DEDICATION

This book is affectionately dedicated to our loved ones who so patiently awaited our return. May it reflect our appreciation of the little favors so instrumental in making the distasteful job of war bearable.
FOREWORD

We filled our niche; we accomplished our task; we lived well; we worked hard, and we laughed often.

GEORGE S. ROBINSON

Commander (CEC) U.S. Navy
Officer-in-Charge 147th NCB
Commander George S. Robinson entered the Navy in the year 1937 by special examination. He has since then enjoyed eight years of active duty, encompassing such activities as the Boston Navy Yard in 1937; Navy Yard Cavite Philippine Islands in 1938, 1939 and 1940; Navy Yard Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the winter of 1940; Guantanamo Bay Cuba in 1941, 1942 and 1943; Naval Air Station Patuxent River, Maryland, in 1944; and now Officer-in-Charge 147th NCB. His many years of service have netted him such ribbons as the "National Order of Honor and Merit" from the Republic of Haiti, the "American Defense Ribbon" with star, the "American Theater Ribbon," the " Asiatic Theater Ribbon," "Victory Medal," the expert pistol and expert rifle medals.

LIEUT. COMDR. F. T. WILLIAMS
CEC, USNR

Born at Kingston, New York, on March 31, 1910, he inherited a love of beauty from his artist mother and the natural ability for engineering from his father. After being graduated from Saugerties (New York) High School, he attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. There he completed his studies in 1932 and graduated with a degree of Civil Engineer. He has since then supplemented his studies with extension courses at Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Unlike the old navy custom of having a sweetheart in every port, the Commander has but one sweetheart—his wife. She and "Robbie, Jr.," their 6-year-old son, are presently residing in Saugerties, New York.

LIEUT. COMDR. D. G. STUART
CEC, USNR

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS
YEAR BOOK STAFF

Left to right:
Tommy Manno, Copy
Andy Blair, Cartoons

Russell Spachman, Business Manager
Lt. (jg) Jason P. Moore, Editor-in-Chief
Ed Lehey, Art and Composition

PHOTOGRAPHERS

[Photo of a person in a sailor uniform]

[Photo of a person working with a typewriter]
TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. A Battalion Is Born ........................................ 11
2. Go West, Young Man .................................... 19
3. Camp Parks ............................................... 20
4. Anchors Aweigh ......................................... 23
5. Our Island "X" ............................................ 26
6. Camp Construction Project .............................. 32
7. Katchin Hanto Tank Farm Project .................... 38
8. Other Projects ............................................. 43
9. "Gala" Galley Opening .................................. 46
10. Chaplain's Department .................................. 49
11. Mate Slate ................................................ 52
12. Around Camp ............................................ 53
13. "This Is It" .............................................. 64
14. Surrender of Okinawa .................................. 65
15. Recreation ................................................ 66
16. Sick Bay .................................................. 73
17. Officers' Country ...................................... 74
18. C.P.O. Mess .............................................. 76
19. Work Groups ............................................. 77
20. First Typhoon ........................................... 90
21. The Big Blow ............................................ 94
22. Okinawa Travels ....................................... 103
23. "Miss Okinawa" 1945 ................................ 122
24. Dischargees .............................................. 123
25. You'll Be Sorree!! ..................................... 124
26. Company Officers ...................................... 125
27. Awards ................................................... 126
28. In Memoriam ............................................. 127
29. Okinawan Camp Site .................................. 128
30. Battalion Muster ....................................... 129
**A Battalion Is Born**

CAMP ENDICOTT, DAVISVILLE, R. I.

Year 1945 was but ten days old when our battalion was born. Destined to an uncertain childhood, its birth was announced at 1:00 P.M. on January 10 by a telephone call. There was none of the hysterical excitement and passing out of cigars so familiar in the birth of a usual child. This was no usual child. Born to serve the Navy and a country at war, this battalion had not only one glorious tradition to live up to, but also the added responsibility of being worthy to build, if necessary, under a Seabee banner.

The very same telephone call the battalion was given a name and a guardian. It was christened the provisional 148th Naval Construction Battalion, and Commander George S. Robinson, CEC, USN, was appointed Officer-in-Charge.

**FIRST MEN RECEIVED**

Camp Endicott now set down to the task of supplying us with men. January 15th saw 900 men assigned to the provisional 148th NCB. The group was temporarily set to roost in D area of NCTC. Our stay here was short. About the time accommodations became adequate and battalion routine geared to a comparatively smooth pace, orders were received to move to Sun Valley for field training.

**RIFLE RANGE**

Sun Valley gave battalion personnel an opportunity to study and fire carbines. It also gave Camp Endicott a chance to break practice all of our seamen. Due to the reckless bleeding of our seamen complement, rumors arose that the provisional 148th NCB was to be broken up. This was indeed a shifty period for the battalion and it left Sun Valley on the 19th of February with a doubtful future.

SOME CHANGES MADE

New hope and new surroundings were found at Camp Thomas. With our arrival we received word that the 148th would be a pontoon outfit. More men were received to replace the ones taken away from us at Sun Valley, and arrangements were made to train both officers and men in pontoon tactics and assembly. Then it happened! Men from Seabees Detachment 1045, just recently returned from invasion duty in Southern France, were transferred to us in increasing numbers, until by March 5th we absorbed the major part of the 1045. The receipt of these men changed the picture considerably. Men of the 1045 Detachment knew nothing of pontoons, being strictly an oil tank construction group. On March 6th we received word to change the battalion from "Pontoon" to "Construction," and furthermore to use the number 147th in place of 148th.

WASHINGTON GIVES GREEN LIGHT

On March 15th the 147th was officially launched by orders from Washington. Between the 15th and 20th Camp Endicott sent us large drafts of men. Our need for battalion personnel was so acute that the Training Center apparently could not screen the men. Many were sent to us with physical disabilities and ailments ranging from flat feet to stomach ulcers. We could only muster 455 men for a review.

Two days later we started for the coast with 1,108. Camp Endicott went all out and transferred over 600 men in one day—the day before we left.
Under the watchful eye of Captain Fred F. Rogers, USN (retired), Commanding Officer of Camp Endicott, the 147th Battalion, received its colors. The colors were presented by sponsors, Mrs. George S. Robinson, wife of the OinC, and Mrs. Fred T. Williams, wife of the Executive Officer. The Battalion then passed in review before NCTC's Commanding Officer. Ceremony was held at the NCTC parade ground.
The Colors Passing in Review

Staff Awaiting Battalion Formation
Captain's Inspection

Headquarters Company

"A" Company
At the commissioning party, celebrating the presentation of battalion colors earlier in the day, 147th officers played host to their wives and a gathering of prominent guests. Holding the place of honor was Captain Fred F. Rogers, Commanding Officer of Camp Endicott. Also present were Mrs. Ada A. Miller, Executive Secretary of the Federated Music Clubs of America, and Mrs. Ernest Chase, representing the American Red Cross, Providence Chapter. Mrs. Miller was a paramount figure in providing many of the instruments for our orchestra and band. Her organization also furnished us with many musical recordings. Mrs. Chase was of great assistance in welfare and recreation projects.

Left to right: Comdr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Ada Miller, Mrs. Ernest Chase, Mrs. F. T. Williams, and Lt. Comdr. Williams.

Mrs. Miller presents Comdr. Robinson with a clarinet, one of many instruments given to the 147th by Mrs. Miller.

Left to right: Comdr. Robinson, Capt. Fred F. Rogers, and Mrs. Robinson.
As heavy rain painted a gloomy picture on the night of April 20, officers and men enjoyed the company of their wives, sweethearts—and for unattached men—475 Rhode Island hostesses during a farewell dance at ABD. Amid the setting of special decorations in the spacious Hut Area Recreation Hall, tight pants and gold-braid alike tripped the light fantastic to both hot and dreamy tunes furnished by our 147th Swing Band.
Intermission

Round Table Interlude

Pleasant Company
We weren't an hour from Camp Endicott when the boys changed out of navy blues into comfortable G.I. issues. It did not take us long to build up a phobia against troop train dining. Otherwise, enjoyable meals lost all their charm due to the rocking of the train and the fact that we had no tables and used paper dishes. The trip was uneventful on the most parts. However, one section did collide with an automobile at a junction. When at a scheduled stop, we were allowed to get out to exercise. In between stops the men wrote letters, read and played cards until sack time.

For many of our boys it was their first cross-continental train. They enjoyed watching the rolling green hills of Missouri, the barren lands of Kansas and the snow-capped mountains of the west.

After four days of traveling, our enthusiasm was at an end. We arrived at Camp Parks on April 29th, five days after leaving the east coast.
Two main reasons why the 147th NCB found itself at Camp Parks were: 1, Preparatory screening and training of men for overseas duty, and 2, Fitting out. Our date of departure for Island "X" was set at May 23. After living quarters were assigned, things started to happen. The paper war was on. Lists for deletions were being prepared for men in excess of complement or having physical disabilities. Physical and dental examinations began in earnest several days after arrival. The Battalion, by companies, was run through the Camp Parks Overseas Examining Board. The physical and dental check-ups took a heavy toll. Our Battalion doctor and pharmacists mates saw to it that we got the required overseas inoculations. Typhoid, Tetanus, Typhus and Cholera were stabbed into our blood stream by grinning pharmacist mates wielding hideous looking needles.
**V-E Day at Parks**

On May 8, nine days after arriving at Camp Parks, we celebrated V-E Day. The Battalion marched to the parade ground where the entire station assembled to hear Captain Wilson, Civil Engineer Officer in Command of CBRD, CAMP PARKS, speak on the Allied Victory in Europe. The Station Military Band played and the brief program ended with the rebroadcast of President Truman's V-E Day address.
ISSUE

Men were issued infantry packs, field jackets, gas masks, helmets and rifles. Carbines were fired and zeroed. Special orders on required and personal gear were given, followed by a bag inspection.

LAST LOOK

Camp Parks had a farewell look at the 47th on May 19. Companies A, B, C, and D marched in review on the station parade grounds. It was during this review that Company D made a name for itself by whistling at a formation of Waves marching next to the Battalion. Too bad they missed that last week-end liberty.

TROOPSHIP VIA BUS:

Transportation from Camp Parks to Pier 7, San Francisco, was by Navy bus. I doubt whether anyone of us will ever forget that ride. Each man boarded his bus with full infantry pack, sea bag, gas mask, ditty bag and rifle. Never have figured out who was most on top, the gear or the man.

Men staggered up the gangplank with gear weighing heavily on their backs. The cleated gangplank was wet and slippery. Many a Seabee that night would have preferred walking a tightrope for Barnum & Bailey's.

TROOPSHIP

Our troopship, the S.S. Sea Devil, was at one time a freighter. When the war broke out she, like many Americans, was drafted into the Army. Her last trip took her to the Philippines where she participated in the invasion of Leyte. Recently returned to San Francisco with a load of ambulatory casualties from the Philippines, the Sea Devil was again ready to make the trip back.

Ship's complement were made up of three separate services: the Merchant Marine in charge of navigation, the U.S. Navy Armed Guard handling security against enemy attack, and an Army detachment for the Troop Commander's office.

QUARTERS TWO DECKS BELOW

We were filed down two flights of ladders into dark and stuffy holds. Bunks decked five high had just enough room in between them for a man to slip in horizontally. Men were quick to see this and something short of pandemonium broke out as men sought upper bunks in hopes that they might find better ventilation and more freedom of movement. More fortunate mates were quartered between decks. Here bunks were merely three high.

Unlike the foul air below, out on the weather deck the night air was cool and invigorating. From our berth at Pier seven one could see the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge. It was but a week ago that we crossed this bridge via 'A' train with our pockets full of money and a liberty pass, and our minds intent on having a good time.
GOOD-BYE, "FRISCO"

At 1600, May 26, after fueling and apparently wandering aimlessly over every inch of San Francisco Bay, the Sea Devil broke for the Golden Gate. We passed under this longest suspension bridge in the world and within a few hours were out at sea. Down the coast of California we sailed. For hours we lost sight of the coast but caught up with it again as Santa Barbara's shore line loomed up at our port side. Shortly after May 27, 1945, we docked at Port Huneme. The Battalion was disembarked and taken to quarters at Camp Rousseau to await loading of the ship.

SHORT BUT PLEASANT

Our stay at Camp Rousseau was short and very pleasant. The stop-off gave us an opportunity to better prepare ourselves for the remainder of the voyage. We bore down on the Camp's Ship's Service Store, buying candy, soap, razor blades, and writing paper. It wasn't uncommon for mates to have their hair cut "boot style," some even went so far as to have it shaved off. The big treat was the fresh water showers (the Sea Devil had only salt water for the troops to bathe in), and also on our forget-me-not list are the excellent meals served at Camp Rousseau.

About the time we were starting to feel like homesteaders the order came to board the Sea Devil. Loaded almost to capacity and with an additional 800 men of the 146th NCB aboard, her weather deck seemed uncomfortably close to the water's surface.

OFF AGAIN!

Lines were cast off at 1500 on May 31. At our port-side a tugboat pulled, strained and grunted. It was quite evident that her efforts were not in vain as Port Huneme appeared to be moving away from our ship. The strains of "Anchors Aweigh," being played by the Camp Rousseau Military Band, kept growing fainter and fainter while waving longshoremen shrunk by degrees until their figures blended into the scene. The Sea Devil was now on her own and we, just a little closer to "Island X."

SAILING, SAILING!

FIVE DAYS OUT AT SEA ON THE CROWDED SEA DEVIL, WE WERE SLOWLY FINDING OUT HOW MUCH LIKE A DEVIL THIS SHIP WAS - TRULY A HELL ON KEELS. ONLY AN EARLY SEABEE, UP ON THE WEATHER DECK BY 4:30 A.M., COULD FIND A VACANT SPOT AND A BOX TO SIT ON. OTHERS HAD TO BE CONTENT WITH STANDING. THERE WASN'T MUCH EVIDENCE OF SEA SICKNESS, BUT WE WERE CAUTIONED, NEVERTHELESS, TO CARRY THE OUTER SHELL OF OUR HELMETS JUST IN CASE WE GET THAT GREEN FEELING.

Sun-up, on June 6, gave us our first sight of land in six days. Two islands of the Hawaiian group were off our starboard side. Rumors that we were to drop anchor at Pearl Harbor were groundless and we continued on. Four days past Hawaii, figured to June 11 because of the skip in one day when crossing the Date Line, we became eligible for membership in the Order of the Golden Dragon.

FIRST PACIFIC STOP

At stand-to on the morning of the 14th we dropped anchor at Eniwetok in the Marshalls. All hands were on deck, their eyes drinking in every little island, every tree and every stretch of sandy beach. The sight of land was
good after fourteen days of nothing but ocean—days that saw Captain Johnson's 'Re-e-lax' become a by-word; William O'Donnell, merchant seaman, committed to the deep the day after his fatal fall; a daily 'Sea Devil,' publication edited by the 146th and 147th; three appendectomies performed by the ship's Medical Officer; and the Sea Devil Review—comedy skits, music and novelty acts by mates of both battalions.

WORK AND PLAY

We set foot on Peary and Runit, two islands in the Marshalls group. Peary was our liberty island where groups of 200 to 300 men were taken to swim and to drink a few bottles of beer. If it weren't for the intense heat of the mid-day sun we would have enjoyed our liberty at Peary Island, but, as it was, many cases of severe sunburn were incurred and in several instances men experienced heat exhaustion.

On Runit Island the 146th and 147th Battalions worked on a Fleet Canteen, for which Commander Robinson received a message commanding the two construction battalions for their good work.

GLAD TO BE ON OUR WAY

The Sea Devil weighed anchor on June 28. Once again we rushed up to the weather deck, but this time to see the Marshalls disappear into the blue Pacific. We were growing very tired of the Sea Devil and happy to be on our way again, for it meant reaching our destination and being rid of her. The one bad feature about going out to sea again was the trend-to's, at sun-up and sundown.

The voyage between the Marshalls and Carolines lasted three days. Our diet during this jaunt was increased by an atabrine tablet daily and when a case of spinal meningitis broke out, a sulphur tablet was thrown in. These tablets were a welcome addition to an almost non-existent diet.

STOP-OVER TWO

On July 2 we reached Ulithi Atoll. Veterans of convoys stopping over at the Carolines will not forget Ulithi's little playland of Mog-Mog. Drinking beer under the shade of Mog-Mog's coconut trees is what we like most to remember about this small island. It also offered us the music of Dick Jorgans, and softball and basketball courts to loosen stiff troop ship muscles.

LAST LAP

The Sea Devil left anchorage on July 10 and proceeded out to sea as one of a twenty-eight ship convoy. We were now in dangerous waters. Drills became more frequent and each ship in the convoy was given a chance to try out its guns. The type of target used was a radio-controlled model airplane, known as aviation circles as a Drone. Mates were cautioned by 'The Voice' to have life-jackets and full can teows with them at all times. A very comforting sight were our destroyer escorts.

OKINAWA IS OUR "ISLAND X"

Finally found out the name of our "Island X" as July 10. A complete picture of Okinawa was painted for us on that day by Commander Robinson. It was a hot afternoon and battalion members were jammed tightly together at the midship house. Our eyes were on the register platform where the Commander stood, microphone in hand, giving us the good and bad points of Okinawa.

END OF THE LINE

On July 15, forty-five days after sailing out of Port Hunema, California, the Sea Devil dropped anchor in Buckner Bay, (Nakagusuku Bay prior to General Simon B. Buckner's death when it was renamed in his honor). We were scheduled to land on this very same day but strong winds made the bay too rough for barges. Landings were postponed until the following morning.

First barge pulled along side at 0800 on the 15th. Although the day was very hot and field packs, seabags and rifles weighed heavily upon our backs, we weren't the least bit unhappy. Forty-five days on an ex-cargo ship was about all we could stand.
Okinawa Bound Convoy

Coming Ashore from the Sea Devil at Okinawa

Beach-head
First Impressions

Pitching "Pup Tents"

Moving In
Setting Up

First "Mail Call"
"Messy" Line

"Steak" Again

Tomb Diners First

Protestant Service
Aerial View of Camp and Nearby Buckner Bay

Campsite and Chimu-Wan (Bay)
Galley and Mess Hall Under Construction

Installing Boiler for the Galley

Construction of a 126,000-Gallon Water Tank
Steel Erection, Mess Hall and Galley
Grading

Stage Structure

Chapel Under Construction
Tingley Theater

GSK Warehouse
Under Construction

"Stepping Stones"
"Michelangelo and Rembrandt" Painting an Oriental Scene

"Cat Skinner"
147th Tank Farm

Through Critical Eyes

Imbedded in Coral
Fuel Tanks and Buckner Bay

Completing Roof Plates

Laying Bottom Plates
AVGAS Tank

Crew No. 2 Erects Diesel No. 1 in Record Time, 6 Days

Fuel Line Crew
Maintenance, Route 10

Acorn 44, Hut Construction

Wreckage of Acorn 44 Housing Project
Cargo Pier
White Beach

Fuel Pier
"STICKING"
SHEET PILING
GALA GALLEY OPENING
Through the Revolving Doors

Mess Cook for a Day

Behind the Lines
Daily Bread
From the Chaplain

Pankey's Sextet

Honored Guests
Chaplain Sheldon O. Price
"Chappie"

147th Chapel
Altar of Worship

Chaplain's Assistant and Organist "Andy"

Protestant Service
THE MATE SLATE STAFF
147th Naval Construction Battalion
Chaplain Sheldon O. Price, Editor-in-Chief
Andy Blair, Y1c, Managing Editor
Tommy Manno, Y3c, Associate Editor
Pay Line

AROUND CAMP

The War's Over

Cat-astrophe
Say Ah!

Throw Another Philco on the Fire

Gumboat Drydock
Sorting "Sugar Reports"

"Finished" Laundry

Stitching the Blues Away
Deposit Five Yen, Please

Service With A Smile

Most Dis-CUSSED Mate
"Scuttlebutt" in the Making

At the Lathe

Guess Who?
Lum and Abner

Boring, Ain't it?

Charles "Abner" Chat Pankey
on Okinawa

Chippendale Junior
Time On My Hands

Gooks Beware

Sack Happy
"Irving Berlin" and His Masterpiece

Morning Colors

Rolling in Dough
Okinawa was alerted by Island Command as to a possible Jap airborne invasion. They said the sons of Nippon would more than likely try to take back Okinawa during the period starting August 1 through August 10. The first nine days passed with little event. But on the 10th of August, at 9:00 P.M., the camp became alive with rifle fire. From ships anchored in Buckner Bay shot up bright red and yellow tails of tracer bullets. Men froze in their tracks and through their minds flashed one thought — invasion. Mates ran for their tents to grab carbines, gas masks and helmets. Fox holes on Nob Hill were doing a record business. Steady fire continued and one had the feeling that a bullet would rip through him at any moment. Still carbines cracked, sirens screamed and tracer fire streaked pretty red patterns in the sky. . . . But wait! The tracer fire took on the shape of a "V". This was not an invasion but a celebration of V-J Day.
Amateur Nite

Is Youall Ma Baby?

Battalion Trio

The Winners
Impersonations

Latin Rhythm Boys

147th NCB Orchestra
Movie Night

Sophisticats

Shanting Magic
Softball Team

The Fleet's In

Strike Two
Basket?

Safe!

He WAS Out
OFFICERS'
Below, top: Meal Time
Below, bottom: Goldbraids Relax

COUNTRY

After the Day's Work?
CHIEFS' MESS

Eating

Chiefs Going in to Chow

Chiefs' Mess
Galley Crew

WORK GROUPS

Mess Cooks

Jack O'Dust
Paint Shop

Machine Shop

Plumbing Shop
Electricians

Welders

Camp Maintenance
Hut Erection Crew, ACEPD

Fire Department

Tank Erection Crews
Pile Driving Crew No. 2

Crane Operators

Heavy Equipment
Typhoon Fatigue

Not Even a Pot

Bury It, Burn It, or Build It?
Yeomen at Work!!

Reinforcement
Typhoon Blues

"Plumb" Crooked

From Tent Flat to Flat Tent
The Morning After

A Twisted "Mess"
Typhoons Can't Read

BIG BLOW

"Holder, Newt!"  Fighting the Elements
Demolished
Gun Shop

Nob Hill Suffers

On the Level
Wreck Hall

Just Before the Battle, Mother

Well, Back to the Drawing Board
Scrambled Huts

Starting from Scratch

Acorn 44 Takes a Beating
Fuel Pier

Cave-in

Cargo Pier
OKINAWA TRAVELS
GOOKS
ON
PARADE

Gifts from G.I.s

Absent-minded Professor  Confucious Say  Fisherman
Say, Lady, Got a Match?

The Men Ride While—

Native Women Walk
Yonabaru Home

Me Okinawan, No Japanese

Head Dresses
Naha Mission

Ruins of Shuri Castle

Native Residence
Ghoules

Haba-Habu

Native Tomb
Mr. Moto Does Your Cigarette Taste Different Lately?

Native Village Suicide Cliff

*Within this hill is sealed the command post where Lt. Gen. Ushijima, commander of the 32nd Japanese army, surrounded by his senior officers, made his final organized stand. This hill was seized by troops of the 7th Infantry Division on June 21, 1945 thus ending the Battle of Okinawa.*
Nit-wits

Family Gathering

A Tisket, A Tasket
Saturday Nite

Village Barber

Junior's Bath
Civilian Police

Mat Weaving

Age of Innocence
Study Class

Early Chow

Craftsman Attracts Audience
Well! Well!

Old Folks Home

Wall Flower
Jeep Creepers

To Market

One Horse Power
China Sea at Dawning

Village Shrine

Ebb Tide
This raven-haired beauty was discovered by our roving photographer, Jaime Lopez, in the picturesque village of Ishikawa.

Rising rapidly, she was chosen from the finals of the 'Miss Naha' contest by the 147th board of experts as "The girl we will never forget."

Her charming smile led to many modeling jobs. She is better known for her appearances on Army posters as "Miss D.D.T." In the recent "Miss Okinawa" contest, held at the fashionable Terrace Room of the Shuri Chateau, she emerged victorious not only for her charms but because she outran the other contestants in the Naha-Yonabaru jaunt with a 500-pound load on her pretty head.

Vital statistics: Height, 4 ft. 1 in.; weight (unloaded) 80 lbs.; bust, 24 in.; waist, 25 in.; hips, 24 in.
DISCHARGEES

Goin' Home
YOU'LL BE SORREE!!

Commander Robinson Swears in Marley for Four-Year Hitch

90 day Leave

4 years to go
Company Commanders

LIEUT. F. GUILLERMETY
Headquarters Company

LIEUT. J. KOVTYNOVICH
"A" Company

LIEUT. C. M. WILDMAN
"B" Company

LIEUT. D. G. STUART
"C" Company

LIEUT. L. K. WOOD
"D" Company

After the point system took its toll, the above pictured officers took over as Company Commanders.
AWARDS

These men were awarded the Navy Expert Rifleman Medal for proficient firing on the range at Sun Valley during that cold winter month of February, 1945: B. J. Galloway, CSF; Wm. Alexander, CCM; W. G. Bacon, CCM; Harry Lumpkin, CEM; Roy France, MM1c; N. L. Brumleve, MM1c; L. Van Stella, CM1c; Ralph E. Switzer, GM2c; L. C. Peach, MM2c; F. M. Bergesch, SSMLc; Elmer Heise, SF3c; E. J. Clark, SF3c.

Capt. Fred Rogers awards Chief Carpenter Donald C. Squire with Bronze Star for outstanding work done in Ajaccio, Corsica and St. Maximo, France, while attached to the 1045 CBD.

The men pictured below were awarded the Navy Expert Rifleman Medal after the Battalion arrived on Okinawa. Their names are as follows: Anderson, George T., EM2c; Barnett, Carmel W., CM2c; Bremer, Raymond G., CM2c; Ebert, Robert H., CM1c; Etechberry, John, SF1c; Frascano, John J., SF2c; Goldsberry, Frank G., MM2c; Grimm, Arthur, CM1c; Hendricks, Gerald V., MM2c; Lawrentz, John E., CM2c; Shaw, Charles M., CM2c; Sims, William J., SF1c; Sterzinger, Eugene H., CM2c.
In Memoriam

In Memory of Our Beloved Mate and Companion, Lyle D. Tingley

SLEEP, COMRADE, SLEEP

Sleep, comrade, sleep; sleep and rest
On this field of your grounded arms
Where foes no more molest,
The thoughts of men shall ever be
Nor sentry's shot alarms,
Sleep, comrade, sleep.

Rest, comrade, rest; rest and sleep
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free,
Sleep, comrade, sleep.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
Battalion muster
ROSTER
OF
147th
Naval Construction Battalion

OFFICERS

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