

# OKINAWA



# 1945

written by:  
former-



# U.S. MARINES

CONTRIBUTING AUTHORS:

Jeff Feiler F/2/15/6  
-----  
Frank Kukuchka I/3/29/6  
-----  
Ken Long I/3/29/6  
-----  
Fred McGowan F/2/22/6  
-----  
Jim Peebles I/3/29/6  
-----  
Harold Walters F/2/22/6  
-----  
Hubert Welch I/3/29/6  
-----  
Ken Wells F or G/2/29/6

# volume

# 1

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Jeff Fieler	F/2/15/6-----	1-6
Frank Kukuchka	I/3/29/6-----	7-8
Ken Long	I/3/29/6-----	9-42
Fred McGowan	F/2/22/6-----	43-47
Jim Peebles	I/3/29/6-----	48-50
Harold Walters	F/2/22/6-----	51-82
Hubert Welch	I/3/29/6-----	83-102
Ken Wells	F or G/2/29/6-----	103-109
A Chronology; The Battle for Okinawa	-----	110-129
A Glossary of Marine Lingo	-----	130-175
The Organization of the III Amphibious Corps	-----	176-179
Command and Staff List of Marine Units on Okinawa	-----	180-193
Marine Casualties on Okinawa	-----	194-197
Japanese Order of Battle	-----	198-200
Items to Consider When Writing an Article	-----	201-203

Note: If proper credit given to the author and his unit, all material in this monograph may be reproduced in any way, shape or form, without permission of any kind. This does not include copyrighted material contained within an article.

March 21, 1993

Harold Walters,  
143 N Jefferson Rd  
Wooster OH 44691

Dear Harold,

Here is a copy of Volume 1, OKINAWA-1945. I certainly appreciate the efforts of you and the other guys in putting together your write-ups so that we can get this first printing off the ground. Hopefully we can enlist the involvement of many others that were there and add to the story we have told.

As I mentioned before, the primary purpose is to get as many libraries as possible to place copies in their reference rooms so that future generations will have access to the "grass-roots" story of the battle and the part the U.S. Marines played in bringing about the victory.

Without a doubt, the question will come up as to why we didn't print on both sides of the page? It was felt that some of the men would want to personalize the book with photos and comments of their own experiences and therefore left the back side of the page blank. In addition, it makes the book easier to read.

The enclosed book is a complimentary one given to the authors that contributed to the contents but if you know of anyone else that would like a copy, the cost is \$14.25 plus \$2.50 for postage etc. Since none of the material is copyrighted, any part of it may be reproduced without permission. Copies can be obtained by writing to:

Kenneth J. Long  
11311 Fair Lake Dr.  
Delton, MI 49046

Perhaps after reading some of the other articles, your memory will be jolted to remember other items of interest and if this happens we would like to get copies so they can also be included in future volumes.

Lets keep in touch, and the best of health to you.

Very truly yours,

  
Ken Long

Given To  
Harold F. Walters  
From Ken Long, March 1993

#### FOREWARD

Very little has been written about the Battle for Okinawa. It was a unique battle in that it was fought during a time period that was bracketed by the victory achieved in Europe, during April of 1945 and the dropping of the atomic bomb in August of that same year, and both were events that rightfully captured the attention of the American people.

The Battle was unique in another way. Okinawa, was the last battle fought during a world war and although history will have to determine whether or not this latter statement holds up, it is significant.

To record the "grass roots" experiences of the guys who took part in this battle is the purpose of these monographs and additional volumes will be printed as other articles are sent in. Each contributing author will receive a copy of the volume containing his article.

It is hoped the topics will include experiences of the men from all the units of the III Amphibious Corps, (listed in the back of this monograph) and that eventually the volumes can be placed in libraries across the country to serve as a record of this historic struggle; for future generations to read, question and ponder.

K.J.L.

OKINAWA-1945  
Jeff Feiler, (F/2/15/6)  
Written-January, 1993

4/1/45 Easter Morning

I was on an LST moving into a position to land on Green Beach #2 and the morning was bright and clear. I was under the "Port Twin 40mm" when a lone Jap observation plane came over. Just having been issued ammunition, I jumped up, loaded my rifle and threw it to my shoulder in a quick motion and waited for it to come in range. The sergeant, (I cannot remember his name) reached out and laced a hand on my leg, (he was laying on the steel deck beside me) and said, "Relax, and unload your rifle, the 40mm boys will get him." At that instant the 40mm opened up on three separate LSTs and the Jap observation plane was history. It burned on the water for several minutes. Shortly however, our planes and the smoke from the bombs and the naval hitting the beach area caused so much smoke that you could barely see the blue sky.

The assault troop, (F/2/15/6), on our LST went ashore on "Ducks" and the reason for this was the floating coral was more dangerous than the very light resistance from the Japs as the floating coral could cut right through a boat. We dug in on the beach and waited for the word to move out. That night we were put under condition "Black", (invasion by enemy forces). Japanese paratroopers had left mainland China and were to be dropped in on us. Our night flying fighters having just been equipped with night sights, intercepted and shot down several troop planes before the rest turned back.--This is what we were told.

4/2/45 We moved out, crossed Yontan Airstrip, and looked over a Jap Zero that landed on the field not knowing it was in our hands. When the pilot got out and started for the hanger, he realized the troops that were watching him were Americans and not Japanese. As he turned to go back to his plane he was sent to meet his honorable ancestors. Looking over the plane it was questionable that he had enough fuel to get off the ground and if he did, the plane didn't look as if it would hold together, being shot so full of holes.

Between the beach and Yontan Airstrip there were a number of tombs, (Okinawans, life work was dedicated to their tomb to house their family of the past, present, and future generations) the civilians had used for shelters during the raids prior to the invasion and were also used to quarter military installations. With direct hits, it only cracked them and I never saw one that was destroyed by shelling. "Flame throwers" were the most effective means of neutralizing enemy resistance from them.

4/7/45 (Approximate date) Our artillery unit moved into our 2nd position and observed a Jap observation plane overhead. I started to pull down on it with my rifle, but my Sarg. said it was too high, (I still think I could have hit it) so I didn't fire

Jeff Feiler, F/2/15/6

on it. At this same position, after we were dug in, several of us spotted a shock of rice straw and as we covered each other we got some straw to bed down on. About 20 minutes later I had more fleas biting me that I could handle. We had one change of clothes we carried on our back and I wasn't long getting into them. Several days went by and the glands in my groin swelled up to the size of baseballs. I was put on a beached LST converted Hospital Ship and given a shot of penicillin every three hours for several days, then returned to my unit.

While we were at this position we were close to a school-house and as we watched the children and their teachers you could see their hatred for us. (mainly the children). They were well indoctrinated. We could also see and hear the Jap bombers, (Japanese aircraft motors sounded different than ours. They were not synchronized like ours were) at night. Few of these got past our anti-aircraft batteries on our fighting ships that ringed the island. Those that got through usually had a short life from our ground fire that was extremely fierce.

4/9/45 We started getting heavy rains after we moved into an area of rice paddies and the rains came down so hard it flooded out our 105s. (See page 84 in the 6th Marine Division History.) The 105 under the tarp with the helmet over the barrel was assigned to Glynn H Gutzeit, from Brighton, Michigan. He was later awarded the Bronze Star Medal from action that occurred on 4/13/45. When enemy artillery knocked out this gun with a direct hit, Glynn was blown out of the gun pit, got back up and went back into the pit and carried out two of his wounded buddies at once, with burning ammunition all about. He remained in the Corps for thirty years. I looked him up in the summer of 1991 and had an afternoon talk with him and his wife. (He is a story within himself).

At this position, when we first moved in I was clearing the grass around the high ground with a machete. (This was so the enemy could not come in on us without us seeing him.) As I pulled back a clump of grass to cut it off, there sat a woman with a small child strapped to her back with rags. The look on her face said "This giant is going to kill us." (Okinawans were on the average less than 5 feet tall) I lowered the knife and helped her to her feet. (she was sitting on her heels as orientals do) We had just got some "C" rations and one of the fellows took her down the slope to give her and the child some food. What she wanted was an American cigarette and I can still see her walking down the path with the baby on her back smoking a cigarette. She also had some food.

While moving up in the mud, our trucks were carrying a hundred rounds of 105 ammo. (75 lb to the round), approximately ten men with all their gear, and a 105 howitzer on behind. We went up grades with mud so deep you could only see the top part of the tire on the trucks. What go power! Our highlight was seeing several truckloads of "geisha girls" being hauled the

other way and I often wondered "to where?" I remember they seemed happy and were singing.

4/12/45 We moved into a position around a schoolhouse. (I believe it is the building on page 62 in the 4th Marine Division History) Note the cases of 105 ammo on the truck and also stacked by the building. Not having slept under a roof for some time, some of us decided to bed down in this building. I remember the ceiling was very low and the floor awfully hard. About daylight I had a very uncomfortable feeling and poked the guy alongside of me and said, "lets get out of here, this place could be zeroed in." About this time I got on the truck convoy that was going back for more 105 ammunition as I was a 105 ammo handler. As it turned out we no more had left and the Jap mortar and artillery opened up on us. The area was zeroed in!

When we moved into this position we were ahead of the infantry, (22nd Marines) that we were supporting. The ammo dump was hit and two of our 105s took direct hits. (see comments made for 4/9/45) When we were at the San Antonio Reunion in 1991, I was looking for people that used to be in F/2/15 as I was. I ran across Joseph D Pearson, from Metairie, La., he was an ammo carrier assigned to E/2/15, the Battery along side of us. He asked me if I remembered the schoolhouse on the north end of the island when we took the direct hits. I told him "I sure do." and he said, "I'm going to tell you something I'll bet you didn't know." About the time the shelling started the 22nd Marines caught up with us and when he looked up and saw them coming he was very much surprised to see his brother John H Pearson, now from Augusta, Ga.. While they were talking, John noticed a Jap in the window of a crawl space above where we were sleeping that night, (D Pearson also slept in the schoolhouse that night as I did) in the schoolhouse with two flags directing incoming enemy fire. No wonder it was so accurate. John Pearson was not long in eliminating this problem. Imagine finding out 46 years later that you were sleeping with the enemy just a few feet away and not knowing it. No wonder I had an uncomfortable feeling about that place and, and as I remember, as I left the rest of the fellas left that morning, about 35 of them. I believe the schoolhouse was destroyed after the Jap was killed that was directing the enemy fire. I also met John Pearson at San Antonio. The two brothers are still very close.

4/12/45 I believe it was at this time when I was on a convoy back for more ammunition when we came across several large piles of wooden boxes that were unguarded. (Army supplies) The Warrant Officer who was in charge of the convoy stopped and got out and I can still hear him say, "Anybody see a guard?", no one did, and he said, "OK, someone get a box from each pile." as they were in seven separate piles. The mission was accomplished in a matter of seconds and we were on our way. When we got back and opened them up every box was grapefruit juice!. Needless to say there wasn't anyone that was bound up for several days after we consumed our

Jeff Feiler, F/2/15/6

4

fair share. Note: I do not remember all of the truck drivers names, but I do remember one and his name was Metcalf. He was "hell on wheels", because he was always looking for a race and had to be the first one going and coming. If you got assigned to his truck you had better hang on as he always drove with the windshield down, to cut down on wind resistance. His truck was usually covered with mud, as he stopped for no obstacle or mud holes.

There was one of our forward observers that also stood out in my memory. I don't remember his name but he had brownish red hair and a well groomed handlebar mustache that curled up to a full circle on the end. He had a reputation for getting as close to the enemy as he could and then call the artillery in almost on top of him to get the assigned target. He was from Virginia, as I remember.

4/19/45 We received news of Germany's surrender and this was good news for the obvious reasons but especially for me, as I knew my brother, Lawrence George Feiler II, would be released. He was a tailgunner on a B-24 that was shot down over the Austria, oilfields. He was credited with downing at least one German fighter and assisted in downing several more. When released, he weighed only 110 pounds as his diet had been potatoes and charcoal in the prison camp.

We could see and hear Jap bombers coming in at dusk or just after dark, but not many got through after the navy ships and our night fighters got done with them. Our ground fire took care of a few more and damage was light we are told. Sometimes we heard Tokyo Rose, on the radio telling us we have lost the war because we had lost so many ships and planes.

4/25/45 Really getting muddy. Lots of rain. We received some shrapnel from our ack ack guns. No damage though.

4/29/45 Still raining. Guns firing almost constantly. Air raid sirens have been blowing nightly. I had a low fire in my helmet under a tarp in order to see to write this letter home. No time during the day.

6/12/45 I received a letter from a home town (Tekonsha, Michigan) fella that he was on a merchant ship at Green Beach # 2. This is where we made our initial landing. He was a Navy gunner assigned to the ship and wanted to see me. My unit was dug in just across the river in Naha. (see the picture on page 153 in the 6th Marine Division History) I could hit the sign in the lower right hand corner with a stone from my foxhole. With letter in hand I requested to see Captain Noonan, (F/2/15) our battery commander. Receiving permission I asked him if I could go back and see my friend and much to my surprise he let me go. I managed to get rides back to the area. The Seabees had completely changed the area with traffic circles and mountains of supplies were everywhere. The confused Okinawans didn't recognize their island and didn't know where to go. They were totally bewildered. Having to carry all of my earthly belongings on my back I made

Jeff Feiler, F/2/15/6



arrangements to go out to the ship in one of the smaller boats that was unloading the ship by cargo nets. There was no dock and the way I went aboard was to stick one foot in the net and ride it up and over the side of the ship. It must have been about 60 feet up from the water. I was sure glad everthing was working good. I was treated royally from the Captain down. I had a pillow case mostly full of goodies including a ham, playing cards, clean sheets and several other items that I don't remember. I do remember the whiskey the crew came up with and sent with me. The only place I had to carry it was in my hip pocket. It was in the bottom (about a half cup) of a 1/5th bottle. When I went over the side, hanging on the outside of a full cargo net and looking down, I can remember saying to myself; I sure hope this comes out O.K.. Going back to the outfit I got a ride with an officer in a jeep. I was lucky and he took me all the way. When we were almost there I could smell this shiskey. I took it out of my pocket and some of it spilled on me. I did not drink and as to this day I don't like the stuff. I did ask the officer if he would like a sip. He declined. When he let me out I snapped a salute off to him and thanked him. Then I saw on the back of the jeep a sign that read; Regimental Chaplain. This is still my life's most embarrassing moment.

I passed the playing cards around, shared the ham and what whiskey was left was "dashed against the cork", as it was passed around to those that wanted it until it was gone. I do remember that night I stripped down and slept on clean sheets in my foxhole.

It was also at this position that there was a very small concrete building by the river where I learned to play Pinochle at night. It was about four feet square and about 4 or 5 feet high. We had a small table with candles in two corners. This was our recreation hall.

When we were on guard duty by the river, we were told to throw a hand grenade at any debris going against the current.

6/22/45 Island secured: We were assigned mopping up duties and consisted mostly of throwing phosphorous grenades in the edge of small cane fields, with the wind to our back and burning the small fields. Japs would conceal themselves in foxholes in these fields and snipe at us. Burning them out was the way to go.

After the island was secured, there was some expertise among our numbers in the art of fermenting alcoholic beverages. It came mostly from our "southern gentlemen. In order to capitalize on these talents a tetail went out and acquired the necessary ingredients. When they returned they said the Army supply would never miss the dried fruit. The still was set up and in a short time the spirits were flowing. When they were flowing at their peak, I was on guard duty. There was one officer from another battery that had a very hard time staying the the path coming up the hill, and I was not really sure who it was. I found out after I challenged him and asked him to advance and be recognized. He

Jeff Feiler, F/2/15/6

did and apologized for his condition. He did require a little bit more room than the path had but he did make it back and as I watched him to into his tent I wondered he would feel the next morning. In fact, the next morning proved to be a challenge for a good many of our group.

In a few days we shipped out for Guam.

FRANK J KUKUCHKA I/3/29/6

07

When the 29th Regiment was beginning to organize to go overseas I had just completed a Scout-Sniper Instructor course at Camp Lejeune in July of 1944 and was told to pack my sea bag. First for the long journey by train to Linda Vista California And then our transport ship, I believe was H.G. Norton, on to the Solomons and Guadalcanal. Not being with any group when we left, I was assigned to the MP unit aboard ship and remained with them for a month or more after we landed at Kokumabona bay.

Afer a few weeks there, one sunday morning, another MP and I decided to do a little scouting ourselves, to visit the natives there, what we called the "Gooks" village. With a hint of their location we Proceeded up the creek bed, just beyond the 29th's ammo depot, and on back into the jungle. The creek bed was wide, flat, stony, with almost no water and accessible to vehicles. So after a few miles in, a land rover type lorry came along with four New Zealanders in it and picked us up. They were heading there too.

Since the village was off-limits and none of our MPs were assigned to guard it, it was a safe journey we thought. But after a short, bumpy ride at a right turn in the creek bed we spotted a Jeep with two Army MPs in it. In a flash, my buddy and I ducked in to the thick undergrowth along the side and layed low while the Army MPs pulled up and questioned the New Zealanders, for only a moment, then began to look for us. Thrashing about at the edge through the vegetation, making various remarks, one said "G-- Damm! I'll swear I saw someone jump in to the weeds!" After a while they left taking the New Zealanders with them, and my buddy, of whom I will not implicate since I have not asked his permission to use his name, and I continued on till we reached the village.

Near as I can recall there were about a dozen round huts, reeded sides with grass thatched roofs and each around six to eight feet in diameter. Outdoors, several of the native men and women were about, even children. I asked permission to look inside of whom I thought might be Chief. Several men were huddled together. He didnt speak English, so we used body language. He made no objecting signs so we went on in for just a moment and were quite disappointed to find that the only amenity inside was a grass mat on the ground, nothing else. We thanked the Chief as graciously as we hoped we could be understood and left back for camp. Fortunately we made it back before dark only because a couple of open turret tanks came from somewhere, from some jungle exercise, picked us up and let us off within a mile of the road to our tent site.

After nearly fifty years I suppose it's safe to plead guilty to a non-Marine-like indiscretion without fear of losing rank and, so many days of bread and water.  
doing

To keep us alert and buisy, and with some talk of live Japs still remaining on Guadalcanal, the MP unit set up a road block, at night, just below 29th Regimental headquarters. (That is if going towards Henderson field can be called , below.) We had to check all vehicles coming in to the area. Can't recall if ID checks were required so long as they looked legitimate. I have to laugh now to think the orders were to check mainly for Japs, although it didn't seem so funny at the time. During the night of my watch, among other vehicles, a Jeep came up with two Marine occupants. The driver looked very much like my DI instructor at Parris Island over three years earlier and I told him so. He shook his head, No. The DI's name was Sgt. Lefton or Lofton. I related to the driver all the dirty little details and tricks the DI pulled on us, but he kept shaking his head to the negative, so I let him proceed. This was on a Friday. When my buddy and I returned from visiting the native village two days later, in the evening. (the above story.) Our tent mates asked where we had been. One said, "Someone stopped to see you Kukuchka and left you a big bottle of beer!" I didn't have to think hard who that fellow was. The guys described him perfectly. I missed oppertunity. I never saw him again.

Co. I, 3rd Battilion, 29th Regiment, 6th Division. Frank J Kukuchka March 3, 1993

My first direct commitment at Sugar Loaf Hill was as telephone communicator-spotter for one of our tanks, which were to make the spearhead, but before we got underway orders changed. I was relieved of that task for the direct infantry assault and the tanks stayed behind. My rifle team and I advanced to the top of the ridge at the extreme right, having good view to the back of the landscape and quieting those enemy positions we could see visually firing at us. The three tanks in the back assisting us were all quickly knocked out by Jap artillery. By dusk we were called back to our starting point. The following day in the late afternoon or evening we advanced to the other side to the forward slope and were told to dig in deep, which we did, because we were in the enemy's direct view. All through the night the flares shot from our ships kept the area aluminated to deter infiltration or possible counter-attack.

My fox-hole buddy was a recent replacement. He and I alternated our short sleep-guardshifts. He was 45 years old and also had a son in the Marines. His name was Utley. Early the next morning when he awoke he had a terrible headache and asked me to get some aspirin from the corpsman, and delirious-like was commiserating how awful it was that you get no medals or purple heart for mental or physical misery involved in a war.

By about 9 or 10 A.M. word came that we, Co. I-3-29 would be relieved, and replacements shifted in, a few men at a time. Those relieved assembled back in safer areas. I remember the place of huge boulders that gave us excellent cover. But shortly before the transfer was completed the Japs counter-attacked, and we still drew some fire. At some point later I asked our corpsman, John Pauk, of our casualties and the name of Utley came up, being shot in the neck and shoulder but were happy wounds he informed me. I was so relieved, with mixed emotions of being happy that at last Utley got his medal the Purple heart, yet distressed and sad that he was wounded.

We were relieved by the 4th Marines from Sugar Loaf Hill and taken back for a few days rest from this ordeal. Along the way I met up with the MP unit I belonged to before I was transferred to Co. I-3-29 rifle platoon. They showed me the compound they kept the prisoners in and their duties there. Surprising to me the prisoners appeared to be happy in their captivity and had their own "honchos" to delegate their activities. I noticed one lone prisoner in a long screened-in building, dressed in a purple robe and pacing back and forth from one end to the other. I asked, "what goes with this one?" and my MP friend said, "Oh! He's an officer. We keep them separate." He also said that when the officer was captured and interrogated he responded decrying that the U.S.A. invasion of Okaniwa from the back, the China Sea side, "was very unchivalrous!"

A Marine's Recollections  
The Battle for Okinawa

It was an impossibility that any living thing could escape the bombardment being delivered on Okinawa that morning, April 1, 1945. 1200 warships filled the ocean to the horizon, each one belching flames and sending their deadly shells toward the unseen enemy. Overhead the sound of aircraft could be heard occasionally through the din of the ships big guns and the sky was criss-crossed with the trails of tracer bullets from the anti-aircraft batteries. Now and then there would be a short pause in the thunder as though everyone involved had stopped to take a short breath at the same time, then it continued. The Marines around me seemed to be as awed as I was and although there were quite a few of the others that had seen action in previous battles, the pre-invasion spectacular that was taking place was far more dramatic. Little conversation took place and no humor, however there was cheering when Japanese planes were hit and trailing smoke, plummeted into the ocean. Dawn arrived with mostly sunny skies and only a slight wind in fact, it would have been perfect day for a traditional Easter Sunday if the circumstances had been different. The movie that I had seen about two years before crossed my mind (Guadalcanal Diary-with William Bendix) but I wasn't a spectator eating pop-corn or drinking coke at this one but rather one of the participants. Looking to the east, the rows of landing craft carrying troops of the 22nd and 4th Marine Regiments, left parallel white trails in the water, all eyes were on the beaches and everyone entertaining their private thoughts: The invasion had begun.

It was about 8:30 in the morning when the 1st group of Marines landed and now it was our turn to climb down the rope landing nets into the waiting "buffalo" below. With rifles "slung" and wearing full field packs on our backs we eased our way over the side of the ship, grasping the horizontal ropes of the landing net, and methodically worked our way down into the bobbing landing craft below. It was about 10:30 and the assault troops had been on the beach for about two hours, their fate was unknown to us at that time. After the landing craft was loaded we all knelt beside the metal bulkhead and headed for the pre-established rendezvous area where the landing craft circled for about 15 minutes allowing other vehicles to enter their correct location in the formation and headed for the beach. At this time the sound of the ship's artillery was deafening, but perhaps it was my imagination due to being in such a confined space and not being able to see to the outside. Our rendezvous area was about 1000 yards from the island's shoreline and it seemed as though the trip in took hours, in actuality it was minutes. The troops aboard the craft were stoic and of those I could see in front of me resembled high quality springs that were about to extend to perform the job they were engineered for. I am sure that many

thoughts and prayers crossed the minds of everyone on the way to the beach but I am certain that the one that came up at least once was; Is it going to be me?

As the tracks of the "buffalo" struck the beach and proceeded a few yards inland it stopped. All the Marines recoiled over the side onto the sand and after taking about ten running strides inland toward a small rise that ran parallel to the beach we "hit the deck" to a prone position. With rifles ready and eyes to the front everyone was waiting for the Japanese mortar or small arms fire to retaliate, but on that day retaliation did not come. The line of troops moved inland several hundred yards and dug two man foxholes and these were our stations for the next several days. During the landing I cannot remember that any small arms fire was heard, although there might have been some that I didn't hear because the naval artillery and aircraft were still very active in the support of the assault troops. "Scuttle-butt" was filtering back from the front lines that their landing proceeded about the same as ours, with little or no enemy fire encountered.

We had not yet been assigned to a permanent unit and our outfit as I remember it was the 1st Replacement Battalion, organized to furnish replacements for the various units of the 6th Marine Division. Although it is believed the Battalion formed in Camp Lejuene, North Carolina I am not sure and it might have been at Camp Pendelton in California or on Banika, an island a short distance from Guadalcanal. The Battalion landed on Okinawa, in the 8th wave so as to have replacements readily available to the assault troops of the of the Division if required.

The invasion of Okinawa took place on the west coast of the island, (the China Sea side) and the invading force consisted of five divisions; The 6th Marine Division covering the zone just south of Yontan airfield to the north. This zone was made up of Green Beach 1 and 2 (the 22nd Marines sector) on the left flank and Red Beach 1,2 and 3 (4th Marines sector) on the Divisions right flank with the south side of Red Beach 3 making up the right flank of the 6th Division. The 29th Marines although in Corps reserve during the assault, joined the other two regiments during the afternoon of April 1.

To the south or right of the 6th Division was the 1st Marine Division and to their right were three Army divisions; the 7th, 96th and 77th with their right flank located near Manchinato airfield north of Naha.

In addition to the assault forces I understand there were reconnaissance forces that had made landings on the island prior to the invasion.

As I recall we dug our foxholes deeper that first night in preparation for Japanese infiltration. "Shoot anything above ground that moves" was the rule and everyone "got the word".

The night was uneventful with several shots being fired around our perimeter, but the shots must have been at something imaginary since the next morning didn't show any evidence of infiltrations. This type of thing was understandable in that the foxholes which were about 10-15 yards apart each contained two men and they were responsible for the area to their front and two sides. (Note: I realize that the details or some of the descriptions I go into are well known to every man who took part in the battle, however some of this is necessary for the reader who wasn't there) The usual length of time to stand foxhole watch was about 2 hours, this varied however with the mutual consent of the two individuals. On the front lines it could be as little as 15 minutes to 1\2 hour. During the night hours through-out the battle with the flares and anti-aircraft fire forming shadows, ones eyes started to play tricks on the person and it was a general feeling to play it on the safe side and individuals fired at quite a few bushes, trees and livestock. There was little or no sleep that night, not due to enemy infiltration but because of the pumped up feeling caused by the days activities.

Even without sleep, the next morning brought a refreshing feeling. Work details were formed to unload the mountains of supplies that were arriving on the beach and this was to be our job for the next 30 days.

Scuttle-butt regarding fighting up north was coming in and it was learned " that things were going a lot better than expected in fact this whole damned Okinawa battle should be wrapped up in a couple weeks if the Army in the south "gets of its' duff"". Although things were going better than planned, the three regiments of the Sixth Division were now starting to run into pockets of resistance; but someone else can tell that story.

The outgoing nature of the Marines in our Battalion started to return, occasional fights developed, (usually over baseball, sexual prowess, or something equally as important) rumors started and the Army's inability to move south as fast as the Sixth Division was moving north always kept the conversation going for an hour. Smiles were starting to return to the marble-like faces of yesterday and the ever present "grab-ass" made its' return. (for those readers not familiar with the term: Grab-Ass; the act of making contact with another persons body for reason of entertainment other than sexual. Synonym; Marine horseplay.). Yes, the men were coming back to their normal selves.

About this time (exact days are a little hazy) our ships were experiencing a rise in the number of Japanese aircraft, some were "Zeros" but I believe most of them were suicide planes.(later to be named Kamikazes ) The sky was covered with the trails of tracers and exploding shells and even now I can't understand how anything the size of an airplane could fly through

that barrage of steel fragments. Many of them were shot down either by anti-aircraft guns on the ships or the ground batteries that had been placed on shore, Many more were destroyed by Navy and Marine Hell Cats, Wild Cats and Corsairs. (I think P-38s were in the thick of things too).

During the afternoon, a couple days later, we "got the word" the Japanese were going to counter-attack with paratroopers. We were told again to fire on anything that moved above the ground that night and although the attack didn't take place there were extra precautions taken in the foxholes. I learned the planes carrying the Japanese troops were shot down before they got to Okinawa by a group of our P-38s. (The planes were of the P-38 design but especially equipped for night fighting and were called Black Widows). The Marine Corps referred to different situations by assigning colors to them and the above situation was called "condition black". (there was also a condition green meaning everything was OK and condition red meaning trouble). The beach area was now crowded with supplies and equipment, and work details kept loading and unloading supplies around the clock, as I recall the weather was good during April, some showers, but nothing like the rain we would have later. Everyone was working stripped to the waist sweating and swearing and every man looking for the wooden cases marked "officers whiskey", but as far as I know no one found any. ( I've often wondered how they coded those containers so they could pass through so many men without at least some of them being spotted ). I did find my share of grapefruit juice though and drank enough to float the USS Indianapolis, so much that I still can't stand the taste of it 47 years later. So if any of you guys were craving grapefruit juice and there was none available I'm to blame.

One evening, just about sunset, I was talking to a "duck" operator after we had unloaded his vehicle, and he asked if I wanted to take his duck for a drive. After he gave me about 2 minutes of instruction on how to operate it I was off into the China Sea. The weather was perfect and the sunset was spectacular as I headed toward the sunset with the outlines of the many ships off the beach. After about 15 minutes I returned to shore and commented on the fun I had. The operator appeared a little ruffled and asked me if I had noticed the signal light on the LST that was a short distance off shore, and I indicated that I had, and he said, "That ship was telling you that unless you identify yourself it was going to fire". This ended my career as a duck operator.

During the middle of April the suicide plane attacks were at their peak both day and night and reminded me of a huge fireworks display on the 4th of July. There is no doubt that the sailors aboard the ships being attacked and the pilots of our planes looked at it from a different prospective. Funnels of black smoke were seen rising from the ships that had been hit and this was



seen many times during this period. One imagined the frustration and fear of the sailors aboard those vessels when a suicide plane was coming closer and closer, and then---the final impact!

Army, Navy and Marine pilots involved in the battle during that time were sure getting the attention of all of us on the beach as they were zooming through the sky chasing zeros, suicide planes or whatever they were chasing, in fact, as we watched from below there was cheering or groaning, depending on the outcome of the fight. Fortunately there was mostly cheering. One incident took place on a clear and sunny afternoon a short distance off the beach and so it was in full view of the troops working there. A fighter plane (I think a Corsair) flew parallel with the beach at about 2000 feet. It was directly out from us and there was a short burst of anti-aircraft fire from a small ship that was anchored not far from shore,(being unloaded) the Corsair went down. There was dead silence in the group that was around me and the only thing I heard was someone yell,"you trigger happy bastard". Everyone returned to work. (The sentiment in that marine's statement expressed the feeling of the entire group at that time, however had we known of the situations that we would be placed in a short time later I am sure we would have had a bit more compassion for the guy that pulled the trigger.)

Although the work details kept us busy, the mind of a young Marine was always looking for unique ways to entertain himself and others. One day Fred McGowan and I unscrewed the top of a hand grenade and removed the powder from the inside, we then replaced the top and looked for an unsuspecting subject. As I remember it we got into a conversation with our buddy and pretended to accidentally drop it after we pulled the pin, it popped as we all took off for cover. They never did explode, the grenade that is, the guy who was the center of the prank usually did and the names Fred and I were called reminded me of being dressed down by a DI at boot camp when my "piss helmet" wasn't on straight. We continued to do this until the novelty wore off and then moved on to something different. (Fred and I had been together since Camp LeJeune, Fred was assigned later to F company of the 22nd Marines and went to I company of the 29th. We lost touch with each other for 46 years, until I joined the 6th Division Association, and then he saw my name as new member and gave me a phone call. We had been living about 50 miles from one another for the last 30 years and didn't know it. In addition, for the last 20 years I had traveled within 8 miles of his home hundreds of times on my way to go trout fishing in northern Michigan.)

Several days after "L" day, I started to feel more like an observer than a participant. The suicide attacks were still going on but it was a distant thing and so were the muffled artillery barrages that were heard to the north in support of the 6th Division rifle companies there. One day as I was working on the beach the green ponchos that were below a small incline about 50

----"I" Co,3rd Bn,29th Reg,6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

yards from the waters edge, caught my eye. After learning they were the bodies of Marines that had been killed on the northern part of the island my outlook changed and the sight brought me back to the realities of war. I think the sight affected others too because it seemed that when their jobs took them near these dead Marines the spot was treated with reverence and there was no joking or laughing within that section of the beach area. I wondered whether the dead were going to be taken to the ships, or were they to be buried on the island; maybe they were going back to the States; how were they killed?; do I know any of them? are any from Minnesota? their family-----friends. The number of green ponchos on the beach grew and I knew that each one of them would have to be replaced, it wouldn't be long before many of us would be tapped on the shoulder and ordered to report to ????????

Toward the end of April, the three regiments of the Division had taken the northern end of the island and the Marines were relieved by the 27th Infantry Division. (I hope the Marines who were there will write the events covering this portion of the battle because there must be many to tell)

During the latter part of April, enemy activities had slowed down and instead of sleeping in fox-holes we moved into pup tents that we fashioned by using the "shelter half" along with another person. This was a real treat as they kept a person out of the rain and hot sun, but they did have some disadvantages. The guy I was sharing my tent with was named Gus, (Gus, was not his real name) and he was a great Marine we got along well. Through no fault of his own he had acquired (or was born with) the ability to let the most and most repulsive smelling farts that I have ever experienced before or since. In the open they could be tolerated but in the confines of that small tent they were almost fatal, so bad in fact I had to put together my own survival kit to handle those occurrences. I would always sleep with a book of matches close to me and when he would cut loose I would say for Christ sake Gus did you fart? and he would say, "No not me", and I would make a quick check of the tent to see if any goats or pigs got in but I never saw any. I would light a match and that would take care of it until the next time. If Gus could channel his unique ability for profit, he could be a millionaire.

Although some Japanese aircraft still appeared over the ships anchored off shore most of the suicide planes had been destroyed. Navy artillery supported Marine artillery for certain objectives but this support was farther to the south and the constant roar of the Naval guns around the area that we were located in had ceased. Work details were still performing the job of loading and unloading of supplies, and things were getting to be pretty much routine until one day about the 3rd or 4th of May I was assigned to the 29th Marines. The unit I joined was 2nd or 3rd squad, (I can't remember which one) 3rd Platoon, I Company, 3rd Battalion, 29th Regiment, 6th Marine Division. Several guys that were also in the unit were:

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

Double "A" Smith; He was from the south and I remember his "southern accent". As I recall he was our squad leader and a darn good one and instructed me well as to the "tricks" of combat.

Bledsoe----- I think he was my fire-team leader.

Sardo----- My fox-hole buddy for awhile.

Hoffman----- From Pennsylvania, I think.

Lt. Pottenger---- Was our platoon leader later on.

Capt. Stone----- Was our Company Commander I think.

Pfotenhauer----- a flamethrower operator.

A red haired corpsman-He was from the south and a terrific guy. He showed me a picture of a pretty brunett girl in his helmet and referred to her affectionately as his "blackhead".

I remember many others from events that took place but cannot remember their names. (Shortly after writing the above, I received a phone call from Ken Aust, 3rd platoon I Company, telling me that I must have been in a platoon other than 3rd. Although he remembered several of the guys listed above they were not in the 3rd platoon. Maybe I was in the 3rd squad of the 2nd platoon.)

From this time until the end of the battle for Okinawa I cannot remember exact days or places that events occurred. Some landmarks are remembered and I'll tie these landmarks to the events as much as possible. The only directions that I was sure of during that period of time was up and down and the only landmarks that interested me were those 10 yards to my left and right (where the next foxholes were located) and that piece of torn-up terrain directly to the front. I can't remember that I was ever shown a map and I doubt that I would have understood it had I been shown one. All this adds up to the fact that I was extremely qualified for the job I was trained for, spec. #521-rifleman.

The gear that I wore was typical of that worn by new replacements and was to learn later identified a new replacement from a distance of 1/4 mile to the "old salts".

What I wore: (from the inside out)

1 pair scivvies-marine green

1 pair socks-marine green

1 set of dog-tags and chain

1 pair of leggings

1 pair of boots

1 pair of fatigues-marine green with emblem on jacket pocket

1 web belt-size 32 inch

1 helmet liner-plastic with a picture of Jane Russell laying in a haystack with a piece of hay sticking out of her mouth glued to the

inside.

- 1 helmet-metal
- 1 wrist watch-waterproof with a marine green band.  
I got this from my brother.
- In my pockets I carried a small Bible that was given to us in a packet that we received from the Salvation Army, when we were traveling on the train from Camp LeJeune to the west coast, this I carried in my jacket pocket. Also some atabrin(sp) and halagen (sp) tablets, plus a handkerchief and toilet paper.
- 1 M-1 rifle complete with cleaning tools and "lubriplate" inside the stock.
- 1 cartridge belt, with 8 (?) clips of ammunition.
- 1 canteen, complete with cover and cup.
- 1 first aid kit.
- 1 bayonet and sheath
- 1 K-bar knife
- 1 pack containing- a bed roll consisting of a shelter half and blanket.
  - 1 poncho
  - 3 pairs of socks
  - 2 pairs of fatigues
  - 2 packs of "K" rations
  - 3 sets of scivvies
  - 1 carton of cigarettes
  - 1 packet of matches wrapped in waxed paper.
- \* we were issued a gasmask too but all of them were left on the beach.

These items then were my earthly possessions and are what I arrived with when I reported to my squad leader of the 3rd platoon, I Company. It is remarkable how rapidly a Marine rebounds from adversity, as about a week previous to this the company was having a rough time on the Motobu Peninsula and I'm sure many saw their buddies killed or wounded and now they were getting back their sense of humor. It was like walking through a verbal gauntlet with the veterans making such remarks as: "Hey look! more cannon fodder" or "yippee! fresh meat". Now as I look back on these remarks it was just their way of saying "welcome aboard".

It didn't take long to become accepted as part of the squad and my training started immediately, not the formalized training like we went through at Camp Lejeune, but rather numerous tips were given to me from the guys who had experienced the fighting on other islands and the northern part of Okinawa. Two Marines that I remember were named Double "A" Smith who was my squad leader and Bledsoe, who was my fire team leader. I cannot remember all of the advice that they passed down to me but I can recall that they never cut me off when I asked them questions or wanted more information on survival techniques. Two specific

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

suggestions they gave me were: instead of wearing dog-tags around the neck (where they sometimes "clank" at night) lace one on each boot, laced through the bottom portion of the shoelace. The second was to put a sock around the canteen cup to prevent any noise when the canteen was removed or reinserted. My mess kit was also discarded at this time and only a fork was kept.

During this time our Regiment was located on the China Sea coast along with the 1st Armored Am-Trac Battalion, around Machinato Airfield, north of Naha. The only incident that I recall occurred along the beach area. A group of us spotted a Japanese floating mine that washed ashore. The mine was huge and looked to be about 3 feet in diameter with prongs sticking out from around its surface. We notified someone and it was blown up and made quite a bang.

During this period we received some artillery fire but no heavy barrages. The 22nd Marines had gone to the front lines several days before and were running into heavy resistance along their front between Naha and Shuri. On about the 11th of May, the 3rd Battalion, 29th Marines moved to fill the gap between the 22nd Marines left flank and the 1st Marine Division.

On the 11th of May, we got the orders to move. Our company formed two columns, one on each side of the narrow dirt road leading south. Each Marine left a space of about 10 yards to the man in front of him and between the two men across from him for now we were starting to receive artillery fire from the high ground across the Asa-Kawa River. With our rifles at the "sling" each man was left to his private thoughts as we trudged forward, the replacements wondering what was in store for us and the seasoned troops thinking about the north end of the Island and the guys who were killed or wounded up there. (about 70 from I Company). As I remember, we had a partly sunny day and even some dust from the from the road surface, a condition that would soon disappear. The 3rd platoon was positioned to the rear of the columns. As we rounded a slight curve in the road an artillery shell exploded to the front of our columns and after marching a short distance more I saw the body of a Marine lying in the middle of the road. Word had filtered back as to who he was and the guy in front of me turned and said, "Money penny" and then I turned and said the same to the man behind me. I never met Money penny, but his name was imprinted in my mind and it can still be recalled after 47 years. I believe we crossed the Asa-Kawa River that night and dug in at a position where we could see the remains of the sugar mill (with two chimneys) to our front and left. Japanese artillery was heavy now and each Marine and his fox-hole buddy prepared for the night by digging their hole as fast and deep as possible. Sardo, (my partner) were next to a 3 or 4 foot knoll that had an overhang and decided to dig our hole beneath the over hang so as to be sheltered from the incoming artillery shells. During the heavy barrage that followed a shell struck on top of the knoll above us and dislodged the

overhang and the coral and dirt pinning us under our poncho or blanket that we had covered ourselves with. Both of us could talk but breathing was almost impossible because of the weight of the debris on top of us. We did manage to struggle free and stayed in the same spot the rest of the night because it was so good to us.

There must have been casualties that night in all platoons of the Company but I don't know who or how many.

It was learned later the chimneys of the sugar mill contained forward observers for the Japanese artillery and that is why the barrage was so accurate. I also learned that after hearing this the 15th Artillery took care of them in good fashion.

Next morning we entered the front line, with I Company on the left flank making contact with the 1st Marine Division. We were covering the zone of a small ridge, with Charlie Hill slightly to our right, behind that was Sugar Loaf and directly to our front was Half Moon Hill. G and H Companies of our 3rd Battalion were to our right flank. Although we didn't realize it at that time, the big guns and small arms in the high ground around Shuri Heights, were looking right down on us. Rifle fire both automatic and slow fire were heard throughout the remainder of the day, and little progress was made along our front as we spent the rest of day digging in.

Darkness arrived; The word had already been passed that anything seen moving above ground would be shot so everyone stayed in their fox-hole, as attempted infiltration was common by the Japanese. Darkness never really came that night because from dusk until dawn the sky was constantly lighted with magnesium flares fired either by Naval guns or from our own 15th Marines. Under the mystic, green light the entire landscape looked entirely different from that seen during daylight. Shapes and shadows not seen before started to appear where none had been when the last flare was burning---neither Sardo or I slept at all that night and I suppose the same thing took place in every fox-hole across the front. As one flare was about to burn out, a pop would be heard and another would light, floating down to earth in its parachute. After each one was burning low I was hoping they (whoever they were) to send up another one, and they did throughout the night. At about 1 or 2 AM that morning just as one flare was about to burn out I thought I saw movement about 20 yards to our front and fired several shots at it, when the next flare lit the area I saw nothing. The next morning however, 2 Japs layed where I had seen the movement so my eyes had not played tricks on me. Sardo and I were talking when one of the Japs jumped up and struck a grenade against his helmet, and at this point Sardo got him before I could raise my rifle. Previous to that incident thoughts came to mind of how I might react when faced with the situation of killing someone, and now I knew. No remorse was felt or, no hate registered in my mind, just the fact that two obstacles that needed to be removed, were removed. We

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

got ready to advance and move we did, dodging from one crater to the other always hearing the steady chatter of the nambus, the constant mortar fire and the occasional artillery shell. The world had gone crazy! At most we advanced 200 yards that day and dug in. A fox-hole or two to our left one of the guys yelled for a machine gun or BAR because they had a sniper spotted in a tomb about 30 yards to their front. I got one from someone dug in to our right and proceeded to crawl to a spot that would make the front of the tomb visible and after locating it put a magazine of armor piercing ammunition into the concrete slab in front of the entrance. At this time I doubted that a sniper was in there because the slab was flush with the opening and didn't leave room for the Jap to fire and I mentioned this to the two Marines that had called me. All they said was "keep firing", so the second magazine was fired and the concrete slab crumbled. Behind the slab a Jap dressed in a black robe with a nambu, slumped forward. The guys were right.

The night of the 13th of May, Sardo and I didn't get any sleep either and the strain was starting to show, Sardo, continued to comment on what "damn fools" we were if we expected to get out of this thing alive. Although we didn't have any action in front of us that night some of the guys to our right and left did and rifle shots and grenades were heard through the night. The next morning was May 14.

That morning we were receiving heavy small arms fire from our left rear as we (3rd Battalion 29th) had lost contact with the 1st Marine Division on our left flank. Many casualties occurred that day and the yell "corpsman" was to be repeated over and over as the wounded were being removed with the help of fellow Marines. Toward the end of the day we had managed to gain a few hundred yards but with heavy mortar fire from our front and rifle fire from the front and rear, it seemed like an impossible situation. Rifle ammunition and grenades were getting low and we were now throwing any surplus we had to the Marines that were in the shell crater to our right and left. About this time an incident took place that I have thought of many times over the years that points up the efficiency and bravery of our support troops. Sardo and I were at the time, counting the ammunition and grenades we had left when a Marine came lumbering with his back and hands full of supplies along with a couple other guys; enemy fire was continuous and heavy and instead of just dropping their loads at intervals (each foxhole would then go out and pick up their own) they delivered the ammunition and some rations (K) to each foxhole or crater where the troops were located. The guy that delivered ours was a sergeant and the reason I know he was a sergeant was that he was wearing insignia (which I doubt) or Sardo knew him from the fighting on the northern part of the island. True, he didn't stop and exchange pleasantries but that group of "delivery men" created a warm spot in my heart. That night was similar to the previous night with no Japs spotted

directly to our front but a lot of rifle fire and grenade explosions both right and left. Along with darkness came the constant flares, which were always welcome, the conditions that night also brought the opportunity for some sleep, not the deep uninterrupted type of sleep one gets at home in your own bed, but rather a relaxation where the mind drifts to remember pleasant thoughts of the past; The lilacs during May in Minnesota, or the smell of freshly baked bread after Mom took it out of the woodstove oven, they were more thoughts than dreams. During that period Sardo and I had one hour on watch and one hour off, of course this varied with the conditions, but apparently he and I were both geared to the fact that our eyes started to play tricks with us if we watched any longer than that under the light of those flares. I remember being poked by Sardo when it was my time for watch and I would feel that fate had played a cruel trick to bring me back from those satisfying thoughts to this hell hole. Dawn arrived and the 1st Battalion of the 29th had moved to our left flank to fill the gap between I Company and the 1st Marine Division so our left rear was protected and we only had to be concerned with our front, toward the Half Moom Hill and Charlie Hill on our right.

We didn't realize it at the time but we had reached the major defense system of the Japanese.

On the 15th, the 1st Battalion, 29th was on the left of I Company making steady progress to straighten the lines. I suppose they were receiving a lot of fire from the high ground to their left but it made things a bit easier for I Company because much of the rifle fire we were getting from our left rear was eliminated. We advanced about 500 yards that day and early afternoon when Sardo and I broke out from a slightly wooded area, we saw seven Marines propped up against a stone wall that was about 4 feet high as though they were going to fire at the enemy to their front, however when we got a little closer we realized they were the bodies of some Marines that had been ambushed. We didn't know what happened, we thought we were the first troops through the area, but apparently the patrols from some unit had been there before us. Although I Company advanced several hundred yards, things hadn't changed much as we were still getting heavy fire from our front and from Charlie Hill area. We spent the night on some flat ground about 300 yards north of the Half Moon Hill. Activity started to pick up and in addition to the rifle, mortars and the flares that night, our artillery was a lot more active. It was about this time that I started to think about that bible I had in my pocket (the small one given to me by the Salvation Army) because someone on the island had said a good passage to read was a certain Psalm, (I can't remember the number but the passage went something like this) "Tho thousands may die to your right and thousands to your left, it shall not come nigh to thee". Another writing that I remember reciting in my mind was: "Out of the night that covers me, dark as a pit from pole to



pole, I thank what ever Gods may be, for my unconquerable soul". These two writings were to cross my mind many times during the days ahead.

Sardo---hell, a guy that I can't even remember meeting for the first time, a non-discript type of Italian (I think) with thin black hair and dark eyes that kept darting from here to there, never focusing on anything or anyone for more than a fraction of a second, never talking about his "girl" or family, just going on about the situation we were in and the futility of it all. He never mentioned life's goals, where he went to school whether he was involved in athletics or anything like that. He was the type of person you would regard as a non-entity, but yet he was a solid person, someone I could depend on to fill in for my weaknesses, someone who would perform those hazardous jobs without even telling you he was going to do them, he was dependable, brave, and my foxhole buddy, he was "a diamond in the rough". I didn't even know his first name until I was out of the Marine Corps for 2 years. I think that Sardo was the type of person our country was founded by, short on talk and long on action.

The enemy fire from artillery, mortar and small arms was murderous that day, (May 16) as I Company, 29th found itself about 400 yards north of the Half Moon Hill. The hill was to be our objective for the day. In early afternoon our unit moved out toward our objective, dodging from one crater to another amid the exploding shells and automatic weapons fire, seeing but not stopping for the many Marines who had either been killed or wounded, our minds were set to advance to the crest of the Half Moon Hill. Every breath reminded me of the war we were part of with the heavy air saturated with the strong odors of rotting flesh, gun powder and the damp, musty smell of the soil I have experienced only on Okinawa. To our right, about 30 yards were the bodies of about 7 Marines that must have been caught in the fire of a nambu, as they were laying in a column spaced about five or six yards apart as though they all had decided to take a short nap along side of the narrow gauge railroad that crossed that area. For the first time, my body started to weaken as we went from one shell hole to the next getting always closer to the summit of the Horse Shoe. I am sure that fear was partly responsible for this unnatural feeling but lack of sleep and no food contributed. (I had rations but never had the desire to eat for several days) Inappropriate thoughts kept crossing my mind, two of which I remember,

1. I have never seen any birds on Okinawa
2. I wonder who will clean up this mess when the battle is over.

We were now on Horse Shoe Hill, dead Japanese soldiers were strewn throughout the area killed mostly by artillery and mortar fire. We started to move toward the summit which was about 60 or 70 yards ahead, and it was in the afternoon when we made what was

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

14

to be our final attack to reach the top. The line of Marines from I Company took off toward the crest, but we were stopped about 30 yards short and I think there were as many grenades thrown as shots fired from both sides of the hill. It was then that someone yelled to me (a Corpsman) "Sardo is dead". He had been shot by small arms fire during that final charge. After hearing those three words that the Corpsman said to me, a feeling of complete loneliness clouded my mind just as though I was the only person left in the entire world. Alone in a shell hole, watching the parade of Japanese bayonets silhouetted against the sky on the reverse slope of the hill, the fatigue, the putrid odors of decaying bodies and gun powder, the deafening sounds of artillery, mortar and rifle fire, plus the feeling of being the only one on that damned hill, saturated my mind with so many unnatural situations that my mind short-circuited and I bolted off the hill back to the Company CP to demand that more troops be sent up. I can't remember who I talked with but I do remember that no reinforcements were available and he must have recognized my mental state and told me that I was needed back on the front and pointed me in that direction. It was late afternoon when I returned and the guys were returning to the position we had jumped off from that morning, so we had a net gain of zero yards for the day. It was an unusual thing though, the fear and confusion that possessed me two hours before had disappeared and never did return, to that extent anyway. It was almost like getting a "second wind" or making that first tackle in a football game.

That night was long, as yet I didn't have anyone to replace Sardo and my mind kept going over the events of the day. It came to my mind that Sardo had borrowed my wristwatch the night before when he was standing foxhole watch. Losing a friend is very hard to endure, yet it was happening many times for many men now and it would continue for days, many days to come.

Much later it was learned that because of the many casualties that the 22nd Marines had suffered, Sugar Loaf was incorporated into the zone of the 29 Marines for the attack that would take place on May 17. Looking across the 29th zone of action would find B Company, on the extreme left flank making contact with the 1st Marine Division.

C Company,

A Company,

F Company,

H Company,

I Company,

G Company,

E Company, their right flank tied in with the 22nd Marines.

D Company, was held in regimental reserve during the beginning of the attack.

The entire front of the Regiment was about 800 yards and included

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

both Half Moon and Sugar Loaf Hills.

The above information wasn't known to me at the time and just prior to the advance at about mid morning everything seemed the same as the day previous with with the exception of many more bodies of of Marines in the area in front of us. The odors, sounds, scattered debris in fact the entire environment was exactly the same. I finally had gained control of my body and my mind, perhaps I had some sleep the night before--I can't remember.

The attack began and both to the right and left troops of the Regiment were moving forward against heavy enemy fire of small arms and mortars, the scene was a near reenactment of yesterdays attack with one exception; there were more friendly troops visible. I Company managed gain a position almost to the base of Half Moon but about 100 yards short of yesterdays advance because of the heavy fire from our front and flanks. I could make out Sardo's body on the hillside to our front. I believe this was the night of an intense artillery barrage including the 15th Marines, as well as the Navy. At the beginning one could hear the shells passing over head with the familiar whine that they make, then the whine turned to a "zip" sound and soon several rounds hit in the Company area. ( I am not sure whether this incident took place on the 17th or 18th of May). It was demoralizing and I wondered how something like this could take place. Later it was learned that the mortars and other targets were on the reverse slope of Half Moon, only 100 yards to our front and lobbing the shells in with that degree of precision was difficult. The sleepless night passed with the artillery continuing most of that time and dawn finally came.

The next day (the 18th of May) the situation hadn't changed and we were still recieving heavy fire, an occasional Japanese bayonet could be seen above the crest of Half Moon and the yell, "Corpsman", was heard throughout the day. Apparently things hadn't changed over at Sugar Loaf either because we were continuing to get a lot of fire from that area. Another sleepless night was spent peering into the darkness for any infiltration. Morning arrived and the 29th Marines were relieved by the 4th Regiment and what a welcome sight it was to see those guys. I recall the Marine who crawled up to my foxhole said, "piss-call" and he tumbled in. He was sure a welcome sight but I wasted no time introducing myself or telling him of my feeling, I got the hell out of there. His comment though was the first bit of humor I heard in about 2 weeks. It has come to my mind many times over the years whether or not he made it through that ordeal...I sure hope he did. (later I found out he was from either K or L Company, 3rd Battalion of the 4th Marines)

As I Company regrouped for the hike back to Machinato Airfield, just north of Naha, for what was to be a 9 day rest, the events of the last 7 days came to mind and seeing the other guys with sunken, red eyes, I realized that I had not been alone

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

16

on that Hill. Everyone had the appearance of being in a daze with dirty and unorganized personal equipment, no conversation and definitely no smart remarks; we were the remnants of a unit that had gone into a battle and gave it our best but I believe most were thinking about those who had given it their all. As I remember this was the condition and state of our Company as we formed the two staggered columns on the dirt road, with our rifles at sling arms and headed toward the rest area.

One incident occurred on that march that I would like to relate and it happened about half way to our rest area. Walking with my head down in the stupor that I feel all of us were in, my rifle butt hit something to my front with a force that made the cleaning tools in the butt vibrate, I slowly raised my eyes and saw a persons leg, the rifle had struck his knee and I am sure the blow had enough force to cause pain. Raising my eyes further I was looking into the eyes of General Sheperd. He didn't show any signs of discomfort but it seemed to me he did have a look of compassion in his eyes. Not a word was spoken and I moved around the front of the jeep and continued to walk. It was the only time that I had seen the man.

Our ragtag unit reached our area in the afternoon, although the exact spot is not known to me it was located within walking distance from a small stream or spring that formed a little waterfall directly to our north, and other units used it for bathing too. Our perimeter (platoon I think) was set up along a stone faced drainage ditch in the Company area near a spot where the ditch made a curve to the south. I had been assigned another foxhole mate by then and we dug our foxhole in this spot.

The person who I was to share the foxhole with was another survivor of the Half Moon Hill battle and wasn't a replacement and I can't remember his name. One of the first things we did when arriving at the spot was to dig in and make preparations to the area for the night. Although the Machinato Airfield area had been secured there was always the threat of infiltration and at that time there was the possibility of a Japanese counter attack along the China Sea coast. We planned our defense well, even to include the spots we would place our trip flares along the bottom of the drainage ditch so as to be able to detect any infiltration along this ditch during darkness. As I recall we didn't arm the flares until just prior to turning in at night and this was done by stringing a wire or cord across the spot we wanted to protect and attaching the other end to the pin of the flare that had been loosened to a point that the least tension applied would set it off. All the Marines around that area would be aware of where these flares were located to prevent them from being set off accidentally. The pins would then be replaced into the flares early the following morning. No one left their foxholes at night, not even here.

Although I can't recall the exact sequence of events during the time that we spent there I do remember we all craved sleep,

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

and the first night was a real treat to be able to sleep for 2 hours without interruption. (we still had 2 hour foxhole watches) The sleep we experienced though wasn't the deep sleep that we were used to in our own bed at home but rather a sleep where one's mind drifted off just below consciousness always ready to spring back to reality and tackle the situation at hand with a clear mind. The uncommon sounds were the ones that woke a person, such as that popping sound made by a grenade or trip flare when the pin was removed, or the sound of metal on metal, the sounds of distant artillery or mortars didn't seem to have this effect.

Another event was mailcall, with all the guys rushing to the spot where it was announced in order to be in the first ring of men that surrounded the one who was going to distribute it. A name was called and that person either went forward to pick it up or it was given to him in the form of a lob-pass from the distributor, no matter how it was presented to him he was happy to get it and immediately left the group to a more secluded spot to read it. Anticipation grew until the next name was barked out and so it went until it was all parceled out, the guys that didn't receive any would put on a good appearance but you could tell they were disappointed as they made their way back to their areas. Sometimes, even though they tried to prevent it, a name would be called out who hadn't made it through the Half Moon affair and the caller would have to be reminded that, "he didn't make it". The most popular Marines after mail call were those that received packages as they usually contained cookies or candy and no matter how crushed or soiled the contents were these were shared with his "buddies" and he always had a lot of them at that time. For hours after the mail call, pictures that were received were still being passed from one Marine to another but, these were usually photographs of the wife and kids and each viewer would comment on how pretty his wife was or how much the kids looked like him. Pictures of girlfriends were another matter and the owner of these photos were a bit more selective as to whom they showed, as the sex starved group that was there was liable to make any number of lustful remarks and he wasn't about to have his girl the center of this type of entertainment. I received one letter while on Okinawa, and that was a "dear John" that was received prior to being assigned to the 29th, while I was in the replacement draft. She said she was going to Washington, DC to become a secretary and didn't want to be attached--I didn't know that we were and I believe that because "dear John's" were popular in the States at this time she just wanted to be part of it. It was shortly after getting her letter I put a picture of Jane Russell in my helmet and I'm quite sure Jane didn't mind all of the "colorful" comments that were made by the guys relating to her.

Sometimes we got careless, things that we planned didn't always work out. We had been at the rest area for two or three days and the trip flare that we had set out in the bottom of the

drainage ditch had been tripped once at night and although it could have been an animal I think it was a Japanese soldier or a civilian that made his exit via the ditch and wasn't seen. The flare had been replaced for the following night and the next night there was no activity. It was a practice to remove the cord and replace the flare pin every morning to prevent someone from accidentally tripping it. That morning resetting the pin and the removal of the cord was overlooked, as several of us were going to the little stream just north of where we were located, one of the guys tripped the flare and it lodged between his legs as it went off. One could see that the burn was severe but since we were in the company area we got a Corpsman right away and he gave the man treatment and then had him evacuated to a field hospital. The rest of the group proceeded to the stream to wash and when we returned it was learned that the burned Marine had died. Hearing that was a real shock because the man was alert and in good spirits when he left for the hospital. This incident and the one relating to the sailor shooting down our own plane makes one wonder how many instances such as these occurred.

One day on my way back from eating, they had set up a kitchen unit in a spot about 100 yards from our perimeter, I passed over a little knoll and there in front of me about eight feet was the biggest snake that I have ever seen. It was coiled and it's head was in the air about 3 feet, the mouth was open and it's body was the size of my forearm and needless to say I was stunned. My rifle was back at the foxhole, luckily another Marine was coming and seeing the situation came over and shot it. We had remembered the briefings we had prior to the invasion on the snakes and other things so we reported the incident and someone from Division took it away to have it checked. I kept my eyes open for snakes for the remainder of the battle but never saw any.

About that time I had the good fortune to meet Fred McGowan who had shared the foxhole with me back on Green Beach before we were assigned to our units. Apparently he was looking for another buddy of his and we just met by chance. Fred was assigned to F Company, 22nd Marines and this was the last time we were to see each other for about 46 years, when I joined the 6th Division Association and seeing my name as a new member gave me a call. Somewhere Fred had latched on to a bottle of brandy and the three of us had a very pleasant afternoon.

Sometimes in the morning, I would go for a short walk on the road that ran next to our perimeter and one morning I saw a footprint of a Jap soldier in the dirt about 40 yards from our foxhole. As far as I knew no one had seen him and it was evident he was Japanese by the shape of his shoe print. I had seen them on dead Japs and they were like tennis shoes but the toe was made in two sections as though the big toe and the toe next to it fit in one section and the remaining three were placed in the other. I have often wondered why they were designed that way. I alerted

the group and we were especially watchful after that.

During the afternoon, shortly before we moved south again I was given the assignment to take an Okanawan girl north on the road where I saw the Jap footprint, to a compound that was set up for civilians. After going about one hundred yards I glanced behind me and there was a Marine following us and then the second, third and fourth. We had only traveled 1/4 mile and a truck approached that contained other the civilians and a sargeant yelled, "hey Marine, put her in here". I did and the girl gave us a pretty smile and a wave as the truck drove off. Turning around to head back I noticed that the Marines had already disappeared and so I assumed that it wasn't me they wanted to talk with.

To this point in the battle I had seen few civilians but the number would increase the farther south we moved. For the most part they were treated with suspicious respect and if they looked harmless, would be allowed to cross the front lines to the rear, we always kept an eye on them though until they were well past our position to be sure there were no "tricks". Most of them were the very old or very young and I never did experience any trouble from them, although I had heard stories to the contrary. They were extremely short and wrinkled and had bowed legs is all that I can remember about them and although I would feel considerable compassion for them later my present compassion was reserved for the Marines around me that had been killed or wounded. One day (we were still in our rest area) I saw a group of about 8 Marines not to far from our foxhole looking at something in a small clump of bushes and later realized that all of them were "having their way" with a young Okanawan girl. Something within me told me it was wrong and yet I made no attempt to stop it and when the girl was finally permitted to leave she was holding her stomach in the area of her chest. The situation points up to me that we were slowly losing our minds, not to the extent of insanity but rather to the point losing our morality. We were becoming like a pack of wolves and unless one was a member of our pack ie Marines, one could not expect any special considerations or favors. We were on the verge of becoming totally uncivilized.

Ken Wells, his outfit was 2/29 I think, told me the following story a short time ago. He and another Marine saw what they believed to be a civilian coming through their portion of the line, when the civilian got closer they noticed he was wearing a black tuxedo with a black top hat. Ken didn't know who the guy was but if anyone knows more, it would be interesting to hear the rest of the story as that type of uniform was rare.

With the sleep and food we were all getting back our strenth and we looked better too as everyone took advantage of the bathing spot to our north. Conversations were becoming more explosive and as a result more fights developed, the topics that brought on these outbreaks were things such as; girl friends, who had the tougher time of it during the fight for Half Moon, and

20

equally as important topics. During one of these discussions that involved "Why are we even fighting this damned war?" a statement was made by a guy from one of the southern states that has remained with me over the years and that summed up my exact feelings at the time. The group of about six guys were divided between what we referred to as "flag wavers" and "survivorists", one of the flag wavers remarked that it was our responsibility to protect our country from these fanatic Japanese and that was the reason he was fighting, the survivorist replied, "yeh, but its damned hard to remember that your prime objective is to drain the swamp when your ass deep in alligators." I can't recall how the remaining part of the dicussion turned out but I feel that this statement would have discribed the feelings of many of the guys on Okinawa.

Rumors were flying again that the 29th was going north to take over from the Army's 27th Division, but it didn't work out that way and we were destined to head south and relieve the 4th Marines who along with elements of the 22nd Marines had succeeded in taking Half Moon, Sugar Loaf and most of the city of Naha and were heading in the direction of the Kokuba River.

Since my experience with a BAR, when I got the Jap behind the concrete slab in the tomb, during the battle of the Half Moon, I considered changing my weapon from an M-1 to a BAR. In our area were piles of equipment such as canteens, rifles, helmets, knives, blankets, etc. no doubt supplied from the previous battle by the casualties there. I selected one that didn't have the bi-pod but did have a handle in the middle of the front stock so that the weapon could be used like a sub-machine gun with the use of the sling over the right shoulder, this then along with a red handled knife that replaced my K-Bar was what I removed from the stacks of items.

We formed the two columns and began our southward march on May 27th passing through the east side of the city of Naha which had already had been captured. The sounds and familiar smells of war were again encountered as we approached the front and the bodies of the enemy were stewn about in various stages of decay. The main section of Naha could be seen in the distance to our right and the city was totally distroyed with only a few larger concrete structures still standing but badly dammaged. Shortly before reaching Naha we had passed through a group of Sea-Bees that were working on the bridge over the Asa-Kawa River and my new foxhole buddy traded his M-1 for a carbine from one of the guys. I thought it was a dumb thing to do but it was his decision, he commented that the M-1 was to heavy and nothing more was said about the matter. After crossing the river we passed near the old sugar mill that was a landmark we passed during our previous march to Half Moom Hill, and I think it was at this time I heard the two conflicting stories of how the two tall chimneys by the sugar mill had been destroyed. (with the Jap observers in them) The first was that a Marine put a satchel charge in each

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----



one of the fire doors and watched as the Japs were blown skyward like a cannon ball. The second was, when it was learned the Japanese were using it for directing their artillery and mortar fire, the 15th Artillery took care of it in a hurry. Although the first sounds more dramatic, I tend to favor the second. (the second story was also confirmed to me by Jeff Feiler, 47 years later who was with the 15th Marines).

We dug in for the night near a village north and east of Naha, called Machishi, waiting for morning when we would advance to the front and relieve the 4th Regiment. I can't think of any unusual event that took place that night and presume that we spent our time checking our equipment to be certain we had everthing and our rifles were ready. When night came my foxhole mate had a special treat in that I had picked up a thin mat the the civilians used to sleep on. It was ideal because it was light and rolled into a small bundle so it was easy to carry on my half pack and since it was only about 5 feet long and 2 feet wide it would just fit into the foxhole. Night came and we reverted to our regular procedure of 2 hours of watch and 2 hours of sleep. In the morning both of us had been bothered throughout the night with the bites of some kind of insect and it wasn't until Double A Smith (our squad leader I think) said, "hell you've got lice, check the seams in your pants". We did and under the seams inside our pants legs they were lined up shoulder to shoulder. We didn't have time to kill them all since we were about ready to move out so we threw all of our clothes away (along with the mat) and put on fresh ones. It took us several days to get rid of those creatures and maybe they drowned from all the water in our foxhole we were to have during the next couple of weeks.

On the morning of May 28th, the 29th Marines relieved the 4th Marines as follows:

The 3rd Battalion took over the positions of 1/4 and 3/4 on the 6th Division's left flank I Company covered the zone between G and H Companies.

The 1st Battalion, 29th, relieved 2/4 east of the Naha Canal.

The 22nd Marines were on the right flank of the 29th in the city of Naha. (Most of the information relating to zones of action and dates were taken from the books, OKINAWA: Victory In The Pacific, and HISTORY OF THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION) as I didn't know where we were at the time.

The objective of the Division at that time was to pivot on the 3rd Battalion, 29th and secure the high ridge overlooking the Kokuba River to the southeast about 1000 yards.

The terrain here was vastly different from that experienced on and around Half Moon and Sugar Loaf. Although there were a few relatively small hills, in front of these was a vast stretch of level ground of about 500 yards extending to our objective. Fighting was more open and here it was more the sniper fire that one had to concern himself with whereas combat along the Sugar

22

Loaf line was within hand grenade distance of the enemy at distances of 20-30 yards at times and although I never used my bayonet or knife as a weapon I'm sure that some of the guys had to. The rain we were having at that time and throughout the remainder of the time we were on the Island prevented the use of vehicles to a large extent and so tank support was limited.

One day as we were preparing to move forward to another small hill, we were given the support of two tanks, one of which set off a land mine and the noise was such an insignificant "pop" that it was hard to understand how the tank could have been damaged but one of the tracks was broken and so we were down to one to assist us in the advance we were about to make. It was surprising to me at the time just how much enemy fire a tank draws, as this was my first experience with tank support. The remaining tank was positioned so as to be able to use its gun at the high ground about 800 yards to our front as we were attracting quite a bit of small arms fire from there. We had got several replacements in the morning and I received one who was to be my foxhole mate and we were both sitting under the tank so as not to be exposed to the intense small arms fire we were receiving. I can't remember the exact content of the conversation but I do remember he was a professional baseball player and that he came from the eastern part of the United States. I am sure that I knew his name too but it has been forgotten. We were both sitting so that our backs were against the right track of the tank when I heard that characteristic "crack" made by the bullet of a Japanese rifle that was mighty close and upon turning I noticed the bullet had struck the Marine in the right temple and he was dead. I remember too that Double A. Smith gave me a bit of a father to son talk on the need to get the services of a Corpsman as soon as possible because there was the possibility that the man might still be alive. Double A, was a fine squad leader and being in his mid to late 20's he was one of the older guys there. He was to be wounded about this time and although I never heard the circumstances surrounding it I assume it was sniper fire. I have never been in contact with Double A, since.

On the rear of the tank was a telephone so that the crew could talk to the troops on the outside and vice versa, one whistled into the speaker of the phone to get the attention of the crew member. A short time after the incident described above, I was standing directly behind the tank as we hadn't moved out yet, and the gunner swung the turret to his right and started to fire his machine gun into a small area of brush about 30 yards off the road. In this spot was a pile of short lengths of wood resembling a pile of cordwood and the tank gunner was firing into it and it wasn't until he had fired for about five seconds I noticed the camouflaged Jap that had been laying on that wood pile with a satchel charge waiting for the opportunity to destroy the tank. It was amazing to me with the restricted vision of the tank crew they had noticed the Jap because our squad had been

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

there for over an hour and not seen him. I'll bet that crew didn't have to many complimentary remarks to make about our squad when they returned to their HQ that night.

Finally we advanced a short distance to the top of a small hill and dug in on a plateau that was only about 5 feet above the floor of the valley beyond which was the high ground just north of the Kokuba River. To our right and front at a distance of 70 yards was a higher hill that was occupied by either G or H Company and we settled in for the night. That night there were the usual sounds of artillery, grenades and rifle fire but I can't recall any specific event that took place. The following morning however just as we had opened our rations and had them sitting on the ledge of the foxhole, we noticed the Marines over on the hill to our right were trying to get our attention, the odd thing was they didn't yell anything and just used hand motions and one of the guys from an adjacent foxhole figured out they wanted us to look over the slight embankment in front of us. Cautiously the four of us approached the edge of the embankment, which was only about 10 feet from our foxholes, with rifles at the ready and just before we got to the edge, a grenade went off directly below us. We looked over the lip and saw five Japs, in a column, crawling to our right. As we fired, those that were still living could be identified by the slight twitch of the body when the bullet struck them, the one in front must have pulled the pin on the satchel charge he was carrying because about that time there was a muffled explosion and his body went into the air about ten feet scattering body debris over the entire area. Cheering and applause was now heard from the Marines on the hill to our right. We returned to our foxholes and brushing aside body fragments of the Jap with the satchel charge we continued to eat our breakfast.

As mentioned before the intense fear, confusion and irrationality that I felt on Half Moon Hill had passed and now I (many others too) was more methodical and unemotional about it all. We were still facing the same situations we faced then but the way our mind handled these situations was different in that hate, fear and compassion were no longer part of our make-up and I believe we were rapidly becoming animals.

Around this time we started to receive "10 in 1" rations and they were certainly a welcome change from the monotonous "K" or "C" rations. I am not "knocking" the K and C rations, in fact I think the person who came up with the idea for them, as well as the manufacturers of them should receive a commendation as they were designed with the busy Marine in mind. I never came across a can that was spoiled or for that matter seldom did I find one with a broken biscuit which is a feather in the hat of the packaging engineer, I always carried 2 packages of K rations in my pack. Opening a K ration was similar to opening a package of Cracker Jacks in that you never knew what was inside. As I remember the wax covered box contained an olive drab can of meat

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

or cheese along with another can of biscuits (hard), a stick or two of chewing gum, and a package of four cigarettes which could be one of many different brands. I remember there were the more popular brands such as Camels, Chesterfield, Lucky Strike, Phillip Morris as well as many other less known brands like Fleetwood, Chelsea and many more I can't remember. In addition there was always some toilet paper. If there was one improvement that should have been made to the K rations it was that the toilet paper should have been waterproofed. Although this shortcoming was not life threatening, wet toilet paper did cause some irritating situations. C rations were much the same as the K rations except there were two cans for each ration, one of the cans contained the main meal (hash, noodles and meatball etc), and the other contained the dry items similar to those contained in the K ration. The C ration did provide more of a selection. The real break-through came with the "10 in 1" ration which was designed to feed 10 men for one day and since our rations were supplied based on the full strength of a unit (in this case a squad) we always had plenty because the rifle company squad was never at full strength. This ration was a real treat because there was so much variety and it gave the guys the opportunity to heat some of the contents. We were only supplied this ration when there was a lull in the action. By this time in the campaign, most of the guys had some knowledge of demolition and explosives as we were using blocks of TNT and Composition C2 to seal caves. It wasn't long though and we learned that these explosives served us well to heat our food, especially Composition C2. This was a putty-like material that one could shape into any design and place under the can to be heated; light it and presto!, hot food. It was especially handy during the wet weather we were having during May and June.

What goes in, must come out: Those biological urges had to be attended to and although in the comfort and privacy of one's home this is not an overwhelming problem, in the conditions we were operating under unique and sometimes innovative procedures had to be used. I grew up in Barnum, Minnesota, (250 population) located about 40 miles south of Duluth, on US Highway #61. My five brothers and sisters as well as Mom and Dad lived on a depression farm about 3 miles east of town. We had an outhouse, and it was a two holer located in our front yard under a grove of pin cherry trees, so going to the bathroom outside wasn't new to me. It had a small removable window on one side and I used to sit on the hole closest to the window so I could watch the scenery and especially the Cedar Waxwings that ate the small red cherrys from the surrounding trees, in addition, since we had numerous flies, spiders had a few webs directly in front of me so that if things got boring outside I would toss a fly or two into a web and watch the action. We didn't have toilet paper and used an outdated Montgomery Ward catalogue for that purpose. As I recall the catalogue index was made out of a rough form of paper and

these pages always were used first because the other pages were smooth and shiny and were not nearly as useful for the intended purpose. We usually used one catalogue during the summer months and (after the index was gone) we took the top page until we worked our way to the end. In this way the catalogue also served as a calendar since in the spring we would be using the section which covered womens clothing, then mens, jewelry, watches, sporting goods and finally when we reached the section on horse harnesses we knew it was almost time to go back to school. During the summer time it was a good place to contemplate and many times I was interrupted by my sisters shouting, "How long are you going to be in there, hurry up. I have to go!" Winter time was a different story and since the temperatures are below zero constantly for several months loitering was not a problem but a hazzard arose that wasn't with us in the summer. With the constant freezing temperatures, the debris formed below the holes would take on the formation of a stalagmite and work its way to the top, and one had to break the top off occasionally with a stick that was provided for that purpose. Everyone was usually very considerate of the next person and there was perfect harmony, however at times due to the cold, one would "forget" and the family member who discovered the oversight would usually find

out about it after sitting down, on a very cold and very dark night. This situation always provided lively conversation the next morning. Winter also provided the opportunity for us boys to write in the snow. After a new snow when the area around the house took on the appearance of a blank sheet of white paper, we would try and improve our skills of that manly art. My brother was pretty good but I always had trouble crossing the "T" and dotting the "I".

Just as soon as school let out my Dad or Mom would cut all of our hair off with pair of barber clippers, (the non-electric kind as we didn't have electricity until years later) and we would kick off our shoes never to wear them again until school started in the fall. New games and contests were always searched for and one contest we came up with was to see which brother could shoot a stream the highest over a woven wire fence we had in a corner of the pasture, of course there were no prizes for the winner only bragging rights.

Another which gave instant feed-back as to whether or not one was successful was invented after we got electricity. Our Dad had put an electric fence around a section of the pasture to prevent the horses from stretching over to get the grass on the other side. When us boys would feel brave we would try and shoot a stream over this fence and since the fence pulsed every second it was possible (rarely) to fail and still not get jolted. Most of the time however if one failed to clear the top wire, that fact was known to everyone within a distance of 1/2 mile. I believe the bare feet worked to our disadvantage.

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

26

I am telling of these experiences to show that adversities when going to the bathroom were not new to me and that some of them were actually preparing me (although I didn't know it at the time) for moments that would be experienced on Okinawa. In talking to other Marines, they have shared some tales that are very humorous, relating to the battle. Some however were not so funny. Those listed below I observed or took part in and led to no serious consequences.

During December, of 1944, we left Camp Pendelton and sailed to Banika, Russell Islands aboard the "Gen. O.H. Ernst", ( I know this because Fred McGowan, Fox Company, 22nd Marines told me) on the way over the "heads" were a popular place with sea-sickness, upset stomachs and all and it seemed like there was always a line waiting to get in. The toilets consisted of about 12 seats set above a trough through which water was constantly flowing. There were no partitions and everyone sat elbow to elbow along the entire length of the trough reading comic books or something equally as entertaining. One morning a line had formed waiting to get in and you could tell that some of the guys were in real pain but the usual comments, " Hey, give someone else a chance," or "shit or get off the pot," just didn't do any good and some of the guys were starting to panic. One innovative Marine in front of me walked to the intake end of the trough, wadded up a big ball of toilet paper, put a match to it and placed it into the trough so it floated past all those bare butts with each one jumping to his feet when the torch passed beneath him. This is all it took and soon there were a lot of empty seats available.

During the time we were on the front lines, we tried to take care of those urgent calls before dark so we could make it through the night without having to expose ourself to fire, ie. both enemy and friendly. There were times however this could not be done and it was then a little ingenuity paid off. Pissing was no problem and when laying in the foxhole, I would roll over on my left side, take out my "gun" and point it over the edge with the proper elevation to clear the dirt around the perimeter of the hole. As I remember the stream would take about the same trajectory as a knee mortar and fall a short distance from the foxhole only to flow back in a few minutes later because of all the rain we were having. A crap was something else however and luckily only once did I find it was absolutely necessary to perform this fete at night, in my foxhole. I removed my helmet from the liner and used the helmet as a bedpan, dumping the mess outside the hole. Since there always seemed to be water or at least mud around I scoured my helmet interior with it. As I recall, the real problem was no dry toilet paper so mud had to suffice for that operation too. In my case there was humor connected to these instances but I have heard of several close calls attributed to performing this vital operation and it wouldn't surprise me to learn of casualties.

It was raining hard on the morning of May 30th, in fact it

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

had rained most of the night and the ground was a like an enormous swamp. I had slept extremely well that night being warm and comfortable in my poncho and when Pete, (Pete Barnes, is a fictitious name I am giving to my foxhole mate, and he was the one that traded his M-1 to the Sea-Bee for a carbine) woke me for my turn at watch I was well rested. It wasn't until I sat up that I realized I had been sleeping in 6 inches of water, in fact it completely covered my entire lower body. The temperature of the water must have been the same as my body because I wasn't the least bit cold. When conditions permitted, when we dug our foxholes we would dig either the side or one end to form a shelf for our rifles, ammunition, etc. and our hole was so equipped. Early that morning Pete and I saw a figure approaching us from the front and as the person moved closer we recognized the person as an elderly Okanawan woman who no doubt wanted to leave the fighting zone. She was carrying a bundle of what appeared to be her belongings but since all civilians were viewed with suspicion, we kept a close watch on her until she passed through the line to a distance of about 50 yards. Most of the civilians I saw appeared old, wrinkled and had bowed legs, they were all very short, this lady being about 4 1/2 feet tall. She had passed about 50 yards to our rear and I was about to shift my eyes back to the front when I heard Pete's rifle go off and I looked up just in time to see the old lady crumple. I looked Pete in the eye and said, "why in hell did you do that? she didn't do anything." He looked at me with a surprised expression, as though the reason should be evident and said, "I hadn't zero'd in this rifle yet." His simple explanation made complete sense to me at that time and justified the reason for his action. Our "Wolf Pack", finally crossed the line.

The morning of June 1st, found I Company, on very level terrain about 400 yards short of the high ground overlooking the Kokuba River to the south. This high ground, with the villages of Shichina, and Kokuba to our front was the main objective. With the ground being as level as it was we could see to the 1st Marine Division zone on our left into the 22nd Marine zone to our right and straight ahead was 400 yards of flat table land that we would have to cross to reach the objective. There was a stone wall that was about 4 feet high that extended north and south and it was quite long, it was behind this wall that plans were made for what was to be our final attack. The Company CP was also set up behind this wall and so this might have been the only instance the entire Company was on the front at the same time. We were getting quite a bit of small arms fire from the high ground in front of us but for those that had to move around it was a sticky situation and we did have a couple of guys killed and several wounded. At about this time I got into a conversation with a Corpsman that was attached to our Company. He was a great guy with kind of red hair and a ruddy complexion. He was quite a big fellow being about 6 feet and husky. He showed me a picture of

his girl that he was carrying and called her "his Blackhead", I can't remember his name. About that time I peered over the stone wall and saw 2 Japs on the hill about 400 yards away and I picked up my BAR and fired a couple shots using "Kentucky windage" and one of the Japs dropped. A voice behind me said, "who fired that shot?", I turned and saw one of our company officers, and said, "I did." He responded, "Oh", and that's all he said. To this day I don't know whether he was chewing me out for shooting or complimenting me on my marksmanship.

We finally moved out and charged across the field in the direction of the hill to our front and what a sight it was with the troops of an entire Regiment abreast yelling and whooping with rifles in the air and grenades, canteens and bandoleers swinging from the belt and chest. It appeared as though we were having close order drill in combat with each Marine "guiding right" and we reached the hill after that 400 yard dash with a straight line of troops. As I recall there wasn't much Japanese fire and assume they left their positions early since they no doubt heard and saw us coming. (I should mention that I am describing the events as they happened in the zone of my squad and events might have been a great deal different in other zones) When we reached the hill, which had a steep incline of about 50 feet, a cave was directly to my front and I had to go somewhat to my right to climb the bank. As I reached the top of the embankment, two Japanese soldiers ran from a bunker towards a clump of bushes behind them. Since they were only 15 yards from me I knew that I couldn't miss as I had my BAR pointed in that direction before seeing them. I had the sling over my right shoulder and squeezed the trigger and heard a sickening sound of a misfire. Off scampered those two Japs, perhaps never realizing how fortunate they were that I hadn't cleaned my weapon properly after the last rain. I learned from that experience that the use of "lubriplate" only does not do the job.

I looked down to the field from which I had just come and saw Paul Pfothauer, a flame thrower operator getting ready to clear the cave that was directly to my front when I approached the hill. The flame that came from the nozzle made sort of a hissing noise as it entered the cave entrance and as soon as he directed the first blast into it, a flame equally as large came bouncing out enveloping Paul. As I started down the hill to see how bad he was hurt there was an explosion that sounded more like a "thud" than a "boom" and it blew a 30 foot portion of the hill-top off sending Paul, rolling down the slight incline that he was standing on. His face was burned quite badly but since the Corpsman was right there he was treated and evacuated immediately. I think the Corpsman that treated Paul was the same red-headed guy I referred to earlier. The smell of the explosion had a strong odor of picric acid, the explosive used by the Japanese in their sachel charges and apparently there was a lot of it stored in that cave. Paul was a very likeable Marine,



always smiling and cheerful and I remember well a couple conversations I had with him. His Dad was a minister and Paul told of how he and some of his friends used to go to the basement of their house and sample the communion wine his Dad had stored there. He also told of when he was in school taking latin and his teacher asked him to conjugate a certain verb that Paul hadn't heard because he had been daydreaming, he turned to a fellow student and whispered, "what's the verb?" the guy said, "damned if I know" and equipped with that Paul responded, "damifino, damifini, damifinee." Apparently the class room went hysterical. The last time that I was to see Paul, was in Chicago, in about 1947 but I have heard that he also went on to become a minister and made his home somewhere in the Northwest.

Although I can't remember the time and place that the following event took place, I'm sure some of the guys from I Company will and can set me straight on it. Our unit was receiving heavy fire and called for an air strike and as the planes arrived overhead it gave one a feeling of confidence and assurance until the planes started to strafe and use their rockets on us, their own troops. I heard later the units on both flanks were to move cloth banners that marked the front line and this was never done and so it appeared to the pilots we were Japanese troops.

That night, (June 1) we dug in on top of the high ridge overlooking the north fork of the Kokuba River. Although there wasn't any serious fighting that night there was a lot going on and after dark all along the company front one could hear the shrill cry of the Japs shouting, "bonzai Maines die!" fire control was well maintained that night and I cannot recall hearing one rifle shot, only the pins popping and the explosions of the grenades that we threw into the wooded area below us. One could hear other explosions through the night as the Japanese were blowing bridges that crossed the Kokuba River below us.

The following morning the 29th Marines moved out leaving the defense of the area to the 1st Marine Division to our left and the 22nd Regiment to our right. We thought the unit was going back for a rest but instead we were heading for the Oroku Peninsula. (Fred McGowan, F/2/22 told me that every time he saw a Marine from the 4th Regiment, he would yell, "where ya goin? to relieve the 29th again?")

Throughout the battle for Okinawa, we would hear comments as; "Division doesn't want any prisoners today" or "Division wants one prisoner today" but I can't remember even one Jap soldier being taken prisoner by I Company. I find it difficult to believe that some were not taken at the end of the Oroku Peninsula drive but I can't remember any. Maybe we would have if the Japs would have given any indication that they were interested in surrendering but I didn't observe any that were. In addition it was a lot more convenient and safe to handle it the way we did.

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

30

The period from June 2-5, is a complete blank for me and although the 6th MARINE DIVISION HISTORY states that we were transported from an area north of Naha to the Peninsula in LVT's during a heavy storm, to take up positions on the left flank of the 4th Regiment, that period is a void in my mind.

There was an event that took place that I cannot place as to where or when it occurred so I will describe it here in hopes someone else will remember the details. We were receiving heavy fire and our supplies and ammunition were running low, apparently the situation was recognized by the commanders and they called for an air drop. It was a welcome sight to see those multi-colored contains attached to small parachutes floating down to us.

During the battle for Oroku Peninsula, we were moving in a south-east direction. The 4th Marines were on our right flank and extended to the China Sea, the 29th Marines were on the left half of the island with the 2nd Battalion zone extending to the Kokuba Estuary to our left. The 3rd Battalion (29th) was located on the high ground in the center. It was during this period that Joe Bledsoe and I became the unofficial demolition team of our platoon and when there was a cave that needed blowing Joe and I would be selected primarily because we had had the most experience in the use of explosives and maybe because we were lucky enough to always come back from the assignments. One day Lt. Pottenger (our platoon leader) called Joe and I back to the CP and told us he had a job for us as we were getting automatic weapon fire from our right front. Lt Pottenger layed out his map of the area and pointed out the spot where the fire was coming from. I don't know about Joe but I couldn't understand the map, however since the cave was visible to us it didn't make any difference. Joe and I each took a sachel charge and I left my BAR and borrowed Pete's carbine and away we went, running and weaving that 150 yards, taking cover whenever the terrain permitted. We got to the entrance of the cave with Joe on one side and I on the other and pulled the pins simultaneously, swinging the charges before we released them so they would travel into the cave a ways, just as I let go of the sachel I heard jabbering and then the cry of a young child from inside the cave entrance. The muffled explosion that followed did the job. The cave was sealed.

We returned to the area that the platoon was located and I wondered how many more jobs there were to be done similar to this one. I think Joe was the squad leader during this time because Double A Smith had already been wounded. He had joined the Company in Guadalcanal and was the only man (I'm sure there were several others) that had not been killed or wounded from the original unit, that I knew. If there was a cave that needed "blowing", there is no man I would rather have as a partner than Joe T Bledsoe.

Usually when we sealed the caves with sachel charges we  
 ----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

would yell, "De-te koi, de-te-koi!" to give any civilians the opportunity to come out. Since in the above instance we were receiving fire this invitation was not sent out.

Hearing that child cry has been my most difficult memory to handle during the years following the war, and the compassion for the child I had at the time turned to considerable empathy for the parents when I had children and grandchildren of my own.

We were moving southeast along the high ground in the center of the peninsula with the 4th Marines on our right. The date was about June 12, and the Japanese were encircled by the three regiments of the 6th Division. As the circle became smaller it caused some overlapping of units on the front and so it was on this occasion when we found ourselves in the same shell crater as a couple of guys from the 4th Marines. We were on some high ground overlooking a valley but to our right and left were some higher hills 400 yards away and since there was no action we were just, "shooting the bull". One of the Marines from the 4th was telling us about his previous battles and he had been in a few since he had been in the south Pacific 33 months, he also told us about his wife and three kids, one of which he hadn't seen yet. He told us this was his last battle and then he was going home and as spoke to us he got a mesmerized look in his eyes and stood up. No one thought any thing of it as we weren't getting any fire and although the rest of us were laying in the crater it was more for comfort than for safety. We heard a metallic thud and the Marine went down and the canteen that he was carrying on his right front hip was almost blown in half. The entire front of his stomach had been blown away and some of his intestines were outside of his body. The Corpsman was there in a matter of minutes and had all of us urinate in our canteen cup so that he could use the urine to keep his exposed intestines moist. The Marine lived a couple of minutes. He was the first Marine that I can remember that carried his canteen on the front of his belt. Apparently the shot that killed him was from a Japanese Anti Aircraft gun that was mounted on one of the hills to our front.

Over the years I have been fancinated with the use of the word "skirmish", usually it is used to point out a small battle that was relatively unimportant. As I look back on Okinawa I feel that 99% of the encounters I was involved in would fall in this catagory. (The only one that might carry a higher rating was the regimental charge of the high ground overlooking the Kokuba River) I feel that any situation that involves at least two people where the stakes are life or death should be referred to as a battle. Although there may be some that are sympathetic to the argument that I am making, I doubt that Webster or his followers will take up the crusade and so I have constructed a formula that will put the word "skirmish" into perspective ie. The severity of a skirmish = 1/ the distance the author is from the center of action (in yards). "1" being a score that denotes a battle.

----"I" Co,3rd Bn,29th Reg,6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

The following is a footnote taken from: Victory In The Pacific-OKINAWA. "By the afternoon of 9 June, the heavy fighting of the previous three days had seriously depleted the ranks of 3/29. Consequently, the 3d Bn was reinforced by the attachment of Co B from the regimental reserve. The following evening 1/29 relieved 3/29, Co A taking over from Cos G and H, while Co I remained in the line attached to the 1st Bn. On 11 June Co H was attached to 2/29, replacing Co C on the left flank of that Battalion. After the initial attack of 12 June, Co I was squeezed out of the line passing to 1/29 reserve. The evening of 12 June both H and I reverted to the control of 3/29."

On about June 9, two other Marines (I can't remember who) and myself came upon a huge cave and entered it. I recall the many flies and the stench coming from the bodies of numerous Japanese soldiers that had decomposed and were stacked like pieces of wood along the inside of the entrance to a height of 12 feet on both sides of the entrance. We only went in about 30 feet, and on a table was a set of what appeared to be surgical instruments, nearby was another table that was covered with stacks of one thousand yen paper currency and I'm not exaggerating when I say there were several thousand of these. On a third table was a set of 8 by 10 inch black and white photographs of what appeared to be a picture history of the bombing of Pearl Harbor and there were 75 or 100 of these pictures in sequence, starting with shots of aircraft carriers and crew leaving some port and ending with shots of the actual bombing of Pearl Harbor with all of the ships below. One of the guys took these prints and I hope when he sees fit, he will turn them over to some library or museum as they would be of extreme historic value. None of us took any of the money and I have never regretted that since this could have been the time it was booby trapped.

On June 13, I Company was given the assignment to pass through the low ground next to the Kokuba Estuary and flush out any Japs that might be hiding in the tall reeds and grass. With the exception of the Regimental charge that I mentioned earlier, this is the only time I got a good view of the entire Company (or what was left of it) moving out as a unit. We spaced ourselves about 5 yards apart and moved across the lowlands. I recall we had a Japanese warrant officer acting as our interpreter and at one point we came upon a Jap in the grass, he must have been a Manchurian because he was tall and had a good build, he stood up and said something to the interpreter and we were informed that he wanted to be shot and he was by one of the guys. The interpreter turned to the man who had shot him, smiled, bowed and said, "thank you". In another spot we came upon a Japanese officer and 3 ladies who were about to surrender when a rifle went off and the officer moved his hand toward the pistol he was wearing, this is all it took and the 8 marines surrounding the Japs, fired simultaneously killing all four. This day completed the battle for Oroku Peninsula.

----"I" Co, 3rd Bn, 29th Reg, 6th Div, Kenneth J. Long, Dec/1992----

According to the 6th Marine Division History, all three regiments moved on to the southern tip of the island. My mind is a complete blank on this and I can't remember going down there.

About this time, a group of the guys organized a baseball game. We didn't have any equipment so we made something that resembled a ball by using socks and underwear and wrapping them as tight as we could into the shape of a ball. There was a small field adjacent to our units perimeter and it was here that we layed out the diamond. For 1st base we used the elbow of a Jap soldier who had been buried in a shallow grave and his elbow was above the ground.

On the 21st of June the Island was declared as secured and ended the most unforgettable 3 months of my life. The unit, or what was left of it, boarded LST #229 on July 10, and sailed for Guam, on July 15. I am certain that many thoughts were of our many buddies that did not make the trip back with us.

----"I"Co, 3rdBn., 29th Reg. 6th Marine Div. Kenneth J. Long---  
December, 1992

Kenneth J Long. I/3/29/6

After Okinawa

Written-1992

After returning to Guam, with the unit, another fellow and myself were selected from the 29th Regiment to enter the V-12 program at Villanova. I think there were 2 from each regiment and the 6 of us shipped back to the States aboard an LST about the end of July, 1945. We were about midway back when the atomic bomb was dropped and since we had already signed the papers that we would stay in the Corps for 3 years after graduation, we were given the option of re-upping or discharge since the V-12 program was immediately discontinued after the end of the war. I can't remember if the other guys stayed in or not, but I was discharged from Camp Lejeune, NC, in October of 1945.

I enrolled in a small college in northern Minnesota, (Bemidji) that winter and planned on getting a degree in science and physical education until I learned that I wouldn't have enough GI Bill time to cover me till graduation. Since the Marine Corps, wasn't taking married men at that time (I had married Mickey, after being discharged) I decided to enlist in the Air Corps and went to OCS at Fort Riley, Kansas. After getting through OCS, Mickey, my son and I spent about 2 years in Germany where I spent most of my time playing football and basketball for a military team and we returned to the States in 1949. After returning to college I started taking course over loads and graduated in 1951.

From 1951-56 I taught and coached in a small town in central Minnesota, named Bertha. In 1957 I started to work for the Pillsbury Company in Minneapolis, in their Quality Control Department and did a lot of traveling which was to continue through-out the rest of my working career. In 1961, I joined the Kellogg Company, in Battle Creek, Michigan and remained there until I retired about 7 years ago.

Mickey and I now live just east of a small town in south western Michigan named Delton. Over the years we accumulated 4 fine children and grandchildren.

I joined the 6th Division Association one year ago and have really enjoyed the contacts with many ex-Marines.

Mickey and I have experienced some "bumpy roads" over the years, just like all people I guess, but when one looks back to what we were faced with almost 48 years ago, ours has been a life of smooth sailing.

Okinawa Remembered  
Fred McGowan-F/2/22/6  
December 14, 1992

Exactly 48 years ago today, the 29th Replacement Draft left San Diego for the Russell Islands.

I reported for induction on 7-10-44, rode the bus to Detroit, took a physical and was in the Federal Building to be sworn into the Navy when some clown in khaki came in and announced they wanted six volunteers to fill up a group for the U.S.M.C.. I don't remember volunteering but I was on that train headed for P.I. We were greeted by the shouts of, "you'll be sorreee".--Which I was on many occasions.

I was in good physical shape so that part of boot camp was a breeze but everything happening so fast and the yelling and hollering and everything on the run was something else. Marine Corps legend Master Gunny Sgt. Lou Diamond, was at P.I. at the time and he did more than his share of bellowing.

My recruit platoon was #448 and I made friends with some good people. Being a non-swimmer took up much of the spare time I would have had at boot camp. I finally qualified but I never really mastered it. I figured if the good Lord wanted me to swim he would have given me web feet. I learned all the Marine Corps terminology I could absorb i.e. "hit the deck", "hit the sack", "cover down", "782 gear", and how to make my bunk to their satisfaction. I also got my first taste of mess-duty. I pulled a lot of mess duty during my short stay in the Corps. It was a big day in my life when I could put the Marine Corps emblem on my piss-cutter and got on the train for Camp Lejeune, N.C..

Shortly after arriving we were given a 10 day furlough. It took 2 days to get home and 2 days back so that only left 6 days at home which I enjoyed.

Upon arrival back at camp we were issued a steel helmet which was a constant companion the rest of my time in the Corps, I slept in it many nights, bathed in it and sometimes prepared my food in it.

I had the good fortune to have a platoon sergeant that had been wounded in the Marshall Islands and when you got a little wine or "white lightning" into him I think he prepared me for combat more than any training I received there. The best part of Camp Lejeune was that my wife came down and spent a week with me before we shipped out. Again I met some new people that I think of often.

We left Lejeune early in December, 1944 and zig zagged across the United States on a troop train and arrived at Camp Pendleton, What a contrast to Camp Lejeune! Beautiful country and barracks. I would have liked to spend some time there but as it was I didn't get off base due to a chronic problem--lack of funds. It seems like I was always broke.

We boarded the Gen. O.H. Ernst and sailed on December 14,

Fred McGowan, F/2/22/6

2

1944, a lucky break because by leaving before the 15th we got credit for a whole month over-seas on the point system when we were discharged. A large per-centage of the troops were sea sick on the trip and I found it difficult to eat when the guy next to me had just up-chucked his meal back on his tray.

We crossed the International Date Line on December 24th, the next day was December 26th and I never made up that Christmas I missed. We arrived at Banika, Russell Islands late in December, (28th I think) and were transported to an area that had tents with wooden frames and decks, but no electricity. Our water came from a lister bag and was rationed out. Not much for showers either. We got to see our first natives who would say, "Hubba, Hubba Jo" to us. Food wasn't very tasteful or plentiful but there were Sea Bees on the island so Sunday noon we would go down to the main road and when a Sea Bee vehicle would come by we would try to hitch a ride and get invited to eat chow with them. Banika was a pretty little island. We loaded ship for the 1st Marine Division and went on a hike once in a while. There was a nice place to swim on the island and one day I got out to far but a man by the name of Ken Long from Barnum, Minnesota got me back to shore. One day there was a formation and they read off names, mine included, and they said, "Be ready to leave at 5 AM tomorrow". I got a 12 to 4 watch on guard that night so I didn't to bed. It was pouring rain the morning we boarded LCI's for the 60 or 70 mile trip to Guadalcanal, where we were charter members of M Company, 3rd Battalion, 22nd Marines.

We were called a shore party but stevedores and we loaded ships for the 6th Division and went on a hike once in a while. When we finished the hike we would stack arms on the river bank and wade in, clothes, shoes and all and cleanup. Half an hour later you were dry. There were sunken Jap ships all along the beach. Our outfit could get all the beer we had money to buy and the regular 3rd Battalion was rationed so we made a few bucks selling beer to them, at a profit of course. We went on a few maneuvers there on Guadalcanal and eventually boarded ship for Okinawa. We stopped enroute at Ulithi Atoll and staged there for Okinawa. We were taken to the island of Mog Mog for a huge beer bash and took off for Okinawa where we were fed steak and ice cream for breakfast and put in Higgins boats for the assault. The boats couldn't get over the reef so we transferred to Amtrack that took us ashore. The beach was secure when we got there. I remember a big pile of gas masks on the beach. Most of us added ours to the pile. For the next month we worked our ass off unloading ships. We would ride ducks or amtrack out to ships anchored and unhook cargo nets or man-handle drums of fuel or cartons and pile them in supply dumps. I lived in a hole with shelter halves over it. It was fairly comfortable but as I remember the guy I was with (Ken Long) complained a lot. Early in May, we were split up, I went to Fox Co. 22nd and Ken to I Co. 29th. I joined the 22nd when they went south. It was very

Fred McGowan, F/2/22/6



confusing. I hoped the guy that was leading us knew where in hell he was going because I sure as hell didn't. We ran into stiff opposition right away. I learned early that a group of 4 or more drew artillery or mortar fire. Our platoon leader liked to talk to the whole platoon but one gathering drew 3 shells in the platoon causing about 25% casualties so we went into the assault on Sugar Loaf under strength and to my recollection we were never at full strength the remainder of the campaign. There were very few Cpls and Sgts in the company. We made a couple trys at Sugar Loaf in the afternoon that were not successful so that night our Battalion Exec., Major Courtney took what was left of Fox Co to the top of the hill. We got some replacements during the night but suffered heavy casualties including the Major. Six of us from Fox Co. survived.

We got replacements enough so we had 3 man fire teams, so 3 of us dug in together at night. I was married 10 days before entering the Corps. I dug in with George Berteletti, a BAR man, for sometime. We have stayed in contact over the years. He used to tell my wife, "I slept with Fred more the first year of your marriage than you did." My wife got a big laugh out of that.

In Naha we found an abandoned Jap "nooky" parlor and they left behind many boxes of condoms. They came in handy to keep matches, cigarettes, pictures, etc. dry. When it rained, as it did most of the time, we carried our weapon slung butts up, muzzles down. This particular day "Fox Company" moved out in a column of files on either side of the road, muzzles up with a Jap condom over the muzzle to keep the bore dry.

I was back at Division one day and I ran into Ken Long again. Col. Woodhouse had given those of us that survived Sugar Loaf a small bottle of brandy. Ken and I split the bottle and said, "goodbye and good luck."

We moved south taking casualties and getting damn few replacements. The last hill we took out on the Oroko Peninsula took a heavy toll on Fox Company. The platoon sgt. and my squad got up the hill and the machine gun section was behind us when a hidden Nambu opened up on them and wounded all but one man. He dragged the gun and tripod to the top of the hill and set it up and gave us covering fire. His name was A. J. Lawson, he had trained as an aerial gunner but ended up in the mud Marines. He was the best! Twice our machine gun section was shot down to him and he said, "That's it, I'm in the rifle platoon from now on". He was a real character. We secured the ridge with little or no opposition when an automatic weapon opened up on us. There were no tracers but it didn't fire near as fast as a Nambu. Finally I saw dust from the muzzle blast and we all opened up on the area. There was an explosion in the emplacement and all firing ceased from there. We checked it out and found a British Lewis Gun that was fed from a drum, was firing at us. Also in there was a 51 caliber machine gun. One of the occupants had several clips of ammo. for that was in his arms when we hit him causing the

4

explosion and devastating damage to him. There was also a big mortar there and we also found some canned rations and two bottles of liquor. We sampled it and found it to our satisfaction and drank all of it. This impaired our judgement and we found another huge cave. There were carrier pigeons outside in a cage so I assume it was a headquarters of some size. Four of us went deep into it twice and encountered Japs both times. The last time two (Marines) were badly wounded. I have had nightmares of that incident for years since.

We moved on to the southern tip of the island taking ground and taking casualties. I remember sweeping through a couple villages. We set up on a ridge overlooking a small village and

were getting ready to dig in for the night when I was hit. I ended up in an Army hospital and flew back to Guam on July 10, 1945. After some time in the hospital and the transit center I returned to the outfit. The next morning we fell out and we went out to a clearing and did close order drill, which was pathetic. Then some shit-head 2nd Lt. got down and showed us how to crawl while cradling your weapon in your arms. I had just put on clean dungarees and there was no way I was going to wallow around in that red Guam dirt. I escaped that horseshit by going on mess duty and staying until we left Guam late in Sept, 1945.

Enroute to China we encountered a big typhoon just as we passed near Okinawa. There were 40 foot waves and two destroyer escorts with the convoy were rarely above water. The ship we were on was a P.A. named Okaloosa, one of the most chicken-shit barges I was ever on. The P.A. I came home on was a close second. We arrived in Tsingtao, China on October 12, we were prepared for opposition but were greeted by cheering crowds and charcoal burning trucks to take us to our barracks. We were billeted in a University which was better than a tent but we were crowded. Tsingtao, was quite a change from where we had been. We stood guard most of the time but every Saturday there was a big parade.

Early in December, we were taken to the airfield several miles out of town and the 2nd Battalion put a perimeter around the airfield to protect it from "bandits", as they were called then. We stayed there for two weeks. They brought us hot chow from town and we had a lot of beer. We were relieved by Chinese Nationalist troops shortly before Christmas.

When our platoon went back to town we took a small Chinese boy back with us. He lived in our squad room. We had uniforms tailored to fit him. He was as much a part of the 2nd Platoon of Fox Company as any Marine. He stood in pay line, chiseled in chow line and stood inspections with us. He certainly made life more bearable. In the early 80's he was able to come to the United States and later bring his family and now operates a successful Chinese restaurant in Chapel Hill, N.C. He is known as Charley Two Shoes. I left China April 25, 1946 and my wife and I visited Charlie in Ohio, in 1982.

Fred McGowan, F/2/22/6

I was discharged May 30, 1946. I have kept in touch with several old friends and was glad when the 6th Marine Division Association, was formed. I was able to visit some old friends and some visited me.

In the summer of 1982, I got a newsletter and a list of new members included a Ken Long but not a Minnesota address, instead he was about 70 miles from where I live. I got his phone number from information and called him. I asked if he was originally from Minnesota, and he said, "yes". We talked for some time and to the best of our knowledge the last time we saw each other was mid-May, of 1945, when we split that brandy. A short time later Ken pulled in my driveway. He had a fine jug of brandy by the neck. He immediately saw my cribbage board and we spent the next several hours going over the past.

I have met a man from F-2-15, that lives in a small town near Ken. His name is Jeff Feiler and we have spent some enjoyable times together. My only regret is that we didn't meet sooner so my dear late wife could have met them and their lovely wives. It has been great to see them.

I BOOT CAMP  
JULY 1944

PLT 452

D.I. Sgt. Blackburn (Killed on Iwo Jima)

I remember when we shipped our civilian clothes home. One of the boots kept his civvies and would put them on at nights and sneak out and go to town. One night our Sgt. found out one of the Boots was slipping out at night. He made all the rest of us have a field day, we took all the bunks and foot lockers outside. We then put sand on the floor and on our hands and knees with bricks we scrubbed the floor. The Sgt. told us to take care of the boot who snuck out at night. That night when he came in the barracks he fell over one of the foot lockers, he received a couple of black eyes, a bloody nose and a split lip, the next day he shipped his clothes home.

While I was in boot camp I lost the key to my lock on my foot locker. When I reported to my Sgt. that I lost my key he made me put a bucket over my head and walk around yelling, "I'm a shit bird from Yemasee, I have my lock but I lost my key." Another time I forgot to shave and I got caught. The Sgt. made me take a dry shave using sand for a lather and shave it off.

TRAIN RIDE  
NOV. 1944

We boarded trains at Camp LeJuene, we took the east coast down to Louisiana. We went across Lake Pontchartrain north of New Orleans and went across Texas, New Mexico, Arizona to Camp Pendelton in California. After a couple of weeks for dental work we loaded onto trucks and drove to San Diego to embark for over seas.

BOARDING SHIP-TRIP TO ISLANDS  
NOV. 1944

We boarded the ship USS General Ernest in Downtown San Diego with people leaning out windows cheering us on. After we boarded ship we went below for chow, we were still docked when we went to eat. When we came backup on deck we couldn't see land. We had two guys get sick and stay sick for the 29 days we were at sea. We had no escort ships with us. After 5 or 6 days out we heard Tokyo Rose on the radio name our ship, how many men were on board and promise to have a welcome for us (a sub) we changed course a little and never encountered any sub. The navy told us that if anyone fell overboard they would not stop the ship. While target practicing with the 20 m.m. guns on air balloons one was missed and landed in the water the ship stopped to pick it up, it was more valuable than a man. We crossed the International Date Line and the Equator on the same day, December 25, 1944 which was my 18th birthday and we skipped to December 26th.

When we crossed the International Date Line the Navy salts started initiations. Any one that never had been across the date line before were called Polywogs, the ones that went through initiations before were called Shellbacks. Once initiated we became Shellbacks.

We landed in the Russell Islands on New Years Eve. It was raining and we had to put up our pup tents to get out of the rain. The next day we ate green coconuts and drank the milk, every one got diaharrea.

TRAINING ON BANIKA

While on Banika we did a lot of night training. We had many 10-15 mile night hikes. We also had nighttime firing. I remember using a lot of tracer bullets. Sometime in late January we moved to Guadalcanal. While passing between Tulagi and Guadalcanal we were told that on the assault of Guadalcanal there were so many ships sunk both USA and Japan ships that it was called Iron Bottom Bay.

GUADALCANAL  
JANUARY 1945

When we landed on Guadalcanal we were assigned to the 6th Marine Division. The training became more realistic with many maneuvers with forced night marches, attacks on imaginary Jap villages (home made), nighttime machine gun training again using a lot of tracers, We spent time debarking from ships using rope landing nets into landing crafts and making beach assaults. Sometime in late February or early March we got word that we might have to go to Iwo Jima and be in reserve because they had so many casualties. They finally secured Iwo and we didn't have to go. It was during the loading of ships, getting ready to go to Iwo that we enlisted men became aware that ten in one rations were for officers. Our Plt. took about 10 cases of 10 in 1 and buried them in the ground of our tents. The MP's tried to find them but were unable. WE had pork chops, bacon and many other good foods. While on Guadalcanal we did a lot of swimming in the Ocean. WE would dive off partial sunk Jap troop ships. WE use to use hand grenades to fish with, this way we would get a lot of fish. In the middle of March we boarded ships for an unknown island. After we boarded we were briefed and told our destination. WE were shown maps of the island and all information needed to become familiar with the island. WE stopped at MogMog an island in the Ulithi group. The navy used this for our last bit of recreation. They had a band, beer, food and we played baseball and football and there was many card games. When we left Ulithi there were a few other ships, plus Navy Destroyers and Destroyer escort with us. Enroute to Okinawa the convoy formed at night when daylight came we saw ships everywhere. On Easter Morning the Navy opened fire with their artillery. Waking everyone up on ship no more sleeping.

I Co. 3rd Bat. 29th Reg. 6th Marine Division James R. Peebles  
Page 1  
December 29, 1992

OKINAWA  
April 1, 1945

Late in the afternoon we landed on Okinawa. WE set up inland off the beach the first night. During the night a Jap plane flew over the island, all the ships and our shore battery opened up. The night was lit up with tracers, it was unbelievable but the plane made it across the island. During the next couple of weeks we unloaded supplies from landing crafts and trucks. After the 2nd week we were assigned to the 3rd. Bat. 29th Reg. during the assault of Motobu Peninsula.

When Motobu was secured we were loaded onto L.S.T's to transport us back to the main part of the island. The L.S.T's were also loaded with barrels of gas. Halfway across the bay we had an air alert that planes were on the way to intercept us. With the gas on board we felt we didn't have much of a chance to survive. We saw planes in the horizon and expected to get blasted. When the planes got close we saw they had gull wings and realized they were our planes. One night while we were on Motobu the Japs pulled a Banzai attack with hand grenades. The next morning when we checked the dead Japs we found 6 or 7 Jap nurses among the dead.

**ON SOUTHERN OKINAWA**  
**with**  
**THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS**

---

3rd PLATOON of  
FOX COMPANY, 2nd BATTALION, 22nd MARINES  
THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION

WORLD WAR II, 1945



*AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

by

**HAROLD E. WALTERS, Pfc, USMCR**

143 N. Jefferson Road

Wooster, Ohio 44691

January 30, 1990

Revised, August 13, 1990

TABLE OF CONTENTS

My Portrait, 1944 .....	1
Photo, 1989, with Joe Horgan .....	2
Forward.....	3
1. Arrival on Okinawa.....	4
2. In the Sixth Service Battalion.....	4
Map #1.....OKINAWA ISLAND.....	5a
3. Joining the Rifle Company.....	6
4. Assignment to Type of Duty.....	6
5. Crossing the Asato River.....	7
6. My Most Miserable Night.....	8
7. On Radio Hill.....	9
8. Rest Time? for the 22nd Marines.....	11
Map #2a, #2b....NAHA AREA.....	12a, 12b
9. My First Assault, to Be.....	13
10. The Final on Oroku Peninsula.....	14
Map #3a, #3b...OROKU PENINSULA.....	15a, 15b
11. At the South End of Southern Okinawa.....	16
12. The Last Night.....	18
13. Then What?.....	19
14. Conclusion.....	19
Map #4a, #4b...SOUTHERN RIDGES.....	19a, 19b
Bibliography.....	20
Addendum, About Grenades.....	21
Official Corps Records of Tour of Duty.....	22



## On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

FORWARD

This account is of some of my experiences in the 6th Marine Division while on Okinawa during the acquiring of its possession from the Japanese. I have several objectives for writing this autobiography of my memoirs of my experiences in the Sixth Marine Division.

1. Perhaps, if I get some things written down, then I can forget about it. I can then go back and just read about it. Some things have been difficult to talk about; there may be no one to listen, also, it can still be somewhat emotional, even after 44-45 years.

2. A neighbor, Mr. Lloyd Boyer, plans to visit Okinawa in March 1990. A relative of his will be teaching on Okinawa and Mr. Boyer has asked for information about Okinawa as it was back in 1945. Perhaps this paper may help.

3. I have recently completed a refresher course in "Written Expression" at Ohio State University, Agricultural Technical Institute near my home. Also, I am becoming familiar enough with Word Processing on my computer so this may enable me to be somewhat efficient in writing.

4. Then also, my Great, Great, Great Grandchildren may be delighted to read about me way back in World War II.

5. Perhaps the Sixth Marine Div. Historical people would like to file it, or it can be something to take to the Division reunion.

6. I wish to show how frightening the first experiences of combat can be, then, to conclude how exciting combat can get. This factor could be a consideration when trying to evaluate attitudes of foreign countries.

7. However, there may be some risks involved in trying to recall some things. A few years ago, there was an occasion to discuss events of World War II. On my way to work the next morning, I began to dwell on what it was like when at one time I suddenly realized my body was about to be riddled with bullets, as I plan to describe later on. I began to imitate my reaction, and as a result, I developed a very mild case of hic-cups that lasted for several days. As, sitting in church, my wife could detect when this hic-cup occurred. A doctor book states that an irritated nerve in the diaphragm causes hic-cups. Who says that mind cannot control one's health.

With these objectives in mind, I shall see what can be accomplished. I feel that I can handle it.



X

HAROLD E. WALTERS

August 1944

Marine Boot Camp Photo



x

HAROLD E. WALTERS, Left, with  
JOSEPH A. HORGAN, Magnolia, NJ

Joe was the "fire team leader"  
next to my fire team, or "Fox Hole".

Photo, September 1989, Estes Park, Colorado  
during  
Sixth Marine Division Reunion at Denver, Col.

On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

1. ARRIVAL ON OKINAWA

Ref. Map 1. Page 5a.

April 1st, 1945 was D day on Okinawa. It was also the date I arrived on Guam from the United States, shipping out from San Diego, California. About the first of May, the Marines had captured the North half of Okinawa and were assigned to the Southern section. This is when they loaded up a ship load of us and shipped us off to Okinawa.

"...on April 30 preparatory orders were issued for the Sixth to move from Nago to Chibana for commitment in the southern zone." (1-82)

I remember walking up the road from the beach with all my belongings in a double pack and blankets rolled in a shelter half. Boy! was it heavy! I thought, how far can I go with this load. Before long, we came to an open field and to a place where I was told to "stay here and dig in." This turned out to be my home for perhaps two or three days. As the others, I dug a hole about 6 feet long, 12-18 inches wide and deep enough for me to lie down to sleep. This was my bed.

Yonton Airfield lay ahead. During that night up at the airfield, search lights came on and anti aircraft guns blasted away. I didn't understand what was going on. The next day, the word was that some Japanese bombers dropped some bombs on the airfield. I thought, "Really?". It so turned out that was the last night any Japanese planes got through our defenses. I guess having bases on Iwo Jima was effective in intersepting bombers.

2. THE SIXTH SERVICE BATTALION

"By May 6, the entire Division was quartered around Chibana." (1-82) ... "May 7 saw the beginning of a period of heavy rain, which was to continue almost without interruption, for seven days." (1-82)

After several days stay in the open field near the Yonton Airfield, those who had a Shoe and Textile specification number were assigned to the Sixth Marine Division Service Battalion. This was located nearer the front lines, because I recall distinctly that we were located in front of an artillery battery. How do I know? During the night, while sleeping, they would open fire. WHAMMO! would rock us awake. Then it would be WHAMMO! WHAMMO! WHAMMO! WHAMMO! Then we could hear the shells traveling overhead, which was WHISH, WHISH, WHISH. There were some nights that they fired pretty much all night.

## On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

Life in the Service Battalion, supposedly, was not all that bad. We slept in jungle hammocks that were suspended so that they would hang down into a long hole below the surface of the ground. There was a lot of rain and mud there at that time, also.

We did eat warm cooked meals with fresh baked bread or buns and things like that. I was mostly in work details, unloading trucks, piling things here, then restacking a pile some place else, and reloading trucks again. That is as much as I understood about it.

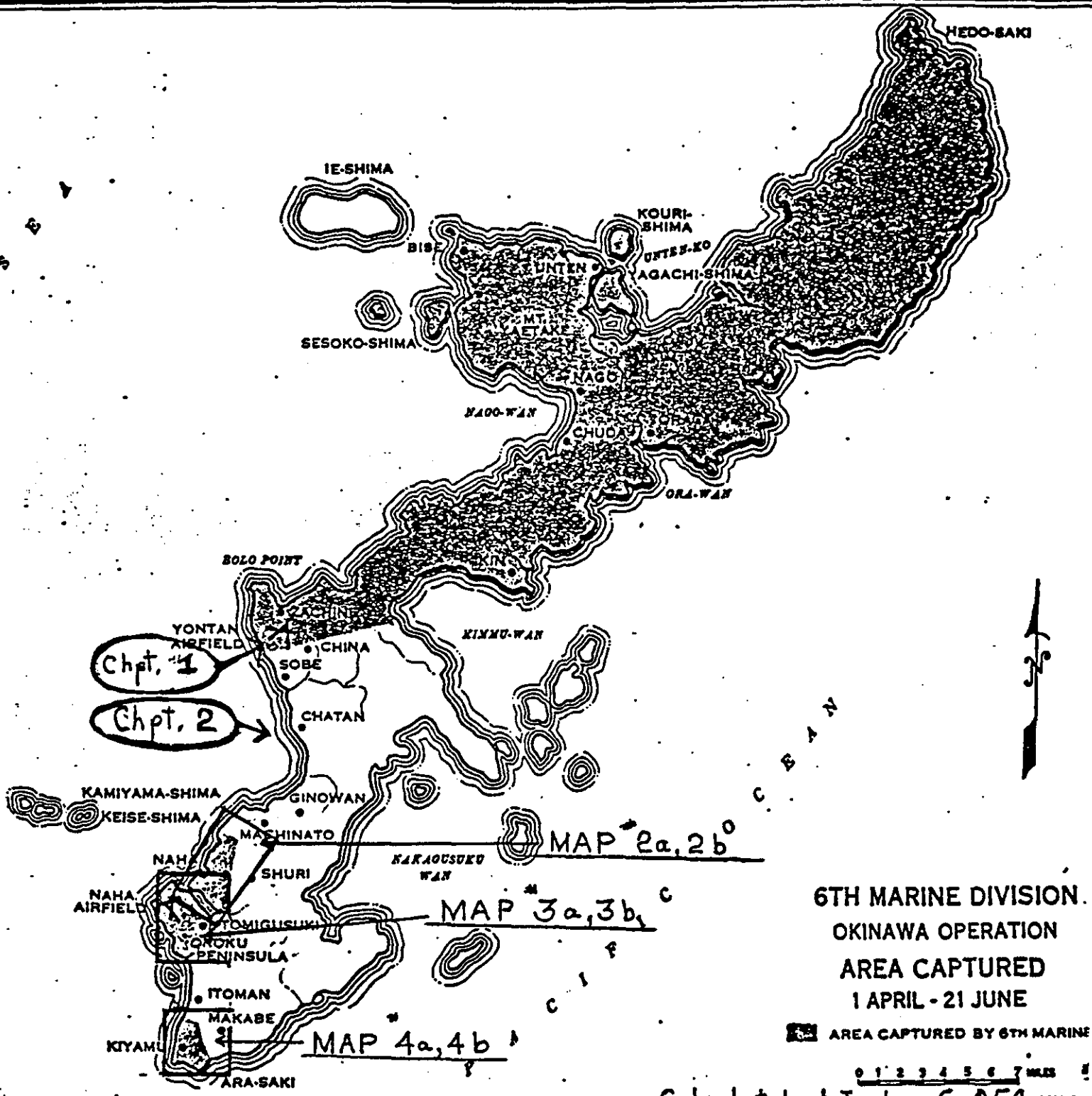
One day I went along up North with a lowboy tractor and trailer truck. I think we brought down a tank or at least something heavy. I think I recall that we blew a tire or two and that we were somewhat alert for possible Japs. I remember seeing a civilian woman working in a field.

After the Sugar Loaf Hill battle, the hill that took a week to capture and that had changed hands back and forth about eleven times, they needed more men up at the front. So they loaded up several trucks with us and we went up where the business was at.

"During the ten-day period that ended with the capture of Sugar Loaf, the Division had lost 2,662 killed and wounded."  
(1-125)

# ISLAND of OKINAWA

## MAP # 1



ENLARGED from (1-176)

5a

On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

### 3. JOINING THE RIFLE COMPANY

Ref. Maps 2a,2b. Pages 12a, 12b.

"By 22 May, both the Fourth Marines and the 22nd were drawn up along the North Bank of the Asato." (2-26)

I remember the trucks pulling up to a command post. It was a spread out tent or covered shelter of some sort back in a cove. To my left, I could see across a valley to a field up a hillside; there were troops up along a fence or hedge row. I remember seeing an explosion over there in the row, then some men hurrying around. I didn't understand what was happening.

I do remember my first night at the front. This was in the area of the suburbs of Naha and somewhat back from the river. We were told not to assemble in groups near the Asato River, as a day or two before, a sniper from across the river killed a Marine with a single shot. Remember, I'm green at this business and it was difficult to comprehend.

For that night, we were assigned a place to stay and we dug our usual nice long hole. To protect us from the rain, we assembled our shelter halves over it so as to keep out any rain.

Now this was the first time in the Pacific War that the Japanese used artillery fire. They had a single gun located in the Shuri Castle area which was toward the center of the Island.

Throughout the night, the Japs would fire a single shell at a time into our Naha area. Remember, this was my first experience of hearing artillery shells come whistling in for a landing. I could hear that whistle of a shell coming closer, closer. louder, LOUDER and then WHAMMO! Believe me, I pushed my nose into the ground at the bottom of my hole. I imagined that the area all around was being torn up. But when day light came, I got up and looked around and things were not much different than the night before. I soon learned that if you hear a shell whistling in, you didn't have to worry much about that one. Its when a shell explodes without whistling, those are the ones to look out for, because those are getting mighty close. Now, I'm already beginning to adjust to combat activities.

### 4. ASSIGNMENT TO TYPE OF DUTY

After a day or so, there was a company meeting in a room in a house in this suburb area. The speaker said they needed a large man to become a demolition man. A demolition man is one who goes up to the front of a cave that may have Japs in there, tosses in explosives to blow the cave shut. Or, he may carry a flame thrower up to near a cave entrance and shoot fire back into the cave. I just sat there and never looked up,

### On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

just kept looking at the floor. Kenneth Wagnetz was the one selected. He was one of our Shoe and Textile people and was from Green Bay, Wisconsin. In the early 1980's, I was near the Green Bay area and did drive there to check the telephone book for his name. I did talk to his Brother on the telephone; Kenneth had died about the year previous.

There were openings for almost any type of duty, like machine gunners or mortar men, but I never had classes about those. I said I was familiar with the Browning Automatic Rifle from Boot Camp. At that, I then became a BAR man. BAR is pronounced as spelled; "B", "A", "R". The rifle did fascinate me, and later, I was glad to have it around. It weighed 16 pounds and a belt of Ammo weighed another 16 pounds. It is fully automatic, that means it fired like a machine gun. So you can understand why the Japs would choose the BAR man as their first choice to knock out.

This was my beginning with the Third Platoon of Fox Company, 2 Battalion, of the 22nd Marine Regiment of the Sixth Marine Division. John Feeney, from New York City and Russell Brutcher, from California, became my fox hole buddies, or I became their buddies. There should be four men in a fire team, instead of three. This factor had a bearing on my future activities and life while on Okinawa. By this I mean that we mostly moved up and held the front line during the night, rather than doing the day time assaulting. In addition, if there would have been four of us to a fire team, two could sleep while two would be awake and on guard. Whereas with three, two would be awake while one would sleep. It was our own planning to do this, and I will indicate later just how valuable that plan was.

### 5. CROSSING THE ASATO RIVER

"Pressing closely after the enemy, the Fourth Marines crossed the Asato on 23 May and entered the eastern suburbs of Naha. ...and later the 22nd and the 29th Marines..., pushed swiftly through Naha." (2-26)

The next day, a foot bridge was erected across the Asato River, I recall walking across it. That morning, we saddled up and waited until time to move out.

I would like to relate a remembrance of a day or so later. We were placed up ahead in this suburbs to hold the line at night. There were stone walls all over the place. There was no activity that night. The following morning, another company moved up to where we were, for to begin that days assault. They moved in and set up their 37 mm. howitzers. These are the small guns on wheels that were pulled by Jeeps. This company was probably I or K company. There I recognized the Lieutenant that was in charge of my group coming from Guam several weeks previous. He said I shouldn't address him by the



## On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

title of Lieutenant. I heard the next day that he had been killed later on in that same day I had talked to him.

Now here is a rather amusing event, at least it was to me at that time. My company or platoon stayed in this same location all day. Later that afternoon, about three or more trucks loaded with replacements pulled up into the area where we were. By this time I was becoming familiar with what to expect. I said "Before long, some of those artillery shells are going to be coming in." The replacements were in full double packs and blanket rolls, and had just got off a ship that day. They had disembarked from the trucks and I was chatting with one of these new replacements. Pretty soon there was a WHAMMO! from an exploding artillery shell. Note that there are usually three shells fired; the third one comes in right on target.

The word was given for everyone to get back upon the trucks. The Marine, that I was talking with, hurried to get his pack back upon his back, but it didn't or wouldn't slide upon his shoulders. Boy! he wanted to get out of there fast, but his pack wouldn't move. I watched him frantically trying to wiggle his pack up, and I thought that that was amusing to me. Remember my first experience with exploding artillery shells? The trucks moved out and no more shells came in. So you can see, the Japanese were observing us all the time.

## 6. MY MOST MISERABLE NIGHT

"...Colonel Harold C. Roberts, executed the Division's third opposed river crossing in twenty days...attacking in the darkness before dawn on the 29th May. The rain drove down unceasingly as the engineers,...threw foot bridges across the Naha canal at three points." (1-136)

This was another rainy night. All I knew was that the engineers were going to build a bridge across a canal and we were to help guard them.

We started out after dark and it was pouring down rain. This was my only visit to downtown Naha. I knew nothing about it before. I remember seeing the streets with a street car track running down the center. Of course, this was visible only by the light of the lightning. This city was the first and biggest and most culturalized city that the Marine Corps had seen in the Pacific, up to this point.

We passed on beyond this downtown section, of course, it was completely evacuated of civilians and we did not run into any Jap defenses. I don't know if we were the first Marines in this section or not.

Anyway, we continued on until we came to a shell hole that was perhaps 12-15 feet across and 6 feet deep and it was located near this canal. We were told to stay here. A Navy Corpsman was with us that night, so that made four of us men

On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

in the hole. Now I would say that it was still raining, so virtually we were laying in the mud, perhaps we could say, fresh mud. We did hear some machine gun fire on up the canal where the engineers erected the bridge, but other than that, there was no Jap activity.

In the morning, as daylight came, the skin on my hands were all wrinkled from being wet all night - really wrinkled. One of my thoughts while staying in that shell hole was about back home on the farm, my Dad would say, "Don't sit on the bare ground, you'll catch a cold." What would he say about laying in this mud hole all night?

We did pull back out of there and went back, I suppose for breakfast. I had got mud in my BAR that night. Now, an automatic mechanism like the BAR had to be kept clean to keep all the parts working smoothly. I remember going to the machine gun section people and used their brushes and whatever to clean out every last speck of dirt. It seems to me that I was away from my platoon of people for a long time and they were beginning to wonder what had happened to me. You know, its mighty easy to turn up lost from your outfit. Everybody looks the same and its easy to become missing.

7. RADIO HILL

"Lieutenant Colonel John G. Johnson, commanding officer of the 2nd Battalion, 22nd Marines. During the assault on Radio Hill, East of Naha, he assumed command of the Battalion when his predecessor was killed. ...Then he again reorganized his battalion and engaged the enemy in hand-to-hand fighting in the darkness, annihilating the enemy in the area. Lt. Johnson's personal bravery and firm determination were an inspiring exanple to his men." (1-183).

One evening, we were assigned to stay or guard the water front. It looked like rain so we fixed up our shelter half so as to stay dry.

Just before dark, along comes a runner calling for our Lieutenant. I said, "We're going to do something like moving out." Sure enough, we packed up to move out. We were asked to carry extra ammunition. I remember carrying a box of machine gun ammo, so I was really loaded down. By about that time the rain began. I recall following the man in front of me as we wound up a narrow trail to the top of a hill. Lightning flashes pointed out the way at times.

My understanding was that we were to fill in a gap in the front line that was left open between two companies after taking the hill that day.

At a place, our fire team was told to "stay here." It was on a ridge with a flat surface to our back and dropped out of sight about 15 feet to the front. To my left, I could see down the ridge to a big rock, then out across a valley and up

On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

another hillside. The reason I could see all this is because a mortar section was shooting up flares constantly. These were magnesium flares on a parachute, just like we see at a 4th of July fireworks display. These flares would light up the whole country side.

After a while, we heard some rifle fire from the back of us, coming from the back of this flat ridge which was on our side. This was confusing to us, because it sounded like Japanese rifle fire coming from our own side. Then, sometimes it sounded like an occasional bullet was hitting the dirt around us. We figured we had better start digging in. It ended up that Feeney took my BAR to use and I took my little spade or shovel to dig. We would only move between flares and I managed to dig the ground from under all three of us as we lay on the ground. The rain had stopped by this time. I had managed to dig so I could see and guard to the front and still have my head below the surface of the ground. I was then using Feeney's M1 rifle and he continued to use my BAR.

At one time, the Marines to my left poked their heads up from near that rock over on my left. That gave me a start and I called out and asked if they were Marines? I could see that it was our helmets. I guess they were confused too as to what was happening. They came over to where we were for a bit, but I guess they figured they were better off where they were, then they went back.

Now, do you get the picture? I'm guarding the front, expecting to see a Jap poke his head up from the drop-off of about 15 feet away. Feeney and Brutcher were guarding the rear, toward our territory. One time I heard Feeney say, "There's a Jap right out there in the grass or ditch." Remember, I never looked around, just kept guarding the front.

After a bit, I heard some one call out in a high toned voice, "HEY!! ARE YOU' GUYS' MARINES'?" From out of the back corner of my right eye, I noticed Feeney rising up and with an arm gesture, yells back, "YOUR GOLDAMM RIGHT' WE ARE'!!" Then I heard a very high shrill cry. "BANN'ZAI!!!" Then I heard a lot of shooting all over the place, BANG! BANG! BANG!, etc. Note, I'm still guarding toward the front. Then things seemed to be all quiet for the rest of the night. Note to any readers; a "BANZAI" charge is when a whole group of Japs get up and charge our lines, all at one time.

When day light came the next morning, can you imagine my amazement when I got up and looked around. I think I could count a dozen or so Jap bodies within sight. I counted at least 30 bodies within the area.

This was my first personal contact with the enemy. I still have a flag from one of them. I think it was wrapped within his helmet, as I recall. Feeney obtained a sword from the leader of the Banzai charge, but by that night, it turned up missing.

Joe Horgan, (3) from the fire team on my right, told me

## On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

at the 1989 reunion at Denver, that he thought that Feeney was foolish to have stood up when he answered the Japs that we were Marines. An interesting thing Joe Horgan also told me is that when all this began to break, his group hopped over to the front side of that ridge, so that's how they had protection. I never thought to crawl out and see what was down that hill side. That might have been a good idea for us, also.

That hill was called Radio Hill because there were a couple of tall metal radio towers up there that could be seen from Naha. Also up on this hill was a school building. From a classroom, I obtained a couple of dolls that I sent to my two Nieces, and I still have an abacus and a 78 RPM record on learning to speak English. Could it be said that we Marines had two objectives, one, to protect our own lives, and the other was to collect souvenirs.

### 8. REST TIME? FOR THE 22nd MARINES

"By 1 June, the 22nd and the 29th Marines had reached the north bank of the Kokuba River and eastern boarder of Oroku Peninsula, the Sixth Div paused upon orders from higher echelon." (2-55)

About June 2 and after acquiring the Kakuba Estuary, the 22nd Marines were relieved of front line duty and retired for a rest period back in Naha. The area into which we moved was a residential area with wooden frame houses. We had straw mats, containing fleas, for a bed, and we were grouped in larger groups of, say 10 Marines each. We ate "10-in one rations." These rations contained such things as cans of candied sweet potatoes, as I recall. Every property or house had stone walls bordering the property line. These houses would have at least two rooms. I would say that single upright boards consisted of both the outside as well as the interior walls. Since we were in larger groups, any individual only needed to stand guard for about 1 hour each night. That made it a great rest time.

Now, it wasn't all that quiet, because the land from across the bay or Estuary, Oroku Peninsula, was still held by the Japanese. I remember at one time seeing men walking up on the ridge, silhouetted against the sky.

During the day, we had flying grasshopper Piper Cub observation airplanes flying around over Naha, but they had to land before dark. After they would land, it still was light enough so as to enable the Japs on the Oroku Peninsula to fire their guns, but their location could not be spotted before darkness. At this time, they would spray the area of Naha with machine gun and anti aircraft bullets. Further, they had a rocket shell which we called a "Screaming Meemie." It made a loud screaming noise as it flew.

Now, when they would start spraying the area with bullets, we would go out and get behind those stone walls. One

On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

evening, after the shooting had stopped for the night, I went back into the house and my poncho was ripped with several holes from a bullet or bullets. The poncho had been spread out on the floor at the place where I would be sleeping.

Now, this is the place where my hair raising experience took place. That night, some time in the middle of the night, we were awoken by a messenger saying that "three boats, loaded with Japs, had landed behind our lines and were moving toward us and that we should be on the lookout for them." Everyone in our house was awakened and all the fellows searched around our house and looked over the stone fences, but no Japs were found in our area. Now I wish to emphasize that, at least, some of us Marines became noticeably quite nervous. They were ready to pull the trigger at any strange object at any instant.

Since no Japs were found, everybody went back to sleep, except me. It was my turn to take over the watch. I stood around outside the house, with my BAR slung over my shoulder, meandering around in the yard and out to the street and back. All was quiet.

After a while, I meandered around closer to the doorway and stepped across its opening. To those inside of the house, I became a silhouette of a man in the open doorway. Instantly, I heard the sound of hard shoes scrambling on the wood floor. I heard the sound of the grabbing of rifles. I heard the sound of safety's on the rifles clicking off. "Click, Click, Click", just like that. Then silence. I then thought that they thought that I was one of those Japs. I expected to see fire come flying from those rifles.

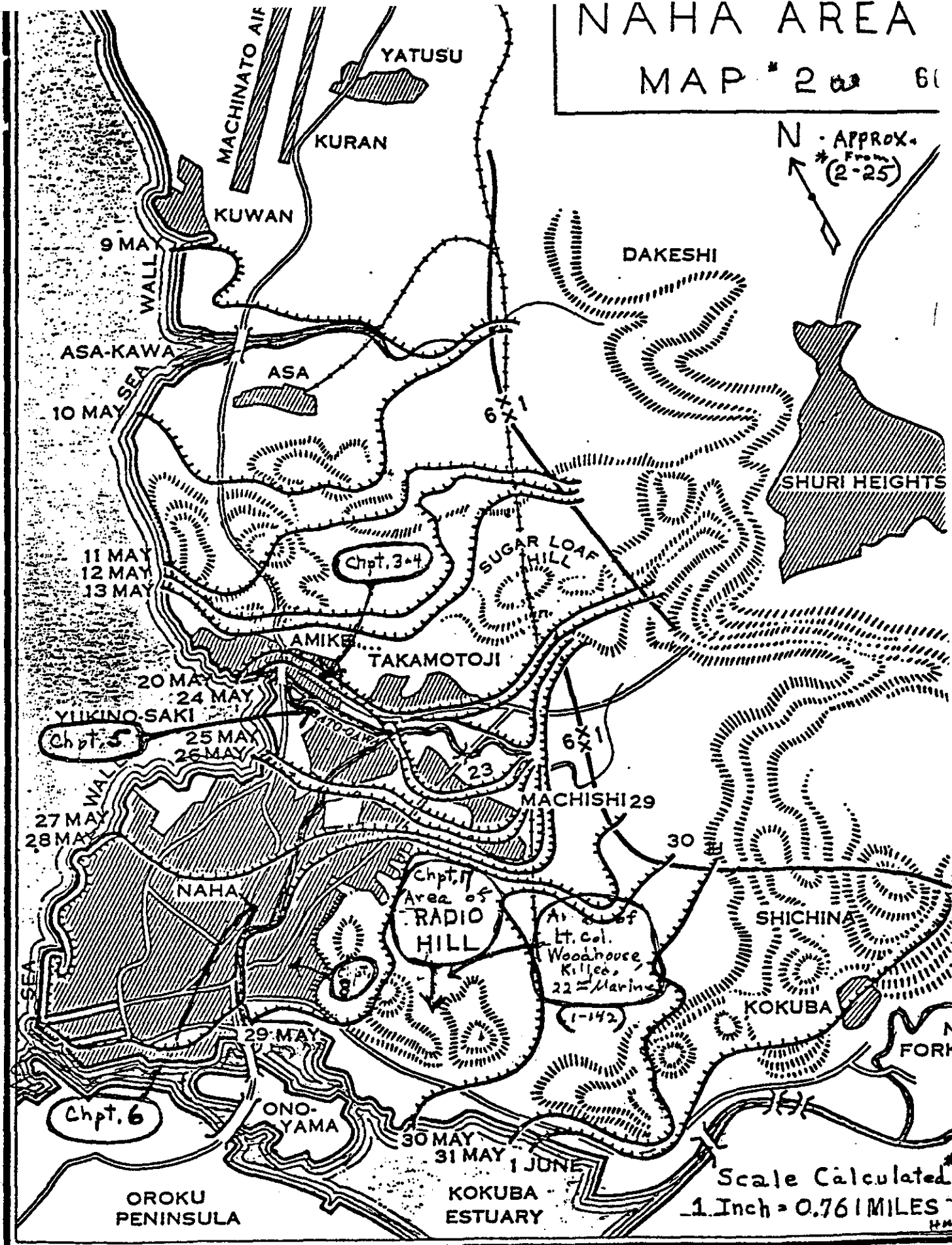
What was my reaction? I want to say that there was a very, very, deep involuntary body reaction that took control over my body. My body became paralyzed. I couldn't move, couldn't breathe, couldn't speak. I just stood there like a statue, frozen stiff. (Tears come to my eyes today, even as I type.) Desperately, I tried to gasp for air and to utter a sound. "It's it's, me," as I began to squeak out a sound. Then I heard, "Hold your fire, its Red!", or whomever I was called.

The above incident is the one that I mentioned in my introduction, about when driving to work and practicing reacting as I did in the open doorway and received a three day mild hic-cup problem.

I want to say that accidents have happened in combat, as we were warned never to move from our position during the night. Because, in combat, at night, we shoot anything that moves, or perhaps, even anything that doesn't move. Our company runner, Donald John Foreman, a young man, (1-237) was killed near the south end of Okinawa. It was said that Forman was leaning up against a tree, when a new Marine replacement thought he was a Jap. I had talked with that Marine the next morning. He said that he "didn't know any different."

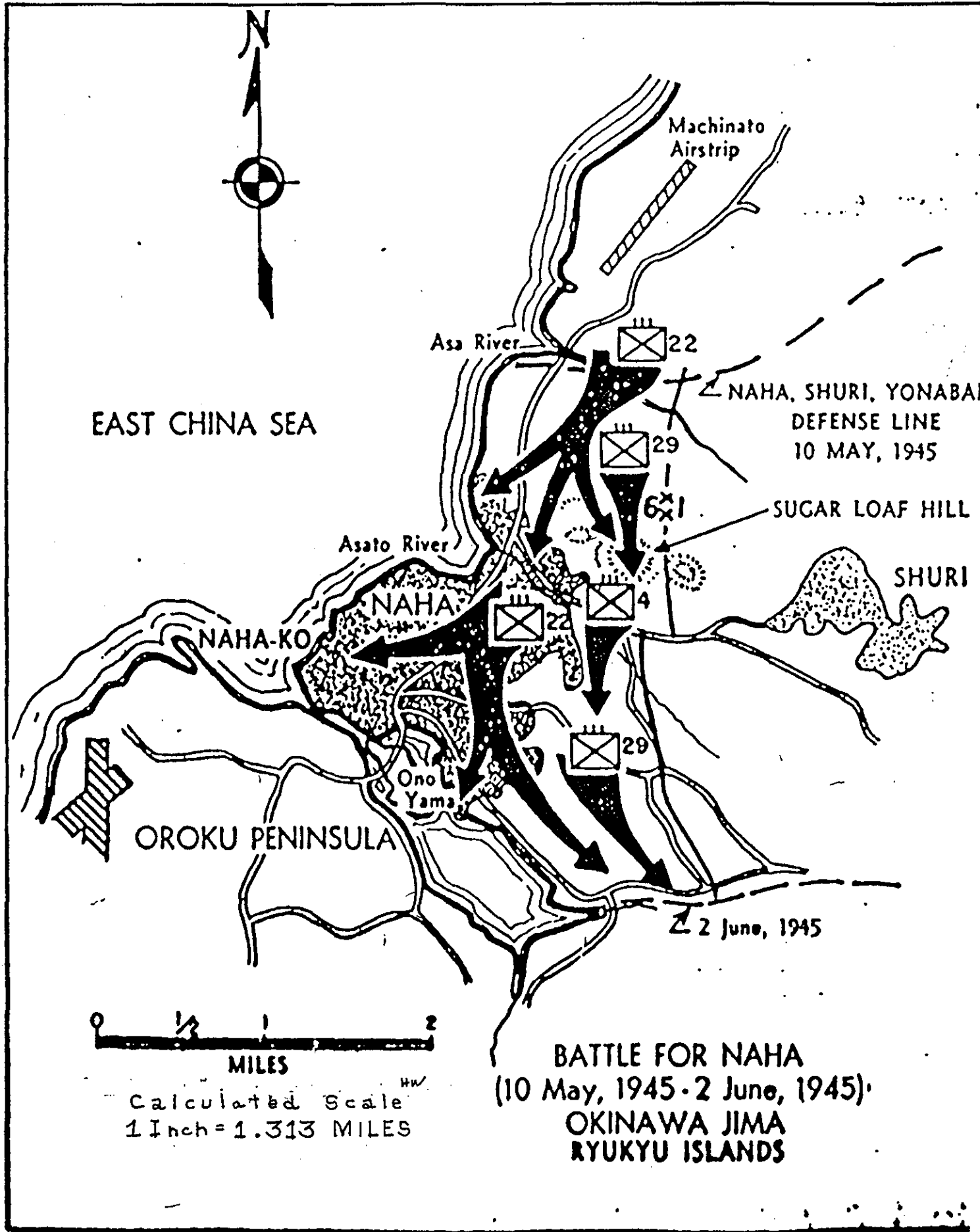
# NAHA AREA

## MAP \* 203 60



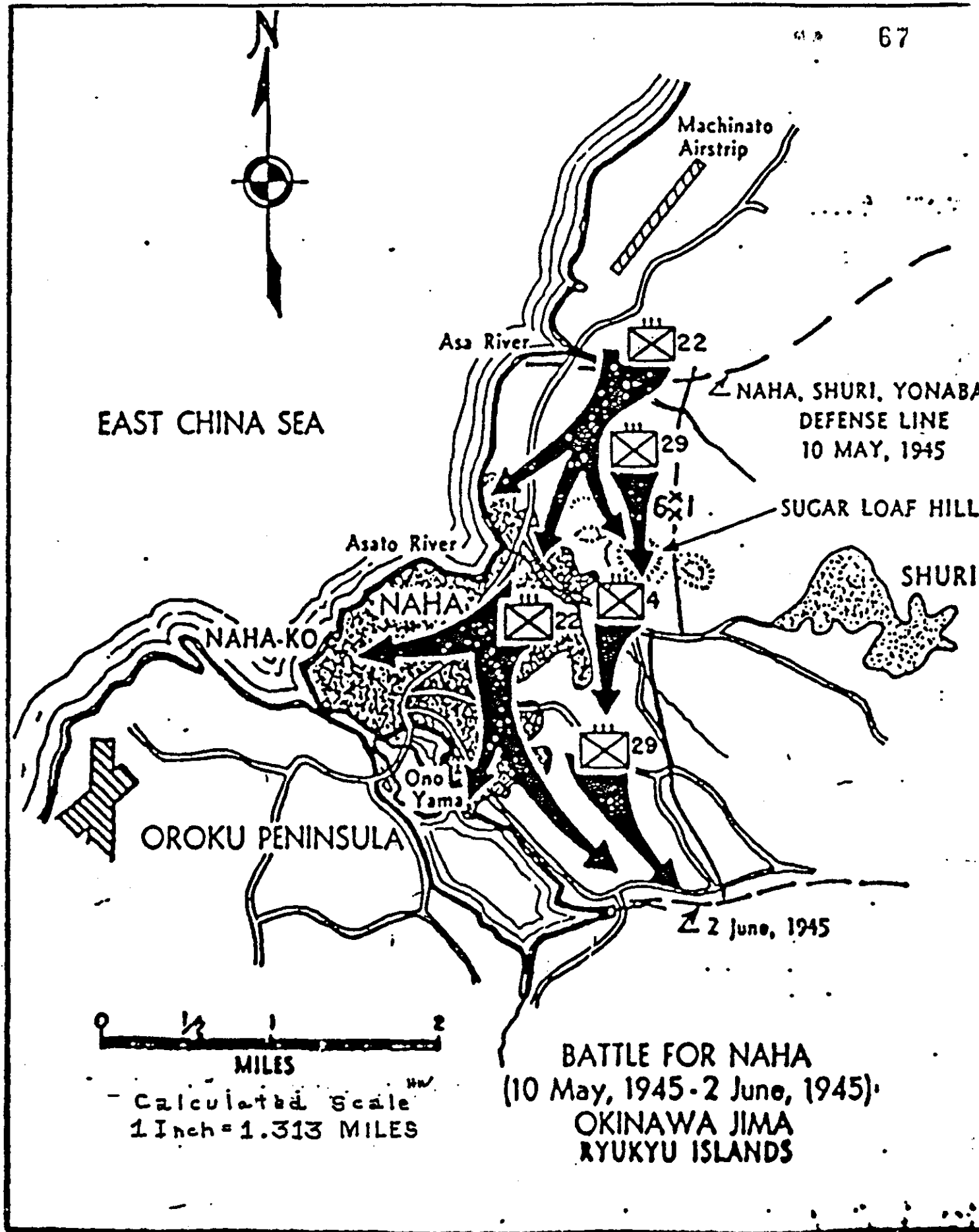
9 May through 1 June—Operations of the 6th Division from its entry into the Southern Lines until the completion of the c

12a ENLARGED from (1-137)



**BATTLE FOR NAHA**  
 (10 May, 1945 - 2 June, 1945)  
**OKINAWA JIMA**  
**RYUKYU ISLANDS**

ENLARGED from (2-25)



**BATTLE FOR NAHA**  
 (10 May, 1945-2 June, 1945)  
 OKINAWA JIMA  
 RYUKYU ISLANDS

ENLARGED from (2-25)  
 12 b.



## On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

9. MY FIRST ASSAULT, TO BE

Ref. Maps 3a, 3b. Pages 15a, 15b.

"5 June...Gen Shepherd ordered the 22nd Marines to cross the Kokuba River and swiftly seal off the peninsula on the east." (2-55)

We were now back to the front lines and working our way South and out toward the Oroku Peninsula to meet the 4th Marines who had landed and had captured or were in the process of capturing the Naha Airfield on the Oroku Peninsula.

One evening, our platoon was given the word that tomorrow, the 3rd platoon will lead the assault on hill number 55. I think that hill number is correct.

Now this was going to be another first for me. It didn't seem to bother my other buddies, Feeney and Brutcher, but this was different for me. The thought of being one of about a dozen men that were to lead the capture of a hill - well I was another "green troop" for that.

My thoughts then went to my memory of the Bible and the 23rd Psalm.

"1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. ...4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me...." (Psalms 23:1-4)

And you know, a cool calmness came over me, and that I was able to go to sleep that night and had a good nights sleep.

How did the tomorrow turn out? Well, I didn't know that there were a couple of other hills that had to be taken first, before hill number 55. Then, in taking those hills, our Company Captain got hit or something, so things didn't go so well; we didn't get to hill 55 that next day.

The day following or so, when we did get there, our platoon was assigned to go in on the second wave or "mopping up." I remember seeing, in the valley at the base of this hill, a perfect pattern of mortar shell holes dotting the valley. By going in second, we had time to collect souvenirs. For example, when we came upon a dead Jap, we had time to cut open his pockets and take out his money and divide it up between us. I still have some Japanese money today as a souvenir. Note, we would use our utility knives to cut open their pockets; we would use the same knife to cut open our cans of C rations, now, I used the same knife last December to field dress a deer out in the woods, here in Ohio. A utility knife, that, it truly was. These knives carried a trade mark "KABAR", had a 7 inch blade and were a total of 12 inches long. It was carried in a leather sheath fastened to our belt.

### On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

I would like to mention an additional experience on our drive south. In order to move forward, we needed to cross an open valley. I recall someone saying to me, "Follow me." He took off running and I took off after him. Now, I had heard Japanese Nambu machine gun fire before, but this time, it sounded differently as we ran across the valley. It just seemed to pound in my ears as, "POW POW POW POW POW POW!" very rapidly. Science textbooks describe this effect to a train whistle when the train is moving toward you, as compared to away from you. I recall, one fellow got a bullet hole in his canteen or belt or something about him.

### 10. THE FINAL ON ORUKO PENINSULA

It may have been the evening before the last day of opposition on the peninsula. We were up on high ground near Tomigusuki; it seemed flat and some woods to my left, then the ridge extended on ahead out to the right. Our Lieutenant said we should be separated from each other that night. Everybody to be on their own. This was in case of probable attack, which they figured was possible. This bothered me somewhat, because I felt strength in being with my fire team buddies. In fact, I expressed my concerns to the Lieutenant, but to no avail.

While we were settling in, a Jap grenade went off over at the edge of the trees or brush. This was quite close, because I thought I had felt something splatter onto my face. Upon inspecting, we found that a Jap had blown himself up. I probably received some splatters of meat on my face. There were apparently no further problems during that night.

I would like to describe, probably the next morning, or at least, the last day of combat on the peninsula. The Fourth Marines were coming East from taking the Naha airfield. The 22nd Marines were moving West, and the 29th Marines were moving East, next to the water on the North. The Japs were getting bottled up.

On the morning of this last day, I recall that we were sitting on the western slope of a hill and it was covered with trees and we were waiting. There was a wounded Marine being carried back to the aid station, and I was asked to help carry him back. When that was finished, I returned back to where I had been. I found that no one was around, so I just sat down and waited. I wasn't about to go wondering around alone. Finally, or shortly, some one came back to look for me. He led me up to where my company had gone. They were up near the ridge of the next hill and below a 3 foot bank. I was told that those up beyond the bank were asking for me to bring up my BAR, of which I did.

I found that there was a flat, low grass area on top and the other Marines were in a big shell hole. They had a machine gun mounted up on the edge of the shell hole. They were doing

On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

some shooting to the left, out along the open area and into the trees and shrubs at the far end. I couldn't see what to shoot at. Some one said that I should run out and get behind that tree up there. So I got out and ran up to behind that tree. I thought I had heard something hit the tree in front of me. I thought, could that have been a bullet? I found that there was a split in the tree trunk at the ground level and that I could shoot through that hole, but, I didn't know what to shoot at. Also, I didn't think that it would be a good policy to wildly fire my BAR, because if they knew that I had a BAR they would put a bullet right through that hole in the tree trunk.

There was another Marine further out ahead of me in a shell hole. There was an occasion that I saw him wave his foot up into the air above the shell hole. He later said to me that he did wave his foot, but the Japs wouldn't shoot at his foot, only at his head.

I was called back to the shell hole from which I had been, so up and out I ran. While I was there, a machine gunner reached up to get hold of the machine gun trigger and a bullet blazed across his fingers. He pulled his hand back in pain and wrapped a cloth or something around his hand, as I recall.

Then I recall getting up and out of that shell hole and running back to behind that bank. Among those behind that bank was a radio operator with his field radio, and he was in communication with someone. There was also a machine gun up on top of this bank. I recall that while I was there, the machine gunner kept the machine gun firing constantly. As soon as one box was empty, he fed in another belt of ammo. I think it was 13 boxes of machine gun ammo he used up without pausing.

By that time, we could get up and walk around anywhere. What was happening? Another company, possibly K company, came up the back side of that hill and captured the hill. I later saw a big, ugly gun that was captured. I would say that it was 6 feet long, or so.

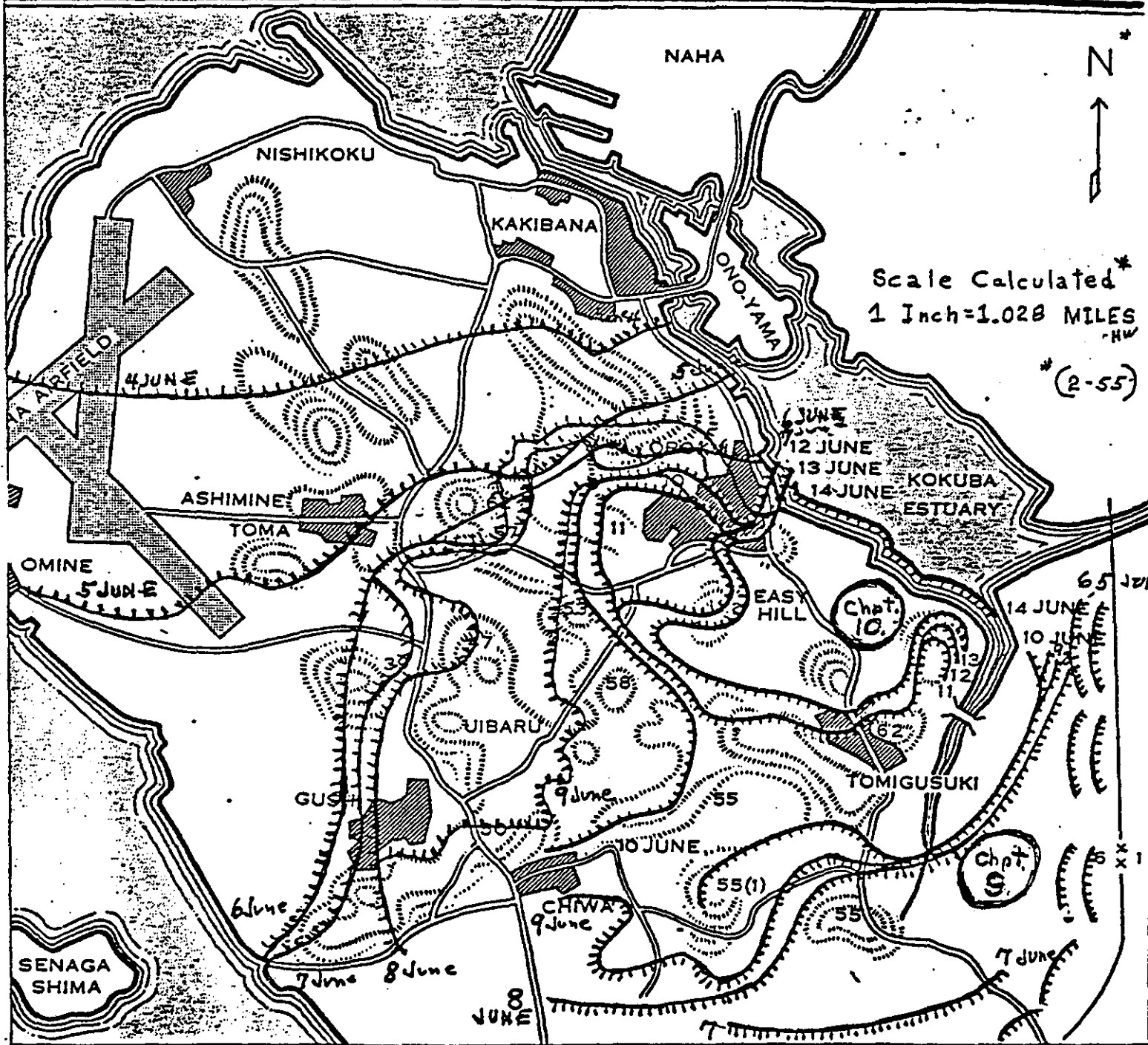
That was the end of the operation on the Oroku Peninsula. The word then was that the War was over for the Sixth Marine Division, because other units would finish taking the rest of Okinawa. The First Marine Division and the 27th Army were also doing their part.

"The American Forces suffered more than 1,000 casualties during the 10 day battle for Oroku, while Japanese casualties soared to an average of 1,000 a day for several consecutive days. The heavy losses caused confusion in the chain of command of the Japanese Force." (4-168)

"...1,608 Marines killed or wounded...Thirty tanks disabled...killed almost 5,000...taken some 200 POW. (1-161)

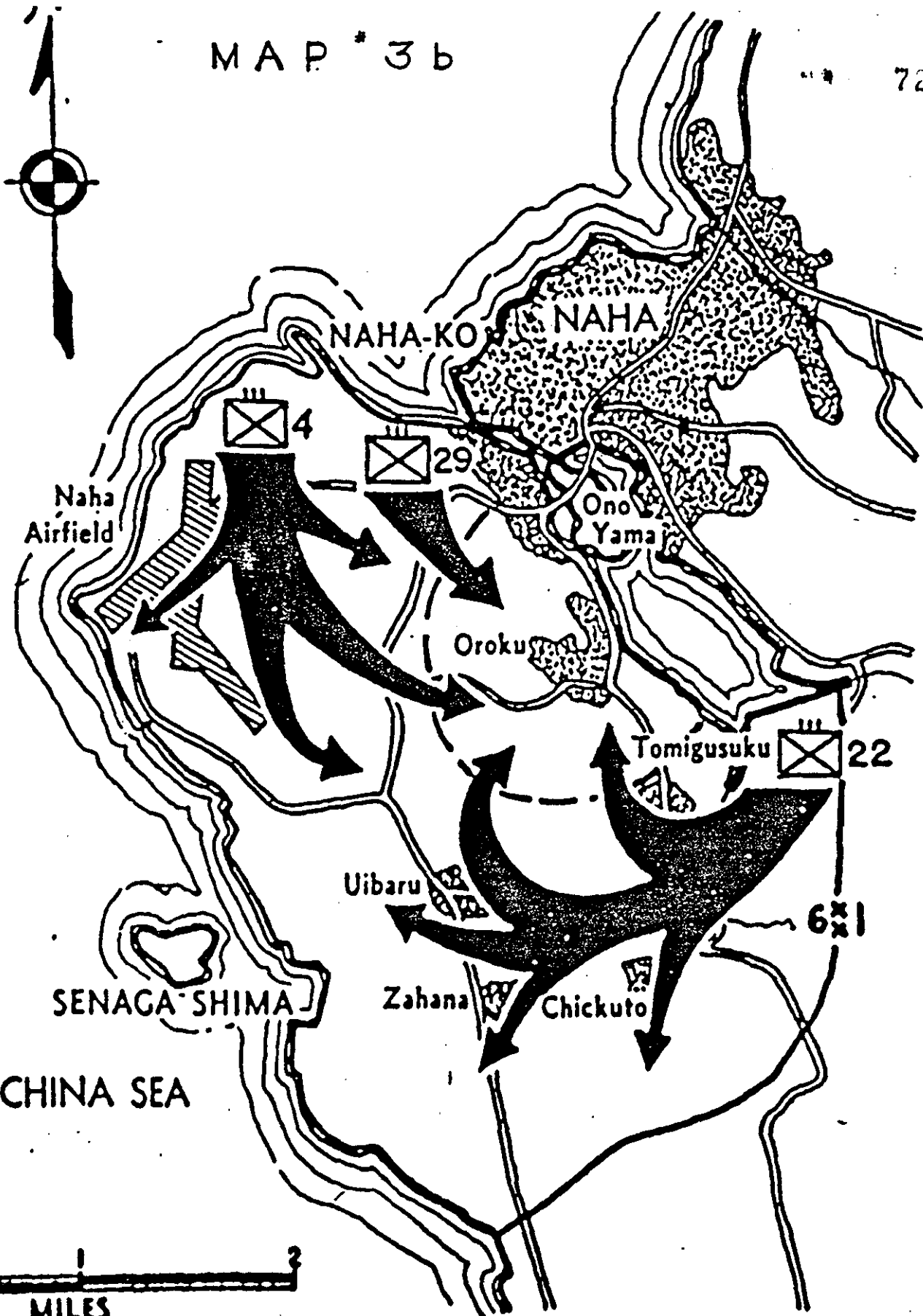
# MAP \* 3a

## OPERATIONS ON OROKU PENINSULA



4 June. The Japanese defenses crumbled as the three regiments pressed the remnants into the Kokuba estuary

ENLARGED from (1-159, 151 + 147)



EAST CHINA SEA



Calculated Scale  
1 Inch = 1.563 MILES

ENLARGED  
from (2-55)

**BATTLE FOR OROKUBI PENINSULA**  
(4 June, 1945-14 June, 1945)  
**OKINAWA JIMA**  
**RYUKYU ISLANDS**

On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

11. THE SOUTH END OF SOUTHERN OKINAWA

Ref. Maps 4a, 4b. Pages 19a, 19b.

Note, that I said in the last chapter that the combat was over for the Sixth Marine Divison. Of course, after several days, we were on our way moving South as seen in picture (1-165).

"The attack was resumed on the morning of June 18, against Kuwanga Ridge,.... The 2nd Bn. 22nd, passed through the 3rd Bn. ... The cost of casualties was high and among them was Colonel Harold C. Roberts, the 22nd gallant commander." (1-167)

Fox company moved up to the next to the last ridge on south Okinawa, called the Kuwanga Ridge. This was a ridge, I would say, possibly 30-50 feet high, perhaps more or perhaps less. It was hard, very little soil, so we couldn't do any digging, we were only able to bring in a circle of small stones to make a rim of about 6 or so inches high; that was our fox hole. Facing south, George Company was to my right, toward the China Sea, from Fox Company. I would say that my fire team was next to George Company. I'll explain later in the next chapter.

I remember, out in front, on the valley floor was a little settlement or village, like a group of stone shelters. After we had arrived on the ridge, these shelters were shelled by our artillery. Remember how I had described, when I was in the Service Battalion, the sound of artillery shells flying over our heads? Now, I was hearing those artillery shells flying over our heads again and exploding in the air right over this village. I think the term for this type of shells were "proximity fused shells." When those shells got so near to the ground, they would explode. I thought, how can anything live through that?

Now, of course, we settled in for the night. Then, sometime in the middle of the night, I was on watch. Remember, there were only three of us, so two of us always guarded the other person sleeping, because we couldn't trust ourselves from not falling asleep. This indicates the idea that we, as an individual, were fighting for our own lives only, not for our country.

Anyway, out in the darkness, I thought I head a sound, like someone running and thought I detected a lighter dark spot moving in the darkness from my left to my right. My BAR was in my lap, so beginning from my right and swinging my BAR to my left, I held down the trigger. Probably in this swing six to ten rounds of ammo were fired. Then I heard a "Yell" as if some one were in pain. Then I heard the sound of a Jap hand grenade igniting out there. Jap hand grenades were ignited by

## On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

striking the plunger against their metal helmets. This sound was followed by an explosion out there, then all was quiet for the rest of the night.

At daylight, Feeney, Brutcher and myself went down to inspect the results of last night. We found a Jap lying face down, with no face or whatever. Here again, we cut open his pockets and took out money and divided it up. As I recall, he also had several more hand grenades in his pockets.

Then we three walked over to those stone shelters or village that had been shelled the late afternoon before. Low and behold, there were several civilians there. I remember distinctly, a little girl of probably 4 to 6 years old. She was holding on to my hand, a bit, then she had to go to the bathroom. So she went over to their hole in the a stone in the open shelter and did her little thing and came back. There was also an old man there that had swollen feet, really large, like size 24? It's what was called "elephant feet." By this time, more of our fellow Marines gathered in. A stretcher was improvised and this man was then carried back to our aid station.

"...the morning of June 19, while the 22nd prepared to conduct mopping up operations on the two ridges it had overrun during the preceding days."(1-171)

After all this, our company organized a "mopping up" operation. "Mopping up" is where we form a single line and move through the cane fields, etc. I recall that I was involved, along with another Marine, in having a Jap prisoner carry a shovel. At times, somewhere along the line of Marines, I would hear a "BANG, BANG, BANG." Then some one would yell over to us, "Bring your prisoner over here!" So we would go over there and the prisoner would shovel some ground over a dead Jap.

Note, that in all of the previous fighting in the Pacific area of World War II, the Japs chose death or suicide; this was the beginning when some began to permit themselves to become prisoners-of-war.

Later on, I was with others, in an area with some hedge or brush around. There was a cluster of small trees or brush about 30 or so feet away. Our other BAR man stated firing into those bushes. I thought, "What is he firing into those bushes for?" To my surprise, out comes a Jap with his hands up and jumbling Japanese. It was like an underground cellar there, with a slanting door going down. Someone tried to get him to go back in and get any one else to come out, but he refused to go back in. Before long, there was a grenade exploded down in there. Whomever it was, chose to stay there. Latter, I remember, at the same location, of guarding a small group of Japanese, some were women. We considered that they looked rather mean, so we kept a real constant eye on them.

## On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

12. THE LAST NIGHT

Our company stayed on this Kuwanga Ridge for the next several days, until we moved back north after hostility ceased. So that night, June 19, we were back in our location on this ridge, and doing the usual two men awake while one sleeps. During that day, troops had moved up the road on to continue to take the rest of Okinawa. George Company had pulled from my right flank and moved up to be in position to raise the flag on Southern Okinawa. This same company had raised the flag on the North end of the Island. At one time, it was rumored that Fox Company was going to raise the flag. That's how close I came to be in on raising the flag. The point here is that no one was left on my right flank. As far I knew, no other Marines were between me and the China Sea.

At some time during the night, I caught a glimpse of a column of men walking from the south to around my right toward the north. They were silhouetted against the sea and traveling back up the road from which our troops had traveled south that day. I said to Feeney, "There's a column of men walking down there." He says "Where?". I said, "Can't see them any more." He replied scoldingly, "Why didn't you shoot them, they would not be any of our men walking at night. Now they could cause us some trouble." I replied that they were too far away to hit them anyway, so we stayed on double alertness.

Sure enough, after some time, I saw a Jap coming up from our back right. Feeney was guarding that direction. I could see his Jap helmet silhouetted against the sky. He was on a trot and was carrying his rifle in his hand at waist level. Feeney lifted his M1 rifle and it went "clank." So I swung around my BAR and thought, "Here is where I hold down the trigger." I fired a burst, then I fired a burst into the ground, then another burst into some bushes to the right and back of where he was coming from. I just felt like firing into those bushes. Then, all was quiet for the rest of the night. What had happened to Feeney's rifle was that he had forgotten to reload it after cleaning it for the night.

When daylight arrived the next morning, June 20, I counted out 10 steps to where the Jap was laying. Then on back down the ridge, a short ways, was another dead Jap. No one could account for his death. The Jap rifle that I have at home today, came from the one that was trotting up over the ridge toward us. I then had time to build a box and send this rifle back home. I did fire it a time or two there, but we were not to bring back any ammunition, nor have I ever purchased any 7 mm. shells to shoot it here at home.

Presumably, it was the next day, June 21, that the flag was raised over Southern Okinawa by George Company of the 22nd Marines of the Sixth Marine Division. Now the War "was" over on Okinawa.



On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

13. THEN WHAT?

Then after several days, we moved back nearer Naha, and were issued jungle hammocks and had hot meals. On July Fourth, I was assigned mess duty. There was a memorial service being held at the Sixth Division Cemetery. I could have gone along with others, but I guess I was too depressed or worn out or something. I just stayed there.

"...for the 22nd had seen the worst of Okinawa and had taken the heaviest casualties of any regiment there." (1-192)

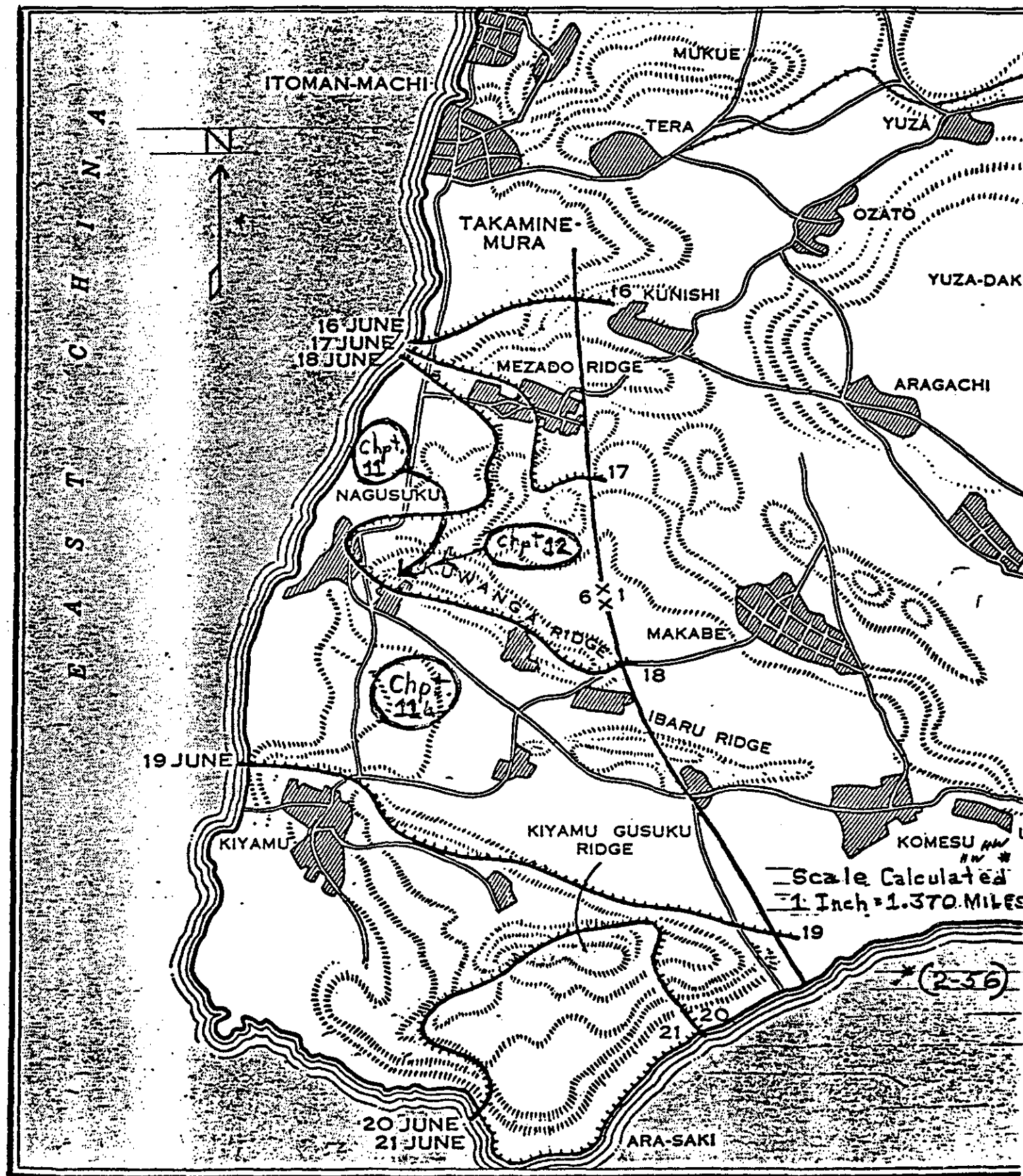
Even after the Division went back to Guam, about July 17, I felt rather light headed at times to the extent that I did say something to an officer. He assured me that I would feel better soon. I did volunteer for a work detail which took me to the 3rd Amphibious Corps for a week. We worked to chisel a flat area on a ridge overlooking the Pacific Ocean, using air hammers and wheel barrows. The objective was to clear off a place for an officers club. There, we seemed to have better quality food, including powdered milk that tasted very good. I felt much stronger after that. Apparently, the strain of combat was getting to me.

On August 11, 1945, the War with Japan ended. That was really a great feeling. Several days later, while standing for inspection or something, a messenger came, stating that I was to report immediately to Company Headquarters. I was then told to pack up and be ready to move out in one hour. It ended up that I was part of a group, consisting of Cooks & Bakers and Shoe & Textile Repair specialists, that ended up staying on the Island of Saipan until time to go home. I think we were to meet a ship there and go into Japan. Apparently we never made connections.

14. CONCLUSION

This is, in most part, the story of my life in the Sixth Marine Division, the 22nd Marines, 2nd Battalion, Fox Company and the Third Platoon. I am particularly grateful to have had John Feeney (1-253), my fire team leader, and Russell Brutcher (5), assistant BAR man, as my foxhole buddies. Their experience and guidance enabled me to survive and to do my little bit in the big complex operation in the battles acquiring the Island of Okinawa, Japan in 1945. All of the Marines were a great group to work with.

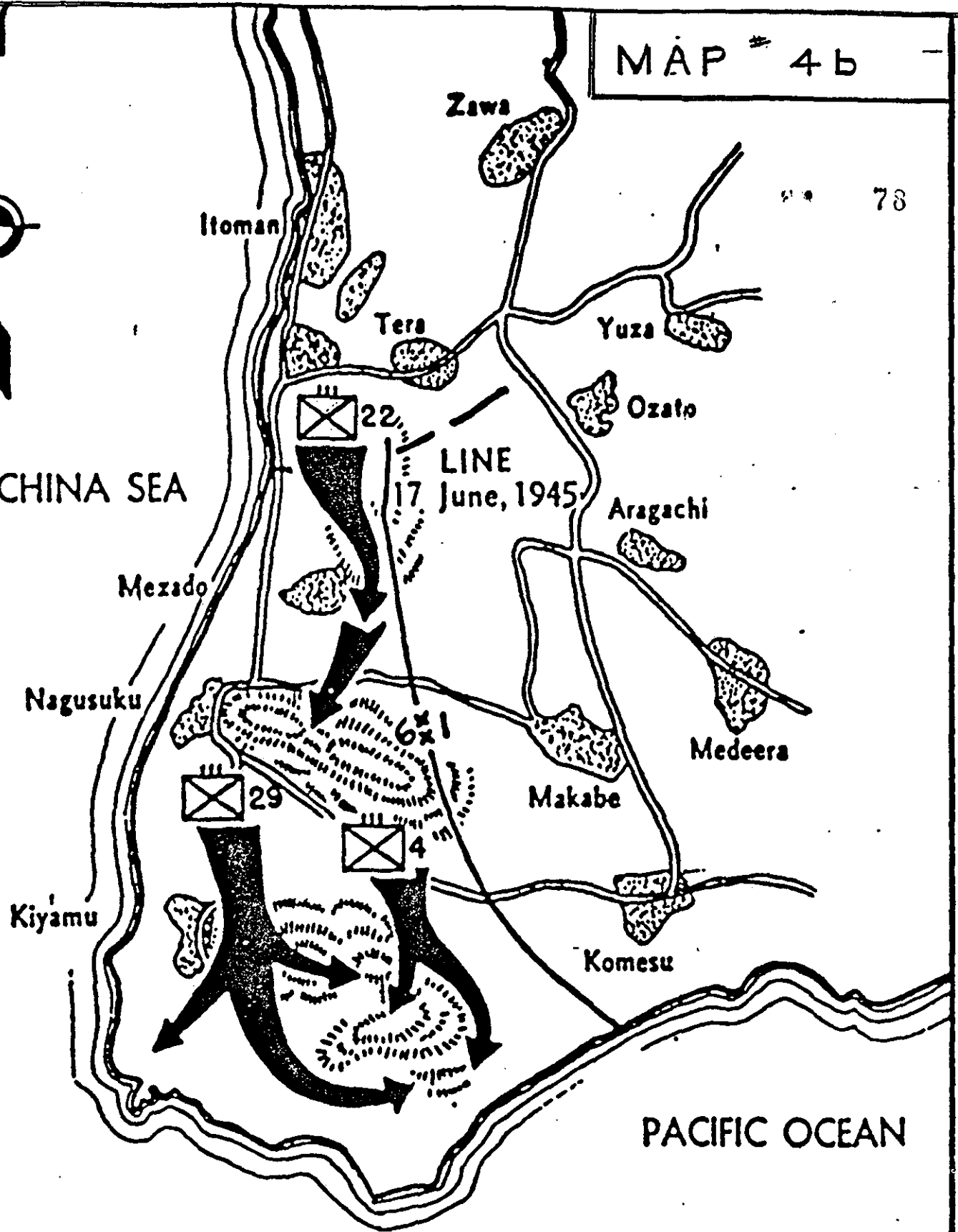
"Semper Fidelis" (Always Faithful).



Division operations, 16-21 June. The capture of Ara Saki.  
 ENLARGED from (1-169)  
 19a.



EAST CHINA SEA



PACIFIC OCEAN

**BATTLE OF THE RIDGES**  
(17 June, 1945-21 June, 1945)

ENLARGED  
from (2-56)

OKINAWA JIMA  
RYUKYU ISLANDS

Calculated Scale  
1 Inch = 1.547 MILES



## On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Cass, Bevan G. (Ed.) HISTORY OF THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION  
Washington D.C.: Infantry Journal Press, 1948
2. Shilin, 1st Lt. Alan I., "6th Mar Div in Southern Okinawa."  
Marine Corps Gazette, September 1945, Vol. 29 No. 9  
pp. 23...55.
3. Horgan, Joseph A. Magnolia, NJ; F-2-22, 6th Marine  
Division Reunion at Denver, Col. 1989
4. Ota, Masahide. THE BATTLE OF OKINAWA, The Typhoon of Steel  
and Bombs (Third Printing 1988) Tokyo, Japan: Kume  
Publishing Co., 1984 Street address, 6F-1-1-1 Jingumae,  
Shibuya-ku.
5. Brutcher, Russell G., San Rafael, Calif., 1989 Directory,  
6th MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC. F-2-22

## On Southern Okinawa with F-2-22

Addendum. What about Grenades?

Somewhere during the battles in the South Pacific, it had been reported that there was an incident where a Jap grenade was thrown into a fox hole, a Marine threw himself over the grenade, thus saving the lives of his buddies. In referring to such a possible similar situation occurring for us, Feeney and Brutcher said to me, "Let's not any of us become a hero. If a Jap grenade should ever come into where we are, let's attempt to grab it and throw it back at them." (Thank goodness, that occasion never occurred.)

On the other hand, to help prevent the Japs from doing the same with our grenades that we might throw at them, we established a plan of procedure. (Our hand grenades were made with a "handle" that was spring loaded and it was held in place by a pin. When the pin was pulled out, the fingers would hold the handle in place until the grenade was thrown. When thrown, the the handle would fly off, thus igniting the grenade and, and I think at that time, it would explode in seven seconds.) Our plan of procedure was to pull the pin, let the handle fly off, thus igniting the grenade, count "one" "two" "three", then throw the grenade. Thus, we would be holding a live grenade in our hand for about three seconds. This was to reduce the time it would take for the grenade to be returned to us.

We did follow that procedure whenever we would suspicion the nearness of Japs by sight, sound, or by smell. Yes, our noses became as sensitive to a Jap as a dog's nose to a rabbit. I relate this to show the closeness of the fighting that took place, at times, between that of our Marines and that of the enemy. The enemy was not always someone at some far off distance. It also indicates the tenseness that we were under while being on the front line, making sure that our positions would still be at the same place the next morning. (Whenever the Japs did attack during the night, it was usually during the latter half of the night.)

RESERVE  
RESERVE

973673  
Duration National Emergency

WALTERS,

Harold Elmer

BORN: 29 March 1922

AT: New Philadelphia, Ohio

ENLISTED: 27 June 1944

Accepted: Dover, Ohio

AT: Cleveland, Ohio

27 Jun 44 - 27 Jun 44 USMC SS

Rec Dep, San Diego CI. / 3b

Jd. 3rd CasCo, Recruit Depot SEP / 1944

Designation changed to 2nd CasCo, Recruit Depot Hq. In OCT / 1944

TEMPORARY LINE JAN 21 1945

Jd Serv. Co, Service Bn, By S/R OCT / 1944

Jd. 1st Serv. Co, Recruit Depot JAN 23 1945

via ARGONC MAR 11 1945

Jd. Serv & Sup Co 6th Serv Bn MAY 17 1945

Jd. 2nd Bn 2nd Mtr FMF MAY 24 1945

Jd. 3d Platoon, 4th Sail Repair Co (Prov) SEP 11 1945

Jd. Hqs Serv. Co 11th Serv Bn MAR 2 1946

TEMPORARY LINE CORPORAL AUG 13 1946

Special C. JUL 26 1946

honorable Dis. AUG 2 1946

FILE

## FORTY-SIXTH REPLACEMENT DRAFT

EMBARKED on board USS DICKENS 10 May, 1945, at Guam, Marianas lands, and sailed therefrom on 11 May, 1945. Arrived at Tinian on 15 May 1945, and disembarked thereon on 15 May, 1945.

FRANKLIN D. SILLS,  
Captain, USMCR  
Commanding.

2dBN, 22dMAR, 6thMARDIV, IN THE FIELD.

Participated in the capture of OKINAWA SHIMA, Ryukyu Islands, Japan from 17 Jun 45 to 21 Jun 45; 22 Jun 45-9 Jul 45, garrison troops that Island; 10 Jul 45, emb on board the USAT CAPE PERFEUTA; 11, only at anchor; 12, sailed therefrom; 12-16, at sea; 17, arr and disemb at Guam, Marianas Islands.

*Robert D. ...*  
1st Lt., USMCR., Adjutant.

46th Replacement Draft,  
Embarked on board the USS ARENAC (APA-128) 10 March, 1945 at San Diego, California. Sailed therefrom 11 March, 1945. Arrived Pearl Harbor, T.H. 17 March, 1945. Sailed therefrom 20 March, 1945. Arrived Eniwetok Atoll, Marshall Islands 28 March, 1945. Sailed therefrom 28 March, 1945. Arrived Guam Marianas Islands 31 March, 1945. Disembarked 31 March, 1945. Crossed International Date Line 24 March, 1945. *after*

*R. J. Hazelberg*  
R.J. HAZELBERG  
1st Licut, USMCR,  
Adjutant.

Designation of 3RD CASUAL COMPANY, TRAINING REGIMENT, RECRUIT DEPOT, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO 41, CALIFORNIA, changed to 2ND CASUAL COMPANY, HEADQUARTERS BATTALION, RECRUIT DEPOT, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO 41, CALIFORNIA, effective 1 October, 1944, per authority DoIP Serial #36845, dated 2 September, 1944, and CG, DoIP ltr., dated 22 September, 1944.

*R. Colsky*  
R. COLSKY,  
Capt., USMC,  
Commanding.

HUBERT H WELCH I/3/29/6

82 DAYS OF HELL AND GLORY

The Okinawa Campaign with the Sixth Marine Division

BY

First Lieutenant George Thompson, USMCR.  
(29th Regiment, 6th Mar Div.)

As Told to

Kenneth McCaleb  
International News Service Staff Correspondent



HEADQUARTERS  
SIXTH MARINE DIVISION  
IN THE FIELD

25 August 1945

The bloody, hard-fought battle for Okinawa may be recorded in history as the decisive campaign of the Pacific War. It broke the cordon of resistance surrounding the Japanese homeland and clearly demonstrated the superiority of American arms and the quality of our fighting men over the best the enemy could muster. The fact that the collapse of Japan followed so closely the Okinawan victory strongly indicates that the results of this battle undoubtedly influenced the Emperor's decision to sue for peace.

This story of the activities of the Sixth Marine Division on Okinawa, dealing particularly with the operations of the 29th Marines, has been told by Lieutenant George Thompson to Mr. Kenneth McCaleb of the International News Service. Mr. McCaleb has graciously given his permission to reprint his manuscript in pamphlet form for distribution throughout the division. It is believed that this account of the Okinawan campaign will be of interest to the officers and men who participated so courageously in this great battle, and in future years will serve as a reminder of the glorious accomplishments of the Sixth Marine Division.

LEMUEL C. SHEPHERD, Jr.,  
Major General, U.S. Marine Corps,  
Commanding, Sixth Marine Division.

## Chapter 1

The twilight breeze on this dust-coated, sun-scorched island that is no longer a part of the Japanese Empire, rustles the withered stalks of sugar cane that will never again yield its sweet juice for the Nippon soldier's saki.

In the gathering dusk, silhouetted against amber clouds of a setting sun, a lone observation plane wings its way north to the shelter of the airfield. Far out on the calm East China Sea, a destroyer escort slides through the myriad tiny islands, its .20's and .40's silent.

The sugar cane has been burned dry by our firebombs and flamethrowers and the breeze carries the sickly sweet stench of its clotted sap, along with the stench of death from rotting Japanese corpses still unburied because live Nips may yet lurk in the caves or fields.

Around us as we begin the telling and the writing of this, their story, men of the Sixth Marine Division are resting. As far as the eye can see, shallow holes covered by ponchos dot the landscape, some in neat array, others scattered like the green-brown autumn leaves on the front lawn at home. Puttering around these dug-in dwellings, an occasional solitary Marine fusses with a knot he thinks his buddy had tied too loosely; a pair loll talking quietly, in tired words of variously accented American.

The men have earned this rest. Their 82 days of hell and glory on Okinawa are over now. The island is secured and only the last mopping up of Jap remnants remains.

Behind them lie the days and nights of fighting and dying the little deaths that come with horror and fear, of raw and heroic violence that makes man's primitive spirit soar. Days and nights of turmoil that now echo only in the strangely musical sound of the names: Yontan, Nakadormari, Chuda, Nago, Toguchi, Naha, Kiyamu, Motobu, Oroku where the 6th Marine Division has left its mark -- and its dead. Or other, newer names which now belong to history: Sugar Loaf, Halfmoon, Horseshoe.

Far up the Okinawa coast from where we sit lie 1,697 of these men in a rest that is longer than ours. Overlooking Green Beach No. 2, in the area where the division landed that Easter morning that seems so long ago, the graves face their white crosses and stars of David toward Asia from a burial ground that will be forever a little bit of America.

Among the crosses is one that bears the name of Col. Harold C. Roberts, commanding the 22nd Regiment of the 6th Division when he was killed in action on Kuwanga Ridge in the final drive south and within sight of Okinawa's southern coast that was his goal.

I did not know Col. Roberts, but his death and the manner of it - shot through the heart by a sniper while in the forefront of his men - was typical of the 6th Division of Okinawa. It so happened that I designed the shoulder patch for the division - the gold "6" with the silver sword pointing upwards on blue background, with the words "Melanesia", "Micronesia", and "Orient" in gold on the circular red border. If I had it to do again, I'd put the single

word "Attack!" dominating the design, for if the 6th Division had a motto, it would be that word.

When pinned down by enemy artillery at the Horseshoe, we attacked. When under fire in the bowls around Sugar Loaf from an enemy with direct observation high on the hill above, we attacked. When our ranks were being decimated by withering mortar fire from beyond the Half Moon, whenever the situation looked ripe for withdrawal -- the 6th Division attacked.

In that kind of warfare, men do not move forward unless their leaders go with them. Not since the War Between the States, I think, have battalion and regimental commanders led American troops into close quarter battle to the extent they did with the 6th Division on Okinawa.

They showed up in the casualties, these officers, Lt. Col. Moreau, my own battalion commander -- leader the 1st Battalion, 29th Marines -- lost a leg on Sugar Loaf; while among the casualties of the 1st Battalion, 22nd Marines, in the same action were Major Myers, the battalion commander, and three company commanders.

Maj Gen Lemuel C. Shepherd took chances that scared the pants off most of those who saw him ignoring enemy shellfire. Though the commanding general escaped without a Jap-inflicted wound, he wore one arm in a sling for awhile after a man had dived into a foxhole on top of him.

Col. Victor F. Bleasdale, his thirtieth year in the Marine Corps, commanding the 29th Marines during the early part of the Okinawa campaign, rarely issued an order to advance. His formula instead was: "Follow me." The men followed.

The 6th Mar Div, first division of the Marine Corps to be formed in the field in this war, was new as a division when it hit the beaches at Okinawa but veteran as to its component parts. The 4th and 22nd Regiments as part of the First Provisional Marine Brigade had distinguished themselves on Guam, where each won unit citations. The third infantry regiment of the division, the 29th, was formed in a unique way. From schools in New River, N.C., officer and NCO instructors -- of which I was one -- were assigned companies and platoons made up of their former students.

We trained at Guadalcanal, where other Marines had made history. There the 29th was joined by our 1st Battalion, which had fought at Saipan and won glory at Mt. Topatchau. Thus, in the "new" division, only two battalions of the nine in the three regiments had yet to see combat.

We trained hard. The island stained by the blood and glorified by the spirit of other Marines sounded again to the thud of small arms fire, the scream of bazooka rockets, the cough of mortar shells.

After six months we were ready, tough and skilled and battle-wise and "Gung-ho". Early in March we embarked on the huge gray transports lying off Kokumbona. There were rehearsal landing exercises, clambering up and down the nets, fighting our way to the beaches in choppy water. Then the division staff was satisfied. We were off.

Three days out, official word was passed through the officers and NCOs to the men of our destination. They trotted out the large-scale, painted plaster maps -- that were really models -- on which I'd worked before our departure.

"Cripes," said one sergeant of my acquaintance when he learned that Okinawa was our objective. "right into Hirohito's back yard!"

## Chapter 2

The Japanese soldier is a tough, a wily and -- especially -- an unpredictable foe.

The United States Marine can take his measure, as he can the measure of any other enemy the world around, but I defy any man to guess every time what the Nip is going to do next.

Since Guadalcanal, no major landing by the Marines in this war has been anything other than tough. The beaches on Tarawa, Saipan, Guam, Iwo have run with the blood of Marines. And Okinawa was supposed to be the toughest landing of all.

Yet here we were, standing on the beaches on L-Day, beside the strange womb-shaped tombs, looking out over the huge mass of American shipping that comprised the initial striking force.

There were no blood-stained sands behind us, no medical corpsmen working over the maimed bodies of our men. Where was the boom of the heavy Nambu, opening up from its dug-in tomb base, such as we'd been told to expect? Where were the quick snaps of the Arisaka rifles in the hands of the usual hidden Nips? There was none of that.

Instead, the entire Sixth Marine Division landed on the "Green" and "Red" Beaches on the central east coast of Okinawa with twenty-four casualties. And when I came ashore, behind the first assault troops, the only "enemy" of which I saw any signs were:

Item, an Okinawan civilian burial party, oblivious to the Marines around them.

Item, one small nanny goat, bleating her surprise at seeing more people than she'd ever seen before.

L-day or "Love day" (the Navy phonetically uses "love" for "L" as it does "able" for "A" or "mike" for "M") dawned bright and clear. I've heard three separate explanations for that "L" designation and I still don't know which is correct. One is that "L" stands for "landing". Another is that, since "L" is the twelfth assault landing the Marines have made in the war, coming between "K" or "King-day" and "M" or "Mike-day", the next one coming up. Still another is that "D-day" on Kerama Rhetto was eight days before, making the landing time on Okinawa "L-day" by alphabetical progression.

Anyway, everything looked lovely for us on "Love-day". The beaches assigned to the Sixth Marine Division stretch from a point opposite the town of Hanza on the north to Sobe on the south, about 2,000 yards map distance; actually, the distance was much greater due to terrain conditions. The 22nd Marine Regiment landed on the northern or left flank of the entire Tenth Army

line, next to the south was the 4th Marine Regiment, while on the Sixth Division's right flank was the First Marine Division. The mission of the 6th Marine Division was to secure the left or northern flank of the operation. The 29th Marine Regiment was to land on any beach along the whole 3rd Amphibious Corps where it was needed; actually it landed on beaches secured by the 22nd Marines.

As we transferred from transports to landing craft and then to alligators to take us over the reef that barred the progress of other craft to the beaches, the heavy batteries from the battlewagons and cruisers poured tons of high explosives onto enemy strongpoints; we could see the big shells arching their way to the targets. Still further inland, Wildcats and Hellcats from the carriers strafed likely targets deep in the valleys behind Yontan airfield, our immediate objective. Avengers and Corsairs came down in long slanting dives, pouring storms of rickets into Zachini castle, high on a rocky hill that gave the Nips perfect observation of our every move. Huge fires began sending flames into the sky from the wrecked straw villages along the dirt highways that surrounded the vast open plain of Yontan airfield.

As the 6th Division assault troops hit the beaches and plunged inland, they were only lightly opposed. Tanks came in on schedule and lumbered toward the airfield. By early afternoon, the artillery was all ashore.

There was no escarpment for the troops to climb, as we'd been prepared to do with ropes; the escarpment had been there, but the naval gunfire had leveled it off to a gentle slope over which we could have advanced in parade drill formation.

From the troops beating their way inland came reports that made a sensational story. Before noon, the troops were on Yontan airfield; then had secured this first major objective. Zachini castle had been reduced to rubble. Hanza, an unprepossessing collection of flea-ridden hovels, had been captured. But the best news of all was that the airfield had been spared the destruction wrought by naval gunfire. It was actually usable when captured and the following day the Stinson Sentinel observation planes were using it.

Nightfall brought the first indication that the enemy so much as knew we had arrived. Supplies were moving ashore slowly, due to the obstacle of the reefs, and a brilliant moon silhouetted the transports and fighting ships offshore in a pale glow.

Three fast Nip fighters came in on a strafing run and every gun on every ship opened up. Three Nip fighters hit the water in three bursts of flame. A fly couldn't have gotten through that screen of fire.

On Yontan airfield, one Nip apparently really didn't know we were there. A Jap fighter pilot, the meatball insignia plainly visible on his plane, landed as pretty as you please. Every Marine within range, eager to knock off their first Nip, opened up. No sooner had that little son of heaven emerged from his cockpit, then he was as full of holes as a kitchen colander. There was scarcely enough left of him to bleed.

The second and third days on the island were somewhat similar to the first in the zone of action of the 22nd Marines, but on the right the 4th Marines encountered stiffening enemy resistance. The 6th Division, taking

full advantage of the situation, swept over rough terrain, seizing the hills overlooking Yontan, liquidating Nips hidden out in caves and capturing some machine guns and mortars in a 7,000 yard advance. The Division Reconnaissance Company and some tanks crossed the Ishikawa isthmus and reported small enemy groups which laid a few rounds of mortar fire across them without inflicting damage. The division's flank now lay across the Ishikawa isthmus; the 6th in less than three days had reached the point it had been planned to reach in twelve days!

That third night on the airfield, it was announced that we were prepared for a possible airborne Nip attack. A battalion, with some amphibian armor, dug in on Yontan to resist this, if it materialized. Next morning, the American planes couldn't taxi for a takeoff on the field -- Yontan was full of foxholes! The Marines like to dig 'em, but they hate like hell to fill 'em up.

Anyway, when the enemy planes came in later on, the holes had been filled and the Hellcats and Corsairs were ready. The Nip airborne attack got exactly nowhere.

Having reached Okinawa's east coast, facing north along the base of the Ishikawa isthmus, the division now pushed another 7,000 yards in a day up the isthmus, reaching Atsutabaru on the left and Kin on the right. There were only scattered pockets of resistance and these were liquidated. The wholly unexpected rapid rate of advance resulted in a new assignment of boundaries to the 1st Marine Division to permit the 6th to continue northward. Now advancing up both east and west coasts of Okinawa at the narrow waist of the island, the 6th next day swept north almost 10,000 yards, aided by observation aircraft and tanks, with Weasels on the footpaths bringing up supplies.

On the west coast, the large town of Nago was captured. Here were schools and stores and the nearest approach to civilization we had seen. But the Okinawan civilians still looked less like humans than any people I'd ever seen -- and that includes the unbeautiful (at least to our eyes) natives of the Solomons.

By the time a week had elapsed since L-day, the 6th had reached the base of the Motobu Peninsula, more than halfway up the island. Our casualties included fewer than 50 killed. Five hundred of the enemy had been accounted for and twenty prisoners taken.

We knew the enemy was lurking somewhere in strength, waiting for us to try to dislodge him from his caves where aerial observation had located him on Motobu. There regular Jap soldiers, Okinawa guardsmen and naval personnel were gathered in great numbers, well equipped with good weapons and a thorough understanding of how to use them.

The job of routing them out was assigned to the 29th Regiment. We were in for a fight on Motobu.

### Chapter 3

When the Japs swept the South Seas in their campaign of conquest after the Pearl Harbor attack, they advanced as a "bushido army" trained and

indoctrinated to go forward or die. They were neither trained nor indoctrinated for defense or retreat.

When U.S. Marines hit Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Tarawa, even the Gilberts and Marshalls and Marianas, most of the Jap defenses were on the beaches -- the pillboxes and dug-in bastions that stained so many island sands with the blood of invading Americans.

By the time the Tenth Army, made up of the Third Marine Amphibious Corps and the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, reached the shores of Okinawa, the U.S. Navy had accumulated the power to knock out this pillbox method of defense by intense naval bombardment and aerial attack by carrier-borne planes. And the Japs on Okinawa knew it.

They had prepared emplacements for us, but mostly along the extreme southern coast of the island where they had expected us to make our landings. For the rest, they had retreated to the hills, leaving us to land unopposed, and had set up an elaborate system of interlocking cave defenses complete with disappearing artillery, underground living quarters and a mass of supplies.

We of the Sixth Marine Division were to encounter this defense system in its most fully developed degree in the Horseshoe and Sugar Loaf battles, but we met it for the first time on the Motobu Peninsula.

It was on April 8 -- "Love-day" plus 7 -- that the 29th Regiment of the Sixth Marine Division opened the Motobu Campaign. The 22nd Regiment, which had landed ahead of us, drew the assignment to clean out the big Hedo-Misaki peninsula at the northern tip of Okinawa. The 4th Regiment was held across the waist of the island near the point where the two peninsulas join. The 15th Marine Artillery Regiment was also there to help whichever outfit needed help.

The 29th Marines split into three battalion groups. The 2nd went up Motobu's east coast, the 3rd Battalion up the west coast. The 1st Battalion drove up the center, where the terrain was roughest. We didn't know then whether the enemy was on Motobu or Hedo-Misaki. We found out. He was on Motobu. In the center.

With Col. Victor Bleasdale always at the head of one or another battalion of the 29th, we moved forward. From April 9 to 13, all three battalions encountered bitter resistance. With the enemy's strongpoint centered in a hill mass surrounding Mt. Yaetake, commanding a view of Nago town and Ie Shima, the Japs began vicious night counterattacks, using artillery, mortars, machine guns and 20 millimeter anti-aircraft guns. They'd even begun shelling our rear areas with intense and accurate artillery fire.

The terrain was difficult for footslogging troops and impossible to mechanized equipment, yet somehow the Nips had placed 75 millimeter and 150 millimeter guns up there, along with six-inch naval guns probably removed from a submarine and torpedo base on the Motobu's east coast. The 2nd Battalion had captured this base, finding its naval personnel had fled to join Jap Col. Udo's army Nips in the Itomi area in the center of the Yaetake mountain mass.

Dug into caves, the Nips would bring out their artillery to the cavern's mouth, fire and return to the cave. Seal off one entrance to the cave and the Nips would escape through another, scurrying through tunnels to an

interlocking and mutually dependent cave. And each hill, with these caves, was covered by artillery from another cave-pocket hill behind it.

How the Nips got those heavy guns into their hill positions is still a mystery -- at least to me. They'd had three years to prepare Okinawa's defenses, of course, but they must have destroyed the roads by which they lugged their artillery to the hills before we arrived. There wasn't a sign of them when we got there.

We were taking heavy casualties and the going was tough. Frequent ambushes in the hills and along the coastal roads took their toll. I was at this time regimental liaison officer from the 29th attached to 6th Mar Div headquarters and thus was in a position to observe the overall picture. And I had buddies in all three battalions. One of these, Lieut. Aurel Bachiak, Meadville, Pa., one of the original officers of the 29th, was killed at the head of his platoon of the 1st Battalion in an ambush. Another, Lieut. Dave MacInnes, Jacksonville, Fla., one of the best mortar officers in the regiment, got his in the same way with the 3rd Battalion on the west coast road. We'd been instructors together at the New River, N.C. schools.

The 1st Battalion was taking the most punishment and Col. Bleasdale decided to stop the 3rd Battalion at Toguchi so that it might be available to join the 1st. At the same time, the 2nd Battalion was held up on the east coast for the same purpose, except for one company. The Corps had made known that it wanted a radio observation station at the tip of Motobu and this one company went ahead, joining later with the 6th Reconnaissance Company which went through the 3rd Battalion to secure the tip of the peninsula.

By this time it had become evident that the 1st Battalion couldn't do the job alone. The 2nd and 3rd -- the former minus one company -- moved over to help the 1st.

There could scarcely have been a stronger position for the Japs than Mt. Yaetake. High and precipitous, it commanded a view of the surrounding area well beyond Nago. Artillery as big as 150 millimeters and the six-inch cannon the Nips had installed covered the roads as far as ten miles south to the base of the Motobu.

By April 13, the 29th Regiment had to admit Yaetake was too much for them unaided and the 4th Marines, leaving one battalion behind to protect the peninsula's base, moved up. The two battalions from the 4th Regiment joined the 3rd Battalion of the 29th at Sakimotobu. This force pushed eastward against the strongly defended mountain mass while the 29th's 1st and 2nd Battalions plunged westward in an attempt to smash Col. Udo's forces in a nutcracker.

For the first time on Okinawa, it was possible for two Marine forces to advance toward each other with no danger of one being caught in the other's fire. There was much too much of Mt. Yaetake in between.

Progressing against terrific fire that cut down many of our men, we captured a huge mass of high ground southwest of Yaetake while being raked by heavy enemy fire from even higher ground. One battalion from the 22nd Regiment was brought up, closing the gap between the 29th and the 4th and completing a long, unbroken halfmoon of Marine steel around Yeatake. On



April 16 one last desperate assault on the mountain peak was launched. As evening fell, Mt. Yaetake was in our hands.

Next day the 4th and 29th joined in a simultaneous drive down the opposite slope, gaining high ground north of Mt. Yaetake, which overlooked the important Itomi-Toguchi road, now vital for supplies.

One more hill mass remaining between us and the north coast of the Motobu proved easy, with resistance scattered; our naval guns and artillery had done a thorough job on these positions. We never did find Col. Udo.

The battle for the Motobu was over. It had cost us more than 200 killed and over 1,000 wounded, but we'd killed 2,000 Japs and taken about 40 prisoners. That didn't include civilians, of course. Those Okis got in our hair -- and sometimes in our gunsights -- throughout this period. All attempts to persuade them to come in to us during daylight met with failure. When they came in at night, we had to shoot them; enemy troops were attempting to squeeze through our lines to escape northward and a sentry can't pause at night to ascertain whether a sudden visitor is a Jap soldier or an Oki civilian. But it isn't a pleasant sight to witness the bodies of old men, women and children who've been killed just because they refused to listen to our assurances of good treatment if they'd come to us during the day.

One Okinawan gal listened, however. When the Motobu push was over, one Marine (who shall be nameless) was observed on the back of a horse he'd found. Apparently he was hunting souvenirs, but when he didn't return it was feared he'd fallen into the hands of some Nips. Listed as missing, he was found more than a week later -- in a cave where he'd set up light housekeeping with an Oki gal he'd found in the same way he found the horse.

They sent him to the hospital for mental observation. To me he doesn't seem so very crazy.

#### Chapter 4

Sugar Loaf. Halfmoon. The Horseshoe. These are not names the Japanese placed on the map of Okinawa. These are not words phonetically spelled out in our alphabet from the sibilant hisses and guttural grunts of the Jap tongue. These are names the Marines themselves gave to the hills of hell and glory between Naha and Shuri -- names now etched deep by Marine blood in Marine history, beside the honored names of Belleau Wood, the Argonne, even Tripoli and the Halls or Montezuma.

Halfmoon, the Horseshoe, Sugar Loaf. For those the 6th Marine Division had been trained to fight and, if need be, to die. Towering, uninviting crags, shell-packed and interlaced with caves that held the strongest defenses the Japanese had devised in the Pacific War.

The Horseshoe, Halfmoon, Sugar Loaf. Whether these hills of the damned and the blessed had other names I do not know. They are Marine hills now, baptized in the blood of the 6th Division. These were for us and we were for those. Somewhere, sometime the immutable fates had decreed that American boys, born and reared on the other side of the world, were to live their brief

33

lives and -- after a strange and short transition -- end them on these faraway slopes and peaks. And by ending them live forever in the records of honor of their Corps and their Country.

After conquest of the Motobu, the 6th Mar Div engaged for a fortnight in mopping up the entire northern part of Okinawa. By May 1, word was received that the division was to move south leaving the northern patrol to the 27th Army Division.

To reach the area to the south, we had to cross the Asa Kawa, or Asa river, about midway between the Machinato airstrip and Okinawa's capital, Naha. The Asa estuary is deep, wide and silted at the bottom too heavily to support heavy equipment. The enemy was on the Asa's south bank in strength; his heavy artillery and mortars had the area in range. It was a risky thing to try, but the 6th Mar Div proceeds on the theory that you can't gain ground by sitting -- in your foxhole.

The 6th Engineer Battalion started a footbridge across the Asa the night of May 9, but a Jap suicide group with satchel charges -- blocks of explosives tied in a bundle and placed in a satchel -- blew up a section of it, along with themselves. Two battalions of the 22nd Marines swept upstream, waded across and came down the opposite bank. Hidden snipers and artillery and mortar fire took their toll and slowed the advance, but by evening of May 10, the 22nd had a secure bridgehead of almost 1,500 yards. Under direct enemy observation and fire, the 6th Engineers built a Bailey Bridge; naval gunfire cut to pieces a large coral hill that was a key defense position for the Asa and flame-throwing tanks, crossing the bridge, added to the destruction.

Long range enemy fire was coming from the hills near Shuri in the 1st Marine Division's zone, but because the 1st was meeting strong resistance and the 6th was forging ahead, the two divisions could not stay abreast. Despite punishing casualties and the fact that its left flank was open, the 22nd Regiment pushed to the northern bank of the Asato river and prepared to reconnoiter Naha. The 29th Regiment was put into the lines on the left flank, and by a furious assault, liquidated a large pocket of the enemy, while the 22nd seized more than 1,000 yards of the Asato River bank. Then both regiments ran head on into Sugar Loaf, Halfmoon and the Horseshoe.

The battle that followed is in the records and the military maps in terms of ground gained and men lost. But these cold figures do not tell the story. Perhaps it may best be told in terms of a few individuals.

As an officer of the 1st Battalion, 29th Marines, I was with Lt. Col. Jean Moreau, Baton Rouge, La., at the forward observation post he insisted upon maintaining during the battle for Sugar Loaf. I was fifty yards away when the shell, probably from a mortar since no one heard it coming, burst in front of him. It shattered his leg, almost tore it off. The surgeons couldn't save it. He was unconscious when evacuated or I know that, leg on or off, he'd have raised hell about being taken away.

On the steep slope of Sugar Loaf, Lt. George E. Murphy, South Bend, Ind., once one of Notre Dame's football stars, had led his rifle platoon into a flaming, steel-filled corner of hell. Lt. Bill Satterwaite, Doylestown, Pa., led a machine gun section that stayed with the rifle platoon while both were

cut to pieces. Murphy and Satterwaite died at the head of their troops. Of the rifle platoon and the machine gun sections, a sergeant brought back only ten survivors. Two days later, Lt. Charlie Behan, Crystal Lake, Ill., a star of Detroit Lions pro football team, learned that his buddy, George Murphy, was dead. Though his face had been cut to bits by a Jap grenade explosion, Behan refused to leave his platoon.

"The bastards killed Murph," he shouted.

A Jap machine gun cut him down.

Or take a look at another picture, this one also of a onetime gridiron star, Lt. Bob Herwig, University of California's All-American. He is sitting with his men, somewhere in the Horseshoe branch of hell, reading a letter he'd just received from his wife, Kathleen Winsor, author of "Forever Amber". The letter told of the beauties of the Beverley Hills mansion she'd just bought, complete with swimming pool.

"Fellas," he said. "There's our post-war plan. We'll dig our foxholes in the tennis courts and wash our laundry in the swimming pool."

The three hill masses of the Naha-Shuri line, honeycombed with caves and tunnels, were mutually supporting. Any attempt to take Sugar Loaf was met by heavy 75mm and 150mm fire from Halfmoon and Horseshoe, behind it and on either flank. Tunnels connected the three hills; from these the enemy could commit troops to any part of either hill without ever appearing in the open.

On May 14, the 22nd Marines stormed up the north slopes of Sugar Loaf, gained the crest and dug in. Mortar fire and infiltrating Japs from the tunnels massacred them. A few survivors had to withdraw.

Naval gunfire, artillery and air strikes helped soften the enemy's position there the following day. The 22nd 1st Battalion, decimated by Jap fire, moved to the Asato river. A powerful Nip counterattack struck the 2nd Battalion, which fought it off with heavy losses. The 3rd Battalion replaced the heroic 2nd.

Meantime, on the left, the 29th Regiment was coming to grips with the enemy on Halfmoon, seeking to relieve the pressure on Sugar Loaf. The guns from Shuri were never silent. To these was added the fire of automatic weapons from the town of Takamotoji as simultaneous attacks were launched against Halfmoon and Sugar Loaf.

On the left flank, the Marines entered the valley at the base of Sugar Loaf. On the right, others gained the crest of the hill again -- and again was driven back. Two attempts to capture Halfmoon met the same fate.

The Shuri area, from which the enemy defenses were being constantly strengthened within the bowels of the three hills, had to be reduced.

On the morning of May 17, the 29th Marines jumped off under an intensive naval and artillery barrage. A movement around the left flank met with failure; a plunge around the right flank was too expensive. There was only one way remaining -- straight up the center.

The first charge was met by a Jap "banzai" band at the crest of Sugar Loaf and the assault company driven back. So was the second. The third time, the Marines gained the crest of the hill in a hand-to-hand fight, but so great were our losses that the position could not be held. The troops were again withdrawn -- fortunately so, for the Japs again charged to the top of the hill only to be blasted by our artillery.

Next morning, "D" Company of the 2nd Battalion split in two, enveloped Sugar Loaf from both flanks -- using tanks on each -- and won the hill. At the same time, "F" Company charged and captured Horseshoe. The Japs counterattacked at midnight, but this time our positions were too strong.

The battle was won, but at tremendous cost. Casualties in our two assault regiments were more than 2,500 killed and wounded, with another 1,200 rendered incapable of further combat by combat fatigue and exhaustion. How many of the enemy were killed is still impossible to estimate, so many were sealed in their interlocking caves or blown to hell and gone.

We had been in a fight. We had lost -- men. We had won -- three hills.

There were other fights ahead.

### Chapter 5

The Okinawan capital city of Naha looks today like a heap of prehistoric ruins just excavated by the archaeologists. Or like something the cat dragged in.

The city is a rubble heap. Its harbor at the mouth of the Kokuba estuary is still littered with the sunken bulks of Jap shipping. Its airfield to the south on Oroku peninsula -- once an elaborate network of air strips -- is a plain of dust on which the little man on the big bulldozer reigns supreme.

City, harbor and airfield make up a triple victory for the Sixth Marine Division. The battle of Sugar Loaf and Halfmoon had to be fought and won. Horseshoe had to be bypassed and a daring amphibious operation carried out. Many graves had to be added to the already well-filled 6th Marine Division cemetery.

But Naha already is emerging as an American administrative center for the island wrested from the Japanese empire. The harbor will soon be crowded by American shipping, bringing supplies for the next assault. Fleets of American planes soon will be taking off from Naha airfield, finest location on the island, to add their devastation to the Nippon homeland.

This will be the contribution of Captain Bob Fowler, West Hartford, Conn.; of Lt. Bill Muir, Burlington, Vt.; of Lt. Freddie Jessen, Exira, Ia.; of Lt. Jerry Laue, Minneapolis, Minn.; of Lt. Len Petterson, Westfield, N.J.; of Lt. Bill Franklin, San Francisco, whose sweet or hot piano kept us entertained on the long trip from Guadalcanal -- of these and all the others who had to die before the victory could be won.

When the 29th Regiment won Sugar Loaf, it was relieved by the 4th, which immediately plunged into the attack on the dominating hill mass of the Horseshoe. Still from the Shuri area, where the 1st Marine Division was at grips with the enemy, came shattering artillery fire on our left flank. On the night of May 20, the Nips launched a vicious counterattack under cover of a barrage of 90mm mortar shells, but the 4th Marines and our artillery broke it up.

The division's plans now were revised to bypass Horseshoe and drive to Asato river to the south. Under the heaviest enemy bombardment of the fight, the 4th advanced to the Asato, crossed it with patrols and assaulted the Machishi ridge due east of Naha.

The weather hadn't bothered us too much up until this time, but now the rain came in torrents and "General Mud" took over the front. The engineers tried "Alligators" -- tracked landing vehicles -- as supports for a bridge across the swollen Asato, but mines demolished two of them. In the face of accurate Jap artillery fire, a Bailey bridge was constructed and the 4th captured the ridge, breaking up a savage counterattack that night.

At the same time, the 6th Reconnaissance Company crossed the Asato at its mouth and entered Naha -- first troops in the capital. They met machine gun and mortar fire, but dug in and held during the night.

Recalled to the line, the 22nd Regiment entered Naha with only light rifle and machine gun fire. The 22nd Marines occupied the area west of the canal that runs lengthwise through the city, while the 4th Marines advanced through sniper fire and came abreast of the 22nd. The 6th Division had seized the two most important objectives of the Okinawa campaign -- Yontan and now Naha -- with the Motobu and all the northern half of the island taken over in the meantime.

Things hadn't been dull in the 29th Regiment's position behind the lines. When replacements came up to our command post, for distribution through the decimated battalions, we warned them to dig foxholes.

Well behind the front, they didn't think it necessary; Marines have to be convinced. But promptly at 8 o'clock that night, "Whistling Willie" cut loose as we knew he would. "Whistling Willie" was an eight-inch Jap naval cannon which, regularly three times a day, sent shells into our CP area. The dirt began to fly from "Willie's" shells -- and kept on flying. Only it flew now from the shovels wielded by those replacements, digging their foxholes.

When the 29th was committed to the Naha battle, it passed through to the right of the 4th and also came abreast of the 22nd. Our job was to attack the Kokuba estuary, south of Naha, and the high ground between us and the estuary was heavily defended. Because the flooding rains prevented the use of armed vehicles, the 22nd and 29th had two days of bitter hand-to-hand fighting before it occupied this ridge. There was still strongly defended high ground around Shichina, especially Hill 46, which had to be broken up. Throughout the night of May 30, Division tanks and artillery subjected the hill to a real old-fashioned pasting. Next morning, assault troops took the hill and sent patrols across the Kokuba estuary.

The objective now was to seize the Oroku peninsula, the northern shore of which guards Naha harbor and which contains the huge Naha airfield network. Rather than commit troops to crossing the Kokuba estuary, the daring plan was conceived to make an amphibious landing on Nishikoku beach, at the northern tip of the Oroku. The 4th Regiment, going completely around Naha, made this landing from amphibian tractors. From north of Naha, they swung out across the harbor and hit the beach in the early morning of June 4. Tanks and armored amphibians followed.

Intense fire from 20 mm. and machine guns was encountered, but the entire area had been given a going over before by naval guns and artillery and the hidden defenders had taken to deep caves. The regular flame-and-demolition treatment took care of them.

Immediately after the first assault waves were ashore, the 29th was committed, taking up positions to the left of the 4th. The 6th Reconnaissance Company, aided by armored amphibians, landed on the small island in the middle of the estuary and set up defenses to allow the engineers to build a bridge. A Bailey bridge -- the longest ever put up by the Marine Corps -- was erected, first from Naha to the island and then from the island to the Oroku shore, as soon as the Japs there had been eliminated.

Meanwhile the 4th overran Naha airfield. There they found grounded Jap planes that had been stripped of their guns for use against us during the remainder of the Oroku campaign.

Here we were introduced for the first time to "Screaming Meemie," a large rocket-type shell launched from a platform on steel rails by a method closely resembling rocket projection. Because the launching platform could be moved in only one direction -- in and out of its cave position -- the shells always landed in about the same spot and the sound of the projection gave plenty of warning. But "Screaming Meemie" did make the weirdest noise you've ever heard.

Mud and heavily mined roads made it rough going on the Oroku for the 4th and the 29th, preventing armored units from helping out the foot-slogging Marines. The Japs were defending a long ridge that ran northwest by southeast the length of the peninsula. With the 4th on the right and the 29th on the left, the 22nd Marines were again committed. They set up housekeeping along the base of the peninsula, to cut off the enemy's escape route, and also to protect the flanks of the 1st Division, which had headed south after capturing Shuri.

Now the beginnings of a trap were being forged around the Japs on the Oroku. Slowly at first because of weather and terrain, along with strong Nip resistance from the elaborate interlocking caves we'd met before, the 4th and 29th drove southeast, then swung eastward to meet the 22nd. That regiment, which had moved along the short cut from Naha to the Oroku, reduced enemy positions along the high ground near Chikuto and continued southward across the base of the peninsula. After reaching Itoman airfield on the south coast, thus cutting off the peninsula, the 22nd too swung north.

With the 4th and the 29th, the engineers were speeding the advance by clearing mine fields and tanks were finally committed to the attack. Stubborn

Jap resistance from caves and tunnels slowed us down around Uibaru and Takayima, but only temporarily. At one point, troops literally went through a hill -- instead of over or around it -- by using the tunnels the Nips had dug and out of which they had been blasted.

By June 10, the towns of Oroku and Tomigusuki had been captured after bitter fighting, hill masses seized and Jap troops annihilated. The remainder of the Nips were pocketed along the Kokuba estuary. By June 12, their position hopeless, these Nips began surrendering in something resembling wholesale lots for the first time in the Pacific war. Senaga island, off the coast of Naha, was seized after being hammered by artillery, and the huge naval guns there silenced and captured.

The Oroku was ours, another prize for the 6th Marine Division. It has cost us more than 1,000 dead and wounded, with a dozen tanks lost by way of proving it had been strongly defended. But we had accounted for more than 5,000 Japs and taken 200 prisoners.

The mopping-up stage on Okinawa was in sight.

## Chapter 6

Picture yourself for a moment as a Marine, armed only with a .45 automatic and accompanied only by one other Marine.

You are thus confident that you -- the two of you -- are more than a match for any two dozen Sons of Heaven the Imperial Empire of Nippon ever turned out.

But picture yourself, thus accoutred and accompanied, suddenly finding yourself confronted by 500 of these Japs, 350 of them armed and uniformed soldiers!

What would you do, chum?

I hope you'd do exactly what I did when I got myself into exactly that spot on this scorched island which we've now taken away from the Japanese Empire. Because I'm here to tell about it -- though I still can't tell you just why -- so what I did must have been the right thing to do.

But I'm getting a bit ahead of my story. Or at least ahead of the glorious story of the 6th Marine Division on Okinawa.

While the 6th Marine Division was cleaning up the Oroku peninsula, the 1st Marine Division had driven as far south as Kunishi Ridge, within a few miles of the extreme end of the island. There heavily defended Jap emplacements barred the way, with a high escarpment facing north.

There has been a good deal of unofficial criticism revolving around the claim by some self-styled military experts that Okinawa would have been more readily won -- and lives would have been saved -- had we made amphibious landings in the south. No one who has seen the forbidding cliffs at the southern tip of Okinawa can share this opinion. There are good beaches on the

southwest shore, where the Japs apparently expected us to make our first landings and were ready for us.

When the 6th Marine Division was busy with the battle of Sugar Loaf and Half Moon and the 1st Marine Division with Shuri, amphibious landings on the southwest beaches might have been made -- but only if the full strength of the Army divisions involved had been committed to drive through the enemy in their area. As it was, the Army units and the Japs were tangled in a long series of artillery duels and the Japs south of the Naha-Shuri line could have slaughtered any landing force we might then have put ashore. It was exactly what the Nips expected us to do, we later found out, and the element of surprise would have been entirely lacking.

On June 17, the 6th Marine Division's 22nd Regiment passed through the 1st Marine Division's 7th Regiment and pressed into the attack south against Mezado ridge. With tanks providing top notch support by firing into caves, the assault troops reached the ridge's top about noon. They were met by heavy fire from the other side of the escarpment and from the town at the foot of the hill. By dusk this had been reduced and the 22nd Marines faced another similar battle -- the ridge at Kuwanga.

Here, Col. Harold C. Roberts, commanding officer of the 22nd Marines, was lost at the head of his regiment. Here the 22nd fought through heavy enemy fire to capture the ridge and one battalion of the 4th Marines went through to seize the next ridge at Ibaru. By June 20th the 4th Marines and the 1st Marine Division hit the huge escarpment at Kiyamu-Gusuku, where some of the fiercest mortar fire of the campaign was encountered. With the Marines on the forward slope and the enemy still holding the hill, the 29th Regiment was committed. In the face of heavy fire from caves and behind boulders, with long range fire from remaining Jap artillery farther south, the 29th charged up the hill while the 4th worked around back of it, cutting off the defenders. On June 21, the 4th and 29th together pushed the last 2,000 yards to the sea across fields and tangled shrubbery.

The announcement that organized resistance had ended went out. The campaign was over. Okinawa was won.

But there was one little corner of Okinawa and one little group of Japanese soldiers that remained -- as it turned out -- for me and Pfc. Rufus E. Randall, Augusta, Ga., to "liquidate."

After a firefight, patrolling and mopping-up operations are always necessary and dangerous jobs. There were still many Jap soldiers in the caves, the deep woods and the cane fields of southern Okinawa when, on Saturday, June 23, I received orders from my company executive, Lieut. Warren B. Watson, Doylestown, Pa., to patrol an area about 500 yards wide, due south to the sea from my platoon bivouac area. No one had been through this area and it needed investigation. There'd been a heavy infiltration of civilians and a few soldiers during the night -- which meant that the sentries shot them down -- and we had to find out where they came from.

As leader of the 2nd Platoon of A Company, 1st Battalion, 29th Marines, I chose ten men from my platoon. Abreast of me was scheduled to go Lieut. Paul E. Falkenstein, Woodhaven, N.Y., with his full 3rd Platoon of 30 men.



We formed a long line across a field about 1,000 yards deep which ended abruptly in a dense, twisted mass of pandanus growth. As we moved forward, one of my men saw a figure at the edge of this jungle. My binoculars showed him to be a Jap soldier, and, as the 3rd Platoon had not yet appeared, I called my company executive on the 536 "Handie-Talkie" I carried and into which I'd put fresh batteries that morning. I secured permission to jump off, as I'd seen an enemy soldier, and started across the field with my ten men in a skirmish line, each man about 20 paces from the next. Small mounds and ditches were carefully investigated; caves of broken limestone rock in the center of a plot of sugar got the white phosphorus grenade treatment to insure that anything in them came out.

As we drew near the pandanus jungle, an Okinawan boy about four years old emerged from it, dragging a Japanese canteen, apparently looking for water.

Ordering Randall, my runner, and three riflemen to follow, I set out after the kid, who led us only to an older sister. Coming out of the thicket, I saw that the seven men from my platoon had joined the 3rd Platoon and were starting through the heavy pandanus, so I kept going with my four men. In the jungle we found a well-worn, narrow trail leading toward the beach and, cautiously, we followed it. After about 100 yards, I sighted two uniformed Japs. They took off and, with Randall behind me, I followed.

From the thick undergrowth, other Japs joined the two that had gone ahead. On both sides of the trail were signs of recent life -- smoldering fires, scattered eating utensils.

For some reason I broke into a run, with old Rufe puffing behind me. Ahead of us were 12 or 15 running Japs. I didn't fire -- Randall couldn't; the trail was that narrow -- and neither did the Nips. We ran about 20 yards and emerged from the thicket in a clearing -- and right into the lap of what looked like the whole Japanese army!

On my right was one huge cave, harboring what turned out to be more than 150 Okinawa civilians. On my left was a larger one; at its mouth some ten Jap soldiers were sitting in a circle, eating. Behind them were more, in the cave, and to the left of that still more as far as could be seen -- groups of them stretching along the edge of the forest of pandanus. Directly ahead of me, not more than 100 feet away, the trail ended at a cliff -- a sheer drop to the sea.

Since taking off through the pandanus I had been in contact, via my "Handie-Talkie," both with my executive officer and Lieut. Falkenstein of the 3rd Platoon. Now they heard a broadcast that was definitely unique.

Somehow I got the idea that I'd better keep talking. I don't know what I said. My listeners tell me it was a combination of prayers and oaths, interspersed with a description of what was happening -- and frequent cries of "Where the hell is the 3rd Platoon?"

Why the Japs didn't kill us on sight I still don't know. I suppose they must have thought we were just the advance men for a whole army. At any rate, I put my .45 in my back pocket and told Rufe to sling his rifle. Then I walked over to the cave where the ten Japs had stopped eating and handed them

a surrender leaflet, which told them in their language that they'd receive good treatment as prisoners of war. They considered it for a time -- it seemed like hours -- and I went on chattering into the handie-talkie. Then they arrived at a decision:

"Tobakko?"

That was what they wanted. Those were the terms of their surrender proposals. They wanted American cigarettes, which the leaflet promised them, along with good food, as prisoners of war.

And I don't smoke!

There came into my mind -- and from there, my limited radio audience afterward told me, into the handie-talkie, a hare-brained scheme. If only I could get enough cigarettes, we might capture this whole company of Japs. Rufe, thank the Lord, had a pack. I took the cigarettes and began passing them out, breaking them in two, so they'd go around among the group of Nips nearest me. About that time, the three Marine riflemen who'd been a short distance behind Rufe and me on the trail came out in the clearing. Their eyes bugged out at what they saw, but I quickly shouted to them to sling their rifles. They had cigarettes too.

Now the Nips were getting the idea. I jumped onto the highest rock I could find, right in the middle of the group. I passed out my half cigarettes. I shouted into the handie-talkie: "For God's sake send cigarettes!" I waved in the direction of our lines and yelled at the Japs: "Much tobakko! Much tobakko there!" I rubbed my stomach and yelled: "Much good food!"

To others at a distance, I shouted "Hoy!" or "Det a koy!" which is in the Jap phrase book as meaning "Come here!" Many of them came and I waved them over to the group at the trail head, where my three riflemen, their weapons slung, awaited them.

Then what I feared would happen -- happened. A platoon from B Company, engaged in a similar mission, deep in the heavy woods 1,000 yards to our right, began firing their automatic rifles. The bullets came whistling around us. The Jap soldiers and civilians scattered to the woods and the caves.

I contacted my company and told them to ask the B Company platoon to lay off -- but please! They did. Some of our Nips began coming back.

Then Falkenstein radioed that he'd found one Jap attempting to escape along another trail through the forest and the 3rd Platoon was forcing him to lead the patrol to me. It emerged from the pandanus about 800 yards to my left.

Then hell broke loose. Scores of the Japs who'd left us were standing along the edge of the cliff. I saw one officer draw his pistol, shoot down the Nip woman who was with him, then blow his own head off with a grenade. Others followed his example. Soon they were blowing themselves apart as casually as though they were scratching their bellies.

One officer came up to me, presented his samurai sword, stepped back and blew his head off. Another presented his sword to Rufe, adding his wrist watch. I reported what was going on to Lieut. Watson.

"Let 'em all do it if they want to, dammit!" he replied. "Not so many for us to bother about!"

By the time they'd finished, the original 350 Jap soldiers were down to less than half that number. When Lieut. Falkenstein's patrol and another led by Lieut. Robert Fenwick, Beaver Falls, Pa., finally rounded up the survivors, they numbered exactly 151. More than 200 bodies were counted, smeared all over the cliff.

I still don't know why they did it. I still don't know why, if the mighty soldiers of Nippon decided to take their lives in this singularly horrible fashion, they didn't decide to take a Marine or two along with them. But I'm not quarreling with the weird Jap psychology that prompted them to leave us unharmed.

One thing I did learn, however. I still don't smoke. But when I go into the field nowadays, I carry with me two packs of cigarettes -- one in either side pocket.

There are still live and unreconstructed Japs on Okinawa.

THE END

KENNETH D WELLS G or F/2/29/6

FEBRUARY 23, 1993

HERE GOES THE STORY TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE WITH REFERENCE TO MY MARINE HISTORY STARTING IN THE YEAR OF 1944.

AFTER GRADUATING FROM HIGH SCHOOL IN VAUGHNSVILLE, OHIO (NEAR LIMA, OHIO) IN MAY OF 1944, I WAS DRAFTED INTO THE SERVICE AND WAS TO GO IN THE NAVY, BUT, UPON ARRIVING AT THE INDUCTION CENTER IN TOLEDO, OHIO, I VOLUNTEERED TO GO IN THE MARINES. THE REASON FOR VOLUNTEERING FOR THE MARINES, WAS DUE TO MY FRIEND THAT I HAD PLAYED BASKETBALL AND BASEBALL WITH DURING MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS. ( HE WENT TO A DIFFERENT SCHOOL) WAS SELECTED BY THIS BIG MARINE SGT, AT THE INDUCTION CENTER, THEREFOR MY FRIEND ASK ME, WOULD I VOLUNTEER WITH HIM AND KEEP HIM COMPANY. I DID AND OFF WE WENT TO CLEVELAND, OHIO AND ONTO PARRIS ISLAND. SPENT THE USUAL TIME IN BASIC TRAINING (BOOT CAMP) AND TO THIS DAY I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT PLATOON I TRAINED IN. BUT DID OUR BOOT CAMP TRAINING AND THEN TRAVELED ONTO WHAT WE CALLED TENT CITY, N.C. NEAR CHERRY POINT, N.C.

MOST OF THE MEN THAT WERE INDUCTED IN JUNE OF 1944, THAT HAD BEEN IN PARRIS ISLAND, WERE ALSO TRANSFERRED TO THIS TENT CITY, N.C. AND WE ALL WERE LISTED IN THE SAME COMPANY AND BATTALION. AT THIS STAGE OF THE WAR WE WERE CONSIDERED AS INFANTRY RIFLE MEN AND TRAINED AS SUCH. THERE AGAIN AS THE TRAINING PROGRESSED, THIS HIGH SCHOOL FRIEND WAS IN THE SAME COMPANY AS I AND I WOULD SEE EACH OTHER FROM TIME TO TIME. WE WERE PUT TOGETHER ACCORDING TO OUR LAST NAMES, AND SINCE HIS LAST NAME WAS ERHARDT AND MIND WAS WELLS, OUR PATHS CROSSED DURING EARLY TRAINING, BUT NOT CLOSELY.

THEN THE DAY CAME WHEN WE WERE TO BE SHIPPED OUT, APPARENTLY CLOSER TO THE WEST COAST AND ONTO OVERSEAS. I REMEMBER THAT MORNING WELL, SOMETHING LIKE 0400 HR. WHILE PACKING THE REMAINS OF OUR GEAR, I AND SEVERAL OTHER MEN WERE TOLD BY THIS SGT. THAT WE WERE SELECTED AS SUPER NUMERALS, APPARENTLY TO BE USED AS REPLACEMENTS FOR OTHER COMPANIES THAT WERE SHORT A MAN OR TWO. WE WERE INSTRUCTED TO PLACE OURSELVES IN AN AREA BY SOME TREES AND WAIT UNTIL WE WERE CALLED AS REPLACEMENTS. AS THE DAY PROGRESSED, ONE AT A TIME WOULD BE CALLED TO ENTER ANOTHER CO., BUT NOT KEN WELLS (ME). BY THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY AS ALL TROOPS WERE BOARDED ON THE TRAIN AND THE TRAIN PULLED OUT, LEFT BEHIND WERE FOUR OF THE ORIGINAL TEN MEN, INCLUDING ME. AFTER GOING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND REPORTING WHAT HAD HAPPENED, WE WERE ASSIGNED TO A NEW GROUP COMING IN FROM PARRIS ISLAND AND ELSEWHERE. BY ELSEWHERE I MEAN THE FOLLOWING: AT THIS STAGE OF THE WAR, THOSE MARINES THAT WERE IN OTHER FIELDS OF ACTIVITIES IN THE MARINE CORP., SUCH AS QUARTERMASTER, GUARD DUTY, ETC. WERE NOW BEING PUT INTO THE POSITION OF BEING AN RIFLE INFANTRY MAN. MANY HAD IT REAL SOFT UNTIL NOW.

(2)

NOW IT WAS TIME FOR THESE MEN TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO TRAIN IN THE MUD AND WORK UNTIL YOU WERE EXHAUSTED.

BY THIS TIME IT WAS APPROXIMATELY LATE OCTOBER OR SOMETIME IN NOVEMBER THAT WE SHIPPED OUT FROM TENT CITY BY TRAIN AND ENDED UP IN CAMP PENDLETON, CALIF. MOST OF THE TIME SPENT IN CALIF. WAS JUST WAITING UNTIL WE WERE TO BE SENT OVERSEAS. DID NO ADDITIONAL TRAINING FOR THAT SHORT PERIOD OF TIME. THEN THE DAY CAME WHEN WE WERE LOADED ONTO TRUCKS AND TRAVELED THE DISTANCE TO THE SHIPS IN SAN DIEGO. WHERE UPON WE WERE LOADED ABOARD AND SPEND THE NEXT PART OF OUR LIFE ON BOARD THIS SHIP, EITHER BEING SEA SICK OR WATCHING OTHERS HAVE THE SAME PROBLEM.

HAVING ARRIVED OVERSEAS SOMETIME LATE DECEMBER OF 1944 OR EARLY IN JANUARY OF 1945 TO AN ISLAND CALLED BANIKA, IN THE RUSSELL ISLAND, CLOSE TO GUADALCANAL ISLAND. WE WERE THEN REFERRED TO AS REPLACEMENTS AND OUR MAIN JOB FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS WERE TO LOAD AND UNLOAD SUPPLIES FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER. THEN WE WERE MOVED TO GUADALCANAL AND AWAITED THE TIME WHEN WE WERE TO BE JOINING UP WITH OTHERS TO INVAD E OKINAWA ON APRIL 1, 1945 (EASTER SUNDAY). ON THE WAY TO OKINAWA WE WERE JOINED BY OTHER SHIPS AND FOR A ONE DAY OF PLEASURE, WE WERE DROPPED OFF ON THIS LITTLE ISLAND AND WERE GIVEN BEER AND SOFT DRINKS.

ON EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1945, APPROXIMATELY 04:30 A.M. WE AWOK E AND THERE IN FRONT OF US WAS THE ISLAND OF OKINAWA. HAD BREAKFAST AND THEN ATTENDED AN EARLY MORNING RELIGIOUS SERVICE. AS I RECALL OUR COMPANY OF MARINES DEPARTED THE SHIP SOMETIME LATER IN THE DAY AND DUE TO THE TIDE OR FOR WHAT EVER THE REASON, WE WERE LANDED OUT FROM THE SHORE AND WADED IN TO MAKE OUR LANDING. IT IS HARD TO RECALL BUT WE SPENT MOST OF THE NEXT FEW WEEKS LOADING AND UNLOADING SHIPS BRINGING SUPPLIES TO OKINAWA. THERE WAS A TIME OR TWO THAT WE WERE TOLD TO DIG IN AND WERE ADVISED THAT THE JAPS WERE TO MAKE AN ALL OUT COUNTERATTACK, WHICH NEVER CAME.

TIME SEEMS TO GO SO SLOW AT TIMES AND AT TIMES SO FAST, BUT GRADUALLY MOST OF THE REPLACEMENTS WERE PUT INTO SOME FRONT LINE COMPANIES, EITHER THE 29TH MARINES OF THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION OR IN THE 1ST MARINE DIVISION. THIS IS HARD TO REMEMBER. I THINK THAT I WAS PUT IN EITHER F OR G COMPANY OF THE 29TH MARINES. AS MOST OF US TEAMED UP WITH SOMEONE SPECIAL OR WHAT WE CALLED BUDDIES, TORRE AND I BECAME VERY CLOSE AND I THINK THAT IT WAS BECAUSE WE HAD SEEN OR HAD WORKED TOGETHER BACK ON GUADALCANAL. THEREFOR WE WERE ALWAYS IN THE SAME FOX HOLE OR ATTEMPTING TO STAY VERY CLOSE TO EACH OTHER FOR PROTECTION.

THE FIRST REAL TASTE OF BATTLE WAS ONE DAY, PROBABLY MID AFTERNOON AND WERE TO GO AROUND OR BYPASS SUGAR LOAF HILL AND

(3)

SECURE A CRESCENT RIDGE IN FRONT OF SUGAR LOAF. BY THIS TIME SUGAR LOAF WAS SECURED (WE WERE TOLD) ANYWAY WE APPROACHED THIS RIDGE AND PLANNED ON DIGGING IN AND STAYING. BUT PRECEDING THIS THE JAPS HAD EITHER RETURNED TO SUGAR LOAF DURING PREVIOUS EVENINGS OR HAD BEEN DUG IN SO DEEP, ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS COME OUT AND START SHOOTING AT US FROM BEHIND. AS I RECALL MOST OF THE FIGHTING WAS FROM SMALL ARMS, I DON'T REMEMBER ANY SMALL MORTAR FIRE. THIS WAS WHEN TORRE (FROM CHICAGO) WAS HIT. THE BULLET STRUCK HIM ON THE LEFT CHEST AREA, JUST UNDER THE COLLAR BONE. I REMEMBER HIM TELLING ME HE HAD BEEN HIT AND I THEN ATTEMPTED TO PUT A COMPRESSION TYPE BANDAGE TO STOP THE BLEEDING. HE PASSED OUT FROM SHOCK AND INEXPERIENCED AS I WAS AT THAT TIME, I ASSUMED THAT HE WAS DEAD AND I WENT ABOUT MY BUSINESS OF SHOOTING AT AN UNSEEN ENEMY THAT WAS SPITTING BULLETS AT US AND WE NOT EVEN BEING ABLE TO KNOW FROM WHERE OR BEING ABLE TO SEE AN ENEMY. I THEN REMEMBER A YOUNG CORPORAL COMING BY AND INFORMING US WHERE EXACTLY THE JAPS WERE AND ABOUT THAT TIME HE WAS HIT BY A BULLET IN THE RIGHT THIGH. I REMEMBER USING MY KABAR KNIFE TO SLIT HIS FATIGUES, IN ORDER TO GET TO THE WOUND AND WENT ABOUT PUTTING A TOURNIQUET ON THE LEG TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD AND HE TOO PASSED OUT FROM SHOCK, AND AGAIN THINKING THAT HE WAS DEAD, WENT ABOUT THE JOB OF SHOOTING IN THE DIRECTION AT AN INVISIBLE ENEMY. SOON A CALL FOR HELP WAS GIVEN AND ONE TANK CAME LUMBERING AROUND THE EDGE OF SUGAR LOAF AND BEGAN FIRING INTO THE BACK SIDE OF SUGAR LOAF. APPARENTLY AS A RESULT OF THE ENEMY SEEING THE TANK AND RECEIVING FIRE FROM THERE WEAPONS, THINGS QUIETED DOWN AND GRADUALLY EVENING AND DARKNESS CAME UPON US. SOMETIME BETWEEN 11:00 AND 12:00 O'CLOCK ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE WITH RIFLE AND MORTAR FIRE FROM THE JAPS AND WE WERE THEN GIVEN THE WORD TO MOVE OUT AND RETREATED BACK TO THE AREA WHERE WE HAD COME FROM EARLIER IN THE DAY. THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE INVOLVED WITH REST AND BEING SUPPLIED WITH NEW AMMUNITION AND GRENADES. DURING THIS TIME ANOTHER MARINE AND I WENT WONDERING OFF ONE DAY AND I RECALL THAT WE SAW SUGAR LOAF FROM A DISTANCE AND JUST HAD TO GET NEAR TO THAT AREA WHERE WE HAD NEARLY LOST OUR LIVES. WE ACTUALLY WALKED OVER THE SAME AREA THAT WE HAD DUG IN A WEEK OR SO BEFORE AND BY THIS TIME LOOKING AT THIS CRESCENT RIDGE, IT SEEM TO HAVE COMPLETELY CHANGED. THERE WAS NO LONGER THAT SMALL VALLEY THAT WE LAID IN. THERE WAS THE SMELL OF DEAD BODIES, BUT NONE TO BE SEEN, ONLY THE DEBRIS OF WAR, WEAPONS, ESPECIALLY I REMEMBER A JAPANESE KNEE MORTAR HALF BURIED IN THE DIRT. WE WERE TOLD LATER BY OUR COMMANDING OFFICER, THAT WE HAD DONE A STUPID THING REVISITING THAT AREA, SINCE IT NOT BEEN COMPLETELY SECURED.

BY THIS TIME IT MUST HAVE BEEN LATE MAY OR EARLY JUNE OF 1945, AND OUR COMPANY EITHER MARCHED OR WAS TRUCKED CLOSER TO NAHA. I REMEMBER WALKING THROUGH THE CITY OF NAHA AND ASKING ANOTHER MARINE WHERE WE WERE, AND HE RETORTED THAT WE WERE

(4)

IN THE CITY OF NAHA, (WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT). I REMEMBER THAT THERE WAS NOT ANYTHING BUT A PILE OF RUBBISH THAT WE WALKED THROUGH. I THEN REALIZED THAT AN ENTIRE CITY HAD BEEN DESTROYED.

OUR COMPANY WAS ACTING AS A BACKUP FOR OTHER COMPANIES AND PARTICULARLY THIS DAY WE MARCHED THROUGH THE CITY OF NAHA AND WERE IN POSITION TO SEE THE MASSIVE ASSAULT THAT HAD BEEN LAID ON OKINAWA AND ON THE JAPANESE. I REMEMBER THAT DAY VERY WELL, AS THE WOUNDED WERE BROUGHT BACK THROUGH OUR LINES AND WE COULD HEAR THE SOUND OF WAR AHEAD OF US, THIS IS WHEN THE APPREHENSION AND FRIGHT SEEMS TO DWELL UP WITHIN A BODY. ON THIS OCCASION TWO OF US WERE SENT BACK TO PICK UP GRENADES AND AMMUNITION FOR OUR SQUAD. I REMEMBER AS I WAS CARRYING A BOX OF GRENADES ON MY SHOULDER AND MY WEAPON IN MY HAND, WE WERE IN AN AREA WHERE THERE WAS A STONE FENCE ON ONE SIDE, AND WHILE WALKING ON THIS PATH WE SAW APPROACHING US WAS WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS AN OKINAWAN ALL DRESSED UP IN THE MOST ELABORATE CLOTHS. THE MAN APPROACHING US WAS WEARING A FULL ORIENTAL OUTFIT OF CLOTHING SUCH AS AN OFFICIAL WOULD WEAR. A LARGE TOP HAT AND A KOMONIA, ALL DRESSED IN BLACK, VERY OFFICIAL. BOTH I AND THE OTHER MARINE COULD NOT BELIEVE OUR EYES WHEN WE SAW THIS INDIVIDUAL WALKING TOWARDS US AND THIS OKINAWAN OR JAP NEVER LOOKED RIGHT OR LEFT AND NEVER LOOKED US IN THE FACE. WE SO ASTOUNDED THAT NEITHER OF US TRIED TO STOP HIM, AFTER HE PASSED US, WE IMMEDIATELY HID BEHIND THIS STONE WALL, THINKING HE MIGHT THROW A GRENADE AT US. NOTHING HAPPEN AND BY THE TIME WE CAME TO OUR SENSES, HE DISAPPEARED. WE WERE NEVER TOLD AT THE TIME BY OUR OFFICERS THAT THE JAPANESE WOULD DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS OKINAWANS. BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO LEARN THAT THE JAPS WOULD INFILTRATE OUR LINES.

LATE THE NEXT DAY WE FINALLY ADVANCED FORWARD TOWARD A HIGH RIDGE OF GROUND THAT SEEM TO BE CONSTRUCTED OF A COMBINATION OF DIRT AND ROCK FORMATION. IN THIS RIDGE THE JAPS HAD DUG OUT A LONG WIDE TRENCH AND HAD CONSTRUCTED A RAILROAD TRACK, IN WHICH THEY HAD A TRAIN AND FLAT CAR WITH A LARGE CANNON. THIS CANNON WAS A LARGE CALIBER AND THEY MUST HAVE BEEN USING IT ON THE ARMY AND PROBABLY IT WAS TO BE USED IN CONJUNCTION WITH SOME ALL OUT ASSULT THAT NEVER CAME. I REMEMBER IT WAS COVERED WITH A LARGE CANVAS OR TARP AND WITH A FLAME THROWER I USED UP THE ENTIRE CONTENTS, ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY IT.

AFTER BEING BRIEFED THAT THE JAPS WERE BEING PUT INTO A SQUEEZE BY THE ARMY, WE WERE GIVEN ALL OF THE AMMUNITION AVAILABLE AND WERE TOLD TO JUST KEEP SHOOTING IN THE FORWARD DIRECTION. THIS WAS DONE FOR AN ENTIRE DAY. WE NEVER WERE TOLD OF THE BENEFIT OR THE OUTCOME.

THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE SPENT JUST MAINTAINING OUR POSITION WITH SLIGHT FORWARD MOVEMENTS AND THEN WOULD DIG IN AGAIN,

(5)

MEETING NO ENEMY UNTIL NIGHT TIME. EACH EVENING WE WOULD TEAM UP IN THREES AND SPEND THE NIGHT WITH ONE PERSON GETTING AN HOUR OR SO OF SLEEP UNTIL APPROXIMATELY 12:30 OR 1:00 A. M. AND THEN ALL THREE WOULD STAY AWAKE THE REST OF THE NIGHT. ONE MARINE WOULD BE IN THE FRONT, ONE IN THE MIDDLE AND ONE AT EACH END OF THE FOX HOLE. ALWAYS THE THREE OF US WOULD HAVE A LIVE GRENADE WITH THE PIN PULLED AND HOLD ONTO IT, THIS WOULD HOPEFULLY KEEP YOU FROM FALLING ASLEEP. THIS, DID NOT ALWAYS WORK AND EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE YOU WOULD HEAR SOME ONE YELL OUT "FIRE IN THE HOLE" AND YOU WOULD HEAR THE SCRAMBLING OF BODIES AND FEET HEADING FOR COVER. ONE EARLY MORNING WE SAW THIS JAP CRAWLING TOWARDS OUR FOXHOLE AND AS HE CAME UP OUT OF A SHELL HOLE, THE FORWARD MAN IN THE FOXHOLE YELLED OUT "HALT WHO GOES THERE". THOUSAND OF THINGS GO THROUGH YOUR MIND AT THAT TIME, FIRST, WHY IN THE HELL DID HE EVEN SPEAK OUT LOUD AT NIGHT, SECONDLY, WHY SAY THAT PHRASE IN A COMBAT SITUATION, THIRDLY, HE KNEW WE OTHER TWO SAW THE JAP AND WERE JUST WAITING UNTIL HE GOT CLOSE ENOUGH FOR THE KILL. THE KILL WAS MADE, SEVERAL GRENADES, RIFLE SHOTS AND IT WAS OVER. THE NEXT MORNING WE CRAWLED FORWARD AND THERE HE WAS IN THE SHELL HOLE, DRESSED IN HIS JAPANESE UNIFORM, ONE LEG BLOWN OFF, HAVING JOINED HIS ANCESTORS AS HE WISHED.

BY THIS TIME IT MUST HAVE BEEN JUNE 10TH AND NOT REMEMBERING THE DAYS OR NIGHTS, THIS MUST HAVE BEEN THE DAY THAT I WAS INJURED. LATER IN THE DAY WE ADVANCED FORWARD TO SECURE MORE AND HIGHER GROUND AND AS WE WERE MOVING FORWARD, I BELIEVE WE WERE GOING THROUGH A RICE FIELD. WHERE YOU WOULD SEE THE SQUARE AREAS OF HIGH GROUND THAT YOU COULD WALK ON AND THE WET SQUARE FIELD LIKE AREAS WERE PROBABLY USES FOR FARMING. EVEN WITH THE POSSIBILITY OF HAVING THE HIGH GROUND PATHS BOOBY TRAPPED, IT WAS BETTER THAN GETTING CAUGHT IN THE SWAMP LIKE AREA WITH A FLAME THROWER ON YOUR BACK. HAVING TOLD THE FLAME THROWER MAN NOT TO GET OFF THE PATH, HE DID SO, AND THE NEXT THING WE KNEW HE WAS IN THE MUD UP TO HIS WAIST. HAVING BEEN TOLD NOT TO VENTURE OFF THE PATH, WE LET HIM STRUGGLE, UNTIL HE REMOVED FLAME THROWER, DRAGGING HIMSELF AND FLAME THROWER OUT OF THE MUCK. ONCE IN A WHILE YOU HAD TO HAVE SOMETHING TO LAUGH ABOUT.

UPON APPROACHING THE HIGH GROUND AND SLOWLY GOING FROM ONE CAVE TO ANOTHER, AIDED BY FLAME THROWER, DEMOLITION PACKS AND B A R MAN, WE CLOSED ALL CAVES THAT WE FOUND. SUDDENLY A LARGE EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE, EXPLOSIVES IN A CAVE, AND LARGE MORTAR FIRE MADE THE END OF THE DAY COME QUICK. THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER WAS PICKING MYSELF UP AND IN A DAZE GOT MY BEARING AND FINDING ANOTHER MARINE WOUNDED, I WENT TOWARDS HIM AND FOUND HIM LYING THERE WOUNDED. HE FRANTICLY CRIED FOR ME NOT TO LEAVE HIM AND I WAS IN NO CONDITION TO LEAVE HIM ANYWAY. I WAS VERY HAPPY TO STAY WITH HIM AWAY FROM THE FORWARD FIGHTING AND TO DIG A SMALL FOXHOLE FOR US TO HIDE



(6)

FROM THE WORLD OF DANGER. BUT NOT HAVING WIDE VISION, DID NOT SEE ONE CAVE THAT WE HAD OVER LOOKED, CONSEQUENTLY A JAP FIRED FROM THAT CAVE SHOOTING AN OFFICER STANDING NEAR BY AND AGAIN SHOOTING THIS MARINE THAT I WAS TRYING TO PROTECT AND THIS TIME HE WAS SHOT IN THE BUTTOCK. DURING MY DIGGING OF A FOXHOLE AND COMFORTING THIS MARINE HE HAD TO HAVE A BOWEL MOVEMENT. CAN YOU IMAGINE A SITUATION LIKE THIS, TRYING TO STAY ALIVE, PROTECTING YOU ASS, DIGGING A FOXHOLE, AND AT THE SAME TIME HELPING A MAN TAKE A SHIT AND WIPING HIS ASS. THAT WAS THE LONGEST DAY OF MY LIFE. WHILE ALL THIS WAS GOING ON, APPARENTLY THIS JAP OR JAPANESE WHO PREVIOUSLY HAD SHOT THIS MARINE AND THE OFFICER. DECIDED TO KILL ONE MORE FOR HIS DAY OF GLORY AND SHOT A SGT. WHO WAS CARRYING A THOMPSON SUB-MACHINE GUN. BY THIS TIME MY WORLD IS SLOWLY BUT SURELY COMING TO AN END, MENTALLY, NOW THE NEXT THING COMES TO MY MIND IS TO PICK UP THIS THOMPSON SUB-MACHINE GUN AND CHARGE THIS CAVE, BUT WITH MY HEARING BEING ALMOST GONE, SHRAPNEL IN MY LEGS, I MENTALLY AM OUT OF THE WAR. THE WAR FOR ME THAT DAY IS OVER, I AM HAPPY IN MY LITTLE HOLE IN THE GROUND, WATCHING THE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TAKING PLACE BEFORE ME, I AM CONTENT IN STAYING RIGHT WHERE I AM. SOON, THEY TAKE THE DEAD OFFICER, THE DEAD SGT. AND MY LITTLE TWICE WOUNDED MARINE AWAY ON STRETCHERS. NOW I AM READY TO FOLLOW UP AND FIND MY OUTFIT, WHO HAVE GONE AHEAD AND NOW ARE DUB IN FOR THE NIGHT. SPEAKING TO MY COMPANY CAPTION, HE NOW ADVISED ME TO GO TO THE FIELD HOSPITAL. I SAID NO, I WOULD RATHER STAY WITH MY BUDDIES, BUT HE INSISTED. IT IS NOW GETTING DARK AND WE THAT ARE WOUNDED ARE BEING TAKEN BACK TOWARDS THE FIELD HOSPITAL. AS I RECALL, MY FEELINGS WERE, WHAT A WORN OUT BUNCH OF BEATEN MARINES, STRUGGLING BEHIND EACH OTHER FOLLOWING A CORPSMAN, THROUGH OUR LINES AND APPARENTLY BEING TOLD NOT TO TRIP OVER LINE WIRES THAT WERE USED TO SET OFF FLAIRS. HELL, NOT HEARING, NOT CARING, TRIPPED OVER THE TRIP WIRES AND SET OFF THE FLAIRS. FELL TO THE GROUND LIKE THOUSANDS OF TIMES BEFORE, FLAT AS ONE COULD MAKE HIMSELF UNTIL THE FLAIR HAD LOSS ITS NIGHT GLARE. GETTING UP AGAIN AND SLOWLY STRUGGLING FORWARD TO THE SITE WHERE A MAKE SHIFT JEEP CARRIERS TOOK US BACK TO THE FIELD HOSPITAL. YOU HAD TO BE BADLY WOUNDED TO BE TREATED ON THE SPOT, IF YOU WOULD WERE NOT BLEEDING OR HAD SEVERE GUN SHOT WOUNDS, BUT COULD WALK AND TALK YOU WERE TREATED IN YOU TURN. SLEPT THAT NIGHT IN A BUILDING, SOMEWHAT LIKE A SCHOOL HOUSE, AT LEAST IT HAD WALLS. NEXT MORNING AWOKE AND HAD MY FIRST REAL BREAKFAST OF PANCAKES. WHILE IN THE CHOW LINE ANOTHER MARINE TOLD ME THAT I HAD BETTER GET THAT PIECE OF SHRAPNEL OUT OF MY SHOULDER. I HAD NOT FELT THE SHARP PIECE OF METAL LODGE IN THE MUSCLE OF MY SHOULDER FOR THOSE MANY HOURS. LATER THAT DAY I WAS SHIPPED TO A LARGER FIELD HOSPITAL AND GRADUALLY WAS FLOWN TO GUAM, THEN ON TO PEAR HARBOR, THEN ON TO CALIF. BY BOAT. WAS THEN GRADUALLY BROUGHT BACK TO PHILADELPHIA, PA., WHICH WAS CLOSER TO MY HOME STATE OF OHIO WHERE I HAD BEEN INDUCTED. SPENT TIME IN THE PHILADELPHIA

(7)

NAVAL HOSPITAL UNTIL OCTOBER OF 1945 WHERE I WAS DISCHARGED. THE BLAST CONCUSSION CAUSING HEAD, EAR INJURY, SHRAPNEL IN THE LEGS AND SHOULDER HAS CAUSED MINIMAL DAMAGE TO SHORTEN MY LIFE. I PRESENTLY WEAR TWO HEARING AIDS AND GET ALONG VERY WELL. DUE TO BEING INJURED IN THE SERVICE, I ATTENDED COLLEGE UNDER PUBLIC LAW 16. GRADUATED FROM CHIROPRACTIC COLLEGE AND HAVE BEEN PRACTICING AS A CHIROPRACTIC PHYSICIAN IN BATTLE CREEK, MI., FOR MORE YEARS THAN I WISH TO ADMIT TO. HAVE BEEN VERY ACTIVE IN THE MASONIC ORGANIZATION, THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE PURPLE HEART ORGANIZATION AND PRESENTLY AM COMMANDER OF CHAPTER # 110, BATTLE CREEK, MI AND HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE CHIROPRACTIC ASSOCIATION DURING THE YEARS OF 1975-76. HAVE THREE CHILDREN, TWO GIRL AND ONE BOY. TOGETHER I HAVE FIVE GRAND CHILDREN.

DR. KENNETH D. WELLS  
 582 W. TERRITORIAL RD.  
 BATTLE CREEK, MI 49015

A CHRONOLOGY OF THE 6TH MARINE DIVISION ON OKINAWA SHIMA-1945

Taken From:  
 HISTORY OF THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION  
 Edited by:  
 Bevan G. Cass  
 1948  
 Washington  
 Infantry Journal Press

Chronology Compiled By:  
 Kenneth J. Long  
 Delton, Michigan  
 1992

When the Division was assembled for the first time at Guadalcanal in September 1944, its component parts were mostly veteran; it was the only Marine division to be thus organized almost entirely around battle-tryed units. The three infantry regiments were the 4th Marines, made up from the Raider Battalions, whose history reached back to Guadalcanal; the 22nd Marines, which fought at Eniwetok; and a battalion of the 29th Marines, that saw fire in the fierce fighting for Mount Tapotchau on Saipan. Its artillery was the 15th Marines; the Tank, Engineer, Pioneer, Motor Transport, Service, and Medical battalions all bore the numeral "6", as befitting their division, and included men with battle experience across the whole Pacific.

On April 1, 1946, the Sixth Marine Division, reduced to a strength commensurate with the peace-time needs of the Corps, was redesignated the Third Marine Brigade. The Sixth had the unique record of never seeing duty in the United States during the whole of its nineteen months of existence.

April-1945

1. 22nd regiment lands on Green Beach one and two at 8:37 A.M. and takes the villages of Hanza and Takasshippo.

4th regiment lands on Red Beach one, two and three at 8:37 A.M.. and approach Yontan Airfield

29th regiment in Corps reserve-lands and joins the the other two regiments in the afternoon.

Other Division support troops are landed and proceed to unload supplies and other assignments.

2. 29th reg. clears Zanpa Misaki, a peninsula on their left flank.  
 4th reg. advanced about 1000 yards northeast amidst heavy small arms fire. Some infiltration at night.  
 22nd reg. "moved forward against insignificant resistance."  
 Reconnaissance Company, probed beyond the neck of Zanpa Misaki and took the small town of Nagahama.
3. The 22nd reg. (on the China Sea side) and the 4th reg.

- (on the Pacific Ocean side) crossed the mid-island watershed and worked well down into the foothills on the opposite slope.
4. The island is cut in half (ie. North and South) at a line between the village named Ishicha and westward to Naka Domari. The 22nd reg. still on the west or China Sea side and the 4th reg. on the Pacific Ocean side.
  5. Today both regiments advanced about three and one half miles northeast with little resistance. The regiments had reached their 15th day objective in 5 days and as a result the III Amphibious Corps Commander changed the orders of the Sixth Division. The Sixth Marine Division was "to sweep on to the northward up the Ishikawa Isthmus, seize the seaport town of Nago; then drive on to the Motobu Peninsula and the northern tip of the island."
  6. The 29th reg. moved through the 22nd reg. and moved up the west coast to Chuda.  
The 4th reg. moved up the east coast in line with the 29th.  
The 6th Engineer Battalion, turned over their work on Yontan Airfield to the 58th Seabees and was close behind the assault elements.  
The Reconnaissance Co. and tanks moved out ahead of the advance elements up the west coast road as far as Awa, then returned and swung north to cross the base of Motobu Peninsula.
  7. It was decided that Motobu Peninsula would have to be taken; on this day however all units reorganized.
  8. The 22nd reg. was deployed across the island from Nakaoshi to Ora to block off the extreme northern area and cover the rear of the 29th.  
29th-was committed to taking the Motobu Peninsula.  
4th-was assembled in the vicinity of Ora, ready to assist the other two regiments and also furnished some of its elements for probing northward along with the 22nd.  
Co. K of the 4th went on an extended foot and amphibian tractor patrol, moving rapidly up the east coast while the 2nd Battalion of the 22nd reg. along with a battery of artillery and Co. A, 6th Tank Battalion, moved north along the west coast of the island. The units of both the 4th and 22 reg. reached the northern end of the island (Hedo Misaki) on April 14.
  9. The battle for Motobu Peninsula begins.  
The 29th reg. deploys along the base of Motobu Peninsula as follows: The 3rd Battalion on the south, the 1st Battalion in the center of the peninsula and the 2nd Battalion on the north.  
The 4th reg. (less K Company) was in reserve near Ora on the Pacific coast.  
The 15th Artillery was located in the area of Nago, in the southeast of the peninsula making ready to give supporting fire.

10. The 29th (3rd Battalion) takes Toguchi, 2 miles northwest of Mount Yaetake.
- 11-13. The 29th reg. sends out probe units to learn more about the defenses around Mt. Yaetake.  
The Division's intelligence work had been well and and thoroughly done and by this time it was known almost exactly where the enemy was and in what strength. In preparation for a decisive drive the 4th Marines were brought from the east coast and installed on the southwest coast of the peninsula near the 3rd Battalion, 29th, the plan being for these two units ie. 4th Regiment, with the 3rd Battalion of the 29th attached, to attack eastward toward the central mass of Mount Yaetake. The 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 29th would simultaneously move westward from Itomi, clear the Japs from the Manna-Itomi road, and drive them southward in conjunction with the 4th Marines.
14. The 4th (with 3rd ~~Reg.~~ 29th attached) reached their days objective ie. Hill 815 between Toguchi on the west and Mount Yaetake on the right.  
The 1st and 2nd Battalions, of the 29th Marines were moving southwest from Itomi. (Colonel Whaling takes over the command of the 29th Marines)  
Supporting units such as the 15th Artillery, Naval Artillery, 6th Tank Battalion and air support were hampered by the rough terrain and poor weather.  
The 22nd Marines were still controlling the north-south movement of the Japanese with a line across the island east from the base of Motobu Peninsula.  
The Reconnaissance Company moved to the extreme west end of the peninsula, near Bise, to set up a radar station.
15. The 4th was strongly entrenched on Hill 200.  
The 3rd Battalion, 29th Marines were short of their objective Green Hill (named for Lt. James H. Green who was killed there).  
The 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 29th were still moving south from Itomi.  
Marine Artillery was assisted by the USS Colorado's main battery.
16. The Engineers worked over the difficult terrain to build the roads needed to keep the troops supplied.  
The 1st Battalion of the 22nd Marines joined the right flank of the 4th Marines for the assault of Mount Yaetake.  
The 3rd Battalion, 29th, takes Green Hill, and sets the stage for the attack of Mount Yaetake.  
Supplies were short as the 4th Marines stormed and held Mount Yaetake.
- April 17-May 2- The day after the capture of the crest, was given to reorganization, resupply and the patrolling of the Itomi-Toguchi road, and on the 19th, of April, the 4th and 29th Marines attacked the hill mass between this

road and the northwest coast.

The suppression of resistance on the peninsula had now become a matter of patrols and searching among the jagged hills.

The Fleet Marine Force Reconnaissance Battalion, which had been operating on the island since shortly after L day, secured the two largest islands off the coast of Motobu Peninsula (Sesoko Shima and Yagachi Shima) on April 19-20.

The Division Reconnaissance Company, secured the smaller island, (Kouri Shima) about April 20th.

On April 22nd, General A. A. Vandegrift, Commandant of the Marine Corps, visited Sixth Division Headquarters at Nago and was present when the flag was raised to signalize the conquest of the northern part of Okinawa.

May 2. The 27th Army Division relieves the Sixth Marine Division on the northern half of the island; the Sixth Division moves south.

3---7 The Division began its long southward movement on May 2, with the engineers and elements of the 6th Service Battalion making up the first motor convoy. On May 3, the 29th and 15th Regiments followed, with the 4th, 22nd and remaining units of the Division bringing up the rear on successive days. By May 6, the entire Division, was quartered around Chibana.

Meanwhile as the Sixth Marine Division completed its operations in the northern end of the island, American offensive operations moved slowly forward against the Shuri Line in the face of constant heavy shelling and counterattacks. The attacking force was deployed with the 96th Infantry Division on the east flank, overlooking Yonabaru, the 27th Infantry Division initially at the opposite end of the line at Machinato. The 7th and 77th Divisions alternated in the area between Shuri and the right flank of the 96th, while the First Marine Division, held in Chibana, awaited orders to move forward.

8. The 22nd Regiment (through heavy rains which were to continue for seven days) moved to the high bluff overlooking the Asa Kawa River and relieved the 7th Regiment of the First Division there while that division shortened its lines to the eastward.

The 29 Marines moved in a day later, establishing a defensive position to cover the beaches stretching along the western flank of Machinato Airfield.

The 1st Armored Amphibian Tractor Battalion came up to join the 29th in covering the beaches against the possibility of a counter-landing.

The 15 Regiment moved its artillery into position.

The remainder of the 6th Marine Division stayed in the Chibana area, prepared to move on twelve hours' notice.

9. The 6th Engineers, under the cover of darkness, complete a footbridge across the Asa Kawa.

Bomb-disposal squads clear mines in the forward area. At 3:30 AM (the 10th of May) the 22nd Marines move forward: 2nd Bat. leading the attack was to keep contact with the 1st Marine Division on their left, and the 3rd Bat. next to the China Sea. The 1st Battalion was directed to maintain contact with the other two, and to occupy the first high ground south of the river. The attack had support of dive bombers and rocket planes as well as self propelled guns on the north bank.

The 29th Regiment was along the beach by Machinato airfield anticipating a counter attack.

The 4th Regiment was ready to move from the Chibana area.

10. At 3:30AM the 22nd moved out and crossed the Asa Kawa. The 2nd Battalion wading on the left, the 3rd Battalion using the bridge. By 6:00AM the 1st Battalion had pushed to the high ground beyond the "sugar mill with the two high chimneys", between the 2nd and 3rd Battalions. Progress was slow with increasing casualties from heavy small arms, mortar and artillery fire. The 6th Tank Battalion moves up two companies of tanks to the Asa Kawa to furnish fire power to the 6th Engineers while they constructed a bridge over the river.

They completed the task at 10:00 AM on May 11.

11. The 6th Tank Battalion crosses the bridge and moves to the front.

USS Indianapolis, flagship of the fleet, shells the strong positions in the enemy lines.

22nd Marines take Asa ridge.

12. The 29th Marines, (3rd Battalion) takes a position between the left flank of the 22nd Regiment and the right flank of the 1st Marine Division.

About the time the 29th (3rd Battalion) was committed, it became apparent that while the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the 22nd Marines had secured high ground, the enemy still held high ground overlooking Asa Kawa valley on the south. This was in the 2nd Battalions zone of action.

13. The 22nd continued its forward drive: The 3rd Battalion forced its way slowly along the seacoast; The 1st Battalion made the main effort along a valley in the center of the regiment's zone; The 2nd Battalion gained little in the face of flanking fire from the Shuri sore spot.

The 3rd Battalion of the 29th Marines was in the same situation as the 2nd Battalion because of the heavy fire from Shuri was able to gain several hundred yards.

That night it was clear to General Shepherd that the combat efficiency of the 22nd Regiment had been considerably reduced by the rigors of its 2000 yard advance. Casualties had come to over eight hundred

and the remaining men were very tired. He therefore decided to resume the attack on the following day with the 29th Marines making the main effort on the left, supported by the 22nd Marines.

14. The western Japanese defense complex: It was a triangular system of defenses which formed the western anchor of the enemy's line, blocking the corridor that leads into the Shuri hills from the west. Southeast of Sugarloaf Hill, lies another hill named Half Moon, and to the south was Horseshoe Hill. Sugarloaf thus formed the point of an arrowhead aimed at the center of the advancing Sixth, with the two southern hills standing as the broad and sturdy base of the arrow. The 22nd and the 29th Regiments attacked in the morning with the 22nd on the right covering the line from the China Sea to and including Sugarloaf Hill. The 29th covered the zone between the 1st Marine Division on the left flank to the east side of Sugarloaf. Covering a part of Charlie Hill.
15. All Regiments remained within the assigned zones of May 14, with gains measured in yards. All units of the Sixth Division were called upon to penetrate the Japanese defenses, including the Navy. The difficulties of supply, communication, removal of the wounded and other necessities of battle were compounded by the constant artillery, mortar, small arms fire along with the attacks and counter-attacks. Constant flares lighted the front from dark until dawn.
16. May 16, was as bitter a day as the Sixth Division had seen or would see. Two full regiments had attack with all the power at their command and still were unsuccessful. Two facts were now known--Sugarloaf defenses had been reinforced during the past 24 hours and the intense enemy fire from the Division's left and rear would continue until the Shuri area was reduced. General Sheperd's plan was to move an entire regiment through a small depression in column--the 29th Regiment. Beyond the valley (depression) the battalions were to engage one point in the defense system, each attack beginning as soon as the one preceding it was fairly under way. The 1st Battalion would lead, placing the south side of the ridge in its zone under attack; the 2nd would engage Sugar Loaf and the 3rd sweep through to Half Moon, thus bringing all elements of the Sugar Loaf defenses under almost simultaneous attack. The maneuver involved a change in regimental boundaries to bring Sugar Loaf into the zone of the 29th.
17. Heavy naval and artillery preparation before before the attack at 8:55 A.M. The 29th's attack failed to take Sugar Loaf, which was the main objective, but a considerable amount of security had been gained on the left flank.
18. The 29th Marines encircle Sugar Loaf, and also Half Moon.



The forward slope of Half Moon hill was in Japanese hands the morning of May 19.

19. Amidst heavy fighting the 4th Regiment relieved the 29th Regiment, the latter returning to the beach at Machinato Airfield for 9 days.

During the ten-day period that ended with the capture of Sugar loaf, the Division had lost 2,662 killed and wounded.

20--21. The battle for Naha-The 4th Marines (2nd and 3rd Battalions) succeeded in taking King Hill that overlooked Horseshoe Hill from the west and also the high ground on Half Moon Hill. That night the Japanese launched a counter attack in the zone of the 3rd Battalion. The line held.

The 22nd Marines (1st Battalion) formed the link between the left flank of the 4th Regiment and the 1st Marine Division.

The Half Moon Hill area was still bitterly contested.

The Division Commander decided to anchor his left on a strong reverse slope position and to develop the full force of the Division's power on his right, making an envelopment directed to the south and southeast.

22. The 4th Marines (1st and 3rd Battalions) resumed their attack during heavy rain. The 2nd Battalion remained on the reverse slope of Half Moon hill. The 1st Battalion of the 22nd Marines were on the left flank of the 4th Regiment, and in contact with the 5th Regiment of the 1st Marine Division. By 1:30 P.M. the Asato-Gawa river had been crossed by infiltration. Movement of supplies were very difficult because of the heavy rain.

23. At 2:30 in the afternoon the Bailey bridge was completed across the stream allowing supplies to pass to the area of the front lines.

Some progress was being made by the 4th Regiment although daily gains were measured in yards because of the muck and mire.

24. The Division was deployed as follows:

The 1st Battalion (22nd Marines) was in contact with the 5th Regiment of the 1st Marine Division, on the left flank.

The 4th Regiment's zone was covered by:

2nd Battalion south of Horse Shoe.

1st Battalion in the center of the zone.

3rd Battalion on the right of the zone.

The 22nd Regiments deployment was:

1st Battalion on the right flank of the 4th Marines near the Asato-Gawa river.

The 3rd Battalion's extended to the China Sea, north of Naha.

Elements of the Division Reconnaissance Company were

poised to enter Naha, to evaluate the strength of the defenses.

The three battalions of the 29th Marines were reorganizing in the area around the Machinato Airfield, north of Naha.

25. Elements of the Division Reconnaissance Company enter the city of Naha.  
The 1st and 3rd Battalions (4th Marines) take the north-south ridge west of Machishi. At night a heavy counter attack was met and thwarted.
26. The First Marine Division had broken through the difficult defenses at Shuri, advancing to a position approximately parallel with the Sixth.  
The Japanese were withdrawing (south) along the entire 10th Army front.  
Vigorous night patrolling along the entire Division front.
- 27-28. On these days the rains were so heavy that little could be accomplished beyond determining that no general withdrawal was in progress on the Sixth Division front.  
At 7:00 in the morning on May 27, the 2nd Battalion, 22nd Marines, crossed the Asato into Naha and relieved the Reconnaissance Company.
29. The 29th Regiment relieved the 4th Regiment before dawn.  
The 4th passed into Division reserve.  
The 22nd Marines (their new commander was Colonel Harold C. Roberts) crossed the Naha Canal at three locations where the engineers had constructed footbridges.  
Support from the 15th Marine Artillery was heavy and accurate.  
The immediate objective was now the high hill system running down to the north bank of the Kikuba river, from which the Japs could look down on the lines of the advancing regiments.  
The Japanese introduced a new rocket into the battle which was immediately named Screaming Meemie. The launching site was later found on the Oroku Peninsula.
30. Both the 22nd and the 29th Marines were moving in an easterly direction with the right flank of the 22nd, on the north bank of the Kokuba estuary. A heavy rain fell throughout the day preventing the use of tanks against the many fortified tombs. At the end of the day the 22nd Battalion was at a point on the north side of the Kokuba estuary to a point just east of Ono-Yama, island located in the estuary.
31. The 22nd and the 29th Regiments jumped off at 7:30 in the morning and met intensified resistance around Hill 46 and the high ground west of Shichina village. A company of tanks worked forward through the mud and with their help advanced four hundred yards. That night the Regiments were still short of their objective. The 15th Artillery layed down a heavy barrage before nightfall.
- June 1. On this day Shichina and the high ridge overlooking the

Kokuba and North Fork of the Kokuba was taken. The Japanese defenders of the Shuri Line were forced to the southern tip of the island.

The Japanese had good observation from the high ground that overlooked Naha Habor, and had no doubt followed the eastward advance of the 22nd and 29th Marines toward the Kikuba, with interest. Evidence accumulated later indicates that they were convinced the Sixth Division would continue its sweep to the eastward, and would eventually attack the peninsula from its base.

General Sheperd chose to do exactly the opposite: That is to make a water envelopment, landing on the peninsula just north of Naha Airfield. The Division was to land in a column of regiments, with the 4th Marines in assault, supported by two companies of tanks, and followed by the 29th. The 22nd was to remain in its present position across the base of the peninsula, maintaining pressure on the enemy's strong defenses there. This plan was not adopted until a thorough reconnaissance was made of the Oroku area by the Reconnaissance Company and showed the beaches suitable for LTVs.

3. The tank companies boarded LCT's in the afternoon and spent the night on board the ships prior to the landing.

The 4th Marines, spent the night near Machinato Airfield and at about 3:45 on the morning of June 4th, they boarded LVTs for their two hour trip to Oroku Peninsula.

4. During the one hour period prior to the landing, over 4,300 rounds of high explosive ammunition, ranging from 75mm to 14 inch, were placed on the restricted landing zone.

At 5:47, just as day was breaking, the 4th Marines reached the beach, followed closely by the tank companies.

The 29th Marines embark on LTVs (the same ones as those used by the 4th Marines) to join the 4th on its left flank.

By the late afternoon, through mud, mines and heavy small arms fire the assault troops succeeded in moving east about 1,500 yards to put the right flank of the 4th Marines on the China Sea with about one half of Naha Airfield under their control. The 29th Marines on the left flank, extended to the south side of the Kokuba Estuary, just east of Ono Yama island.

The 6th Engineers, immediately start constructing a bridge between Ono Yama and the Oroku peninsula. One section, between Naha and Ono Yama had already been completed.

By 9:00 in the morning the Division Signal Company had run a four trunk cable across the estuary to Oroku, and by 11:00 A.M. the Signal Company had established direct wire communications with the forces on Oroku.

5. Both Regiments advanced facing increased fire from the Japanese. Heavy rain, and increased mortar and

small arms fire kept gains for the day to about 1,000 yards for the right flank (4th Marines) to about 500 yards on the left flank. (29th Marines)

The 4th received most of their resistance near the village of Toma.

The 29th received stiff resistance near Hill 57.

6-7. The 4th Regiment (2nd and 3rd Battalions) overran Naha Airfield.

The 29th Marines with the 1st Battalion of the 4th concentrated on the heavy resistance on Hill 57. Because of the mire and muck caused by the rains, tanks could not be used.

The 22 Marines in corps reserve up to this time, were released to the Division during the day with instructions that the Regiment be employed to protect the right flank of the First Division, which had driven south on the heels of the Japanese Thirty-second Army and had accordingly left that flank uncovered.

8. In the afternoon with the assistance of mine removal troops and tanks, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 4th Regiment took Hill 57.

During the same time 29th continued to meet stiff resistance in the caves on the ridge that overlooked Naha Harbor.

The 22nd Marines patrolled the area east of the village of Chiwa, and found heavy small arms fire. The 3rd Reg. attacked and overran the positions in the afternoon.

The 1st Battalion of the 4th which had been on the right flank of the 29th Marines, were moved to the right flank of the 4th Regiment zone south of Uibaru.

9. The 4th Marines-1st Battalion attacked and took the high ground south of Uibaru.

2nd and 3rd Battalions took Hill 38, by utilizing the Japanese tunnel system to move troops to the reverse slope.

The 29th Regiment made slow progress on the high ground overlooking Naha Harbor.

The 22nd Marines moved one battalion to occupy Hill 69, south of Zahana, thus gradually orienting the power of the Regiment in a more northerly direction.

The Sixth Division now had the enemy completely surrounded, however the resistance was still substantial.

10. Pressure was brought to bear on the Japanese from the north, west and south.

The 4th Marines pushed eastward to seize Hills 55 and 58.

The 22nd Marines, moved northeastward toward the Kokuba.

The 29th Marines moved slowly through Oroku, paced by flame-throwing tanks.

That evening it was evident that the steady pressure was beginning to break the Japanese defenses. A series of Japanese counterattacks occurred along the front, with the heaviest being in the zone of the 1st Battalion of the 4th.

11. The Division used eight battalions of infantry to smash

the the bulk of the enemy resistance.

The 4th worked forward between Hill 58 and Tomigusuki, with the Engineers clearing mines and dodging automatic weapon fire.

The 22nd attacked Hill 62 under cover of heavy artillery fire. Hill 53 was also taken.

The 29th was still finding it difficult to advance in Oroku.

12. The final breakthrough occurred: During this day the forces converging (4th and 29th) from the west and south compressed the pocket west of Tomigusuki, while the 22nd drove farther northward toward Naha. As the hills came one by one, into our possession, the enemy was forced into the open of the flat paddy ground along the south bank of the Kokuba.

The 3rd Battalion, 29th, (I Company) cleared out the paddy area.

13. The final sweep was made by all of the regiments:  
 The 29th Marines took Easy Hill, south of Oroku.  
 The 22nd Marines moved west to secure the high ground.  
 The 4th Marines moved north toward Kokuba Estuary.
14. The 6th Reconnaissance Company landed on the small island of Senaga Shima, and marked an end to Oroku Peninsula operation.

#### The Capture Of Ara Saki

16. The southern front of Okinawa, was zoned as follows:

The left flank of the 7th Infantry Division was resting on the Pacific Ocean.

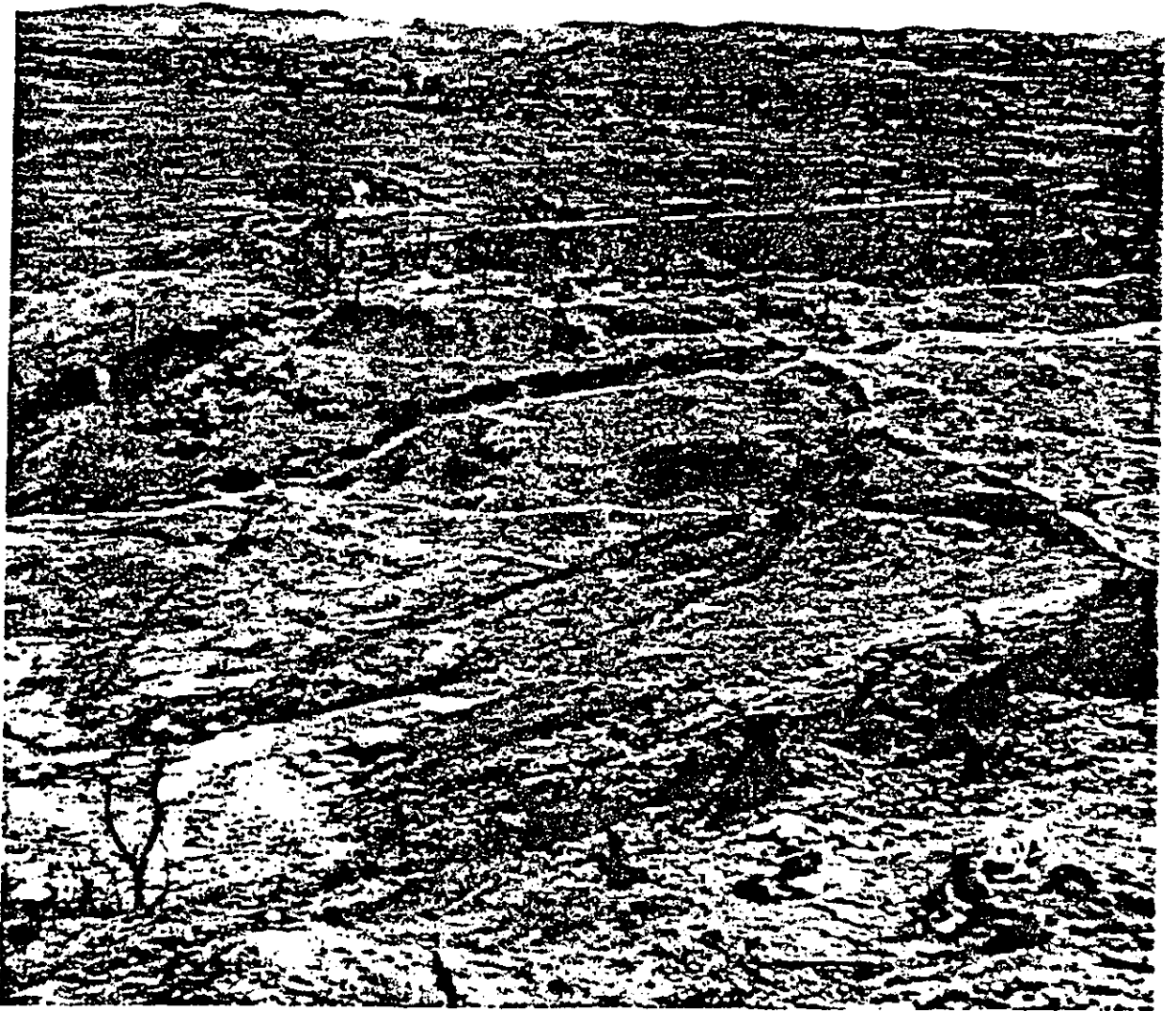
The 96th Infantry Division was next to it in the vicinity of Yaeju Dake Plateau.

The 1st Marine Division was on the right flank of the 96th, and fighting forward along the rough coral of the north slope of Kunishi Ridge.

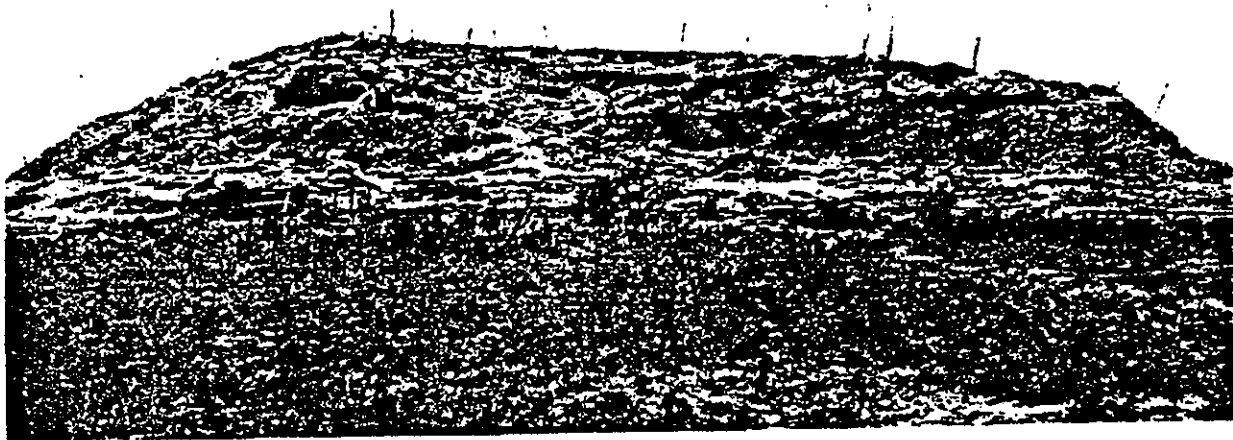
The 77th Infantry Division had been squeezed out of the line and was in Army reserve.

The 1st Marine Division would shorten its lines to the left and make room for the 6th Division which would attack in column of regiments. The 22nd Marines would lead the assault.

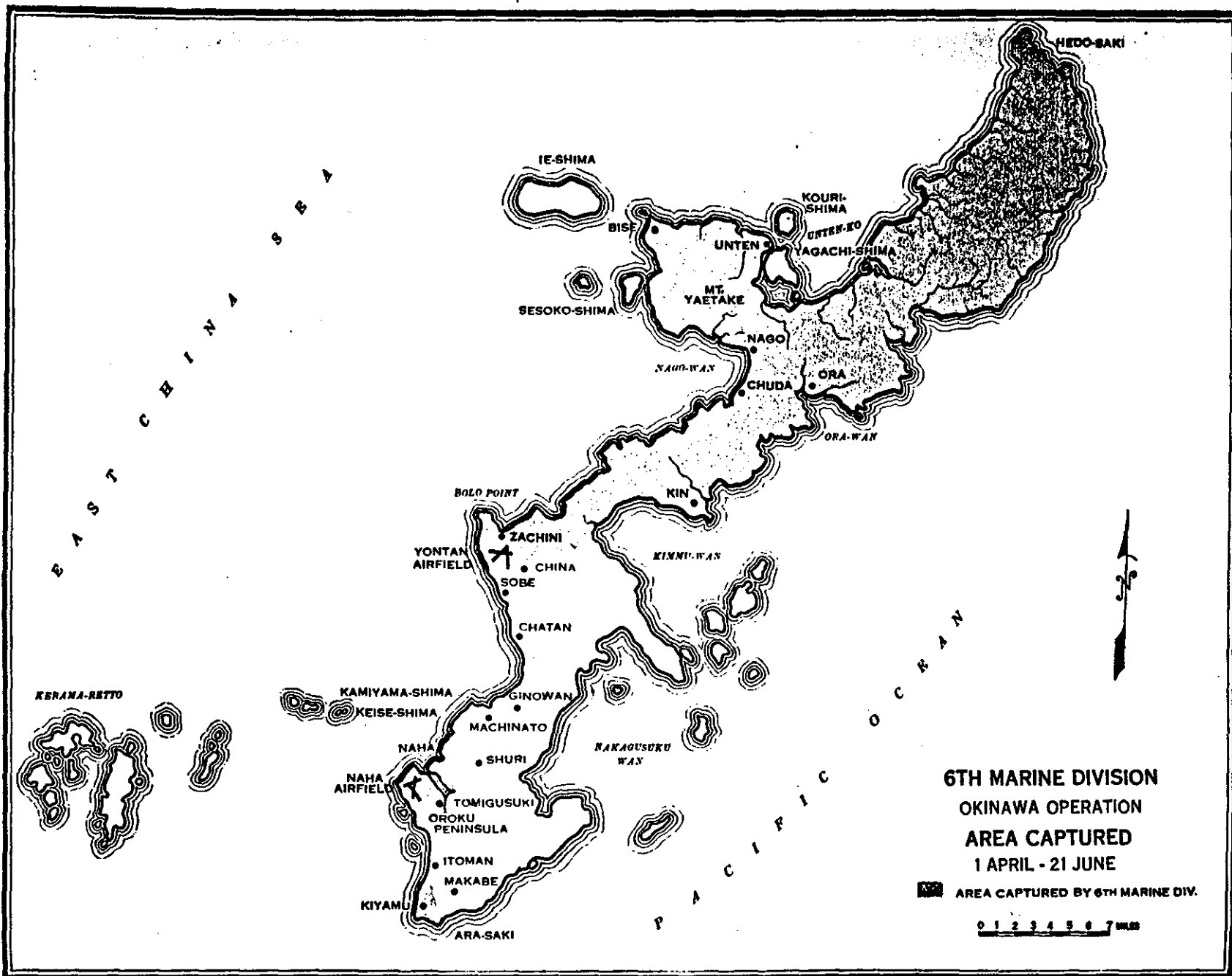
17. The 22nd attacks Mezado Ridge with heavy casualties. (1st and 3rd Battalions)
18. With tank support the 22nd (1st and 2nd Battalion) attack Kuwanga Ridge and casualties are high. (Regimental Commander of the 22nd Marines, Colonel Harold C. Roberts was killed). Colonel August Larson assumes command of the 22nd.
19. The 4th Marines (1st and 3rd Battalions) take Ibaru Ridge.
20. The 4th and 29th Regiments take Kiyamu Ridge.
21. Members of Company G, 2nd Battalion, 22nd Marines, raised the American flag on a coral cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean to mark the end of organized resistance on Okinawa Shima.



HALF MOON HILL and the corridor leading to the Kokuba Gawa as seen from Sugar Loaf.

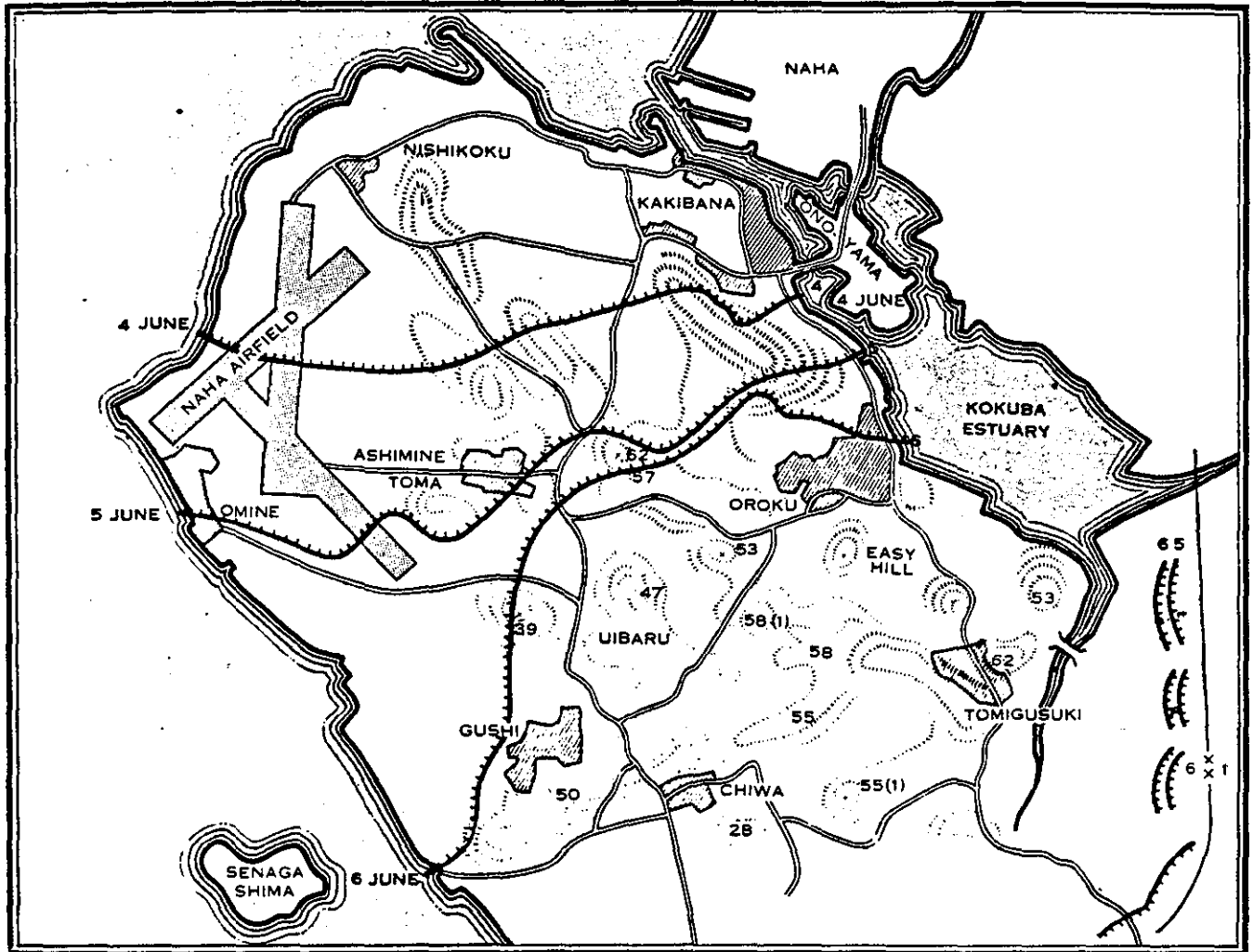


**SUGAR LOAF HILL**, western anchor of the Shuri defenses, seen from a point directly north.

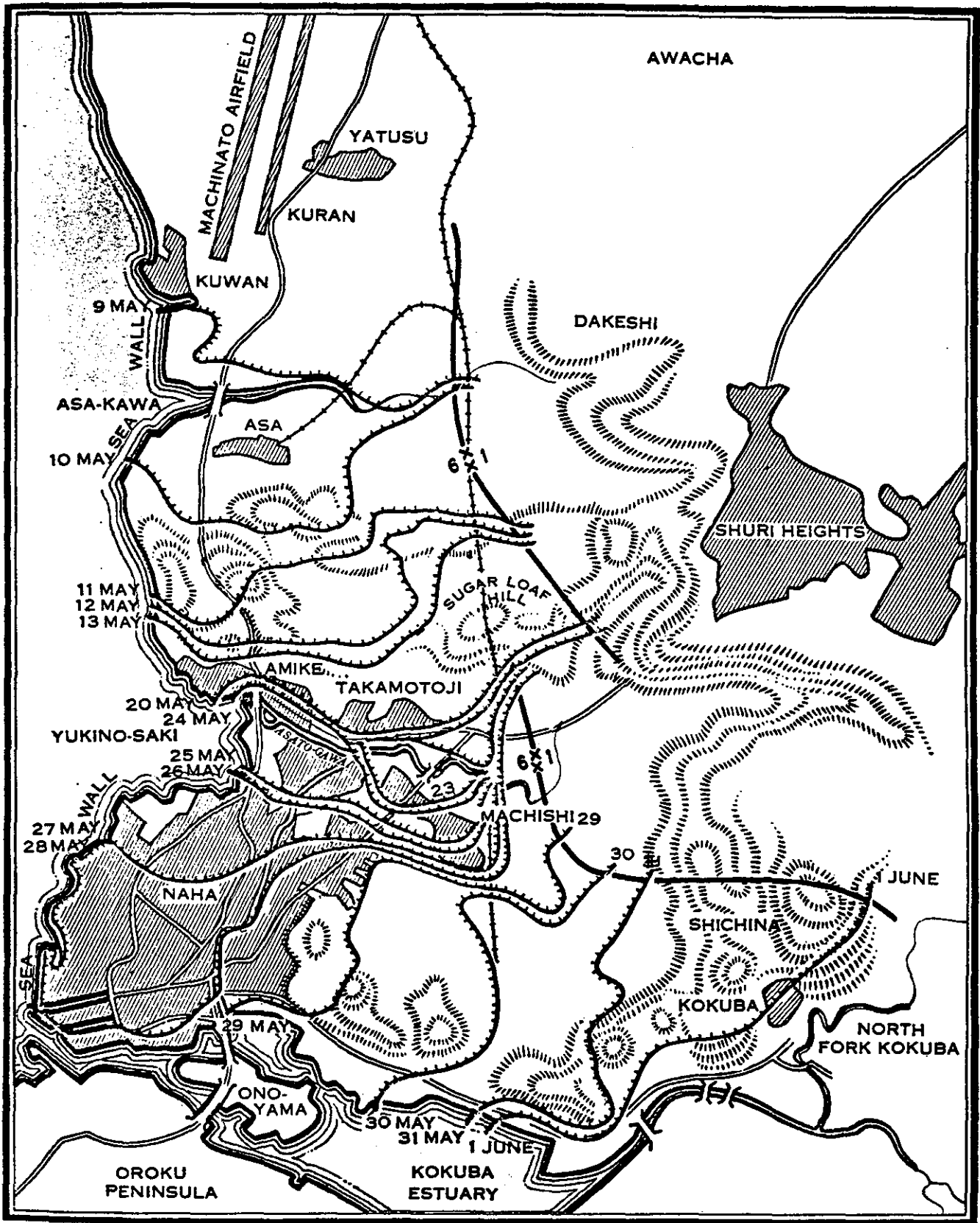




OPERATIONS ON OROKU PENINSULA

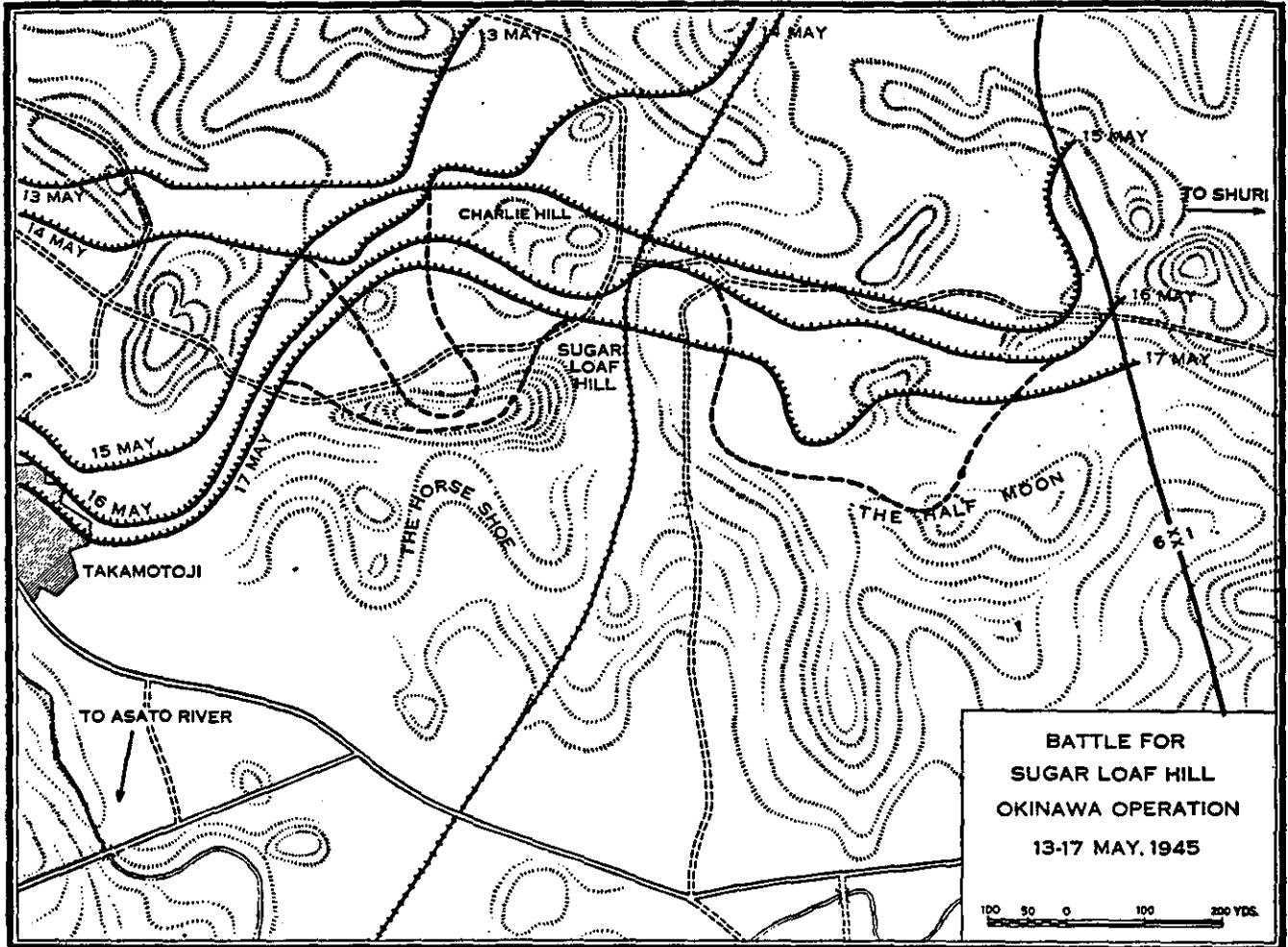


The operations of the Division, 4 to 6 June, as assault troops press rapidly inland from the landing beaches.



9 May through 1 June—Operations of the 6th Division from its entry into the Southern Lines until the completion of the capture of Naha.

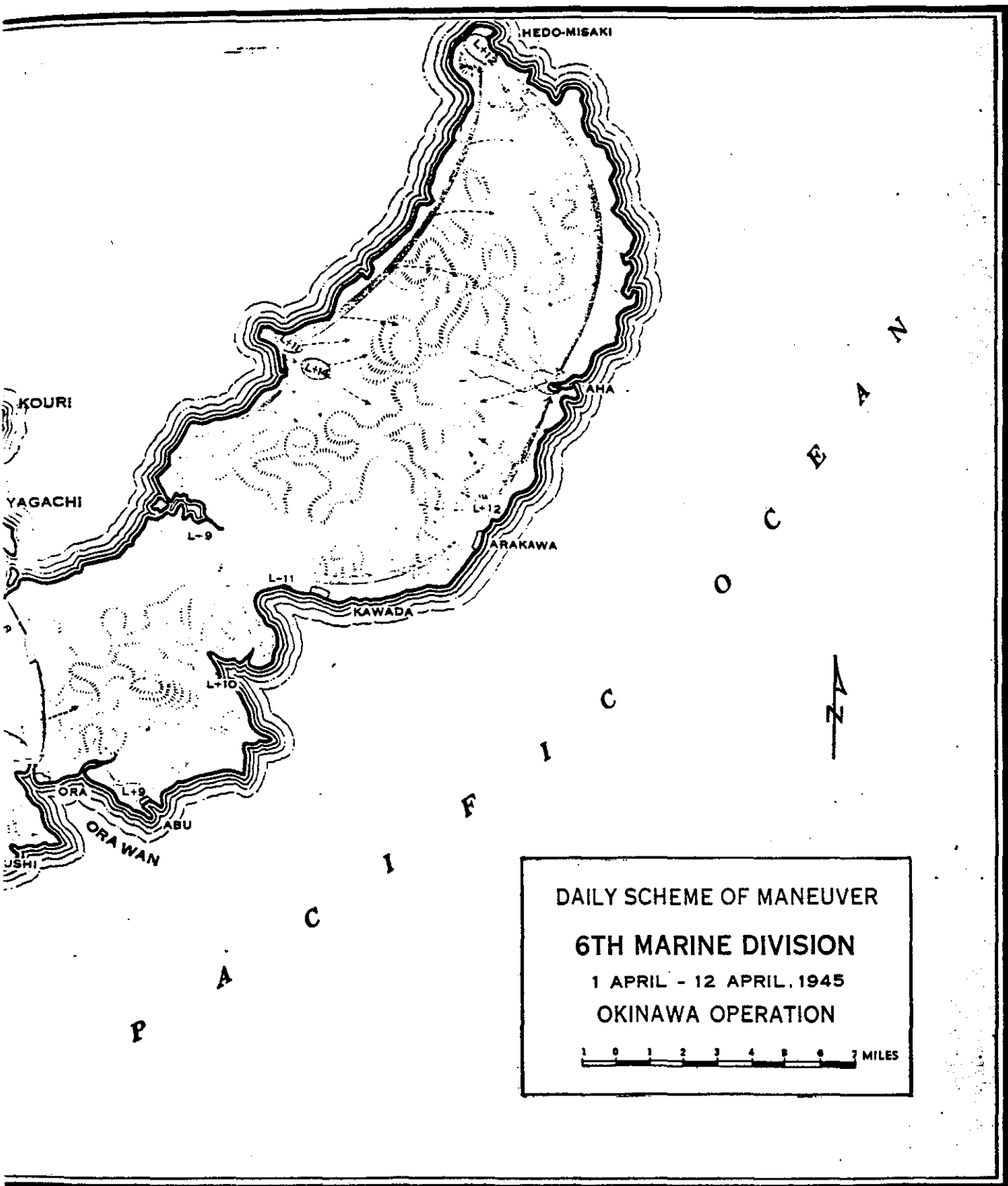
SUGAR LOAF HILL





Tenth Army situation map upon entry of the Sixth Marine Division into the southern lines.





DAILY SCHEME OF MANEUVER

6TH MARINE DIVISION

1 APRIL - 12 APRIL, 1945

OKINAWA OPERATION

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 MILES

Marine Lingo, Okinawa, 1945  
Compiled by: Kenneth J Long, 1993  
Delton, MI

The list of terms and phrases are ones I recall from my associations with the "old salts" during the period of World War II. History of their origin is not known but I would like to think they were coined in some smokey "slop-chute" by some old timers as they guzzled a few beers. Many of the words were not familiar to me during the battle for Okinawa (Japanese words) and I discovered these from books, periodicals and maps that were studied since the War. In addition, many of the terms were brought back to my memory in discussions with other Marines as we talked about the events of the past. The vocabulary of a Marine was simple, direct and it was certainly descriptive.

Although I have attempted to include a comprehensive list for a "rifleman in a rifle company", I am sure there are many words that I have omitted because of my lack of knowledge of other specialties represented in the Division and I would appreciate the readers help in bringing these words or phrases to my attention so that they can be included in a revised glossary at a later date. Kenneth J Long

11311 Fair Lake Drive  
 Delton, MI 49046

1st Lt--is one rank above that of a 2nd Lt and the holder is authorized to wear silver bars. He was considered a company officer in a rifle company and commanded platoons as well as executive duties. Due to the shortage of officers during the battle they were often given command of companies or even battalions. This was the case in I/3/29/6 when 1st Lt Harvey F Brooks took over the company on May 14, 1945 and was wounded on May 15th. 1st Lt John P Stone then took command of the company until the end of the battle.

2nd Lt--The beginning rank for commissioned officers whos duties and responsibilities were similar to those of 1st Lts.

4 Star General--The highest rank that could be obtained in the United States Marine Corps at the time and held by General A. A. Vandegrift, who was the Marine Corps Commandant.

782 Gear--A term used to denote any canvas or webbed equipment of a Marine, such as field packs or cartridge belt etc.

A-mid-ship--Half way between the bow and stern of a ship. Also used to identify a location such as "He took a fist a-mid-ship" or someone hit him in the stomach.

AA--Refers to anti aircraft guns based either on ship or shore.

Alibi Round--An additional cartridge or round of ammunition given to someone on the rifle range to compensate for a mis-fire during a "shooting for record" exercise.

Amtrack--Amphibious tractor that was used to tote men

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

2

and supplies to the beaches of Okinawa and other south pacific battles. It has tracks similar to a tank and can travel in the water as well as on the land.

Arm and Hand Signals--A method used primarily at the fire-team and squad level of a rifle company to deploy the troops. This method was used when complete silence was necessary. It was used to some extent in Okinawa, but I understand was used more frequently in jungle fighting.

Armor Piercing--Ammunition designed to penetrate metal. The identification for 30 caliber ammunition of this type was that the tip of the bullet was black. The projectile portion of the bullet was constructed so that it wouldn't mushroom like an anti-personnel bullet when it struck the target and was used extensively for cleaning out snipers located in the tombs.

Army Divisions--The following Army Divisions took part in the battle: 7th Infantry Division, 27th Infantry Division, 77th Infantry Division, 81st Infantry Division and the 96th Infantry Division.

Asiatic--The term was used to describe a Marine who was suffering from a form of combat fatigue acquired from the stress experienced during battles he took part in through-out the South Pacific. He was usually still functional as a Marine but was very unpredictable emotionally. In conversations with him, which were very difficult, his sunken eyes would stare into the distance as though he was in a deep trance. It wasn't uncommon for him to be wearing earrings or to show you his collection of gold teeth that he had obtained from Japanese soldiers.

Ass Wipe--Toilet paper or any material that was substituted for toilet paper, including mud.

Atabrine--A tablet containing a chemical that lessened the symptoms of malaria. Although quinine and atabrine reduced the severity of the fever and chills associated with the disease they did not cure the disease. Continuous ingestion of atabrine turned the skin yellow.

Atrocities--Synonyms are; abomination, horror, inhumanity, monstrosity, offense, outrage. If these words describe "atrocities", then many atrocities were committed during the Battle.

AWOL--Absent without leave; Leaving your unit without the permission of superiors.

Baka--A manned Japanese rocket used as a suicide plane. Baka was a name coined by Americans.

BAMS--Broad ass marines; Women Marines

Bandalier--A canvas belt with pockets to carry ammunition and worn over the shoulders and across the chest. It was also used to carry grenades by hooking the handle of the grenades to the gaps between the pockets.

Banika--A small island in the Russell Islands and the training sight for the 29th Replacement Draft, members of which

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6



would later be assigned to the 1st or 6th Marine Divisions.

Banzai--A Japanese battle cry meaning "may you live ten thousand years". Also a desperate Japanese counter-attack. "Banzai, Malines die".

BAR--Browning automatic rifle. There was one man designated as a BAR man in each fireteam. Although the BAR drew more enemy fire it was the weapon of choice of many of the guys. It weighed about 20 pounds and the clip held about 18 rounds of ammunition. It could be fired in either a slow or fast automatic mode.

Bar for stripes--It was a saying in the Marine Corps that a stripe as a Marine was the equivalent to a bar in the Army.

Battle--Fighting for a defined objective through the use of firefights.

Bayonet Drill--Some of the terms used were; parry right or parry left, butt strike, slash, thrust and withdraw.

Bazooka--A weapon having the appearance of a hollow pipe 4 or 5 feet long into which a projectile was inserted and fired at tanks or toms.

Beach Party, work detail--Usually the jobs were involved with the unloading of ships and assigned to those Marines that were waiting assignment to a permanent unit. Most of the Marines that made up these details were members of replacement drafts.

Beach Party--At the discretion of our DIs, floors in the barracks would be cleaned by using bricks and sand by the boots.

Beaches--Different colors were assigned to the invasion points of the outfits that took part in the invasion of Okinawa, on April 1, 1945. Each beach covered a frontage of about 4000 yards and extended from a spot about 2000 yards north of Yontan Airfield, on the west coast of the Island. They extended to a point south of Kadena Airfield. The color designations by Division were:

Green 1

Green 2

Red 1

Red 2

Red 3

Those listed above were used by the 6th Marine Division.

Blue 1

Blue 2

Yellow 1

Yellow 2

Yellow 3

Those above were used by the 1st Marine Division.

Purple 1

Purple 2

4

Orange 1

Orange 2

Those above were used by the 7th Infantry Div

White 1

White 2

White 3

Brown 1

Brown 2

Brown 3

Brown 4

Those above were used by the 96th Infantry Div

Bilge--The inside bottom of a ship. Bull shit or comments made by someone that are not believable.

Blanket Party--This usually took place in boot camp when a member of the platoon "screwed up" in such a way that all members of the platoon were punished by the DI. DIs usually left the correction of the problem to the Marines in the platoon and at times a blanket party was the solution. It consisted of wrapping the unsuspecting Marine in a blanket so he could not identify the participants and proceed to strike, soak down, give a hot foot to, or impose other forms of punishment until the Marine understood that his actions were not appreciated by his buddies.

Blanket Roll--Consisted of a blanket rolled on the inside of the Marine's shelter half and was bent into the shape of and inverted "U" that would fit over the outside of the field pack.

Blank--A round of ammunition that contained the casing and the powder charge but not the projectile. They were used during training to duplicate the sound of battle but not the effects. It was also used in the rifle when firing a rifle grenade.

Blood on The Bulkheads--A preliminary command given by the DI in boot camp that preceded the command "fall out". The DI wanted us to get in our formation in record time even if there were a few injuries.

Booby-trap--Usually an explosive device attached to something of value by the enemy in hopes of killing or wounding a Marine during their souvenir hunting trips.

Boondocks, Boonies--Any uncivilized area where training was held.

Boot--The lowest form of hunamanity. He was a participant in boot camp either at Parris Island, SC or Camp Pendleton, CA. He was not allowed to have "pogey bait", had to salute everyone who wore a uniform or emblem and was not allowed to wear the Marine emblem until boot training was completed.

Bore,rifle--The chamber of the rifle where the round was located when the rifle was fired.

Borrow--Since the word "steal" was not part of a

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

Marine's vocabulary, nothing was ever stolen, it was just borrowed.

Bow, ship--To the front of.

Brass--Includes all commissioned officers

Brigadier General--A Marine whose rank authorizes him to wear 1 star. Brigadier General Merwin H Silverthorn was Chief of Staff of the III Amphibious Corps.

Brig--A place of confinement for "bad" Marines that got caught. Some of the offenses were serious enough to give these Marines "six, six and a kick". (six months in the brig, six months loss of pay and a dishonorable discharge)

Brown Nose--A Marine who performed kind deeds for his superiors in hopes of getting preferential treatment.

Brown Nosing--The act of performing the kind deeds mentioned above.

Buddy--A Marine that had your complete confidence. One that you could discuss your dreams, goals and fears with. Someone who was at your side when you needed him. It was indeed a special kind of relationship.

Buffalo--A type of amphibious troop carrier.

Bulkhead--The walls of any room that a Marine is located in.

Bunk--Any fabricated platform on which a Marine sleeps.

Bushido--The Japanese philosophy of life

C Ration--Food that was eaten by front line troops and consisted of two olive colored cans, one containing biscuits, cigarettes, candy etc. and the other contained hash, beans or some other food. The cans were usually opened with our K-bar.

Cadence--The rhythmic, guttural, and individualistic chant of the DIs as they trained the platoons of boots in close order drill. Each DI had his own style and it was almost impossible to understand the commands of some DI other than your own.

Cadre--The permanent Marine personnel assigned to a camp whose main responsibility was that of administration or training. Most were "salts" in that they had spent a lot of time in the Corps and many had seen extensive combat.

Campaign Ribbons--Although many Marines in the 6th Division are entitled to wear additional ribbons because of previous campaigns they were in, listed below are the ribbons authorized for those who participated in the Battle for Okinawa only.

Commendation Ribbon, Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon, Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon, Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon.

Cannon Fodder--In reference to Marines going to the front lines for the first time.

Captain--A Marine rank that authorizes the wearing of two silver bars. Usually this rank would command a rifle company. Captain Walter E Jorgensen, was in command of I/3/29/6 until

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

6

April 23, 1945.

Carry on--A verbal command usually given by a commissioned officer that allows enlisted Marines to continue doing what they were doing prior to snapping to attention. The statement "as you were" can also be used. The term "as you were" also negates a statement that was just made; example; "five times five is 20", "as you were", "five times five is 25".

Cartridge Belt--The canvas belt that was worn around the waist to carry extra clips of ammunition, grenades, canteen, the K bar and other Marine paraphernalia.

Casualties--The method by which the severity of an enemy encounter is measured. KIA=Killed In Action, WIA=Wounded In Action, DOW=Died Of Wounds, MIA=Missing In Action, CF=Combat Fatigue. According to the book, Victory in The Pacific-Okinawa there were a total of 19,717 Marine casualties during the campaign. In addition there were 547 casualties of Navy personnel attached to the outfits.

Censorship--All mail leaving Okinawa was opened and all information that could be of use to the enemy was obliterated or cut out prior to being forwarded.

Chamber, rifle--That portion of the rifle barrel containing the cartridge before it is fired.

Chew out--synonyms are; chew ass, ream a new ass. The art of dressing down a subordinate by a commissioned or non-commissioned officer. Some of these officers or noncoms had a real talent for making a salt feel like a shit-bird again.

Chicken shit--Refers to an order given by officers or non-coms that antagonize the troops or the term can apply to the individual that gave the order. Example: Fred McGowan, F/2/22/6, a Marine friend of mine tells this story; "After returning to Guam in the middle of July, 1945, we were getting our sack time in and had the chance to clean our equipment, uniforms etc.. I had spent a lot of time cleaning my clothes and by that time they looked pretty sharp and one day a young 2nd Lt got us into formation and proceeded to demonstrate the proper method of cradling our rifle while crawling on the ground and I didn't mind watching the demonstration, but when he instructed me to crawl in that damned, red, Guam dirt in my clean uniform I volunteered for mess duty on the spot and stayed on it until we were sent to China. That order was chicken shit and so was the Lt who gave it." You have to realize that Fred had gone through the Battle of Okinawa and felt that he had demonstrated his ability to carry his rifle. On the other hand, I assume there were new replacements in his outfit and the 2nd Lt wanted to use Fred's expertise as a training tool. At that time there was no indication the war would be over soon and all units were preparing for the invasion of Japan. There were many cases of orders that were viewed as "chicken shit" on Guam and its understandable since a few weeks prior to this all ranks were on a first or last name basis; discipline had to be restored.

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

Chief Warrant Officer--A rank between that of a non-commissioned officer and a commissioned officer, highly skilled in his area of expertise. I understand that many were promoted to a higher rank with the outbreak of the war. Some to the rank of a full colonel. I don't think it was necessary to salute a Warrant Officer but most Marines did out of courtesy.

Chow--Usually used to identify main meals eaten by a Marine, but can be applied to any food eaten anytime.

Chow down--A special meal with all the trimmings

Clap--A synonym for gonorrhea. A souvenir of some "fun loving" Marines. The reason for "short arm" inspections.

Close order drill--The fine art of carrying out the verbal commands of the "platoon leader" while marching in a formation. Next to achieving a good score on the rifle range, close order drill was used by all DIs to demonstrate how great they were at molding a group of young boots into a single, well disciplined unit. I remember well the superior appearance that the DI took on as our platoon (during the latter weeks of our training) marched in front of a less experienced platoon and how all of us dug the heels of our boots in a little deeper and through our chests out a little farther, sensing the admiration that flowed to us from the on-looking platoon. We were all content knowing that we made the DI proud of us that day and we were stunned to hear his assessment of this dignified group before he dismissed us at the barracks. He said "All of you marched like you had ramrods up your ass and your still nothing more than a bunch of snotty nosed, poge-y-bait eatin, shit-birds."

I was in platoon 45? and started training at Parris Island, in July of 1944. Our DIs were a Sgt Clark and Cpl Gannon both good men as I look back on it now. Some of the guys I remember that shared that very pleasant life with me were Pappy Longerbone, Dean Kniffen, Ed Margocian, the Pyle twins and Sparky Luster.

The first thing one had to do to master close order drill was to learn the language and the dialect of the DI because each one was different. The second necessity was to learn the right from the left. After the above two fundamentals were mastered the rest was practice, practice and more practice. The commands went something like this as I recall: Fall in, Dress right, Ready front, Right face, Forward march, Right oblique march, Left oblique march, To the rear march, To the rear march, By the left flank march, By the right flank march, Column right march, Column left march, Platoon halt, Left face, (at this point the DI would usually tell us that his mother could march better than we could) then came the command we were all waiting for. dismissed! It should be mentioned also that there was a guide carrying a guide-on or flag that took his position in front of the platoon in the direction that we were marching.

CO--Usually meaning Commanding Officer.

Colonel--Full Colonel, He usually commanded a regiment.

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

8

Colonel Victor F Bleasdale commanded the 29th Marines until April 14, 1945 when Colonel William J Whaling took over the command. A Colonel wears a spread eagle.

Colors--The National Flag of The United States of America. Old Glory, The Stars and Stripes.

Combat Infantry Badge--According to the book, Tennozan by George Feifer, page 295, the Marine Corps declined the Combat Infantry Badge, "asserting with some justice that all Marines were combat troops."

Commands, with rifle--port arms, inspection arms, order arms, inspection arms, right and left shoulder arms, trail arms, sling arms, stack arms.

Composition C-2--A putty-like explosive used by Marines to blast caves etc. and to heat their rations. It was ideal for heating rations during the wet weather that was experienced throughout the battle for the southern end of the Island.

Concussion grenade--A grenade 3 or 4 inches in diameter used by the Japanese. The outside shell appeared to be made of some kind of plastic and did not fragment but rather disintegrated when it exploded. The concussion of the explosion caused the effects. For the enemy to arm the grenade it was struck on a hard surface, (usually their helmet) and exploded in about 5 or 6 seconds. It was a favorite weapon in their banzai charges and also used when committing suicide.

Condition Green--Everything was OK, there was no danger.

Red--Get ready for a battle as the enemy was about to attack.

Black--Anything or anyone that moves above ground after dark will be shot, (or shot at) and this is the "condition" used on the front lines throughout the battle for Okinawa. It was information given to replacements immediately upon arrival at the front and it was an instruction that never had to be repeated.

Corporal--A rank in the Marine Corps allowing the holder to wear two stripes. In a rifle company he was usually a fire team leader, however after the Battle of Sugar Loaf many Corporals commanded squads and I suppose in some instances platoons. In I/3/29 Corporal "Double A" Smith took over the squad after Sugar Loaf.

Corpsmen--Navy Corpsmen were assigned to rifle platoons to medically treat the wounded on or in front of the lines. I have yet to meet my first Marine that doesn't have praise and admiration for this group of guys.

Corsair--A U.S. aircraft that was beautiful to see.

Cosmoline--A trademark for petrolatum. Used to coat the surfaces of metal items to prevent rust. Usually new rifles, bayonets and Kbars were coated with cosmoline. Sometimes it was applied to parts of the body during a blanket party.

Count off--This is a verbal command used to break a

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

unit down into smaller groups. Example: On Banika, we were part of the 29th Replacement Draft and we were to be used as replacements for both the 6th and 1st Marine Divisions. To select which Division the guys went to, the platoon would form a line and the order would be given to "count off by 2s" and each Marine would sound off with either a "one" or a "two" until the last man sounded off. The sergeant would then give the command, "ones take one step forward". The two groups were formed. Many boot camp buddies were separated in this way since nobody knew the number to be used for counting off. Work details were selected in the same way.

Cover--Any head covering that was worn by a Marine. A Marine always removed his cover when entering a building unless he was carrying a weapon. (under arms) Also "cover" is a term used to indicate any protection to shield a man from the enemy.

Cover your ass--The art of fucking-up and making it look like someone else was responsible. I believe every Marine used this technique at least once.

Covered or Uncovered--A guy either wore a head covering or he didn't.

CP--Command Post. The location of the units brain trust, and was usually located near but never in front of the unit.

Creeping Crud--Also galloping crud: Refers to any skin infection in the south pacific that spreads rapidly on one's body.

Crud--The stationary form of creeping crud. Example: Athletes foot.

Cunt cap--A synonym for piss cutter or overseas cap. When not being worn it was "stashed" to the right of the belt buckle, between the belt and the stomach.

Davey Jones Locker--The designation for any grave at the bottom of the sea.

De-te-Koi--A Japanese term meaning "come out". The word was repeated outside of a cave before the satchel charge was released to seal the cave. At times when there was enemy fire we would not offer this courtesy. Although my unit sealed many caves I cannot remember one case when either a civilian or soldier came out.

Dear John--A type of letter received from home that broke off all romantic ties between the Marine and his girl friend or wife. Your heart really went out to the guys that received one.

Deck--Any firm surface that is underfoot. It also relates to a fight or brawl ie. "I decked him!"

Deep six--To throw away, to get rid of, to throw overboard.

Detail strip--To thoroughly disassemble your weapon usually for the purpose of cleaning.

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

10

DI--Drill Instructor. Assistant Drill Instructor. In order to properly describe these special people, two evaluations need to be given, the first will be my observations as a boot and the second will be my comments after 45 years of thinking about boot camp. The DI was usually a sergeant and was totally in charge of the platoon for 24 hours a day. He had several assistants (corporals) that came from the same mold. Although they held the rank of non-commissioned officers, they acted as though they held the rank of one grade below God. Some of them appeared to be fighting God for that number one spot. They were void of any compassion or empathy and had as much diplomacy as a kick in the balls. Most were in good physical condition and wore their uniforms in a sharp manner flaunting their Marine emblem whenever possible. The vocabulary used was very restricted and they never used words that contained more than two syllables and usually mispronounced those. Their selection of words was also unique in that all words had to be vulgar enough so that they had been banned by all civilized cultures on earth. The DIs did have a couple of redeeming qualities however, Their voices were deep as though the sound was coming from the souls of their feet and once we learned to understand their dialect it was soothing to march in formation responding to the cadence and commands. The 2nd good quality was the fact that they treated everyone the same and "shit-bird" applied equally to all members of the platoon.

My observations 45 years later:

The DIs were given the responsibility to form a unit out of a gang of diversified adolescence from all over the country. For most of us this was the first time we had been away from home and no doubt we thought because of our good physical condition boot camp would be a breeze. For me, and for others too the physical training wasn't too great a problem but the mental humiliation and the humbling experiences were different stories, after all a short time ago we were popular guys at our high schools scoring touchdowns and all. I feel that boot camp (and DIs) did an excellent job stripping me of my false sense of personal pride and replacing it with a strong unit pride that was to serve all of us well during the combat that was ahead of us and beyond. The sign at Parris Island read: "LET NO MOTHER EVER SAY HER SON DIED IN COMBAT FOR LACK OF TRAINING." I feel the DIs achieved this goal. Our mothers may not have approved of the methods or language used to get us there but they certainly would have approved the final results.

Ditty Bag--A small cloth bag used to carry toilet articles.

Divine Wind--An English interpretation of the Japanese word, Kamikaze.

Divisions, Marine--A complete listing of the units within the 1st and 6th Marine Divisions that took part in the Battle for Okinawa can be found in the book OKINAWA-Victory in the Pacific.

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6



Doc--A name given to the Navy Corpsmen, Medic or Corpsman by Marines.

Dog Tags--A small metal plate issued to each Marine containing his name, serial number, religious preference and blood type. Each Marine was to wear it as a form of identification in the event he was killed. It was usually worn around the neck and contained a small nick at one end so that it could be placed between the teeth if the man was killed. The information of blood type was used to give a wounded man a compatible blood. Each Marine was issued two dog tags and if worn around the neck they rattled at times. Double A Smith, my squad leader told us to put one in each shoe lace toward the bottom of the boot, to prevent this problem. Double A, was a "salt" that had taken part in other campaigns and was a good man to listen to.

Doggie--A less than complimentary reference that Marines used to identify a member of the U.S. Army.

Double time--An increase in the marching speed of a unit from 120 steps a minute to about 180 steps per minute. This is about a "trot" but the unit should still be in step.

Dress Blues--The formal dress uniform for a Marine. Most of the pictures we see of the of the guys dressed in these were rented as most did not have the money to buy them. Fred McGowan, F/2/22/6, says; "One of my first stops after getting out of boot camp was to stop at one of the photo shops located near the base to have my picture taken. The guy took a set of blues off the rack, snapped them on me, took my picture, unsnapped them and replaced them in the rack and all this took about one minute." This uniform was a necessity for all "Hollywood Marines".

Dry Fire--"Squeezing" off the trigger of the weapon without having ammunition in the chamber. It was used to get the Marine to identify the proper "sight picture" and also gave him practice at squeezing the trigger instead of pulling it.

Duck--A form of amphibious vehicle.

Duff--Your behind, your ass, your butt. Example: This battle would be over in a week if the Army would get off of their duff.

Eagle shits--Payday. A day to rejoice for the poker players in the outfits as well as all the Marines who had money owed to them. The "Eagle did not Shit" during the battle for Okinawa.

Elevation--Each rifle varied to some extent as to the number of "clicks of elevation" needed to accurately shoot at various distances. Usually every Marine knew how many clicks were needed for his rifle from close range to a distance of 500 yards. A click of elevation raised the rear sight slightly. My rifle took about 17 clicks at 500 yards.

Emblem--Used as part of the uniform to identify a United States Marine. Referred to as The Eagle, Globe and Anchor.

12

The prize all boots won when successfully completing boot camp.

Entrenching tool--A small tool used for digging, that was attached to the pack of a Marine. It could be either a pick or shovel and although some may disagree, the shovel was the most popular because the "digging end" could be turned to form a right angle with the handle and it could also be used as a pick and a shovel. It was an odd thing in Okinawa but it seemed that in the spot where you wanted to dig your foxhole it was always solid coral, and where you wanted a firm foundation for roads, trails and the like the surface was always soil that turned into seas of mud when it rained. Although I personally have not heard of any situations like this I suppose the tool could have been used as a weapon in close combat.

Espirit De Corps--That proud feeling of being part of a military unit having a long tradition of superior training and superior performance.

Even Keel--An expression indicating that everything is going along in good shape, just as planned.

Fall in--A command given to a unit to get them assembled into a formation.

Field Day--These days were designated arbitrarily by the DI and consisted a thorough cleaning of the barracks and surrounding grounds by all members of the unit. (except the DIs of course)

Field scarf--The necktie worn by a Marine as part of his uniform.

Field strip--Rifle, To disassemble a rifle into its major parts usually for the purpose of cleaning. (see "detail strip")

Cigarettes, This was done when policing an area and was done in this way. The Marine would pick up the butt from the ground and tear the paper allowing the tobacco to fall to the ground. He would roll the remaining paper between his two fingers until it formed a small ball and would throw that back on the ground. Most Marines that smoked, field stripped the cigarettes before they threw them away knowing that some shit-bird would have to pick them up otherwise and that shit-bird might be him. We were fortunate in that filtered cigarettes were not in use at that time as this would have complicated the procedure to the extent I'm not sure that we could have handled it and it might have changed the outcome of the entire war.

Fire fight--A term used to identify an encounter with the enemy and involving a small number of men. This does not mean however that the fire fight is small and unimportant and I believe at least 90% of our fighting was of this nature. Usually there were many fire fights required to take a single objective such as a hill or a designated area and likewise it took many of these objectives to complete the total battle for Okinawa. I personally feel that the term "fire fight" is a good one and should be used to identify encounters with the enemy when the

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6

numbers of participants are small as it doesn't dilute the physical and mental pain and suffering the participants experienced. On the other hand, a word that should be removed from all writings relating to war is skirmish. (see skirmish)

Fire team--3 fire teams plus a squad leader made up a squad in a rifle platoon. A fire team was made up of four men which included a fire team leader. (usually a Corporal) There was a rifleman, a BAR man and his assistant and the fire team leader. Since all units were operating below full strength, it wasn't possible to for units to operate the way discribed above.

Fire team Leader--A Marine usually with a rank of Corporal. He was responsible to the squad leader who was usually a sergeant. He spent a lot of his time instructing replacements in "the rules of the game".

Firing for record--In boot camp, after many hours of dry fire training and several trips to the rifle range for live fire training, we were prepared to "fire for record". Our rifles had become an extension of ourselves by now and the elevation and windage settings for our individual weapons were known to all of us. On this day the composure of the DIs seemed to change a little in that they were not any more friendly but they did seem to be of more assistance in adjusting the slings, and explaining items we had questions about, they almost seemed as though they had compassion to the extent of wanting us to get good scores as much as we wanted to get them. It wasn't until later when I heard that it was common practice for the DIs to put some pretty big wagers on their platoons scores with other DIs that everything began to fall in place. I think we fired at three distances, 200 yards, 300 yards and 500 yards. Some of the positions we fired from were prone, sitting, kneeling and off-hand (standing). The targets we were to fire at were in pits to our front and operated on pulleys and were operated by platoons of boots that were not firing as we took turns doing this. The targets themselves were about 5 feet square and had a series of 4 or 5 concentric rings in the center of which was a 9 inch black "bulls eye". at which we were all aiming. All of us were in the prone position with our eyes on the target area when the clear deep voice through a speaker system said, "ALL READY ON THE RIGHT?" (no response) "ALL READY ON THE LEFT?" (no response) "ALL READY ON THE FIRING LINE" (pause) "WATCH YOUR TARGETS--TARGETS" At this point all the targets came up and all hell broke lose. I cannot recall the scoring system but I do remember in order to get out of bootcamp we had to fire at least at the marksman level and there was a catagory of sharpshooter and another top of the line catagory of expert. Rifle scores were very important to a Marine and I understand that selected members that made rifle teams held up well in world competition. As this happy group of boots (most of us did OK that day) marched back to the barracks we were content to know that we passed with flying colors and we also knew that we possessed a little more of that "stuff" inside of us that was

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

14

later to become known as Espirit de Corps. Of course before we were dismissed by our "master" we were again reminded all were nothing more than a bunch of pogeey-bait eatin shit-birds. Somehow his comment didn't seem to have the cutting effect it had in the past and I believe if the truth were known our DIs made some money on the wagers they placed that day.

First Sergeant--Usually the top ranking NCO in a rifle company. He is authorized to wear three stripes up and three stripes down with a diamond in the middle. He is a vital link between company commissioned officers and all enlisted men. First Sergeant Richard L Berry was our First Sergeant in I/3/29/6.

Flag wavers--Those Marines whose only topic of conversation was that of nationalism and patriotism or any other topic relating to the United States Flag. On the other hand there were survivorists who were fighting to survive, with honor, and get the hell out of the south pacific and go home with very little conversation about patriotic reasons why we were there. Both groups got along well with one another since even though our philosophy differed our goals were the same. I feel both groups were good Marines.

Flame thrower--A weapon carried on the back of the operator and shot flames of napalm about 30 feet. It was used to clear out caves and tombs and weighed about 80 pounds. The weight of the thing restricted the movement of the operator. Since when using this weapon the operator was exposed, they were favorite targets of Jap snipers. I recall one flame throwing Marine named Pfc Paul Pfothenauer from I/3/29/6. Another I met just recently, Pfc Ken Wells, and I think he was with F/2/29/6. Another weapon was the flame throwing tank and it threw the flame much farther than the back pack type and to see it in action was awesome!

Fleas--A biting "bug" common to all areas of Okinawa and once they found your body they seemed to stay for the duration. It seems that most of the guys got them from sleeping on the straw mats picked up along the way and placed in the bottom of the foxhole in an attempt to keep your body out of the mud that was constantly with us. I picked them up from the source described above and once we got rid of the woven mat and we slept in that water filled, muddy foxhole for a couple days they left, I think they were drowned.

Floating Chrysanthemum--The code name given to the suicide attacks by Japanese planes. The Japanese launched 10 of these attacks during the period from April through June and each was assigned a different number ie 1...10. The last attack was on June 21-22, 1945. (This information was obtained from George Feifer's book, TENNOZAN)

Flyboys--A name given to any pilot from the Marines, Navy or Army.

Formation--A conglomeration of troops assembled in such a manner so that commands can be given and reacted to.

Foxhole--A hole in the ground that was dug by the

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

future occupants to provide some safety and also space to store needed equipment and supplies. The size of the hole varied depending upon the size of the guys that were going to share it but in most cases it was about 6 1/2 feet long and 1 1/2 to 2 feet deep. The dirt that was removed was usually piled around the outside perimeter in an attempt to reduce the amount of water flowing into it and to increase the depth of the hole for added protection. Everyone had their own ideas on how the hole should be constructed. Prior to darkness each member would study and memorize the terrain around them including shrubs, rocks etc. so at night they could recognize anything that was out of place. In many locations a lot of the digging had already been done for us in the form artillery and mortar craters and these were used to good advantage. A well constructed foxhole was a real friend and although we looked at it that way there was always one shortcoming and that was the lack of bathroom facilities. A Marine had to be very innovative and a contortionist to handle the calls of nature. Before dark, when we were laying in our temporary home and all of the necessary jobs were taken care of it was a treat to be able to have an uninterrupted cigarette and just "shoot the shit" for awhile. It was at times such as these that one really learned to understand his "buddy" as things like girl friends, wives and family, fears, goals and future plans were discussed freely without any feeling of shyness or embarrassment as private thoughts rolled out. I think all people are like an iceberg floating in an ocean where only 1/5 of their real make up is visible to everyone and the portion below the surface of the water is known only to that person, in fact some feelings or traits are so deep they are not even recognized by the person himself. During that time of sincere conversation I described above I feel that we both explored those sub-surface feelings of each other. It is something I have never experienced (to that degree) since. When darkness came and my watch began, the unfamiliar sounds along with the shifting shadows brought me back to reality and I realized my job was important and yet simple; To be sure that we were both around in the morning.

Fresh meat--A term used to identify a replacement with no combat experience that was newly assigned to the unit. As one made his way to the platoon and reported to sergeant or squad leader in areas other than the front lines, yells of "fresh meat" or "cannon fodder" could always be heard. It was a way the "salts" welcomed the newcomer to the outfit and no offense was intended, for after all there was now one more target for the Japs to shoot at and that increased the odds for survival.

Frogmen--An elite group (Navy I think) of underwater demolition experts that cleared landing beaches of obstacles prior to invasions.

Fuck off--verb: To take unauthorized time off from an assigned job for the purpose of getting some rest and relaxation.

Fuck off--noun: The Marine who performed the above.

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

16

Fuck up--verb: Making a mistake in your work assignment to the extent it was noticed by your superior.

Fuck up--noun: The guy who made the mistake. If a Marine constantly made mistakes it was said that "he could fuck up a wet dream".

Fucking potatoes--Our vocabulary started to form at boot camp where the DIs introduced us to terms that would have curled our hair had we had any and continued through-out our stay in the Corps through our associations with the "old salts". We might have learned a couple of words on our own but most of what we had were hand-me-downs. Some of the guys managed to retain "the kings english" through all of this but to most of us they were starting to become hard to understand as though they were talking with a dialect. I recall a situation in Camp Lejuene, just prior to my discharge, we were in the mess hall and we had just sat down to a big meal served "family style" and the guy at the end of the table didn't have a chance to fill his plate yet. The conversation went something like this: "Hey, pass the fuckin potatoes and the horse cock too. I ain't got no panther piss either." The mashed potatoes, sliced sandwich meat and coffee were promptly handed down to him, as he had communicated perfectly. This new lanuage we had learned filled our needs well while we were in the Corps but after we got out and returned to the life style at home we realized that somehow it just didn't fit with our Mother, girlfriend or minister and I'm sure a lot of ex-Marines were mute for the first month or so for fear of embarrassing our family, friends and ourselves. After corresponding with some ex-Marines in recent years I want to compliment the wives for the great job of reteaching us proper English, but deep down I feel all ex-Marines are still bilingual.

Galley--The area aboard ship where meals are prepared for the ship's crew and the troops. Even those "fuckin potatoes" are prepared here.

Gangway--A term used to make a pathway though a crowd of troops. ie. Gangway!

Gangway--noun, A narrow aisle aboard ship or in the barracks.

Gas mask--A general issue item for all troops used in case of chemical warfare. Almost everyone discarded them when the beach was reached and huge piles of them accumulated. They weren't heavy but they were cumbersome.

Gear--All essential equipment and supplies carried by a Marine.

General Quarters--Aboard ship, it was a command over the PA system to go to your battle stations as the enemy might attack. It was usually a siren accompanied by a voice command.

GI--General Issue, Any standard clothing or equipment supplied to us by the government. Usually the uniforms we could wore were specified as GI issue to prevent the "Hollywood

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

Marines" from making alteration to the extent that the uniform could not be recognized by the enemy or ourselves.

Glory hound--An attention seeking Marine who threw away all cautions so as to be noticed by others. Although I never saw a Marine I would place in this category, it could be very hazzardous if the guy was of this type and also in command of a group of men.

Gold teeth--Apparently it was a sign of high status for the Japanese to have gold teeth and a few (I only saw one case) guys would remove them from the mouths of the dead Japs and have a collection of them. I thought then and still think the ones that did this were "asiatic" and not responsible for their actions. One day, after the island was secured and before we shipped back to Guam another Marine and myself were walking along the outer wire of a compound that contained some Japanese soldiers that had been captured on the southern end of the island. They were saying something to us I couldn't understand but as most of them were prone to do they were bowing and had a big grin on their faces. One of them had a large gold front tooth and at this point the guy I was with reached into his pocket and retrieved a handful of gold teeth and held them out for the Jap to see. Although it is sickening to write about it now this gave us entertainment when watching the expressions on their faces change and how they pursed their lips so as to cover their teeth. Over the years I have thought of this many times and it has led me to the conclusion that now, sitting in the comfort of our home, it is impossible or at least unfair to pass judgement on the thoughts and actions that took place during that hellish period of our lives.

Goodbye Mamma, I'm off to Okinawa--Although the words don't quite fit, it was a homespun song we sang aboard ship on our way to Okinawa, from Guadalcanal prior to the invasion. I can't even remember the tune we sang it to.

Golden Gate in "48"--It was kind of a chant that Marines repeated to indicate their main goal at that time, many of the more optimistic guys would chant "Home alive in "45".

Grab ass--Any physical activity involving two or more Marines coming in contact with one another for the purpose of entertainment other than sexual. Some activities that would fall into this category would be; fighting or brawls, giving another Marine a "hot foot", blanket parties, goosing someone, slapping a guy on his sunburn or other activities of this type. There was another form of grab ass called organized grab ass and this was any of the physical activities above but performed under the supervision of the DI or his assistant.

Grave Registration--The unit (I don't know how it was organized) that was responsible for the identification, removal and burial of the Marines killed in action. The job must have been a very depressing one as there were 2,846 Marines killed. There were a total of 64 men that were listed as missing in

18

action and presumed dead of which 36 were officers. At first glance the number of officers listed as MIAPD seems quite high, when compared with the number of enlisted men however 28 of the 36 were from the 2nd Marine Airwing and since there is a high ratio of officers to men in air crews it brings these numbers into perspective. I feel the relatively small number of total MIAPD compared to the total number killed speaks well for the efforts of the Graves Registration unit. One cannot help but wonder about the fates of those that were never found.

Grenades, fragmentation--A device about the size of a turkey egg surrounded by a segmented casing of cast metal and filled with powder. On the interior it also contained a fuse (which took about 7 seconds to burn down) connected to a lighting device that was activated when an exterior pin was removed and handle released. It made a slight "pop" when released and a "boom" seven seconds later. Since the Japanese used the concussion grenade and didn't have the fragmentation type I feel that we had the superior product. A lot of grenades were used but I can't remember of hearing of even one that was a "dud" except those that Fred McGowan and I tampered with and that's another story.

Guadalcanal--An Island in the Solomon group that was the training site of the 6th Marine Division prior to the invasion of Okinawa. In fairness to the "salts" in the Division that took part in the battle for Guadalcanal, I'm sure my definition wouldn't quite cut it.

Guam--The Island to which the 6th Division went to after Okinawa was secured. We left Okinawa about the middle of July, 1945.

Guide--The Marine designated to carry the guide-on (platoon flag) at the front of the platoon in boot camp. It was somewhat of an honor to be selected by the DI for this position and I held it once for about 10 minutes until the DI noticed that I was one of those guys whos head bobs up and down that we heard so much about and at that point he relieved me of command. As I recall the guide was always located to the front of the unit and so it was necessary for him to do a lot of running when we practiced the command "To the rear - March".

Guideon--The name given to the flag and staff carried by the Guide.

Gukes--Marines had a name for everything and everyone and this is the one given to the natives on Banika, an island a short distance from Guadalcanal and the site of the 29th Replacement Draft, before being assigned to Divisions. The natives had a real ability to climb the palm trees and it was entertaining to watch them go up for coconuts. One day we met one and said "Hey I'll give you a nickle if you climb that tree" and I gave him a penney. He studied it for a couple seconds and said "Only a penney Joe, but me climb it anyway" and up he went to the top like a squirrel.

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6



Gung Ho--I'm not going to even try to define the term or try and explain its origination, I do know however it was used to describe a Marine that was super charged and felt he was able and willing to take on all of the Japanese in the south pacific. As I understand, it was a term used by the Marine Raiders and a synonym might be a "one man gang".

Gunnery Sergeant--gunney, A Marine Corps rank and the holder can wear three stripes up and two down. (ie three up and two rockers) When I/3/29/6 landed on Okinawa, the company had two with this rank; Gunney David D Doerr, who was killed during the battle up north and received the Navy Cross. Also Gunney Harold E Taylor. The Company also had a Master Technical Sergeant Frederick S Slezak.

Gyrene--A slang synonym for a Marine

Halezone tablets--I doubt that the term is spelled correctly. Tablets used to purify drinking water. Since clean drinking water wasn't always available a lot of these tablets were used. I recall getting drinking water from streams and shell craters, and adding a couple of these tablets to the canteen. After shaking the canteen and letting it set for a couple of minutes we drank it with no apparent bad effects. The only negative was the strong chlorine odor and taste but it did the job.

Half Assed--A term used to assess the quality of a person, place or thing. Examples: "he did a half assed job", "It was a half assed liberty town", "He is a half assed Marine" etc.

Harakiri--A ceremony of committing suicide in the Japanese culture. The Marines used it to refer to any suicide by a Jap no matter what the cause or procedure.

Head--Lavatory, Bathroom, The head could be of any design or contained in any structure, although it was the place we went to relieve ourselves it was also a spot where one could catch up on the latest scuttlebutt from the guys who were masters at spreading rumors since they used the head often as their pulpit. It was also used as a public library as it usually contained a lot of reading material in the form of funny books or magazines of which the most interesting pages had already been torn out by some over sexed Marine, and only the jagged edges of the tear was left to remind the present reader of what he had missed. Perhaps the most important function of the head was to give the guys an opportunity to sit, relax and think awhile away from the duties that had been assigned to them as no one could accuse them of goofing off from the job in that sacred place. One day when we were located on Banika, I was sitting in the head that had been constructed for our unit reading from the funny books that had been supplied by someone, I remember the door opening and although I didn't look up from my reading, assumed it was another guy that was thirsty for knowledge. All of a sudden there was an explosion that caused flames to belch from the two holes along side of me that weren't being used at the time and I

20

was blown or I jumped up with my skivvies around my ankles ran outside realizing that my most tender parts had been scorched. Apparently the guy who was assigned to burn out the pit (with gasoline) had failed to let me know what his plans were and although I could be generous and say he just wasn't thinking, I believe it was intentional and whoever it was is still laughing about it. Did my burns cause any permanent damage? I have 1 son and 3 daughters.

Crew cut--A type of haircut. Very short.

Hell Cat--A great U.S. fighter plane.

Hen's fruit--A chicken egg in any form.

Hit the deck--A warning given by anyone to alert everyone within hearing distance of an enemy attack by artillery, mortar or sniper fire. In other words it was the time to make yourself invisible.

Hollywood Marine--An egotistical, self centered Marine who took on a theatrical attitude when a camera was within a radius of 1/4 mile. He was a guy that could go through an obstacle course without getting one hair out of place or even work up a sweat. Someone who thought more of the spit-shine on his shoes than he did his own Mother. To own a set of dress blues was an absolute necessity for a Hollywood Marine.

Home alive in "45"--A chant that was repeated many times by the guys during the battle. A goal that was fully achieved by very few.

Horse cock--Any type of long, round meat that was sliced and used for sandwiches.

Hospital ships--A floating hospital for the Marines that were seriously wounded. Some of the wounded would remain on board until healed, others would be transferred to base hospitals in the south pacific and some would be returned to the United States.

Hot shit--The self evaluation made by a person as perceived by a Marine. Example: "Most hollywood marines think they are hot shit." or "The girl I was out with thought she was hot shit."

HQ platoon--The unit within a rifle company that was responsible for planning, administration and logistics of the company.

Huba-huba--A term we picked up from the natives of the south pacific meaning, get a move on, get the lead out, hurry up, move faster etc.

I'll piss on your grave--To illustrate how demented our sense of humor had become during the Battle, this was a reply made to your buddy or any other Marine when he criticized you in your combat techniques.

III Amphibious Corps--The Marine units that made up the Marine Corps Troops that invaded Okinawa.

In the black--Indicating a bulls eye on the rifle range.

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6

Infiltration course--An exercise where the guys crawled under live machine gun fire (about 4 feet over their heads) to simulate battle conditions. This exercise was held during advanced training.

Infiltrators-- Usually refers to enemy troops that attempt to penetrate the front lines. Mostly at night.

Irish pennant--Any string or thread-like material that sticks to the outside of your uniform and shouldn't be there. Irish pennants were more common on "greens" because of the static electricity caused by the wool. A hollywood Marine would never allow this to happen.

Jap--The enemy during the battle.

Java--Coffee

Joe--A generic name given to all Marines in the south pacific by the natives of the various islands.

K ration--The food we ate (along with C rations) during most of the battle. 10 in 1 rations were available sometimes during the end of the battle when fighting conditions permitted their use. K rations came in a small (larger than a cracker jack box) green, wax covered box that fit well into the pack and all the men carried a couple of spare packages. The contents as I remember consisted of the following: a small green can that contained cheese with bacon bits or spam, separate from this were two hard biscuits, candy, toilet paper and cigarettes. The brand of the cigarettes varied and Chesterfield, Lucky Strike, Camel, Phillip Morris were all represented plus many of the off brands that I can't remember such as Fleetwood, Chelsea and others. I have often thought that the fellow whos designed the package should get recognition since very few of the packages I had were damaged and in most, the biscuits weren't even broken. However some of the credit should go to those of us who unloaded supplies (before we were assigned to units) because of the "tender loving care" we gave them as they were being unloaded.

K-bar--I would like to give you Pfc Harold E Walter's, F/2/22/6, definition of his K-bar. "...Note: we would use our utility knives to cut open their pockets; [Jap pockets] we would use the same knife to cut open our cans of C rations, now, I used the same knife last December to field dress a deer out in the woods, here in Ohio. A utility knife, that, it truly was. These knives carried a trade mark "KBAR", had a 7 inch blade and were a total of 12 inches long. It was carried in a leather sheath fastened to our belt."

Kamakazi--The suicide planes used by the Japanese.

Kentucky windage--Allowing for elevation and windage when firing your rifle at an object by "gut feel" instead of going through the time consuming process of adjusting the rifle sights.

Kick ass--A term usually used by a superior to a subordinate indicating that he (the subordinate) had done something wrong and if it happens again "sparks will fly."

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

22

Kill or be killed--The law of the bayonet. Meaning; one of the two guys involved is not coming out alive. Many situations were seen that could have led to the use of bayonets however I was personally never involved nor have I heard of any incidents involving the use of bayonets. If any of the readers are aware of any please let me know the story.

Kirikomi--A Japanese word used for hand to hand combat.

Knee mortar--A small but deadly Japanese mortar. It rested on the ground when it was fired. The curved shape of the base plate suggested that it was fired while resting it on the thigh of the person who fired it, this was not the case however.

Land mine-- An explosive device that was usually buried in the ground so as to explode when disturbed by anyone or anything. Many Jap mines were used in an attempt to dissable tanks.

Landing craft--Any type of vehicle that was used to transport troops to the beached during an invasion.

Landing net--A net-like device made of horizontal and verticle strands of heavy rope that is thrown over the side of a ship to allow troops to embark or debark. As many will recall, we stopped at Mog-Mog Island on our way to Okinawa. Beer was rationed out so that each man (if they so desired) would get two cans, some of the guys didn't drink and so the others took their ration. In addition a mistake was made and our group ended up with double rations and of course we didn't turn it down. I was late in the afternoon and it started to rain and all of us were sitting on the ground with puddles forming around us in a depression so that we couldn't see any other part of the island. The rain was still coming down and we were now sitting in a couple inches of water, this wasn't bad in itself and the real problem was that we were running out of beer. Just then a real saint came over the knoll carrying a case of beer under his arm. He was a sailor who was no doubt from one of the ships in the convoy and he asked if we would like to buy the case for 50 cents a can and we agreed in a second and after paying the guy he went back over the knoll again. After we drained the cans that we had, we opened the case purchased from the sailor and noticed that all of the cans had holes in them and on further inspection (taste) learned the swab had sold us beer cans filled with muddy water. We were more than pissed off and it goes to prove again that Marines cannot trust sailors. If that guy stayed in the Navy I'll bet a case of beer he made it to the rank of Captain. After our thorough discussion of the Navy in general, we noticed we could no longer hear the fun loving sounds of anyone on the other side of the knoll and went to investigate. After we stood up we realized that maybe that swab had done us a favor in that we didn't need any more alcohol as we made our way to the top of the small hill. When we reached the top, we were amazed to see we were the only ones left on the island. Panic began to set in, or as much panic as 15 drunken Marines can work up, and every guy

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

had his own idea on how we were going to get out of this problem. Total darkness had set in by now and the majority decided to do nothing until the following morning and just suffer through the headaches, hunger and uncertainties we all had. (at least we wouldn't die of thirst as we still had those cans of water). At about midnight one of the guys noticed a sound that seemed to be getting closer and we reasoned if someone stopped at the island we could hitch a ride back to our ship with them. All this planning was needless however, the Higgins boat did stop at the island and just as we were about to make our request for transportation to the master of the boat he interrupted and said "Get your asses in here, your the guys I'm supposed to pick-up." There wasn't much conversation that went on during the ride back but I do remember thinking that fate is compassionate in that one swab took us for about 12 bucks and another swab was our savior, the scales were balanced. As we approached our ship anticipating the wrath that waited for us there we noticed that the ladder along the ship (the one with the steps and railings on it) had not been lowered yet and it was at that point the operator of the boat said "Get your asses up that landing net." With rifles at the sling we inched our way up, swaying first in and then out with the waves but finally we made it to the deck and made a bee line to the security of our bunks. We didn't hear anymore about the incident as I suspect our superior knew the real punishment would come in the months ahead. The event did give us the deserved reputation for the next few days of being "real fuck-ups, a reputation that was to be forgotten during the coming turmoil.

Leatherneck--A United States Marine, a man who feared death, but feared dishonor even more.

Leave--A written authorization to take a vacation of usually one week to one month. The only leave that I was given was one for one week, after boot camp which was an automatic thing for all the guys that completed boot camp and then instead of returning to Parris Island I reported to Camp Lejeune for another month or so of advanced training. I took a train, the Yamasee Special part of the way back to Barnum, Minnesota but some of the time it was on a Greyhound bus and as most guys will remember schedules and seats were not guaranteed during that time and one felt lucky to get on board at all. The segment of the trip from Yamasee, to Chicago was a real treat and since all seats were taken many of us had to stand or sit on our luggage in the aisle. At night there wasn't even any room to sleep on the floor in the aisle and I ended up getting a couple hours of sleep by crawling into the luggage nets in the overhead by curling up like a "baby in the womb". It was more sleep than most of my fellow passengers got. If my memory is correct, I changed trains at Union Station in Chicago, and arrived in Minneapolis, Minnesota at about 10PM. The last leg of my trip home to Barnum, was by Greyhound bus and by the time I boarded I was in a trance

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

24

from the lack of sleep. A seat was available near the back of the bus and as soon as we left the bus terminal I fell asleep. The next thing I recall was that the bus was stopped and the bus driver was saying "Unless the person gets off I'll have to check all of your stubs", and in that twilight zone when one first wakes up from a sound sleep I was wondering why the person didn't get off so we could get on our way. I glanced out of the window and recognized Felgens Cafe, our local bus stop and finally it the thought came to me that I was the person they were waiting for and after apologizing, stepped out into the cool, clear, Minnesota air. The town of about 250 people were all asleep as it was 2AM and after the fumes from the bus exhaust cleared out I just stood looking up at a clear sky realizing how lucky I was to be home and away from that "hell hole" Parris Island, and wearing my Marine emblems too.

Leggings--Canvas lower leg coverings. I'm not sure what purpose the leggings were supposed to serve but not many of the guys wore them during combat. I have heard they were supposed to give some protection against snake bite. If that is true then the fellow who designed them wasn't familiar with the size of the snakes on Okinawa. (see snakes)

Locker Box--A rectangular trunk where Marines stashed their gear in boot camp, usually located at the foot or head of the bunks. In addition to the purpose above it was also used by all DIs to intimidate the boots in certain situations. I have heard this type of story several times so it must have been a form of punishment that was in standard use at Parris Island. We had a set of twins by the name of Pyle, in our platoon and one of them lost the key to his locker box and went to the DI to get a duplicate, the boot's punishment for this foul deed was to carry his locker box on his head as he continued to walk around the inside of the barracks yelling, "I'm a shit-bird from Yamasee, I've got my lock but I lost my key." He must have paraded around the barracks for an hour and one half and the guys thought he was going to pass out before the DI stopped him. Another great use of the locker box was that it served as an excuse to explain a bloody nose, bruises, cuts or similar wounds that could be inflicted during a blanket party or other forms of disorganized grab-ass. Apparently the DI had to investigate any injury that occurred to a boot and would always question the injured boot as to how it happened. The boot would look that DI square in the eye and say "I tripped over my locker box sir." and that ended the investigation. I never saw a boot try to pin the blame on another boot no matter who was at fault.

Logistics--A term that that includes the administrative, supply and related non-combat units during a battle. It is derived from the Greek, logistikos, meaning "skilled in calculations". A very important element of a battle.

Lt Colonel--A rank held in the Marine Corps and authorized the holder to wear silver oak leaf clusters. Usually a

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6

battalion commander held this rank. Lt Colonel Erma A Wright was the 3rd Battalion, 29th Marines, commander until June 14, 1945 and then Lt Colonel Angus N Fraser took over the command.

Lt General--A General Officer authorized to wear 3 stars. Lt General Roy S Geiger was commander of the III Amphibious Corps, during the Battle.

Lubriplate--A lubricant used on a Marines rifle to help the parts to move freely. It was white in color and was contained in a small jar that was usually carried in the butt of the rifle along with the other rifle cleaning tools. About the 1st of June, I Company, 29th, advanced to the high ground overlooking the Kokuba River, and just as I was making my way up the forward slope of the ridge, two Japs came out of a cave and ran away from me to a small clump of shrubs. I was carrying a BAR at the time and carried it slung over my right shoulder and fired it from the hip. Since they were only 15 yards away from me I knew I couldn't miss and so I fired and all that I heard was a sickening silence, the BAR had misfired. I learned later that although I had put on plenty of lubriplate, because of all the rain we were having, there was a lot of dirt and grit in the mechanism. At that point I realized that lubriplate was not a substitute for a thorough cleaning.

LVT--A landing craft for troops and equipment.

M-1-- A 30 caliber, gas operated, shoulder weapon. It was the rifle used during the battle by rifle companies and it did its job well. It was certainly not a "gun".

Mac--What every Marine was called when your name wasn't known. "Hey Mac, gotta light?"

Mae West--The life vest one was issued when on board ship. Also a floatation device which was about 4 inches wide and was worn like a belt that was inflated by squeezing the end and releasing gas from two small cylinders on the inside. I suppose it got its name from the fact that when it was inflated around the waist, a person took on the appearance of a girl with wide hips.

Maggie's Drawers--A red flag used by the guys in the rifle range pit to indicate to the man firing that he missed the entire target. It was a very sad sight to see when firing for record. In most cases the "miss" was a result of the guy firing at the wrong target. Firing at an adjacent target was easy to do considering the targets were only about 15 feet apart and one fired from a distance of 500 yards.

Mail call--One of the most popular formations for a Marine. The guy distributing the letters or packages would be surrounded by the unit members and call the names of the lucky guys who received mail. I remember most vividly those mail calls that took place after being relieved on the front lines. One I remember was after we were relieved by the 4th Marines during the battle for Half Moon and Sugar Loaf Hills when we returned to our

26

rest area near Machinato Airfield. During this one mail call I believe every emotion known to man was seen in the faces of the men who received the mail. After all, it was our only link to home.

Major--A rank in the Marine Corps that authorized the wearing of gold oakleaf clusters. Battalion Exec Officers were usually Majors.

Major General--A General Officer wearing 2 stars. General Lemuel C Sheperd was the Commanding General of the 6th Marine Division during the Battle.

Malaria--A sickness caused by the bite of a certain mosquito common to the islands of the south pacific. The symptoms were chills and fever. Although we were given atabrine tablets I don't know whether this prevented the disease or just reduced the symptoms. Many of the guys that fought on the tropical island contracted this disease.

Maline--The Japanese pronunciation of the word Marine. At times, usually at night, you could hear them yell, "banzai, Malines die." and we knew that when they announced they were coming they wanted us to fire our rifles so as to expose our positions. We used grenades at times like this.

Marine Hymn--The fight song of the Marine Corps and it always brought the guys to attention. It was the song that was sung many times before we "turned in" at boot camp.

Markers--Colored strips of cloth that marked the location of the front lines to supporting aircraft. It was during the period after the battle for Sugar Loaf and our unit was having a pretty rough time of it, one of our commanders called for an airstrike and as the Corsairs came flying over it gave one a comfortable feeling until our planes started to strafe and bomb us. Apparently someone failed to move the markers forward and to the pilots we appeared to be the enemy. It sure was a sickening feeling knowing they were our own guys up there.

Master Gunnery Sergeant--A rank that authorized the Marine to wear three stripes up and three rockers down.

Mate--A fellow Marine who had not quite achieved the status of "your buddy."

Medals--Decorations received by a Marine for meritorius service. Although the recognition was appreciated by those receiving them, the recipient also realized many Marines were deserving that never got one. They are Medal of Honor, Navy Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Silver Star, Legion of Merit, Distinguished Flying Cross, Navy-Marine Corps Metal, Bronze Star, Air Medal, Purple Heart. In addition to the medals, campaign ribbons were also authorized to be worn, Commendation Ribbon, Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon, Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon, and the Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon.

Medic--A synonym for Navy Corpsmen who where attached to each rifle company to treat casualties. A friend to all Marines but a special one to those guys who were wounded.

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6



Mess Cook--The guy who made those "fuckin potatoes" and "horse cock" sandwiches.

Mess duty--Kitchen duty that was periodically given to all Marines and consisted of any job that was dreamed up by the Mess Sergeant. In my case it was washing pots and pans, pots and pans, pots and pans.

Mess Hall--The place where meals were eaten when not in the field. Also a place where many piss helmets came up missing.

Mess Sergeant--The guy who was in charge of the mess hall as well as all Marines in it. He had absolute authority.

Metal bucket--The bucket that was issued to all of us when we entered boot camp and was used in a variety of ways, to wash clothes, to scrub floors, to place over your head and yell, "I'm a shit-bird..." (the rest of the sentence depended on the "crime" the boot committed)

Midget Subs--A suicide weapon the Japs developed to attack our ships. I understand they were destroyed before any could be used.

Military Courtesy--A code of ethics developed by the Corps that applied to the interaction of commissioned officers and enlisted men. It pretty well "went out the window" during combat situations.

Military Law--Crimes committed in the Service were handled by the Military Courts instead of Civil Courts.

Million dollar wound--A wound that would slow the Marine down for awhile and get him out of combat, but one that would not have lasting effects.

Mine sweepers--A group of ships designed to discover and destroy mines that the Japs had placed in the waters around Okinawa to disrupt the activities of the Navy.

Mog-Mog-- An Island in the Ulithi Group, between Guadalcanal and Okinawa. It was used to form the final United States Naval force that was to take part in the invasion. It was also the site of one heck of a good beer party.

Morphine--A drug carried by the Corpsmen that was injected into a wounded Marine in an attempt to reduce pain and shock.

Muster Roll--The company muster roll was a monthly report listing all members of the company and their status. Copies of these reports can be obtained by writing to:

Marine Corps Historical Center  
Bldg 58 WNY  
901 M Street

Washington, DC 20374-5040

Be sure to include the month and year you want the report for as well as the unit.

Naha--The capital city of Okinawa and at the time of the Battle it had a population of about 65,000 people.

Nambu--A 31 caliber, automatic rifle used by the Japs. I heard it was designed so that they could use our ammunition but

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

28

we couldn't use theirs. It was a rifle that fired rounds much faster than our BAR and used smokeless powder so trying to locate the position of its use was difficult. It caused many casualties.

Nansei Shoto--An arc of islands that extended from the Japanese home island of Kyushu to the Japanese held island of Formosa and formed a shield to the China Sea.

Napalm--The flammable material used in both the back carried and tank, flame throwers. An awesome material.

Navy flare--Fired from the ships located in the China Sea, they lit up the area of the front lines and were very helpful in spotting would be Jap infiltrators. Their light was greenish and after looking at it for a period of time the eyes started to play tricks on you. During the time of their use we reduced our fox hole watch time from 2 hours to 1 hour.

Neptune-The king of the sea. He was honored in all kinds of ways the first time we crossed the equator. As I remember all those who crossed the equator changed from polliwogs to shellbacks.

Nightfighter--A converted P-38 fighter plane.

Nip--A word used by the Marines when referring to a Jap.

Nisei--First generation Japanese-American used as interpreters throughout the battle.

Now hear this--There was a whistle then "now here this" followed by a message over the ships PA system when something was to be communicated to all troops on board ship. It was also used by an individual Marine to get the attention of a group of Marines.

Objective--Any area that the enemy had at the time we wanted it. Usually our commanding officers specified the main objectives we were supposed to take. The taking of major objectives such as Half Moon and Sugar Loaf Hills were usually preceded by taking many minor objectives. Minor objectives were sometimes responsible for heavy casualties and recieved the name "minor" because of their lack of strategic or tactical value.

Off Limits--Any area that it was prohibited for military personnel to be in. State side bars could be off limits because of the shabby way servicemen were treated there. Officers clubs were off limits to enlisted men.

Ohka--It was related to the kamikaze except it was rocket propelled and reached greater speeds and could penetrate the side of a ship much better.

Okinawa Islands--Below are listed some terms that are sometimes found on maps of this area, most are from the Monograph, Okinawa, Victory In The Pacific.

Nansei Shoto, The chain of islands extending from the Japanese homeland island of Kyushu to the Japanese held island of Formosa. These island groups formed a barrier to the East China Sea. (including Okinawa)

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

Ryukyu Retto, The largest group of islands in the Nansei Shoto chain and contains five major island groups (Guntos), Osumi, Tokara, Amami, Okinawa and Sakishima.

Okinawa Shima (Island), occupies the central position in the Okinawa Gunto. The principal satellites surrounding the main island are: Kerama Retto, Kume Shima, Aguni Shima, and Ie Shima to the west; Iheya Retto and Yoron Shima in the north; and a chain of small islands, called the Eastern islands by the Americans.

Map Terms,

banare	islet
bishi	reef
gun	county
gusuku	castle
hanto	peninsula
iwa (gan)	rock
jima (shima)	island
kawa (gawa)	river
ken	perfecture
ko (minato)	harbor
kuchi (guchi)	channel
machi	chartered town
misaki (saki. zaki)	cape
mura	township
se (ze)	reef, shoal
shi	city
sho	reef
sone	rock
take (dake)	mountain
taki (daki)	waterfall
tomari (tomai)	harbor
wan	bay

Old Salt--Usually an older regular Marine with a lot of overseas experience. Could apply to a reserve Marine with much combat time.

Operation Iceberg--The strategic designation for the battle of Okinawa.

Opium--The drug that was smoked by some of the Japanese. One pipe that I found had a thimble shaped, silver inlayed bowl that tapered to where it joined the stem and where the opium pellet was placed before it was filled with tabacco. Along side of the pipe was a small glass vial containing what appeared to be opium pills.

Over the hill--A term used to discribe a Marine that had gone AWOL. In most instances the guys would go AWOL to see sick relatives etc.

Over the seas let's go men--This was sort of a marching song that I heard from the "old salts" and the words go something like this: Over the seas let's go men

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6

30

We're shovin right off we're shovin right off again,  
 nobody knows when or when,  
 we're shovin right off we're shovin right off again,  
 it may be Shang-hai, farewell and goodbye,  
 Sally and Sue don't be blue,  
 we will just be gone for years and years and then,  
 we're shovin right off for home,  
 shovin right off for home,  
 shovin right off for home again.

Overhead--If one is located in an enclosure it refers to the ceiling.

Packs, full field, half--The full field pack was the one that we carried mostly for training purposes. It contained all of the gear owned by a Marine. It consisted of two attached packs with the blanket roll strapped on to the top. The half pack was more commonly carried in combat situations and the contents varied with the individual with weight being a prime consideration. The full field weighed about 80 pounds and the half pack much less. The field pack and other equipment such as rifle, helmet, canteen etc. the total weight carried would be in excess of 100 pounds, in non combat situations the weight would be much less but then more ammunition and grenades were carried.

Pacts between buddies--Personally I never entered into one of these pacts as the situation never came up, but I heard of many cases where two Marines would ask the other to contact a member of his family if he were killed. I understand it was quite common.

Pansy--A demeaning term denoting a Marine that did not have the "gung-ho" attitude.

Panty waist--About the same as "pansy".

Pappy-Pop--A term to identify a guy of about 27 years of age or older. (not a demeaning term). Pappy Longerbone was such a guy and we went through boot camp together. Pappy had a wife and a couple kids back home and went through boot camp in stride. We were separated on Banika Island prior to the invasion when he went to the First Marine Division. He made it through the battle and I had the opportunity to see him about 40 years ago when his wife cooked some delicious venison for us. He was from Pine River, Minnesota.

Parris Island haircut--The first haircut we recieved in boot camp and all of your hair was cut off. Of all the people that I met in the Marine Corps, I feel those barbers were the most sadistic; the first pass they made was at scalp level right down the middle of your head. I think it was to let us know that what they were doing was final and there was no turning back. It was bad enough to watch all those well trained waves falling on the floor beside you, it was more sickening to see the barbers snicker and hear them laugh.

Passageway--Any narrow aisle that a Marine passes

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

through.

Peepsight--The rear sight on an M-1 rifle. Also a character in the Leatherneck Magazine.

Perimeter--The area (usually to the front) that was kind of a no mans land between you and the enemy or your unit and the enemy.

Peter cheater--A rubber or condom.

Petric acid--An explosive that was used in the satchel charges of the Japanese, similar to our TNT only more yellow.

Piece--A Marine's rifle or weapon.

Pipe down--An exclamation used to get a group of Marines to be quiet.

Piss call--A wake-up call for a bed wetter. Our unit was on the slope of Half Moon Hill during the battle for Sugar Loaf. The 4th Marines relieved us early one morning and as the guy tumbled into my foxhole he said, "Piss call". I sure do respect a person who can muster a little humor at a time like that.

Piss cutter--A synonym for our overseas cap or "cunt cap".

Piss head--A Marine who had the status of being one level above a "shit-bird".

Piss helmet--The head covering issued to all boots (pith helmet). It was similar in appearance to those worn by the African jungle explorers and shame on any boot that lost his. The helmet had a little raised portion on the very top and it served as a very good target for the giant fists of all DIs. Few, if any, boots escaped boot camp with that little button on top intact and most had been pounded so many times it collapsed inside the helmet from its own weight. Many of these helmets were "borrowed" by other Marines during chow time and it was then up to the Marine to "borrow one back".

Pit, rifle--When firing at the range, for practice or for record, platoons of Marines were placed in pits in the target area to score and repair the targets that were being fired at. The platoons alternated in that the group firing would become the pit crew. The target was about 5 feet square and each was suspended from a track that allowed it to be raised and lowered. The target was made up 5 or 6 concentric rings at the center of which was a 9 inch bulls eye and the farther a shot was from the bulls eye the less the score. Each member of the pit crew was supplied with a bucket of paste, some white and black paper squares for repairing the holes some and metal disks on a long handle so that one could communicate the score obtained to the Marine doing the firing. In addition a red flag on a long handle was supplied to each target for communicating a complete miss of the target (maggies drawers) and when this was waved in front of the target it usually brought a phone call to the pits to recheck as the Marine doing the firing was sure he had the proper sight picture and it was in the center of the bulls eye. Sometimes it

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6

32

was but on the wrong target. Working the pits wasn't a gravey job but it was a new experience and it gave us the experience of hearing a bullet hitting the target (a distictive crack!), one that we would hear many times on the front lines. As I think of it maybe the phrase "its the pits" to discribe an unpopular job was derived by the rifle pit crew.

Platoon leader--Usually a 2nd Lt who was in command of a rifle platoon.

Platoon sergeant--The ranking NCO in a rifle platoon.

Pogey bait--Anything that was sweet, such as, candy, cookies or cake. One could also be called a "pogey bait Marine", meaning that he was soft either mentally or physically.

Poker games--Poker was played for the most part as entertainment for most of the guys and the stakes in these games were penney or nickel stakes and were the highest that we went and although we never complained if we won 50 cents or a dollar it never seemed to work out that way. Immediately after payday it wasn't uncommon to see ten or so games of small poker going on in the barracks at the same time. During this time the "real poker players" were just standing by waiting for the big stake games. After a week or so the number of games started to dwindle but usually the stakes increased to 50 cent and 1 dollar and at these games more experienced players took part and tryed to make some money for the really big games that they knew would be coming later in the month. At this time also many of the guys were flat broke and were always looking for other Marines that would stake him in a game when "he just felt lucky." About the only ones that had money to lend were those that didn't play poker and although they weren't to sympathetic to the guy who wanted to borrow it, the idea of a good profit also interested them and so the better poker players of the outfit that had had some bad luck had little trouble in getting funds especially if their credit was good. If the man was successful, and usually he was, he would circle the other games going on at the time like a shark that was hunting a school of tuna, until he found exactly the right one and proceeded to display his talent or lack of it. It wasn't a surprise to see the guy lose that stake too but the strange thing was it was never his fault, and excuses ranged all the way from accusing the other guys of cheating (never to their faces) to playing at a time when the phase of the moon was wrong. The fact remained that one guy ended up with all the money and the stage was set for the very, very big game. This was that golden time of the month for the real expert, the ones that had been studying the winners during the small games of the past 21 days and you could identify them from the new attitude that overcame them, they were no longer anyones buddy and the sole purpose for them was to show their skills in such a way as to remove all of the surplus wealth in the outfit. During this time of the month the Marines who had participated in the earlier games would do their laundry or write letters but for the real master of the game of

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

poker this was his Utopia and food, liquor and even women were completely removed from their minds. Setting up for this game was not a simple matter as all contingencies had to be covered including the location of the "battle field", food, going to the bathroom, runners to notify the group of important formations they had to attend, and sleep. This was not a game that lasted for a couple hours but rather one that could last for several days and so the location was very important and the guys were usually extremely innovative in picking their spot. After the logistical problems were taken care of, the 4 or 5 guys would take their positions at the make-shift table, their eyes would survey the eyes of their worthy opponents and as all outward emotions would drain from their bodies the game would begin. After the grueling hours or days, when one man layed claim to the wealth of the entire unit the four or five participants would emerge from the secret spot haggard and unshaven and although all but one had lost, it was impossible to determine the victor because of their stoic faces, the good poker players never bragged or complained as they all realized that us suckers would still be there next month to furnish them with another stake one way or the other, as the eagle will shit again next month.

Police--Cleaning up in an area or barracks by picking up anything that doesn't belong there. As the saying went "if you can't pick it up, paint it green."

Polliwog--A lowly guy who had never crossed the equator when aboard a ship. The initiation of polliwogs by the "salts" gave a lot of entertainment to the ship's crew members. After one crossed the equator he became a shellback in King Neptune's domain.

Poncho--A rain cape that was issued to all Marines. An item that had a variety of uses including; a raincoat, a body bag, a foxhole cover, a light proof cover one could have a cigarette under at night on the front lines, etc.

Poop deck--The aftermost deck of a ship.

Popcorn fart, dry as--A term referring to anything that is extremely dry such as ones mouth, the ground or I suppose it could be used to describe ones sense of humor.

Port--Any city a ship anchors at along the way. The left hand side of a ship or aircraft facing forward.

POW--Prisoner of war. I have never heard of any Marine that was taken prisoner by the Japanese and by the same token I cannot remember any Jap that was taken prisoner by our unit. Sometimes we would hear the rumor, "Division wants one prisoner" but that request went unanswered. I don't know if we never had the opportunity or that it was just to inconvenient.

Private--A rank that was one level above a boot. God bless them though. It was the first step in the Marine Corps to becoming a General.

Pro-kit--A package containing a rubber and some ointment that was to be used to prevent contracting venereal

34

disease and issued to the guys as they went on liberty.

Prone position--A firing position when using the rifle. Laying on your stomach with legs extended and using the elbows as a bipod to steady the rifle.

Pussywhipped--The term used to describe a Marine who was physically or mentally drained. Usually it was evident when the guy returned from liberty, the fun kind.

PT--Physical training. Any form of physical exercise that is supervised and tires a person out. It could take the form of organized grab-ass but must be supervised.

Radar--A dog that was held in high esteem at Camp Lejuene, in that those who tended him, fitted him with a red cape with a master sergeants stipes. He was a big bulldog of some type and actually reminded me of several of my DIs but the dog was better looking and had a more regal air about him. I'm not sure that radar was his name but he was a fine looking bulldog. One day as I was leaving stores with some candy I had just purchased, a piece fell to the ground and just as I was about to pick it up a big paw covered it and there was Radar looking me in the eye as if to tell me that the candy was now his. I took a couple of steps backward and watched him as he proceeded to unwrap and eat it and he was watching me the entire time. He looked a little comical with his wrinkled face, wearing his stripes and all but he did give the appearance of authority to the extent that I almost saluted him. A Marine told me (so its the straight scoop) that Radar also had the uncanny ability to point out any female at the camp that was menstruating, but I don't know if this is true.

Raisin jack--Any alcoholic drink made from a fruit of any kind. Although raisins were the fruit of choice any kind could be used. It is understood the swabs were the masters of this brewers art and that many ships show the stains of the exploding containers in many of their holds.

Range flag--A red flag that was raised on a tower in the center of the firing range to let people know that firing was about to take place.

Rations, 10 in 1--An improved ration that was developed just prior to the end of the war. The rations were supposed to be enough food for 10 Marines for 1 day but since most of the time our units were well below organizational strength we were over supplied and ate well. They contained canned meat, fruit, vegetables, biscuits, cigarettes, toilet paper, matches, and candy. I'm sure there were other items I forgot. They were quite good but we didn't always get them because of the weather and the activities on the front line.

Reefer--A cigarette of any brand.

Regular Marine--The group of Marines that enlisted for a specific period of time and many planned on making the Marine Corps their career. They were carried separate on the Muster Rolls and made up about 1/3 of the Marines in the Rifle Companies

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6



on Okinawa.

Replacements--The following was taken from: OKINAWA: Victory in The Pacific. "Trained infantrymen were at a premium on Okinawa once the fighting intensified before Shuri. Replacements that came in during the campaign were often insufficiently trained to take their places in the front lines, yet had to be used to fill the ranks of hard-hit assault units. Attempts were made to give the new men battle indoctrination and unit orientation before they met the enemy and to feed them into their new organizations in periods when these were in reserve. However, the exigencies of the combat situation often dictated that replacements enter combat before they were completely "shaken down" into their units...The practice of Marine divisions training replacement drafts with infantry units and then taking them to the target as shore party labor until casualties forced their use as infantry was duly noted by the understrength divisions of XXIV Corps." Although no one is ever completely ready for combat many of us were fortunate to have a seasoned squad or fireteam leader to teach us "the rules of the game." I believe the high stakes of the game made the new replacements a very attentive audience during these training periods.

Reorganization, Marine divisions--The following information was taken from the same book as that listed above. "Prior to a reorganization of Marine divisions in the spring of 1944, each infantry battalion had five companies: headquarters, weapons, and three rifle companies. When the weapons companies (D, H, and M) were absorbed, the rifle companies retained their original alphabetical designations, so that the three battalions of a regiment had companies lettered: 1st Bn, A, B, and C; 2nd Bn, E, F, and G; 3rd Bn, I, K, and L. The 2nd and 3rd Bns of the 29th Mar, formed after this reorganization took place, were lettered straight through in sequence after 1/29. Therefore, the rifle companies of the 29th Mar were A, B, and C in the 1st Bn, D, E, and F in the 2nd Bn, and G, H, and I in the 3rd Bn."

Reserve Marine--A guy who signed up for the duration of the war plus 6 months. At the end of April, 1945, I/3/29 had a total of 63 Regulars and 189 Reserves.

Retreat--The bugle call that was played when the Flag was lowered at sunset.

Riding the range-- Scouring the stove in the mess hall to make it shine.

Rifle cleaning kit--Made up of oil, patches, cosmoline, cleaning tool, and a rifle bore cleaning device that was usually carried in the butt of the rifle in a space provided.

Rifle Company--The basic fighting unit in the Marine Corps, consisting of 5 platoons: Headquarters, Weapons, and 3 Rifle platoons.

Rifle, firing positions--Off-hand, kneeling, sitting, and prone.

Rifle platoon--A unit within a rifle company consisting

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

36

of 41 men; A platoon leader, platoon sergeant, and 3 squads of 13 men each. Each squad was made up of a squad leader, and three, 4 man fireteams. Each fireteam was made up of a fireteam leader, one rifleman, one BAR man, and one BAR assistant. Although we had others that served with us ie. Corpsmen, Weapons, Runners, Radiomen, most of these were assigned on an as needed basis from Company. All units were below strength throughout the campaign and as a result a great deal of on the job cross training had to be done.

Rifle scores--I believe that a perfect score was 350 on the firing range. The three levels of expertise were; marksman, sharpshooter, and expert.

Rifle-gun--From the beginning of bootcamp a boot was informed that the M1 was a rifle, weapon or piece, and not a gun. If the boot made a mistake in the word that he used, the ever alert DIs had him repeat a simple poem that usually stuck with the man and kept him from making the mistake again. "This is my rifle, this is my gun, this is for fighting, this is for fun."

Rifling--The grooves cut in the barrel of a rifle so as to make the projectile rotate as it heads for the target. The rotation prevented the bullet from drifting and had the same effect as a spiral on a football when a forward pass is thrown. I didn't realize it at the time but many of the big "guns" on the supporting ships at Okinawa, were rifles.

Rising Sun--The insignia on the Japanese flag. A red circle on a white background. Also a term that was synonymous with Japan.

Rocks and Shoals--The written military code of justice for the United States Navy. It also applied to the Marine Corps.

Round--A single shot fired from a variety of weapons including, a rifle, an artillery piece, a machine gun, a mortar and so on.

Ruptured Duck--A yellow patch worn over the right jacket pocket to indicate that the Marine had been discharged. The patch consisted of a 1 inch yellow circle with a yellow spread eagle on the inside.

Ryukyu--The following is taken from OKINAWA-Victory in the Pacific. "A Chinese envoy, Shukan, named the islands Loochoo [Lew Chew or Liuchiu] (or Ryuku in Japanese) as the islands resembled 'floating globes' or in another translation 'precious stone balls.' Presumably the Japanese name Ryuku or Ryukyu stems from their inability to pronounce the letter "L"."

Ryukyu Retto--Retto meaning group of islands. A group of islands of which Okinawa is the largest.

Sack in--The ability to sleep or at least to stay in bed as long as you want. This was a real treat on board the ship overseas as many of the guys were somewhat seasick from the time we left the States until we arrived at Banika. I can still recall the smell of fresh paint, bacon or other fried food, and vomit in our quarters below deck; sacking in was a great passtime.

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

Saki--Strong beer or wine made by the Japanese and they made it out of rice. We found a bottle in one of the caves and tried it, but it didn't impress me. Now that I think of it though, since none of us could read Japanese it might have been rifle oil.

Salt--To me it is a Marine who had been in at least one other campaign prior to Okinawa. An "old salt" was a term reserved for the guys that had been in the Corps prior to the war and saw service in China, or other romantic spots.

Salt peter--It was rumored that all the food we ate in the Marine Corps was treated with salt peter to decrease the sexual drive that was pent up within us. If this is true, the dosage should be increased because our hormones were still racing around in our body like a group of runaway horses.

Salt tablets--A salt pill given to all Marines during training in hot weather, to prevent heat stroke. I feel that the Morton Salt Company, must have made huge profits from the number of tablets our platoon used during the time we were in boot camp.

Salty--A Marine that was cocky and had more than his share of self confidence.

Samurai--A Japanese warrior. The following was taken from the book Tennozan, George Feifer, Ticknor & Fields, 1992. "True samurai were never cowardly enough to court or hasten death. Harakiri was appropriate only when every resource had been exhausted and no hope remained to pass yet another test. Since most samurai who actually fought were practical as well as fierce--and the code, like most of them that prescribed knightly virtue in other societies was constantly ignored--suicide was relatively rare."

Samurai Sword--The honored weapon of the Samurai warrior. A prize that was sought after by many Marines. The following account given by Harold E Walters, F/2/22/6 gives this experience: He was in a foxhole near Radio Hill along with his two buddies, Feeney and Brucher and a banzai charge took place, "When day light came the next morning, can you imagine my amazement when I got up and looked around. I think I could count a dozen or so Jap bodies within sight. I counted at least 30 bodies within the area....This was my first personal contact with the enemy. I still have a flag from one of them. I think it was wrapped within his helmet, as I recall. Feeney obtained a sword from the leader of the Banzai charge, but by that night, it turned up missing....Could it be said that we Marines had two objectives, one, to protect our own lives, and the other was to collect souvenirs."

Sand crabs--Little shelled creatures that were on all the beaches around the boonies at Camp Lejuene. When one walked or crawled through the muck and mire you would hear the little popping sounds as they were being crushed as you went along.

Sergeant--A rank in the Marine Corps that authorized

the person to wear three stripes up. Usually it was the rank held by a squad leader. On April 1, 1945, I/3/29/6 had 13 Sergeants.

Screaming Meemie--A Japanese rocket first encountered during the drive for the high ground over looking the Kokuba River. It is described in more detail in: History Of The Sixth Marine Division, Bevan G. Cass. "The enemy's small-arms fire was heavy here, and it was supplemented by the sporadic appearance of the newest of Jap weapons, a powerful rocket that was immediately named Screaming Meemie from the weird sound it made in flight. Actually, it was inaccurate and not particularly dangerous, the psychological effect of the scream being about the worst it could offer. The launcher was captured later on Oroku Peninsula."

Scuttlebutt--Unofficial information spread by rumors, and how it spread! The wise Marine only believed the "straight scoop" which usually turned out to be scuttlebutt too.

Sea going bell hop--A term to describe Marines who served on board ship. The wearing of dress blues was an invitation to receive this comment.

Sea going Marine--Same as above.

Seabag--A heavy canvas bag used to carry all of a Marine's belongings. Mine must have been "borrowed" because I never did receive it when I returned to the States. It contained some clothes but mostly mementoes of the Pacific.

Secure--To properly stash any clothing or equipment when you were through with them. Or to secure an Island.

Sempre fidelis-- The motto of the United States Marine Corps. Sempre, meaning always and fidelis meaning faithful. Sometimes it is shortened to "Sempre fi". Usually the term was used in the way described above, however it had another meaning. Imagine a Marine riding in the back of a jeep while a unit of other Marines are on a march in the hot sun. As the jeep passes the marching Marines make a comment referring to the "pogey-bait" Marine and he raises his right hand with the middle finger sticking straight in the air and responds, "Sempre fi Mac". That means, "fuck you mac, I've got mine."

Service Flag--A small red, white, and blue banner that families hung in the window during World War II, to indicate relatives in the service. A blue star was displayed for each family member in the service and a gold star indicated a relative was killed in action.

Service Record--The record of each Marine and it followed him where ever he went. A free copy of your Service Record can be obtained by writing to:

National Personnel Records Center  
Military Personnel Records  
9700 Page Boulevard  
St. Louis, MO 63132

The address may only be for those east of the Mississippi River. Be sure and include your name, rank, and serial number, and the branch of service. It even includes your boot camp photograph.

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

Some may be out of luck though as many were destroyed by fire after the war.

Shanker--A reminder to some fun loving Marines that you sometimes have to "pay the fiddler."

Shanker mechanic--A slang designation for a Navy Corpsman.

Sharp--A top quality Marine both in appearance and bearing.

Shell back--A transformation that took place when one crossed the equator. You were no longer a polliwog but rather a shell back in the realm of King Neptune.

Shelter half--1/2 of a two man tent. Most of the guys discarded them and relied on the poncho.

Shipshape--Anything that was in perfect condition.

Ships stores--Where you purchased such things as cigarettes, candy, toothpaste, etc.

Ships--There were about 1200 that took part in the Battle and all of them were welcome. There is no doubt that along with the 15th Artillery our job was made easier because of them. Some of the names recalled are; Ernst, Clay, APA 39, and the ship that took "I" Company back to Guam, LST 229.

Shit bird--The lowest form of Marine in the Corps, the boot.

Shit eatin grin--The type of grin a boot might have on his face as he sees his favorite DI dressed in his liberty uniform about to sit on a bench with a "wet paint" sign on it.

Shit on a shingle--Any type of fried meat in milk gravey and served over toast.

Shoot the shit--A spontaneous conversation held with anyone.

Short arm--Periodic inspections of the sex organs to see if you had spent your liberty with the wrong woman. The scuttlebutt is that BAMS had canoe inspections.

Shove off--To leave a certain spot and go somewhere else.

Sick bay--A designated area for a unit where the troops would go for the treatment of minor ailments.

Sick call--A time that was allotted (usually in the morning) for all those Marines that were sick, could go and be treated.

Sick bay Marine--A guy who over did it a bit and always showed up for the sick call formation.

Skirmish--This word should be stricken from our language when used to describe a life and death battle between two enemies. The Second College Edition of The American Heritage Dictionary, 1982, defines the word "skirmish" in this way. "A minor encounter in war between two bodies of troops..." Now, no one can tell me that it is a minor encounter to the troops doing the fighting, rather to them it is a "Tennozan". I believe that 90% of the fighting on Okinawa (and other campaigns too) involved

40

small numbers of men, at least the Marine Corps had the good sense to call them firefights. Any time one uses the word skirmish to describe a life and death battle, you can bet your ass the author was now where near it.

Skivvies--Marine skivvies were of the boxer short type. No matter how careful you were when putting them on, especially during hot weather, (which was all the time) they would creep and crawl into cracks and crevices that you didn't even know you had. Without doubt they were the most uncomfortable item of our uniforms.

Sky Pilot--The name given to all Marine Chaplains.

Slit trench--A make-shift toilet made by the troops when out in the field.

Slopchute--Any place where one could buy beer and stuff and sit down, drink it, and "shoot the shit".

Smoker--Entertainment for the troops during our trips on board ship. They were boxing matches consisting of 3 rounds of 2 minutes each and usually were between men of approximately the same weight. The winner got 2 cartons of cigarettes and the loser 1. I took part in several but the one I remember most clearly took place enroute to Okinawa from Guadalcanal. The guy that was organizing the bout asked me if I would take on this Marine that weighed about 20 pounds less than me, at first I was a little hesitant, but after he told me to "take it easy" on him I agreed. The opening bell sounded and that was the last time that I saw him until the next round. That's the way it went though the next two rounds, I never did see that guy because he was so fast and agile but I sure knew he was there. When the final bell sounded I had been beaten and there was no doubt about that, as I walked to the table to pick up my carton of cigarettes (which I smoked through puffed lips) I realized why the small Marines always got to carry the BARs and flamethrowers, they are darn fast. Only my ego had been seriously hurt and even that healed somewhat when I learned the guy I fought was a rated boxer in the South Pacific area and who knows, maybe I was responsible for his rating to go up a couple more points.

Smoking lamp--A command given to notify the troops on the status of smoking. If the "smoking lamp is lit" it is OK to smoke, if the "smoking lamp is out" smoking is not permitted. The smoking lamp was always out on the deck of a ship after dark because of the possibility of the enemy seeing the light. The same held true on the front lines at night, however this was overcome by smoking under your poncho. It would be interesting to learn where and when the term originated. It seems as though it has been with the Navy and Marine Corps a long time.

Snakes--There were snakes on Okinawa, or to put it more accurately, there was a snake on Okinawa, because I almost walked into it. I don't know what kind it was but it was about 7 feet long and as big around as my forearm. When we were told about the snakes on the island I thought they meant the small kind that we

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6

used to see in the meadows of northern Minnesota.

Snap to--Usually and order given by an NCO to his troops alerting them to snap to attention. Can be used by an NCO to get the guys to get the job done faster as; "get off your duff and snap to."

Snooperscope--A new (back then) device to assist in seeing in the dark. I never saw one.

Songs--Some of the songs that were popular at the time were:

I'll Be Seeing You  
 There Goes That Song Again  
 Dance With A Dolly  
 I Dream Of You  
 Rum And Coca-Cola  
 San Fernando Valley  
 Blue Rain  
 It Had To Be You  
 I'm Making Believe  
 Mairzy Doats (and Dozy Doats)  
 You Always Hurt The One You Love  
 Poinciana  
 Atchison, Topeka And Santa Fe  
 There I've Said It Again  
 Ac-cent-tchu-ate The Positive  
 Symphony  
 It's Been A Long Long Time  
 Sentimental Journey

SOP--Standard Operating Procedure. The method by which all things are done in the Marine Corps.

Sound off--Speak up and let yourself be heard. Also a command used during close order drill for the troops to count cadence.

Souvenir hunter--Any Marine who was interested in gathering souvenirs so I guess it's a term that applied to all of us. Some of the guys put aside all safety and those were the Marines who got themselves into some tight situations. I can't understand why we went through all that though because usually we didn't end up with the souvenirs, the guys that unloaded our sea bags did and I'll bet they invented some pretty wild stories as to how they got them too.

Specialty number--A number that was assigned to each Marine depending on the job that they were trained to perform. This number became a permanent part of his record. The specialty number for a rifleman in a rifle company was 521, but there were many more that covered every job in the Marine Corps.

Special Training suggested by Eleanor Roosevelt--The scuttlebutt was that Eleanor Roosevelt suggested special schools be set up to retrain Marines before they returned to civilian life. She felt this was needed because of the uncouth language and manners that we had developed while we were in the Marines and although she might have had our best interests at heart, the

42

schools never were set up. It was just as well too since the many "Suzies" that we went home to and were later to become our wives took over this overwhelming job on their own and after many tireless years of retraining we were able to say, "please pass the potatoes and the sandwich meat, and I'd like some more coffee too please." There is no doubt the gals did a great job at smoothing most of our rough edges but I think that just below the surface of our conscious mind, a monster is waiting to be freed so it can express himself in a way that only a Marine can understand.

Spitshine--A method used to shine ones dress shoes. There are shoeshines and then there are the spitshines, and the spitshine is the method used by some Marine "artists" to prepare their shoes to such a state of beauty that it was a shame they couldn't be worn on his head so as to show them off better. I never got in to that type of art work but I have seen the "masters" take an ordinary pair of shoes that appeared to have come from the cow within the last hour and transform them into amber brown things of beauty with a shine that was so deep, it seemed as though you were looking into coral pools at some south pacific island. As I recall the 1st step was to wash them with soap and water (if they had been shined before) and then let them dry. Lighter fluid was then used to remove all stained spots on the leather. Five or six coats of polish (Kiwi, I think) would then be applied and polished between each coat. At this point you would swear the quality of the shine could not be improved upon but then came the spitshine. In some fashion the "artist" would form his mouth in such a way that his spit would fall upon the shoe in small droplets resembling a fine mist and then, holding the shoe firmly between his legs he would use his polishing cloth to bring out a luster that was impossible to attain in any other way. This spitting and polishing continued for a long time and I don't think there was any prescribed number of times but rather it was continued as long as the guy had a supply of spit. The entire shoe area was treated in this manner and not just the toe and after several tedious hours the guy would gaze at those shoes with justifiable pride and place each one in a sock (that he kept for that purpose) and placed them into his locker box. They would stay there until the Marine got liberty and they were the last article of clothing that he put on. As he made his grand exit from the barracks, dressed in his tailored, starched khakis, and wearing those shoes that lit up the world, I felt a little sorry for him knowing that somewhere that night, perhaps on a crowded dance floor, another Marine would bump into him and glancing down would say, "sorry Mac, didn't mean to step on your foot."

Square away--To organize a person or a place so it will pass inspection. Or just to clean up a messy room ie. "square away this area!"

Stack Arms--A method used for short time storage of rifles, usually outside. Three rifles are fastened together by

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6



the stacking clips on the front of the rifle barrels to form a tripod. Other rifles of the squad are then propped against them.

Starboard--A direction to the right of the way you are facing.

Stars and Stripes--The Flag of the United States of America. Old Glory.

Strategic--The military art of planning war and battles.

Steal--A word that is not used in Marine lingo, "borrowed" is substituted for it.

Stern--The back end of a ship or the back end of anything.

Stragglers--Marines that fall behind the main unit, usually while on a march. The reasons are varied, could be because of illness, bad feet, or they just don't want to keep up.

Straight Scoop--Rumors that are spread by Marines who actually believe them to be true. They seldom are though.

Suicide boats--A fleet of small Japanese boats that were to be used to sink our ships. Most were destroyed before they could be used.

Sulfa--The drug that was applied to open wounds to prevent infection. Carried by all Corpsmen and some of the troops.

Suzie--A generic name given to all of the girls left behind in the USA.

Swab--A sailor.

Swab jockey-- A sailor.

Swabbies--Two or more sailors.

Swagger stick--A stick some of the old salts carried that resembled the clubs of the MPs. I don't know whether it was a status symbol or a means of protection but maybe one of the old timers can fill us in regarding its origin and purpose.

Syph--A shortened version of syphilis. A venereal disease.

Tactical--The level at which strategic plans for a battle are carried out.

Taps--A bugle call that signaled the end of the day and it was time to turn out the lights and go to sleep. Taps can also be played on drums. It is also played at military funerals or memorials. I went to boot camp with Miles (Sparky) Luster, who was from Clarksdale or Clarksville, Mississippi, and one night as we were setting outside on a warm, moonlit night at Camp Lejuene, N.C., he told me of the memorial services that they held in the stadium at Texas A&M for alumni killed in combat. He stated that the services were always scheduled during the period of the month of a full moon and at the point in the ceremony when the names were read, the stadium lights would be turned off and only the moonlight flooded the scene and at that point the bugle sounded taps sending the sad notes echoing and re-echoing throughout stadium. I can still see his mesmerized appearance as

44

he related the story to me. Sparky, was killed during one of the unsuccessful attempts to take Sugar Loaf Hill as a member of Fox Company, 3/22/6. I have often wondered if he was ever given that last opportunity to take part in Silver Taps?

Ten per cent--There was a saying in the Marine Corps that 10% of a unit never seems to hear of the special formations or other instructions given to the troops. 90% are aware of this new information but that other 10% never get the word for one reason or another.

Tennozán--A comprehensive book written about the battle of Okinawa by: George Feifer, published by Ticknor & Fields, 1992

#### TENNOZAN

A site where  
a sixteenth-century  
Japanese ruler staked  
his entire fate on  
a single battle.

It has come to mean  
any decisive  
struggle.

The old man--The term given to a commanding officer. Usually a company commander or above.

The shits--Dysentery or any person or situation that is far less than perfect.

Thirty day wonder--A term that applied to all 2nd Lts that received their commission by attending Officers Candidate School, or OCS.

Tight ship--A ship or unit that was run strictly according to military regulations.

TNT--An explosive we used to seal caves. Most of the time 1/4 pound sticks of TNT were in canvas bags, called satchel charges and these were thrown into the cave to seal the opening.

To piss off--To aggravate a fellow Marine by making some statement to which he was violently opposed, in which case it could lead to unorganized grab-ass.

Tokyo Rose--A female Japanese radio announcer that had lived and gone to school in the U.S.A.. She moved back to Japan to support their war effort by broadcasting pro Japanese propaganda. When we had the opportunity to get near a radio to listen to her program, we enjoyed hearing the top tunes from Your Hit Parade and her slanted news from back home.

Tough shit--A term used by most Marines to convey their sympathy to another Marine. We were usually short on compassion.

Tombs--These were placed throughout the hillsides of Okinawa, and were the ancestral burial sites of the civilians. Prior to the invasion we were told not to destroy or deface them for that reason. Because of the concrete used during their construction they made ideal pill boxes or snipers nests for the Japanese soldiers throughout the Island and when the Japs started

Kenneth J Long, 1/3/29/6

to use them for this purpose we discontinued our benevolent philosophy and all of them were fair game.

Top brass--A term usually reserved for officers with a rank higher than those at company level.

Topside--The deck of a ship or the roof of a building or the ground above you if you were in a cave.

Tracer--Intermittent bullets that had been treated with some chemical so that its flight could be observed on its way to the target. The tips of these rounds were painted red for identification.

Trigger happy--The name applied to a Marine who shot at something before he had properly identified it. Most of us were trigger happy I guess, especially at night when our eyes started to play tricks on us. At times like this the guy usually shot first, or threw a grenade, and checked the situation out later as friendly troops were not to move above ground at night and this was communicated so thoroughly that even the "10%" got the word.

Trip flare--A flare that was placed on the unit perimeter at night that would be set off by the Japs if they attempted to infiltrate the lines.

Tripped over my locker box sir--This was a phrase that was used to explain all kinds of cuts and contusions a Marine suffered in boot camp when the DI investigated the cause of the injury. Example: Dean Kniffen, a fiery Marine I went through boot camp with (from Hibbing, Minnesota) was sitting on his lower bunk and a guy several bunks over made a comment that insulted Dean's ancestry, girlfriend, or something that demanded retribution. Dean, bolted between the bunks separating him and his target forgetting there was a top bunk he had to duck under. He struck his forehead on the frame of it and put a gash above his right eye. Dean was on the other Marine in a second and for the next couple minutes there there was the most classical display of unorganized grab-ass that I have ever seen amid the cheering and encouragement of the rest of the platoon members. When the two returned to their neutral corners both had the appearance of being in a car accident, but their honor had been preserved. Through all of this the DI, who was located in his room adjacent to us, never showed himself, but as soon as the fighting was over his door opened and after walking over to the location of the two opponents looked Dean, straight in the eye and asked, "What the hell happened?" Dean responded, "I tripped over my locker box sir." The DI walked over and asked the same question of the other guy and he replied, "I tripped over the same locker box sir!" At this, the DI walked away and returned to his room knowing that a thorough investigation had been completed. I still think the DIs had a peep-hole somewhere through the wall and could observe all things that went on in the barracks.

Turn to--Kind of an order that meant, "get to work" at the job you are suppose to be doing.

Kenneth J Long, I/3/29/6

46

Uniform of the day--The uniform that should be worn depending on the activities the unit would be engaged in that particular day.

Warrant Officer--A rank of distinction because as far as I know, all of the guys holding it came up through the ranks and had a lot of knowledge and experience. There were "Warrant Officers" and "Chief Warrant Officers". I heard, some holding this rank at the beginning of the war were given temporary ranks as high as colonel.

Weapons Platoon--A platoon within a rifle company that had machine guns, flamethrowers, demolitions, bazookas, mortars and other specialized weapons that worked closely with the rifle platoons.

Wet dream--An occurrence that offered additional proof that if salt peter was placed in our food, the dose wasn't strong enough.

White phosphorous--A nasty form of grenade used to clear the caves and tombs. If any of the phosphorous would get on the skin or clothing after it exploded, it would attach itself and continue to burn.

Windage, rifle--An adjustment of the rifle sights to allow for any cross wind that might affect the flight of the bullet. This was done by turning the knob on the rear sight so as to move the sight slightly to the right or left. Kentucky windage was a term used for both windage and elevation where the rifleman would use his "gut feel" to raise or lower, or shoot slightly to the right or left instead of moving the sight mechanisms.

Yamasee Special--The slow, dirty, crowded, noisy, and only train that serviced Yamasee, South Carolina.

Yamasee, SC--Located at the gate of hell, Parris Island. A place where boots met their DIs for the first time and then we disappeared into the black hole amid the crys of "yoo'l be soory." We were too.

Zero in--A phrase used to set your rifle sights to shoot accurately at a known distance. It was also used to draw attention to something you wanted your buddy to look at, such as, "zero in on those boobs."



OKINAWA: VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC

## APPENDIX IV

# III Amphibious Corps Task Organization<sup>1</sup>

## III AMPHIBIOUS CORPS . . . MajGen Roy S. Geiger I. Corps Troops . . . . . LtCol William F. Whitaker

Headquarters and Service Battalion  
Signal Battalion  
3d Separate Radio Intelligence Platoon, Mobile  
Communication Unit 43D, Detachment, Air  
Warning Squadron  
1st Military Police Battalion, FMFPac (less  
Company D)  
Company A, 1st Provisional Military Police Bat-  
talion (USA)  
Landing Force Air Support Control Unit No 1  
Medical Battalion  
Corps Evacuation Hospital No 2  
Corps Evacuation Hospital No 3  
Corps Engineer Group  
44th Naval Construction Regiment (less 58th  
Naval Construction Battalion, 130th Naval Con-  
struction Battalion, 145th Naval Construction  
Battalion, and 11th Special Naval Construction  
Battalion, reinforced)  
71st Naval Construction Battalion  
1st Separate Engineer Battalion  
802d Aviation Engineer Battalion (USA)  
Corps Service Group  
Headquarters, Service Group  
Headquarters, Shore Party  
Company D, 1st Military Police Battalion,  
FMFPac  
11th Motor Transport Battalion, FMFPac  
7th Field Depot, reinforced  
1st Bomb Disposal Company (less 2d and 3d  
Platoons)

<sup>1</sup> IIIAC OpPlan No 1-45, 1Feb45, 1-3; 1st MarDiv  
OpPlan 1-45, 10Feb45, 1-3; 6th MarDiv OpPlan No  
1-45, 10Feb45, 1-3; 29th Mar SAR, Ph IdII, Chap II,  
1-2.

1st Laundry Company (less 1st, 2d, and 3d  
Platoons)  
Detachment B-8, Military Government  
Detachment C-1, Military Government  
G-10 Dispensary No 12  
G-6 Hospital No 1

II. Corps Artillery . . . . . BrigGen David R. Nimmer  
Headquarters Battery, Corps Artillery  
6th 155mm Howitzer Battalion  
8th 155mm Gun Battalion  
9th 155mm Gun Battalion  
Headquarters Battery, 2d Provisional Field Artil-  
lery Group  
1st 155mm Howitzer Battalion  
3d 155mm Howitzer Battalion  
7th 155mm Gun Battalion  
456th Amphibian Truck Company (USA)  
Marine Observation Squadron 7

III. Corps Antiaircraft Artillery . . . Col Kenneth W.  
Benner  
Headquarters, 1st Provisional Antiaircraft Artil-  
lery Group  
2d Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion  
5th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion  
8th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion  
16th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion

IV. Corps Reserve . . . . . Col Victor F. Bleasdale  
29th Marines  
Company A, 6th Tank Battalion  
Company C, 6th Engineer Battalion  
Company C, 6th Pioneer Battalion  
Company C, 6th Motor Transport Battalion  
Company C, 6th Medical Battalion  
3d Platoon, 6th Military Police Company  
3d Platoon, Ordnance Company, 6th Service  
Battalion  
3d Platoon, Service and Supply Company, 6th  
Service Battalion (less Post Exchange Section)

3d Band Section  
 Detachment, 6th Amphibian Truck Company  
 Detachment, 11th Special Naval Construction Battalion  
 Detachment, 26th Replacement Draft  
 Detachment, 33d Replacement Draft  
 3d Shore Fire Control Party, 6th Joint Assault Signal Company  
 3d Air-Ground Liaison Party, 6th Joint Assault Signal Company  
 3d Shore Party Communication Team, 6th Joint Assault Signal Company  
 1st War Dog Platoon  
**V. 1st Marine Division (Reinforced) . . MajGen Pedro A. del Valle**  
 Division Troops  
 Headquarters Battalion (less 1st Military Police Company)  
 1st Medical Battalion (less Companies A, B, and C)  
 4th Joint Assault Signal Company (less detachments)  
 454th Amphibian Truck Company (USA) (less detachments)  
 Detachment A-1, Military Government  
 Detachment B-1, Military Government  
 G-10 Dispensary No 17  
 G-10 Dispensary No 18  
 Assault Air Warning Teams  
 4th Provisional Rocket Detachment  
 4th War Dog Platoon  
 Combat Team 1  
 1st Marines  
 Company A, 1st Engineer Battalion  
 Company A, 1st Pioneer Battalion  
 Company A, 1st Medical Battalion  
 Company A, 1st Motor Transport Battalion  
 Detachment, Ordnance Company, 1st Service Battalion (Attached: 2d Platoon 1st Bomb Disposal Company, less 2d and 3d Squads)  
 Detachment, Service and Supply Company, 1st Service Battalion  
 1st Platoon, 1st Military Police Company  
 Detachment, 4th Joint Assault Signal Company  
 Detachment, 454th Amphibian Truck Company (USA)  
 Combat Team 5  
 5th Marines  
 Co B, 1st Engineer Battalion  
 Co B, 1st Pioneer Battalion  
 Co B, 1st Medical Battalion  
 Co B, 1st Motor Transport Battalion  
 1st Amphibian Tractor Battalion (less detachments)  
 Detachment, Ordnance Company, 1st Service Battalion  
 (Attached: 3d Squad, 2d Platoon 1st Bomb Disposal Company)  
 Detachment, Service and Supply Company, 1st Service Battalion  
 2d Platoon, 1st Military Police Company  
 Detachment, 454th Amphibian Truck Company (USA)  
 Detachment, 4th Joint Assault Signal Company  
 Combat Team 7  
 7th Marines  
 Co C, 1st Engineer Battalion  
 Co C, 1st Pioneer Battalion  
 Co C, 1st Medical Battalion  
 Co C, 1st Motor Transport Battalion  
 8th Amphibian Tractor Battalion (less detachments)  
 Detachment, Ordnance Company, 1st Service Battalion (Attached: 2d Squad, 2d Platoon, 1st Bomb Disposal Company)  
 Detachment, Service and Supply Company, 1st Service Battalion  
 3d Platoon, 1st Military Police Company  
 Detachment, 454th Amphibian Truck Company (USA)  
 Detachment, 4th Joint Assault Signal Company  
 Artillery Group  
 11th Marines  
 3d Amphibian Truck Company  
 Detachment, 454th Amphibian Truck Company (USA)  
 Marine Observation Squadron 3  
 Detachment, 1st Amphibian Tractor Battalion  
 Detachment, 8th Amphibian Tractor Battalion  
 Armored Amphibian Tractor Group  
 3d Armored Amphibian Tractor Battalion (Provisional)  
 Tank Group  
 1st Tank Battalion  
 Detachment, 1st Amphibian Tractor Battalion  
 Detachment, 8th Amphibian Tractor Battalion  
 Tank Maintenance Platoon, Ordnance Company, 1st Service Battalion  
 Engineer Group  
 1st Engineer Battalion (less Companies A, B, and C)  
 145th Naval Construction Battalion (less detachments)  
 Shore Party Group  
 1st Pioneer Battalion (less Companies A, B, and C)  
 One-half, 11th Special Naval Construction Battalion  
 Detachment, 145th Naval Construction Battalion  
 Detachment, 4th Joint Assault Signal Company  
 Replacement Group  
 Service Group  
 1st Service Battalion (less detachments)  
 1st Motor Transport Battalion (less Companies A, B, and C)  
 2d Platoon, 1st Laundry Company  
 Military Police Group  
 1st Military Police Company (less 1st, 2d, and 3d Platoons)  
 Company B, 1st Provisional Military Police Battalion (USA)

**VI. 6th Marine Division (Reinforced) . . . MajGen  
Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.**

**Division Troops**

Headquarters Battalion (less detachments)  
Company C, 1st Provisional Military Police Battalion (USA)  
6th Joint Assault Signal Company (less detachments)  
6th Amphibian Truck Company (less detachments)  
Detachment A-3, Military Government  
Detachment B-3, Military Government  
Corps Artillery Liaison Teams  
Early Air Warning Team

**Combat Team 4**

4th Marines (less 2d Battalion (less Company E))  
Company A, 6th Engineer Battalion (less 2d Platoon)  
Company A, 6th Pioneer Battalion (less 2d Platoon)  
Company A, 6th Motor Transport Battalion (less 2d Platoon)  
Company A, 6th Medical Battalion (less one collecting section)  
Detachment, 26th Replacement Draft  
Detachment, 33d Replacement Draft  
1st Platoon, 6th Military Police Company (less detachment)  
1st Platoon, Ordnance Company, 6th Service Battalion (less detachment)  
1st Platoon, Service and Supply Company, 6th Service Battalion (less Post Exchange Section and detachment)  
Detachment, 58th Naval Construction Battalion  
Detachment, 11th Special Naval Construction Battalion  
Detachment, 6th Amphibian Truck Company  
1st Band Section (less detachment)  
1st Shore Fire Control Party, 6th Joint Assault Signal Company (less detachment)  
1st Air-Ground Liaison Party, 6th Joint Assault Signal Company (less detachment)  
1st Shore Party Communication Team, 6th Joint Assault Signal Company (less detachment)  
1st Section, 3d Platoon, 1st Bomb Disposal Company

**Combat Team 22**

22d Marines  
Company B, 6th Engineer Battalion  
Company B, 6th Pioneer Battalion  
Company B, 6th Motor Transport Battalion  
Company B, 6th Medical Battalion  
Detachment, 26th Replacement Draft  
Detachment, 33d Replacement Draft  
2d Platoon, 6th Military Police Company  
2d Platoon, Ordnance Company, 6th Service Battalion

2d Platoon, Service and Supply Company, 6th Service Battalion (less Post Exchange Section)

Detachment, 58th Naval Construction Battalion  
Detachment, 11th Special Naval Construction Battalion

Detachment, 814th Amphibian Truck Company (USA)

5th Provisional Rocket Detachment

2d Band Section

3d Platoon, 1st Bomb Disposal Company (less 1st Section)

2d Shore Fire Control Party, 6th Joint Assault Signal Company

2d Air-Ground Liaison Party, 6th Joint Assault Signal Company

2d Shore Party Communication Team, 6th Joint Assault Signal Company

**Division Artillery Group**

15th Marines

Detachment, 6th Amphibian Truck Company

Detachment, 814th Amphibian Truck Company (USA)

Marine Observation Squadron 6

**Armored Amphibian Group**

1st Armored Amphibian Battalion

3-9-A Unit

**Tank Group**

6th Tank Battalion (less Company A)

Tank Maintenance Platoon, Ordnance Company, 6th Service Battalion

**1st Amphibian Tractor Group**

9th Amphibian Tractor Battalion

**2d Amphibian Tractor Group**

4th Amphibian Tractor Battalion

**Engineer Group**

6th Engineer Battalion (less detachments)

58th Naval Construction Battalion (less detachments)

**Shore Party Group**

6th Pioneer Battalion (less detachments)

26th Replacement Draft (less detachments)

33d Replacement Draft (less detachments)

Detachment, 6th Joint Assault Signal Company

814th Amphibian Truck Company (less detachments)

One-half, 11th Special Naval Construction Battalion (less detachments)

**Service Group**

6th Service Battalion (less detachments)

6th Motor Transport Battalion (less detachments)

6th Medical Battalion (less detachments)

(Attached: G-10 and G-11 Dispensary Units)

**Division Reserve**

2d Battalion, 4th Marines (less Company E)

2d Platoon, Weapons Company, 4th Marines

2d Platoon, Company A, 6th Engineer Battalion

2d Platoon, Company A, 6th Pioneer Battalion

2d Platoon, Company A, 6th Motor Transport  
Battalion  
Detachment, Collection Section, Company A, 6th  
Medical Battalion  
Detachment, 26th Replacement Draft  
Detachment, 33d Replacement Draft  
Detachment, 11th Special Naval Construction  
Battalion  
Detachment, 1st Band Section  
Detachment, 1st Platoon, 6th Military Police  
Company

Detachment, 1st Platoon, Ordnance Company,  
6th Service Battalion  
Detachment, 1st Platoon, Service and Supply  
Company, 6th Service Battalion  
Detachment, 1st Shore Fire Control Party, 6th  
Joint Assault Signal Company  
Detachment, 1st Air-Ground Liaison Party, 6th  
Joint Assault Signal Company  
Detachment, Shore Party Communication Team,  
6th Joint Assault Signal Company





## OKINAWA: VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC

## APPENDIX III

# Command and Staff List of Marine Units on Okinawa

1 APRIL-22 JUNE 1945<sup>1</sup>*Amphibious Reconnaissance Battalion, FMFPac*

CO..... Maj James L. Jones  
 ExO..... Maj Earl R. Marquardt  
 S-3..... 1stLt Leo B. Shinn  
 HqCo..... 1stLt James R. Bentley  
 A Co..... Capt Merwin H. Silverthorn, Jr.  
 B Co..... 1stLt Russell E. Corey

## III AMPHIBIOUS CORPS

*III Amphibious Corps Headquarters*

CG..... LtGen Roy S. Geiger  
 CofS..... BrigGen Merwin H. Silverthorn  
 G-1..... Col Gale T. Cummings  
 G-2..... Col Charles C. Brown  
 G-3..... Col Walter A. Wachtler  
 G-4..... Col Francis B. Loomis, Jr.  
 G-5..... Col Elmer H. Salzman

*III Amphibious Corps Troops*

CO..... Col Edward G. Hagen (CO,Rear-  
 Ech)  
 ExO..... LtCol William F. Whitaker  
 S-3..... Maj Julius H. Flagstad

*III Amphibious Corps Headquarters and Service Battalion*

CO..... LtCol Harry A. Traffert, Jr.  
 ExO..... Maj Harold C. Howard (To 6J)  
           Maj Robert J. Kennedy (From  
           7J)  
 S-3..... Capt Andrew Dura  
 HqCo..... Capt Andrew Dura (FwdEch)

<sup>1</sup> Compiled from unit muster rolls available at Headquarters Marine Corps. Only those officers who are officially listed as having held the indicated command and staff positions are included. Ranks shown are those held on 22Jun45.

MP Co..... Capt Thomas G. Barry, Jr.  
 SerCo..... 1stLt Worthen Brooks  
 1st BomDispCo..... Capt Donald J. Merriman  
 1st SepTopoCo..... Capt Byrl W. Munger (FwdEch)

*III Amphibious Corps Medical Battalion*

CO..... LCdr Maurice A. Diehr, (MC)  
           (To 29A)  
           LCdr Donovan C. Blanchard,  
           (MC) (29A-18J)  
           Cdr Robert Mazet, Jr. (MC)  
           (From 19J)  
 ExO..... Lt William H. Hanna, (MC)  
           (From 1J)  
 S-3..... (Not shown)  
 H&S Co..... (Not shown)  
 A Co..... Lt William H. Hanna, (MC)  
 B Co..... Lt Thomas A. Glass, (MC)  
 C Co..... Lt Albert W. Diddle (MC)

*III Amphibious Corps Signal Battalion*

CO..... Col Robert L. Peterson  
 ExO..... LtCol Alan Sutter  
 S-3..... Capt. Carlton E. Tripp  
 HqCo..... Capt Herbert D. Raymond, Jr.  
 A Co..... 1stLt Lloyd "E" Watson  
 B Co..... Capt Edmund J. Anderson  
 C Co..... Capt Roscoe E. Cole

*1st Military Police Battalion*

CO..... LtCol Alfred H. Marks  
 ExO..... Capt Ralph L. Robinson  
 S-3..... 1stLt Russell M. Roberts (To  
           30A)  
           1stLt Harold B. Moe (From  
           1M)  
 HqCo..... Capt Paul B. Doster (To 14M)  
           Capt Kenneth J. Becker (From  
           15M)

A Co.----- Capt Kenneth J. Becker (To 14M)  
1stLt Walter S. Metzger (From 15M)  
B Co.----- 1stLt Thomas J. Donoghue (To 25M)  
1stLt Arthur L. Seay, III (From 26M)  
C Co.----- 1stLt Joseph F. Carney  
D Co.----- 1stLt Horace E. Curtis

*1st Separate Engineer Battalion*

CO.----- LtCol Alonzo D. Gorman  
ExO.----- Maj William C. Mikell  
S-3.----- Capt George S. Sinnicks  
H&S Co.----- Capt John E. Bibby (To 26M)  
Capt Edward A. Menuz (From 27M)

A Co.----- Capt Morgan P. Hammer  
B Co.----- Capt Robert J. Bobber (To 26M)  
Capt John E. Bibby (From 27M)

C Co.----- Capt Franklin J. Blythe, Jr.

*11th Motor Transport Battalion*

CO.----- Lt Col Franklin A. Hayner  
ExO.----- Maj Kenneth E. Murphy  
S-3.----- 1stLt Thomas H. Prestridge  
HqCo.----- Capt Bowen Asserson, Sr.  
A Co.----- Capt John H. L'Estrange  
B Co.----- 1stLt Hugh F. Ferguson  
C Co.----- 1stLt Richard P. Jones  
Corps TransCo.----- 1stLt John Bookhout

*7th Service Regiment*

CO.----- Col Harold E. Rosecrans  
ExO.----- LtCol Edwin D. Partridge  
S-3.----- (Not shown)  
CO, HqBn.----- LtCol Kenneth L. Moses  
ExO, HqBn.----- Maj Ben F. Dixon, III  
S-3, HqBn.----- (Not shown)  
HqCo.----- Capt William M. Milne, Jr.  
EngCo.----- Maj Clarence M. Thomas  
GenSupCo.----- Capt Adrian F. Pilliod, Jr.  
MP Co.----- Capt Lester J. Putney  
OrdCo.----- Capt Arthur P. Bretherick, Jr. (To 9J)  
Maj George G. Pafford (From 10J)  
SigCo.----- Capt Albert N. Hunt  
TransCo.----- Capt Frederick P. Traill, Jr.  
1st MarAmmoCo.----- Capt Price R. Ashton  
3d MarAmmoCo.----- Capt Louis P. Shine  
12th MarAmmoCo.----- Capt Albert Shapiro (To 5J)  
1stLt Kenneth E. Moyer (6-9J)  
Capt Arthur P. Bretherick, Jr. (From 10J)  
5th MarDepCo.----- 1stLt Edmond C. Forehand  
18th MarDepCo.----- Capt William M. Barr  
19th MarDepCo.----- Capt Orville A. LaMotte

20th MarDepCo.----- Capt William C. Adams  
37th MarDepCo.----- 1stLt William A. Hodrick  
38th MarDepCo.----- 1stLt John W. O'Donoghue

**III AMPHIBIOUS CORPS ARTILLERY**  
*III Amphibious Corps Artillery Headquarters*

CG.----- BrigGen David R. Nimmer  
CofS.----- Col John A. Bemis  
G-1.----- LtCol Frederick W. Miller  
G-2.----- Maj Paul O. Engelder  
G-3.----- LtCol Frederick P. Henderson (To 15M)  
LtCol Ernest P. Foley (From 16M)  
G-4.----- LtCol Llewellyn Powell, Jr.  
HqBtry.----- 1stLt Walter T. Anderson

*1st Provisional Antiaircraft Artillery Group*

CO.----- Col Kenneth W. Benner  
ExO.----- LtCol Willard C. Fiske  
S-3.----- LtCol John F. Dunlap (To 11J)  
LtCol Jack H. Brown (From 11J)  
HqBtry.----- 1stLt Leon H. Huttner (To 11J)  
1stLt William D. Rummans, Jr. (From 11J)

*2d Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion*

CO.----- LtCol Max C. Chapman  
ExO.----- LtCol Charles W. May (To 5J)  
LtCol Norman E. Sparling (From 6J)  
S-3.----- Maj Walter L. Eddy, Jr. (To 4M)  
Maj John W. Graves (From 5M)  
H&S Btry.----- Capt Carl E. Fulton  
HAA Grp.----- LtCol Charles T. Hodges  
LAA Grp.----- Maj Emile P. Moses, Jr.  
S/L Btry.----- Capt Lewis A. Huddle (To 8J)  
Capt John L. Buckley (From 9J)

*5th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion*

CO.----- LtCol Harry O. Smith, Jr.  
ExO.----- LtCol Charles J. Siebert, II  
S-3.----- Capt Ralph W. Nicholson (To 21J)  
Maj Monson J. McCarty (From 22J)  
H&S Btry.----- Maj Monson J. McCarty (To 21J)  
Capt Herbert B. Gross (From 22J)  
HAA Grp.----- Maj Donald T. Regan (To 20A)  
Maj Robert M. White, II (Actg 21A-4M)  
Maj Donald T. Regan (5M-14J)  
Maj Robert M. White, II (From 15J)  
LAA Grp.----- LtCol Arthur B. Hammond, Jr.  
S/L Btry.----- Capt Sylvan J. Naughtrip, Jr.

*8th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion*

CO..... LtCol James S. O'Halloran  
 ExO..... LtCol Robert F. Scott  
 S-3..... Maj Howard S. Nelson (To 8J)  
           Maj Arthur J. Bachhuber (From  
           9J)  
 H&S Btry..... Capt Robert J. Granger  
 HAA Grp..... LtCol William R. Dorr, Jr. (To  
           8J)  
           Maj Raymond F. Aton (From  
           9J)  
 LAA Grp..... LtCol John D. Mattox (To 7J)  
           Maj John W. Graham (From  
           14J)  
 S/L Btry..... Capt Paul N. Ierardi

*16th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion*

CO..... LtCol August F. Penzold, Jr.  
           (To 18J)  
           LtCol Charles T. Tingle (From  
           19J)  
 ExO..... LtCol Edward N. Rydalcch  
 S-3..... Maj Robert A. Merchant, Jr.  
 H&S Btry..... Capt Robert H. Twisdale (To  
           18M)  
           Capt John J. Dyer (From 14M)  
 HAA Grp..... Maj Robert G. Baumann  
 LAA Grp..... Maj Edward H. Gartside (To  
           20M)  
           Capt John D. Briggs (21M-8J)  
           LtCol John D. Mattox (From  
           8J)  
 S/L Btry..... Capt George Anderson (To 18J)  
           1stLt Claude R. Laplant (From  
           14J)

*2d Provisional Field Artillery Group*

CO..... LtCol Custis Burton, Jr.  
 ExO..... LtCol John S. Twitchell (To  
           10M)  
           Maj Alfred L. Owens (11M-20J)  
           LtCol John S. Twitchell (From  
           21J)  
 S-3..... LtCol Ernest P. Foley (To 20A)  
           LtCol John S. Twitchell (21A-  
           7M)  
           Maj Alfred L. Owens (From 8M)  
 HqBtry..... Capt Jacob J. Fortunato

*1st 155mm Howitzer Battalion*

CO..... LtCol George H. Ford  
 ExO..... Maj William H. Atkinson  
 S-3..... Capt Eugene C. Swift  
 H&S Btry..... Capt Michael T. Harbrook  
 A Btry..... 1stLt Roy E. Moffett  
 B Btry..... Capt Grant E. Rose  
 C Btry..... Capt Owen H. Blexrud

*3d 155mm Howitzer Battalion*

CO..... LtCol Robert C. Hiatt  
 ExO..... Maj James H. Tatsch

S-3..... Capt David L. Moberly  
 H&S Btry..... Capt Elwyn D. Siefert  
 A Btry..... Capt William W. Wander, Jr.  
 B Btry..... Capt Robert W. Besch  
 C Btry..... Capt Alexander B. Sharpe

*6th 155mm Howitzer Battalion*

CO..... LtCol Lewis A. Jones  
 ExO..... Maj Alfred L. Owens (To 7M)  
           Capt John V. Downs (Actg  
           From 7M)  
 S-3..... 1stLt Charles H. Berkmeier  
 H&S Btry..... 1stLt Samuel M. Rogers  
 A Btry..... 1stLt Ira E. Steele  
 B Btry..... 1stLt Cornelius J. Kelleher, Jr.  
           (To 13A)  
           Capt Matthew J. Lynott, Jr.  
           (From 14A)  
 C Btry..... 1stLt George H. Goldsborough  
           (To 13A)  
           Capt John V. Downs (14A-6M)  
           1stLt George H. Goldsborough  
           (Actg From 7M)

*7th 155mm Gun Battalion*

CO..... LtCol Guido F. Verbeck, Jr.  
 ExO..... LtCol Francis W. Benson  
 S-3..... Capt Philip Ahwesh (To 20A)  
           1stLt George N. Parks, Jr (21A-  
           21J)  
           Maj William N. Taft (From  
           22J)  
 H&S Btry..... Capt Warren R. Loney (To 20A)  
           Capt Philip Ahwesh (From 21A)  
 A Btry..... Capt Richard H. Pearson (To  
           9M)  
           1stLt James V. Gurge (From  
           10M)  
 B Btry..... Capt Gilbert N. Powell  
 C Btry..... Capt Andrew W. Bisset (To 8M)  
           1st Lt Edward L. Fossum (From  
           9M)

*8th 155mm Gun Battalion*

CO..... LtCol George V. Hanna, Jr.  
 ExO..... Maj Robert F. Meldrum  
 S-3..... Maj Richard A. Vanderhoof  
 H&S Btry..... Capt Richard A. Schaefer  
 A Btry..... Capt Harry "E" Dickinson  
 B Btry..... 1stLt Herbert H. Johnson  
 C Btry..... 1stLt James W. McJunkin

*9th 155mm Gun Battalion*

CO..... LtCol Merritt Adelman  
 ExO..... Maj Raymond D. Wright  
 S-3..... 1stLt Howard W. Lull  
 H&S Btry..... Capt James D. Owens (To 2M)  
           Capt Gilbert J. Geiser (From  
           3M)  
 A Btry..... 1stLt Albert E. Leonard  
 B Btry..... Capt Harry E. Kipp  
 C Btry..... Capt Thomas L. Weyandt

## FIRST MARINE DIVISION (REINFORCED)

*1st Marine Division Headquarters*

CG----- MajGen Pedro A. del Valle  
 ADC----- BrigGen Louis R. Jones  
 CofS----- Col Robert O. Bare  
 G-1----- LtCol Harold O. Deakin  
 G-2----- LtCol John W. Scott, Jr.  
 G-3----- LtCol Russell E. Honsowetz  
 G-4----- LtCol Harvey C. Tschirgi

*1st Marine Division Headquarters Battalion*

CO----- LtCol James S. Monahan (To  
 20M)  
 Col Kenneth B. Chappell (24-  
 31M)  
 ExO----- Maj Lewis M. Andrews  
 S-3----- 2dLt William G. Porter  
 HqCo----- Capt John E. Williams  
 1st MP Co----- 1stLt Lawrence E. Kindred  
 ReconCo----- 1stLt Robert J. Powell, Jr.  
 1st SigCo----- Capt Thomas J. Flynn, Jr.  
 1st ASCO----- LtCol John E. Morris  
 3d AmphTruckCo----- Capt Grammer G. Edwards

*1st Engineer Battalion*

CO----- Maj Theodore E. Drummond  
 ExO----- Maj William A. Swinerton  
 S-3----- Capt Robert C. Snyder  
 H&S Co----- Capt William H. Owens, Jr.  
 (To 2M)  
 Capt John N. Rathwell (From  
 3M)  
 A Co----- Capt Daniel J. McLellan  
 B Co----- Capt Charles A. Hamilton  
 C Co----- Capt John G. Aldworth

*1st Medical Battalion*

CO----- LCdr Francis Giuffrida, (MC)  
 ExO----- (Not shown)  
 S-3----- (Not shown)  
 H&S Co----- Lt Roger Stevenson, (MC)  
 A Co----- Lt Charles E. Schoff, (MC) (To  
 1J)  
 Lt Lloyd F. Sherman, (MC)  
 (From 1J)  
 B Co----- Lt Rupert B. Turnbull, (MC)  
 C Co----- Lt David S. Slossberg, (MC)  
 D Co----- LCdr Joseph C. Fremont, (MC)  
 E Co----- LCdr Edwin B. Murchison,  
 (MC)

*1st Motor Transport Battalion*

CO----- LtCol Marion A. Fawcett (To  
 15A)  
 LtCol Calvin C. Gaines (From  
 18A)  
 ExO----- Maj Henry D. Shields  
 S-3----- 1stLt Walter M. Greenspan  
 H&S Co----- 1stLt Edwin J. Sehl  
 A Co----- Capt Ben Sutts

B Co----- Capt Francis I. Ford, Jr.  
 C Co----- 1stLt Wayne "W" Miller

*1st Pioneer Battalion*

CO----- LtCol Robert G. Ballance  
 ExO----- Maj Warren S. Sivertsen  
 S-3----- 1stLt William J. Selfridge, Jr.  
 H&S Co----- Capt Benjamin T. Cocke (To  
 1J)  
 1stLt Darrell A. Watson (From  
 1J)  
 A Co----- Capt Stanley W. Slowakiewicz  
 B Co----- Capt John M. Kennedy  
 C Co----- 1stLt John H. Heussner

*1st Service Battalion*

CO----- LtCol Calvin C. Gaines (To  
 17A)  
 Col John Kaluf (WIA 6A,\*  
 From 18A)  
 ExO----- Capt Edwin B. Glass (To 14M)  
 Maj William F. Belcher (15-  
 17M)  
 Capt Alton C. Bennett (From  
 20M)  
 S-3----- (Not shown)  
 HqCo----- 1stLt Harry L. Tovani  
 OrdCo----- Capt Edward P. Faulkner  
 S&S Co----- 1stLt Herbert R. Peterson

*1st Tank Battalion*

CO----- LtCol Arthur J. Stuart (WIA  
 13J)  
 ExO----- Capt Richard A. Munger (To  
 18J)  
 Maj Robert M. Neiman (From  
 19J)  
 S-3----- 1stLt Lester T. Chase  
 H&S Co----- Capt John K. Gieski  
 A Co----- 1stLt Howard R. Taylor, Jr.  
 B Co----- Capt Jack R. Munday  
 C Co----- 1stLt George E. Jerue

*3d Armored Amphibian Battalion (Provisional)*

CO----- Lt Col John I. Williamson, Jr.  
 (To 7M)  
 Maj Arthur M. Parker, Jr.  
 (From 8M)  
 ExO----- Maj Arthur M. Parker, Jr. (To  
 7M)  
 Capt Wilfred S. LeFrancois  
 (From 8M)  
 S-3----- Capt Marvin E. Mitchell (To  
 19J)  
 H&S Co----- Capt. Whitley A. Cummings, Jr.  
 (From 22A, FwdEch)  
 A Co----- 1stLt Norman C. Bray, Jr.  
 B Co----- 1stLt Harold A. Ipson  
 C Co----- Capt Wilfred S. LeFrancois (To  
 7M)  
 D Co----- 1stLt Hillard "D" Thorpe

\* WIA, Records show returned to duty.

*1st Amphibian Tractor Battalion*

CO..... LtCol Maynard M. Nohrden  
 ExO..... Maj Victor J. Harwick  
 S-3..... 1stLt Harold F. Harman  
 H&S Co..... Capt John A. Lockwood, Jr.  
 A Co..... 1stLt Paul Phillips  
 B Co..... 1stLt William H. Blatti  
 C Co..... 1stLt Harry O. Lee

*8th Amphibian Tractor Battalion*

CO..... LtCol Charles B. Nerren (To  
 13A)  
 Maj Bedford Williams (14-17A)  
 LtCol Charles B. Nerren (From  
 18A)  
 ExO..... Maj Bedford Williams (To 13A)  
 Maj Bedford Williams (From  
 18A)  
 S-3..... 1stLt John R. Tull  
 H&S Co..... 1stLt Robert W. Caveney  
 A Co..... Capt Robert P. Rapp  
 B Co..... Capt William D. Evans  
 C Co..... 1stLt Norman Haweeli

*Headquarters, 1st Marines*

CO..... Col Kenneth B. Chappell (To  
 5M)  
 Col Arthur T. Mason (From 6M)  
 ExO..... LtCol Richard P. Ross, Jr. (To  
 20M)  
 LtCol James S. Monahan (From  
 21M)  
 S-3..... Maj Bernard T. Kelly (WIA  
 5A,\* To 21A)  
 Maj Jonas M. Platt (From 22A)  
 H&S Co..... 1stLt Walton M. Rock (To 21A)  
 1stLt Eustace C. M. Waller  
 (22A-1J)  
 Capt Wayne B. Davis (From 1J)  
 WpnsCo..... Capt Lawrence K. Hennessy (To  
 21A)  
 Maj Robert W. Burnette (From  
 22A, WIA 3J)  
 Capt Francis D. Rineer (From  
 19J)

*1st Battalion, 1st Marines*

CO..... LtCol James C. Murray, Jr.  
 (WIA 9M)  
 LtCol Richard P. Ross, Jr. (10-  
 12M)  
 LtCol Austin C. Shofner (From  
 13M)  
 ExO..... Maj Jonas M. Platt (To 22A)  
 Maj Henry G. Baron (23A-14M)  
 Capt Thomas K. Greer (14M-  
 10J)  
 Maj Franklin B. Nihart (From  
 11J)  
 S-3..... 1stLt Fendall W. Yerxa (To  
 18J)  
 Maj Leon Goldberg (From 19J)

HqCo..... Maj William F. Belcher (To  
 14M)  
 1stLt Richard M. Highsmith, Jr.  
 (14-20M)  
 1stLt Marion G. Truesdale  
 (From 21M)  
 A Co..... 1stLt Paul E. Burke (WIA 6J)  
 1stLt James R. Currier (From  
 6J)  
 B Co..... Capt Francis D. Rineer (WIA  
 80A,\* To 29M)  
 Capt Richard A. Poe (29M-6J)  
 Capt Francis D. Rineer (7-18J)  
 1stLt Fendall W. Yerxa (From  
 19J)  
 C Co..... 1stLt Weldon M. Longbotham  
 (WIA 14M)  
 Capt Richard A. Poe (15-28M,  
 WIA 24M\*)  
 1stLt Francis T. Burke (29M-  
 3J)  
 Capt Richard A. Poe (From 7J,  
 WIA 11J)  
 Capt Thomas K. Greer (From  
 11J)

*2d Battalion, 1st Marines*

CO..... LtCol James C. Magee, Jr.  
 ExO..... Maj Raymond C. Portillo (To  
 21A)  
 Maj Bernard T. Kelly (From  
 22A)  
 S-3..... Maj Robert W. Burnette (To  
 21A)  
 Maj Raymond C. Portillo (From  
 22A)  
 HqCo..... Capt George L. Dacy (To 14M)  
 1stLt William K. Hunt (From  
 16M)  
 E Co..... 1stLt Robert W. Schmitt (WIA  
 7M)  
 1stLt Richard B. Watkins (From  
 7M, WIA 13M\*)  
 F Co..... Capt Edward R. Tiscornia (KIA  
 2M)  
 1stLt Walter E. Burke (From  
 3M)  
 G Co..... 1stLt Fay K. Koiner, Jr. (WIA  
 14M)  
 1stLt Jim "J" Paulos (15-17M)  
 1stLt John J. Cavanaugh (17M-  
 1J)  
 1stLt Marcus H. Jaffe (From  
 2J)

*3d Battalion, 1st Marines*

CO..... LtCol Stephen V. Sabol (To  
 20M)  
 LtCol Richard P. Ross, Jr.  
 (From 21M)  
 ExO..... Maj Frederick W. Lindlaw (To  
 18M)

Capt Wayne B. Davis (19-25M)  
 Maj Leon Goldberg (26M-6J)  
 Maj John V. Kelsey (7-18J)  
 Maj Frederick W. Lindlaw  
 (From 19J)  
 S-3----- Capt Wayne B. Davis (To 21A)  
 Capt James M. Marshall (22A-  
 18J)  
 HqCo----- Maj John V. Kelsey (From 19J)  
 1stLt Eustace C. M. Waller  
 (To 21A)  
 Capt Wayne B. Davis (22A-1J)  
 1stLt James D. Currie (1-18J)  
 1stLt Charles J. Kohler, Jr.  
 (From 19J)  
 I Co----- 1stLt William A. Young, Jr.  
 (To 21A)  
 Capt Lawrence K. Hennessy  
 (From 22A, KIA 21M)  
 1stLt Elmer L. Cochran (21M-  
 1J)  
 1stLt William A. Young, Jr.  
 (From 2J)  
 K Co----- 1stLt William O. Sellers  
 L Co----- Capt Alton C. Bennett (To 13M)  
 1stLt James J. Haggerty (18-  
 15M)  
 1stLt Harry L. Ziegler (From  
 16M, WIA 4J)  
 1stLt Eustace C. M. Waller  
 (From 4J)

*Headquarters, 5th Marines*

CO----- Col John H. Griebel  
 ExO----- LtCol John D. Muncie  
 S-3----- Maj James H. Flagg  
 H&S Co----- Capt Nicholas R. Goche  
 WpnsCo----- Capt Carl H. Lockard

*1st Battalion, 5th Marines*

CO----- LtCol Charles W. Shelburne  
 ExO----- Maj. Frank W. Poland, Jr. (To  
 16M)  
 Maj Reed F. Taylor (From 17M)  
 S-3----- Capt Lloyd E. Howell  
 HqCo----- 2dLt Lewis J. Schott (1-30A)  
 A Co----- Capt Julian D. Dusenbury (WIA  
 10M,\* 18J)  
 B Co----- 1stLt Walter R. Wilson  
 C Co----- 1stLt Walter E. Lange

*2d Battalion, 5th Marines*

CO----- LtCol William E. Benedict (To  
 20J)  
 Maj Richard T. Washburn  
 From 21J)  
 ExO----- Maj Richard T. Washburn (To  
 20J)  
 1stLt Martin F. Fritz (From  
 21J)  
 S-3----- Maj John R. Hogan (WIA 4M)

1stLt Ward M. Wilcox (From  
 1J)  
 HqCo----- 2dLt Richard F. Simpson (To  
 30A)  
 1stLt Martin F. Fritz (From  
 1M)  
 E Co----- 1stLt Michael D. Benda (WIA  
 29M)  
 Capt Franklin D. Sills (From  
 29M, WIA 13J\*)  
 F Co----- 1stLt William A. Taylor (WIA  
 3M)  
 1stLt Joseph H. Bowling (From  
 4M, WIA 10M)  
 1stLt Robert F. Fry (From  
 11M, WIA 17M)  
 1stLt William A. Brougner  
 (From 17M)  
 G Co----- 1stLt Richard R. Breen (WIA  
 7M\*)

*3d Battalion, 5th Marines*

CO----- Maj John H. Gustafson (WIA  
 1A)  
 LtCol John C. Miller, Jr. (4A-  
 16M)  
 Maj Frank W. Poland, Jr.  
 (17M-8J)  
 LtCol Robert E. Hill (From 9J)  
 ExO----- Maj Martin C. Roth  
 S-3----- Capt George S. Sharp (WIA  
 14M)  
 Capt Edwin B. Glass (From  
 15M)  
 HqCo----- Capt William Flynn  
 I Co----- Capt James P. O'Laughlin  
 (WIA 7M,\* WIA 24M)  
 1stLt John A. Fredenberger  
 (From 24M, WIA 28M)  
 1stLt Carroll R. Wilson (From  
 28M, KIA 2J)  
 1stLt Richard H. Sengewald  
 (From 3J)  
 K Co----- 1stLt Thomas J. Stanley (To  
 24M)  
 1stLt George B. Loveday (From  
 25M)  
 L Co----- Capt Robert P. Smith (To 8J)  
 1stLt Robert D. Metzger (From  
 9J)

*Headquarters, 7th Marines*

CO----- Col Edward W. Snedeker  
 ExO----- LtCol James M. Masters, Sr.  
 S-3----- Maj Walter Holomon (To 22M)  
 LtCol Stephen V. Sabol (23M-  
 19J)  
 H&S Co----- Maj John W. Arnold (To 4A)  
 1stLt Maurice J. Cavanaugh, Jr.  
 (From 5A)  
 WpnsCo----- Capt Welton H. Bunger, Jr.

*1st Battalion, 7th Marines*

CO..... LtCol John J. Gormley  
 ExO..... Maj Hector R. Migneault (WIA  
 14M)  
 Capt Don P. Wyckoff (14-17M)  
 Maj Henry G. Baron, Jr. (18M-  
 9J)  
 Maj Harold C. Howard (From  
 10J)  
 S-3..... Capt Don P. Wyckoff  
 HqCo..... Capt Robert L. Gibson (To 81M)  
 1stLt Russell R. Feazell (From  
 1J)  
 A Co..... 1stLt Robert Romo (KIA 14M)  
 1stLt Ernest McCall (From  
 15M)  
 B Co..... 1stLt Roger A. Golden (To 18M)  
 Capt Leonard R. Heller (19M-  
 11J)  
 Capt Lee W. Langham (From  
 12J)  
 C Co..... Capt Richard E. Rohrer (To  
 17J)

*2d Battalion, 7th Marines*

CO..... LtCol Spencer S. Berger  
 ExO..... Maj Louis G. Ditta  
 S-3..... 1stLt Harry E. Wheeler (To  
 18J)  
 Maj James M. Robinson (From  
 19J)  
 HqCo..... Capt Lee W. Langham (To 10M)  
 1stLt Joseph W. Kensik, Jr.  
 (From 11M)  
 E Co..... Capt Paul C. Beardslee, Jr.  
 (KIA 1A)  
 1stLt William G. Hudson, Jr. (1-  
 15A)  
 Capt Robert J. Noonan (From  
 16A, WIA 2J)  
 1stLt William G. Hudson, Jr.  
 (From 2J, WIA 11J)  
 1stLt Franklin W. Myers (From  
 12J)  
 F Co..... Capt Harold E. Grasse (DOW  
 12M)  
 Capt Lee W. Langham (11M-  
 11J)  
 1stLt John W. Huff (From 12J)  
 G Co..... Capt Kirt W. Norton

*3d Battalion, 7th Marines*

CO..... LtCol Edward H. Hurst (WIA  
 19J)  
 LtCol Stephen V. Sabol (From  
 19J)  
 ExO..... Maj John F. Corbett (To 18M)  
 Maj William F. Belcher (19-  
 22M)  
 Maj Walter Holomon (From  
 23M)

S-3..... Maj James E. Kirk, Jr. (To  
 15M)  
 Capt Henry J. Guinivan, Jr.  
 (From 19M)  
 HqCo..... Capt James G. Triebel (To 28A)  
 Capt Henry J. Guinivan, Jr.  
 (30A-15M)  
 1stLt Arius C. Henderson (16-  
 17M)  
 Maj William F. Belcher (From  
 18M, KIA 14J)  
 Maj Alexander W. Chilton  
 (From 14J)  
 I Co..... Capt Robert I. Owen (To 30A)  
 1stLt Peter I. McDonnell (From  
 1M, KIA 18M)  
 Maj John F. Corbett (From  
 18M, WIA 19M)  
 2dLt Emory A. Bauer (19M)  
 1stLt Charles E. Crow (20M-  
 20J)  
 Capt Robert I. Owen (From  
 21J)  
 K Co..... 1stLt Robert B. Morton (1-18A)  
 1stLt Charles R. Hickox (19-  
 20A)  
 1stLt Robert B. Morton (21-  
 23A)  
 1stLt Robert W. Dalrymple  
 (From 24A, WIA 16M)  
 Maj James E. Kirk, Jr. (From  
 16M)  
 L Co..... Capt Roland H. Collins (WIA  
 9M, \* 16M)  
 Capt Henry J. Guinivan, Jr.  
 (16-18M)  
 Capt Roland H. Collins (From  
 19M)

*Headquarters, 11th Marines*

CO..... Col Wilburt S. Brown  
 ExO..... LtCol Edson L. Lyman  
 S-3..... Maj Charles D. Harris  
 H&S Btry..... 1stLt Joseph Ermenc

*1st Battalion, 11th Marines*

CO..... LtCol Richard W. Wallace  
 ExO..... LtCol George M. Lhamon  
 S-3..... Maj Ernest E. Schott  
 H&S Btry..... Capt Glenn E. Morris  
 A Btry..... Capt Neal C. Newell  
 B Btry..... Capt Maurice L. Cater  
 C Btry..... Maj Lawrence A. Tomlinson, Jr.

*2d Battalion, 11th Marines*

CO..... LtCol James H. Moffatt, Jr.  
 ExO..... Maj John L. Donnell  
 S-3..... Maj William C. Givens  
 H&S Btry..... 1stLt Martin R. Bock, Jr.  
 D Btry..... Capt James T. Pearce  
 E Btry..... Capt Lorenzo G. Cutlip (WIA  
 22J)

Capt Fritz Stampelli (From 22J)  
F Btry----- Capt Robert S. Preston

*3d Battalion, 11th Marines*

CO----- LtCol Thomas G. Roe  
ExO----- LtCol Samuel S. Wooster  
S-3----- Capt Benjamin H. Brown (To 6J)  
Maj Robert E. Collier (From 7J)  
H&S Btry----- 2dLt Charles E. Edwards (WIA 12A)  
Maj Everett W. Smith (12-26A)  
Capt Edward T. Haislip (From 27A)  
G Btry----- Capt Charles W. Fowler  
H Btry----- Capt William R. Miller  
I Btry----- 1stLt John L. McDonald, Jr. (WIA 4A\*)

*4th Battalion, 11th Marines*

CO----- LtCol Leonard F. Chapman, Jr.  
ExO----- Maj Andre D. Gomez  
S-3----- Capt James A. Crottinger (To 12J)  
Maj Lewis D. Baughman (From 13J)  
H&S Btry----- Capt Randall L. Mitchell (To 80A)  
Capt Thomas F. Moran (1-31M)  
1stLt Gordon C. Petersen (From 1J)  
K Btry----- Maj Lewis F. Treleaven (WIA 28A\*)  
L Btry----- Capt Richard M. Moordale  
M Btry----- Capt George S. Nixon

**8TH COMBAT TEAM, 2D MARINE DIVISION**  
(1-22 JUNE)

*Headquarters, 8th Combat Team*

CO----- Col Clarence R. Wallace  
ExO----- LtCol Martin S. Rahiser  
S-3----- Maj William C. Chamberlin (WIA 18J)  
H&S Co----- Capt Bob S. Griffin  
WpnsCo----- Maj David V. Van Evera  
ReconCo, 2d MarDiv. Maj John R. Nelson  
C Co, 2d EngBn----- Capt Osman B. Latrobe  
E Co, 2d MedBn----- Lt Richard L. French, (MC)  
B Co, 2d MT Bn----- 1stLt Paul A. Schott  
A Co, 2d PionBn----- Capt James B. Finley  
A Co, 2d TkBn----- Capt Edward L. Bale, Jr.  
2d AmphTruckCo----- Capt James L. George

*1st Battalion, 8th Marines*

CO----- LtCol Richard W. Hayward  
ExO----- Maj Robert L. Holderness  
S-3----- Capt William H. Pickett (WIA 22J)  
HqCo----- Capt August W. Berning  
A Co----- Capt Joseph F. Haley, Jr.  
B Co----- Capt John C. Lundrigan

C Co----- Capt Harry P. Anderson

*2d Battalion, 8th Marines*

Co----- LtCol Harry A. Waldorf  
ExO----- Maj William H. Junghans, Jr.  
S-3----- Capt Martin F. Barrett (To 18J)  
HqCo----- (Not shown)  
E Co----- Capt Robert H. Rogers  
F Co----- Capt Donald L. Walls  
G Co----- 1stLt Thurman L. Perkins

*3d Battalion, 8th Marines*

CO----- LtCol Paul E. Wallace  
ExO----- Maj Byron V. Thornton  
S-3----- Maj John I. Warner, Jr.  
HqCo----- Capt Paul Cook (To 19J)  
1stLt Winfield S. Wallace, Jr. (From 19J)  
I Co----- Capt George S. Skinner  
K Co----- Capt John Adrian, Jr. (WIA 3J)  
1stLt David V. Carter (Actg From 4J)  
L Co----- Capt Joseph A. Zielinski (WIA 20J)

*2d Battalion, 10th Marines*

CO----- LtCol Richard G. Weede  
ExO----- Maj Kenneth C. Houston  
S-3----- Capt William M. Spencer, III  
H&S Btry----- Capt Richard M. H. Harper, Jr.  
D Btry----- Capt Robert W. Anderson  
E Btry----- Capt Ralph E. Myer  
F Btry----- Capt Robert H. Hensel

*2d Amphibian Tractor Battalion*

CO----- Maj Fenlon A. Durand  
ExO----- Capt Eugene A. Siegel  
S-3----- Capt William H. Houseman, Jr.  
H&S Co----- Capt Wilfred A. Ronck  
A Co----- Capt James F. Perry  
B Co----- Capt Phillip T. Chaffee  
C Co----- Capt Wallace E. Nygren

**6TH MARINE DIVISION (REINFORCED)**

*Headquarters, 6th Marine Division*

CG----- MajGen Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr. (WIA 16M\*)  
ADC----- BrigGen William T. Clement  
CofS----- Col John C. McQueen  
G-1----- Maj Addison B. Overstreet  
G-2----- LtCol Thomas E. Williams  
G-3----- LtCol Victor A. Krulak  
G-4----- LtCol August Larson (To 16M)  
LtCol Wayne H. Adams (From 17M)

*Headquarters Battalion, 6th Marine Division*

CO----- LtCol Floyd A. Stephenson  
ExO----- Maj Ralph W. Bohne



S-3----- Maj Ralph W. Bohne  
 HqCo----- Capt Donald J. McCaffrey (To  
 5A)  
                   Maj John M. Downey (From 6A)  
 ReconCo----- Maj Anthony Walker (To 14J)  
                   1st Lt William J. Christie (From  
 15J)  
 6th ASCO----- Capt Alfred C. Griffin  
 6th MP Co----- Maj John M. Downey (To 5A)  
                   Capt Donald J. McCaffrey  
                   (From 6A)  
 6th SigCo----- Maj George W. Carr (To 4J)  
                   LtCol William C. Moore (From  
 4J)  
 6th AmphTruckCo--- 1stLt David Astor (To 30M)  
                   1stLt Murrel S. Hansen (From  
 31M)

*6th Engineer Battalion*

CO----- Maj Paul F. Sackett  
 ExO----- Maj Robert S. Mayo  
 S-3----- Capt James H. Cooper  
 H&S Co----- 1stLt William M. Graham, Jr.  
 A Co----- Capt John W. McCuiston  
 B Co----- Capt Noel E. Bengier  
 C Co----- Capt Burt A. Lewis, Jr.

*6th Medical Battalion*

CO----- Cdr John S. Cowan, (MC)  
 ExO----- Lt Joseph M. Shelton, (MC)  
 S-3----- (Not shown)  
 H&S Co----- (Not shown)  
 A Co----- LCdr Owen W. E. Nowlin, (MC)  
 B Co----- LCdr Gerald Flaum, (MC) (To  
 27A)  
                   Lt Burton V. Scheib, (MC)  
                   (From 27A)  
 C Co----- LCdr Aaron A. Topcik, (MC)  
                   (To 27A)  
                   LCdr Robert J. Crawley, (MC)  
                   (27A-17M)  
                   Lt John C. Wilson, (MC) (18M-  
 9J)  
                   LCdr Robert J. Crawley, (MC)  
                   (From 10J)  
 D Co----- LCdr Horace B. McSwain, (MC)  
                   (To 18M)  
                   LCdr Gerald Flaum, (MC)  
                   (19M-3J)  
                   Lt Michael T. Michael, (MC)  
                   (From 4J)  
 E Co----- Lt Charles M. Ihle, (MC)

*6th Motor Transport Battalion*

CO----- LtCol Ernest H. Gould  
 ExO----- Maj Robert E. McCook  
 S-3----- 1stLt Robert E. Wagoner  
 H&S Co----- Capt Albert Hartman  
 A Co----- Capt Hershel J. Hall  
 B Co----- Capt William F. A. Trax  
 C Co----- Capt Willis M. Williams

*6th Pioneer Battalion*

CO----- LtCol Samuel R. Shaw (To  
 10M)  
                   Maj John G. Dibble (Actg  
 11M-8J)  
                   LtCol Samuel R. Shaw (9-18J)  
                   Maj John G. Dibble (From 19J)  
 ExO----- Maj Olin L. Beall (To 23A)  
                   Maj John C. Dibble (24A-19J)  
                   Capt Harry B. Smith (From  
 19J)  
 S-3----- 1stLt Harold L. Manley  
 H&S Co----- 1stLt John G. Wintersohle  
 A Co----- Maj John C. Dibble (To 23A)  
                   1stLt Charles T. Robertson, III  
                   (From 24A)  
 B Co----- Capt Harry B. Smith (To 18J)  
                   Capt Richard J. Morrisey  
                   (From 19J)  
 C Co----- Capt Russell J. Lutz

*6th Service Battalion*

CO----- LtCol George B. Bell (To 25A)  
                   LtCol Alexander N. Entringer  
                   (From 26A)  
 ExO----- (Not shown)  
 S-3----- 1stLt William F. Ragan (To  
 9M)  
                   Capt Charles A. Harper, Jr.  
                   (From 12M)  
 HqCo----- 2dLt Warren A. Lee (To 26A)  
                   Capt Ira E. Hamer (From 27A)  
 OrdCo----- Capt Oscar C. Miller  
 S&S Co----- Capt William L. Batchelor

*6th Tank Battalion*

CO----- LtCol Robert L. Denig, Jr.  
 ExO----- Maj Harry T. Milne  
 S-3----- Maj Henry Calcutt (WIA  
 18M\*)  
 H&S Co----- 2dLt Robert E. Wren (To 23A)  
                   1stLt James C. Vail (From  
 24A)  
 A Co----- Capt Phillip C. Morell  
 B Co----- Capt Robert Hall (WIA 10M)  
                   Capt James R. Williams, Jr.  
                   (From 10M, WIA 21M\*)  
 C Co----- Capt Hugh Corrigan (WIA  
 15M)  
                   Capt John H. Clifford (From  
 16M)

*1st Armored Amphibian Battalion*

CO----- LtCol Louis Metzger (To 21J)  
                   Maj Richard G. Warga (From  
 22J)  
 ExO----- Maj Richard G. Warga (To  
 21J)  
                   Capt William L. Eubank (From  
 22J)

S-3..... 1stLt Thomas M. Crosby  
 H&S Co..... 1stLt Clyde E. Browers  
 A Co..... Capt Thomas J. Garfield  
 B Co..... Capt Edgar S. Carlson  
 C Co..... Capt William L. Eubank (To  
 21J)  
 Capt Theodore A. Burge (From  
 22J)  
 D Co..... Capt Robert E. McDowell, Jr.

*4th Amphibian Tractor Battalion*

CO..... LtCol Clovis C. Coffman  
 ExO..... Maj Arnold S. Dane  
 S-3..... Capt Ralph J. Parker, Jr.  
 H&S Co..... Maj Harold L. Oppenheimer  
 A Co..... 1stLt Frank Dayes  
 B Co..... 1stLt Theodore M. Garhart  
 C Co..... Capt David E. Skipper

*9th Amphibian Tractor Battalion*

CO..... Maj Theodore E. Watson  
 ExO..... Maj Francis J. Farias  
 S-3..... 1stLt Clair C. Edmondson  
 H&S Co..... WO Glenn M. Matthieu  
 A Co..... Capt Robert H. Lage  
 B Co..... Capt Ellwood P. Varner  
 C Co..... 1stLt Gerald G. Palata

*Headquarters, 4th Marines*

CO..... Col Alan Shapley  
 ExO..... LtCol Fred D. Beans (To 14A)  
 LtCol Fred D. Beans (From 1M)  
 S-3..... Maj Orville V. Bergren  
 H&S Co..... Capt Robert B. Corey (To 26A)  
 1stLt Russell A. Thompson  
 (From 27A)  
 WpnsCo..... Capt Raymond L. Luckel

*1st Battalion, 4th Marines*

CO..... Maj Bernard W. Green (KIA  
 15A)  
 LtCol Fred D. Beans (15A-1M)  
 LtCol George B. Bell (From 1M,  
 WIA 4J\*)  
 ExO..... Maj Robert V. Allen  
 S-3..... Capt Frank A. Kemp (To 22M)  
 Maj John R. Kerman (From  
 22M)  
 HqCo..... 1stLt George Proechel, Jr. (To  
 5J)  
 2dLt John M. Keeley (From 6J)  
 A Co..... Capt Clinton B. Eastment (WIA  
 8J)  
 1stLt David N. Schreiner (From  
 8J, DOW 21J)  
 1stLt Joseph I. Deal (From 21J)  
 B Co..... 1stLt Thad N. Dodds (KIA 2A)  
 1stLt Charles E. James (From  
 2A)  
 C Co..... 1stLt James G. Washburn (WIA  
 15A)

1stLt William H. Carlson (From  
 15A, WIA 23M,\* 27M,\* KIA  
 5J)  
 1stLt Lawrence S. Bangser  
 (From 5J)

*2d Battalion, 4th Marines*

CO..... LtCol Reynolds H. Hayden (To  
 26M)  
 Maj Edgar F. Carney, Jr. (From  
 27M)  
 ExO..... Maj Roy C. Batterton (WIA  
 15A)  
 Maj Edgar F. Carney, Jr. (15A-  
 26M)  
 Maj Lincoln N. Holdzcom (From  
 27M)  
 S-3..... Maj Lincoln N. Holdzcom (To  
 26M)  
 Capt Wayne L. Edwards (27M-  
 6J)  
 1stLt James E. Brown (7-19J)  
 Capt Wayne L. Edwards (From  
 20J)  
 HqCo..... Maj Edgar F. Carney, Jr. (To  
 14A)  
 2dLt Ernest L. Tongate, Jr.  
 (1-7M)  
 2dLt Gerald Fitzgerald (8-17M)  
 Capt Wayne L. Edwards (18-  
 26M)  
 1stLt Merrill F. McLane (From  
 27M)  
 E Co..... Capt. Leonard W. Alford (To  
 24M)  
 1stLt Robert J. Herwig (25-  
 29M)  
 Capt Leonard W. Alford (30M-  
 11J, DOW 17J)  
 1st Lt Robert J. Herwig (From  
 11J, WIA 21J)  
 1stLt Lester J. Markusen (From  
 21J)  
 F Co..... Capt Eric S. Holmgren  
 G Co..... Capt Archie B. Norford (KIA  
 15A)  
 1stLt Leo J. Gottsponer (From  
 15A)

*3rd Battalion, 4th Marines*

CO..... LtCol Bruno A. Hochmuth  
 ExO..... Maj Thomas E. Beeman (To  
 16A)  
 Maj Carl E. Conron, Jr. (From  
 16A, KIA 20M)  
 Maj Wilson E. Hunt (From  
 20M)  
 S-3..... Maj Carl E. Conron, Jr. (To  
 15A)  
 Maj Rade Enich (From 20A,  
 WIA 23M)

Capt Martin J. Sexton (1-14J)  
Maj Clay A. Bond (From 15J)  
HqCo..... Capt Robert B. Corey (27A-14J)  
I Co..... Capt Robert G. McMaster (WIA 21J)  
K Co..... Capt Martin J. Sexton (To 1J)  
          Capt Vernon Burtman (1-13J)  
          Capt Martin J. Sexton (From 15J)  
L Co..... Capt Nelson C. Dale, Jr. (WIA 2A)  
          1stLt Marvin D. Perskie (From 2A)

*Headquarters, 22d Marines*

CO..... Col Merlin F. Schneider (To 16M)  
          Col Harold C. Roberts (From 17M, KIA 18J)  
          LtCol August Larson (From 18J)  
ExO..... Col Karl K. Louthier (To 16M)  
          LtCol August Larson (17M-17J)  
          LtCol John B. Baker (18-20J)  
          LtCol Samuel R. Shaw (From 21J)  
S-3..... LtCol John B. Baker (To 17J)  
          LtCol Walter H. Stephens (18-20J)  
          LtCol John B. Baker (From 21J)  
H&S Co..... Capt David E. Cruikshank  
WpnsCo..... Maj George B. Kantner (To 2M)  
          LtCol Gavin C. Humphrey (4-16J)  
          Capt Francis D. Blizard, Jr. (From 17J)

*1st Battalion, 22d Marines*

CO..... Maj Thomas J. Myers (KIA 15M)  
          Maj Earl J. Cook (From 15M, WIA 17J)  
          LtCol Gavin C. Humphrey (From 17J)  
ExO..... Maj Earl J. Cook (To 14M)  
          Maj Edward G. Kurdziel (15M-15J)  
          Maj Norman R. Sherman (From 16J)  
S-3..... Maj Edward G. Kurdziel  
HqCo..... Capt Charles P. DeLong (To 20A)  
          Capt Eldon W. Antry (23A-19M)  
          Capt Alfred H. Benjamin (From 20M)

A Co..... Capt Walter G. Moeling, III (WIA 15M)  
          1stLt Thomas J. Bohannon (From 15M, WIA 31M)  
          1stLt Leland J. Gulligan (1-3J)  
          2dLt Ralph R. Desso (From 4J, WIA 9J)  
          2dLt Robert T. Johnson (9-15J)  
          1stLt Evan L. Wolcott (From 16J)

B Co..... 1stLt Ernest George (1-9A)  
          1stLt Thomas Parran, Jr. (Actg 10-20A)  
          Capt Charles P. DeLong (From 21A, WIA 15M)  
          1stLt Thomas Parran, Jr. (From 15M)

C Co..... Capt Warren F. Lloyd (To 17M)

*2d Battalion, 22d Marines*

CO..... LtCol Horatio C. Woodhouse, Jr. (KIA 30M)  
          LtCol John G. Johnson (From 31M)

ExO..... Maj Henry A. Courtney, Jr. (WIA 9M, \* KIA 14M)

S-3..... Maj Glenn E. Martin (To 21J)  
          Capt Charles S. Robertson (From 22J)

HqCo..... Capt John C. Deal, Jr.

E Co..... 1stLt Frank E. Gunter

F Co..... Capt Maurice F. Ahearn, Jr. (WIA 13M)

Capt William L. Sims (From 1J, WIA 9J)

1stLt Robert O. Hutchings (From 9J)

G Co..... Capt Owen T. Stebbins (WIA 12M)

1stLt Hugh T. Crane (From 12M)

*3d Battalion, 22d Marines*

CO..... LtCol Malcolm "O" Donohoo (WIA 16M)

Maj George B. Kantner (16-19M)

LtCol Clair W. Shisler (From 20M)

ExO..... Maj Paul H. Bird (KIA 11A)

Maj George B. Kantner (2-15M)

Maj Roy D. Miller (16-19M)

Maj George B. Kantner (From 20M)

S-3..... Maj Roy D. Miller

HqCo..... Capt Frank H. Haigler, Jr. (To 15M)

1stLt Buenos A. W. Young (16M-21J)

2dLt Leo M. Humphrey (From 22J)

I Co..... 1stLt Arthur E. Cofer (To 20A)  
 Capt John Marston, Jr. (From 21A)

K Co..... Capt Joseph P. Dockery (WIA 10M)  
 1stLt Reginald Fincke, Jr. (From 11M, KIA 15M)  
 1stLt James D. Roe (From 16M)

L Co..... Capt John P. Lanigan (WIA 16M)  
 Capt Frank H. Haigler, Jr. (From 16M)

*Headquarters, 29th Marines*

CO..... Col Victor F. Bleasdale (To 14A)  
 Col William J. Whaling (From 15A)

ExO..... LtCol Orin K. Pressley

S-3..... LtCol Angus M. Fraser (To 14J)  
 LtCol George W. Killen (From 14J)

H&S Co..... 1stLt Robert E. Stinson

WpnsCo..... Capt James G. Petrie

*1st Battalion, 29th Marines*

CO..... LtCol Jean W. Moreau (WIA 16M)  
 Maj Robert P. Neuffer (16-25M)  
 LtCol Samuel S. Yeaton (26M-14J)  
 LtCol Leroy P. Hunt, Jr. (From 15J)

ExO..... Maj Robert J. Littin (To 21A)  
 Maj James H. Brock (24A-26M)  
 Maj Robert P. Neuffer (From 26M)

S-3..... Maj James H. Brock (To 23A)  
 Capt Ernest P. Freeman, Jr. (24A-27M)  
 Maj James H. Brock (From 28M)

HqCo..... Capt Ernest P. Freeman, Jr. (To 23A)  
 1stLt Elliot L. Walzer (24A-15M)  
 Capt Ernest P. Freeman, Jr. (From 1J)

A Co..... 1stLt Raymond J. Kautz (To 21A)  
 Capt Jason B. Baker (24A-15J)  
 1stLt Warren B. Watson (From 16J)

B Co..... Capt Lyle E. Specht (WIA 17M)  
 1stLt Charles P. Gallagher (18-22M)  
 1stLt Griffith E. Thomas (From 24M, WIA 28M)  
 1stLt Robert H. Neef (From 1J)

C Co..... Capt Edwin H. Rodgers (WIA 8A)

Capt George Heiden (From 10A, WIA 15M)  
 Capt Jack F. Ramsey (From 16M, WIA 28M)  
 1stLt Eugene T. Lawless (From 28M, WIA 15J\*)

*2d Battalion, 29th Marines*

CO..... LtCol William G. Robb (WIA 19A\*)

ExO..... Maj Thomas J. Cross

S-3..... Maj Robert P. Neuffer (To 16M)  
 Capt Robert B. Fowler (From 16M, KIA 12J)  
 Maj Wallace G. Fleissner (From 14J)

HqCo..... Capt Billie Musick (To 21A)  
 Capt Martin J. Harrington (22A-22M)  
 Capt Ralph D. Porch, II (23M-18J)

D Co..... Capt Howard L. Mabie (WIA 16A\*)

E Co..... Capt Alan Meissner

F Co..... Capt Robert B. Fowler (WIA 15A\*, To 15M)  
 1stLt George S. Thompson (From 15M, WIA 8J)  
 1stLt Robert J. Sherer (From 8J)

*3d Battalion, 29th Marines*

CO..... LtCol Erma A. Wright (To 14J)  
 LtCol Angus N. Fraser (From 15J)

ExO..... Maj Crawford B. Lawton (WIA 9A)  
 Maj Everett W. Whipple (9-21A)  
 Capt Walter E. Jorgensen (From 24A, WIA 16M)  
 Capt Thomas P. Tomasello (17-22M)  
 Capt Walter E. Jorgensen (1-13J)  
 Maj Anthony Walker (From 15J)

S-3..... Maj Everett W. Whipple (To 8A)  
 Capt James R. Stockman (9A-6J)  
 Capt Richard M. Haynes (6-13J)  
 Maj Merlin Olsen (From 14J)

HqCo..... Capt James R. Stockman (To 8A)  
 1stLt Leroy W. Noyes, Jr. (9A-13J)  
 Capt Walter E. Jorgensen (From 14J)

G Co..... Capt Thomas J. Blanchet (To 17M)  
 1stLt John J. Keating (17-22M)  
 Capt William P. Tomasello (From 23M, WIA 9J)  
 1stLt Robert M. Hontz (From 10J)

H Co..... Capt William P. Tomasello (To 16M)  
 Capt William A. Gamble (From 17M, WIA 5J\*)

I Co..... Capt Walter E. Jorgensen (To 23A)  
 Capt Philip J. Mylod (From 24A, WIA 14M)  
 1stLt Harvey F. Brooks (From 14M, WIA 15M)  
 1stLt John P. Stone (From 15M)

*Headquarters, 15th Marines*

CO..... Col Robert B. Luckey  
 ExO..... LtCol James H. Brower  
 S-3..... Maj William H. Hirst  
 H&S Btry..... 1stLt Lawrence I. Miller

*1st Battalion, 15th Marines*

CO..... Maj Robert H. Armstrong  
 ExO..... Maj William T. Box  
 S-3..... 1stLt William N. Larson, Jr.  
 H&S Btry..... 1stLt Paul K. Lynde  
 A Btry..... 1stLt Benjamin S. Read (To 19A)  
 1stLt John J. O'Connor (From 20A)

B Btry..... 1stLt James H. Boyd  
 C Btry..... Capt Herbert T. Fitch

*2d Battalion, 15th Marines*

CO..... Maj Nat M. Pace  
 ExO..... Maj Edward O. Stephany (To 13A)  
 Maj William C. Roberts (From 14A)

S-3..... Maj Robert P. Yeomans  
 H&S Btry..... 2dLt Henry H. Lawler (Rear Ech)

D Btry..... 1stLt Henry C. Schlosser  
 E Btry..... Capt McCuthen G. Atkinson (WIA 13A)  
 1stLt Joseph A. Edwards (Actg From 13A)

F Btry..... Capt John L. Noonan

*3d Battalion, 15th Marines*

CO..... LtCol Joe C. McHaney  
 ExO..... Maj Benedict V. Schneider, Jr.  
 S-3..... Maj Hugh C. Becker  
 H&S Btry..... Capt Edward C. O'Donnell  
 G Btry..... Capt Harris H. Barnes, Jr.  
 H Btry..... 1stLt Charles F. Petet, Jr.  
 I Btry..... Capt Louis D. Abney, Jr.

*4th Battalion, 15th Marines*

CO..... LtCol Bruce T. Hemphill  
 ExO..... Maj Francis F. Parry  
 S-3..... Capt Benjamin F. Spencer  
 H&S Btry..... Capt Robert D. Lackland  
 K Btry..... 1stLt Robert T. Patterson  
 L Btry..... Capt John "T" Haynes, Jr.  
 M Btry..... Maj Robert F. Irving

*2D MARINE AIRCRAFT WING*

CG..... MajGen Francis P. Mulcahy (To 10J)  
 MajGen Louis E. Woods (From 11J)

CofS..... Col Hayne D. Boyden  
 G-1..... Capt Robert E. Coddington  
 G-2..... Maj David B. Decker  
 G-3..... Col Perry O. Parmelee  
 G-4..... LtCol Charles T. Young, III (WIA 20A)  
 Capt William L. Woodruff (From 11J)

HqSq-2..... Capt Richard F. Hyland  
 VMO-3..... Capt Wallace J. Slappey, Jr.  
 VMO-6..... Capt. Donald R. Garrett  
 VMO-7..... Capt William A. Seward

*Air Defense Command*

CG..... BrigGen William J. Wallace  
 CofS..... Col Ford O. Rogers  
 G-3..... Col Boeker C. Batterton

*Marine Aircraft Group 14 (1-22 June)*

CO..... Col Edward A. Montgomery  
 ExO..... LtCol Curtis E. Smith, Jr.  
 S-3..... LtCol Robert H. Richard  
 HqSq-14..... Capt Robert M. Crooks  
 SMS-14..... Maj Francis H. Smythe (To 7J)  
 Maj Julius W. Ireland (From 8J)

VMF-212..... Maj John P. McMahon  
 VMF-222..... Maj Harold A. Harwood  
 VMF-223..... Maj Howard E. King

*Marine Aircraft Group 22 (1-22 June)*

CO..... Col Daniel W. Torrey, Jr.  
 ExO..... LtCol Elmer A. Wrenn  
 S-3..... Maj Thomas C. Colt, Jr.  
 HqSq-22..... Capt Linsay K. Dickey  
 SMS-22..... Maj Bruce Prosser  
 VMF-113..... Maj Hensley Williams  
 VMF-314..... Maj Robert C. Cameron  
 VMF-422..... Maj Elkin S. Dew  
 VMF(N)-533..... LtCol Marion M. Magruder  
 VMTB-131..... Maj Douglas H. Bangert

*Marine Aircraft Group 31*

CO..... Col John C. Munn  
 ExO..... LtCol Gordon E. Hendricks (To 20J)  
 LtCol Kirk Armistead (From 22J)

S-3----- LtCol Kirk Armistead (To 21J)  
 Maj Charles M. Kunz (From 22J)

HqSq-31----- Maj Leon A. Danco (To 14M)  
 1stLt Frederick L. Donnelly (From 14M)

SMS-31----- Maj Archibald M. Smith (To 28A)  
 Maj Paul T. Johnston (29A-1J)  
 Maj Joseph A. Gray (From 2J)

VMF-224----- Maj James W. Poindexter (To 30M)  
 Maj Robert C. Hammond, Jr. (31M-14J)  
 Maj Allan T. Barnum (From 15J)

VMF-311----- Maj Perry L. Shuman (To 15J)  
 Maj Michael R. Yuncck (From 15J)

VMF-441----- Maj Robert O. White (To 19J)  
 Maj Paul T. Johnston (From 20J)

VMF(N)-542----- Maj William C. Kellum (To 22M)  
 Maj Robert B. Porter (From 24M)

*Marine Aircraft Group 33*

CO----- Col Ward E. Dickey  
 ExO----- LtCol James L. Beam  
 S-3----- LtCol Eschol M. Mallory

HqSq-33----- Capt Richard Kilbourne  
 SMS-33----- Maj Hugh P. Calahan  
 VMF-312----- Maj Richard M. Day (MIA 14M)  
 Maj Hugh I. Russell (14-24M)  
 Maj Frank "J" Cole (From 25M)

VMF-322----- Maj Frederick M. Rauschenbach (To 30M)  
 Maj Walter E. Lischeid (From 31 F)

VMF-323----- Maj George C. Artell, Jr. (To 14J)  
 Maj Martin E. W. Olerich (From 16J)

VMF(N)-543----- Maj Clair "C" Chamerlin (To 17J)  
 Maj James B. Maguire, Jr. (From 18J)

VMTB-232----- Maj Allen L. Feldmeier

*Marine Aircraft Group 43*

CO----- LtCol Robert O. Bisson  
 ExO----- (Not shown)

S-3----- LtCol Radford C. West  
 HqSq-43----- Maj William F. Feasley  
 AWS-1----- Capt Edward R. Stainback  
 AWS-6----- Capt Clarence C. Gordon  
 AWS-7----- Capt Paul E. Bardet  
 AWS-8----- Maj Frank B. Freese  
 AWS-11----- Capt John L. Carnegie



## OKINAWA: VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC

## APPENDIX VI

## Marine Casualties

1 APRIL--22 JUNE 1945

MARINE CASUALTIES	KIA		DOW		WIA		MIAPD		CF		TOTAL	
	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted
ReconBn, FMFPac.....		3			2	10				3	2	16
IIIAC Troops												
H&S Bn.....		7	1	2	11	36				4	12	49
MedBn.....						4				6		10
SigBn.....		4			1	25			1		2	29
1st MP Bn.....		5				21				2		28
1st SepEngBn.....		1		1		22			1	12	1	36
11th MT Bn.....				1		12				2		15
7th ServRegt.....		1			2	28				8	2	37
IIIAC Artillery												
HqBtry.....	1	1	1	1	2	9					4	11
HqBtry, 1st ProvAAAGrp.....		1		1		3						5
2d AAA Bn.....					1	11				4	1	15
5th AAA Bn.....		1			1	10				1	1	12
8th AAA Bn.....				1	2	8					2	9
16th AAA Bn.....		2		2		32				2		38
HqBtry, 2d ProvFAGrp.....						2				1		3
1st 155mm HowBn.....		1		1		27		1		1		31
3d 155mm HowBn.....		2		2	3	16	1			3	4	23
6th 155mm HowBn.....		1		2	1	25				1	1	29
7th 155mm GunBn.....				1		2						3
8th 155mm GunBn.....						9				4		13
9th 155mm GunBn.....		1			1	10				1	1	12
1st Marine Division												
HqBn.....	2	22		3	11	117			1	10	14	152
1st EngBn.....	1	11		5	6	119			1	5	8	140
1st MedBn.....					2	12					2	12
1st MT Bn.....		1				25			1	1	1	27
1st PionBn.....		1		2	1	28				4	1	35
1st ServBn.....		2			1	39				6	1	47
1st TkBn.....	2	12	1	1	15	135				3	18	151
3d LVT(A) Bn.....		1		1	3	43				3	3	48

See footnote at end of table.

MARINE CASUALTIES	KIA		DOW		WIA		MIAPD		CF		TOTAL	
	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted
1st Marine Division—Continued												
1st LVT Bn.....		1		1	5	24				4	5	30
8th LVT Bn.....		3			2	22					2	25
1st MarRegt												
H&S and WpnsCos.....		8			3	53				3	3	64
1st Bn.....	11	109		10	25	635				108	36	862
2d Bn.....	5	126		15	22	630			1	76	28	847
3d Bn.....	3	89		15	25	673				77	28	854
5th MarRegt												
H&S and WpnsCos.....		8	1		1	52				3	2	63
1st Bn.....	2	117	1	14	28	572				30	31	733
2d Bn.....	5	113	2	14	27	540				34	34	701
3d Bn.....	4	79	1	12	21	405				43	26	539
7th MarRegt												
H&S and WpnsCos.....	2	17		2	7	105		1		4	9	129
1st Bn.....	5	91	2	9	28	557				42	35	699
2d Bn.....	4	125	2	21	27	608		1		29	33	784
3d Bn.....	6	83	1	14	26	475				34	33	606
11th MarRegt												
H&S Btry.....		1		1	3	10				1	3	13
1st Bn.....	1	3	1	1	2	47		1			4	52
2d Bn.....		5		5	6	52					6	62
3d Bn.....		3	1	2	9	64				1	10	70
4th Bn.....	3	5		1	5	52				1	8	59
8th CT												
H&S and WpnsCos.....		1		2	2	15				1	2	19
1st Bn.....	1	3			1	50				1	2	54
2d Bn.....		13		3	1	115				12	1	143
3d Bn.....		16		4	4	99				7	4	126
Reinforcing Units.....		3		2	3	38			1	7	4	50
6th Marine Division												
HqBn.....	1	25	1	3	22	165			1	64	25	257
6th EngBn.....		10		6	10	146				15	10	177
6th MedBn.....						8				1		9
6th MT Bn.....				1	7	17				1	7	19
6th PionBn.....		4			3	50				9	3	63
6th ServBn.....		9				32				5		46
6th TkBn.....	1	7		2	19	105				2	20	116
1st LVT(A) Bn.....		2		1		39		1		4		47
4th LVT Bn.....		1		1	2	26				3	2	31
9th LVT Bn.....		3		1		48				2		54
4th MarRegt												
H&S and WpnsCos.....		16	1	6	6	101			1	5	8	128
1st Bn.....	13	113	4	28	38	699		3		42	55	885
2d Bn.....	7	120	2	32	30	799		1	1	45	40	997
3d Bn.....	3	128	2	25	33	735				67	38	955
22d MarRegt												
H&S and WpnsCos.....	1	7		9	5	71			1	13	7	100
1st Bn.....	9	143		21	38	582			1	158	48	904
2d Bn.....	6	127	3	26	31	555			2	190	42	898
3d Bn.....	3	101		33	34	659			1	141	38	934

See footnote at end of table.



MARINE CASUALTIES	KIA		DOW		WIA		MIAPD		CF		TOTAL	
	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted
6th Marine Division—Continued												
29th MarRegt												
H&S and WpnsCo.....		14			4	71			1	6	5	91
1st Bn.....	9	133	1	31	40	679		1	1	47	51	891
2d Bn.....	10	129		16	20	583		4		52	30	784
3d Bn.....	3	175	3	27	26	676			2	57	34	935
15th MarRegt												
H&S Btry.....						6				2		8
1st Bn.....	2	9	1	1	7	55				5	10	70
2d Bn.....	1	9		1	6	66	1		1	5	9	81
3d Bn.....		3			5	29					5	32
4th Bn.....	2	5		3	2	39				3	4	50
2d Marine Air Wing												
HqSqn.....	1	1			8	11			2		11	12
VMO-3.....					2	1	1				3	1
VMO-6.....	1	1			1		1				3	1
VMO-7.....					1						1	
MAG-14												
HqSqn-14.....										1		1
SMS-14.....						1						1
VMF-212.....	2					1	3				5	1
VMF-222.....					1		1				2	
VMF-223.....					2		2			1	4	1
MAG-22												
HqSqn-22.....												
SMS-22.....					1	1				1	1	2
VMF-113.....		6		1	5	24	1			1	6	32
VMF-314.....	1				2		1				4	
VMF-422.....	1				1	3					2	3
VMF(N)-533.....					1						1	
VMTB-131.....		1				1	1	2		1	1	5
MAG-31												
HqSqn-31.....					1	18				1	1	19
SMS-31.....					2						2	
VMF-224.....	1				1	8	1				3	8
VMF-311.....	4	1			2	4				1	6	6
VMF-441.....	3				3	1	5				11	1
VMF(N)-542.....						9	2				2	9
MAG-33												
HqSqn-33.....						2						2
SMS-33.....		1		2		9			1		1	12
VMF-312.....	2	1			5	1	2		2	1	11	3
VMF-322.....	2				2	8	2			1	6	9
VMF-323.....	2				2	3	2			1	6	4
VMF(N)-543.....	3				2	4	2				7	4
VMTB-232.....	1	3			3	20	1	1			5	24
MAG-43												
HqSqn-43.....		4		2	1	13				2	1	21
AWS-1.....						1						1
AWS-6.....						3						3
AWS-7.....		2		3	1	8					1	13
AWS-8.....				1	1	7					1	8

See footnote at end of table.

MARINE CASUALTIES	KIA		DOW		WIA		MIAPD		CF		TOTAL	
	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted	Officer	Enlisted
Replacement Drafts <sup>2</sup> .....	1	157	1	28	9	735	1	1	34	12	955	
Miscellaneous Air <sup>3</sup> .....	4		1		9	11	4			18	11	
Miscellaneous Ground <sup>4</sup> .....		16		8		117			3	14	155	
<b>Total Casualties</b> .....	<b>158</b>	<b>2,590</b>	<b>35</b>	<b>494</b>	<b>806</b>	<b>14,799</b>	<b>34</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>1,609</b>	<b>1,062</b>	<b>19,510</b>
Marine Ship Detachments.....	1	47		1	8	97		10		5	9	160
Marine Carrier Air Detachments.....	10	40			7	6	2		1	1	20	47
<b>GRAND TOTAL, MARINE CASUALTIES</b> .....	<b>169</b>	<b>2,677</b>	<b>35</b>	<b>495</b>	<b>821</b>	<b>14,902</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>1,615</b>	<b>1,091</b>	<b>19,717</b>
Naval Medical Personnel Attached to Marine Units <sup>6</sup> .....	1	108		9	12	430					13	547

<sup>1</sup> These final casualty figures for World War II were compiled from records furnished by Statistics Unit, Personnel Accounting Section, Personnel Department, Headquarters Marine Corps. They are audited to include 26Aug52. The key to the abbreviations used at the head of columns in the table follows: KIA, Killed in Action; DOW, Diew of Wounds; WIA, Wounded in Action; MIAPD, Missing in Action, Presumed Dead; CF, Combat Fatigue.

<sup>2</sup> Most members of replacement drafts who became casualties did so as members of regular combat units. In many instances, these men were hit before official notice of their transfer reached Headquarters Marine Corps, and therefore, they are carried on the casualty rolls as members of the various drafts.

<sup>3</sup> Included in the miscellaneous categories are those men whose personnel records still showed them as members of units not part of Tenth Army when the report of their becoming a casualty reached Headquarters Marine Corps.

<sup>4</sup> This category includes the casualties suffered by the 2dMarDiv while it was in the Okinawa area.

<sup>5</sup> Because of the method of reporting casualties used during World War II a substantial number of DOW figures are also included in the WIA Total.

<sup>6</sup> Compiled from NavMed P-5021, *The History of The Medical Department of the Navy in World War II*, vol 2, (Washington, 1953). Personnel MIAPD are included in the KIA total; no breakdown of combat fatigue cases is provided.



OKINAWA: VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC

APPENDIX V

Japanese Order of Battle<sup>1</sup>

Unit	Strength
<b>ARMY UNITS</b>	
Thirty-second Army Troops	
Headquarters .....	1,070
Ordnance Depot .....	1,498
Ordnance Duty Unit.....	150
Field Freight Depot.....	1,167
36th Signal Regiment.....	1,912
Okinawa Army Hospital.....	204
27th Field Water Purification Unit.....	244
Well Digging Unit.....	34
Defense Construction Unit.....	108
7th Fortress Construction Duty Company.....	322
2d Field Construction Duty Company.....	366
24th Infantry Division	
Headquarters .....	267
22d Infantry Regiment.....	2,796
32d Infantry Regiment.....	2,870
89th Infantry Regiment.....	2,809
42d Field Artillery Regiment.....	2,321
24th Reconnaissance Regiment.....	346
24th Engineer Regiment.....	777
24th Transport Regiment.....	1,158
Signal Unit .....	275
Decontamination Training Unit.....	77
Ordnance Repair Unit.....	57
Veterinary Hospital.....	11
Water Supply and Purification Unit.....	241

Unit	Strength
1st Field Hospital.....	174
2d Field Hospital.....	181
62d Infantry Division	
Headquarters .....	65
63d Brigade Headquarters.....	129
11th Independent Infantry Battalion.....	1,091
12th Independent Infantry Battalion.....	1,085
13th Independent Infantry Battalion.....	1,058
14th Independent Infantry Battalion.....	1,085
273d Independent Infantry Battalion.....	683
64th Brigade Headquarters.....	121
15th Independent Infantry Battalion.....	1,076
21st Independent Infantry Battalion.....	1,080
22d Independent Infantry Battalion.....	1,071
23d Independent Infantry Battalion.....	1,089
272d Independent Infantry Battalion.....	683
Engineer Unit .....	255
Signal Unit.....	359
Transport Unit.....	300
Field Hospital.....	371
Veterinary Hospital.....	22
44th Independent Mixed Brigade	
Headquarters.....	63
2d Infantry Unit.....	2,046
15th Independent Mixed Regiment.....	1,885
Artillery Unit.....	330
Engineer Unit.....	161
5th Artillery Command	
Headquarters.....	147
1st Medium Artillery Regiment (—).....	856
23d Medium Artillery Regiment.....	1,143
7th Heavy Artillery Regiment.....	526
100th Independent Heavy Artillery Battalion.....	565
1st Independent Artillery Mortar Regiment (—).....	613
1st Light Mortar Battalion.....	633
2d Light Mortar Battalion.....	615

<sup>1</sup> The order of battle is based on a listing compiled by Tenth Army G-2 contained in *IntelMono*, Part I, Sect B, Chap II, 3. Obvious discrepancies in this list have been corrected with the aid of *POW InterrSum* Nos 1-19 and *CIGAS Trans* No 212, Extracts from 32d Army Order of Battle, mid-March 1945. Units are listed by their original designation with the strengths they are believed to have had just prior to the American landings.

Unit	Strength
<b>21st Antiaircraft Artillery Command</b>	
Headquarters.....	71
27th Independent Antiaircraft Artillery Bn...	505
79th Field Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion...	513
80th Field Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion...	517
81st Field Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion...	514
103d Independent Machine Cannon Battalion...	338
104th Independent Machine Cannon Battalion...	338
105th Independent Machine Cannon Battalion...	337
<b>Machine Gun Units</b>	
3d Independent Machine Gun Battalion.....	340
4th Independent Machine Gun Battalion.....	344
14th Independent Machine Gun Battalion.....	334
17th Independent Machine Gun Battalion.....	331
<b>Antitank Units</b>	
8d Independent Antitank Battalion.....	363
7th Independent Antitank Battalion.....	353
22d Independent Antitank Battalion.....	402
32d Independent Antitank Company.....	144
<b>11th Shipping Group</b>	
Headquarters.....	100
7th Shipping Engineer Branch Depot.....	600
23d Shipping Engineer Regiment (—).....	850
26th Shipping Engineer Regiment (—).....	550
5th Sea Raiding Base Headquarters.....	42
1st Sea Raiding Squadron.....	104
2d Sea Raiding Squadron.....	104
3d Sea Raiding Squadron.....	104
26th Sea Raiding Squadron.....	104
27th Sea Raiding Squadron.....	104
28th Sea Raiding Squadron.....	104
29th Sea Raiding Squadron.....	104
1st Sea Raiding Base Battalion.....	886
2d Sea Raiding Base Battalion.....	874
3d Sea Raiding Base Battalion.....	877
26th Sea Raiding Base Battalion.....	908
27th Sea Raiding Base Battalion.....	897
28th Sea Raiding Base Battalion.....	900
29th Sea Raiding Base Battalion.....	900
<b>49th Line of Communication Sector</b>	
Headquarters.....	202
72d Land Duty Company.....	508
83d Land Duty Company.....	496
103d Sea Duty Company.....	711
104th Sea Duty Company.....	724
215th Independent Motor Transport Company.....	181
259th Independent Motor Transport Company.....	182
<b>Engineer Units</b>	
66th Independent Engineer Battalion.....	865
14th Field Well Drilling Company.....	110
20th Field Well Drilling Company.....	110
<b>19th Air Sector Command</b>	
Headquarters.....	41
29th Field Airfield Construction Battalion...	750
44th Airfield Battalion.....	377
50th Airfield Battalion.....	360
56th Airfield Battalion.....	380

Unit	Strength
3d Independent Maintenance Unit.....	120
Makoto 1st Maintenance Company.....	90
118th Independent Maintenance Unit.....	100
6th Fortress Construction Duty Company...	330
Detachment, 20th Air Regiment.....	27
10th Field Meteorological Unit.....	80
26th Air-Ground Radio Unit.....	117
46th Independent Air Company.....	132
1st Branch Depot, 5th Field Air Repair Depot.....	130
21st Air Signal Unit.....	310
Okinawa Branch, Army Air Route Department.....	359
223d Specially Established Garrison Company.....	200
224th Specially Established Garrison Company.....	200
225th Specially Established Garrison Company.....	200
27th Tank Regiment.....	750
<i>Army Unit Total</i> .....	<sup>*</sup> 66, 636

**NAVY UNITS**

Okinawa Base Force (Headquarters, Coast Defense, and Antiaircraft Personnel).....	3, 400
27th Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron.....	200
33d Midget Submarine Unit.....	130
37th Torpedo Maintenance Unit.....	140
Torpedo Working Unit.....	130
81mm Mortar Battery.....	150
Oroku Transmitting Station.....	30
Naha Branch, Sasebo Naval Stores Department.....	136
Naha Branch, Sasebo Transportation Department.....	136
Naha Navy Yard, Sasebo Naval Base.....	53
Oroku Detachment, 951st Air Group.....	600
Nansei Shoto Air Group.....	2, 000
226th Construction Unit.....	1, 420
3210th Construction Unit.....	300
<i>Navy Unit Total</i> .....	<sup>*</sup> 8, 825

**OKINAWAN**

502d Special Guard Engineer Unit.....	900
503d Special Guard Engineer Unit.....	700
504th Special Guard Engineer Unit.....	700
Blood-and-Iron-For-The-Emperor-Duty-Unit...	750
<i>Boeitai</i> Assigned to the Army.....	16, 800
<i>Boeitai</i> Assigned to the Navy.....	1, 100

<sup>1</sup> This figure represents the total Japanese strength. Included in it, however, are an estimated 5,000 Okinawans, mostly regular conscripts, who were integrated into Japanese units.

<sup>2</sup> This total represents both regular naval ratings and the Japanese, Korean, and Okinawan military civilians who were utilized in the naval land combat organization.

<i>Unit</i>	<i>Strength</i>
Students-----	600
Regular Conscripts Not Included Under Army Units-----	2,000
<i>Okinawan Total</i> -----	23,350
<i>Grand Total (Rounded Out)</i>	
<i>Army Units</i> -----	67,000
<i>Navy Units</i> -----	9,000

<i>Unit</i>	<i>Strength</i>
<i>Okinawans</i> -----	24,000
Japanese Strength On Okinawa-----	100,000

\* Final figures have been rounded out to avoid the appearance of exactness. Thirty-second Army's peak combat strength may have been anywhere between 95,000 and 105,000.

## ITEMS TO CONSIDER WHEN WRITING THE ARTICLE:

1. Use the margins as shown on the attached page.
2. Use white paper. (8 1/2 inch X 11 inch size)
3. Use black ink only.
4. Be sure the writing is legible, type if possible but long-hand is OK.
5. Fill in all the information for your unit as shown on the attached page.
6. Number each page below the "unit information".
7. Present date should be placed on each page.
8. Do NOT fold when mailing as it will show on the reproduction.

## COMMENTS:

If it is difficult for you to write, as it is for me, tell your story to a relative or friend and let them write it for you because we need all the experiences and impressions of everyone that was there.

Don't be concerned about spelling or punctuation as we will let the reader "salt and pepper it" the way they please.

The articles will NOT be edited so they will be reproduced exactly as they are received. This could lead to some embarrassment for relatives, friends or the individual. In a case such as this you may want to consider using a false name and make a note that it is not his real name.

It is hoped we will receive articles on a variety of subjects using names, dates and places as much as our memories will allow.

The book titled HISTORY OF THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION that we received after the war, is an excellent source for names of the marines who were either killed or wounded. I don't know if it is still in print.

It is important to furnish all of the "unit information" requested above so articles can be filed and retrieved for reproduction.

Some may prefer to write articles periodically: Example: Today I send in several articles but next week after reading some of the articles submitted by others I am reminded of other events that were forgotten; so I send another article and as long as the unit information (and date written) is complete it will be filed with my original article.

Kenneth J. Long  
11311 Fair Lk. Dr.  
Delton, MI 49046

[Large empty rectangular area defined by a dashed border, intended for a photograph or drawing.]

Company-Battalion-Regiment-Division-Name: First Middle Last

OUTLINE OF POSSIBLE SUBJECTS

I BOOT CAMP

A-People

1. other boots
  2. the drill instructors
  3. discipline inflicted by the DIs
- B. Eating and what we ate
1. mess duty
  2. discription of the mess hall and the staff
- C. Close order drill
- D. Terminology of the Marine Corps, such as poge-y-bait, shit-bird, field scarf, etc.
- E. Our rifle
- F. Close order drill and other training
- G. A discription of barrack life
- H. Our constant companion, the metal bucket
- I. Completion of boot camp and wearing the emblem

II ADVANCED TRAINING

III THE TRAINRIDE TO THE POINT OF DEBARKATION

IV BOARDING THE SHIP AND THE TRIP TO THE ISLANDS

- A. Discription of the ship
- B. Daily activities
- C. No longer a poly wog-crossing the international date line
- D. For some of us, missing Christmas because of crossing the international date line
- E. Sighting the islands at last

V TRAINING ON GUADALCANAL AND BANIKA

- A. The 6th Marine Division comes together
- B. The games we played
- C. Training
- D. The beer ration
- E. The natives
- F. Rumors as to where we were heading

VI THE "STRAIGHT SCOOP" IS OUT--IT'S OKANAWA

- A. Comments from the "old salts" from previous campaigns
- B. The mood of the troops
- C. Training sessions relating to Okinawa, ie diseases, snakes, the tombs, caves, the people, etc.
- D. Increased religious services
- E. Increased letter writing
- F. High stake poker playing -a few big, big games
- G. Deals made between buddies, ie if one does'nt make it the other will contact the family etc.
- H. The sharing of pictures and family memories
- I. Mog Mog, beer and recreation (Ulithi island)
  1. ships, ships and more ships
  2. the damaged ships we saw
  3. the activities of that day
- J. Back on board ship and more battle station drills and training.

VII WE ARRIVE AT OKINAWA ON EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1945

Note: I will discontinue the outline here because I am sure the events of the next 101 days are burned in your memory.