

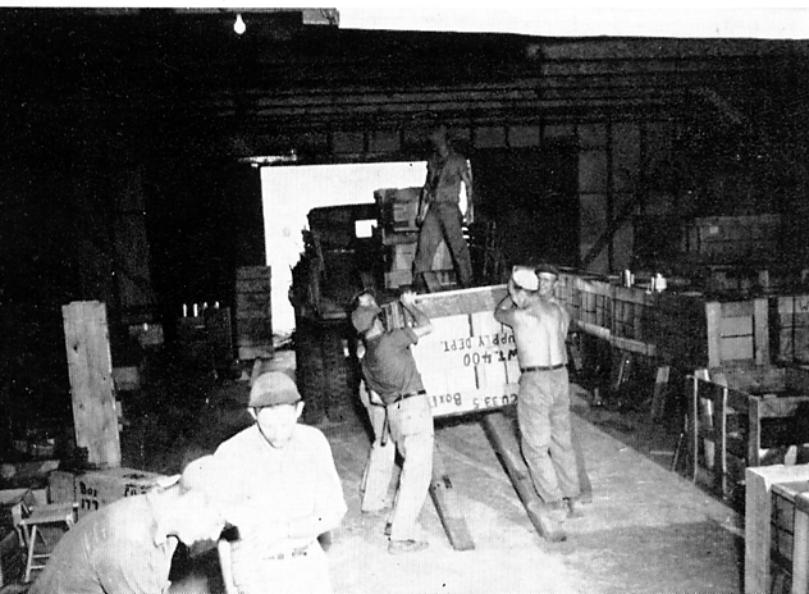
THE MONEY CHANGERS' TEMPLE IS A WAREHOUSE



THE SUPPLY DEPARTMENT, IN NAME ONLY

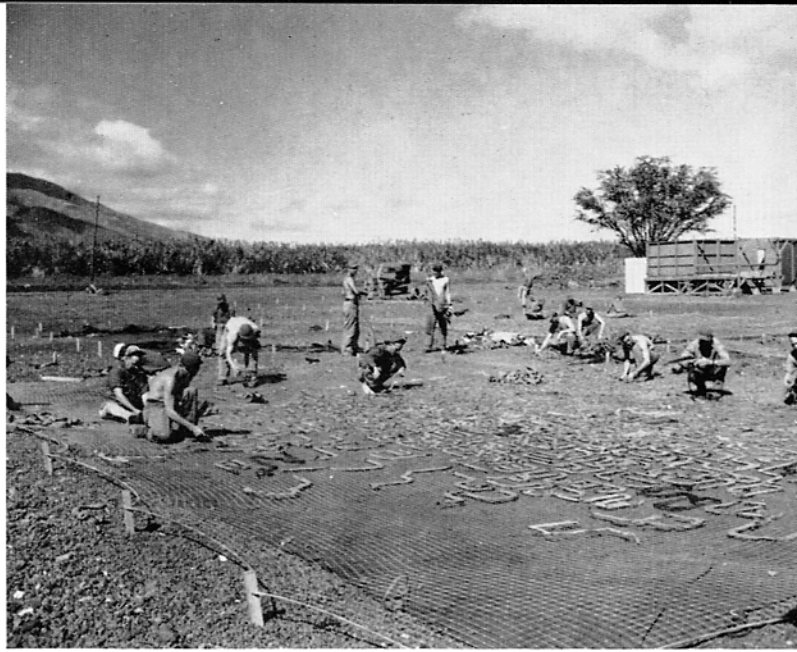


THE NEW SOIL TESTING LABORATORY PREPARES FOR TROUBLE AHEAD



OUR GEAR IS CRATED AND LOADED FOR SHIPMENT

CAMOUFLAGE CALISTHENICS



TOUCH FOOTBALL WAS PLAYED FOR KEEPS
ON A ROCKSTREWN FIELD

BASEBALL WAS MORE FUN THAN MARCHING



THE BEST PART OF THE DAY WAS OUR
EVENING SWIM

PANCHO PUNCHES ROSCOE



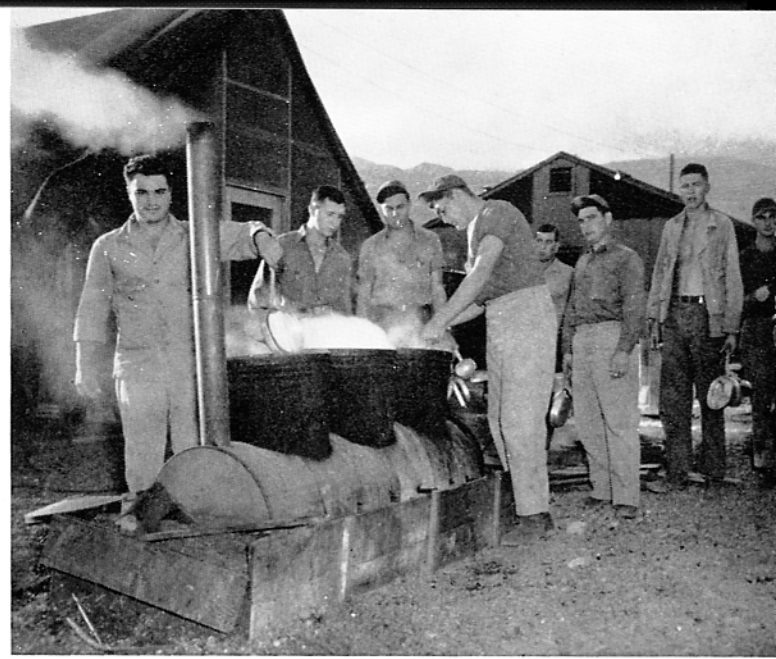
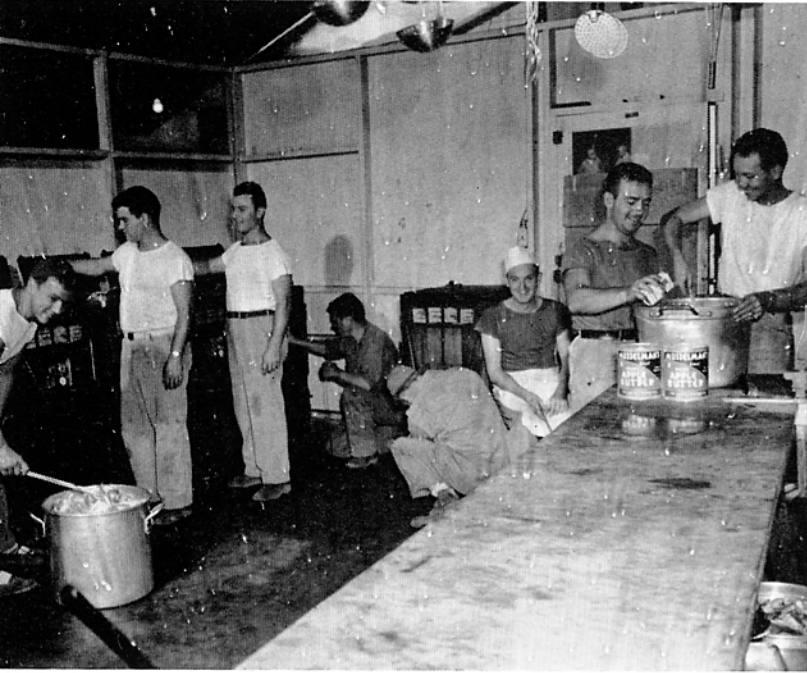
WE WORK UP AN APPETITE AND A THIRST
IN A VOLLEYBALL GAME

THE BEER LINE AT OUR SECOND ANNIVERSARY
PICNIC



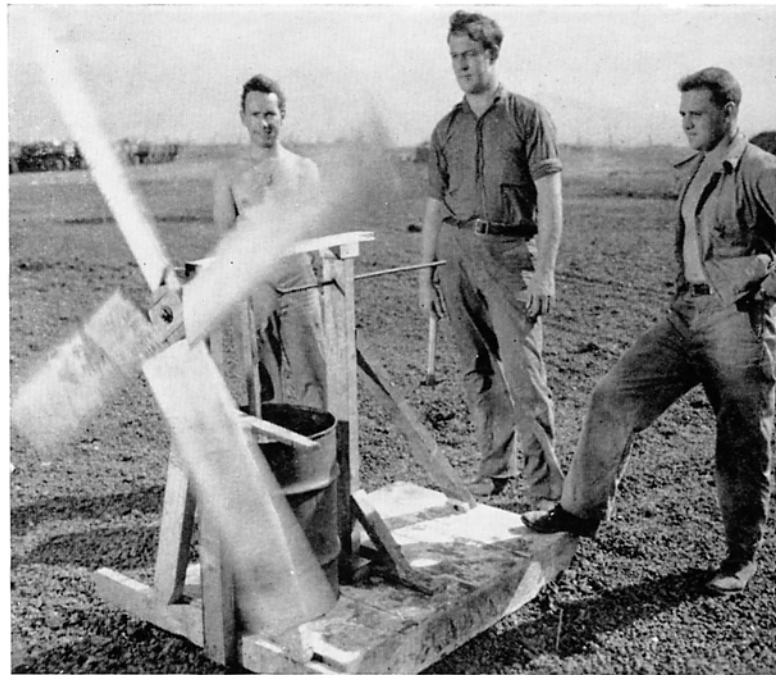
THE SEWING CIRCLE IS APPROVED BY
COMMANDER SCHULER IN THE BACKGROUND

STERILIZING MESS GEAR, JUST LIKE
IN WAR



MOST EVERYONE WORKS IN THE FIELD
GALLEY

A SEARS & ROEBUCK WAR MODEL WASHING
MACHINE, SEABEE STYLE



WE LEARNED TO WASH CLOTHES AGAIN,
JUST LIKE "BOOT"

THE MAILMEN, MOST POPULAR FELLOWS
IN CAMP



ALL WORK STOPS. BETTY HUTTON'S
IN TOWN

WAHINES WONDERED!



THE NIGHTLY SEWING CIRCLE

MELE KAI OFFICERS' CLUB, THE STORY
IS CENSORED



THE ONLY GOOD THING ABOUT OUR MAUI CAMP WAS THE SCENERY





BEAUTIFUL HALEAKALA FROM OUR SWIMMING BEACH



S C E N I C

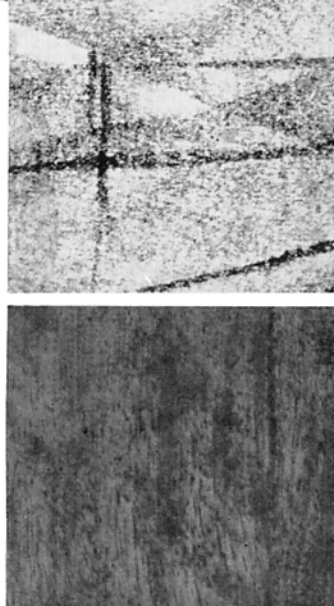
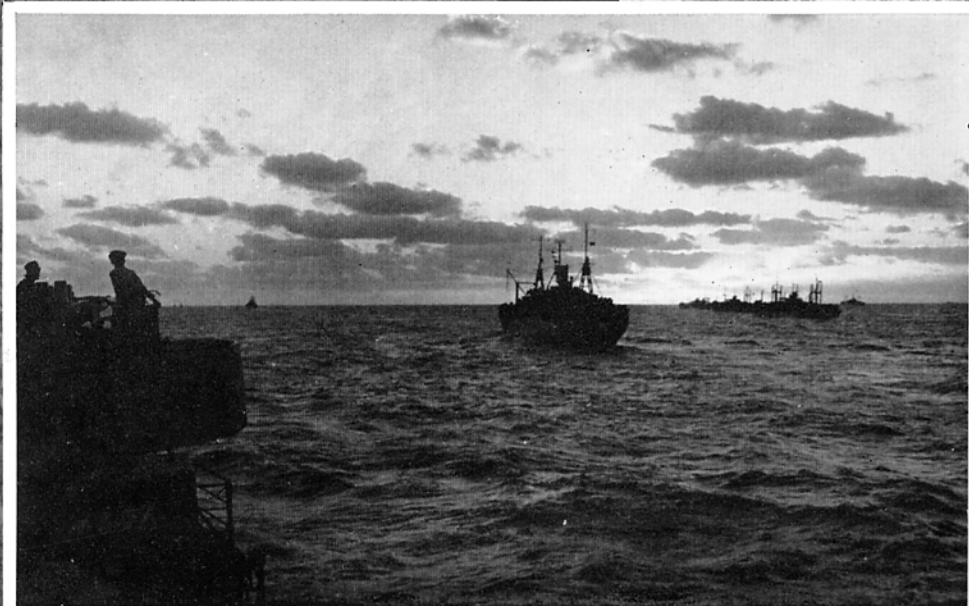
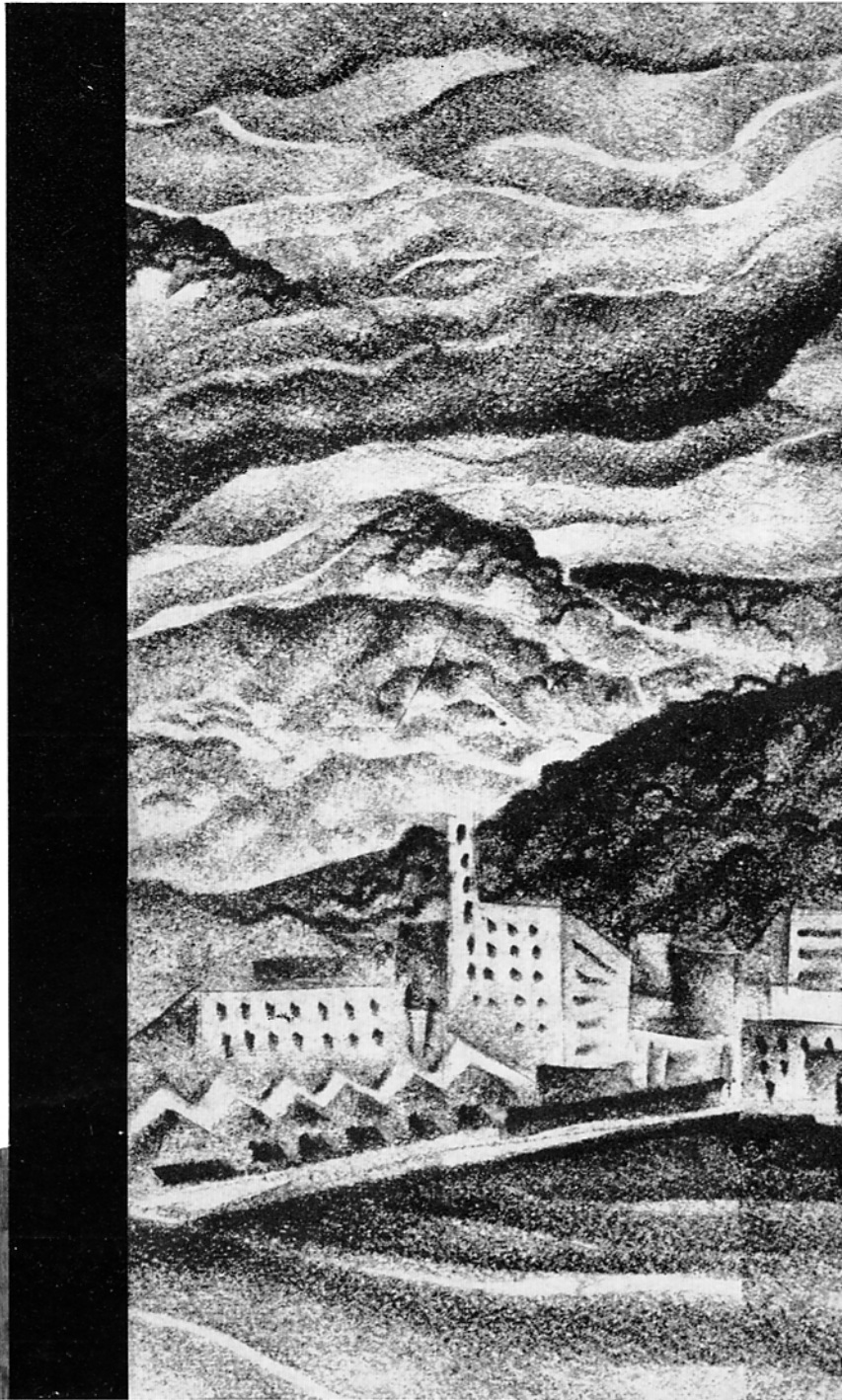
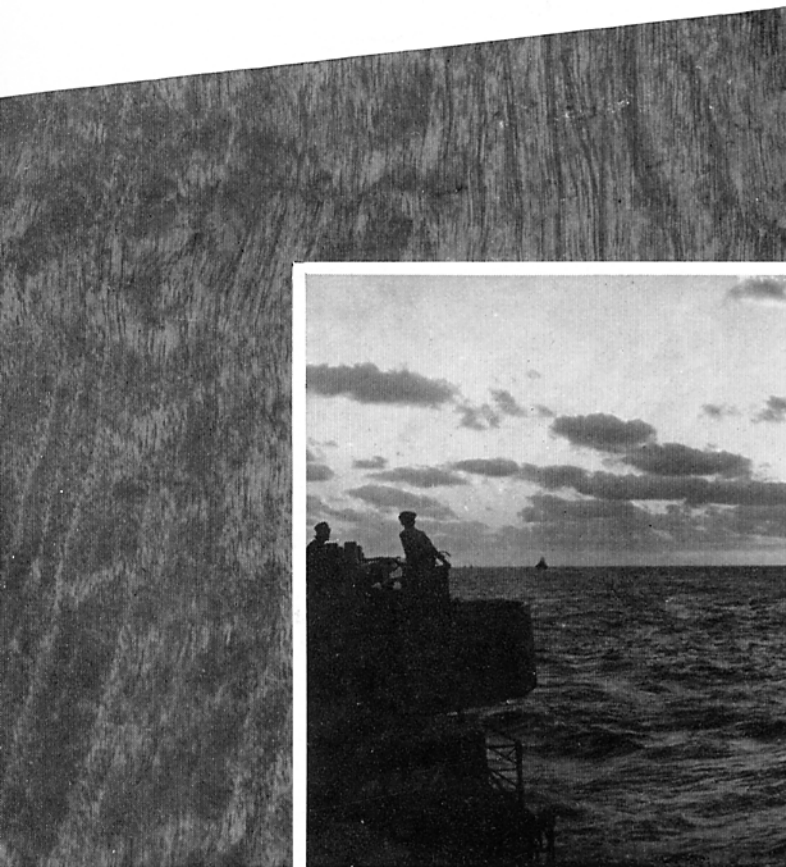




MAUI



Photographs on these pages
by Henry Bogenrief.





ROBERT HOOT
HONOLULU HARBOR - JAN



OUR TASK FORCE ASSEMBLES AT SAIPAN

X M A S D A Y T O D - D A Y

On Christmas day of 1944, over half our battalion broke camp and boarded an APA, the first of four ships that we used in the movement of our men and equipment to Iwo Jima. Little did we realize, as we settled down in those crowded compartments, that the good ship "Lenawee" was to be our home for over two months.

While we cruised around from island to island in the Hawaiian group, the balance of the battalion was busy loading equipment and supplies on the two LST's and one AKA that had been assigned to the Sixty-second.

During the last days of January, all four ships bid Aloha to the land of cane and pineapple and headed toward the land of the rising sun. Life aboard these four ships, in their separate convoys, quickly grew old and tiresome. We all became lazy and sluggish under the relentless Pacific sun that blistered the decks, and nightly blackouts made sleep almost impossible in those sweating compartments. Along with eating and sleeping, card games, reading and writing letters were our most strenuous forms of exercise.

We saw Eniwetok through a port hole. This was our first rendezvous point, and we set sail on the next leg of our

journey in much larger convoys. As we plowed eastward through these Jap infested waters, and close to Jap held islands, our life belts took on new importance. The ship's crew unlimbered their guns daily as target planes wove their way back and forth over the convoys.

Early in the morning of February 16, 1945, we glided out to sea, after a five day lay-over at Saipan. As each ship maneuvered itself into position, we were awed by the immensity of our Task Force which stretched out over the blue Pacific waters as far as the eye could see. "Tokyo Rose" told us every night on the radio that we were "expected," and to "turn back," if we valued our lives. But as we drew nearer and nearer our objective, every man was proud of the small part he was playing in this big job ahead.

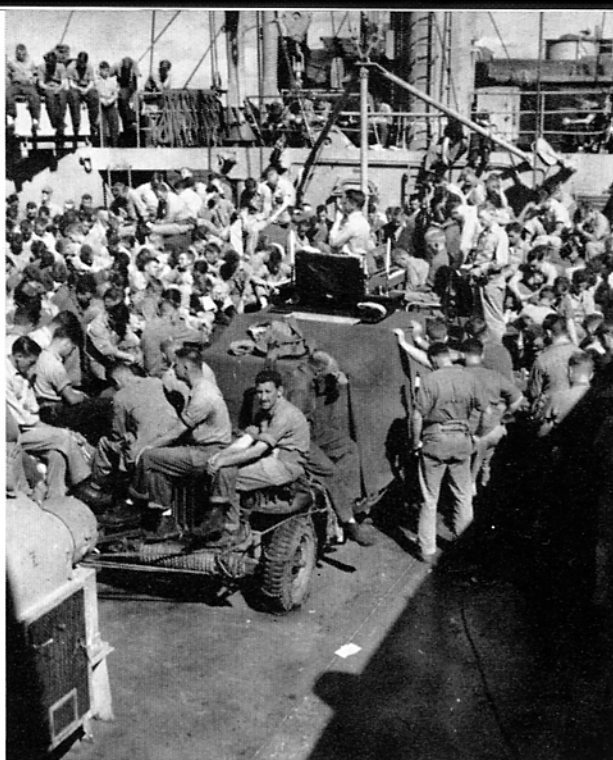
On the morning of February 19, 1945 all hands were on deck well before sun-up. We hung on the rails watching the gun flashes from our men-of-war pounding Iwo Jima in preparation for H-hour, which was 9 A.M. As our ship crept closer and closer to the hell that stretched out before us, we remembered the words of the Captain of our ship, "This is it: this is the Payoff."

HURRY-UP

AND

WAIT!



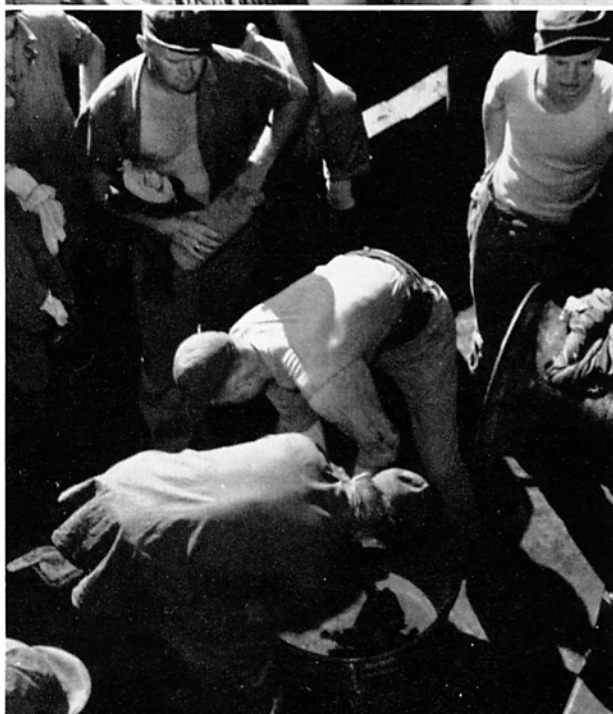


IWO D-DAY

THE WOUNDED



THE DEAD



THE UNINITIATED



HATCHES ARE OPENED ON D-DAY AS WE GULP OUR CHOW TO MAKE WAY FOR THE UNLOADING OF EQUIPMENT



D + 6

... WE BOARD AN LST TO MAKE OUR LANDING

Iwo

DEBARKATION

D-Day at Iwo Jima found us aboard our three different ships, rolling awkwardly in the rough swells a few hundred yards off Red Beach. By late afternoon casualties ashore were running high as every ship present took on the injured as fast as they could be loaded into slings and hoisted aboard. We stood by quietly watching this whole show and knew it would only be a question of time before we would wade into that bloody hell ashore.

Our men on the two LST's were eating supper on D-Day, when "General Quarters" was sounded through-out the convoy. Every man of us scrambled topside in time to see that Jap Kamikaze pilots were preparing to make suicide runs. The first Jap plane roared over the top of LST No. 943, through a barrage of anti-aircraft fire, making a successful crash dive into the bow of an LST close by, starting serious fires and killing several of the crew. We had hardly righted ourselves from this first surprise, when the second Jap flew toward our LST No. 943. As his plane leveled off for the death crash, the pilot must have decided he was a little too high, for he pulled hard on his stick, and skimmed over us at mast height. Our gunners were pouring lead into this Nip, and before he could make the last one hundred yards for his dive into the LST 884, he disintegrated into thin air. There was little time for cheering our gunners, for a third Jap plane was coming at our two LST's, and it looked like he meant to finish up this job that the first Jap had started. He was a little off our course as he came in, and selected a mine layer that was anchored starboard aft' of our ships. He crashed midship, going through the bulkhead and into the ward room. We learned later that a number of Officers and men had been killed as a result of this crash dive and the ship was slightly damaged.

On D plus 2 the General Alarm was sounded again as a flight of Jap Bettys came in a few feet above the water. They again made several suicide hits, but the majority were knocked down by the accurate fire from our ships' anti-aircraft gunners. Our group of ships again escaped unharmed.

On D plus 5, LST No. 884 was the first of our group to land, hitting Green Beach at 2200. Four hours later they



had completely unloaded all their equipment and dug in for their first night ashore.

LST No. 943 ground ashore on Red Beach No. 2 during the same evening but unloading operations did not begin until daylight of D plus 6.

On D plus 6, the group on APA No. 195 was transferred to an LST and hit the beach at 1930 that evening. Unloading started immediately but it was 0200 on D plus 7 before we shouldered our packs, to make the landing. A few yards up the beach we spread out, to dig in for the night. During the first hour, we dug our foxholes, everything was quiet and we had about decided that the Japs were afraid of Seabees, when their first volley of mortars exploded a few hundred yards above us.

We lay there for the next hour, hugging volcanic ash, and watched a ferocious Jap artillery attack that completely wiped out a large Marine fuel and ammunition dump. As the first light of day began to dawn, we got out of our shallow foxholes to get a good look at this island of Hell, and we all silently thanked God for watching over us.





T H E L A N D I N G A N D

The dawn broke quietly our first morning on the beach of Iwo Jima, and we were still alive. Cramped and stiff we pulled ourselves out of the shallow foxholes to be greeted with scenes of incredible destruction; dive bombers screaming down out of the sky to launch their rockets on the hapless Japs and thousands of men piling the beaches high with supplies from the hundreds of ships off-shore. Evidence of the titanic struggle that had pushed forward from the beach was everywhere. Waves rolled up and crashed over our abandoned ships, tanks, and buffaloes, while the sea worked relentlessly on the beached Jap ships that our mighty guns had torn assunder from stem to stern. Towering above us was the famous "Hot Rocks," Mt. Surabachi, a grim reminder of Japan's fading power, with Old Glory waving gently in the breeze on the highest point. We had witnessed that battle from a distance; we knew the terrific losses our Marines had suffered capturing that Jap fortress.

Our meditations were broken up by the command to shoulder our packs. We slogged along through volcanic ash reeking with the smell of death, up off the beach, over the ridge and past Airstrip Number One to our assigned bivouac area. It was a debris-littered bomb-packed patch of no-man's land we had acquired. We spread out and began to dig our fox

holes with the shell craters giving the lucky ones that reached them first a head start. Discarded shell cases, cartridge boxes, Jap fence posts and any scrap material available, were all collected and put to use in the building of our foxhole shelters. It was a rush job in order that we could be below the ground with a cover overhead before the eerie black night surrounded us.

The Marines had set up their artillery in and around our camp and they kept a barrage of projectiles hurtling over our heads day and night. During a period of twenty days, one gun alone (of the dozen or so located in our area) fired over three thousand rounds of steel at the Japs in the forward lines.

Fresh water was a problem from the time we landed. The water distillation crews set up their equipment in record time, but there were a lot of men and at first we were rationed to one canteen per man a day. We ate the famous "K" rations for the first few days, but none of us gained any weight on those dainty morsels. A cup of hot coffee was more welcome than a T-bone steak and when the ten-in-one rations were issued we cooked our meals in hobo fashion, ten to the pot. It was twelve days before our first crude shower was set up, and we were a dirty lot. Temporary galleys were set