salvage material had to be substituted. They built bomb shelters for the evacuation hospital, working just behind the front lines, added badly needed
CONTROL TOWER, YONTAN

MAN BARRACKS, EWA

PUBLIC WORKS GARAGE ANNEX

HANGAR LEAN-TO, EWA

3000-MAN MESA, EWA

B-1 BARRACKS FRAME, EWA

MOSCOW TELEPHONE EXCHANGE
CONSTRUCTION FIELD CREWS

furniture for the patients of another hospital; for this job they received a commendation from the Army.

Work was also done for combat Marines, and Marine and Navy Air Corps. As always, there were jobs no one else could do, like putting up three quonset huts for General Doolittle in nine hours. The Army Engineers said it could not be done, stood around and watched our boys lop hours off the time allowed.

The biggest job was putting up 52 buildings in the engineering area of Yontan airstrip.

★
98-MAN BOQ, EWA

NOSE HANGAR, EWA

HIGH EXPLOSIVE MAGAZINE, EWA

MARINE DISPENSARY EXTENSION

BOMB SHELTER, OKINAWA
While timber and concrete sufficed for most of our building projects, there were several in which steel erection was necessary.

At Ewa, with the exception of a couple of large barracks frames, the steel work consisted in reinforcing heavy concrete construction. A considerable number of high explosives and ordnance magazines were installed at the base. These were all of steel-reinforced concrete, and gave the crews plenty to keep them busy.

Okinawa brought them an even greater measure of work. Early jobs included heavy Armco prefabricated steel and concrete, a high-priority currency vault, and an anti-aircraft operational control hut, the latter a very important job in those days of almost incessant air raids, strafings, and bombings. The steel workers, in addition, raised two ninety-foot radio antenna towers and erected a Butler prefabricated steel hangar at Yontan airfield. The latter, a large structure 150 by 160 feet, was completed in 2130 man hours.

The most important and dramatic task the steel crews performed was the building of two Bailey bridges over the Bisha Gawa. There was but one single-lane bridge to handle an extremely heavy and vital traffic. The route of supply from the invasion beaches to the bitterly contested front lines at this point almost completely clogged up. The men of steel went to work immediately. At night, despite the downpour, the mud, the dangerous, insecure footing, and the river’s flood, they put up the two spans in four hours each, and thus relieved the congested life line to the front.

STEEL

The route of supply from the invasion beaches to the bitterly contested front lines at this point almost completely clogged up. The men of steel went to work immediately. At night, despite the downpour, the mud, the dangerous, insecure footing, and the river’s flood, they put up the two spans in four hours each, and thus relieved the congested life line to the front.
The basic structure for building is the foundation. The battalion's concrete crew went through its preliminary training in Ewa on warehouses, mess-halls, magazines, storage vaults, revetments, officers' club, and paint storage locker.

Self-sufficiency was a main factor in a forward assignment, and experiments were conducted with coral and beach sand during the last few months in Hawaii. On Okinawa a combination of coral and beach sand was used for utility buildings, warehouses, and mess-halls for Yontan Airfield.

Most of the concrete poured at Ewa was delivered ready mixed to the job but a two-bag mixer was used part of the time there and was the only thing available on later assignments. The men of this department did the wheeling, pouring, vibrating, and finishing required by the variety of work. At times these men pinch-hit at brick work, stone work, and plastering.
POURING, ROLLING AND FINISHING

ROLLER AT WORK
FINISHING A FLOOR, OKINAWA

INSTALLING RAMP AND WALK, EWA

FINISHING CONCRETE

SMALL ARMS MAGAZINE, EWA
CARPENTER SHOP

This beehive of activity always seemed to breathe joviality. They were a well knit unit of men who seemed to have discovered how to get along cheerfully, yet industriously. The operation in general consisted of maintenance and general carpentry ranging in scope from office equipment to the colorful band stands. Their slogan was, "You dream 'em up; we'll build 'em."

Toughest assignment: 14-foot garage doors without the proper equipment; designed special mortis and bit drill attachment to make the job possible. Chief bitch: lack of materials and heavy equipment. Their biggest order on Okinawa: Furnishing General Doolittle's command post and living quarters.

When all the other departments were twice furnished with offices and desks, the first time at Ewa, again at Okinawa, the carpenter shop built themselves an office. It was a nifty spot to while away the hours with feet propped up on a desk amid the whir of saws, the angry buzz of the planer, and the general pounding, noise, sawdust, and confusion of the place.
PAINT

The Sign Shop was born, humbly, at Sun Valley, R. L., its total equipment being one bucket of paint, one brush.

Not until we reached Oahu did we add a paint locker. Steeped in spray, buckets of enamel, paint, and stain, these two units worked without the usual clatter and confusion of other departments. Brushes and spray guns guided by skillful hands painted buildings, hangars, made signs for shops and offices, sprayed trucks, heavy equipment, jeeps, benches, tables, and fences.

Furniture took a finish to delight the connoisseur. They brightened the camp with plaques, posters, display and show items of all types and colors.

At Saipan these boys camouflaged our equipment for the invasion of Okinawa. You couldn’t find a bulldozer unless you tripped over it.

One of the first functions at Okinawa was the painting of innumerable road signs to assist in bringing order out of confusion. Later the shop became one of the finest on the island. Outside units were at the door almost daily for unofficial favors. The men toiled long and faithfully to decorate our environment with strategic touches of color.
This department, with its specialized branches, was organized at Ewa. Up to this time there had been only a few small mechanical jobs handled by a crew which later became the nucleus around which the department was formed.

At Ewa, it became apparent that a department was needed with divisions to handle sanitary plumbing, steam, mechanical maintenance, and sheet metal installations.

Types of installations completed are too numerous to mention, since they include practically every conceivable kind of mechanical construction. A few were: Sheet metal duct systems, flashings, electrical fixtures, sinks, showers, and smoke stacks; cold storage systems; sewage pumping stations; laundry installations; hospital installations; galley mechanical systems; soda fountain equipment; water purification and distillation plants; water distribution and storage systems; and atmospheric cooling tower systems.

Upon arrival at Okinawa, another subdivision was added to the department, the camp water plant. River water was pumped 800 feet from the Bisha Gawa to the water purification plant where it was discharged into 3000-gal. tanks to provide flocculation and prechlorination. After standing quietly for 45 minutes, a chemically formed floe (white, fluffy, precipitate) settled on the bottom, taking with it the dirt, impurities, and other foreign matter in the water. The water was then discharged through sand and gravel filters, and additional chlorine was added. A distillation plant was operated as a subsidiary. It provided additional water, steam, and hot water for showers.

The mechanical department was called upon to furnish technical advice, refrigeration, and plumbing service to units of the Army, Navy, and Marines. Many of these were emergency calls, and their prompt, efficient execution often saved valuable medical supplies and food.

COOLING SYSTEM FOR BLOOD BANK
BOILER INSTALLED AT MARINE DISPENSARY, EWA
SHEET METAL SHOP

INSTALLING BAKING OVENS, OKINAWA

FIXTURES AT OFFICERS MESS

COLD STORAGE, EWA
ELECTRICAL
ELECTRICAL

RADIO SHOP

CREW WIRING CONTROL BOX

SPECIFICATIONS: NAIL IT KNOBS
This department not only did all the roofing (built-up, roll, galvanized, and corrugated), but did all the waterproofing, asphalt block-tile laying, and installing of cane reefer. Often working 40 to 50 feet above the ground on steep roofs with hot asphalt, they completed jobs on nose-hangars, lean-tos, ammunition magazines, paint locker, and the control tower, their biggest job, which included a large built-up roof, roll roofing, block-tile, and the installation of a cane reefer.
A community is as up-to-date as its plumbing, and thanks to our Sewage and Water Departments, the 130th has been up-to-date. Both sewage and water systems, lying buried in the earth, are unseen and largely unappreciated. But like many other things that have been taken for granted, they become painfully conspicuous by their absence. The pioneer days on Okinawa attest to this fact.

Laying a system requires a good deal of figuring and technical knowledge. Just as much does it require an equal amount of plain, back-breaking, labor with pick and shovel and jack hammer. As much ditching as possible is done with a back hoe, or by blasting, but due to the frequent proximity of other lines, simple sweat and muscle power became the only way to do it.

For the sewage system serving the Marine Air Base at Ewa, approximately 3,500 lineal feet of concrete pipe were laid, varying in size from 4 to 18 inches in diameter. For the Base’s water system, some 10,000 feet of pipe were installed, ranging from the 4 to the 12 inch size. The crews built hundreds of brick manholes to service the systems, and cast concrete lids on the job for use as manhole covers. All concrete pipe was laid with mortar joint, and was backfilled with sand to prevent its being crushed.

To supply water and to dispose of sewage were two jobs as exacting and as arduous as any that came the Battalion’s way.
From the day the Battalion was formed at Peary, every man had the opportunity of attending religious services. Schedules were always posted, transportation furnished for Catholic and Jewish men.

At Ewa, the Chaplain held the General Protestant Services in the Battalion Chapel. Several Catholic Services were held at the MCAS theater, and for Jewish men a Saturday Service at Barbers Point.

During invasion preparations at Saipan, Catholic and Protestant Services were held in the Marine mess hall.

On Okinawa, Jake's Bowl (named after Chaplain Jacobson) provided an excellent location for religious activities. Two Protestant and two Catholic Services were held on Sunday, and a Catholic and Protestant Service on Wednesday evenings. The Army Chaplains held the Catholic Services and Chaplain Jacobson led General Protestant Services.
... WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER IN MY NAME

AND SAUL SAID UNTO DAVID, GO AND THE LORD BE WITH THEE

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME
The schedule of services posted on the traffic artery near us brought to Jake's services many men outside the Battalion. Over two hundred men from neighboring units and groups traveling along the road, noticed the sign and came to the bowl on Sundays.
Remember those early days in a six-inch foxhole? Remember the mud B. C. (Before Coral)? Remember the recipe in a helmet? Pour in one canteen of water, allow to settle. Brush the teeth. Immerse the face. Scrub the hands and body. In the gooey residue dip the filthy socks. The remaining solution could be used to kill bugs and snakes. Soap, tooth brushes, shaving cream, razors and blades, mirrors and cigarettes were needed.

In the midst of this desolation and bedlam arose the answer—Jake's Store. Chaplain Jacobson combed the island for merchandise. A few days after landing, he set up business in the rustic, wide-cracked edifice. The boys were amazed and appreciative, for here was a Ship's Service with everything "for free." Not one bloody sen could be spent in Jake's. Business boomed.

All the necessities were obtainable, plus such extras as jam, canned milk, cocoa, butter, coffee, sugar, and salt. Boiling down the business to retail prices, Jake's store did a $250 a day business, or more than $91,250 a year.

What was even more important in a camp and land crazy with confusion, with bombs and flak in the air, the store and Jake himself emanated an atmosphere of calm and peace. One man, weary and harried from long hours on a road job, came in for a pack of cigarettes. "You know," he sighed, "this is the only sane place on the island." Here in Jake's Store were a few moments of hospitality—even humor. Certainly those who saw it start, grow and thrive, will not soon forget Jake's General Store.
On the following pages are some of the highlights from the pages of the PILOT. The PILOT ran off its first issue 24 May, 1944 on a small job press. The first few issues were without illustrations, but weekly appropriations from the Welfare Fund later made them possible. A weekly pin-up of a battalion wife or sweetheart, an illustrated weekly biography, and a series of pictorialized articles on the departments and shops, plus an alert sports department, were the nucleus around which the paper was built.

When the battalion left Ewa for Saipan, two mimeograph issues of the PILOT were published on board the USS President Johnson, and the mimeograph edition was continued on Saipan during the preparation for future combat.

The first month and a half on Okinawa was occupied with jumping from dugout to work and back again, but on 3 June, 1945, the PILOT, from a corner of Jake's Store, started grinding out the Okinawa edition. Work was interrupted shortly before the end of the war to get out the Year Book, which kept the staff and many more busy while waiting for discharge points to accumulate.

The Pilot was a link between the battalion and folks at home, evidenced by the many letters received from parents and wives.
Brother-Sister Reunion

Meets Sister On Johnson

On board the U.S. President Johnson, 28 January, 1945—Guy M. Stanley, MM3c, was pleasantly surprised one day to meet his sister, 2nd Lt. V. Alene Simpson, at Koko Head, where she was stationed at the 75th Field Hospital awaiting transfer.

Guy, meanwhile, was stationed in "lend-lease" at Troquda Point, near Pearl Harbor, also awaiting the inevitable.

He almost fell overboard when he came aboard the U.S. President Johnson, only to meet his sister once more, also bound for a forward area.


The last time, before Koko Head, that they had seen each other was in January, 1944 when Guy was on leave, and Lt. Simpson was still a civilian.

How shy and naive She reacts to your kiss As though nothing was ever Breathtaking like this.
Such a tremulous look You'd never suspect How much practice it took!

My pen is inarticulate; Somehow it lacks the words to write How empty is each day without you, How much I long for you tonight. Time was when it was adequate, But now since we are worlds apart, I wish that I could find a pen To take dictation from my heart. —Virgina Vollman—PILOT, 16 Aug., 1944

MATEY'S DATES And NOSEY NOTES

(Oahu, T. H., 28 July, 1944)—Jake Chevinsky. This spry youngster first saw the light of day more than a few years ago in Glenlyon, Pennsylvania. We don't say just how many ago— you wouldn't believe us anyhow. Besides, he has everyone fooled. Even his dog tags aren't too sure about the whole affair, so why spoil things? Anyway when he is ninety, he won't be ninety years old. He will be ninety years young, because that's the way he is.

If you're supposed to wear a man down, then Pop Chevinsky is an exception to the rule. For very early he began working in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. He started at the bottom, working in the days when motive power used different fuel and presented more of an exhaust problem.

After his stint with the mules was over, his work at various phases of mining earned him his papers. From then on he stayed with powder work, and this has been his line ever since. A lifetime of blasting, and he's still in one piece; no wonder he knows his dynamite. He doesn't blast a hole; he tills it down to the last grain of coal. Incidentally, he seems it made clear to all that he isn't the guy who is trying to make another Grand Canyon in six easy blasts, and giving us all pictures of the Purple Heart.

Loggers Third in the All-Service Swim League

Oahu, T. H., 6 Oct., 1945.—A triangular meet between Marines, Navy, and Seabees on 3 October brought down the curtain on the All-Service Swim League.

The Marines won the meet with 39 points, the Navy 2nd with 37 points, and the Seabees 3rd with 27 points. Lt. Johnson of the Marines broke the 220-yd. freestyle record and now holds the record for all the Servicemen freestyle events.

Ralph Leake of the Seabees came through to remain the undisputed Serviceman diving champion of the island. Jack Evilsizer (130th) took second in the 50-yd. freestyle and third in the 100-yd. freestyle. Joe Burlos (130th) placed third in the 200-yd. breast stroke. Les Norris (130th) participated in the 300-yd. medley relay and the 400-yd. relay with Evilsizer.

Besides his work as dynamiter, he is a complete success at his career of family man. He has a son, a Petty Officer in the Navy, and five daughters (who's this guy Cantor?), and is a granddad a half dozen times. Do we have another Battalion record here? Main reason he lets us pump him for this sketch is that he knows it will please Mrs. Jake...

Quote: "A good dynamiter was just enough powder to do the blast as ordered, but if I run into any of these Japs, I'm going to forget that 'just enough' business."—By F. L. Ashe, SI/c.

Golden Spike Completes MC & CB Railroad

Oahu, T. H., 30 June, 1944.—The MC & CB (Marine Corps, and you guys know what CB means by now) Railroad has been completed!!! The "You Dream Em—We Build Em" Construction Co. does it again.

You guessed it, men... They thought it was impossible... They didn't know that with us MC & CB R.R. men the impossible just takes a little longer. It's about as simple as that. A guy has a dream, mentions it to some fatso Seabee, and the next thing you know he's saying, "Pinch me, I can't believe it." Men of all nations, all colors, all creeds (including Hœnului bar-room jan—the latest liberty color) were employed on this screwy job. Yes, even a couple of "fruitie" Yanks got a look see on the job. Chief Engineer, Lt. (jg) Neistling and his staff of cab drivers, soda-jerkers, bus boys, and gigolos took one look at the slight of the job and knocked off for the first day (just the thought of work gets these guys tired now). But (and here the story begins) the second day and the days to follow were tough, rough, hot, blistering fly-bitten days of hard work, until one day the MC & CB crew came smack up against a warehouse with Wahkins (there's galls, sailor) all over the place... That's where the golden spike was driven. P.S. The guys just wouldn't work any more, that's why.
Chief Johnny Deffner Wins CPA Championship

Oahu, T. H., 27 Oct., 1944.—Fighting his usual aggressive, but careful style, Johnny Deffner went the full nine minutes, winning his 165-lb. championship bout by a decision 15-5 from Earl Staples of the Army.

Before a crowd of 4,000 fans at the new Schofield Bowl, the Navy team won a clean decision from the boys in Khaki, 26-13, crowning the Navy as the Central Pacific Area wrestling champions.

Probably the fastest bout of the evening was in the 165-lb. class, with Deffner looking a little lighter than Staples. The first three minutes showed Johnny with a slight edge over his opponent, but the match was still a toss-up. The next six minutes saw him really swing into action, showing superiority in both strength and skill, the pay-off for many long weeks of training here in our ring and with the Navy team at Waikiki. When the final bell rang, both men were well played out, but it was "Deffner all the way."

Illinois Leads in Number of Men in Battalion

Oahu, T. H., 4 Aug., 1944.—All hail Illinois, New York, Penn., and Mass! In this Battalion they comprise one-third of the total number of men in ranks. The list below may help to settle considerable boasting as to what state has the most men in the 130th. We didn't want to embarrass those loyal followers for the last seventeen states. We're born diplomats.

Illinois, 96; New York, 95; Pennsylvania, 82; Massachusetts, 81; California, 59; Minnesota, 59; New Jersey, 58; Ohio, 46; Michigan, 44; Texas, 37; Wisconsin, 32; Oregon, 31; Connecticut, 24; Colorado, 22; Missouri, 19; Oklahoma, 21; Indiana, 20; Washington, 19; Virginia, 17; Maryland, 17; So. Carolina, 16; Alabama, 16; Georgia, 14; Maine, 14; Idaho, 13; New Hampshire, 12; No. Carolina, 12; Arkansas, 11; Tennessee, 10; Florida, Iowa, Nebraska, West Virginia, Kentucky, Louisiana, No. Dakota, Rhode Island, Arizona, New Mexico, Wisconsin, So. Dakota, Montana, Mississippi, Alaska, Utah.

What happened to Texas—drew board out for a short beer?

Ed Dorgan Speaks On National Hook-Up

Oahu, T. H., 29 Sept., 1944.—Alertness, a little long-leg and long-waist, a spot of mulocky here and there, and a bit of very sportive prevaricating on the part of an otherwise truthful gentleman, paid large dividends for general Ed Dorgan, of Co. A. He is to be quest on tomorrow's "Hawaiian Call" program, and his voice and message will be beamed to his wife, Ruth, and to his folks in Chicago.

130th Hits Beach At Eniwetok

The Marshalls, 5 Feb., 1945.—You can add another star to your ribbon, boys, to go with the one you earned at the taking of the Aspahi Plant.

The 130th went over the side in two waves: the first on D-day, and the second on D-plus-1. There were few casualties in gaining the objectives,—the beer garden and the three cans of beer stored there. Several men found sandwiches left by Marines who, strangely enough, arrived a few hours earlier.

130th Stops at Saipan On Road to Tokyo

Saipan, 17 Feb., 1945.—Moving closer and closer to the area of actual hostilities, the 130th have stopped off at Saipan for attack organization. Although the fighting is over, there are still enough scars visible to give an idea of the intensity of the battle—the ruins of Garapan and Chaor Menou, the rusted hulks of trucks and tanks that line the road—all are evidence, quietly suppressed by the natural beauty of the island.

Dumps from trucks with packs and bags at our camp-site, after weeks of monotonous and uncomfortable living at sea, most men expressed immediate appreciation for the detail ahead to clear the area, and put up the tents.

Now, Hear This One

By
C. O. WINDROFFER, Major

(On board USS President Johnson, 28 Jan., 1945)—"It isn't my fault if your boyfriends are too cheap to buy your dinners. Don't bother the boys in the galley. That's all—"

"Attention Seabees! Neely, pull in your laundry from oversize. Those pusies of yours are acting as a sea anchor, and we're losing two knots because of them."

"... The punishment will be a long spell in the brig, Now, you know the menu there. Bread and water, and damn little of that! That's all—"

"Now listen, men... Accidents will happen. Another demonstration like the last one, and I'll clear the promenade deck. That's all."

"There will be a meeting of all Chief Nurses. So the Chiefs are done all right too!"

"... That's all."

130th Men Make All Stars

Oahu, T. H., 11 Aug., 1944.—Jack Eviszor, Joe Burlik, and Lee Morris have been selected for the All-Star Seabee swimming team. The team will represent the Seabees against the Army, Navy and Marines.
OUR DAY

Okinawa, 9 June, 1945.—
PILOT: Tarzan, the mighty mite, flying the Green Hornet, jeep priority, A-1.
OBJECTIVE: To supply coffee to all forces in the field.
TAKEOFF: 0915.
FIRST LANDING: 0930. No complaint (most unusual).
SECOND LANDING: 0950. Slight difficulties.
Flight a bit late. Murmurs of disappointment.
THIRD LANDING: 1000. "Pluto" Buser, 'doozer operator: "Where the hell you been all morning?" — All the while sitting in "ice" like Haig and Haig.
FLIGHT TO FIELD: 1025. Need more of Chief Weiss' coffee (also good for motor-grader transmissions). Pilot questioned, "Are you feeding the whole armed forces?"
1100: Mistaken for son of Tojo at traffic circle. Contact with doggie MP.
1105: Fourth landing: Resistance! "You're no damned good; where's the blessed sugar?"
1120: Fifth landing: Chow's been over for half hour now. Extreme resistance. "You little (blackout). Why the (Dear, dear) don't they get a new driver?"
FLIGHT CONDITIONS: Pilot requests wind-shield wiper for personal lenses and memo to wear rain gear. (He looks like a chicken fresh from the egg).

BATTALION PLAQUE

The design for the battalion plaque was picked from those submitted in a competition held while the 130th was still at Camp Endicott. The winning design was drawn by Chief Marchant. Two men were assigned to work on the plaque: one worked with composition rubber, and the other carved an original out of wood. From the original rubber mold were made forms for casting copies. Several plaques were pointed and mounted on hardwood shields. One was presented to Camp Endicott and hangs in the Officer's Lounge; another is beside other battalion plaques in Camp Thomas Recreation Hall. Many small copies were sold through Ship's Service.

IN OUR MAIL

Lt. Comdr. R. C. Holbrook
103th NCB Press

Dear Sir:
I want to compliment you and all those responsible for the publication of the PILOT. My husband has mailed me every issue, and I'm sure I only one of the many who have a better understanding of the Battalion as a whole due to the results of the paper.
Special thanks to the author of the editorials.
They are great and can't be overpraised for their value in creating a real life line from the men in the Battalion to us here at home.
I have no complaint, but I don't see how the PILOT is outstanding and rates tops for a paper of its kind.
Sincerely,
Mrs. Oliver A. Norcross

The PILOT is being enjoyed more and more by our folks at home. Mrs. Myrtle Wetzel, sister of Frank Stibwell, EM1c of Co. D, writes, "We like it (PILOT) very much. Our copy is handed around to friends and relatives, and is even read over the phone to those who cannot be seen during the week."

WORK ON AWASHI

Okinawa, 7 July, 1945.—Lt. Comdr. E. R. Craig sent his appreciation for the "efficient manner in which Lt. Potemkin and the 77 men in his charge performed their assignment in connection with the construction of Awashi airstrip."

Catastrophe at Beach

Okinawa, 2 June, 1945.—Operator John Wiebe, MM4c, and helper, Harry Lehr, GM4c, were operating their bulldozer in a road near the beach. Suddenly they and their machine dropped out of sight. When workers nearby looked around, all was emptiness except for a gaping hole. After recovering from their astonishment they walked over and looked into the boss's. About fifteen feet down was the vanished dozer with Wiebe still at the controls, but with a surprised look on his face.

Demolition crews blasted a ramp and the "Cut" was driven out and back to work by Wiebe, who received only minor lacerations from his experience.

ODD's Information Service

Okinawa, 30 June, 1945.
SCENE OOD's about 2200 any evening. The OOD's radio, tuned to one wavelength, is giving forth. Station numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 transmit on the same net. No. 1 is the boss.
Radio: "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. No. 1, this is No. 2 calling. We have interrogatory bogie at 340-52; Jeep angels, 1:5, fox dog angels, 25.” No. 2. "We see bogie dropping window." OOD's PHONE RINGS. "COULD YOU TELL ME IF THE POST-OFFICE HAS ANY AIRMAIL STAMPS" Radio: "No. 2, this is No. 3, we have merge plot 555-1500. Closing, No. 1, Conductor says, condition one. OOD GRABS MIKE AND WHISTLE, PHONE RINGS. "THIS IS MR. NOTTBERG, CHIEF. CAN YOU SEND ME TWO MESSENGERS?" Radio: "No. 1, No. 1, this is No. 4, Abel, Abel on my night-chicken. Will you pull him off? PHONE RINGS. "THIS IS HEADQUARTERS, A MAN JUST FELL UNCONSCIOUS IN THE STREET. CAN WE HAVE A CORPSMAN? OOD AND MESSENGER DASH OUT OF TENT, AND FALL OVER 50 SPECTATORS IN THE DARK. OOD CALLS HIS HAIR, WHISTLE, PHONE RINGS. "GET STICKOVICH." Radio: "No. 5, this is No. 7. Where is your Charlie Able Peter?" No. 1 to No. 6. "How are your oranges over there?" No. 6 to No. 1. "Very sour." No. 2. "We have three splashes." No. 3. "We have seven splashes, etc." "This is No. 1. Any station having any bogies left, come in, please." No. 2. "My screen is clear." No. 3. "Will you light a candle?" No. 1. "Let me have your DIT report." No. 2. "My oranges are very sour. No. 1 says white and green." OOD RELAXES, GRABS WHISTLE AND MIKE PHONE RINGS. "HAVE YOU THE CORRECT TIME?"
MARY CHRISTMAS

The Bureau of Logistic Ballistics
Of the One Thirty N.C.B.
Dug up these vital statistics
Of the girl who'd adorn our tree.
Her hair is brunette—her eyes are blue
And she stocks to five foot four.
Her waist so thin is twenty-two
But wait—there's even more!
Her bust (they say) is thirty-five,
Her hips thirty-six—that's a lot.
Now Christmas Day will surely arrive,
But Mary Christmas will NOT.

The above hyperthyroid Seabee is Phil Whitsitt's conception of our familiar mascot in complete battle array.

Boy, what a liberty! I can't even remember taking my girl home.
"And you say this condition developed while you were aboard the President Johnson?"

"Wilson! An estimate of the number of knife handles that could be made from the cockpit cover is not essential to recognition.

"Certainly, we'll have a muster this morning!"
EWA

Watching some of the Islands’ top professional beauties swing and sway to the Hula was the closest we ever got to the storybook glamour of the Hawaiian Islands.

Our swing band and hillbilly group entertained many times. A few USO shows had genuine Stateside girls. The nightly movie was put on by the Unholy Three: Chief Stull, Einhorn, and Rosebrough. They sweated, swore, and suffered for the nightly flickers. When the picture was first-run and the film in good shape, their only reward was silence, but if the film stripped or broke, the verbal tomatoes came thick and fast.

Okinawa was a repetition of Ewa except that the nightly movie, augmented by an occasional stage show, was the major social event for the enlisted men on the island. After mail from home, movies were the most important item for morale.
EWA EMPORIUM

SWING BAND
OKINAWAN JUGGLER, "GIBBY" HUGHES

UNHOLY THREE

WHEATIE AD.
On May 24, 1945, the Battalion made entertainment history! That was the night we dedicated "Jake's Bowl" and for the first time Japanese civilians entertained American Service Troops. We sat in a drenching rain to see a group of five girls and two men interpret their native Okinawan folk songs and dances. As a finale of the show, the five girls sang "Auld Lang Syne" in Japanese. We all joined in with the American version, an experience we are not likely to forget.

Movies, of course, were the regular routine, but many other live talent shows were witnessed. "All Fouled Up," starring Ray Heatherton and Carl Dozer, former veterans of stage, screen and radio, was packed with entertainment. Both Ray Heatherton and Carl Dozer were 1st Lieutenants in the Marine Corps, though at the time you didn't know it.

Functions at "Jake's Bowl," the mecca of Okinawa night life, were interrupted many times by "Wash Machine Charlie" during the heavy fighting for possession of the strategic island.
MILITARY BAND

Sun Valley, R. I., saw the birth of the military band. Throughout the cold winter months in “Little Rhodie” we stood colors to the frozen notes of the National Anthem. Mornings at Camp Thomas our slumbers were rudely terminated to the blare of trumpet and thudding beat of drum as the band lugged back and between the rows of huts, hours before dawn’s early light.

There were pleasanter moments. At Ewa, each day at 1630, our boys used to swing up the street to a martial beat, wheel into the beer garden and seat themselves centrally to “Roll Out the Barrel” for half an hour, while the beer baron de-bunged the more tangible kegs. Sunday evenings, prior to the movie, the band gave out with some of the long-haired stuff in an hour concert.

Long marches were made easier as we stepped out in time. The long march from Sun Valley to Camp Endicott; the reviews at Endicott and MCAS, Ewa; the band did make it a bit easier to pick ‘em up and put ‘em down.

At Okinawa, during the evening meal in the huge mess hall, our digestive tracts wriggled as they played to beat the band.
FAREWELL TO EWA

GOLDEN SPIKE CEREMONY

OKINAWAN REFRAIN

MUSICIAN'S HOLIDAY
SWING BAND

The Swing Band had a humble beginning on the decks of the Frederick Funston, enroute to Oahu.

While on Oahu, Virgil O'Dell's boys improved their style tremendously and gained considerable local fame. They played the USO in Honolulu, entertained almost every Seabee battalion on the island, as well as the Regiment and the Brigade. Saturday nights, on the stage, when they were not engaged elsewhere, the band jolted our morale upward with as fine an hour of jump'n jive as has ever tickled the ear of the righteous.

Besides playing officers' dances, they provided the jive at company jumps.

At Saipan, the 2nd Marine Division pronounced them the tops. Came the invasion, and the swing band disbanded.

It was some five or six months later, on Okinawa, that we heard them for one of the last times. The war had ended. On 9 September, 1945, we celebrated our 2nd and last anniversary. The swing band put on a mighty good show which was applauded wildly. We all felt that this was about the last time we would sit together listening to the 130th Swing Band.
ANNIVERSARY "HOP"

ARRANGEMENT BY BURGESS
"OL MAN RIVER" SMITTY

JOEY ANDERSON
THREE TRUMPS
Honolulu! City of legend and glamour! Lusty port of call in the seafaring past. Melting pot when East meets West; cross roads of the Pacific. Waikiki! White sands fringed by Palm trees leaning against the sky; where Asiatic and Occidental surfboard toward shore on the crest of an emerald wave—Chamber of Commerce speaking.

Came the war and the Halipasters.

Honolulu! Three hundred men looking for one haggard Kanake girl! Overcrowded masculinity, clip joints, filthy beer parlors, and disreputable shops! Overpawed, pseudo "Hula" girls granting a lascivious but mercenary hug at "$1.25." Hundred man lines waiting for lousy food, warm beer, and everything else. A second-rate strip of Waikiki with a million GI's overlapping each other. That was liberty in Honolulu. Average rate of expenditure, as certified by the Chamber of Commerce, $9 per man hour!!!

We learned, and wearied of Honolulu. The novelty gone, we discovered our camp surroundings were infinitely more pleasant, at a fraction of the cost. Sunday was liberty day, and Recreation arranged picnics to the prettier beaches, with iced beer, coke and hamburgers. Transportation took us around to the scenic ports of Oahu. There were fishing parties, tennis, basketball, horseshoes, volleyball, work-out rings, Enlisted Men's Lounge, Hobby Shop, Library, and, best of all, the movies and beer garden, milkshakes and sundaes bar. Here were low cost, cold drinks, almost no waiting, a shady seat, and a band concert. Here when the sun had disappeared was a good movie in the cool of the evening.

Liberty in Honolulu—You can have mine.
ANY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

HAWAIIAN SCHOTTISCH
Y-FLOPHOUSE, HONOLULU

PAID FOR EVERY PIC
AUNTY "MIKE" AND BROOD

RENDEZVOUS
TEETOTALERS
HAMBOIGERS AND COKE
MUSICIANS EAT, TOO!
CUISINE DE SMITTY

YA SNITCHED!

BEACH COMBERS

HILO LAVA BED
YE OL' SWIMMIN' HOLE

SIZZLING HOT

HARMONIE DE BAND MILITAIRE
DANCES

In order to celebrate its first anniversary the battalion decided to throw a dance. This occurred in Oahu and, if you knew Oahu in war time it was obvious that space enough, or women enough could not be obtained for the entire battalion. The dances were held by company sections at the Ewa High School auditorium. At once competition arose as to which company could produce the most grandiose affair; the prettiest decorations, the most women (quantity, not quality), and the best dancers.

Two items never varied. The music provided by our Swing Band, and the buffet suppers served by the commissary were of consistent top quality.

Invariably the ratio of men to girls was a 15 to 1 proposition but even a 15th of a woman was better than the usual blank.

Not to be outdone by the companies, the officers and chiefs also held dances. The only important difference between their dances and those of the companies was in the number of males present. Actually there were almost sufficient girls to go around.

Headquarters produced the only island notable—Miss Fixit of the Honolulu Star Bulletin. Her gracious presence and indefatigable dancing with plodding Seabees was admired by all hands.

Exponents of the Jitterbug were wildly present at all affairs with Company B producing an Alabama boy who gave the most violent exhibition.

Some of the companies hired professional entertainers. The Hawaiian group sponsored by Company C seemed to have the most oomph. A real dyed-in-the-wool Hawaiian mammy, bursting her girdle at 260 pounds, gave an inimitable interpretation of "Princess Papuli has Plenty of Papaya"—with gestures! If you ever attempt to teach the number, be sure to caution the male members present to "watch the hands"!

LA HULA RHUMBA

"FIXED" MISS FIXIT
WHAT? NO MUSTER?

TRES GAYE

THE WINNERS

KAANINA (THE BEAUTIFUL)
ALOHA A HUE HOWI

S.P. IS NOT A NATIVE
THIRST UNQUENCHED

THIRST QUENCHED
The Officers' ideas on how to keep fit vary greatly. Generally, when they feel the urge for physical exercise, they put on a suitable uniform and lie down until the idea passes.

These gentlemen at times would become involved in such things as physical training; they carried a medicine ball around to remind them of it. The most popular sport was volley ball, and some degree of excellence was achieved in this field. Softball ran a close second with wide participation, charley-horses, and bruises. Sometimes the horse-shoes rung late into the night. There was swimming, too: Nana-Kuli, the Ewa pool, and the Bisha swimming hole. Some of the officers showed prowess at tennis, basketball and golf.

Off duty, well groomed jeeps with special accessories passed the sentry for Providence, Honolulu, Waikiki, points south on Okinawa Routes 1, 5, or 24. Sight-seeing at times furnished the only relaxation. There was that trip to Hilo.

The good fellowship that bred such things as the "Cravat Incident" will long be remembered, together with all those stories we buried at the farewell party for one of our Texas allies.

Dancing was popular, usually colorful. These full dress affairs required a different uniform from the Ewa two-piece affair. It was called a Ryukyus slack suit consisting of blue dungaree jacket, open at the neck, khaki trousers baggy in several places (all with a seabag press), and GI shoes to match.

TOUJOURS L'AMOUR!
WE CROSS THE 180TH MERIDIAN

A popular song of a few years ago tells of the regions "down where the trade winds play,—down where you lose a day." We don't catch the trade winds angle—and for those with unreliable innards it may be just as well—but we did lose a day. Some insist that we gained, jumped nonstop from the 22nd to the 24th. To end all questions on the matter, then, we will put it this way. We gained a day's date, but lost a day's time.

In the process, we entered the Realm of the Golden Dragon, most of us neophytes. In time of peace this crossing of the 180th meridian is often attended by great pomp and ceremony. Just another of those customs which seem to crop up, somewhat akin to the well known Royal Order of Shell-backs, and the Short Snorters.

The why and wherefore of all this to-do lies 'way back in 1884 when the International Meridian Conference was held at Washington, D. C.

Greenwich, England, had been decided upon as a fit starting point for the earth's meridians. The day thus determined must start and end somewhere, so the 180th meridian was chosen as the International Date Line. It lay somewhere out in the middle of the vast Pacific where the juggling of dates wouldn't bother anybody.

Though the dateline lies along the 180th meridian for the greater part of its length, it swings sometimes east, sometimes west, so that none of this calendar legerdemain will take place on land. Hence it bends to put Asia to the west and Alaska to the east, then back again to make way for the Aleutians, to put them on the same schedule as Alaska. It takes another little dip farther south between the Samoan and Fiji islands, putting Samoa to the east and Fiji to the west.

We had the rare experience of skipping a tomorrow; we had the experience of living a today over again.
NIGHTMARES AT NOON

CITY CHILDREN FIND RELIEF

HOT SEAT

NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER
The Athletic Department was organized soon after the battalion was formed. Its express purpose was to promote inter-company and inter-battalion competition in all major sports.

The gear locker was furnished by the Camp Endicott Welfare and Recreation Department. Much equipment was purchased by the battalion warfare fund. In addition to this, several donations were received from the Tacoma War Athletic Council and the Gyro Club. It was in honor of that city that the battalion adopted the name Loggers.

The sporting purpose flourished while at Ewa, with officers, chiefs, and men all competing in the sports of their choice. At Saipan, athletics worked hand in hand with the military training program to put the men in good physical shape for the coming invasion. After the securing at Okinawa, the program functioned again, inter-company softball games taking the limelight of many evenings' enjoyment.
A Battalion basketball team was started at Camp Thomas. Fourteen games were played with the Loggers finishing with a mediocre record of nine wins and five losses.

Shortly after our arrival at Ewa, the Seabee Athletic Association formed an All Oahu Seabee Basketball League in which each battalion entered one team. The Loggers developed a high scoring, fast-breaking offense, finishing in a tie for second place among fifteen league teams. At the completion of the league, a round robin tournament was held. The Loggers in their first game, ran over a weak 95th Battalion team by a score of 49 to 21. Fate turned the tables on the Loggers as their attempt to reach the semi-finals was spoiled by a heart breaking loss to the league champions, the 129th Battalion “Redmen.”

At Iroquois Point, stage for embarking, the basketball team was re-organized and played a total of twelve games. The team emerged with a record of eleven wins against one defeat.

For two months, play throughout the inter-company basketball tournament at Ewa was intense. Company B finally pulled away from the field to win the Round Robin tournament. Their fast-breaking attack proved too much for A and C Companies who were definite threats until the last week of play.

All organized basketball ended when the battalion set sail for Saipan, leaving behind a total record of twenty-four wins and ten defeats.
SOFTBALL

Where there is an American, there is baseball, or its brother, softball. As Seabees bulldozed their way to Japan they left a trail of ball diamonds. Polynesians, Chamorros, Melanesians, Ubangi, Kanakes, or Gooks; all will be playing ball on American-built fields years hence unless the jungle closes in and covers the clearings.

The battalion made its softball debut in Oahu, T.H., the game rapidly becoming its most popular sport. Ten company teams, plus four from our neighbors, the 530 CBMU and the 10th NCB made a hot league. After trampling Company B in the final game Company C emerged as champs.

Selecting top players from the company teams a battalion club was entered in the All CB Tournament. Most of the games were played under lights at Night Field, Civilian Housing Area. But Seabees were never good at night life. They habitually arise early, work hard all day, and go to bed nice and early. While this routine catches lots of worms it caused the team to finish half-way up in the league. We note with pride, however, that our club had one of the finest fielding records in the tourney.

Our officers produced a team which played some pretty torrid games against the Marines at the Air Station. The most heated games, however, were with the 129th Battalion "braids." Since each club invariably won its home game it is suspected that the visitors were urged to have "just one little one" at the bar and were then slipped a "mickey." Company C, battalion champs, finally administered the "coup de grace" by defeating the officers in one of the final games at Hawaii.

A third, and highly successful league was formed in distant Okinawa. Commander Holbrook opened the season by chucking a fast one, high and inside, to Acting Executive Officer, Lt. Kearney, who squatted behind the plate. The sphere never reached Mr. Kearney, however, as Chaplain "Jake" swung mightily with his seasoned oak, popped out to third. At this point there was a slight intermission while Dog Battery shot down two "Betty's." As soon as the ack-ack had cleared Company D rushed from their foxholes to defeat Headquarters in the opening game of the season. Bomb craters only added to the excitement of the contest.

THE LOGGERS

INTER-BATTALION CHAMPS—COMPANY "C"
OKINAWAN LEAGUE OPENS

STRIKE ONE ON TOMMY

"OUT" AT FIRST

NAILED BY McCARTHY

CLEARY MAKES A PUT-OUT
The Logger's swimming team was one of the most successful teams the battalion put out. Through the cooperation of the Ewa Recreation Association, the Ewa pool was reserved daily for team practices. Numerous meets were held with the Ewa Recreation Association and neighboring Army teams. The Loggers went undefeated all the way.

In the Seabee Central Pacific Championship Meet, the Loggers started out slow, but ended up in the number three spot out of ten teams. The last event proved to be the "ace in the hole" for the Loggers when Norris, St. Clair, Merrill, and Evilsizor won the 400-yard freestyle relay. Points by Burlak in the 100-yard breast stroke event boosted the total.

The highlight of the season came when Jack Evilsizor, Les Norris, and Joe Burlak were selected for the All-Star team to represent the Seabees in meets against the All-Star Army, Navy, and Marine teams of the Central Pacific Area. The Loggers' representatives, back-bone of the Seabee team, placed in more events than any of their fellow members.

Ping Pong played an important role in the battalion's recreation program throughout its Pacific duty. The Lounge at Ewa was the scene of many torrid contests, with tables in use from morning till night.

During the last two weeks in August, a battalion ping pong tournament was held with twenty-four entries competing. Phil Ginest met Hank Reeves in the finals. Reeves' forehand drives carried him to the championship in three straight games, 21 to 16, 21 to 19, and 21 to 19.

Ping Pong Addicts

Ping Pong Addicts

King-Ping Reeves
WRESTLING

At Ewa, Chief Johnny Deffner, along with duties as Junior Officer of the Day, found time to teach a class in wrestling and to enter himself and several of the boys in the Central Pacific Area bouts.

Before a crowd of 4,000 fans, Chief Deffner wrestled his way to the championship of the 165-lb. class C.P.A. bouts. He was presented with a trophy by Lt. Bill Dicky, former catcher for the N. Y. Yankees.

Other boys entering the tournament from the 130th were Gulbranson of D Company, Jim Ramsey of C Company, "Killer" Carroll of D Company, and "Count" Kochanksi of Headquarters. Many of these boys had never stepped into a ring in any type of competitive wrestling.

★

ATTACK A LA JAP

GRUNTERS AND GROANERS

CPA MATCHES—"CB" VS DOGGIE"

OH, MY ACHING NECK!
VOLLEY BALL

Five volleyball courts were set up at Ewa where officers, chiefs, and enlisted men competed in many evening games.

At Saipan inadequate facilities for other sports caused volleyball to be extremely popular. Played almost constantly during the men’s free hours, it gave relaxation after the day’s duties.

During the first 45 days on Okinawa, the battalion had no athletic gear whatsoever until Red Cross supplied us with a ball and net. The league which was set up gave the battalion its only form of recreation until the athletic gear arrived.

HORSE SHOES

If horses comprise the "sport of kings" then their feet are the everlasting source of pleasure for just plain people.

At Ewa, where each company had its own pits, it was a rare day that the clang of shoes against spikes could not be heard. Although teams were not organized, individual competition was always at a high pitch. ("Pitch"—get it?). After a hot day's work, when showers and chow were finished and the sun had commenced to set, groups of men could be found throughout the camp idling about the homely pits, either playing or watching with vague, pipe-smoking interest.

Our Chiefs, (may they rest in peace) discovered that here was a game to which they were, by nature, adapted. They started round-robin competition and Deffner eventually trounced Canning in the final elimination event.
BOXING

At Camp Thomas, Rhode Island, boxing was one of the battalion’s major sports. Under the watchful eyes of Gilbert VanDusen and Henry Godale, the squad underwent a rigorous daily training schedule. The squad was matched several times with neighboring battalions and took a trip to meet the Navy at Newport, Rhode Island. Every match was attended by a roaring crowd and satisfied the most enthusiastic fight fans of the battalion.

Members of the battalion will remember Ken Fallert in the bantamweight division; Jim Tucker, featherweight; George Hazelwood, Norris Kingman, and Jack Eckert, lightweights; Tommy Perkowski, Jack Noe, Cleve House, and Ray Trumble, welterweights; Gus Gustus, Gil Hardin and Walt Kulick, middleweights; Bob Mott, Jim Carroza and L. B. Ree, lightweights; Larry Gore and Louis Sedani, the big boys.
FIELD DAY

The Marines were so happy over the work we did on their air station at Ewa that they gave us $200 and said "buy yourselves a drink." The battalion was thirsty, added $500 from its own welfare fund and bought itself a whopper. Yep, we threw a Battalion Field Day on 17 May, 1944; free coke, free beer, free entertainment, come one, come all!

Athletics dominated the scene and work-weary Seabees leaped from their sacks to play games (and drink beer.) Ralph Feri ran 100 yards in something flat to win the event. Chief Canning groaned, grunted, curled into a knot and straightened out with sufficient energy to place first in the shot-put. Jim Ramsay uncorked a pip to walk off with the distance football heave. Al Cleary cleared the fence to cinch the softball toss.

Came lunch. With it came the expected downfall of the Chiefs. On a strict training table the officers merely pecked at their chow. The Chiefs, like condemned men, devoured their usual more than hearty meal. Shortly thereafter the officers walloped the Chiefs 10 to 5 in a last inning rally of their softball game.

Prizes were presented to winners of events. To wind up the day the battalion ball club played the Pacific Flyers after which everyone had more beer and returned to a well-worn sack.
HOKE HARRISON AFTER WILD PEG
DAVIS SCORES AGAINST "BRAID"
GAFFNEY SINGLES TO LEFT

McCARTHY OUT AT FIRST

MOBLEY STOPS "NO-DUTY" BOY.
TENNIS

The Loggers tennis team was the outcome of an elimination tournament held on the Ewa Marine Courts in May, 1944. Entered in the fast Hawaiian Tennis League, our boys did a commendable job in representing the Battalion.

Matches were played away from home against a host of tennis stars from the States as well as the Hawaiian Islands.

BOWLING

Bowling in the 130th proved to be the hard-luck sport. Two leagues were started, one at Camp Thomas, and the other at Honolulu, but before the leading bowlers could be determined in either league, the Battalion was on the move.
WRESTLING
On 21 October, before a crowd of 4,000 fans, Johnny Definer, with his usual aggressive style of wrestling, won a 15 to 5 decision from his Army opponent to be crowned the 165-pound Central Pacific Area wrestling champion.

JACK EVILSIZER, LES NORRIS, JOE BURLAK
SWIMMING
These three men proved very important in the fine showing made by the all Seabee swimming team, against their service opponents.

Joe Burlak, who saw action in every meet, looked impressive in the breast stroke events. Swimming in free style relays and the 220-yard free style events, Les Norris sparked the 'Bees to many wins.

One of the finest Seabee swimmers on the island, Jack Evilsizer, Logger free stayer, swam the 50 and 100 yard free style and the 400 yard relay. Jack was one of the 'Bees main scoring threats.

FOOTBALL
Late in August, 1944, the Seabee Athletic Association issued calls for an All-Oahu Seabee football team. Of five men reporting from the Logger Battalion, "Rocky" Schaub won a tackle berth, and played line ball until sidelined due to an injury in the Seventh AAF game.

BASKETBALL
At the close of the Oahu Seabee Basketball League, all the players on the various teams voted for all Seabee Basketball Team. Al Cleary, high scorer, blonde forward of the Loggers won a position, but the battalion moved before Cleary had a chance to play with the team.
Throughout the history of the Battalion considerable effort was expended in furthering the education of both officers and men.

The chief source of "book larnin'" was the well known U.S. Armed Forces Institute (USAFI), located at Madison, Wisconsin, with fingers groping all over the embattled world.

The program was energetically opened in Davisville by a small group of volunteers, college men, interviewing 937 of the men. Almost every one in the Battalion was formally introduced to USAF!, 519, or 55%, enrolling immediately in courses. How did the 130th stack up with some of its neighboring Seabees at Camp Endicott in the fall of 1943?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OUTFIT</th>
<th>Number enrolled in courses</th>
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<td>10th Special</td>
<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>96th NCB</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>129th NCB</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
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<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CBMU # 560</td>
<td>21</td>
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It is not possible to ascertain how many of the original enrollees completed their courses, since a majority of them have been lost to the Battalion one way or another.

Whenever location permitted, men were urged to take courses either for self-betterment or to complete their interrupted high school work. An average of five men a week enrolled in courses whenever we were able to offer them. Immediately after Okinawa was secured, twenty men promptly subscribed, most of them seeking high school credit. With the approach of V-J day, unusual interest was shown by young men who would return to the U.S. to complete their schooling.

We approached the matter of education from other angles. The University of Hawaii offered evening courses to servicemen at greatly reduced tuition. The education department arranged for advertising, enrollment, and transportation to the University.

Group classes within the battalion included Math., Spanish, and Japanese. A course in Chinese was taught in Ewa by a former missionary to China.

Our library always contained USAFI self-teaching texts to enable men to brush up on physics, algebra, arithmetic, trigonometry, and bookkeeping.

Proper facilities for studying were always considered. Both in the States and in Oahu a quonset hut was set aside, known as the Study Hut. Proper lighting and quiet surroundings were conducive to concentration. At Okinawa, forty-five days after L-day, a month before the island was secured, a well-lighted library was available.

An aspect of the battalion's Education Department was a weekly Town-Meeting. Norman Soong of the Chinese News Agency and Antony Wigram of the British Broadcasting System were two of the most noted war correspondents who addressed us. Still another popular idea was the weekly illustrated news lectures which preceded the movie. Maps were projected on the screen, accompanied by a reading of a digest of the week's news.

Proceeding on the basis that "an informed battalion is an alert battalion," educational opportunities were carefully planned.
On liberty the sailor rows a boat in the park. On Sunday the street car conductor rides to the end of the line. On his day off the bartender visits competing taverns. But what, pupils, does a Seabee do on his day off? Right! He works in the Hobby Shop. Throughout the week he plies his trade with skillful hands and then, loose for a day, he dashes to the Hobby Shop to make some gadget to send home to mama.

At Ewa, T.H., a quonset hut housed excellent machinery and hand tools, benches, and materials, all paid for by the battalion's welfare fund. Anybody was welcome to try his hand at wood, plastic, or metal work. Occasionally a stray Yeoman, Storekeeper, or Cook was caught surreptitiously sneaking in to attempt his masterpiece.

"Objects D'art" included gorgeous knife handles and blades, lustrous trays carved from solid blocks of wood, shining rings, bracelets, necklaces and countless other items limited only by the unlimited imagination of a Seabee. There were gifts for mama, papa, girl friend, wife, and child.

The Hobby Shop was our glorified cellar workbench. Here was constructive relaxation amid clouds of sawdust, the angry buzz of blades, saws, and buffing wheels. In this miniature factory could be found the satisfaction of personal accomplishment—a healthy feeling.
The first Battalion Library was set up at Ewa, T.H., in less than half a quonset hut. It consisted of some 400 titles. From that point, continuous transactions were made through the district library, and regular additions came from Washington. Finally our library included over 2000 volumes.

Came the time to move, and the problem arose, “how much of the library goes with us?” The answer, “all of it.” It became a portable affair. Huge crates were built, each containing four bookcases of volumes. On arrival at Saipan, it was a simple matter to drop one of the crates fifteen feet from the hooks of a crane, completely demolishing the crate, but leaving the bookcases fairly intact, and ready for immediate use.

In Saipan the library was in a tent. For 30 days Okinawa was no place to read a book. Finally half of the library arrived and was immediately set up in a lounge built of scrap lumber. With the erection of a shiny new quonset hut, and the arrival of the rest of the books, the library again resembled the one at Ewa, even the original bookcases. Cute trick, wasn’t it?

Besides issuing 50 books a day with over 300 in continuous use, the library has been much more. Magazines, maps, table games, free cigarettes, candy, and iced drinks, radio and records, writing and study facilities, and a generally good place to pass the time, have been some of its attractions.

With Honolulu 4500 miles away, the Okinawa library and lounge came in for a big play with from 150 to 200 men passing in and out every day. Day times it was the lounge; at night the movies. On every location the consensus of opinion has been, “the best unit library on the rock!”
PERSONNEL
WILLIAM S. BANFIELD, Lt. (MC) USNR, Irondale, Ohio, Sept. 43, Senior Medical Officer, Chief Censor

ROBERT O. DRANGE, Ens. (CEC) USNR, 312 N. Broadway, Watertown, S. Dak., Aug. 45, Company C, Field Engineering

DAVID J. COMSTOCK, Ens. (SC) USNR, 807 S. Inglewood Ave., Inglewood, Calif., May 45, Disbursing Officer, Commissary Officer

LAWRENCE E. FISHER, Ch. Corp. (CEC) USNR, 1205 N. Trenton St., Ruston, La., Sept. 43, Company D, Company Censor, Carpenter and Paint Shop Officer

CARL E. COX, Ch. Corp. (CEC) USNR, 919 Second St., N. W., Rochester, Minn., Sept. 43-Aug. 45, Headquarters Company, Ordnance Officer, Transportation Officer, Equipment Repair Shop Officer, Grading Officer

CHARLES M. GAFFNEY, Ch. Corp. (CEC) USNR, 1145 Aguirre Ave., San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 44, Company C, Sanitation and Mosquito Control Officer, Field Engineering Officer, Coral Officer, Grading Officer

FREDERICK M. COX, Lt. (CEC) USNR, 1644 Edgewood Ave., Jacksonville, Fla., Company Commander, Technical Training, Engineering Officer, Photographic Officer

CLIFFORD S. GRINDAL, Ens. (SC) USNR, Paton, Me., May 45, Supply Officer, Materials

WILLIAM A. DUNBAR, Ch. Corp. (CEC) USNR, Box 22, Philcampbell, Ala., Dec. 44, Company C, Steel Construction Officer, Culverts
NOLAN P. JACOBSON, Lt. (Ch.C.)
USNR, 206 S. Clay St., Quitman,
Ga., Sept. 43, Chaplain, Welfare
and Recreation Officer

ROBERT L. KEARNEY, Lt. (CEC)
USNR, 206 17 43rd Ave., Bay-
side, Long Island, N. Y., Sept.
43, Company Commander, Act-
ing Executive Officer, Cargo Of-
ficer, Project Officer

ROBERT L. KEARNEY, Lt. (CEC)
USNR, 206 17 43rd Ave., Bay-
side, Long Island, N. Y., Sept.
43, Company Commander, Act-
ing Executive Officer, Cargo Of-
ficer, Project Officer

FRANKLYN B. KELLEY, Ch. Carp.
(CEC) USNR, 1817 Evanston St.,
Independence, Mo., Sept. 43,
Company A, Electrical Officer

PAUL V. MARA, Lt. (jg) CEC, USNR,
17 E. Willow St., Beacon, N. Y.,
Sept. 43, Headquarters Com-
pany, Voting, Company Censor,
Transportation Officer, Carpen-
ter, Painting and Equipment Re-
pair Shop Officer, Project Officer

HENRY NORTON, Jr., Lt. (jg) CEC,
USNR, 150 W. 54th St., Kansas
City, Kan., Sept. 43, Company
Commander, Legal Officer, Com-
munications, Mechanical Officer

DAVID C. MASON, Lt. (jg) MC, USNR,
Box 368, Beaverton, Ore., Dec.
44, Medical Officer

JAMES R. MIMS, Jr., Lt. (CEC) USNR,
Luray, Va., Dec. 44, Company
Commander, Cargo Officer,
Camp Adjutant, Camp Con-
struction Officer

CHRISTIAN L. MONTGOMERY, Ch.
Carp. (CEC) USNR, 3670 Ingram
St., San Diego, Calif., Sept.
43, Company B, Company Cen-
sor, Project Officer

STANLEY R. NESTINGEN, Lt. (jg)
CEC, USNR, Sparta, Wisc., Sept.
43, Personnel Officer, Grading
Officer

HENRY NOTTBERG, JR., Lt. (jg) CEC,
USNR, 150 W. 54th St., Kansas
City, Kan., Sept. 43, Company
Commander, Legal Officer, Com-
munications, Mechanical Officer
BERNARD A. O'BRIEN, Lt. (CEC) USNR, 176 Commercial St., East Braintree, Mass., Feb. 44, Company Commander, Project Officer

CHARLES V. SCHUTZ, Lt. (DC) USNR, 602 N. Zeyn St., Anaheim, Calif., Aug. 45, Dental Officer

CLARENCE E. PALMER, Ch. Corp. (CEC) USNR, 402 Hiawatha St., Corpus Christi, Tex., Feb. 44, Company B, Company Censor, Project Officer, Concrete Officer

GLENN L. SIMMONS, Ch. Corp. (CEC) USNR, 301 Story St., Birmingham, Tex., Sept. 43-Aug. 45, Company C, Company Censor, Grading Officer, Coral Officer

THEODORE D. PETERSEN, Lt. (jg), CEC, USNR, 810 21st St., Greeley, Colo., Sept. 43-Aug. 45, Company D, Recreation, Geology, Concrete Officer, Grading

ROBERT E. STALTER, Lt. (jg) CEC, USNR, P. O. Box 8, Elida, Ohio, Sept. 43-Aug. 45, Company A, Project Officer

THOMAS M. RODGERS, Ens. (CEC) USNR, 1443 Berryhill St., Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 44, Company A, Welfare Fund Treasurer, Company Censor, Grading

PHILIP C. STEMPLE, Ens. (CEC) USNR, 1003½ N. Fourth St., Burlington, Ia., Aug. 45, Headquarters Company, Ordnance Officer Personnel

ROBERT W. SCHAUSS, Lt. (jg) CEC, USNR, 16½ Rosedale Blvd., Norwalk, Ohio, Sept. 43-Aug. 45, Headquarters Company, Military Training Officer, Security Officer, Intelligence Officer, Company Censor

ROBERT L. TURNER, Ens. (CEC) USNR, 9214 W. 31st St., Tacoma, Wash., July 45, Company D, Laundry Officer
ROBERT D. WALP, Lt. (jg) CEC, USNR, 17 E. Willow St., Beacon, N. Y., Sept. 43, Company B, Camouflage, Chemical Warfare, Ships Service Officer, Grading

ROBERT OLLIE WATERS, JR., Lt. (jg) CEC, USNR, 20 South St., Carrollton, Ga., Sept. 43-Aug. 44, Company Commander, Camp Adjutant, Camp Construction Officer

ROBERT WATSON MOBLEY, Lt. (jg) SC, USNR, Girard, Ga., Sept. 43-June 45, Supply Officer, Materials Officer

CHARLES ORLAN TYLER, Lt. (jg), MC, USNR, 51 S. Hinchman Ave., Haddonfield, N. J., Sept. 43-Sept. 44, Medical Officer

FRANCIS C. O'NEIL, Lt. (DC), USNR, Lafayette Ave., Hyannis Port, Mass., Sept. 43-Aug. 45, Dental Officer and War Bonds Officer

CHARLES LAMOT VARIAN, Lt. (jg), CEC, USNR, 1014 N. Sixteenth St., Boise Idaho, Sept. 43-May 45, Company A, Ordnance Officer, Project Officer, Grading

E. PATRICK O'ROURKE, Lt. (jg), SC, USNR, 1420 Dogmar Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 43-June 43, Disbursing Officer, Commissary Officer

JOHN THOMAS TALTY, Ch. Carpenter (CEC) USNR, 10 Benedict Rd., Providence, R. I., Sept. 43-Sept. 44, Company D, Heavy Hauling Officer

CLYDE MURTON VOLLMAN, Lt. (CEC) USNR, 3804 Woodridge Rd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio, Sept. 43-Dec. 44, Company Commander, Camp Adjutant, Camp Construction Officer, Grading Officer, Coral Officer
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<td>WILLIAM H. ADAMS, Cox</td>
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<td>JAMES M. APLEY, Fie</td>
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<td>GERALD D. BENEDICT, CM2c</td>
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<td>PhM2c</td>
<td>Sturbridge Rd.</td>
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<td>Bkr2c</td>
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<td>EM2c</td>
<td>Route 2 Stockport, Ohio.</td>
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<td>CCM</td>
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130\ø LOG

JAN 22, 1945
CROSSED INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE
JAN. 28, 1945
ARRIVED AT ENIWETOK
MARSHALL ISLANDS
FEB 6, 1945
ARRIVED AT SAIPAN
MARIANAS
MAR 15, 1945
BOARDED LST's 838 & 812
APR. 1, 1945
ARRIVED AT OKINAWA
RYUKU ISLANDS

MAR 16, 1944
ARRIVED AT OAHU
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
JAN 18, 1945
BOARDED SS PRESIDENT JOHNSON