

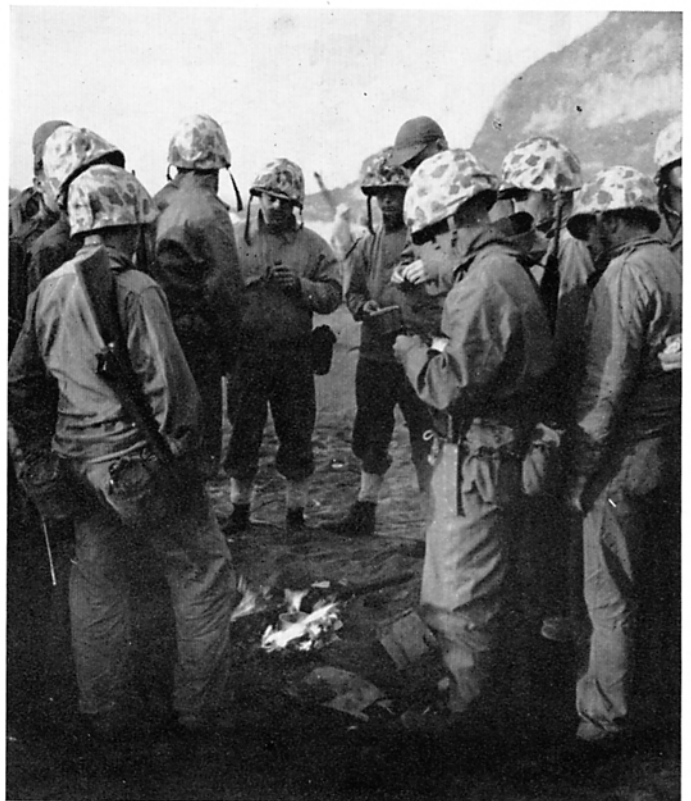


B I V O U A C

up that improved the chow situation and the first loaf of bread from the bakery was fondly re-named "angel food cake." Our heavy old helmet that we had wanted to throw away many times took on a new importance. It was better than an entrenching tool for digging a foxhole, it was our cooking pot, wash basin, laundry tub and bath tub and was indispensable in the foxholes at night as a deluxe bed pan, when you took your life in your hands if you stuck your head above ground.

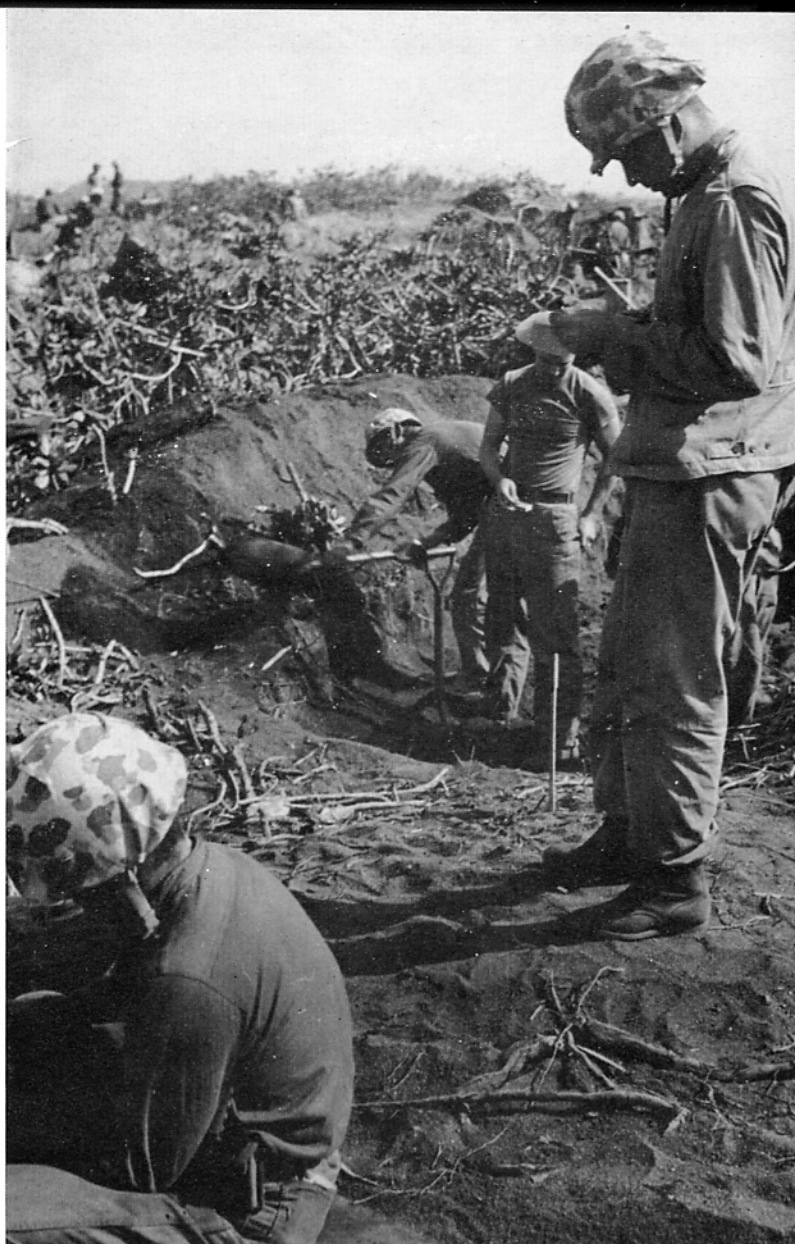
Our heavy equipment men began work on Number One Airfield the day we landed, before the full length of the strip had been secured by the Marines. Our men fought off banzai attacks, ducked from sniper's bullets and ran for cover every time the Nip mortars got a bead on our equipment, but pushed on with their work day and night.

Seven days after the repair and construction of the airfield had started, a crippled Super-fort on the way home from a bombing mission over Japan made an emergency landing. . . . Our fellows deserve a lot more credit than they have received for the fine job they did during those danger filled hours. In fact, it was a rough, tough period for all of us, but we came out of the mess better equipped to meet the action-packed days ahead.





During our off hours . . . we clean and oil our pieces . . . our bed pal at night . . . The idiot stick was in general use at all times.



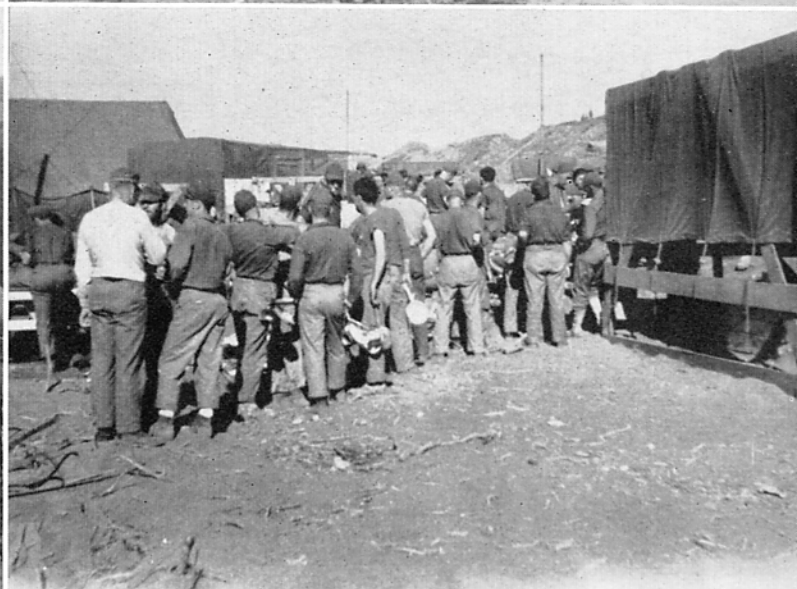
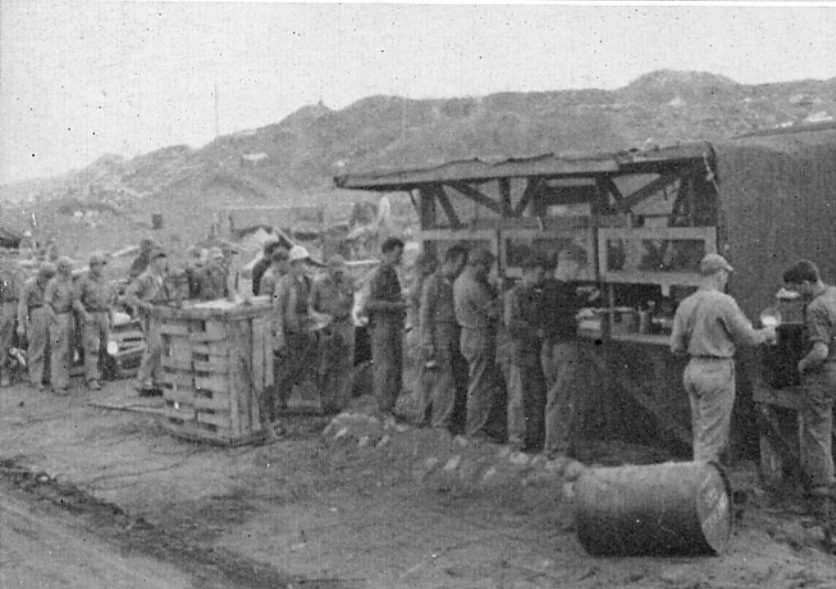
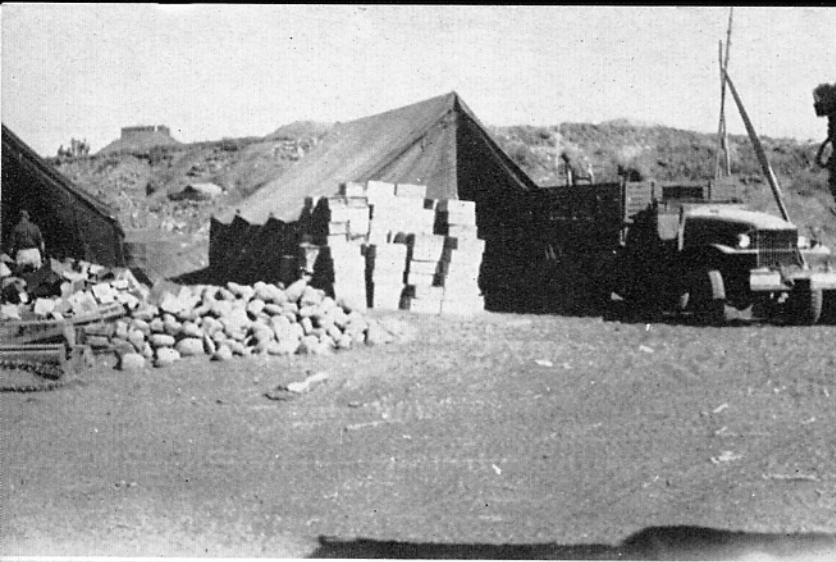
The men had lots of advice when the CP was built . . . We gathered around to eat our "K" rations . . . we buried our papers and cans, just like they taught us to at Jungle Training.





You're wrong . . . this isn't a Hooverville in '32 with veterans of the last war . . . This is our two fox hole area in '45 with veterans of this war . . . A real no-man's land that none of us will ever forget. Shell casings made good walls to keep out the ever-shifting sand.







LIFE IN THE FOXHOLE AREA

The first shower was set up at our water distillation plant on Purple Beach . . . The hot sulphur water cleaned off the outside dirt . . . but the water was too hard to do a thorough job.





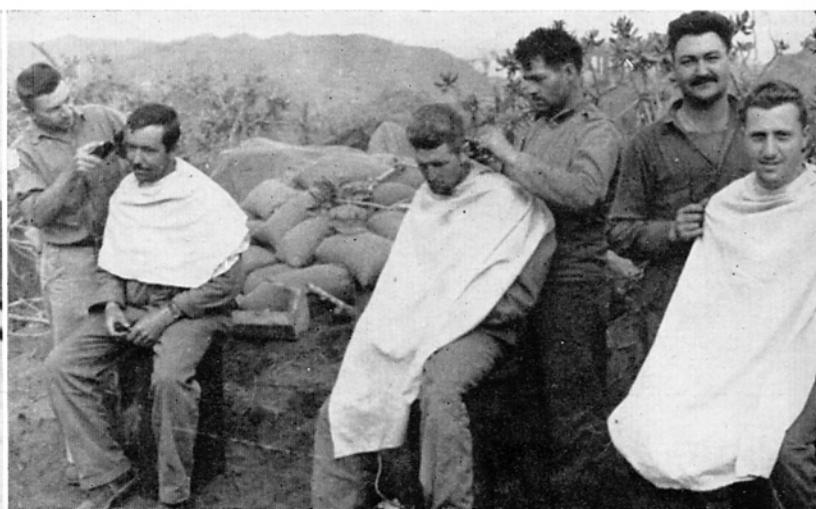
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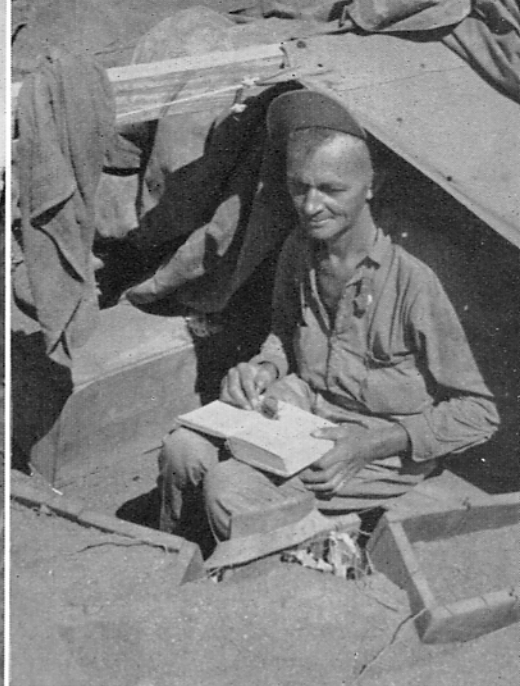


A more convenient shower was built in the bivouac area out of old ammunition containers, Jap water pipe and the invaluable fifty gallon drums. . . . Water was dished out a

canteen at a time at our little "Iwo Jima Cocktail Bar" . . . The barber shop was an open air job, but the result was the same.



NO V-MAIL

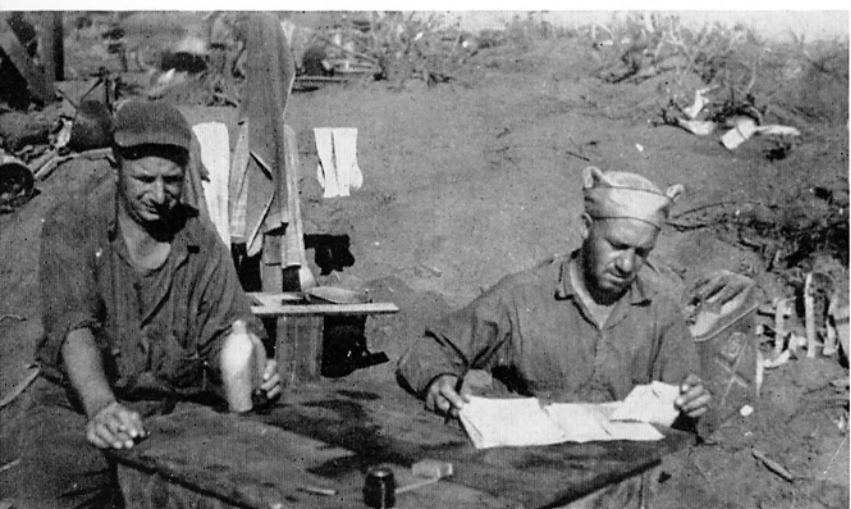


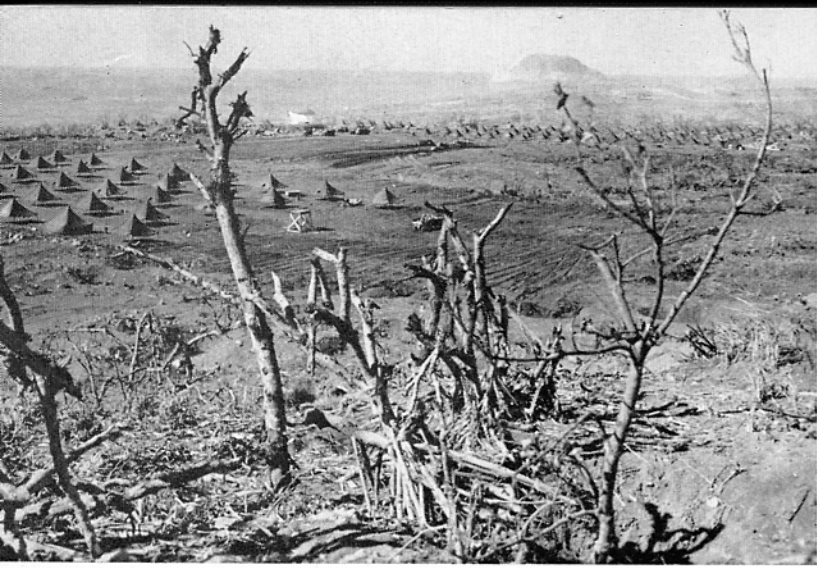
NO FEMALE



The Post Office was the most popular place in the area. . . . The "crying towel" was hung out on the days when there was no mail. . . . Receiving mail was the most important thing in our lives, and writing home was next. . . .

When the heavy rains came, our area suffered because of its location on the side of a slope. . . . Foxholes were flooded out, and many personal belongings were lost . . . but we all took it in the right spirit.





L I F E W A S B E T T E R

Our new camp was named in honor of our Mate, Emil John Bola, Flc of Racine, Wisconsin. On D plus 7 John Bola was injured by shrapnel from Japanese mortar shells that fell in our area. He was removed from our dispensary to the USS Lenawee, and died several days later. He was buried at sea with full military honors.



BEFORE



AFTER



A T C A M P B O L A

The MAA force and its guards took good care of camp security. The guard posts that surrounded the camp were manned day and night. Jap killing was the favorite pastime. The score: over 150 killed and captured!

GUARDS



POSTS

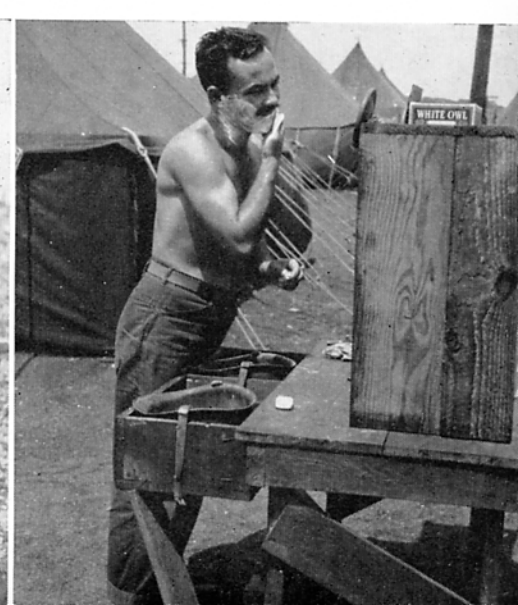


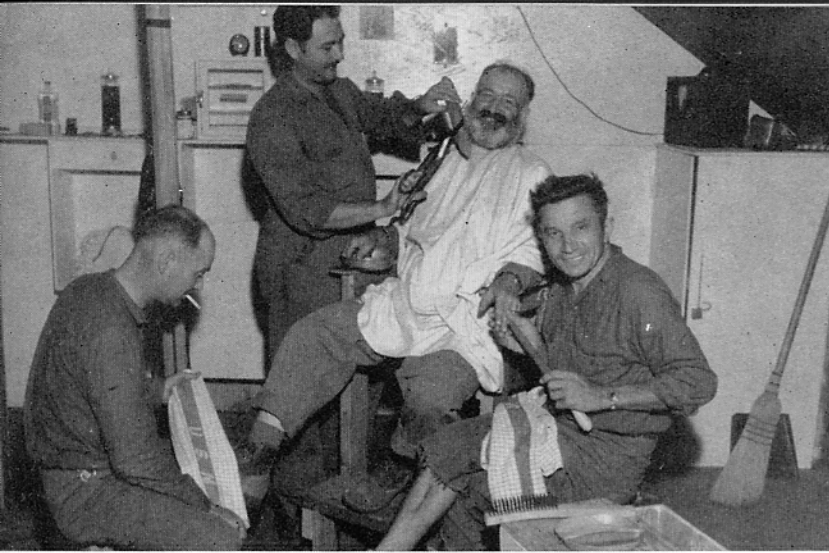


THE CHIP AND THE BLOCK



Two loyal Father and Son combinations . . . Some of our solid citizens were poor customers for Burma-Shave . . . All bets were paid in American currency, not Jap yen . . . Jap corn, like the people, is stunted . . . The tall boys outnumbered the shorties . . . The Powder room, A'la' Iwo Jima.





AT NEW CAMP BOLA

The Bogie-Beat Barbershop was issued tools from the blacksmith shop . . . This captured Jap generator gave light . . . Sylvester L. Hardee makes Chief, and gets the traditional Navy ducking . . . The happiest day in 26 months overseas, for 200 lucky guys.

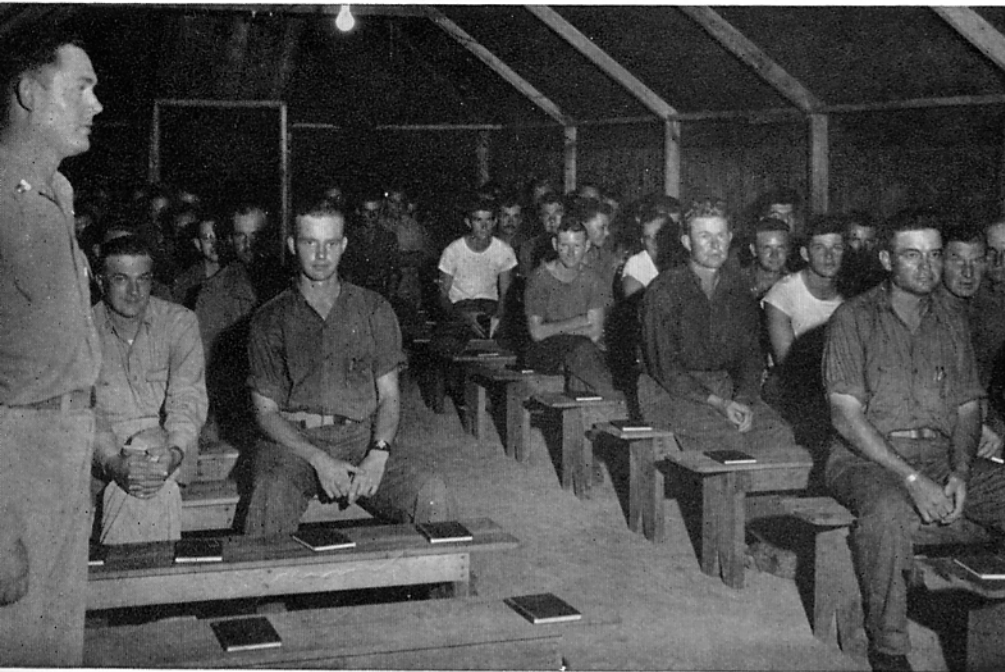




THE
RAINS
CAME



"SOME BIT OF SOIL THAT WILL BE FOREVER
AMERICAN"



Memorial services were held in the Fifth Marine Cemetery
in memory of our mates who died honorably in the service
of their country during the battle of Iwo Jima.

FATHER AND SON

Chief Ship Fitter John M. Smith is pictured here with his son John, Jr., of the Fifth Marine Division. This was the only Father and Son meeting on Iwo that we have on any record. John, Jr. met his father for the first time in over two years, when he visited the Sixty-Second fox-hole area. After a very brief visit, John, Jr. was ordered back to the front lines, and was killed the following day by a Jap anti-personnel mine. Chief Smith has been discharged from the Seabees and is now at home with his wife and son Granville, who was wounded at Saipan.

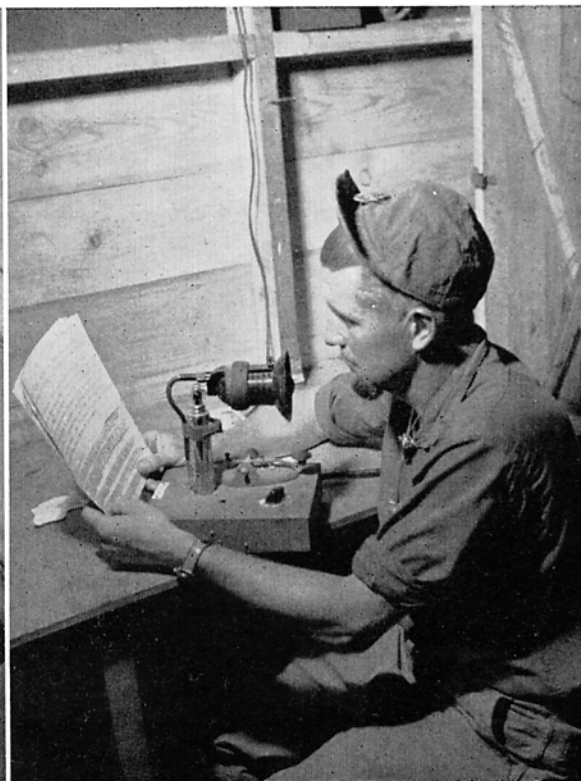


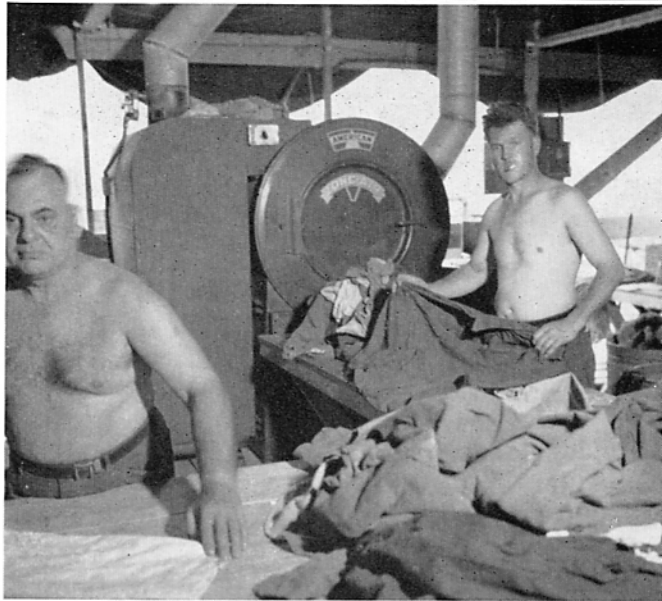
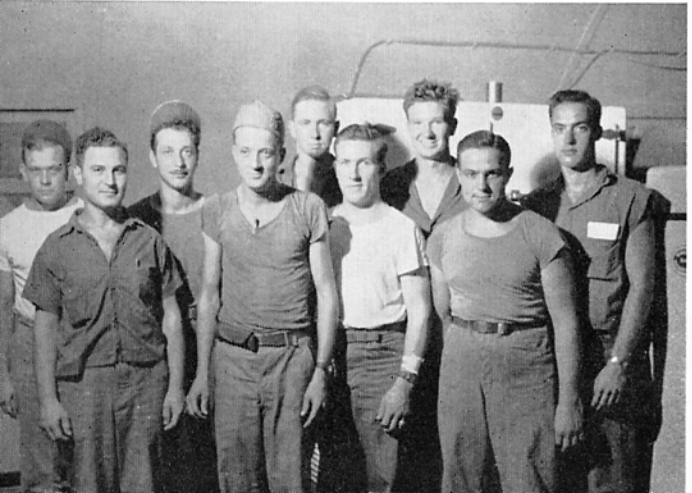
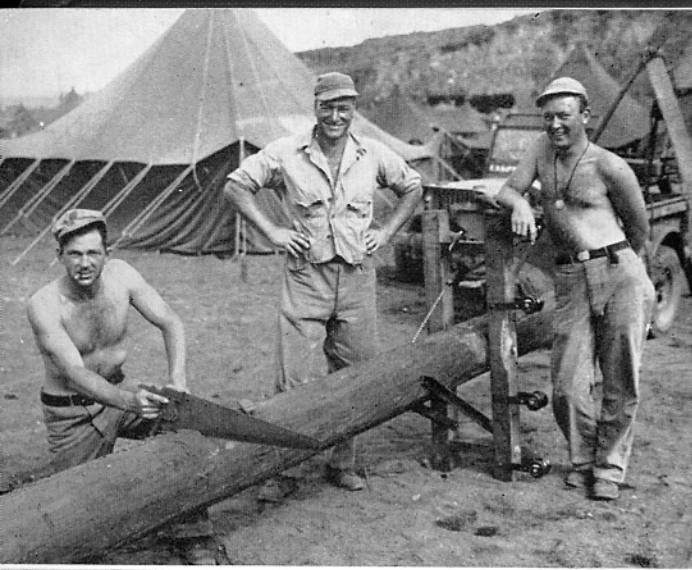


WE BUILT THE FINEST 1000 MAN CAMP ON IWO

the Voice of the People, adviser to the recipients of "Dear John " letters, director of athletics and recreation, and the most popular personality in the battalion . . . Childs' nightly broadcast was the highlight of each day's activities. Telephone operator Roger T. Coots acts coy, while telephone maintenance man Richard L. Hubbard stands by . . . John R. Espina is convinced the best things in life are free . . . Chief Howard L. W. Stentz, affectionately known as "Pop" brings lights into our homes . . . The mess men and cooks were good ball players . . . The laundry crews worked 24 hours a day to keep us clean . . . The medical staff worked and played hard at everything but their sick-bay.

Water was the most precious commodity on Iwo . . . We all took our turn wrestling 50-gallon drums . . . The power line crews were a welcome sight, but it was three months after D-day before we had lights in our tents . . . But that wasn't the fault of the electric crew . . . Chief Leroy Childs,







Iwo Antics

Jerry McWilliams is the father of five children, yet he was still our favorite "Geisha Girl" . . . His little act brought the house down, when women were something just to dream about . . . Dick Jurgens and his All Marine Band and Show was the first troupe to show on the Island . . . We had our own band that entertained at Johnson Bowl and many other island units . . . Our theatre and recreation area was named in honor of Commodore R. C. Johnson, OinC, 9th Naval Construction Brigade . . . We had movies every night, with a live show thrown in quite often for good measure . . . Our stage background had two Pin-up girls painted by Bob Hooton . . . "Can Do" is the CB motto, and "We Did" is our answer.

