

**"CONTRACT  
COMPLETED"**



**110<sup>TH</sup> UNITED STATES  
NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION**





# **“CONTRACT COMPLETED”**

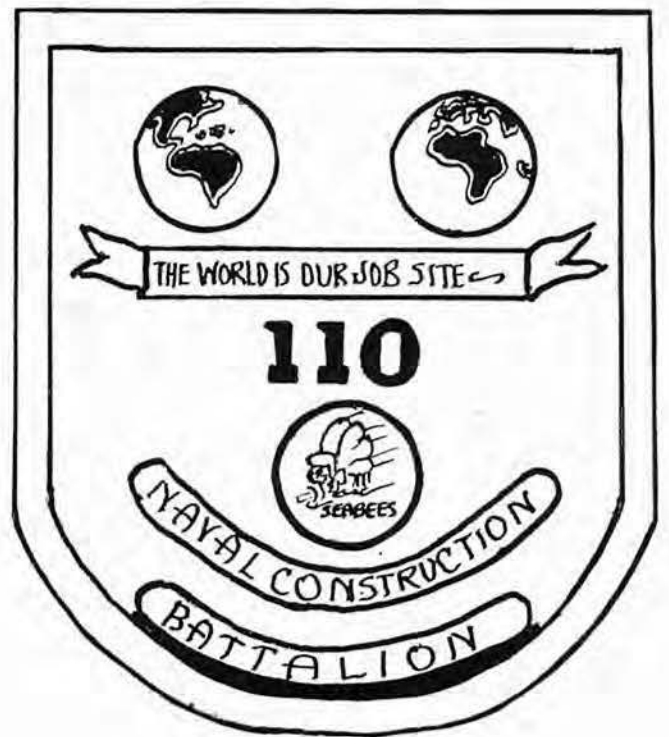
PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE

**OFFICERS AND MEN**

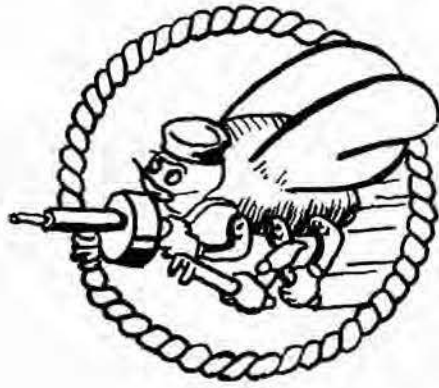
OF THE

**110TH NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION**

1943-1945



**INSIGNIAS**



On 28 December 1941 the Navy Department authorized the Bureau of Yards and Docks to organize a number of Naval Construction Battalions.

The call went forth for experienced workers of many crafts—men that were urgently needed for these battalions. Men who could work with skill and knowledge, ready mastery, and men who could learn to fight with the weapons of modern warfare. From the construction camps—factories—mines—drafting rooms—engineering offices and many other sources came the answer.

In the two and a half years that followed, Seabees became an integral part of any invasion force. Africa, Italy, Normandy—The Solomons, Gilberts, Marshalls—The Marianas, Philippines, Iwo Jima and Okinawa—every major assault saw the Seabees operating with or immediately behind the assault forces. Pontoon causeways operated by Seabees unloaded ammunition, food, artillery, tanks, bulldozers and a thousand other essentials of an invasion team. Immediately following the initial assault on every major Pacific invasion, Seabees were there rebuilding air strips or leveling the tangled jungle

growth for new air strips. After a territory was secured, it was the Seabees that were invariably called upon to perform the unusual tasks that have earned for them a justifiable pride in their motto "Can Do."

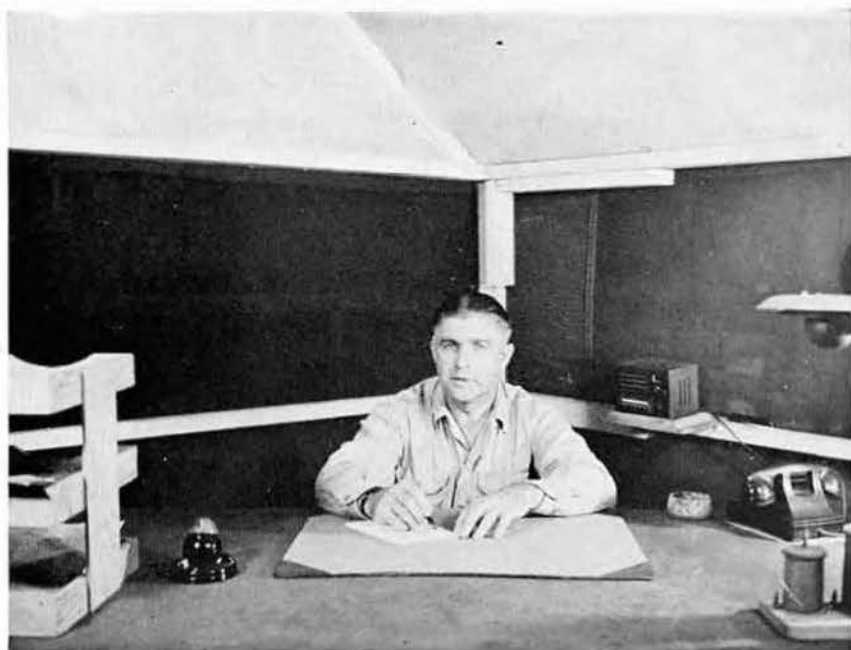
The Seabees have received tributes of praise and gratitude from the Marine Corps, the Army and the Navy. The Secretary of the Navy, James Forrestal, summed it up in paying tribute to the Seabees on their third anniversary. "I extend my congratulations to an organization which chose for its motto the words 'Can Do,' and then proceeded, by courage, skill and hard work, to live up to it."

The object of this book is to record and preserve the activities of the 110th United States Naval Construction Battalion. To the officers and enlisted men who, as a unit or individually, are rightfully proud of the part they played in blazing the trail to victory and to the very heart of the Japanese Empire, this book is dedicated. These men never faltered when the going was rough, nor relaxed when it was easy, and throughout the long campaign they never lost sight of the two thoughts uppermost in their hearts—Victory and Home.





**COMMANDER T. H. JONES**



LT. COMDR. P. J. RILEY



LT. COMDR. J. A. McALLISTER





Our journey to Camp Peary was like embarking on a new adventure. What was in store for us? Time alone would tell.

**CAMP PEARY**

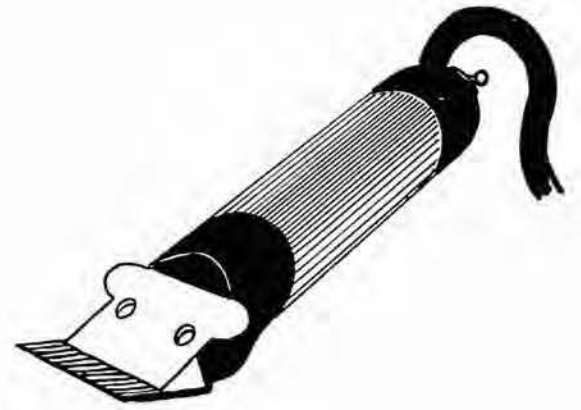


With a cynical eye to the proceedings, we were mildly shocked upon arrival at Williamsburg at being crowded like sardines into a Navy truck piloted by a character unique in the transport age—The Seabee truck driver who can apparently without effort hit the bumps or leave them alone. Our pilot on that trip to camp never missed a one. Well, we are Seabees now—and confined in a barbed wire cage awaiting—  
**WHAT?**



# CAMP PEARY





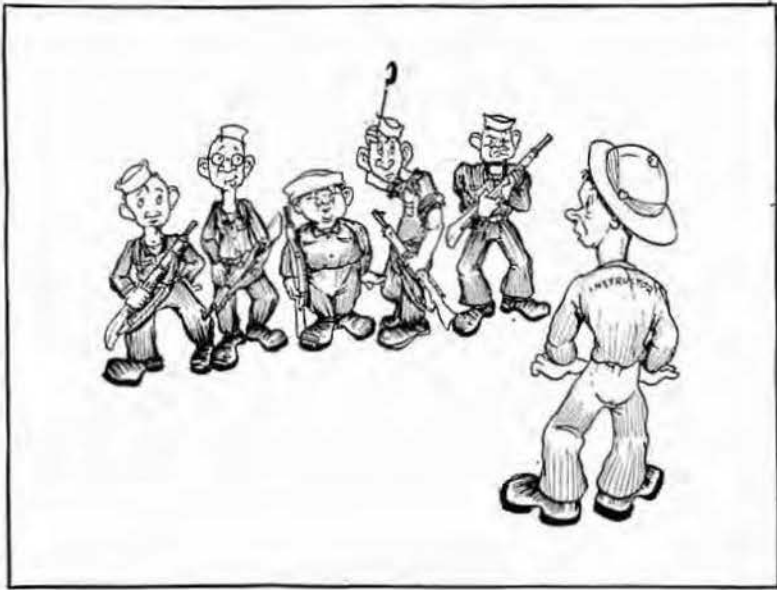
The timing was perfect—before we had time to get our sea legs we started through that door. This way Mac, you're next. Just like a production line. Name—age—open your mouth—close your mouth—yes, I mean all off. Take a deep breath—next man—ouch! Way over—one foot—size 14—too big you say! Finally chow. Cafeteria style; but quick. Back again to the torture chambers—fitting rooms—the barber, and DAY IS DONE.



0500—HIT THE DECK! Everybody out in five minutes. Let's get on the ball, Mac.  
Home was never like this.

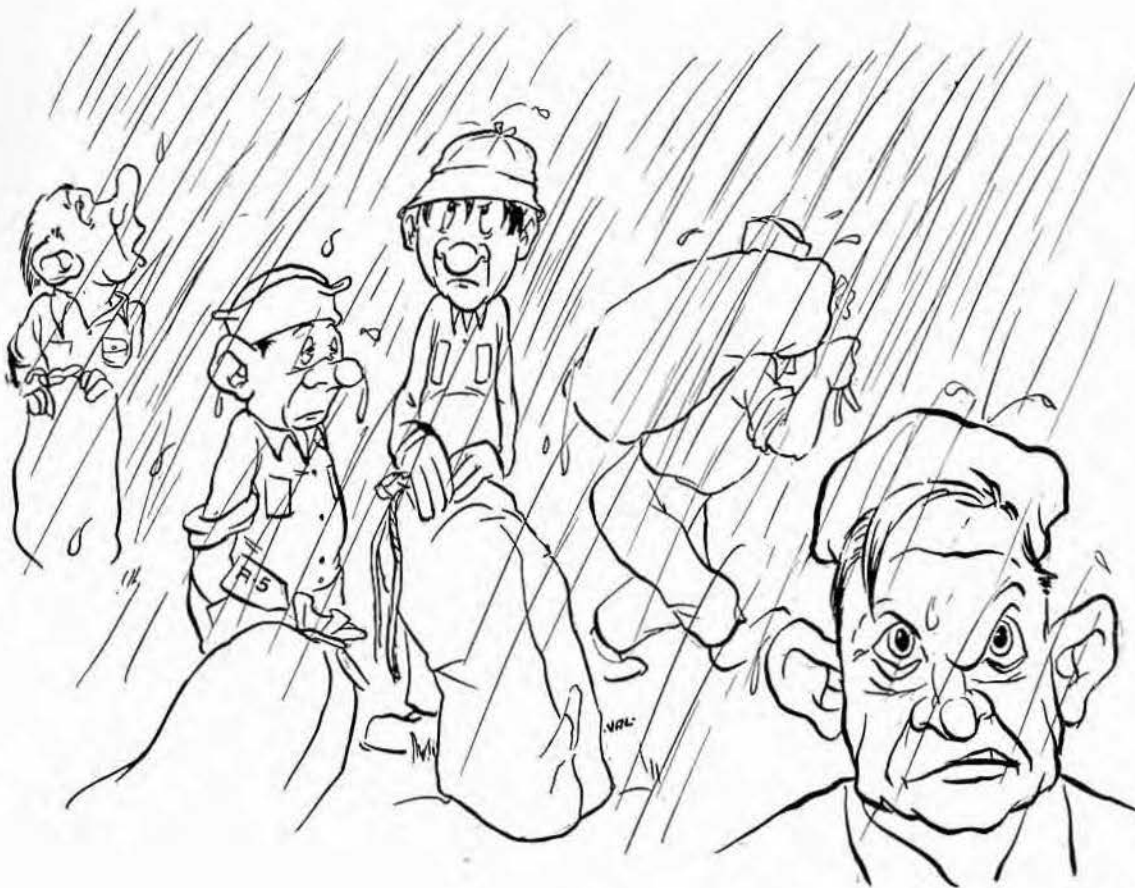
**BOOTS**





Officers—Chiefs—Instructors:—Are we learning?  
Hup two three four. Right face, left face. By the  
numbers right shoulder arms! Time passed, we  
passed, but not before a new meaning was hal-  
lowed around one simple word—"Liberty."





Boot is over. One dismal, rain-drenched morning we moved to A-5 Area. Ahead was Advanced Training AND Liberty!

## A-5 AREA





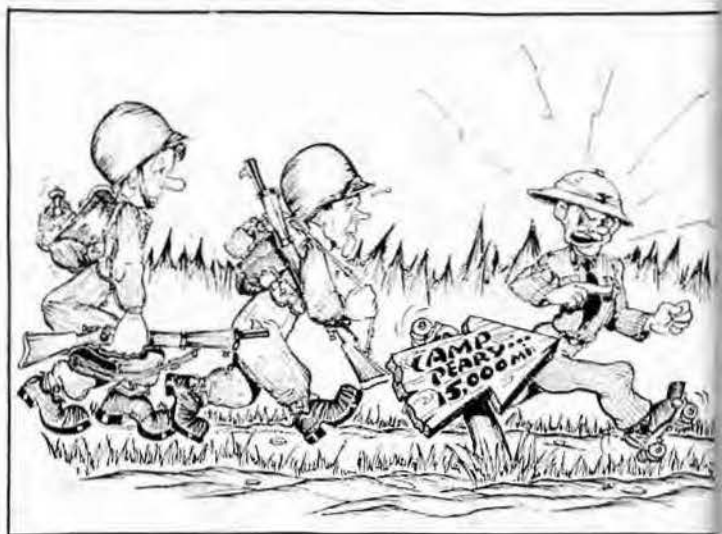
Give me liberty! Or give me . . . liberty!



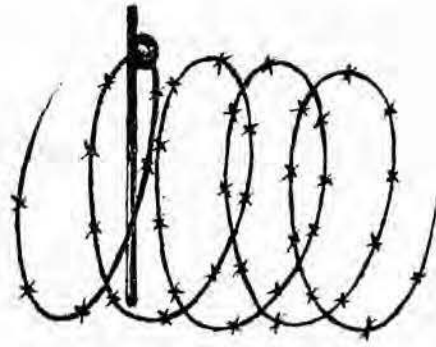
**LIBERTY**



Liberty over and back to the war. Boots, boots, boots, marching up and down again. Corporal of the Guard! Our buddies, the Marines? School daze and me a grown man.



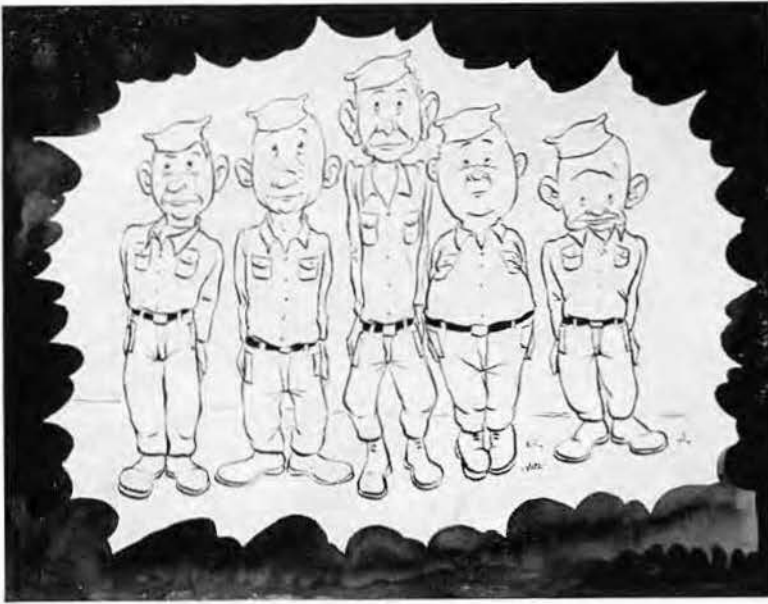
## ADVANCED TRAINING



A. T. is the abbreviation for Advanced Training, but to us it meant Actual Torture. The Commando Course is mainly an outdoor horror chamber. Another strange word is added to our vocabulary—SCUTTLEBUT. Let's get a dictionary.

**COMMANDOS**

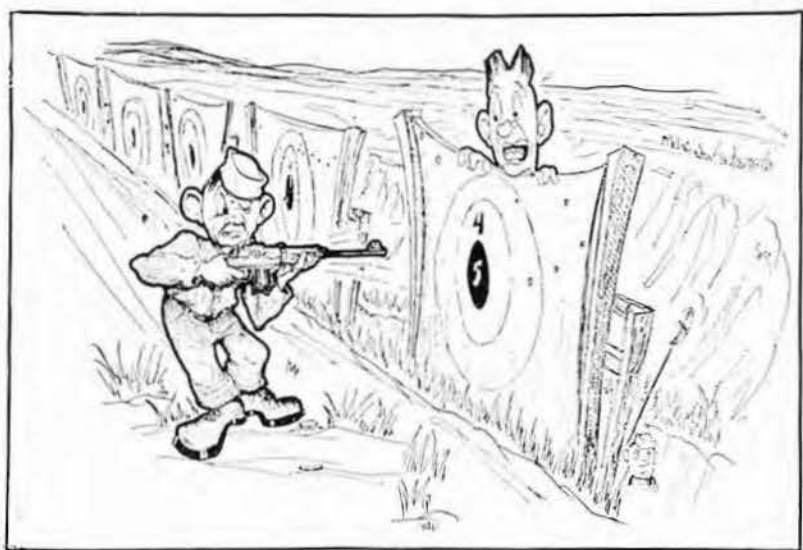




We are snapping into things now with a will. Our military training is long and hard. Less mistakes. We begin to look snappy. Another shot—the end must be near. What is this we hear? Commissioning? When? Tomorrow.



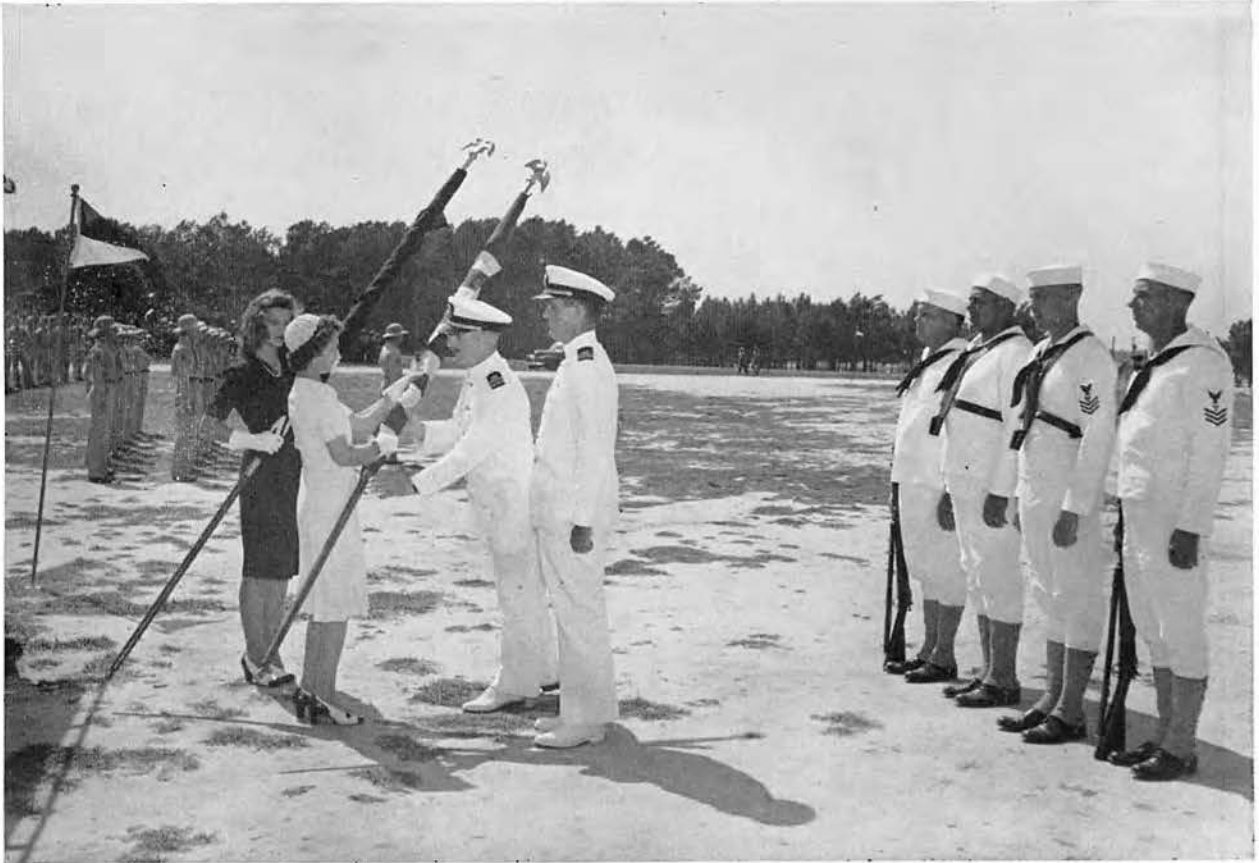
## MILITARY TRAINING



Cowboy and Indian is played differently here. It's called Extended Order Drill. Sometimes the Chief extends us too far and the assault force winds up getting a little sack time in the shade of a tree. Simulated firing is over—it's real bullets now. Ready on the right—Ready on the left—Ready on the firing line.



**MILITARY TRAINING**



Eleven hundred men dressed in immaculate white, marching in Battalion Parade—  
an impressive sight. Solid blocks of white moving in clock-like rhythm to the spirited  
strains of a Sousa march. What outfit is that? What outfit is that, my friend, that's  
the 110th, and just watch our smoke!

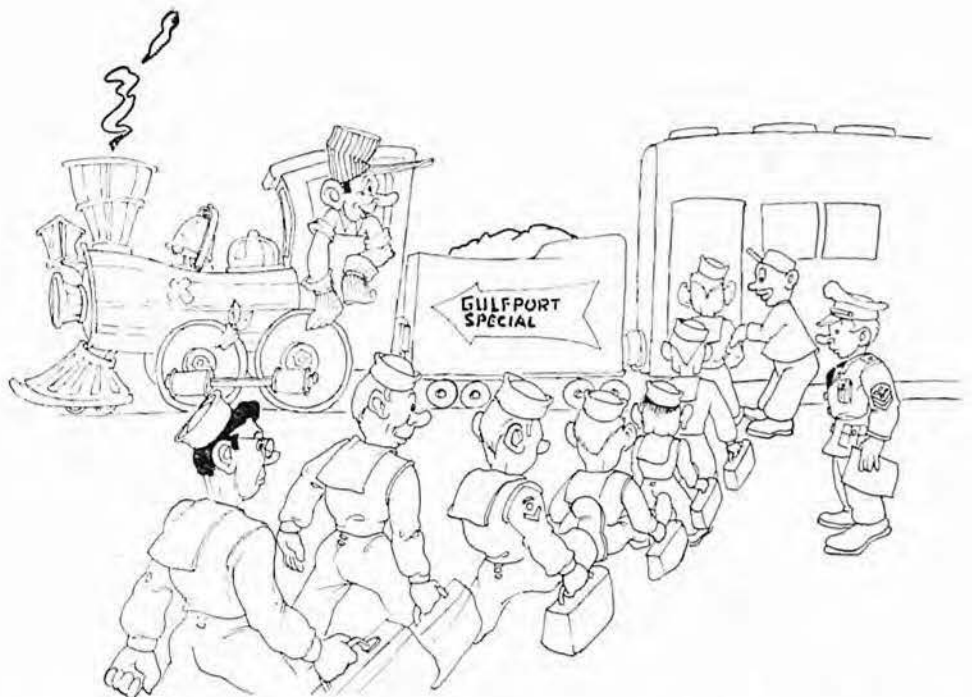
**COMMISSIONING 110TH N.C.B.**





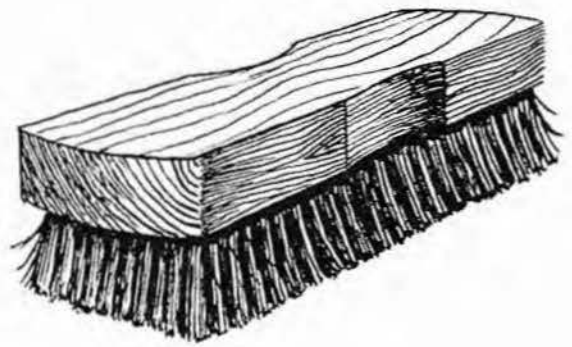
We have received our commission and are now an independent unit. There will be a few changes before we embark for overseas, but most of us are to be together for the next two years sharing the same work, the same thoughts and the same dreams.

**NEW BATTALION**



Scuttlebut is flying again—this time about pre-embarkation leave. Let me think—  
What's the first thing I'm going to do when I see the little wife? Kiss her of course  
you dope. All men from Eastern U. S. A. stand by for leave. What stories we'll  
tell. Oh Boy! Ten whole days.

**LEAVE**



Again trucks—bumps—sardines. Then nice new oval topped houses. The Quonset huts were to be our new home.

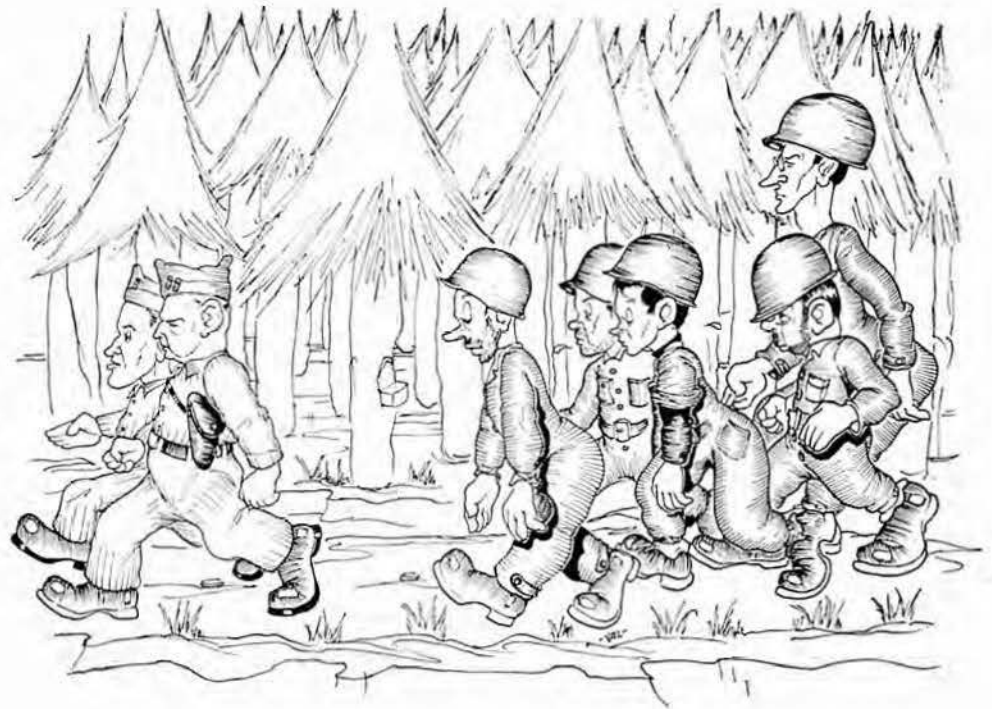






Extended order and close order drill again took up a large part of our day. We began to feel like babes in the woods. A new and ugly rumor began to spread. Two hundred skeleton-strewn miles to the rifle range—booby traps on the range—wiped out a platoon every day or so.

We had the whole day off, but that night just about sack time, we assembled (with canteen full of water and minds full of dread) and started for the rifle range. As the long lines moved from the lighted camp into the darkness, the crunch of gravel under hundreds of feet became a wierd rhythm, and someone began a song. As it carried back along the line of marching men, other voices joined in. Soon the star studded darkness of the piny woods resounded with song and gave back an echo that made our steps and our spirits grow light. We marched on and on. The volume ebbed, the singing stumbled once, twice, then died out, and on we marched.



## RIFLE RANGE



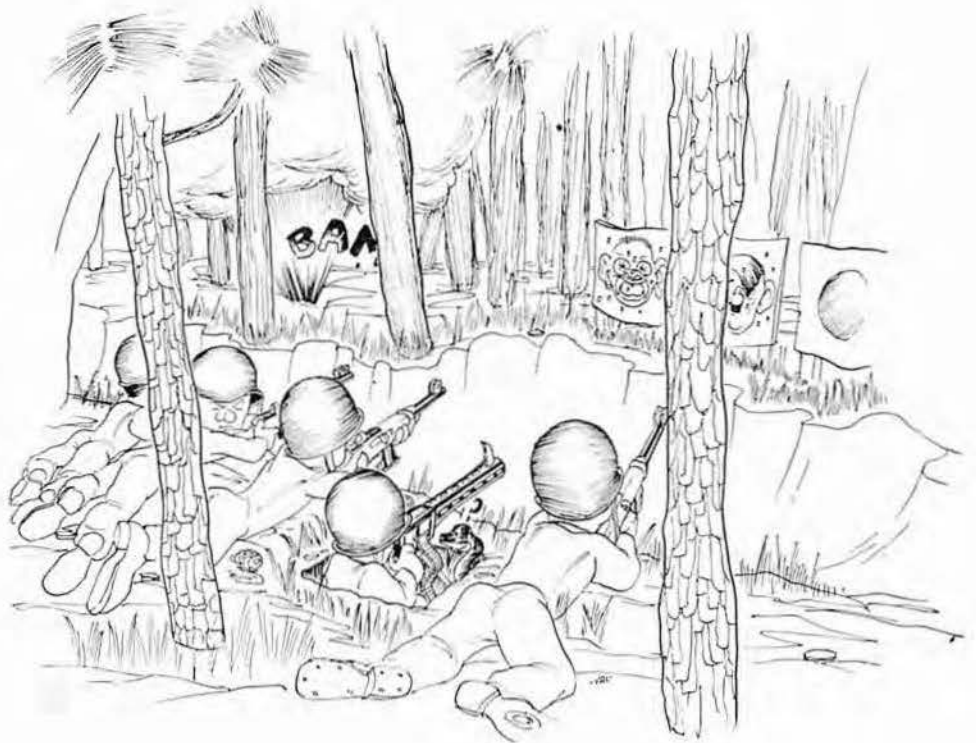
An order comes through from the station wagon at the head of the column—Give way to the left side of the road—Relay it back—Relay that order. Alright men, give way—give way to the left—another outfit is returning. Sure is dark—Oh, Stevedores. Hell, they made it. Thank heaven, bivouac at last. Cold as hell—man am I tired. But we will make the rest of this march if we have to do it on our hands and knees.



**RIFLE RANGE**



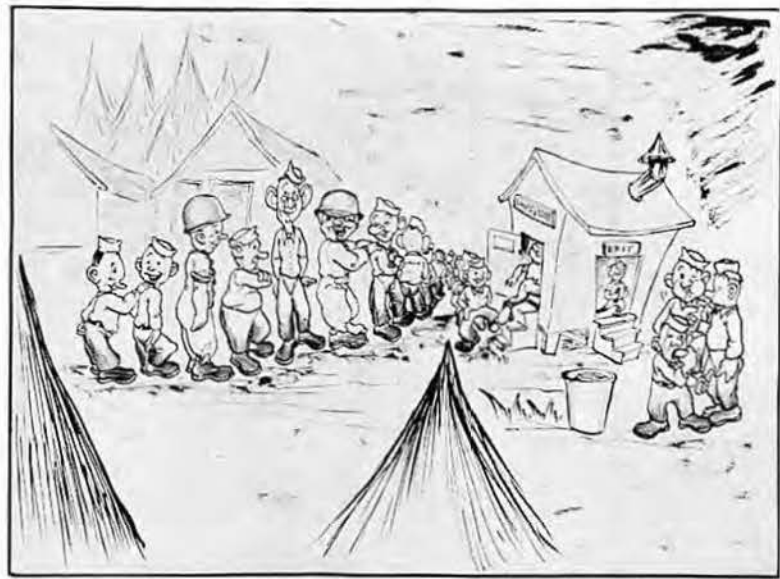
Just like summer camp. Reminds us of the time when we were Boy Scouts. But then we didn't get lost on hikes. Dear Wife: Tomorrow we storm the heights—live ammunition, land mines, booby traps, the real McCoy. Yes, darling, I will be careful. Wow!—We thought the 4th of July at the County Fair was noisy—what a day—maybe tomorrow I'll go fishing if I can sneak off.



## RIFLE RANGE



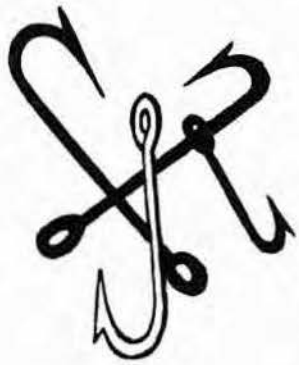
Doc Byer says it must be the water??? or too much Ice Cream? Boy, that show was a pip. What did you say; tomorrow? Well, we made it up here and we'll make it back. Be glad to get back too. The Chief says we're moving into the big two-story barracks when we get back.



**RIFLE RANGE**



Tramp, tramp, tramp. Sure we made it standing on our feet. These barracks sure are the nuts—the Chiefs are really fixed up—just like the officers. When? Tomorrow? Never heard of it. Really good fishing. Cat Island—Might be a good deal. Twelve o'clock. Fall in, fall in. All right, men—packs all adjusted—good. Attention! Forward march! Full marching pack—70 pounds—80—90—200 pounds. Platoon halt! Thank heaven.



"C'MON MEN--- WE'LL  
MOW-EM-DOWN !!!



\* ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS  
IS PURELY ACCIDENTALLY--  
-VAL-

It's a bit crowded men, but she's a fine ship. The USS Pig Iron—and pig iron she is—pontoons and more pontoons—part of the Seabee bag of tricks all rigged up with power units and everything including salt water showers and soft steel mattresses. We storm the island at dawn—but dawn turned into damn when we grounded on a bar. So we took our morning dip as we waded ashore in the icy waters and hit the beach with full packs looking more like dripping sea monsters than an assault force.

**CAT ISLAND**

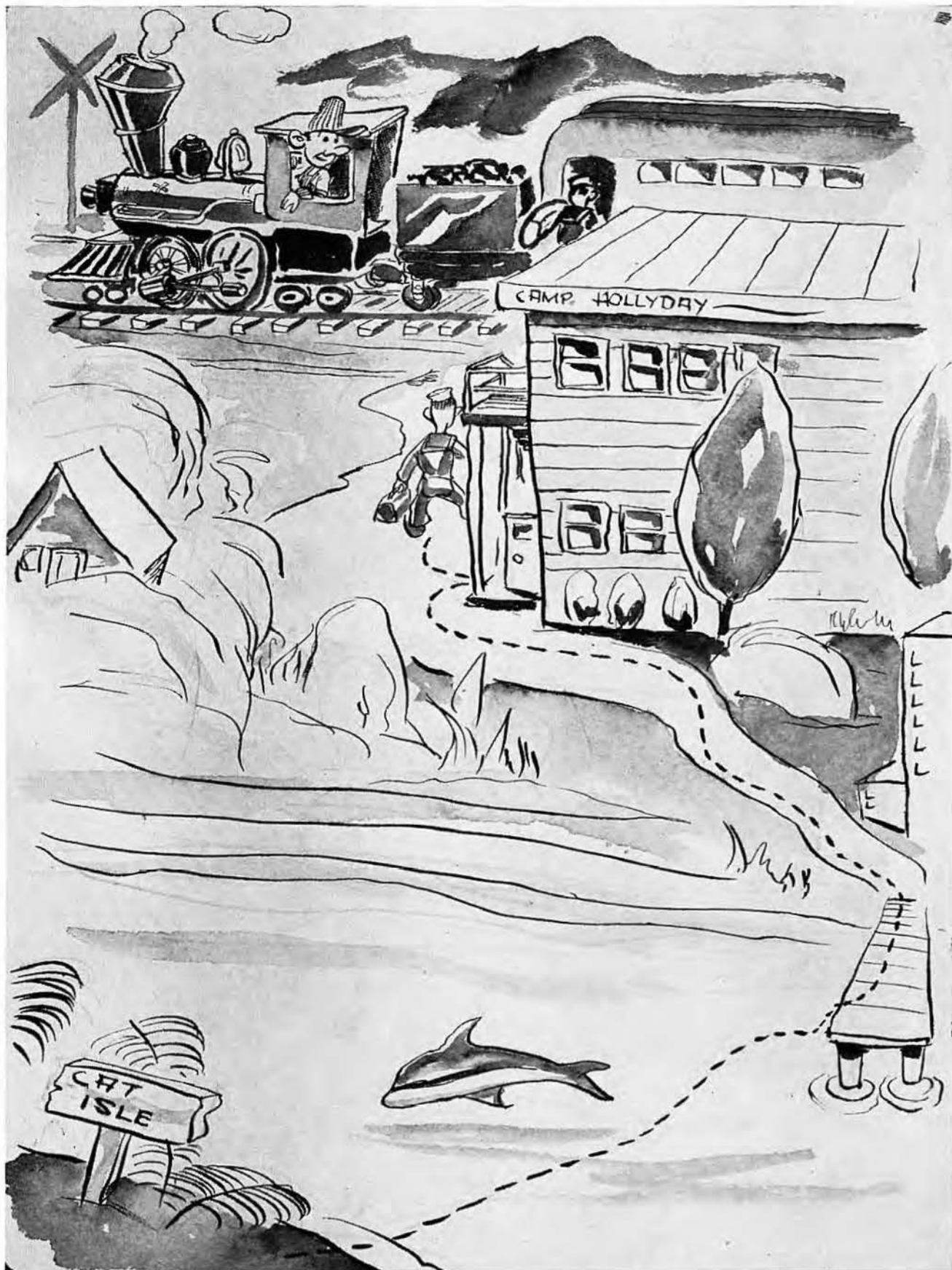


All right, you fighting builders, let's get started—right here on this grassy spot. Start making Battalion History. Shades of the Sahara. Our brave and valiant cooks accepted the challenge literally and a new high was reached in culinary perfection. Intriguing new dishes—sand and eggs—coffee and sand—wieners and sand—what, no spinach? They said we would be dive bombed and strafed. We thought they meant by planes—not mosquitos. What we did there we did well—I think.



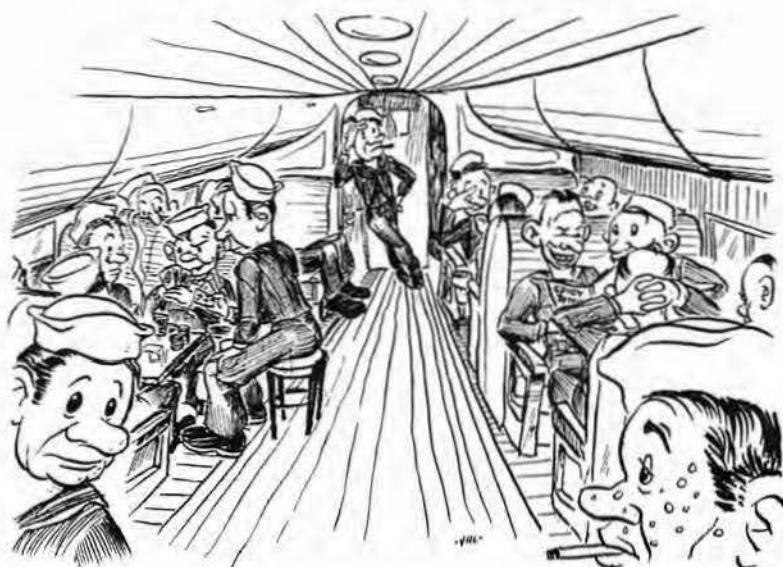
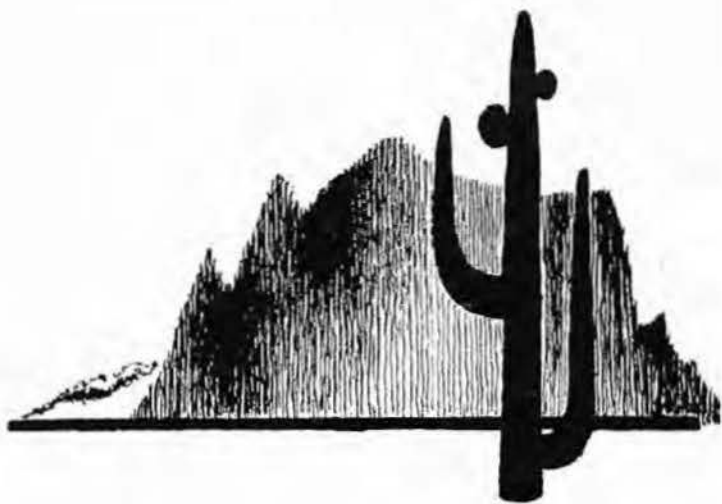
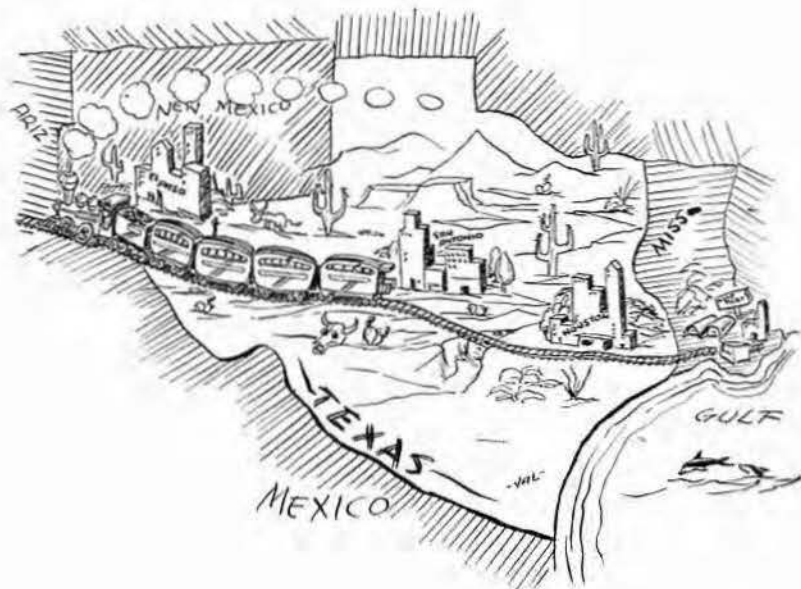
**CAT ISLAND**





Our luxury liner is waiting off-shore. We waded through the water and clamber aboard, wet, cramped and cold. In the cold gray dawn the good ship Pig Iron pulls up at the pier and we wearily debark from what was for many of us our first cruise. It's just a short march to camp, men—hot showers, clean clothes and real beds. Scuttlebut is on the loose again. We're going to bid the Gulf Coast good-bye. Which will it be—East or West? Europe o the Pacific? A little extra flurry of activity and then right at our doorstep stood a long string of Pullmans—the engine was so small we knew we were going to New Orleans and ship from there—but we hit the Gulfport yards, picked up a large and powerful engine, then seemingly without effort we started, gathered speed and again headed West. It's the Japs they want us to whip.

**CALIFORNIA BOUND**

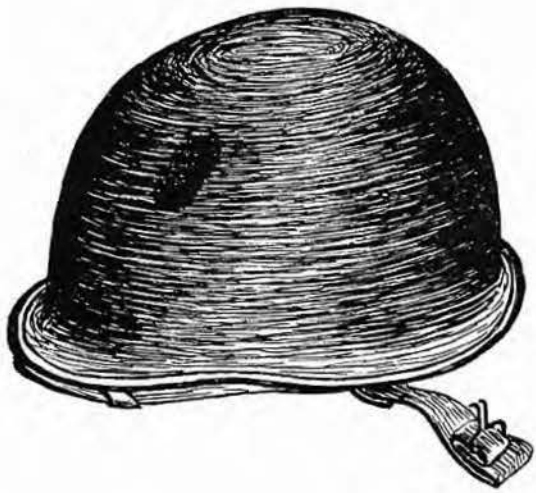


Everyone found a different way to pass the time on the long trip to the West coast. Some played cards, some read, some just looked out at the country rolling by, but one thing, one big thing, was shared by one and all—Texas. Whether it was looked upon with joy, wonder, pity or pride, we all agreed on one point—It's a hell of a big place.

The three sections all got through Texas somehow and wound up at the same place, Camp Rousseau. Then once again the great battle cry—Give me Liberty! Remember? Eventually liberty was given—the men from the Golden West were granted pre-embarkation leave, and they radiated out from Port Hueneme like the pattern of a giant spider web.



## CALIFORNIA BOUND



We made the acquaintance of a new and very important friend here. Our rifles. Here too, we met an outfit we wanted to see more of, the Waves. We were enlightened on one other subject—the Fleet Navy were our Allies, and were to become the crew of the unsinkable aircraft carrier which we were to build in the Pacific.

**HUENEME**

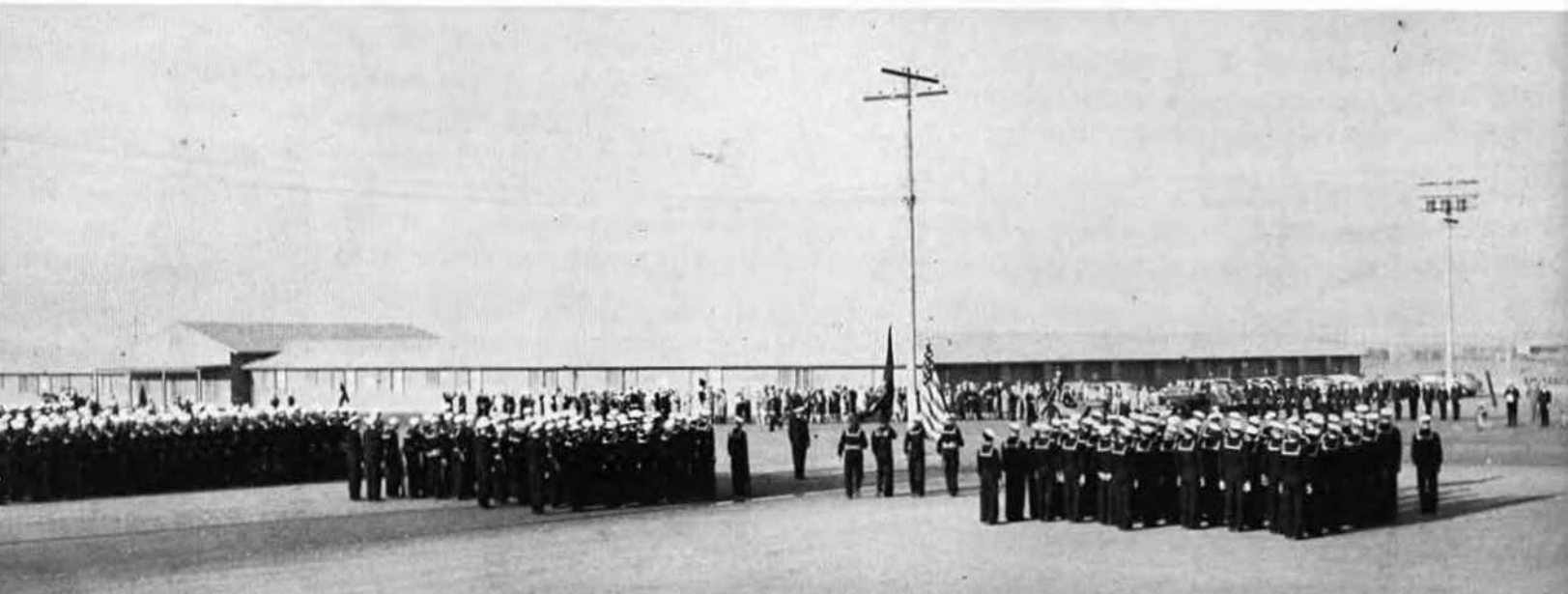




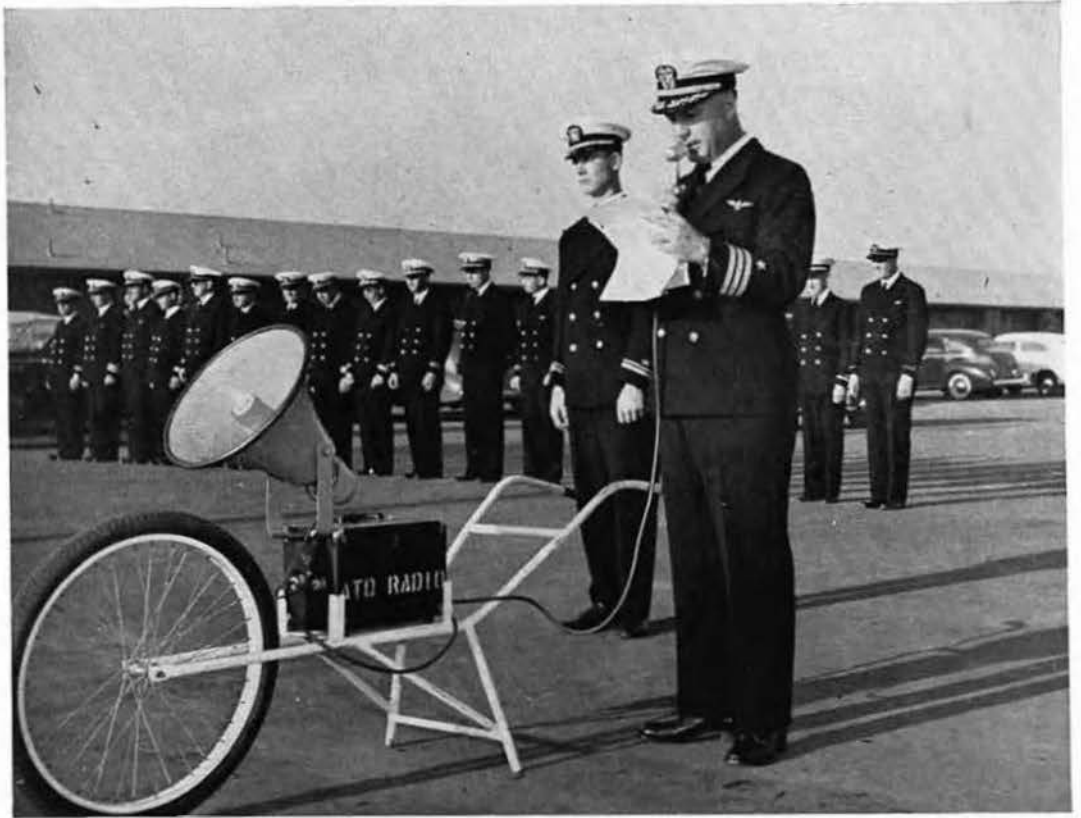
10 November 1943—Dress Parade to the Music of the 110th Band. We  
Are Proud of Our Band Not a Little Proud of Ourselves, Too.



## **ACORN 22 COMMISSIONING**







We have become an important part of the unit which has been grouped together for a definite purpose. We are commissioned Acorn 22.

**ACORN 22 COMMISSIONING**



Front row—left to right: Lt. Wever, Lt. Haines, Lt. Fleishman, Lt. Berg, Comdr. Jones, Lt. Comdr. McAllister, Lt. Byer, Lt. Barry, Lt. Rowan, Lt. Wallace.

Second row—Lt. Fayette, Lt. Wozniak, Lt. (jg) Narver, Lt. (jg) Williamson, Lt. (jg) Anesi, Lt. Parrish, Lt. (jg) Tate, Lt. (jg) Brown, Lt. Fairman, Lt. (jg) Wiggins.

Third row—Ch. Carp. Wills, Ch. Carp. Campbell, Ch. Carp. Jensen, Ch. Carp. Skinner, Lt. (jg) Hill, Lt. (jg) Richards, Ch. Carp. Kask, Ch. Carp. White, Ch. Carp. Losordo, Ch. Carp. Shanks.



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, LT. HAINES, COMMANDING

# A COMPANY



A COMPANY, LT. WEYER, COMMANDING

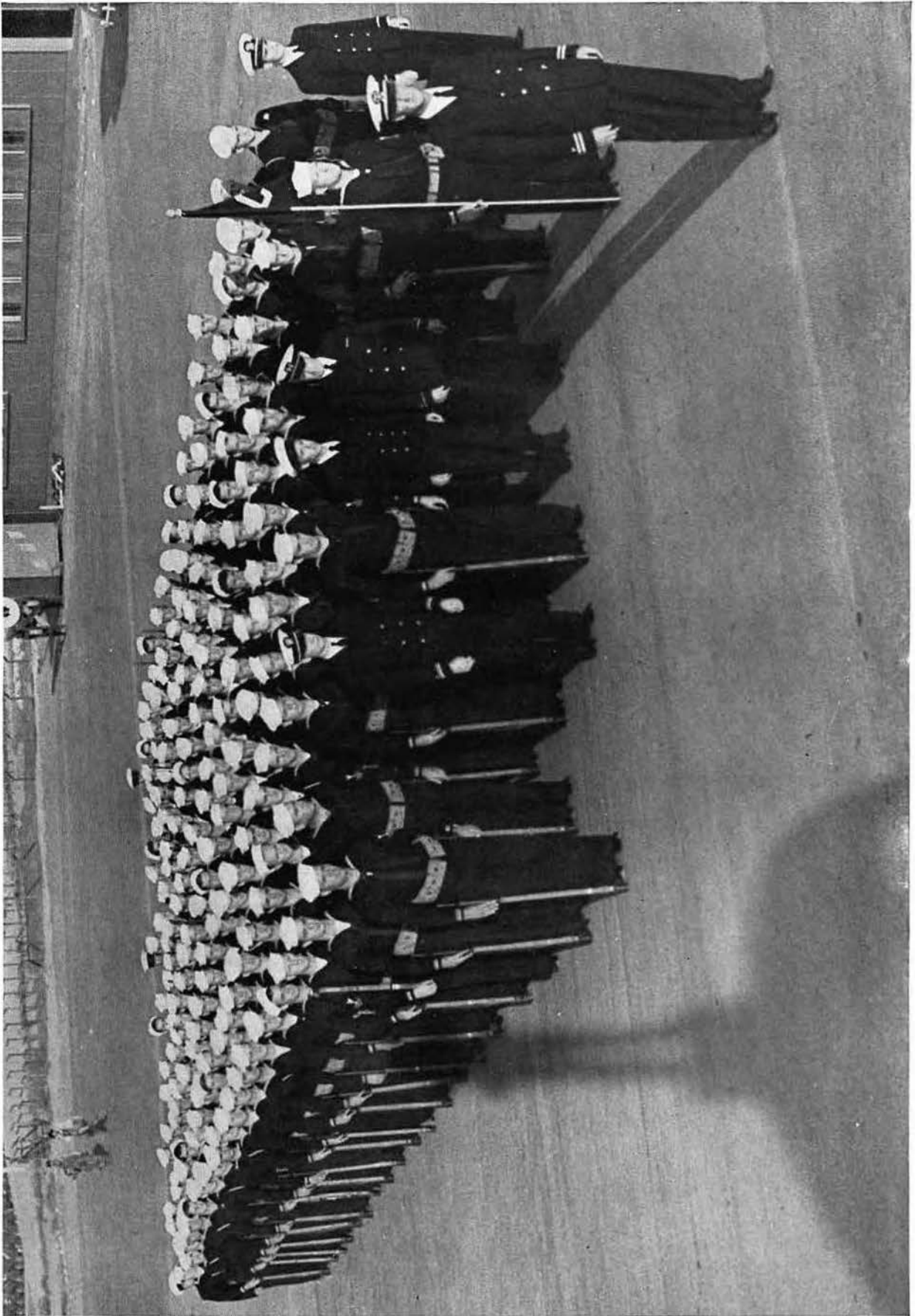




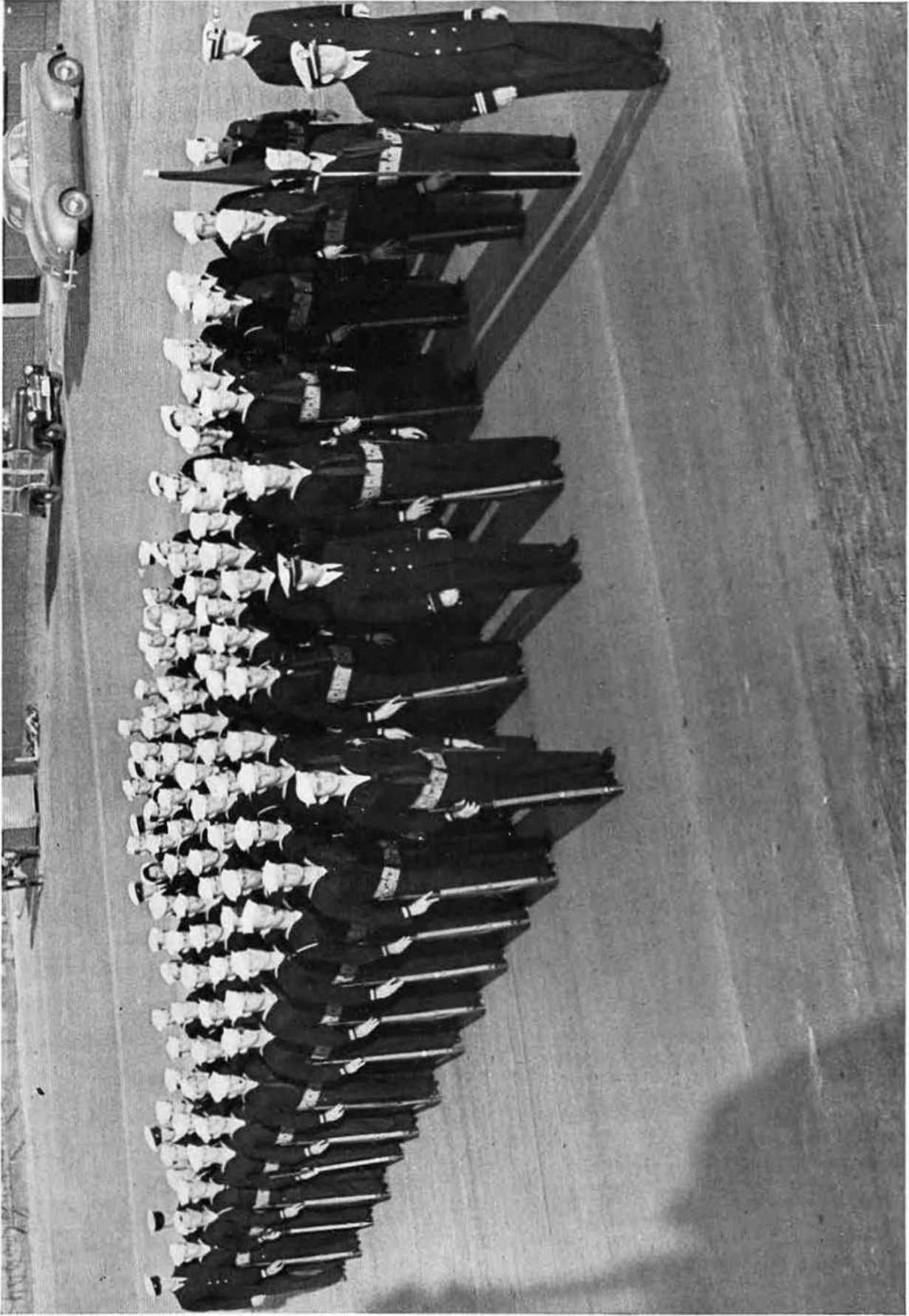
B COMPANY, LT. WALLACE, COMMANDING

**B COMPANY**

**C COMPANY**



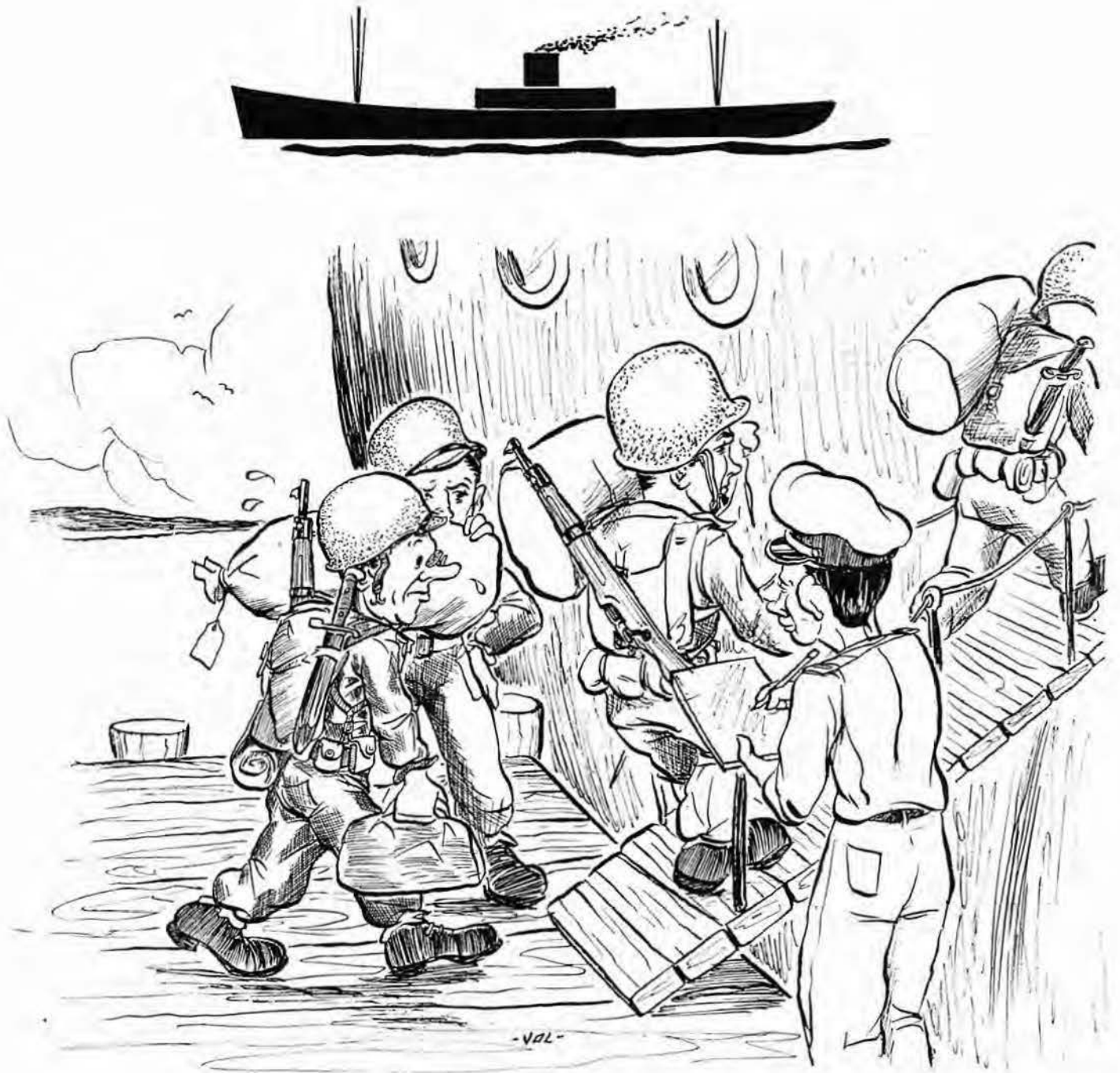
C COMPANY, LT. BARRY, COMMANDING



D COMPANY, LT. ROWAN, COMMANDING

**D COMPANY**





Our Island "X" is drawing closer—our ships are in. Ten of them—20 of them. We are alerted. Soon the West gate became a popular though touching spot. Farewells, Godspeed. Loved ones holding back the tears—that took courage, more real courage than we will ever know. And it's hours now, not days. The gates are locked—"This is it men"—we go aboard today. A last farewell, a wave of the hand—

We are at the gangway. In subdued voices we answer the muster, then struggling under the load of full battle gear, seabag and a heavy heart, we somehow make it up the gang plank. We are huddled below to the very bottom of the ship, to our assigned "quarters."

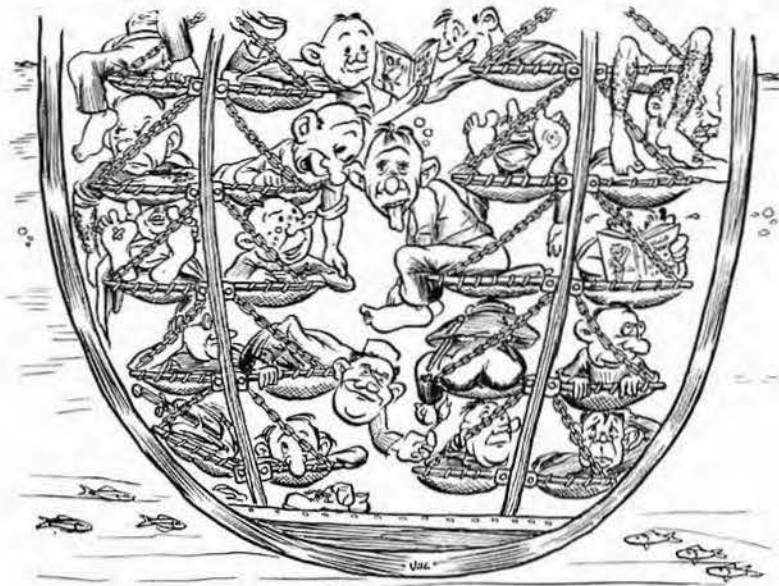
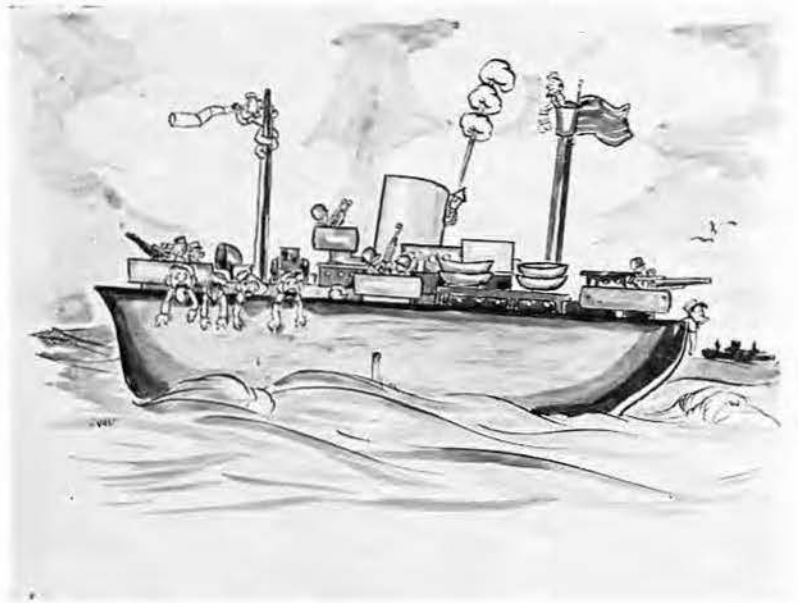
Our ship remains at the pier throughout the long afternoon, like a small boy postponing the starting of chores that must eventually be done. No one complains

at the delay. Darkness falls slowly and quietly—we roll in our bunks. A new day dawns—ages. Signal flags are hoisted on the ships of the convoy, a short blast from the whistle, a command from the bridge, a line cast off from the dock, the faint jangling of bells, the clatter of a winch and the ship pulsates slightly. The exhaust from a squat tug barks, a faster rhythm—WE ARE UNDER WAY. There is a gentle pendulum-like motion increasing with each beat of the propeller. Cautiously we head for the mouth of the harbor. The entrance jetties glide swiftly and silently past the ship, and we are in the open sea.

Quickly, much too quickly, the coast line grows small, smaller and dimmer. It is still there but we can barely see it. We are plunging Westward, but all eyes are turned to the East for one last look at our homeland.

## SAILING OVERSEAS





Our trip proved quite uneventful. Some people are born sailors, others are just born. Of all places to observe Thanksgiving. There was turkey for all, but we all didn't have turkey, and some that did didn't have it for very long.

**HAWAII BOUND**



Arriving safely in the land of the hula, we make the most of our time because we are just passing through. Honolulu, Diamond Head, Pali—the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, the Breakers, the Moana Hotel, we saw all these famous places that had once been just romantic names in our imagination. But the feeling that this island was primarily a vast military arsenal from which we were reaching out in an ever widening arc toward Japan overshadowed any romantic notions about grass shacks and hula skirts.



The friendly and tireless way in which Hawaiian U.S.O. units entertained us is something to remember. "Hanahao!" Here for the first time we sat under the stars on makeshift seats while watching the great and near-great of the cinema world emoting on the screen.





Never let a Seabee cool down—he may get lazy. So we pitched right in building warehouses, mess halls, pontoon barges, and doing a little homework for ourselves. Adapting an old construction trick, we pre-fabricated all of our tents for our home on "Island X."

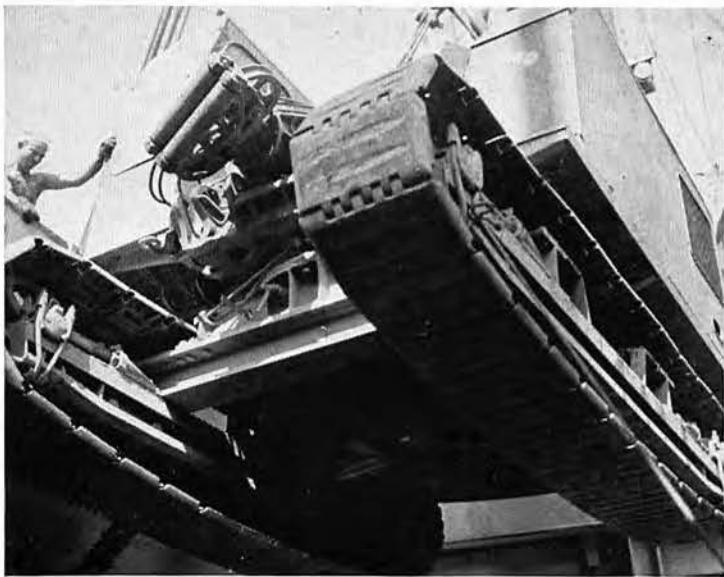


**IROQUOIS POINT**





Mele Kalikamaka! It's the same old wish, Merry Christmas! We have passed our first one overseas and the New Year has come and gone. Before we have had time to break our New Year's resolutions, we start to combat-load some ships in the harbor. "You guessed it Mac—it's OUR gear going aboard those ships."



**WESTWARD HO!**

# REALM OF THE GOLDEN DRAGON

Be it known to all Sailormen, Mermaids,  
Sea Serpents, Crabs, Lobsters, Dolphins  
and all other living things of the Sea, that  
on this 14 day of FEB. 1944  
there appeared within our Royal Domain  
of the International Date Line, the  
U. S. N. CONST. BATT. 110  
westward bound on a Mission of War  
against the Japanese Empire.

On Board Was One

**WILLIE WORK**

who, having been found worthy to be num-  
bered as one of our Dragons, has been duly  
initiated into the Solemn Mysteries of  
**The Golden Dragon**

Given under our hand and seal

this 14 day of FEB. 1944

Court of the Grand Dragon.

Our departure from Honolulu is made with a feeling of reckless adventure. We are really in this war now. As our convoy zig-zags through the long Pacific days and nights protected by escorts always on the alert, our course is ever westward. Into the mythical realm of the Golden Dragon, past the enemy bastion of Wotje, ever westward into the realm of the Mikado. Then our convoy merges with another, additional ships slowly materialize over the horizon—battleships, cruisers, carriers—powerful ships of war all flying the stars and stripes.

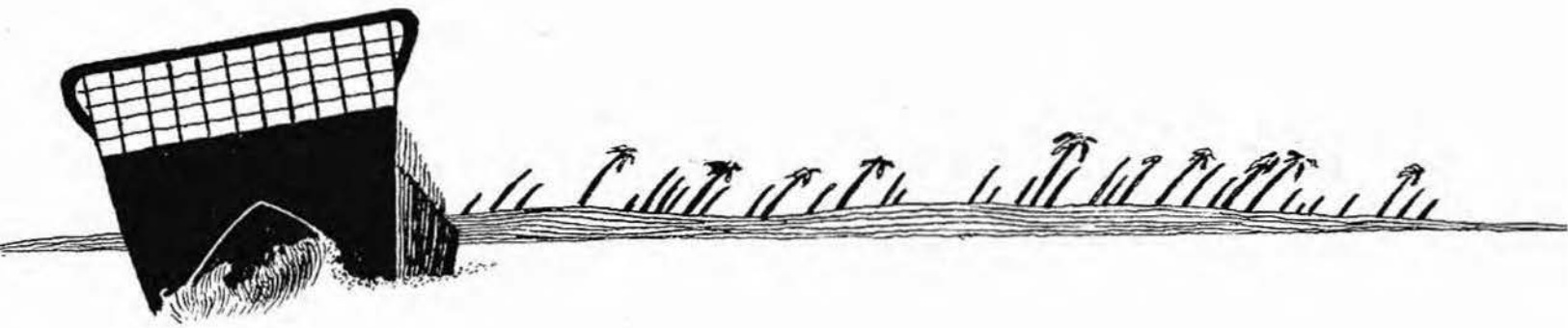
## SAILING WEST



## ENIWETOK

A speck on the map, a dot on the ocean. Enemy territory, bristling with armed might to repel invaders. Could we do it? No one knew, but they must be destroyed whatever the cost. Our lead destroyer plunges into the narrow channel, her bow raising to the swells like a giant fist raised in righteous indignation. A deafening roar from her guns and the chips are down—we have come to take by force the first bit of Imperial soil to be wrested from the Japanese. The ENIWETOK ATOLL OF THE MARSHALL ISLANDS is destined to be ours. No drawing, no photograph, no mere words can do justice to what took place there. This was the awe-inspiring spectacle of the concentrated might of an aroused and angered nation repaying in kind for the unprovoked attack on her sovereignty on December 7, 1941.





It's our turn to go ashore now. A few short, hurried last-minute preparations, then into the landing craft. A quick run across the calm lagoon and we hit the beach of our desolate, war-torn island X.



**ENIWETOK**





The overwhelming stench of war and death fills the humid air. The fighting is all but over, and our mission on this rock is about to begin. On this coral speck in the Pacific we will build a great naval base for future strikes against the enemy.

**ENIWETOK**



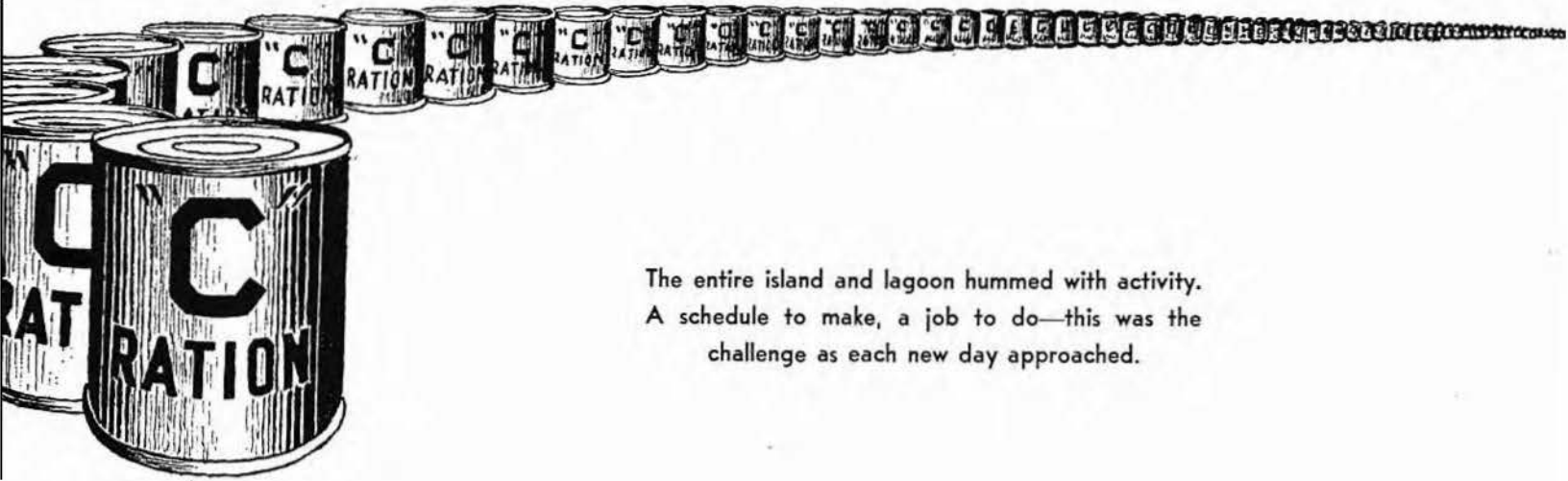
Departments that had long awaited the opportunity to show their ability swung into action. Heavy equipment, carpentry, engineering, commissary, sanitation, all pitched in to do the job.



Before the island was officially proclaimed secured, our Engineers had sites for the strip and camp staked out. Everybody turned to, and work started around the clock.



**ENIWETOK**



The entire island and lagoon hummed with activity.  
A schedule to make, a job to do—this was the  
challenge as each new day approached.

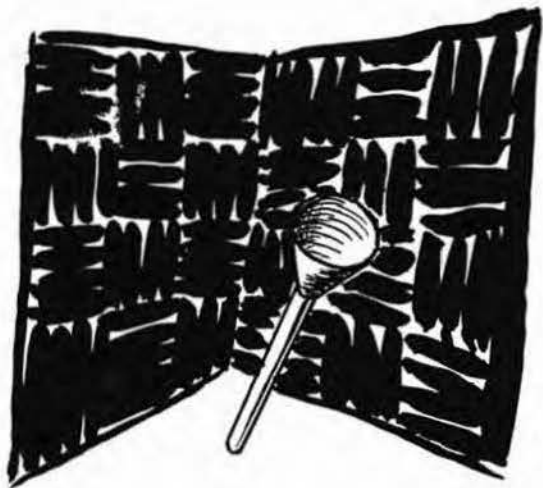


**ENIWETOK**

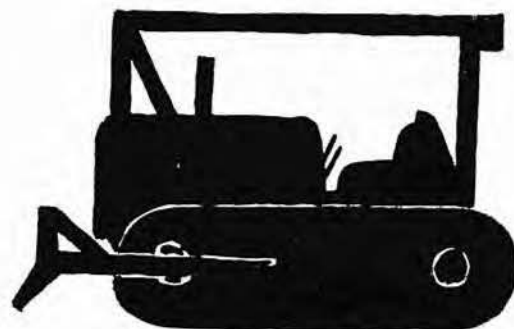




Camp construction had a priority—but not IA. The air strip held the highest construction priority on the island.



**ENIWETOK**



This was to be the air strip from which the battle of Truk would be fought and from which reconnaissance flights over the Marianas would originate at a later date.



**ENIWETOK**



All departments pushed ahead with determined vigor, but the boys of heavy equipment and transportation had the spotlight. Their's was the most vital work in those early days.



## ENIWETOK AIRSTRIP





Blasting coral for surfacing was a never-ending job. Dynamite, draglines and dump trucks—these were our fighting weapons.

## ENIWETOK AIRSTRIP





The first plane lands! Not like the easily glanced-over pictures on these pages was this strip completed in 18 days. It took long gruelling hours, sweat, dust, work and the coordinated effort of all personnel to do the job.

## ENIWETOK AIRSTRIP

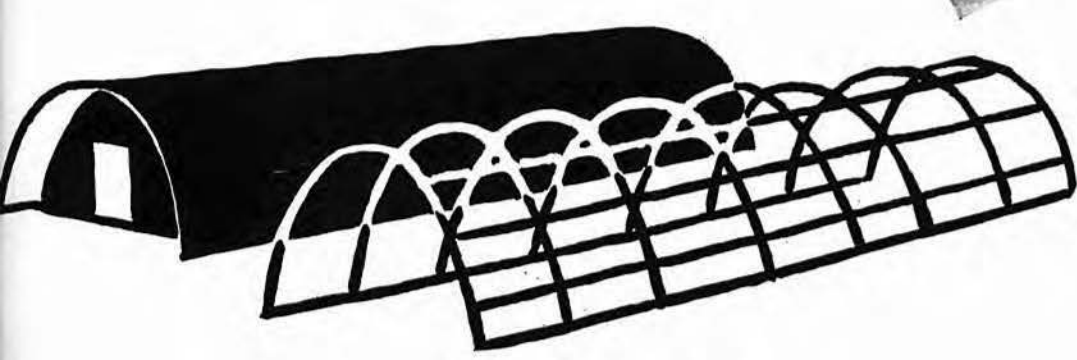


Roads to replace the handcart trails of the former tenants were built, and every day the strip is being dressed up. The pilots say it's the best in the Pacific.



# ENIWETOK

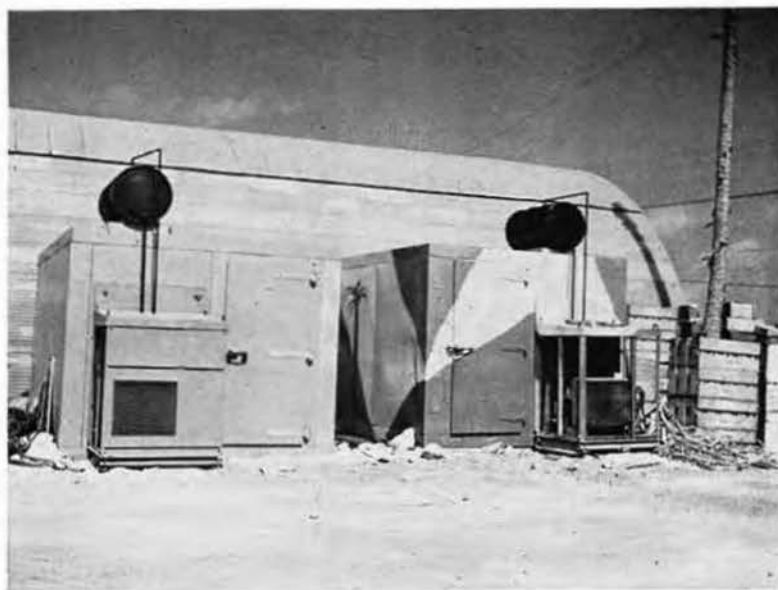
Whether it was from a familiar pattern or from a pattern born of demand, it was all the same. With the material for one design, we built the installations that were patterned according to immediate requirement.



**ENIWETOK**

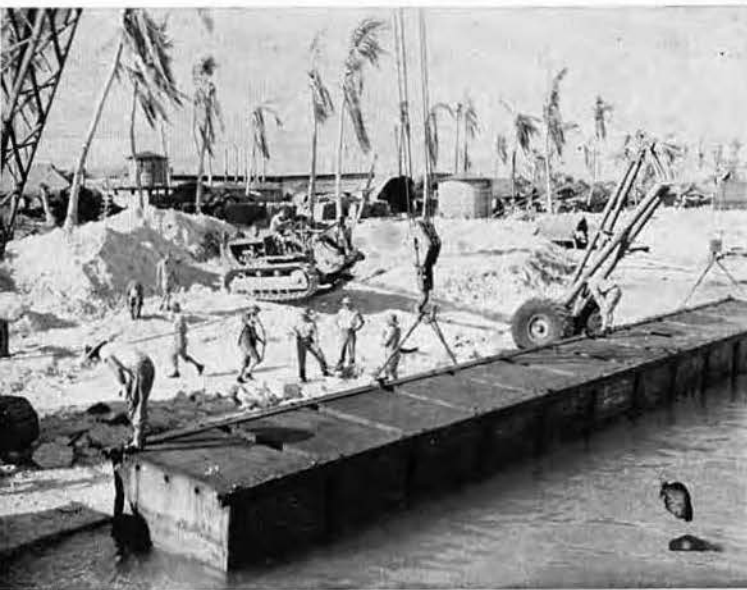
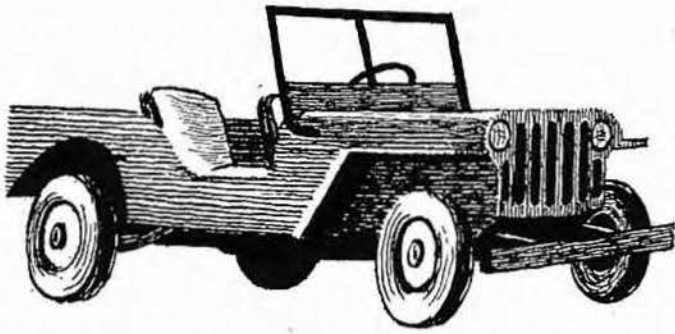


Chapels, hospitals, chow halls, all the buildings needed for a good sized city are going up. The flies have been conquered, but the heat is an enemy that no one can fight.



**ENIWETOK**





Every stick of wood, every scrap of metal on this island has come across the endless Pacific from the United States. Some of that metal hasn't reached its final destination yet—but it's going there—every day now.

**ENIWETOK**



The strip is in full operation now, but there's plenty of other work to be done before we turn the job over to a maintenance unit.



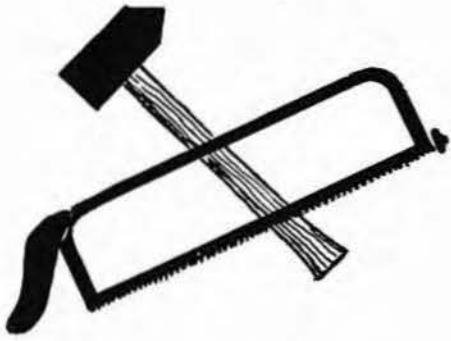
**ENIWETOK**



Water distillation and storage was an ever-present problem as all water for drinking and cooking purposes had to be distilled from the ocean.

**ENIWETOK**





The shop area has been set up and most of the men are now working at their trade.



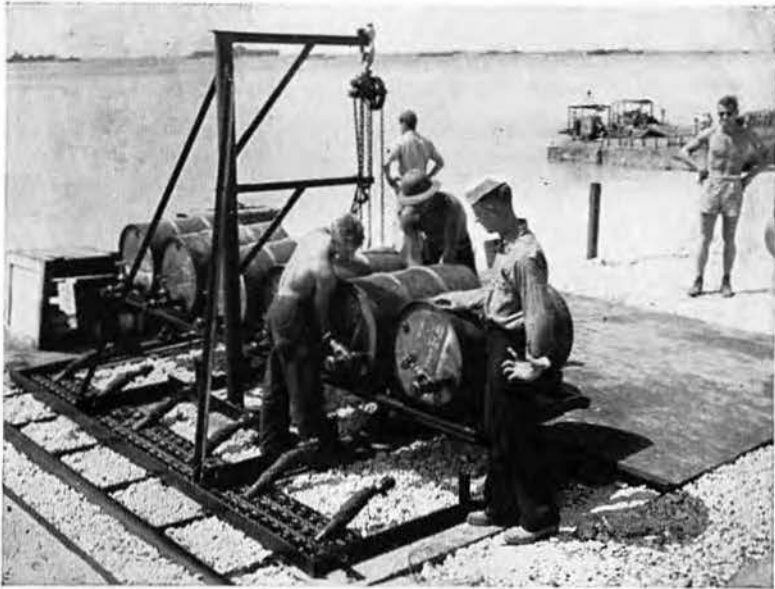
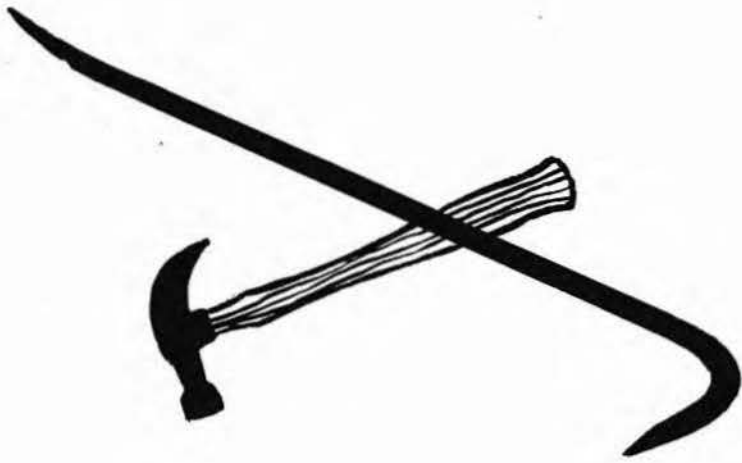
**ENIWETOK**





We have lots of "weather" in the Pacific—all Hot. Here is where our long hard training is paying dividends. Four months under high pressure now, and still going strong.

**ENIWETOK**



Working men must eat, and that's REAL meat—  
today.

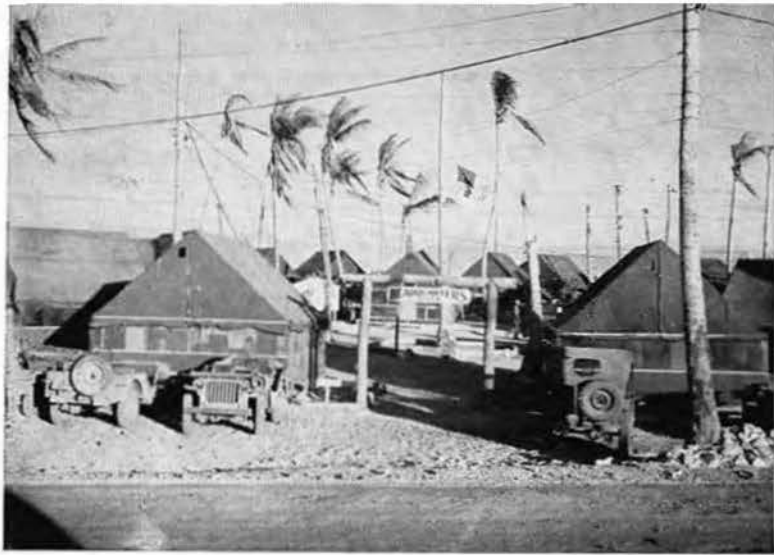
**ENIWETOK**



Recreation is limited, but we have learned to make the most of what we have. We curse the ocean, but it's our public bath, swimming pool and laundry, and in addition provides a never-ending source of wonder for those intrepid souls who seek out its mysteries with the aid of a diving mask,

**ENIWETOK**



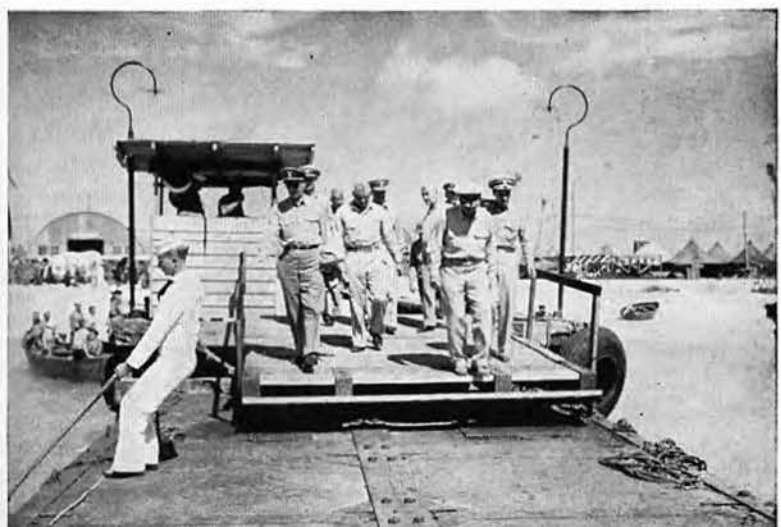


Only a few months have passed, but it's hard to believe that this is the same island. The Army Signal Corps is bringing us daily news broadcasts from stateside, and we are catching up on the radio programs by means of V discs.

**ENIWETOK**



Admiral Nimitz and other high ranking officers of the fleet arrive to make an inspection tour.



## VISITING ADMIRALS

We all remember well the scenes pictured here,  
and if they pass the censor you can tell your own  
story.



**ENIWETOK**





There was plenty of excitement when this happened and after the excitement ebbed there was plenty of work, too.



**ENIWETOK**

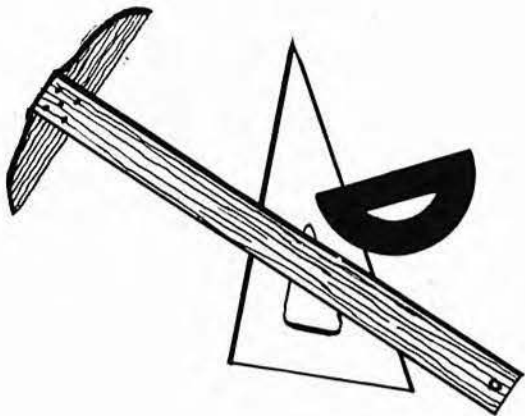


Reading from left to right, top to bottom: The Corpsmen store medical supplies in a foxhole, cooks and butchers, the law, bakers.

## PERSONNEL—ENIWETOK



Reading from top to bottom: Refrigerator Crew;  
Welding Crew; Carpenters Shop; Carpenters,  
Builders.







Reading from top to bottom: Electricians, Station and Line; Electricians, Line Crew. Generator Watch.

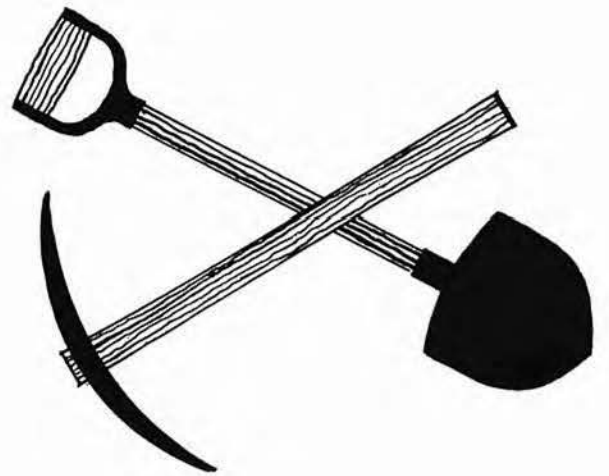
# PERSONNEL—ENIWETOK



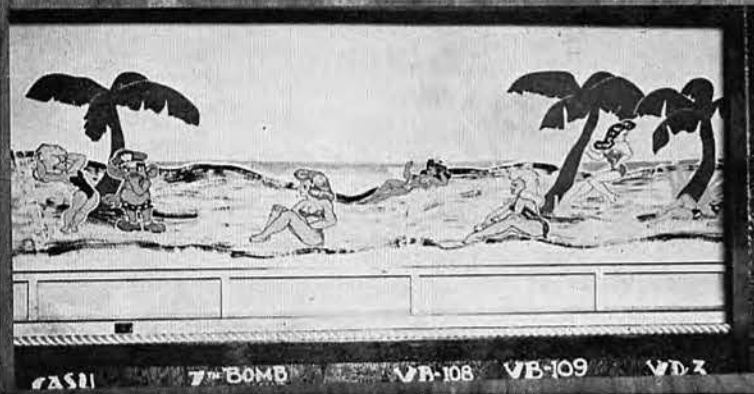
Strip maintenance crew



Heavy equipment operators



Dr. Byer leaving medical storage pit



Officer's club and Atoll Commander's house—Eniwetok

**N.A.B. ENIWETOK**

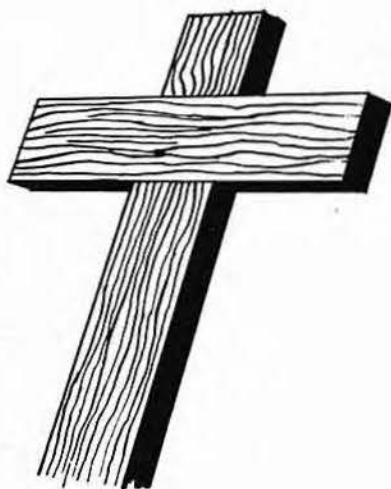




Cemetery at Ladyslipper Island



Chapel and administration buildings—NAB



Entrance to chapel—NAB



Fleet recreation center—Eniwetok Atoll



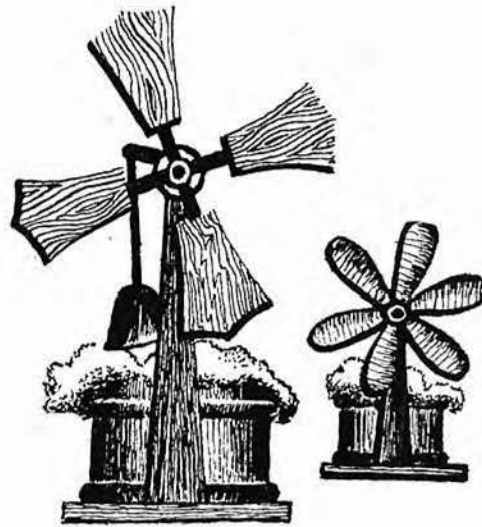
**N.A.B. ENIWETOK**



Port Captain's office and signal shack



Fleet post office—theatre area in background



Air freight terminal and living quarters

BMU living quarters

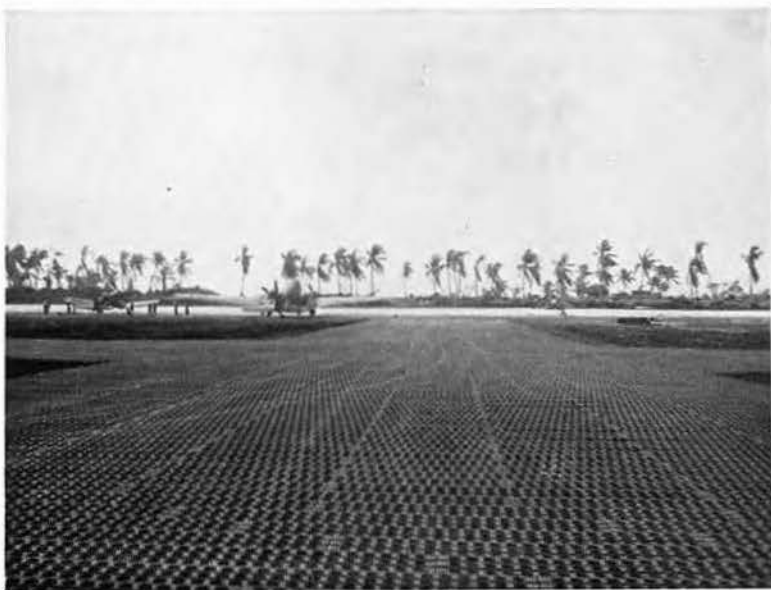




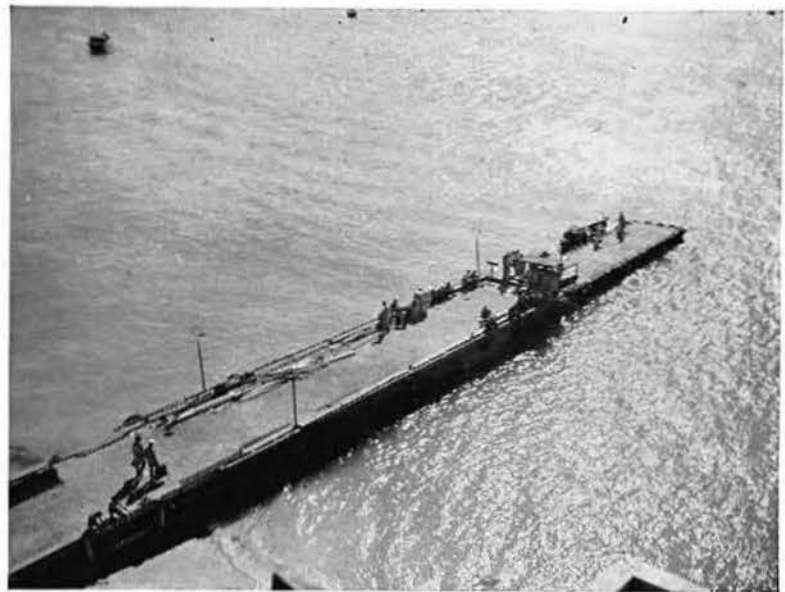
Admiral's club and tennis court



N. A. B. Administration Area



Parking area for carrier aircraft



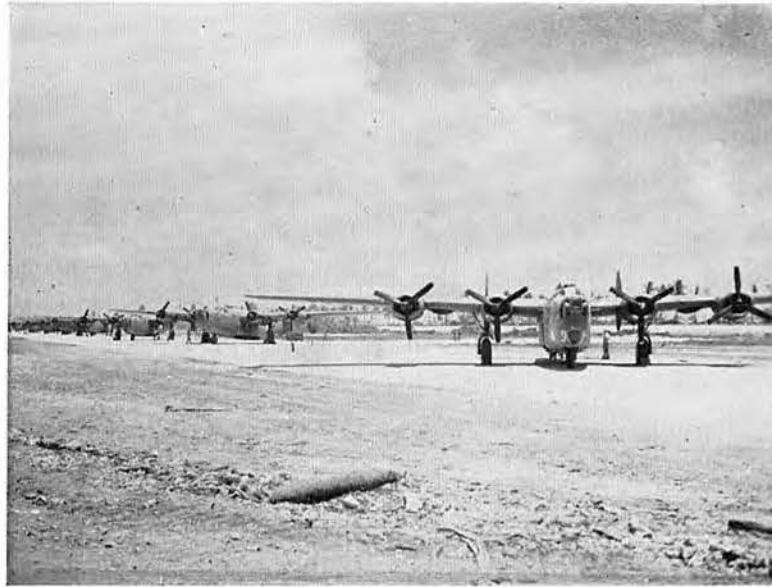
Small craft landing pier

**N.A.B. ENIWETOK**





Stickell Field is now not only a bomber base for Billy Mitchells and Liberators, but is also an un-sinkable carrier base for Navy Hellcats and other carrier aircraft.



**N.A.B. ENIWETOK**



The job is finished here, and scuttlebut has at last come to a focus. It's practically definite now that our next job will be in the Marianas.

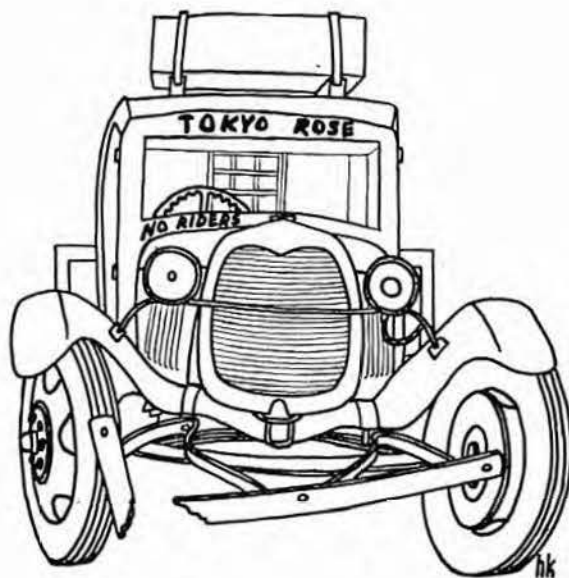
**N.A.B. ENIWETOK**

Our journey to the Marianas was somewhat different from the first two stages in our voyage to the West. Taking over our LST like a bunch of gypsies, we bed down under, in and on the equipment stowed topside. Barry's Raiders preceded us via Saipan where they earned quite a name for the 110th. Dengue fever claimed some of the Raiders, but most of them were on their feet and plowing the Tinian mud when the rest of the outfit started arriving, spearheaded by Fales Failures and closely followed by the rest.



**WESTWARD HO!**

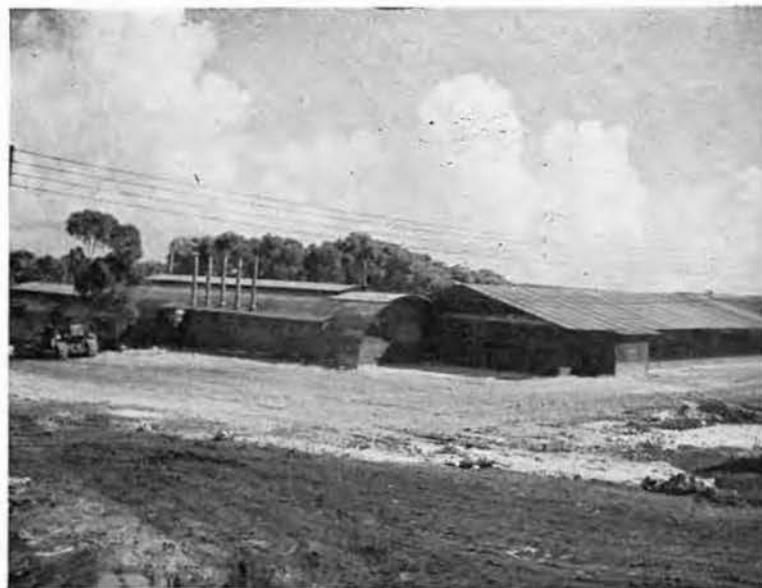




There's more space on this island than we've been used to and we take advantage of it to spread the camp out over a larger area.



**TINIAN—110TH N.C.B. CAMP**



Again we have schedules to meet and goals to reach. Another advanced base must be dug and blasted out of the mud and coral of Tinian.

**TINIAN—110TH N.C.B. CAMP**



We found our new Island "X" quite different. The most obvious things were the lack of dust and the presence of mud. Short men had to be carried in the chow lines.

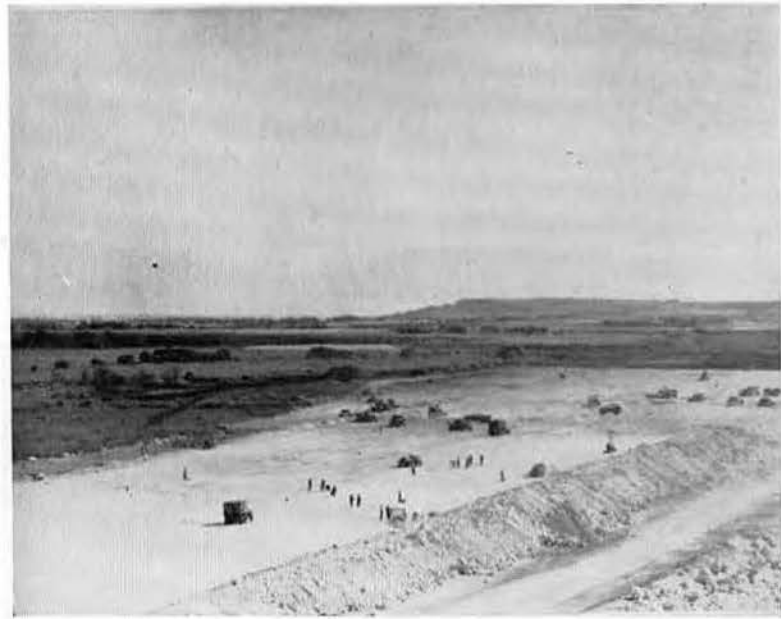




Tons of dynamite and thousands of yards of coral hauled from pits several miles away have affected quite a change. Soon fields, that only a short time ago were covered with sugar cane, begin to look like an air strip.



## TINIAN—WEST FIELD



Rugged machinery and rugged men work together day and night to complete the job on schedule.

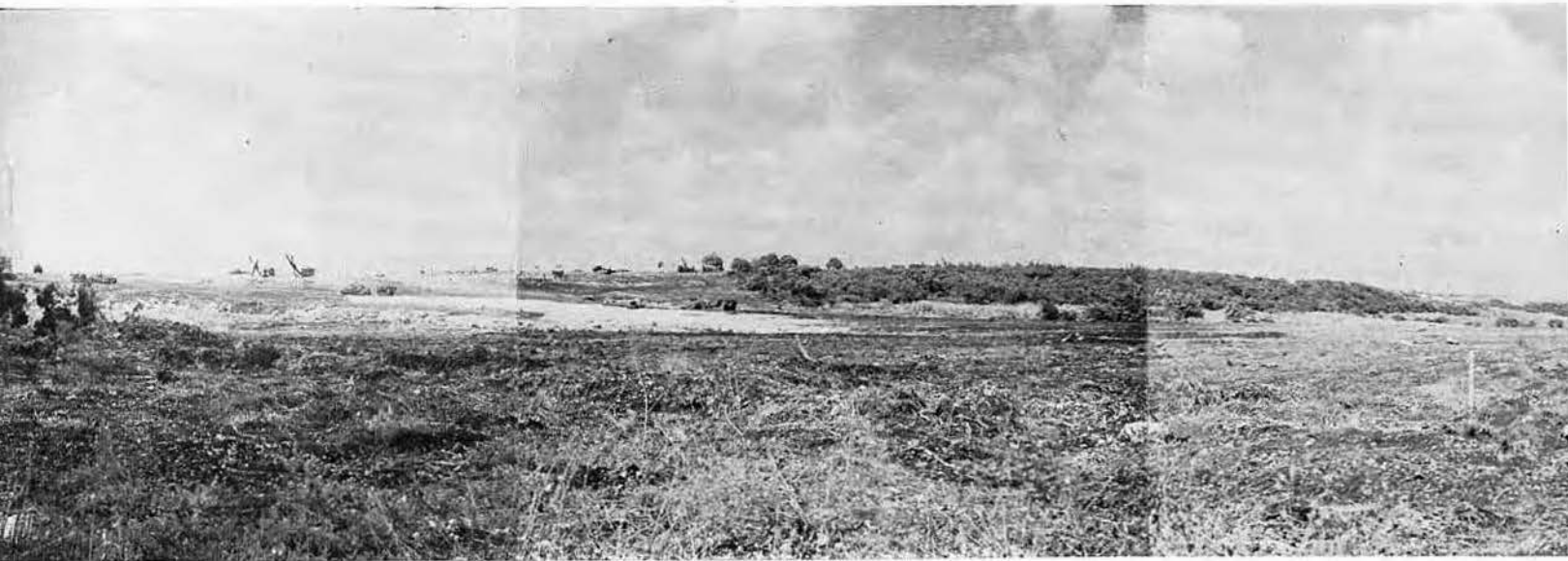
## TINIAN—WEST FIELD 3



While the heavy equipment men have been pushing the strip, other crews have been busy too. Shops, warehouses, living quarters, a chapel, these too are a vital part of the construction job.

**TINIAN—N.A.B.**





Soon one schedule falls to a record. But the job has only begun on this island. The B-29 sky-giants are to fly from this base, and longer strips and more complex facilities are needed.

**TINIAN—WEST FIELD 1, 2**

It takes about 1100 officers and enlisted men to make up a construction battalion. Each man has his job, and the completion of a project is made possible only by every individual working together toward the ultimate goal.



## TINIAN—WEST FIELD 1, 2



This is the pattern that the planes returning from Tokyo like to see. This is the American Eagle's nest that betides disaster for the sons of heaven.



## TINIAN—WEST FIELD 1, 2

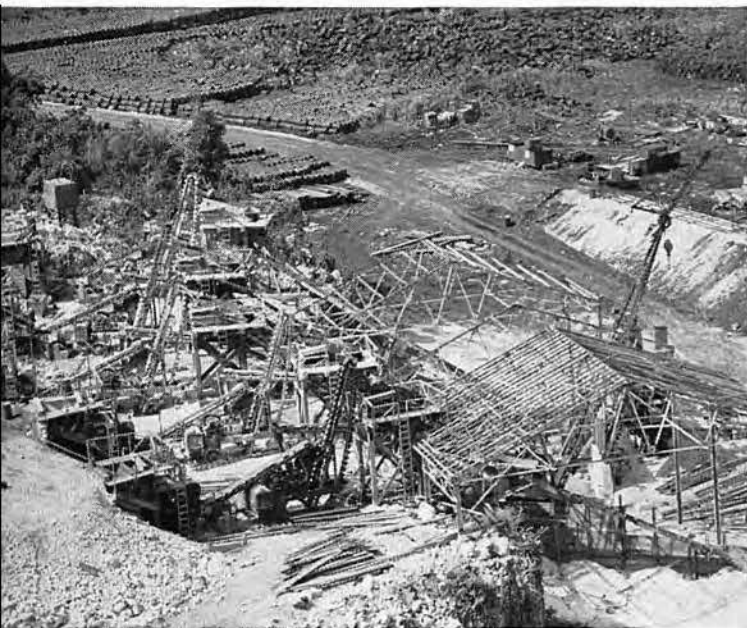




Much valuable material was salvaged from the sugar mill outside Tinian. Here we see the beginnings of the Navy asphalt plant.



## TINIAN—ASPHALT PLANT

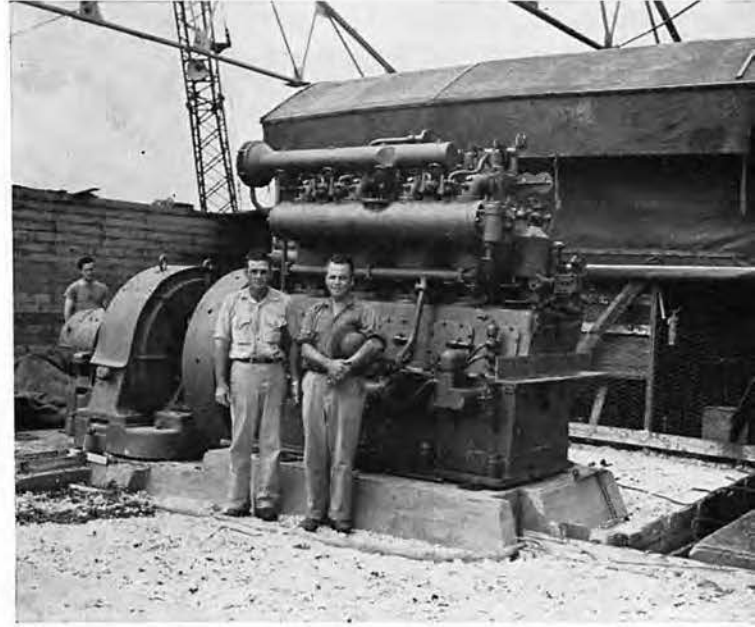
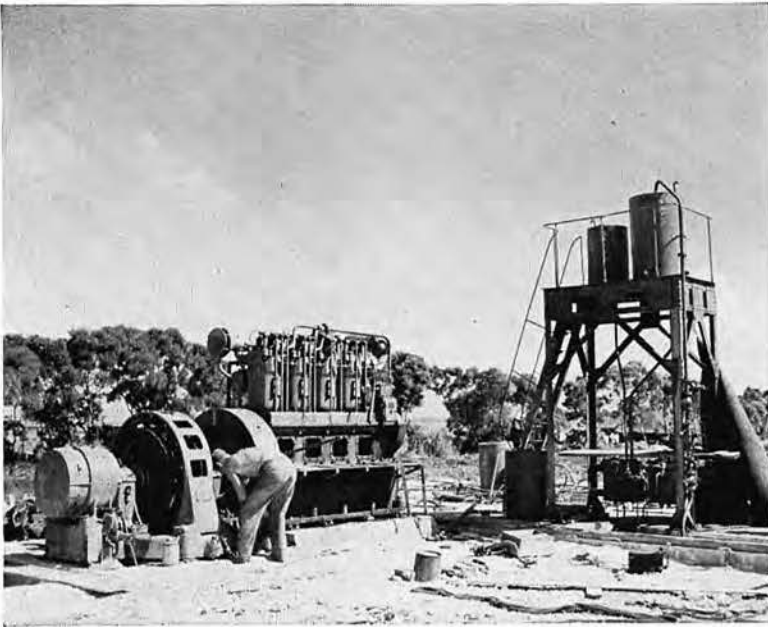
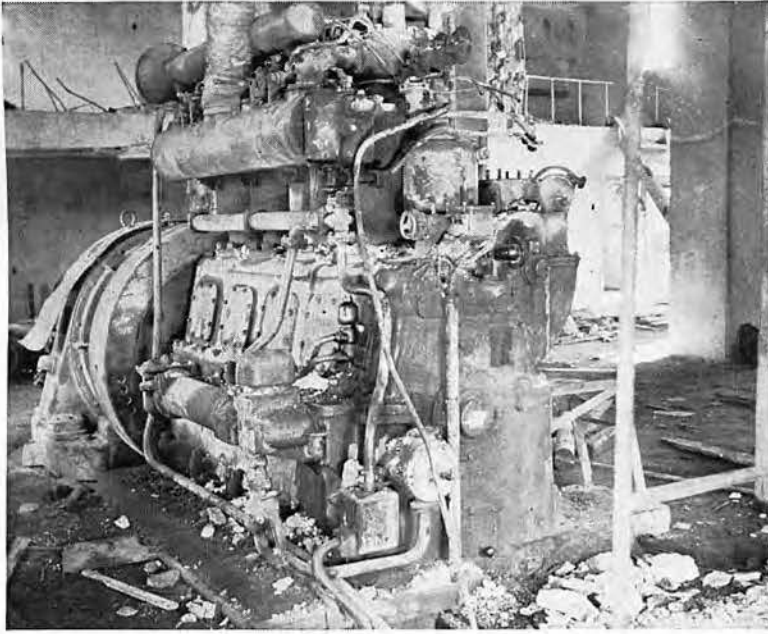


The asphalt plant is now in full operation and work commences on the runways. Many long hot days followed for the asphalt crews before the job was completed.



## TINIAN — ASPHALT PLANT





From salvaged Japanese equipment and a minimum of new parts, the electrical crew under Mr. Bigley constructed a modern electrical power plant capable of producing power for a city of 5,000 people.

## TINIAN — POWER PLANT





DISBURSING

SUPPLY



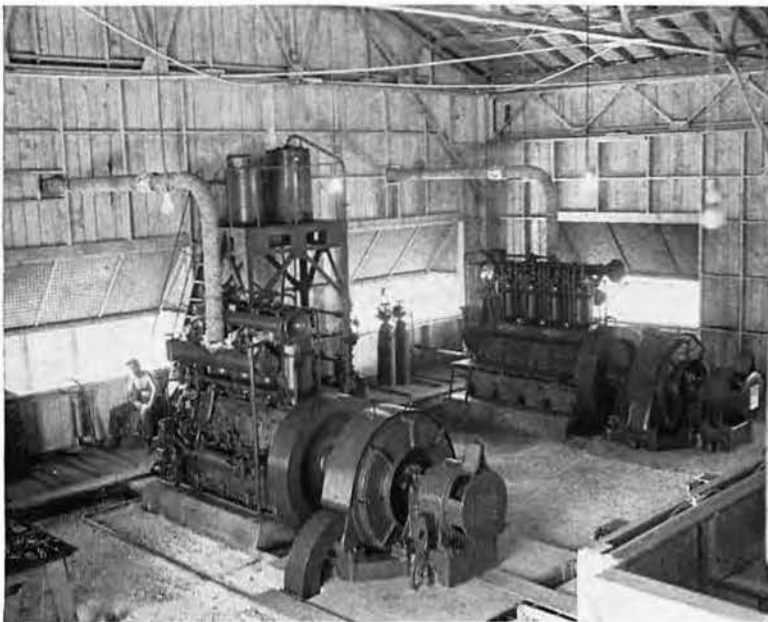
PERSONNEL



**PERSONNEL—TINIAR**



The carpenters erect a permanent building to replace the tent in which the power plant was housed. Line men erect power lines and install transformer stations throughout the camp area.



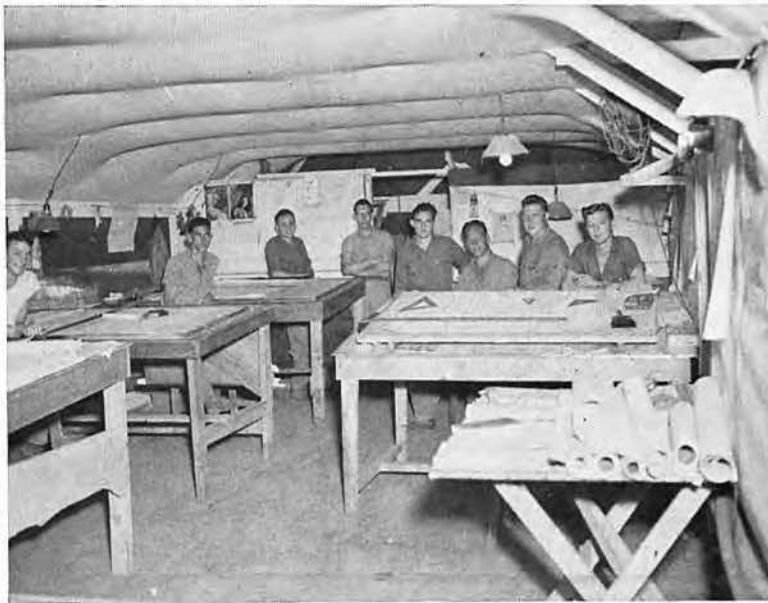
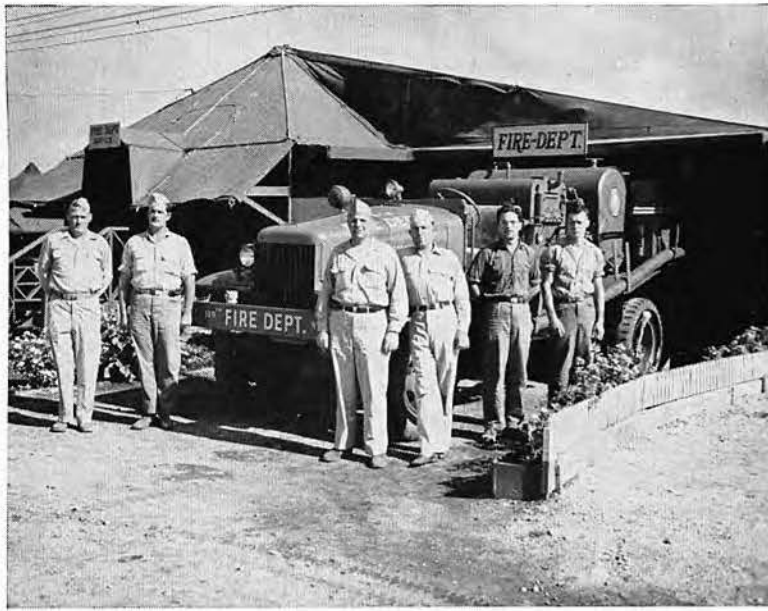
## TINIAN — POWER PLANT



Reading from left to right: The ship's store, the gallery, the laundry, the bakery, the barber shop, the armory.

## TINIAN—110TH N.C.B. CAMP FACILITIES





Reading from left to right: Fire department, gasoline station, draftsmen-engineering department, post office crew.

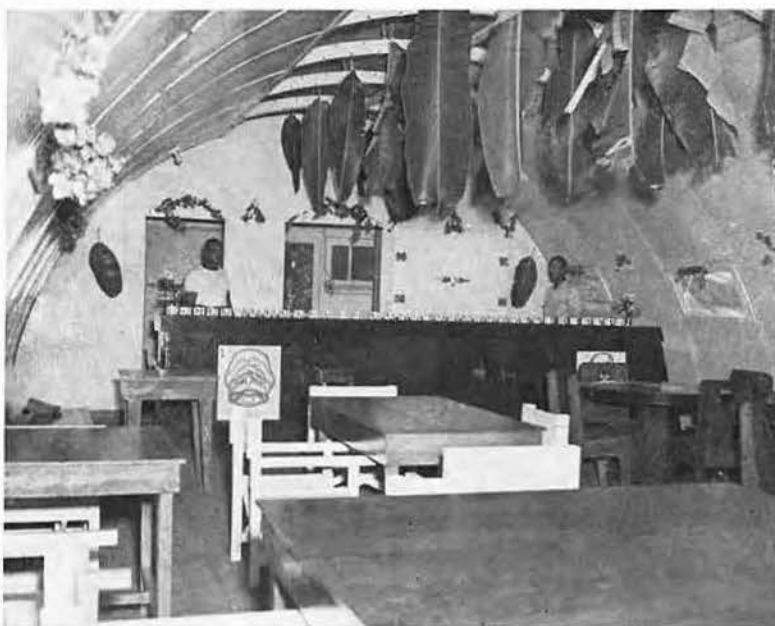
Left: Post office.

# TINIAN — 110TH N.C.B. CAMP FACILITIES



Reading from left to right: Sugar mill, medical corps staff, censors, machine shop crew  
Left: "Colors."

**TINIAN — 110TH N.C.B.  
CAMP FACILITIES**



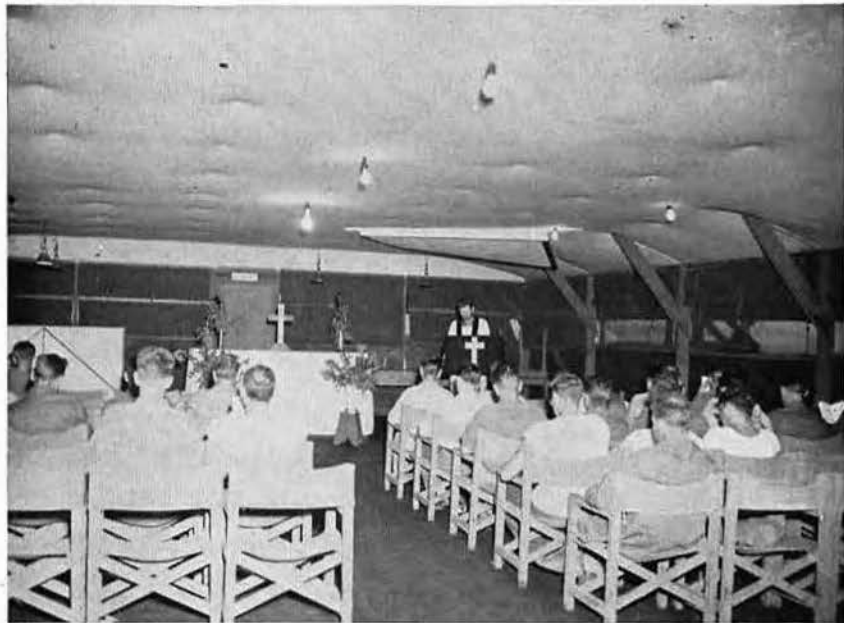
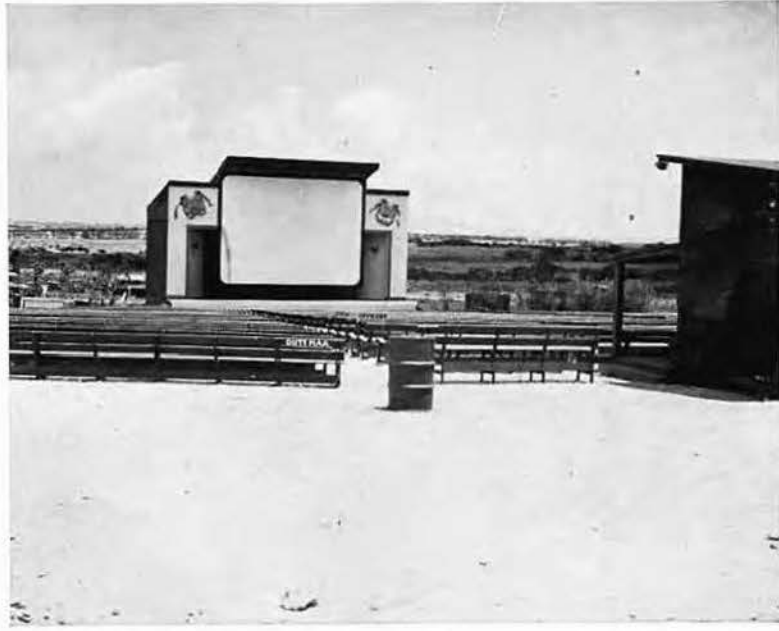
Left to right, top to bottom: Battalion artist,  
Chief's mess, Officer's club, Officer's stewards.

Right: Legal office



## TINIAN—110TH N.C.B. CAMP FACILITIES

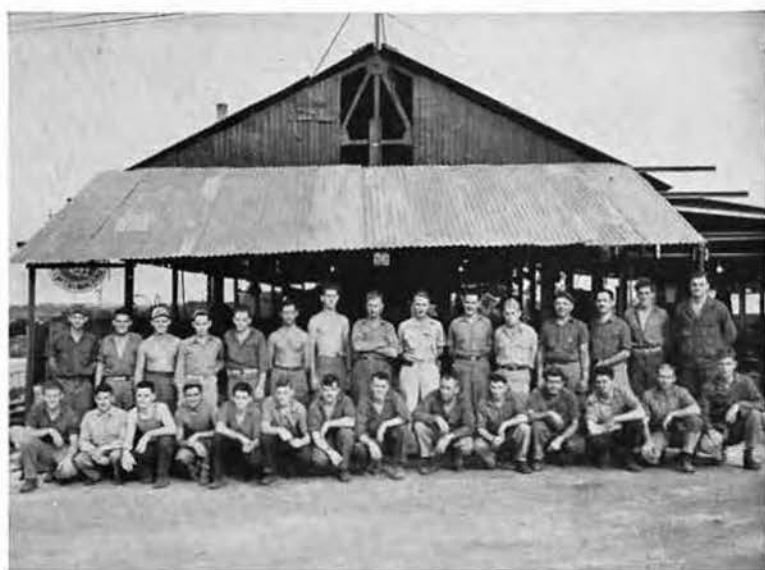




The recreation hall is a popular spot for reading and relaxation.

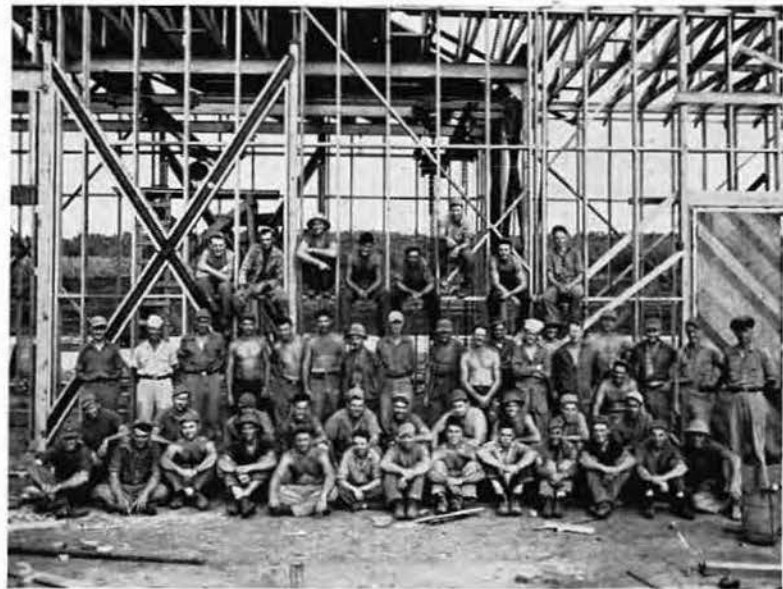
Religious services are held in the main wing.

**TINIAN — RECREATION DEPT.**



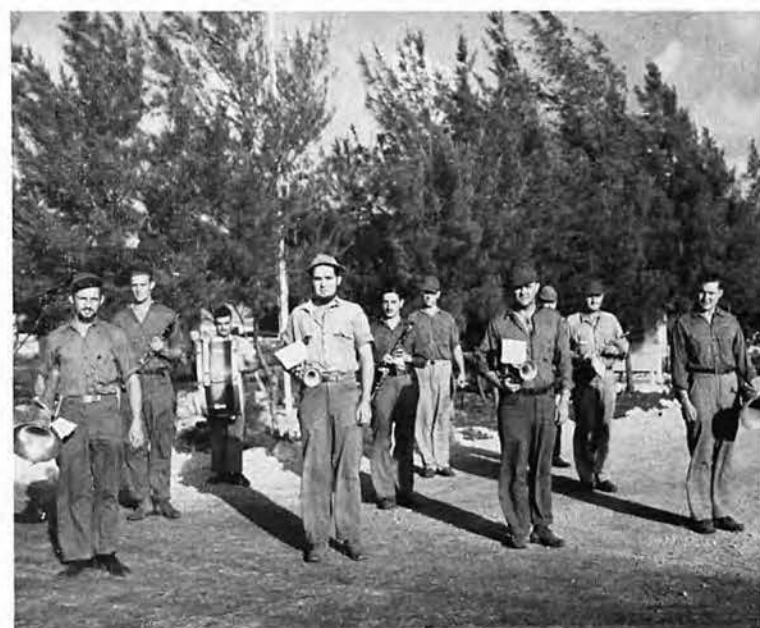
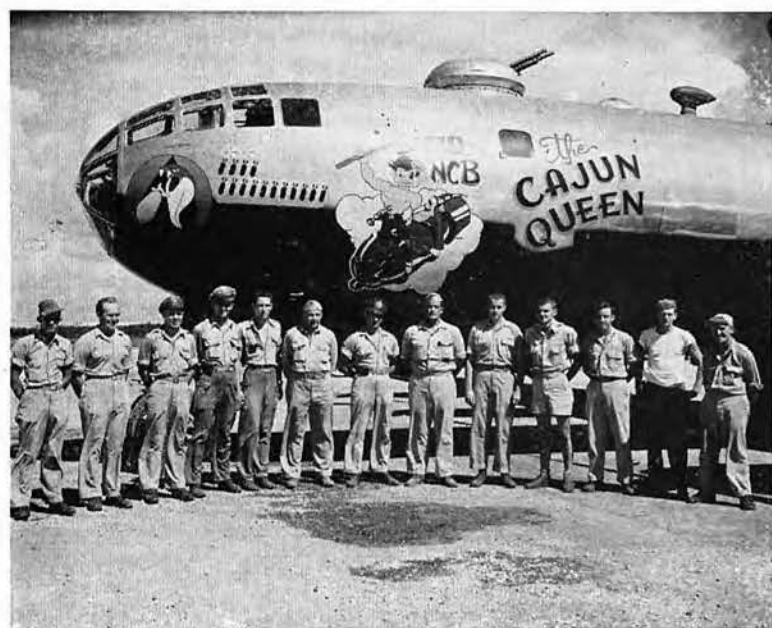
Left to right: Communications crew, engineering staff, tire shop crew, machine shop and blacksmith shop crews, sheet metal shop crew, paint shop crew.

## TINIAN — RANDOM DETAILS



Left to right: Carpenter crew, carpenter crew, dynamite crew, grease monkeys, asphalt crew, asphalt crew.





**TINIAN — RANDOM HUMAN INTEREST SHOTS**



Left to right: Bob Hope show, Dick Jurgens Marine show, Gook show, "Three's a Family" cast.

Left: Betty Hutton show.

**USO SHOWS**



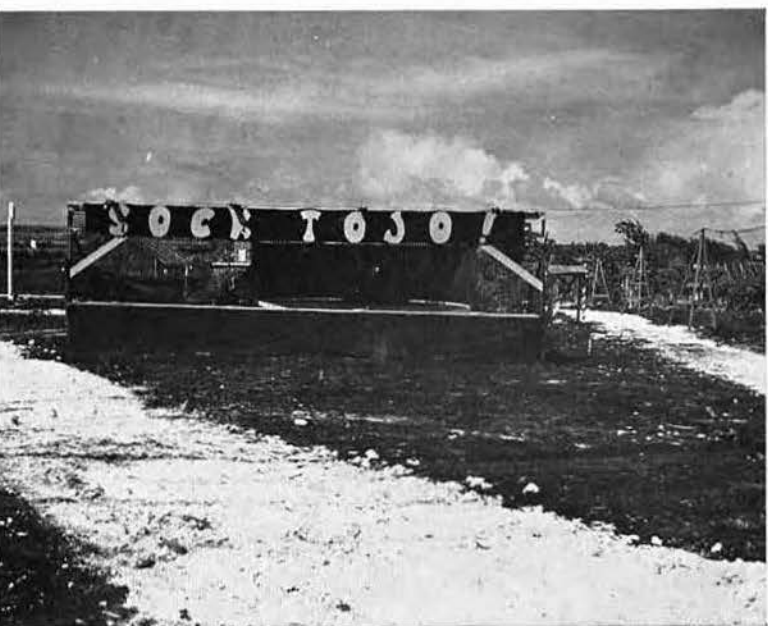
Left to right: Club 49 band, Dick Collins, bicycle artist, Tinian Outlaws, Stage at Happy Acres.

Right: Faces in a crowd.



# TINIAN—C.B. SHOWS



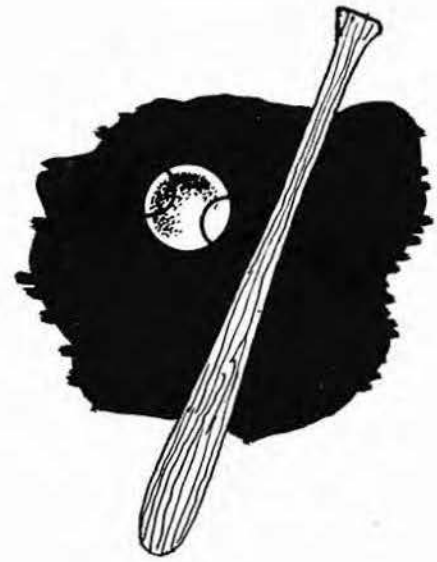


The recreation department really splurged to make our second Christmas overseas an occasion to remember. The officers ran the show, and a good time was had by all.

## TINIAN — CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL

### SOFTBALL

Left to right—bottom to top: J. Thornton, S. Logiudice, W. Sedofsky, D. Nelson, A. LaBella, W. Pooley, S. Simmons, B. Smith, R. Goebel, J. Remillard, J. Minahan.



### BASKETBALL

Left to right—bottom to top: D. Scaran, H. Earles, E. Hamberlin, R. Cook, T. Meyer, V. Stockwell, M. Nielsen.



### VOLLEYBALL

Left to right—bottom to top: H. Dahlsten, G. Russo, J. Gambold, R. O'Rourke, E. Johns, R. Nees, J. Truss.



### TABLE TENNIS

Left to right—bottom to top: G. Grey, D. Hall, L. Dyrhaug, B. Otolski, E. McCoy, H. Relucio.

# BATTALION SPORTS CHAMPIONS

# TINIAN—C.B. CHAMPIONS



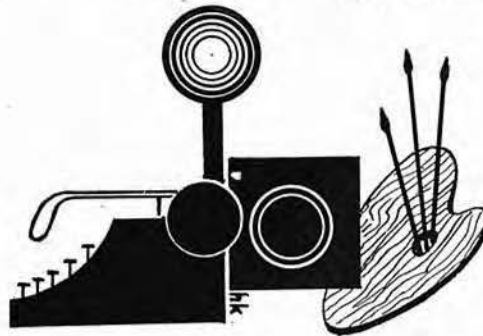
## BASEBALL

Left to right—bottom to top: P. Luptak, E. Shaffer, G. Parker, C. Snellen, P. Bowes, R. Miller, J. Nelson, C. Roberts, A. LaBella, E. Hyde, O. Ledford, J. Hoffman, D. Kiebusch, D. Butler, J. Remillard, Lt. I. Brown, J. Sullivan, R. Useary, A. Nicolo, M. Nielsen, G. Grey.



## SOFTBALL

Left to right—bottom to top: C. Snellen, R. Vallee, C. Hinkle, D. Nelson, S. Simmons, W. Sedofsky, R. Goebel, G. Grey, R. Nees, A. Nicolo, R. Yelm, B. Smith, P. Tons, W. Newby.



## MEET THE STAFF

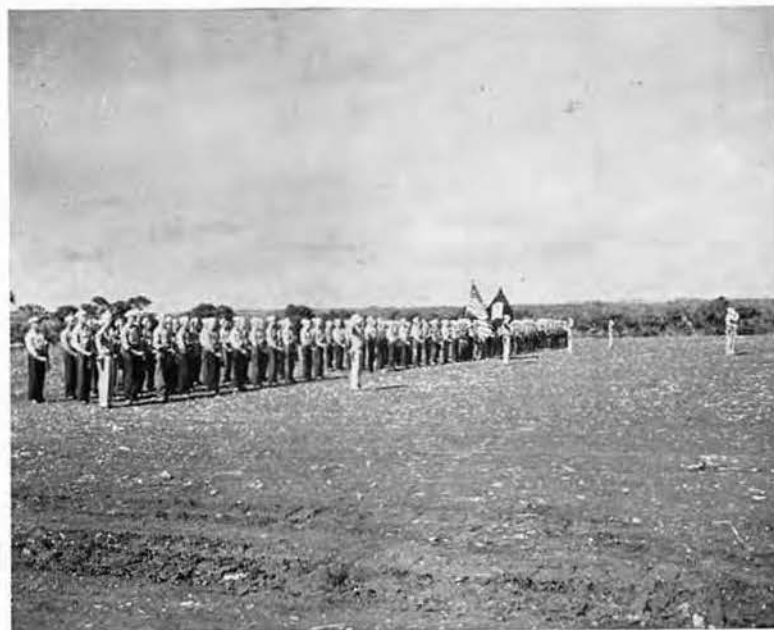
Left to right: Bill Neal, photographer; Bill Valentine, cartoonist; Mike Spain, editor; Bill Grefe, business manager; Lt. Parrish, Lt. (ig) Richards, Lt. (ig) Wiggins, advisory staff; Francis Nichols, draftsman; Helmut Krone, artist; Lt. (ig) Williamson, advisory staff.

# TINIAN—STAFF OF "CONTRACT COMPLETED"





In appropriate ceremonies, the Navy and Marine Corps Medal is presented to E. W. Diegoli, E. R. Driggers and R. J. Lugo, and Letters of Commendation to Commander T. H. Jones, Lt. Commander J. A. McAllister, W. B. Newby, F. R. McDonnell, A. J. Rotunno, and J. T. Lingenfelder, Jr.



## MEDALS AND AWARDS

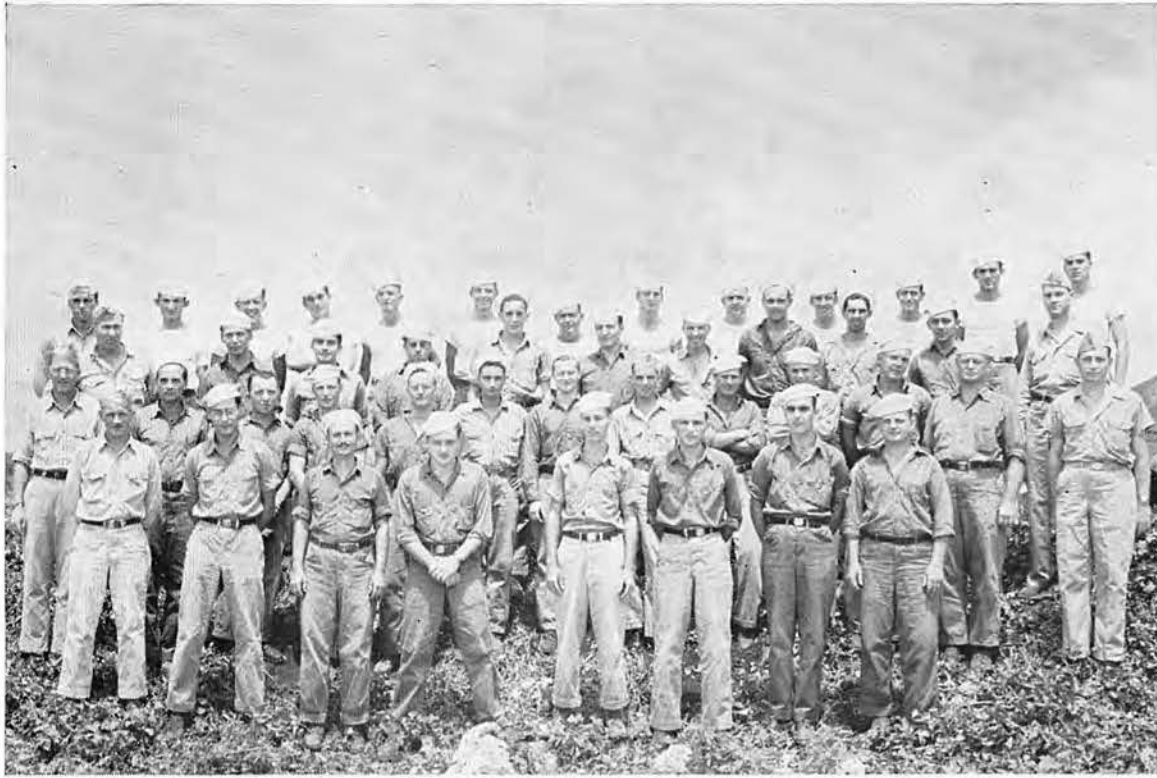


Front row, left to right: Ch. Carp. Shanks, Ch. Carp. Campbell, Ch. Carp. Wills, Lt. (jg) Williamson, Lt. (jg) Richards, Lt. Fairman, Lt. Berg, Comdr. Jones, Lt. Comdr. McAllister, Lt. Byer, Lt. Fleishman, Lt. Fayette, Lt. Wallace, Lt. (jg) Hill, Carp. Bigley, Lt. (jg) Wiggins.

Rear row, left to right: Ch. Carp. Eich, Ch. Carp. Jensen, Lt. (jg) Champion, Lt. (jg) Klatte, Lt. (jg) Wodock, Lt. (jg) Tate, Lt. Parrish, Lt. Rowan, Lt. Barry, Lt. Fales, Carp. Zellner, Lt. (jg) Narver, Lt. Smith, Lt. (jg) Brown, Ch. Carp. Skinner, Ch. Carp. White.



**OFFICERS**



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: H. Lange, H. Relucio, W. Radcliffe, F. Calovecchio, W. Locke, G. Divone, J. Owen, J. Mochelle.

Second row: E. Parsons, W. Courchesne, A. Los, J. Ray, D. Eccel, H. Sawyer, M. Greig, F. Hukill, G. Tuttle, D. Yorty, J. Lewis, H. Schulze, J. Hollingsworth.

Third row: G. Bundy, M. Kluthe, M. Spain, C. Ham, C. Hinkle, J. Spillane, C. Allbert, P. Tons, R. Yelm, C. Hood, R. Mercer.

Fourth row: C. Klose, J. Shelton, R. Burkart, J. Hoffman, J. Latham, J. Nelson, J. Baumgartner, C. Jernigan, R. Erman, J. Murphy, A. Durrett, R. Tobias, J. Berrier.



Reading from left to right:

E. Lacy, S. Dickson, D. Curtis, J. White, C. Davis, P. Whitfield, S. Toy.

## HEADQUARTERS COMPANY



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: C. Wert, C. Val-  
lad, E. Spikberg, R. Battern,  
B. Spurr, R. Riley, S. Wasilew-  
ski, C. Scribner, A. Sherburne,  
G. Vallee, G. Solsberg.

Second row: M. Gouveis,  
C. Ruth, M. Stebelton, F.  
Schaustal, W. Klingler, F.  
Smith, K. Harvey, J. Sisk, R.  
Lazarus, F. Sledge, J. Runyon.

Third row: R. Wilson, J.  
Pendleton, H. Weisner, E.  
Charles, D. Schindler, L. Sa-  
voie, J. Skarzynski, P. Simpson,  
J. Winetsky, R. Penedo, J.  
Sampson, H. Francis.

Fourth row: R. Stassen, F.  
Toomey, W. George, J. Stone,  
G. Morgan, W. Wagoner, P.  
Salvesen, R. Toups, B. Wat-  
son, W. Follis, A. Schmidt,  
W. Hall, B. Tassler, K. Jen-  
sen, G. Troyer.



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

First row: D. D. Wright, A.  
L. Brown, W. Lung, H. E.  
Paton, T. G. Hawkins, W. V.  
Marusarz.

Second row: G. W. Haines,  
N. J. Dunaway, P. E. Gon-  
zales, N. A. McLendon, P. P.  
Varlan, T. H. Lobb, C. Fore-  
hand, A. A. Gaskin, W. T.  
Trent, E. R. Driggers.

Third row: J. M. Johnston,  
P. Garcia, J. J. Klimovsky, J.  
C. Bell, F. Willett, K. S. Bou-  
sum, R. E. Cole, P. Shuger-  
man, R. J. Henry, G. K.  
McCartney.

Fourth row: T. W. Cagle,  
J. McHenry, F. Burke, P.  
Stephenson, G. A. Baxter, A.  
R. Parker, H. J. Cook, E. R.  
Rose, J. E. Quay, K. M. Byers.

**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY**



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: P. Tarnov, R. Brisendine, H. Butler, E. Bennett, R. Groves, G. Dull, R. Collins, H. Ackley, H. Gould.

Second Row: K. Bousum, E. Finn, J. Greasby, A. Crone, W. Grefe, A. Qualley, P. Garcia, E. Henley, A. Grabol, E. O'Dell.



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: M. Dingeman, F. Willett, J. Helbing, J. Taylor, H. Pritchard, W. Valentine, J. Thomas.

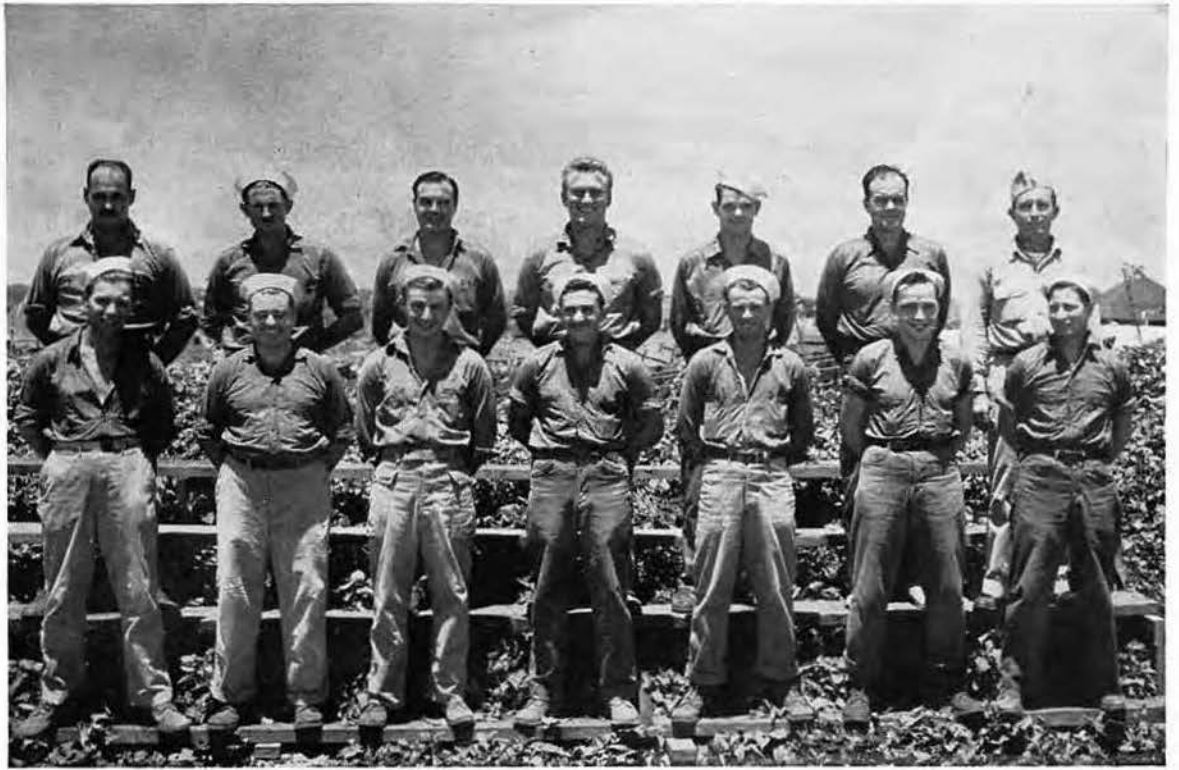
Second row: G. Huddleston, N. Undi, T. Gray, R. Hallman, R. Horn, G. Hughey, H. Maschke, J. Patterson, F. Cox.

**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY**

Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: H. Croucher, A. Gaskin, J. Kachur, J. Ditch-  
aro, L. Donovan, R. Reynolds,  
A. Casazza.

Second row: D. Blackwood,  
J. Fogleman, F. Hampton, C.  
Dibert, J. Avery, D. Dunning,  
E. Driggers.



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: J. Sullivan, G. Russo, P. Taylor, I. Panac-  
cione, J. Sweeney, J. DuPuis.

Second row: R. Maier, C. Dutko, C. Langley, C. Smith,  
G. Hughes, N. Casr.

**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY**





Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: T. S. Reilly, D. L. Yorty, J. P. Chamberlain, J. Mestas, E. R. Fleckenstein, N. Russo, L. W. Mason,

Second row: J. L. Rist, J. M. Powalski, Jr., G. J. Loring, P. M. Zoltoski, E. A. Behr, F. H. Dammann, F. J. Grammond, J. W. Harrison,

Third row: J. B. Brooks, C. J. Oliver, L. H. Falck, H. Krone, R. E. Goebel, O. K. Ritzell, J. E. Bartley, R. E. Hinkle, A. B. Haines, H. K. Cunningham, C. O. Price,

Fourth row: W. B. Johncox, F. M. Holden, J. R. Hodge, C. A. Bowles, M. Harvey, T. N. Meyer, W. F. Bennett, G. A. Carlson, L. F. Jensen, W. R. Bracken, W. B. Newby.

Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: C. F. Rasmussen, W. G. Walter, Jr., H. A. Lane, F. P. Moore, J. E. Berg, M. A. Pfavetz, J. R. Ross,

Second row: C. H. Choat, J. H. Quay, H. E. Trigg, W. A. Tipword, J. J. Beard, B. R. Cole, R. P. Kennedy, L. H. Haralson,

Third row: S. S. Smith, W. A. Kurtz, Jr., C. H. Smith, J. W. Harris, W. A. Lee, G. W. Hopper, Jr., W. H. Rutledge, F. R. McCormick, H. A. Woodbury, Jr., L. A. Rose.



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

First row: A. Bartolomucci,  
E. J. Nelson, A. A. Kapish,  
E. G. Burns, J. R. Siggelkow,  
P. Rosenfeld, R. E. Waller.

Second row: C. E. Ament,  
E. A. Cox, F. A. Nichols, E.  
N. Roell, J. E. Moran, C. R.  
Cooper, R. J. Smith, C. E.  
Porteous.

Third row: P. Luptak, L. C.  
Trout, H. A. Trotter, Jr., G.  
A. Baxter, R. H. Brattain, J.  
E. McGee, H. M. Eakin, J. A.  
Miller, J. S. Hendry.

Fourth row: T. B. Rank, J.  
M. Sondej, J. D. Shaw, W. D.  
Sheppick, L. Rachild, P. N.  
Hagerty, J. A. Erickson, P.  
Lustig, R. L. Pearce, D. F.  
Schmidt, J. C. Bell.



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: R. L. Waters, L.  
J. Jardno, W. F. Glickert, J.  
B. Gilbert, C. A. Young, W.  
L. McBride, R. E. Logstrom.

Second row: W. B. Schell,  
J. B. Boyd, H. A. Mathias, E.  
J. Sousa, R. R. Zimmerscheid,  
L. Wareham, N. F. Perrodin.

Third row: E. C. Hamber-  
lin, B. Patterson, H. L. Wag-  
non, M. R. Nielsen, G. R.  
Scott, L. R. Shott, D. Johnson,  
G. L. Butler.

Fourth row: A. J. Rotunno,  
L. E. Simmons, E. R. McKen-  
zie, J. E. Neale, E. Creath, A.  
S. Nelson, C. B. Reph, J. T.  
Lingenfelder, A. K. List, J. H.  
Boquette.

**A COMPANY**



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: W. F. Royal, R. G. Caliguri, W. L. Slodek, Jr., F. A. Ranks.

Second row: H. C. Smith, A. M. Stackpole, J. W. Smith, S. S. Blustein, D. R. Scaran, R. R. Bennett, W. E. Bacon.

Third row: F. Burke, V. R. Stockwell, C. A. Brozyna, M. French, P. O. Brensinger, L. J. Basting, J. V. Mazzeo, C. C. A. Creon.

Fourth row: W. F. Slater, J. J. Klimovsky, R. J. Salmon, J. W. Sullivan, R. L. Cook, W. E. Dally, F. J. Hilt, H. J. Couch, H. Healey, P. A. Harmon.

Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: R. L. Custer, E. S. Oliveira, N. J. Dunaway, R. Dunn, J. F. Groome, M. L. Thornton, L. W. Liebermann.

Second row: J. G. Goodin, D. J. Lasson, P. M. Stephenson, H. L. Keeney, W. H. Cooper, M. J. Foat, W. M. Ernst, Jr., W. J. Thompson, L. S. Smith, D. R. Keller.

Third row: G. D. JuVette, C. C. Sorensen, D. D. Wright, T. P. Nedeleff, R. T. Jones, P. J. Landry, H. P. Earles, J. S. Ganske, L. C. Dyrhaug.

Fourth row: R. J. Long, W. E. Thompson, M. A. Dixon, A. B. Wzykowski, J. H. Lohr, C. A. Taplin, W. C. Perry, F. P. Summer, Y. H. Scheitzer, F. Ferlisi, R. G. Jackson.



**A COMPANY**

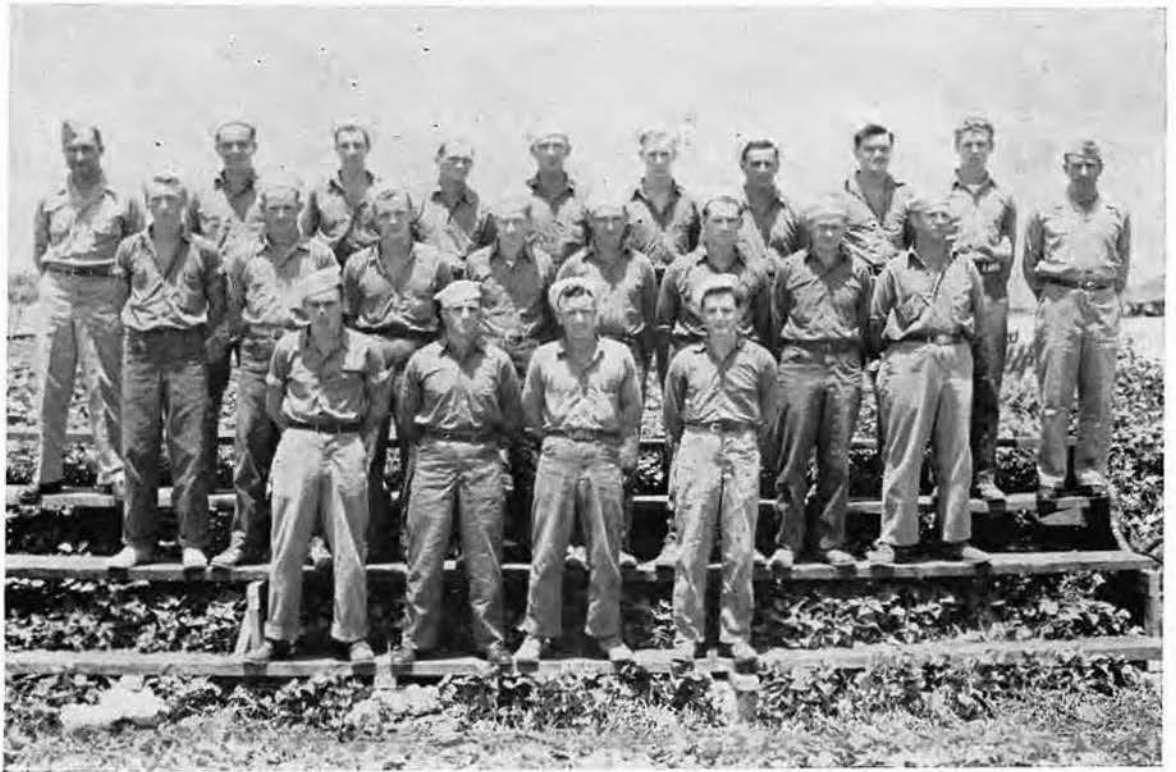


Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: H. L. Gardner,  
B. C. Holdereid, M. H. Kim-  
mel, S. Musican.

Second row: V. Stieben, J.  
E. Naney, J. C. Kaufman, J.  
C. Suddarth, K. A. Thornton,  
T. W. Howlett, W. H. Heif-  
ner, J. N. Gardner.

Third row: W. J. Young, S.  
Smith, M. J. Coffey, T. J.  
Ellison, R. P. Johnson, R. A.  
Holewinski, J. R. Keeney, D.  
B. Maples.



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: L. I. Kosci, C.  
W. Parry, J. G. Raymond.

Second row: R. L. Smith,  
W. D. Lakin, H. F. McMullen,  
M. J. Lahti, H. C. Malo, A.  
A. Wyatt, S. O. Taylor, F. B.  
Rutz.

Third row: A. F. Kemp, R.  
E. Gue, W. S. Lowe, J. W.  
Roush, C. D. McCracken, W.  
Eehalt, A. T. Berrier, E. R.  
Morton.

Fourth row: C. A. Prescott,  
R. E. Cole, L. W. Jenkins, E.  
D. Stanley, G. L. Butler, R.  
K. Lampson, R. E. Useary, P.  
Bowes, G. L. Kinney, D. E.  
Kiekbusch, W. L. Fauble, J.  
O. Willmott.

**B COMPANY**



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: N. G. Roccas,  
R. S. Ferguson, A. DeBlauwe,  
T. J. Gorman, N. J. Gara-  
falo, D. O. Kirkpatrick.

Second row: C. F. Closson,  
R. H. Silver, R. H. Peter, I.  
E. Mehl, L. W. Garner, C. W.  
Roberts, C. E. Roush, C. A.  
Hooton.

Third row: W. W. White,  
K. R. Moyer, L. T. Morrell, S.  
J. Krzes, C. A. Helmick, J. E.  
Koll, J. B. Smith, E. A. Mc-  
Gowan, J. A. Taylor, K. F.  
Heintzen, W. J. Elliott.

Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: W. I. Torrey, R.  
G. Hardy, C. E. McHugh, C.  
E. Simmons, E. J. McCoy.

Second row: C. V. Terrell,  
J. E. Haarstad, S. R. Gronce-  
wski, T. W. Hedden, P. K.  
Griebel, A. L. Smart.

Third row: V. J. Ranke, A.  
A. Forsythe, R. G. Forsman,  
C. F. Plourde, J. L. Griffin,  
L. F. Mills, J. W. Hall.

Fourth row: J. W. Smith,  
H. W. Schablik, F. R. Tully,  
N. E. Thomas, G. W. Nobil-  
ski, W. R. Peters, H. S. Sully,  
C. G. McLennen, H. W.  
Dosey.



**B COMPANY**

Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: R. L. Hennessey,  
R. E. Hogan, V. W. Hemme,  
R. L. Pine, W. J. McGuire,  
J. C. Tanner, E. J. Rodzik, J.  
A. Monett, J. E. Montgomery.

Second row: K. M. Hen-  
ninger, R. E. Trullinger, W. T.  
Saunders, K. G. Reynolds, L.  
T. Dodson, W. L. Nichols, D.  
P. Herfolsky, C. B. Hanson,  
J. C. Hale.

Third row: E. Robbins, G.  
F. Kenney, F. V. Liguori, R.  
J. Kodadek, D. H. Kellogg, T.  
G. Rivers, L. O. Reynolds, R.  
W. Niggel, L. D. Tressler, J.  
B. Ratliff, R. Detourney.



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: G. R. Kubitza,  
J. T. Joiner, K. M. Byers, L.  
N. Unsel, T. H. Stambaugh.

Second row: R. P. Grueninger,  
D. A. Holcomb, J. W.  
Hutchinson, M. B. Cooksey, L.  
A. Vanderhoof, V. F. With-  
erow, E. N. Keefauver.

Third row: L. F. Holland,  
P. L. McLennan, R. H. James,  
D. J. O'Kelley, A. R. Barnes,  
P. J. Hrevnack, R. E. Erickson,  
G. L. Graham.

Fourth row: J. Lynn, W. A.  
Malone, R. M. McDonald, A.  
A. Hunt, B. Hudes, J. E. John-  
son, G. H. Clute, G. C. Run-  
yon, G. E. Sandifer.

**B COMPANY**





Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: S. S. Vaglica, O. M. Hilde, S. N. Clark, T. G. Hawkins, R. C. Prete, A. E. Labella, J. M. Jobe, G. A. Scroggie.

Second row: G. E. Pilling, R. L. Walker, M. Tomanek, W. V. Marusarz, J. A. Nowak, S. Yalch, R. E. Dixon, A. Aydelott, R. C. Wolfe.

Third row: G. M. Kaul, R. E. Beal, A. M. Kichinko, J. L. Blackburn, H. L. Newman, D. D. Horton, J. H. Webster, T. A. DeShazer, F. Valles, P. J. Palumbo.

Fourth row: D. S. Rackley, R. J. Lugo, F. L. Dorsam, R. R. Nolley, O. P. Ledford, C. R. Solomon, S. M. Fedric, W. N. Stevens, R. L. Miller, A. J. Griffin, O. D. Allison.

Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: R. B. Chapman, V. A. White, L. D. Landers, R. D. Battern, D. F. Suisse, J. D. Kuss, H. J. Brunetti, E. K. Vogler.

Second row: J. M. Carsey, A. J. Girard, W. A. Smith, C. H. Clark, J. A. Kirchoff, R. W. Gustafson, M. T. Bailey, E. G. Golanka.

Third row: J. Robertshaw, J. R. Braley, R. Alt, R. C. Lawrence, A. Garcia, W. W. Leasman, T. H. Bullard, J. M. Scoggins, G. E. Ross.

Fourth row: J. R. Wilson, H. L. Christensen, W. F. McGovern, W. C. Hillman, K. C. Brugman, M. Benjamin, M. H. Upp, G. P. Villa, W. S. Lackey, V. B. Broome.



**C COMPANY**

Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: J. Onesko, B. Larsen, H. A. Peters, G. C. Olsen, S. Wollman, L. A. Lester.

Second row: N. J. Jaeger, S. Massie, W. J. Sevario, W. E. Gerhardt, N. E. Hidges, F. E. Ross, B. K. Covell, L. R. Jalbert.

Third row: E. E. Thomas, A. L. Hensen, C. T. Burrow, W. A. Prince, C. R. Porter, L. J. Lofflin, T. H. Lobb, D. Caracio, H. M. McAllister.

Fourth row: R. L. Taylor, V. A. Horney, A. C. Egley, A. H. Johnson, R. H. Dunkin, H. R. Miller, W. J. Lenihan, M. A. Seitz, R. C. Lucki, J. J. Hickson, J. E. Hays.



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: L. C. Gerhard, W. Lung, W. Sedofsky, E. A. Knicely, L. M. O'Quinn, S. Maniscalco.

Second row: C. P. Zweisler, H. R. Peterson, L. C. LaLama, A. P. Schmidt, R. J. Cone, M. J. Matranga, J. I. McDonald.

Third row: A. H. Blum, J. A. Vreeland, S. L. Chumley, T. J. Bailey, J. R. Williams, E. W. Ross, W. H. Simmons, E. R. Boyn.

Fourth row: R. C. Maxwell, N. A. McLendon, C. White, W. F. Meyer, D. L. Mark, F. L. Wellington, W. F. Luzadder, J. M. Gunderson, J. O. Sisley, E. E. Clifton.

**C COMPANY**



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: B. W. Otolski,  
J. A. Mercatelli, C. O. Nas-  
land, E. Harrison, C. D. Mor-  
ris, M. M. Wilson.

Second row: G. B. Tibbits,  
J. P. McHenry, E. W. Mutter,  
J. W. Haubner, J. J. Jour-  
dan, L. P. Donina, E. R. Shaef-  
fer, J. L. Vetzal.

Third row: J. W. Riddick,  
J. A. Minahan, J. J. Duyve-  
jonck, T. C. Mixon, J. K.  
Waldrup, H. A. Foley, B. H.  
Mutz, E. E. Lizotte, L. W.  
Lamerton.

Fourth row: J. L. McMEn-  
amin, H. J. Cook, G. Fair-  
banks, C. F. Meyer, R. C.  
Mussleman, G. Lobas, J. O.  
Murray, C. L. Beadle, D. E.  
Parker, H. S. Cox.

Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: D. D. Avey, M.  
L. Shupe, L. R. Larson, I. D.  
Peterson.

Second row: R. D. O'Neal,  
W. K. Hancock, T. S. Sarles,  
R. E. Heifner, L. J. Perry, A.  
R. Parker, L. S. Sferra.

Third row: G. W. White,  
W. F. Politte, J. A. Palumbo,  
E. W. Plapp, L. H. Pooley,  
R. J. Knebel, L. R. White, P.  
A. Perrone.

Fourth row: A. E. Davis, J.  
R. McCord, R. T. Rosenboom,  
V. C. Heitmeyer, H. J. Wil-  
liams, A. F. Dear, T. W. Cagle,  
J. Pstrak, G. B. Norris.



**C COMPANY**



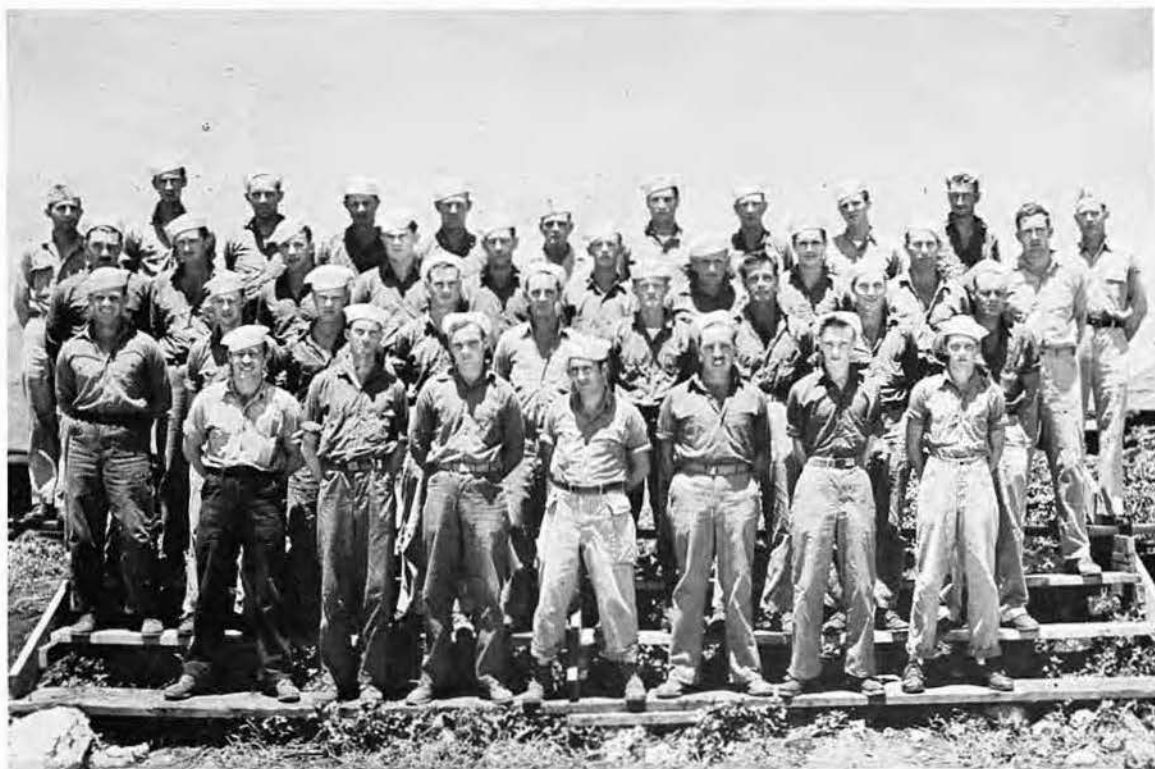
Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: L. Molinari, H. Fowler, E. Eberlin, S. Loguidice, W. Lageman, W. Anderson, F. Sledge.

Second row: P. Derflinger, G. Snedecker, T. Marginson, J. Edwards, J. Baker, N. Chapman, D. King, H. Bennett, J. Truss.

Third row: S. Cohen, H. Hays, E. Karnowsky, J. Capp, H. Snippen, G. Curt, H. Dahlsten, B. Brown, R. Ross, G. Beber.

Fourth row: J. Bittner, R. Jensen, A. Gerulis, C. Turner, L. B. Cates, C. Isley, K. House, H. Welch, J. Law, J. Dodson, W. Rice.



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

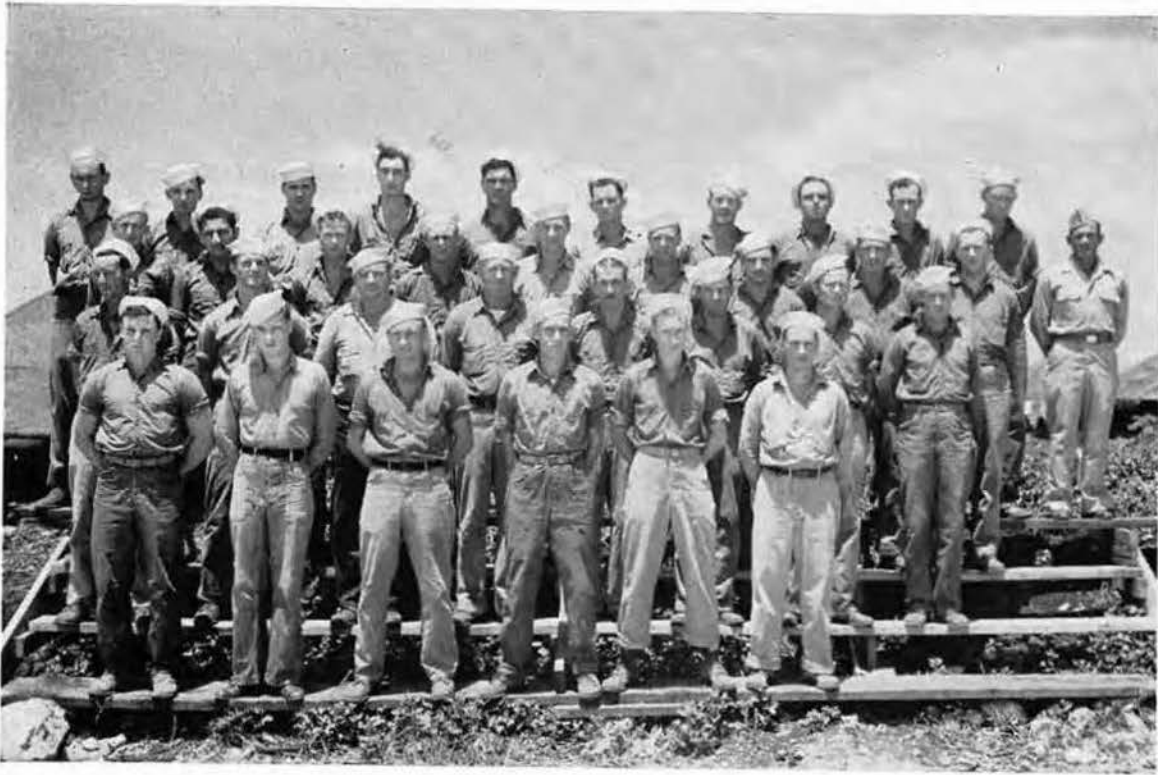
Front row: R. Cannon, J. Kotwis, H. Cienfugos, J. Dellego.

Second row: E. Vought, W. Stewart, R. H. Driver, G. Ortega, G. Parker, C. Murphy, G. Ehrhart.

Third row: W. Limbach, R. O'Rourke, S. Davis, E. Braun, E. Harvey, C. Wells, J. Pierce, G. Wall.

Fourth row: W. Bidwell, L. Bertoni, W. Mitchell, W. Keil, J. Manion, E. Biendseil, J. Morsch, B. Lester, C. Jessop, R. Simpson.

**D COMPANY**



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: D. Smith, A. Redden, J. Fleming, R. Miller, C. Snellen, W. Bassett, E. Venz, J. Szyperski, R. Rose, R. Foale, J. Smith.

Second row: J. Hand, J. Remillard, C. Bird, R. Hepner, C. Guptill, T. Duncan, W. Dorough, O. Cunningham.

Third row: C. Reynolds, F. Rizk, O. Riley, L. Rhoades.

Fourth row: R. Heiserman, H. Queen, F. Ehley, E. Ribas, L. Weltmer, R. Reynolds, G. Grey, F. Wilson, R. Griffin, M. Watts, M. Abreu.

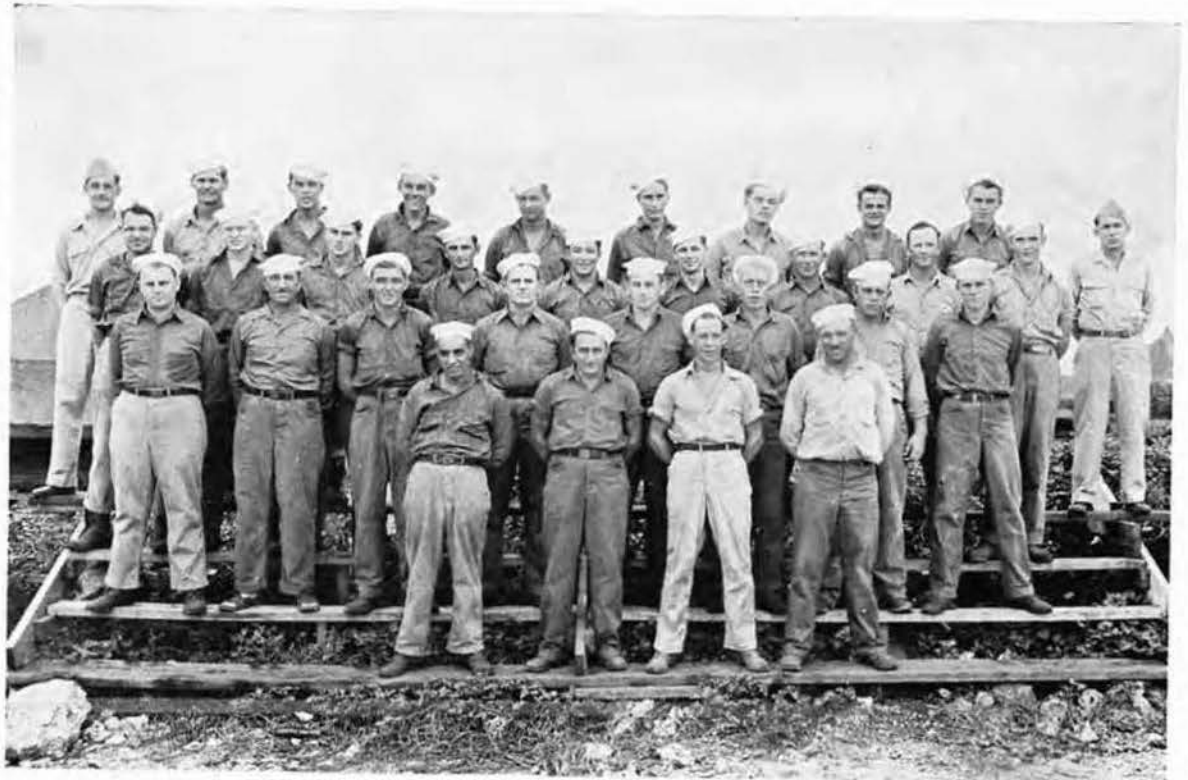
Reading from left to right:  
bottom to top:

Front row: P. Sanchez, R. Medlock, G. McPartlin, A. Koeb, W. Burnard, D. Burt, E. Galyean.

Second row: C. Johnston, L. Trotter, J. Thompson, R. Hendrix, S. Snyder, E. Fahey, F. Short, C. Koch.

Third row: C. Shenk, F. Schwartz, B. Southers, G. Licursi, B. Roybal, D. Keil.

Fourth row: D. Fraser, G. Rody, R. Sutter, W. Sandell, D. Thorp, A. Evans, E. Rose, M. Rudy, H. Focht, H. Ward.



**D COMPANY**

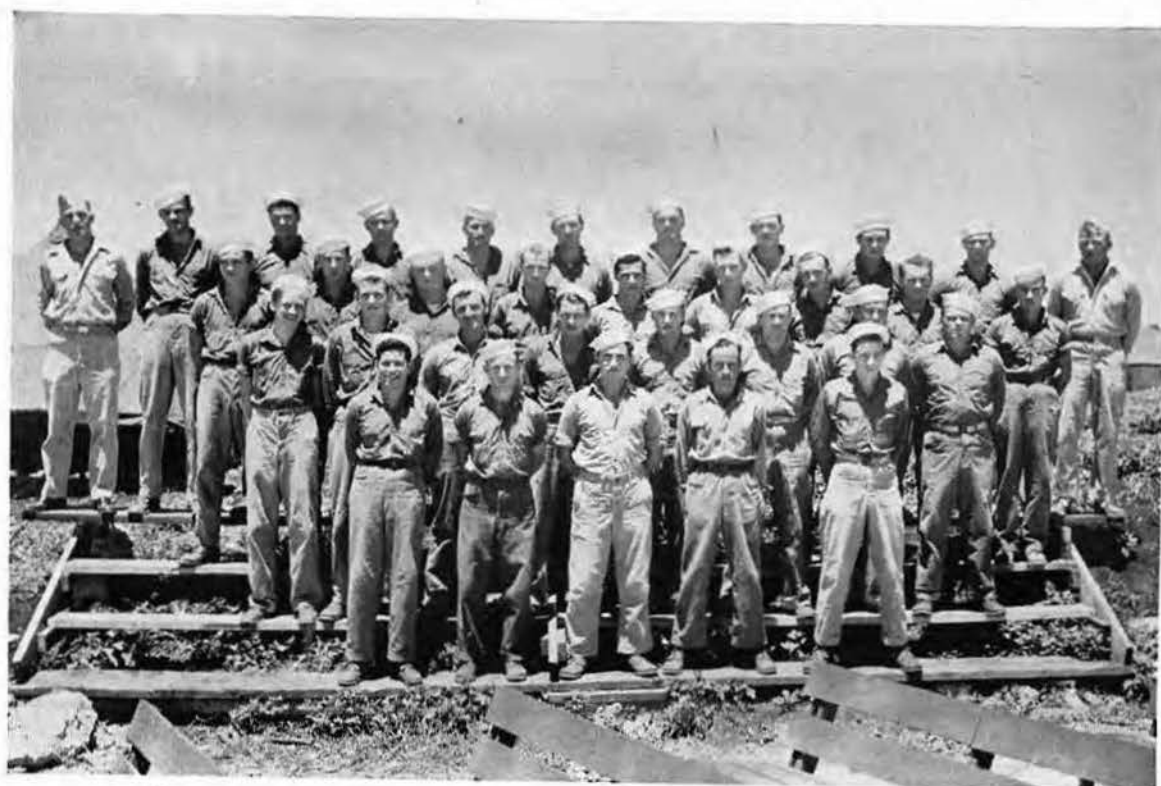
Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: H. Willms, L. Weber, R. L. Thompson, F. Valenti, E. Cruz, H. Doyle, J. Heriot, R. Nees, C. Wilburn.

Second row: C. Wingfield, W. Warian, B. Fenton, W. Suto, R. D. Thompson, E. Clem, J. Duncan, J. Micozzi.

Third row: D. Bennett, B. Tippens, F. Juchem, H. McNamara, G. Sweet.

Fourth row: C. Collins, W. Toohey, J. McKinley, F. Wilcox, R. Triemert, G. Weins, L. DuPuis, E. Johns, C. White, L. Blackburn.



Reading from left to right,  
bottom to top:

Front row: J. Vega, C. McGinley, R. Sacconi, J. Tavares, K. Landrum, M. Deering, J. Leisure.

Second row: R. Tucker, W. Harris, W. Raupach, L. Owens, J. Votjus, H. Harts, C. Whetzel, G. Hatch.

Third row: H. Brashear, E. Judge, F. McDonnell, C. Walker, P. Varlan.

Fourth row: C. Comstock, R. Berger, G. LaFond, H. Undeberg, C. Reynolds, G. A. Rankin, L. Vogel, C. Saunders, H. Williams, E. Warrick, G. McMahon.

**D COMPANY**



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R. D. Mack



J. W. Stewart



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